

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 770

How was this possible, how was this possible?

This person was clearly still alive, so why did he suddenly mutate? He was still alright before! Feng Manyun, who was sitting in a heap on the floor, subconsciously let down her tattered sleeve, trying her best to cover up the injury on her left arm.

Her broken arm dangled by her side, and her open wound was also so piercingly painful. Feng Manyun could only brace her body with difficulty to crawl backwards.

Everything was fine, everything was fine, she would be alright. Feng Manyun slowly shrunk backwards as her face dripped with sweat and tears.

Until an ear-piercing voice rang out.

“Someone come quickly! Physician Feng has been bitten by the zombie!”

“No, I haven’t, that’s not it! It’s not a zombie, he’s not a zombie!”

However, five to six burly men had already swarmed over and were twisting her arms back. They pushed her abruptly, causing her face to run into the dirty tent.

“Ah, ah!!” Feng Manyun screeched psychotically, and she writhed her arms non-stop as she hollered severely, “Let me go, let me go, let me go of me! Let me go!”

“Be careful, don’t let her scratch you!” The assistant manager’s pupils contracted upon seeing the woman’s crazed state.

“Don’t, Assistant Manager, don’t!” Xiangqin hastily pulled on the assistant manager’s arm. “Release my miss. Miss is also a victim!”

“You can’t release her! Look at her arm!” Several women were staring at Feng Manyun’s continuously bleeding left arm in horror.

“Let go of me, you group of cursed fools! Lowlives! You guys actually dare treat me like this! I won’t let you all off.” Feng Manyun screeched nefariously, and her arms writhed incessantly in an attempt to break free of the burly men’s control.

Bam! One of the burly men decisively hammered her skull with his fist.

Feng Manyun’s head tipped askew, and her eyeballs rolled back in a full rotation. She only felt her vision turning black before she gradually lost her consciousness, crumpling into the crook of a burly man’s arm.

“Tie her up first.” The assistant manager directed those burly men to find some durable rope to tie Feng Manyun up.

While bawling her eyes out, Xiangqin knelt before the assistant manager with disheveled hair. “Assistant Manager, I beg of you, please don’t harm my miss!”

“Xiangqin, your miss has already been bitten by a zombie. She’ll mutate very soon and become just like that person!” The assistant manager pointed in terror at the mutated man, whom the several dozen heavily-armored guards were ready to combat.

“That won’t happen, that won’t happen. Miss won’t lose her mind. Assistant Manager, trust me! Miss is one of Celestial Medicine Valley’s top 50 physicians, so she’ll definitely be able to cure herself.” Xiangqin scrambled to the assistant manager’s feet and latched onto his leg, shouting, “Before leaving the valley this time, Miss’s master had also given Miss a black-rank pill that is guaranteed to cure all diseases. Believe me, Assistant Manager, as long as Miss consumes this pill, she’ll definitely be fine!”

“Black-rank pill??” The assistant manager gaped in astonishment.

After all, black-rank pills were legendary items that sufficed to serve as each large pill house’s most-prized treasure.

It really was no wonder that even a random disciple of Celestial Medicine Valley carried a black-rank pill, when not even the members of the Pill Union would necessarily possess this kind of pill.

“Mhm, mhm.” While wiping the tears on her cheeks with her sleeve, Xiangqin repeatedly nodded as she implored, “Really, Assistant Manager, I’m not lying to you. It’s true, Miss has a black-rank pill with her, she has it.”