

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 772

The assistant manager and the others turned around only to see a youth, about twenty years old, strolling forwards with around a dozen young men and women equipped with swords following him. He looked at the black-clothed youth who had attacked earlier with a simpering smile.

“Hahaha, I didn’t expect our Sixth Young Master Zheng to possess this kind of hero complex. Sigh, to actually help others out of a sense of justice. Tut, tut, this kind of character genuinely isn’t like someone from the Zheng Family. It truly makes one accord you with a whole new level of respect.” The youth who spoke curved his lips up cynically as he looked askance at the black-clothed youth.

“Make way, make way, make way!” Another batch of around a dozen young men and women had squeezed out of the surrounding crowd. The leading man, dressed in a brocade robe, was slightly plump, and when he glimpsed the black-clothed youth, his eyes immediately lit up. As he quickly walked up, he rubbed his hands together and called out, “Sixth Young Master, Sixth Young Master, why did you leave so quickly?”

Sixth Zheng returned his sword to its scabbard before calmly turning his gaze to the slightly plump youth.

The slightly plump youth cracked his mouth into a simpering laugh. Suddenly, he turned his head and pursed his lips as he glared at the young sir that had mocked Sixth Zheng. “Hey, Hui Fan, are you looking to pick a fight! Is it that you’re still unconvinced after losing to our Sixth Young Master in the previous competition? Then you’re welcome to try again!”

The youth that had mocked Sixth Zheng earlier was precisely the royal guard commander Hui Feng’s second brother, Hui Fan.

A young lady who shared similar features with Hui Fan—a squared jaw, sword brows, and a dashing spirit—promptly sneered as she looked askance at Sixth Young Master Zheng. “So pretentious, just to fish for fame.”

“You old lady who can’t get married, who are you saying is pretending? Pretense! Who are you talking about!” The slightly plump youth was unable to pronounce “pretentious” articulately, so he just coughed lightly to smooth things over for himself. “It’s beneath my dignity to bicker with you old lady.”

“Wu Xiao’en, you uncultured person, speak less if you can’t speak coherently! Hearing you speak makes people laugh.” Hui Ling crossed her arms and swept the slightly plump youth with a contemptuous look.

“Who? Who dares to laugh! Who dares to laugh at me!!” Wu Xiao’en was simply so indignant that he had puffed out his chubby face.

“Sixth Zheng.” Hui Fan led his group with a raised head to the black-clothed youth. “During this journey, our two operation squads have basically been equally matched, so we haven’t been able to decide a winner. How about this, starting from now, with one day as the limit, let’s see who can acquire 10 liters of grain first, and that will determine the winner.”

“Everyone, we will all rely on our own abilities, regardless of tactics. How about it? Do you dare compete?”

By this time, the assistant manager had finally recovered his wits, quickly leading his subordinates to greet Sixth Young Master Zheng. He continuously bowed while cupping his hands, saying, “Many thanks for this young sir’s rescue.”

Sixth Zheng cupped his fists in return without saying anything. From beginning to end, his handsome face had stayed taut, without a hint of a smile.

“Step aside, step aside!” Hui Ling rudely pushed aside the assistant manager who had squeezed between them, and she looked at Sixth Young Master Zheng with a raised brow. “Sixth Zheng, did you hear what my brother said? Do you dare make a stance?”

“F*ck! Old woman, who do you say doesn’t dare?” Wu Xiao’en looked back disdainfully at Hui Fan and his sister with a crooked grin and slanted eyes.

“Who are you calling an old woman??” Hui Ling hurled a fist, which was directly blocked by Sixth Zheng with an effortless raise of his sword.

Wu Xiao'en quickly hid behind Sixth Zheng before making a silly face at Hui Ling. “It's whoever responds. You're already 22, yet you still haven't been married. In the entire capital, how many old ladies are there like you?”

“I'm gonna beat you sleazy-mouthed guy to death!” Hui Ling's expression drastically changed in agitation, and she raised her hand high up to slap Wu Xiao'en, who was still hiding behind Sixth Zheng.