

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 809

“You’d better keep an eye on them, and don’t let them try my patience over and over again.” Qiao Mu glared at Second Dou and his group in irritation.

Second Young Master Dou inexplicably felt that this little lass was slightly antagonistic toward him, but for what reason?

“Ugh, cough, cough cough.” However, the sound of Junior Sister Wenren coughing soon attracted his attention.

Second Dou looked down and gazed at his junior sister with slightly mixed feelings. After being scared so easily by the crown prince consort, she was trembling all over with so much fear that even her steps were wobbly.

He reached out to support her, consoling, “Junior Sister, it’s fine, relax. Don’t be too tensed up.”

Wenren Ningjing’s tears streamed out her eyes, and she wept prettily as she asked, “S-Senior Brother, w-will I turn into a zombie? Senior Brother.”

“That won’t happen. Everything should be fine.” Although the crown prince consort was indifferent and had a cold temperament, she didn’t rashly kill at random. This little lady was still young, but she knew the appropriate limits. She was much more shrewd and ruthless than Junior Sister Wenren.

Second Dou glanced at Qiao Mu with a complicated gaze, yet the latter didn’t even spare them a glance out of the corner of her eye. She just led Sixth Zheng and his group out of there.

However, Kong Roumiao was enraged and intercepted Qiao Mu with a sword. “Stand right there for me!”

“Junior Sister Kong, come back.” Second Young Master Dou shouted.

The hand with which Kong Roumiao was holding the sword stiffened slightly, and she turned to look disbelievingly at Second Young Master Dou. She protested aggrievedly, “Senior Brother, she’s the one who wounded Miss Jing.”

“I’m telling you to come back!” Kong Roumiao was nearly about to make Second Dou lose his good temper.

If it weren’t for the fact that she was good friends with Wenren Ningjing, Kong Roumiao didn’t deserve to stand beside him with her character and medical skills.

It was utterly ridiculous. She was clearly aware that she wasn’t the crown prince consort’s match at all, yet she still insisted on rushing to her death. Second Young Master Dou was an intelligent person, and intelligent people disdained to be teammates with a bunch of idiots.

Kong Roumiao indignantly retracted the sword in her hand, yet when her gaze met Qiao Mu’s frigid eyes, she inexplicably shivered.

Second Dou was now a bit regretful. Why did he promise his master back then to bring such a group of burdens out on this training to practice medicine?

He was the old valley master’s final disciple.

Wenren Ningjing was the old valley master’s granddaughter, so technically, Wenren Ningjing was his junior niece. Usually, he didn’t need to look after her.

But because Wenren Ningjing was Elder Dayuan’s only disciple, she was nominally his junior sister of the same generation.

Uncle-Master Dayuan pressed him to take Wenren Ningjing on this practical training.

It was due to the valley master and Elder Dayuan's usual pampering that Junior Sister Wenren had nurtured an innocent, unaffected, and obstinate character.

Although it was true that Junior Sister Wenren did curb her temper ever since embarking on this practical training, once this Miss Jing who was ordinarily buttered up suffered a setback in reality, she would definitely be unable to hold in her anger.

Troublesome! Second Dou narrowed his eyes as he sighed faintly in his heart.

However, he had no choice but to show a concerned expression as he gently patted Wenren Ningjing's trembling body. He comforted in a soft voice, "Junior Sister, don't worry. Crown Prince Consort is probably just playing a small prank on you, is all."

Wenren Ningjing gritted her teeth, her small face flushed red in anger. "Who would carelessly play this kind of prank? If the wound mutates, it'll mean death!"

The wound on her chin was actually very shallow. By this time, it wasn't even bleeding anymore. It was only that she couldn't withstand the scare, so she kept feeling that her wound would mutate. Hence, she felt unsettled and itchy all over.