

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 810

“Junior Sister, it’s already been nearly an hour since Sixth Young Master Zheng has gotten wounded. He’s still completely fine, which means that you’ll be too.”

Compared to the shrewd, ruthless, and decisive crown prince consort, Wenren Ningjing seemed to be even more of an underage little lady. Her IQ, tactics, and judgment fell significantly short of the crown prince consort’s.

The issue was that Wenren Ningjing was this naive even though she was three to four years older than the crown prince consort. Sigh!

As Second Young Master Dou sighed in utter exasperation, he patted Wenren Ningjing’s shoulder, handing her a small box of ointment. “Junior Sister, apply some ointment for now. Later, you’ll notice that you’ll be completely fine.”

Half-believing and half-doubting, Wenren Ningjing took the ointment before nodding tearfully.

On the other end, Wu Xiao’en cracked a smile and had just said his thanks.

Yet he saw the crown prince consort grumpily rolling her eyes at Sixth Young Master Zheng. “Are you a dummy?” Qiao Mu irritably tossed a bottle of medicine into Sixth Zheng’s hands. “You don’t know to resist when other people want to dispose of you?”

“M-Many thanks for your rescue.” Sixth Zheng replied dazedly.

It’s not that he wasn’t resisting. It was just that he was momentarily absentminded upon seeing this crown prince consort.

It, it was such a weird feeling!

For the very first time, Little Sixth Zheng, who ordinarily didn't like interacting with females very much, felt that it was just logical for this bright-eyed crown prince consort to intimately call him "Little Sixth."

Such a foolish lad! Crown Prince Mo moodily walked up to his Qiaoqiao, holding her small hand.

This lad was too bizarre. Even with the network he controlled, he still didn't know when this lad had met Qiaoqiao.

Crown Prince Mo gave Little Sixth Zheng an attentive gaze, after which he pulled his Qiaoqiao toward the city gate tower.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu's attention had already been directed to the densely packed zombies that were roaring unceasingly beyond the city gate tower.

City Lord Lin, who hadn't slept a wink for a day and night, ran toward the young couple while drenched in sweat. "Your Highness, what should we do now? Our mystic cultivators are basically at the end of their ropes. If this deadlock continues, our cannon ammunition won't last."

"Assemble all the mystic cultivators level-five and above that can still move." Qiao Mu swept City Lord Lin with an unperturbed glance.

"You don't need to worry." Mo Lian patted City Lord Lin's shoulder. "The Marquis of Stability is already rushing over with troops. Additionally, Commander Hui's men should also be arriving soon, so we only need to persist for a while more. We must maintain our defense before they arrive."

Lin Yongyi was immediately overjoyed, and he wiped his sweat, repeatedly nodding while saying, "Okay, okay! Then this subordinate will promptly summon the mystic cultivators that are level-five and above."

“It’s terrible, City Lord, a hole has smashed through the city gate, and zombies are jumping inside...”

“Then what are you still wasting your breath for? Hurry up and don your armor, make sure to protect yourself properly! Have the body cultivators swiftly assemble at the bottom of the city gate tower!” City Lord Lin was so agitated that sweat had beaded his forehead again, and he rushed down the city gate tower with his men.

Seeing that he couldn’t spare time to summon the mystic cultivators anymore, Qiao Mu thus walked forward and calmly announced, “Mystic cultivators level-five and above, as long as you can still crawl, stand up and assemble over here!”

The people on the city wall, who were either sprawling on the side, panting while lying on the ground, or supporting themselves with their weapons, each slowly crawled over, staggering while standing up from their spots.

There were less than a hundred mystic cultivators level-five and above that could still stand up.