

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 864

Duan Yue abruptly turned his head to the side towards an elderly man in his sixties who was drinking tea. Each strand of his hair stood up on his head like steel needles. He had a hale and hearty gaze and possessed a strong physique. The moment he opened his mouth, his voice was as sonorous as a large bell.

Slam! The elderly man slammed his teacup underneath his palm, pulverizing it into powder in an instant.

Qiao Dongbo trembled for no reason, and his gaze slightly contracted as he mused over his bad luck. How did he provoke this difficult old bastard?

“Qiao Dongbo, how dare you yell at my good grandson!” Duan Zhenxing interrogated angrily, like an enraged male lion about to lunge over straight away to tear open Qiao Dongbo’s throat.

Involuntarily stepping backwards, Qiao Dongbo smiled awkwardly at Old Master Duan. “Old Patriarch Duan, I apologize, my attitude just now was a bit aggressive.”

Duan Zhenxing snorted before forcefully slamming the table and declaring thunderously, “If my good grandson wants to compete with you, it’s your honor! Why are you still standing there?”

Qiao Dongbo’s face immediately looked like sh*t.

The hell did this old sir mean? He really wanted him to fight it out with that squirt from the Duan Family?

That cheeky squirt from the Duan Family who was still wet behind the ears looked so excited and eager to have a go at it. He even loosened up his limbs on the spot, resembling an impulsive hothead who had never compared notes with anyone before. He just looked so foolish.

If he happened to strike hard, he wouldn't be able to answer to the old sir, but he wasn't willing to strike lightly either. This...

"I'll fight with you!!" Qiao Zhongde abruptly stood up beside him and hollered, "You, still don't have the qualifications to fight with my dad!"

Immediately, Old Master Duan's face turned sullen again. He exerted a bit of force with his wrist, and the short table in front of him collapsed with a booming slam.

"Squirt, who do you say has no qualifications?" Old Master Duan roared.

The corner of the king's eye jerked, and he looked beside him at the queen who was sitting upright in her seat. "My queen, did you prepare more tables in advance?"

Upon seeing that the old sir's explosive temper was about to ignite, Qiao Dongbo hastily held back his son and said obsequiously, "Old Sir, my son is not sensible..."

"Okay!" Duan Yue responded in a clear and sharp voice, and he directly bounced over the small table with an abrupt stride before jumping to the center of the audience hall. He wore a weird smile as he beckoned at Qiao Zhongde with his finger. "Don't cry when you lose, you bastard."

"Squirt, you're seeing your own death." Before Qiao Dongbo could stop him, Qiao Zhongde had already barrelled towards Duan Yue after taking an indignant step forward, just like an enraged elephant. His fist, accompanied by an explosive roar, had already arrived before Duan Yue.

Some timid and weak-willed officials' daughters had already covered up their eyes with both hands, unable to bear seeing an elegant and peerless fine young sir struck flying by a brute force that was comparable to that of a savage bull.

They merely heard the sound of a huge boom.

When Qiao Mu glanced out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Eldest Uncle from the Qiao Clan's main family had flipped a good several times in mid-air. He had been directly smashed flying out of the audience hall by a ruthlessly tremendous force, which was probably enough to bash a shallow pit in the bluestone bricks outside.

After exchanging glances, the king and Queen Zhao silently turned their gazes to that Fourth Young Master from the Duan Family.

This Fourth Young Master Duan had unexpectedly stopped smiling. A vehement fury surfaced within his peach-blossom eyes, and he abruptly turned to the old sir from the Duan Family, protesting, "Grandpa, Grandpa! He's insulting me!"

"He actually sent a minor level-six mystic cultivator to compare notes with me! By insulting me, he's insulting Grandpa!"

Duan Zhenxing: ...

Before fighting, didn't you already know that Qiao Zhongde was a minor level-six mystic cultivator?