

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 943

“Oh. So it’s like that.” Qiao Mu responded dryly as she quietly retracted her small hand.

Seeing the queer expressions of the men next to her trying to stifle their laughter, Qiao Mu questioned with a serious face, “Then did you guys see me make a move?”

“Nope!” They all shook their head simultaneously.

That’s right, I am a darling, so I definitely didn’t make a move...

“I’m warning you people, stop tugging. Try if you dare to stretch your paws out! I won’t bite you to death!” Qiao Mu grumpily slapped away a pudgy paw and forced her way inside the middle of the crowd.

Upon arriving at the martial arts centre’s entrance, they encountered the two young sirs from the Qin Family, who had also managed to squeeze their way over with great difficulty.

“My goodness, it’s Xiao Bao!” Eldest Qin’s eyes lit up, and he waved at her ostentatiously while smiling like a flower.

Nevertheless, Qiao Mu rolled her eyes at him and was about to squeeze past them into the door without saying a word.

Yet at this time, there was a particularly bold and daring eighteen-year-old young lady who bolted over like a hungry tiger pouncing at its food, and she directly threw herself at the eldest young sir of the Qin Estate with a shriek.

Before Miss Qiao could think, she reflexively sent the young lady flying with a kick.

That breezy movement, from the extension of her leg to her kicking motion, was simply carried through in one breath! This caused the surrounding young sirs to twitch their mouths as they laughed up their sleeves.

After this 18-year-old young lady plopped into the crowd with a groan, it triggered a wave of scolding. Very soon, there were people censuring Qiao Mu while talking all at once. "Why did this young lady attack her?"

"You're a mystic cultivator, right!"

"Don't you know that mystic cultivators can't attack normal common people inside our Mo Kingdom capital?" The middle-aged woman who was berating her was slightly agitated.

She even shouted in an uproar, "I'm telling you people! My sister-in-law had been injured by a minor mystic cultivator several days ago! Ha! Mystic cultivators ought not to lay a hand on normal people!"

"Yeah, that's right, we can report her at the capital hall!"

"Don't think that we don't know the law!"

"How am I a mystic cultivator? Do you think I look like a mystic cultivator?" Qiao Mu deadpanned.

Uh, she indeed didn't really look like one. How old was this soft and adorable stoic-faced little lady? How could she send someone flying with one kick! Could it be that their eyes were playing tricks on them earlier?

"Bawei, Bawei! Bawei, Bawei!!"

“Qiuming, Qiuming! Qiuming, Qiuming!!”

While the crowd was still in a heated discussion, the distinct cries of two groups of people pitted against each other suddenly came from the left and right sides.

The jostling caused the crowd to have no choice but to disperse to the sides a bit, making way for the people to pass through.

The Hong Clan’s Hong Bawei and the Fan Clan’s Fan Qiuming each led their team over in an imposing manner.

The crucial point was that they were also trailed by a large bunch of... we’ll tentatively call them fans, both male and female.

They were carrying large flags and holding posters, and there were even people specially directing the fan squadron. All along the way, they had been fearlessly and energetically shouting their slogans in unison, as if fr\*cking rising up in rebellion.

After sweeping a gaze over them, Qiao Mu rolled her eyes and commented, “Half-wits.”

Crown Prince Mo held back his laughter and coughed lightly. “Qiaoqiao, there’s too many people here. Let’s go inside.”

Qiao Mu simply nodded. Just as she was about to turn around, she saw a 25 to 26-year-old man with ordinary looks pushing his way out from the heap of people behind them.

While jogging up the steps, he laughed loudly with feigned straightforwardness as he motioned to hug Duan Yue. “Old Fourth, I’ve been looking all over for you!”

Duan Yue's lips curved up as he smiled evilly inside. He lightly flicked out a wave of mystic energy, striking that man's kneecap with the force of strong wind and swift rain.