

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 947

“Qiaoqiao, you’ve come down to compete?” Duan Yue secretly held in his laughter with a light cough.

“I’m not! What compete, hasn’t the competition not started yet!” Qiao Mu rolled her eyes at him.

She wasn’t so foolish as to be the bird that stuck its head out first. Even if she were to compete, she had to survey the situation first before competing in a later match.

Meanwhile, the audience on the second floor: ...

On the other hand, Sixth Zheng was mostly fine, as Duan Yue knew the proper limits. Although his concealed weapons looked brutal, it was more for show than for dealing actual damage. Rather, the instant he drew his sword, he indeed wanted to leave a little something behind on Little Sixth Zheng’s body.

Oh, it was because he didn’t find Little Sixth Zheng too pleasing to the eye!

“Cough cough cough!” Since the arena on the first floor was enveloped in smoke, Centre Master Hou Ping hastily waved away the smoke around her after jumping down. She then twitched her mouth as she looked at the little lady standing on the side. “The rules of today’s eight great patrician families’ competition are as follows: You can freely choose your opponent, and freely challenge them to a match! It doesn’t matter how many matches you compete in, but the last six people standing here in this arena will be the victors! And will obtain their entrance tickets to the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm!”

“Oh.” After giving a nod, Qiao Mu put her small paws behind her back and was about to leap back up to the second floor. “Then I’ll come down again in a bit.”

Duan Yue and Sixth Zheng silently averted their heads with nothing to say as they furtively stole a glance at a certain person.

Centre Master Hou Ping grabbed onto her sleeve with a twitching mouth.

This caused Qiao Mu to cast her a glance. "What are you doing? Let go!"

"Cough, Crown Prince Consort. You originally are the Qiao Clan's representative for this competition. After coming down, you naturally cannot go back up again."

Everyone on the second floor twitched their mouths after hearing this.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu looked at Centre Master Hou in dismay. "What kind of peculiar rule is this? Why didn't you say this earlier!"

"This one didn't get the chance to say it! Just earlier, the two young sirs had already started fighting."

Qiao Mu immediately waved her hand. "What other rules are there, finish saying them all at once."

"Th-There aren't any other rules, it's just that... by principle, it's only if no one continues challenging the crown prince consort within an hour, that the crown prince consort will have obtained a quota."

After hearing this, the little fellow was immediately displeased, and she tilted her small head at Hou Ping with a glare. "So that is to say, I am just a target!"

Finally, someone couldn't resist holding it anymore and started guffawing.

Qiao Zhongbang, Second Uncle Qiao, and the rest of the family had also come to spectate the competition, and when they heard these words, they couldn't help but look at each other with both amusement and exasperation.

“Hahahaha!” At this moment, the sound of bold and uninhibited laughter came from the Duan Clan’s team.

A person flew down while carrying a broadsword on his shoulder, as he then announced with a harrumph, “Miss Qiao! My humble self is Duan Youbing! Then this one won’t be on ceremony! Allow this one to have a taste of Miss Qiao’s masterful moves first.”

The old sir, who had wanted to pull back his grandson, had his hand frozen in mid-air as he watched that bastard grandson leaping down faster than a rabbit as he landed before the crown prince consort.

The hunter will shoot the bird that sticks out, so couldn’t you just sit tight for now? Why did you have to rush up to... seek a thrashing!

Even with the mere glimpse of this little lady’s skill that the old sir had caught sight of earlier, there was no doubt that his dumb grandson was definitely not her match.

Duan Yue couldn’t help but be amused when he saw this, and he tugged on Qiao Mu’s sleeve, giving her a flirtatious wink.

Giving a start, Qiao Mu hastily pulled her sleeve out of his hand and nodded, reassuring, “Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten what I promised you.”

I will give him a ruthless thrashing!

Duan Yue was elated, and while grabbing onto the nearby Sixth Zheng, the two people flew up to the second floor.