

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 948

Leaving the arena to Miss Qiao and the heroic Duan Youbing, Duan Yue swiftly bounced next to Crown Prince Mo and elbowed him with a wily smile. "Your heart feels crushed?"

Crushed my *ss. Mo Lian glared at him grumpily.

While propping up his chin, Duan Yue leaned against the railing beside Mo Lian before turning to look at him. "Why don't you tell me. Why is it that every time my Qiaoqiao sees Little Sixth Zheng, her eyes look like they're shining."

Speaking of this, Mo Lian was also irritated. "How would I know."

"There's actually something in this world that you don't know." Flinging his sleeve, Duan Yue simply sat down beside Mo Lian. "Tsk tsk, it couldn't have been some kind of fate from a previous incarnation, right."

After saying this, this flippant Young Sir Duan started chuckling to himself first.

Yet Mo Lian suddenly turned to stare at him with a profound gaze. "What did you say."

Hm? Duan Yue blankly returned his gaze. At the instant when the two's gazes met, some kind of realization suddenly slipped past their minds.

Meanwhile, in the arena on the first floor.

Duan Youbing had already set down the broadsword on his shoulder, and he chortled loudly at the little lady before him that didn't even reach his chest. Just like a pretentious prick, he flung his sleeves unrestrainedly as he stretched out his hand. "Come! I'll yield three moves to you!"

The moment Duan Yue heard this pretentious statement after withdrawing his gaze from Mo Lian, his mouth jerked.

Beside him, Old Master Duan nearly jumped up from his chair, as well. If his eldest paternal grandson was standing in front of him right now, then he would definitely smack his head!

This idiot! Did his head get clamped in the doorway when he set out this morning?

When compared to Young Sir Duan Youbing's smug look, Miss Qiao was much more calm and collected.

Even after hearing this, she merely replied with an "oh."

Seeing this, Eldest Qin couldn't help but facepalm. Afterwards, he turned to look at Second Young Sir Qin, who was staring fixedly at Qiao Mu, and bantered with a chuckle, "Second Brother, I saw Jade Hue Parlor's Miss Ran earlier. Were you the one who invited her?"

Second Young Sir Qin coldly shook his head. "I didn't."

"What's wrong? From the looks of your complexion, you don't seem to be resting well."

For a moment, Second Qin hesitated before affirming with a nod, "I've been waking up from nightmares recently."

He kept feeling as if he had forgotten something. A layer of fog kept covering up the scenes in his dreams, so he couldn't make sense of the situation even if he wished to, making it quite agonizing.

“Oh.” Eldest Young Sir Qin chuckled. “I have a doctor who is quite skillful at acupressure. Perhaps arranging a session with him at night will help you sleep better.”

Second Young Sir Qin didn't decline the offer, giving a word of thanks with a tepid nod.

“Come, make your move!” Duan Youbing revealed a honeyed smile as he raised his chin at Qiao Mu.

Everyone was originally about to burst out into laughter, but then they suddenly saw Miss Qiao's figure vanish into thin air.

When she appeared again, she had already catapulted to Duan Youbing's back, and she smashed a ferocious fist at his back with a boom.

The force of her punch actually smashed a strapping, full-grown man into the sky, soaring into a momentary halt in mid-air due to inertia.

Afterwards, with a quaking bang, Duan Youbing plopped onto the railing around the arena and just hung from there pitifully...

Everyone: “...”

There really wasn't anyone else who was as savage as her.

They still hadn't made sense of what in the world had happened, alright? Yet the person had already flown up like that!

When their kinetic vision transitioned into static vision, uh, Duan Youbing was already hanging from the railing more dead than alive...

