

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 949

“The first move.” The little stoic deadpanned with a cold face.

Old Master Duan’s eyelid jerked, and he pretended to be indifferent as he asked Duan Yue who was sitting beside him, “Little Fourth, based on your understanding of the little lady, she doesn’t surely mean for Little Fifth to yield her three moves, right!”

Wasn’t it ridiculous to yield three moves! Even if he didn’t yield any moves, he might not have been able to defeat the little lady either, yet he went up and yielded three. The old sir truly couldn’t look straight at his idiotic grandson anymore.

“Of course she means it.” Otherwise, why would Qiaoqiao be counting off her moves?

Upon observing closely, Duan Yue this guy was in total schadenfreude, yet he still put on an act as he consoled the old sir, “Grandpa, don’t be anxious. After carrying Little Fifth back, the worst thing that could happen is that he’ll be two sizes bigger.”

However, Old Master Duan looked at him in exasperation. Doesn’t that sound savage to you...

How brutal of a thrashing would make him two sizes bigger?!

Meanwhile, Duan Youbing finally climbed down from the railing after great difficulty. He teetered as he leaned on his meter-long broadsword before Qiao Mu with an inhumane constipated expression.

Qiao Mu’s lithe figure flickered, flitting towards Duan Youbing at high speed. She was so fast that people could only see a blur.

Duan Youbing's hackles promptly exploded, and he instantly braced himself to meet the enemy head-on, slashing towards Qiao Mu with his broadsword.

The little stoic was immediately enraged. "You said earlier that you would yield three moves!"

Duan Youbing was instantly stupefied, and the broadsword in his hand reacted faster than his person, already reaching Qiao Mu.

Yet an imposing mystic energy subsequently split the glint from the broadsword, as if tangibly cutting it open into two.

The remnant force burst forth towards Duan Youbing's sides, crashing into the walls of the martial arts centre with a boom.

Mottled stone rubble streamed down with a rustle.

Afterwards, the spectating crowd on the second floor were absolutely silent.

"You liar! You actually dare lie to me. What about the three moves we agreed upon? Why aren't you yielding them?" In this silence, the audience could only hear the little fellow bellowing furiously, truly looking like she was burning with anger.

Old Master Duan massaged his temples in resignation before turning to look at his beaming grandson.

As for the second floor, after someone couldn't hold it in anymore and burst out laughing, it subsequently triggered a series of stifled laughter.

Duan Youbing was having an emotional breakdown, and so he reneged, seemingly squeezing his voice out from the gaps between his teeth, "I, I'm not yielding anymore. I'm not yielding the last two moves."

“Shameless! Big liar!” In the little stoic’s rage, she summoned the ferule from her conscious with a grasp of her hand.

“Wrathful Dragon Slash!”

Mo Lian facepalmed, while Duan Yue was guffawing in laughter.

It really was too funny. Duan Youbing this dunderhead was absolutely hilarious.

Qiao Mu had always been a person who didn’t tolerate people going back on their word. Therefore, how could she not be angry when Duan Youbing broke their agreement midway!

Duan Youbing took a step back and channeled all the mystic energy in his body into his broadsword.

It only took an instant for the Wrathful Dragon Slash to charge over to him. However, Duan Youbing’s defense looked very weak before Qiao Mu, who had condensed a maelstrom of mystic energy into the shape of a dragon’s head with a single hand.

When the two sides collided, the victor was immediately decided.

Buzz! After a humming sound was heard, Duan Youbing was once again sent flying. This time, he even flipped two successive somersaults in mid-air from inertia before finally hanging from the railing again.

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