

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 950

Silence descended upon the arena.

By this point, the people on the second floor didn't know what to say anymore.

They could still attribute the first time that Duan Youbing hung from the railing to a coincidence. After all, Duan Youbing took his opponent lightly, which allowed Qiao Mu to seize this chance and blast him with a single punch.

But now, Duan Youbing couldn't even withstand a single blow even when facing the crown prince consort head-on!

The eight great patrician families understood each other's capabilities very well. The other clans' clan heads and elders were also aware of Duan Youbing's strength.

Being a level-nine mystic cultivator at his age was tantamount to being a prodigy.

But in front of the crown prince consort, the prodigy couldn't even withstand a single blow. Hence, one could well imagine how horrifying the crown prince consort's true capabilities were.

In reality, after using an aura-repressing talisman, Qiao Mu looked to be merely a minor level-seven mystic cultivator in everyone's eyes.

The Mu Clan, Wu Clan, Fan Clan, Hong Clan, and even the Dou Clan all opened their eyes wide in disbelief.

Among them, Second Dou was the only one not surprised by the crown prince consort's strength. As he stared deeply at Qiao Mu, who was standing on the first-floor drill ground, a strange light flitted across his eyes before rapidly concealing itself.

“Second Brother, you said that you had once battled together with the crown prince consort in Beilan City. Do you think she has exhibited all her strength already?” The Dou Family’s Eldest Young Sir, Dou Fengmian, gazed curiously at his younger brother next to him.

“I don’t know, but I can sense that she has unfathomable strength.” Dou Fenghua shook his head.

Wenren Ningjing, who had been sitting next to them with her mouth shut the whole time, suddenly cut in, “Her medical skills are also unfathomable.”

Dou Fenghua was startled, and he promptly turned to look at his junior sister Wenren Ningjing.

Even though Uncle-Master Dayuan and Valley Master Wenren had pampered Junior Sister Wenren Ningjing into a spoiled, willful, and innocent young lady, she did have excellent medical skills.

Yet today, he heard his junior sister praising the crown prince consort. Dou Fenghua inevitably found it a bit strange, so he gave her another glance.

Wenren Ningjing hung her head in slight embarrassment. “Senior Brother. It’s not that I want to praise her, but that... it’s indeed the truth. The medicine she concocted is even superior to my master’s, with exceptionally good results.”

Yet unbeknownst to her, the scar-removing and bruise-dispelling medicine that Qiao Mu had given her last time in Beilan City was only concocted in passing with her small stewing jar purchased from a street stall. If Wenren Ningjing knew this, who would know what she would think?

However, Dou Fenghua was surprised when he heard this. He understood Wenren Ningjing very well. She was also quite a prideful person, so she would never speak false words in front of him.

Moreover, there was no need to lie about this. Hence, Dou Fenghua had another thing to fuss over in his heart.

Duan Youbing's challenge ended in tragic failure, and he was ultimately carried back to the second floor.

When he was set down beside Old Master Duan, Old Master Duan couldn't help but secretly twitch his mouth when he saw that his eldest paternal grandson's face had swelled up into a pig's head.

"So pitiful." Duan Yue waved his small fan in schadenfreude. "Come, come! What are you people still standing there gawking for? Hurry and carry Fifth Young Master back home. Send him to his own court so that he can recuperate properly!"

Two people then stepped out from the Duan Clan's team, quickly carrying away the miserable Duan Youbing that had lost consciousness.

However, it was unknown whether Qiaoqiao had truly knocked him out, or if it was that he was pretending to have fainted out of embarrassment. After all, it truly was a bit disgraceful to be smacked to the railing every time...

The arena was momentarily quiet.

For a little while, Qiao Mu stood there all alone on the first-floor drill ground since no one else jumped down.