

## My Crown 941

### Chapter 941: It Is a Path of No Return

*Heavens! It could actually allow her to completely recover in an instant? She really could obtain such a miraculous pill?*

Oblivious to Nanny Su's shivering gaze, Zheng Ru struggled intensely. "Can, can you give it to me? Sir Black! As long as you can completely restore my body! I vow that I will definitely serve only Sir for the rest of this lifetime!"

The clown cackled, handing over the pill. "Why not give you it?"

"Xiao Ru!!" Nanny Su abruptly cried in alarm.

Afterwards, she gave the clown a somber look, but then she couldn't stop shivering all over as she fell back with trembling shoulders.

"Nanny Su, wait until I recover and regain the king's favor. I will give you supreme royal favor and benefits. I will properly repay you!" Zheng Ru was incredibly exhilarated, and she parted her lips, waiting for the clown to feed her.

Even so, the clown giggled mischievously. "But you have to promise me one thing."

"You must dispose of the woman you hate most within seven days." The clown shifted his eyes knavishly. "Who is the woman you hate most?"

"It's Qiao Mu! It's her! This bitch, she was the one who harmed me to this extent!" Zheng Ru's eyes instantly emitted a venomous light upon recalling her.

"Very good! It's her. After you kill her, you must remember to chop off her head to give to me! This way, you'll have completed your mission." Sir Black cackled.

"Yes, this subordinate pledges to fulfill this mission!"

"Ahahaha, you only have seven days' time! I'm only giving you seven days."

"Yes!!" In order to recover her beauty, in order for her body to walk normally again, Zheng Ru went for broke.

Sir Black soon nodded in satisfaction before continuing to say, "Then, be sure not to disappoint me! Zheng Ru."

After saying this, he accurately flicked that extra-strength regeneration pill into Zheng Ru's slightly open mouth.

Presumably, this pill that emitted a weird smell was the most delicious pill that Zheng Ru had ever consumed!

"Everything will be as usual by tomorrow." Sir Black tugged at the corner of his mouth bizarrely before turning around to glare at the perturbed Su Fang, bringing her with him out of the woodshed.

It was a moonless, pitch-black, night sky.

Sir Black's eyes were soon fixated on Nanny Su's face like a hawk. "Keep your mouth shut. My words are still the same, recognize who your true master is."

"Yes!" Nanny Su's shoulders collapsed, trembling as she trailed after Sir Black. However, she couldn't resist asking shortly afterwards, "But Sir, do you really think that Xiao Ru can deal with the crown prince consort within this short seven-day period?"

Even until now, Zheng Ru wasn't aware that even though the extra-strength regeneration pill she consumed could completely restore all the tendons, meridians, bones, and flesh in her body within a short period, she would only exist intact for seven days.

Seven days later, her body would crumple instantly, breaking down into a pool of mincemeat, without any possibility of recovery.

In fact, consuming this extra-strength regeneration pill meant that Zheng Ru had completely treaded on a path of no return. She did not have any hope of surviving.

"Keke." Sir Black chortled bizarrely. "Who knows. I merely took advantage of her final bit of value for existing, hahahaha!"

"Crown Prince Mo exterminated our Shuntian Prefecture so tragically for that little lady from the Qiao Family. It's time that we collected some interest from him."

#### **Chapter 942: So Embarrassing...**

It was still not yet noon.

Inside the Assembly of Worthies Martial Arts Centre's competition grounds, the spectators were filing in towards the booths on the second floor.

A long row of tables and chairs were set up all along the railing.

Today, all the prestigious figures in the Mo Kingdom capital had basically come to spectate in person, and those with superior status had arranged seating, as well.

Naturally, the juniors of each family and clan who came to learn on top of spectating could only stand behind their seniors.

Although the Assembly of Worthies Martial Arts Centre wasn't small, it was still a mass of bobbing heads with more than a thousand people squeezed inside.

Consequently, some small clans' clan heads didn't even get seated, and they could only stand slightly further away.

Nevertheless, those who could had basically all come to spectate. After all, this was a competition that was hard to come by. The entire Mo Kingdom capital was seething with excitement because of this eight great patrician families' competition.

At this moment, the commoners had congregated outside the Assembly of Worthies Martial Arts Centre, discussing this grand competition with great relish.

So that even the commoners could know the competition results, the master of the martial arts centre, Hou Ping, specially arranged for someone to sit out in front and broadcast the events live, just like a storyteller.

A pack of people came after hearing the news, and they all crowded around on the streets, inquiring each other about their information. All of them were practically more excited than the people about to take part in the competition.

“Hey, I heard that one of the eight great patrician families had been driven out of our Mo Kingdom capital several days ago! Then why are there still eight great patrician families competing?”

“This you don’t understand! I heard that the Qiao Clan that was driven out were from the crown prince consort’s main family. They really didn’t know what was good for them and did something weird that provoked our crown prince, so they got driven out. Right now, the Qiao Clan’s head is the crown prince consort’s dad, the Marquis of Jiayuan!”

“Yes, that’s right, I had also heard that the crown prince consort will represent the nascent Qiao Clan in this time’s competition!”

“I’m so excited! It’s a pity that I’m not part of the eight great patrician families, so I can’t go in to see the competition in person.”

“They’re here, they’re here! Wow, the two young sirs from the Qin Estate have come!” The entire street was instantly blanketed by the shrieks of love-struck fools.

“Young Sir Qin, Young Sir Qin, Young Sir Qin...”

“Ah, my Young Sir Qin...”

While being helped down from the carriage by Mo Lian, Qiao Mu saw a large group of nutty women encircling and intercepting something.

With a glimpse, she saw the two young sirs of the Qin Estate wanting to break through the female crowd under the heavy protection of a dozen servants!

“Excuse me, excuse me! Please excuse me!!” They made Qiao Mu almost embarrassed to death. These women were acting like fools, just as if they had never seen pretty boys in their lifetime!

“Wow, it’s His Highness the Crown Prince!”

“Aiyah, His Highness the Crown Prince, it really is His Highness the Crown Prince! It’s His Highness the Crown Prince whom we haven’t seen for ages!”

*F\*ck...*

*Hell, stop pushing, will you freaking stop pushing!*

“Qiaoqiao, save me.” The crown prince instantly transformed into a small pitiful boy, doing his utmost to follow Qiao Mu. He even super naturally encircled her waist so that she was blocking in front of him...

*This rascal!*

“Scram!” Seeing that a pervert was about to touch Mo Lian’s small handsome face, Qiao Mu swung a fist, punching that perverted girl out of their encirclement.

“Qiaoqiao, save me!” On the other end, Duan Yue was pulling Situ Yi over. Their clothes were in disorder from being tugged at, and they had both lost their “graceful poise.”

Qiao Mu was extremely angry, and she karate-chopped a certain woman to the ground who was tugging at Duan Yue’s sleeve without letting go. “Why aren’t you guys retaliating?”

*You’re all fools!*

“You didn’t know? Our Mo Kingdom capital has expressly stipulated in writing that mystic cultivators cannot lay a hand on normal people without reason.”

### **Chapter 943: Professional Pretty Boy Protector**

“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.

**Chapter 944: It’s Very Funny?**

Under everyone's watchful eyes, that unlucky young man suddenly tripped face-down, abruptly prostrating towards Qiao Mu with grand ceremony.

With a flop, he crashed pathetically to the ground, even getting a nosebleed in the process.

Mo Lian, Eldest Qin, and the others all couldn't resist averting their gazes. However, they were only silent for one second before bursting out in guffaws in the next.

Duan Yue pulled out a small fan embroidered in gold and covered the lower half of his handsome face with it. Even though he was blinking his peach-blossom eyes sympathetically, he was in fact smiling very wickedly. "Oh my, Third Brother, what are you doing? The new year's already passed, but even then, you don't need to pay such formal obeisance!"

The Duan Clan's third young sir, Duan Younian, was flushed red in anger. He quickly struggled to get up from the ground, and he looked at the sniggering crowd in frustration.

Those spectators and their friends were all rocking so much with laughter that some of them even lost their footing.

Therefore, in this kind of situation, our dear Qiao Mu who had on a stoic and impassive expression particularly stood out.

Duan Yue leaned in to specially examine the little stoic's expression. Afterwards, he frowned in a huff. "Why didn't you laugh."

*Everyone laughed, but only you didn't. Very unhappy!* He had originally wanted to amuse her!

"It's very funny?" After rolling her eyes at him, Qiao Mu turned around to walk inside the martial arts centre, leaving him with the word "boring."

The people that were still cracking up in laughter all clammed up awkwardly, and their expressions suddenly turned a bit queer.

It was a feeling of wanting to laugh, yet having been suddenly doused with a bucket of cold water from head to toe, which flushed away all their enthusiasm in an instant.

However, Duan Yue followed inside while continuing to laugh out loud. "Qiaoqiao, it originally wasn't that funny."

*But after seeing how those people reacted to your cold face, it was very funny.*

*Humph!* After Qiao Mu walked inside, the master of the martial arts centre, Hou Ping, came over, and her eyes flickered as she revealed a smile.

"Greetings to the crown prince and the crown prince consort." Hou Ping bowed in greeting.

Meanwhile, Fan Qiuming and Hong Bawei's entourages were stuck at the entrance to the martial arts centre. Neither side was willing to give in, so they blocked up the entrance.

"Bawei!" "Qiuming—" They were all persistently hollering.

The two teams were stuck at the door like in a cockfight. The competition had yet to start, but they had already rolled up their sleeves and were readying their fists for an all-out fight!

When Zhao Qiran walked over on foot with her personal maidservant, she saw these two teams blocking up the entrance, unwilling to give in no matter what. Hence, they also blocked out other people who wanted to go inside.

“Isn’t this Jade Hue Parlor’s Miss Ran?”

“Why did a courtesan come here?”

“Tsk! She couldn’t be thinking that she can go in to spectate the eight great patrician families’ competition?”

While everyone was jabbering, the master of the Assembly of Worthies Martial Arts Centre, Hou Ping, ran outside again like a firefighter. She hastily separated the two teams that were about to come to blows and mediated, “The competition’s about to start. You had best go in quickly to prepare. Otherwise, you won’t make it in time for the first match.”

Fan Qiuming and Hong Bawei both stepped through the Assembly of Worthies Martial Arts Centre’s door at the same time. Luckily, they both had standard body figures, so they were able to walk inside at the same time after shoving each other here and there.

Simultaneously, their teams hollered while brandishing their fists in a mad rush to be the first to enter.

This scene caused the master of the martial arts centre, Hou Ping, to repeatedly shake her head while wiping her sweat.

“Centre Master Hou.” Zhao Qiran nodded at Hou Ping before walking inside leisurely.

#### **Chapter 945: The Eight Parties Congregate**

The crowd of aunties who were pointing fingers at Miss Ran behind her back instantly wore unsightly expressions.

“What a foul atmosphere. Why can even a courtesan go inside the martial arts centre?”

“Isn’t that right, is it a contest of martial arts or love songs? It really is weird.”

When Hou Ping heard this discussion, she knitted her brows and turned to look at the gossipy women. “Miss Ran came here at someone’s invitation. Will you please watch your tongue and don’t speak carelessly.”

At her words, the aunties all exhibited disdainful expressions, but they didn’t dare to rebut Hou Ping.

After seeing that it was about time, Hou Ping ordered her men to close the door to the martial arts centre.

However, she soon heard a faint “Please wait.”

Hou Ping turned around and saw several young sirs and misses ambling over as the crowd parted to make way for them.

Within the crowd, the screams of love-struck fools rose and fell in waves.

Song Yingxiu coldly looked around. "What are you screaming for. Have you never seen a man!"

"It's Young Master Mu Zijun of the talisman patrician family, you've come late!" Hou Ping courteously nodded at the 18-year-old young sir.

Mu Zijun didn't possess impressive looks and was neither tall nor short among the other young sirs, but there was a faint gloomy air hanging about him.

On the other hand, Hou Ping hastily ran over to welcome a charming young sir with a sickly expression, who was wrapped up tightly at the collar in a white fox-fur robe. "Greetings to Young Sir Yun. Ah, Sixth Young Sir has also come."

Shi Guangyun smiled as he cupped his fists toward Centre Master Hou, politely returning the greeting. "Centre Master Hou, long time no see."

"Centre Master Hou." Sixth Zheng smiled faintly.

Towards this sickly young sir and Sixth Zheng, Hou Ping smiled much more genuinely and warmly.

Song Yingxiu swept Shi Guangyun and Sixth Zheng a glance from the side before coldly speaking to Hou Ping, "Centre Master Hou, can you lead us inside."

With her martial arts centre set up in the Mo Kingdom capital, which high officials and noble lords did Hou Ping not recognize usually?

As this second young miss of the Minister of Revenue's family, Song Yingxiu, was not an accommodating character, Hou Ping promptly nodded. She dared not to slight her and invited Mu Zijun and Song Yingxiu's party inside.

Mu Zijun and Song Yingxiu had seven to eight people in their party, while Shi Guangyun and Sixth Zheng had come together by themselves.

Consequently, the two people also followed Mu Zijun and the rest into the martial arts centre without caring too much.

With Hou Ping's order to shut the doors, two body cultivators then closed the martial arts centre's main doors.

*Step step step.* The sound of footsteps on the staircase caused many people to turn their heads.

When Family Head Mu, who originally had on a taut face, saw his adopted son Mu Zijun appearing, his expression automatically relaxed. He walked up, intending to pat Mu Zijun's shoulder and exchange pleasantries, yet Mu Zijun directly walked past Family Head Mu with a frigid and detached face, not letting him touch him.

Family Head Mu's hand froze in mid-air, which provoked several sniggers from the side.

When Shi Guangyun and Sixth Zheng came up, Wu Xiao'en that guy then darted out from the Wu Family's team and greeted with a smile, "Sixth Young Sir, Young Master Yun, you both have also come. The competition's about to start. Apparently, the rules of today's competition are a bit peculiar. They're



not drawing lots. Whoever thinks they're capable can enter the arena! The last six people standing on stage will be considered the victors!"

Sixth Zheng nodded, while Shi Guangyun caught sight of Crown Prince Mo, and he quickly went up to make his salutations.

Mo Lian was slightly taken aback, but he still greeted him with a smile. Soon after that, his gaze settled on Sixth Zheng.

### **Chapter 946: The Peculiar Competition's Opening Act**

He felt annoyed whenever he saw Sixth Zheng!

Just as expected, before Crown Prince Mo could even finish exchanging greetings, the little lady beside him popped out first with her pitch-black eyes lighting up all of a sudden. "Little Sixth!"

Seeing that this small paw seemed like it was going to pat Sixth Zheng's shoulder, Mo Lian deftly pulled it back at once.

After being pulled back by the crown prince without warning, a certain person crashed into his embrace with a flump. Her small head hurting a bit from bumping into his very hard body.

Huifeng silently twitched his mouth. He kept feeling that if they didn't keep a close eye on the crown prince consort, what if she ran away elsewhere? He really felt sorry for his master! His master had to guard against this one and that one, being suspicious of everyone.

On the side, Duan Yue was fuming!

He discovered that every time the little lady saw Sixth Zheng, her eyes would be freaking shining! *Why the heck was that?*

*Where exactly did this dude pop out from!*

"Sixth Zheng!" Duan Yue suddenly hopped up. The old sir silently sipping tea beside him didn't even bat an eyelid. However, even though he looked calm and collected, his mouth twitched uncontrollably.

"It's been a long time since I compared notes with you! Let's go! I'll be battling with you punk." Afterwards, Duan Yue suddenly jumped down from the second floor.

Sixth Zheng naturally wouldn't cower. After turning back to glance at the little lady, he also pressed on the railing and jumped down suddenly, landing firmly before Duan Yue.

Hou Ping, who was preparing to announce the rules of the competition, gazed rather dumbfoundedly at the two young sirs who had jumped into the arena before she could do so.

"The competition's starting?"

"F\*ck, I'm not ready yet!"

"Who, who, who? Who's the first one! They're simply a warrior!"

"Everyone knows that it's more advantageous to go later. I heard that the rules of this competition are that the last person standing wins."

“Eh? That person seems like the Zheng Estate’s Sixth Young Sir! He isn’t part of our eight great patrician families.”

“Isn’t Little Fourth Duan not qualified to participate in this time’s competition?”

*What was the situation?* Everyone watched bewilderedly at the two people below who were already in battle mode.

Duan Yue gently blinked his beautiful watery eyes, and then he chuckled with a flash of his waist. “Little Sixth Zheng, you be careful, okay!”

Immediately afterwards, a string of bead-like concealed weapons shot towards Sixth Zheng rapid-fire. They encircled Sixth Zheng ring upon ring, instantly hanging all over his body like bead curtains.

“Burst.” Duan Yue’s thin lips smirked, but a cold light was floating in the depths of his eyes.

After a series of loud bangs, Little Sixth Zheng’s body was totally enshrouded by layers of smoke.

Duan Yue then pulled out his long Raven Bone sword, and a glint as glaring as bright snow glided past Sixth Zheng’s eyes.

“Duan Yue, what are you doing!” The little lady jumped up.

*Duan Yue actually took out his sword?* This guy only drew his sword when he was out to kill.

“Duan Yue! Don’t bully Little Sixth!” In her agitation, Qiao Mu also jumped down from the second floor.

Unable to grab her in time, Crown Prince Mo twitched his mouth uncontrollably as he watched the little fellow abruptly springing down.

While standing behind his master, Huifeng could only hold back his laughter with great difficulty: *It’s so strange, he felt like Crown Prince the Great was going to get cheated on...*

Seeing that Miss Qiao had leapt down, Duan Yue had already stealthily put away his sword.

At this moment, he was gazing at Miss Qiao innocently. “No such thing, I didn’t bully Little Sixth Zheng.”

“Little Sixth, are you fine?” A certain person wanted to grasp onto Little Sixth Zheng but was pulled by Duan Yue to his side instead.

#### **Chapter 947: The Bird That Sticks Its Head Out First**

“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.

#### **Chapter 948: I'll Yield Three Moves to You**

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 acupuncture. 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...

**Chapter 949: What About the Three Moves We Agreed Upon?**

“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.

### **Chapter 950: Unfathomable**

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.