

## My Crown 641

### Chapter 641: This Was Okay Too?

"I'm telling you, the Qin Estate is so miserable now! The entire place has been surrounded by the soldiers that fellow, Mo Lian, sent! Not even a fly would be able to escape." Duan Yue attempted to slander Crown Prince Mo to his face, doing his utmost to speak badly of him.

Mo Lian merely harrumphed with a raised eyebrow, ignoring him.

On the other hand, Qiao Mu said, "This of course should be the proper procedure the moment a level-four zombie appeared in their estate. Even though it didn't scratch anyone on the spot, who knows if it had previously approached other people in the inner court."

"The people should be kept under observation for five to six days and only be released after being given an all-clear," the little fellow said dryly.

She had always been ironhearted when it came to zombies, so she was probably more merciless than anyone when dealing with them.

Pursing his lips, Duan Yue continued, "But the incubation period has already passed, yet Mo Lian doesn't have the slightest intent of releasing them! You can ask him if you don't believe me."

Qiao Mu turned to look at Mo Lian, and the latter gazed back at her innocently. "It's only because I had forgotten about the Qin Estate's incident with so much stuff on my plate. Rest assured, it'll be done after I give the order."

*As if!* I refuse to let out those two unpleasant young masters from the Qin Estate. Who the hell knew if they were going to come looking for his darling.

"He forgot." Qiao Mu turned towards Duan Yue again, expressing her complete confidence in Mo Lian.

The crown prince was busy with state affairs, so how could he have the leisure to pay attention to the Qin Estate's trivial matters all day long? So be it if he forgot. After all, she didn't like the Qin Estate very much.

Duan Yue twitched his mouth silently, yet he was scolding Mo Lian for being crafty in his mind. What kind of tricks did this guy play to sweet-talk her into getting betrothed to him? And yet she still trusted him this much. This simply angered Duan Yue to death!

"Qiaoqiao, you must not know what the king intends with this betrothal!" Since one line of reasoning didn't work out, Duan Yue quickly switched to another one. He admonished Qiaoqiao, "Qiaoqiao, you're still young and naive (dumb), so you're completely not a match for some cunning and crafty people. Every step he takes has a deeper meaning behind it!"

First, he'll always appear around you soundlessly when you least expect it. Then, he'll slowly pervade your life and infiltrate your family! He was clearly being abominable on this point.

Next, he'll pull all your family members to his side. Afterwards, he'll slowly lure you into his trap step by step! This was Crown Prince Mo's top-notch tactic of slow but sure assimilation!

He really was stupid. This was such an excellent strategy, so he should have been the one to strike first and gain the upper hand. Arghhh, yet why did the crown prince have to succeed instead!

“Such as this betrothal, for instance! Didn’t you say that you didn’t even have friends? Why did you suddenly agree to this betrothal?” Duan Yue gazed at Qiao Mu aggrievedly.

This little fellow had always spoken harshly to him. Every time he said “Let’s be friends,” she would roar “Don’t have friends.” Yet Crown Prince Mo was able to seize the chance to infiltrate the enemy. Ah, bah bah bah, infiltrate Qiaoqiao’s heart.

Darling Qiao continued to nod very honestly. Mo Lian wasn’t able to cover her small mouth in time and heard her replying crisply, “That’s right! Mo Lian told me, since I said that I don’t have friends, then we won’t be friends. We might as well become husband and wife!”

Duan Yue gazed at her in stupefaction.

*This was okay too?*

Mo Lian couldn’t help facepalming. *Oh my, why did his darling have to be so honest about it.*

“Darling, in the future, our private conversations can only be repeated between the two of us. You must not tell other people.” Mo Lian quickly pulled the little fellow towards himself before glaring at Duan Yue while saying, “Let go.”

#### **Chapter 642: Crying Out of Anger**

Not only did Duan Yue not release her, he even grasped Qiao Mu’s small hand with both his hands. He lowered his head abruptly and cried bitterly, “Qiaoqiao, how could you trick me like this!”

*You should’ve told me earlier that you didn’t want to be friends but be husband and wife instead!*

“Let, her, go!” Mo Lian thwacked Duan Yue’s arms twice.

However, Qiao Mu quickly said, “Don’t hit him, he’s already crying. He looks rather pitiful and miserable.”

Mo Lian: ...

As she spoke, Qiao Mu stroked Duan Yue’s head again. “Alright, alright, don’t cry, you!”

“I know, it was my bad for pretending to not recognize you that day! But how would I know that there’s something wrong with all of you, recognizing me with a single glance. I had originally planned to lurk inside the Qin Estate for several more days...” When Qiao Mu was pondering this, she involuntarily questioned in detail, “Duan Yue, Mo Lian said you were able to recognize me in disguise because of a wild guess. How did you do that?”

Mo Lian: ... *My wife has too much of a one-track mind and just tells other people everything he says. What should he do? This was a very pressing matter!*

Duan Yue’s face became even more stupefied.

Why did he keep feeling that he was conversing with his Qiaoqiao across two different worlds?

Right now, was he crying bitterly about what happened in the Qin Estate? That totally wasn't the case, okay! He was crying out of anger because Qiaoqiao had tricked him, not telling him earlier that they could be husband and wife even if they couldn't be friends!

However, he still quickly refuted, "Of course not, don't listen to Mo Lian blindly talk drivel. How could it have been a wild guess! I relied completely on intuition to recognize you with a single glance. My Qiaoqiao is so fair, adorable, intelligent, and charming. No matter what you turn into, I will be able to recognize you at first sight. For real, Qiaoqiao!"

*Get the hell out of the way! "Leave, leave, leave, leave!"* Mo Lian snatched over Qiao Mu's small hand before taking her entire body completely into his embrace while patting her back. "Don't believe him, Qiaoqiao. Right now, he's only trying to show off his cleverness. It was a wild guess! Definitely."

*You're the one showing off your cleverness, your whole family is showing off its cleverness! If not because you fella used such a shameless method to swindle Qiaoqiao away, we still wouldn't know who would be the one smiling complacently right now!*

Mo Lian simply smirked at Duan Yue with a sidelong glare. *Who could you blame for being dumb?*

The two communicated noiselessly and fought a fierce battle with killer gazes, which Qiao Mu found baffling.

Male friendship really was strange and complicated, sigh.

One moment, they'd be like blood brothers. For instance, in the Qin Estate that day, the two people cooperated to force her out of her guise, and at the same time, rebuff the Qin Estate young masters.

Yet at this moment, these two people were fighting amongst themselves in a dogfight...

He just knew that this fella didn't have good intentions. As expected, he was entirely correct to take the initiative and promptly bring his wifey home to raise her.

As Mo Lian mused silently in his heart, he couldn't help but feel pleased with himself. Sure enough, it was all about being fast, resolute, and accurate. Otherwise, who could he cry to when someone else swindled his wife away?

"You've finished what you have to say, so you can scram now." Mo Lian declared impatiently, "We still have business to attend to, so we won't see you off."

Duan Yue quickly protested, "Qiaoqiao, aren't you returning home! I'll go together with you. I haven't seen Uncle and Auntie in a long time and have been missing them very much."

Mo Lian immediately shot intense daggers, glaring him down with all his might. His lips curled up slightly as he said tepidly, "Dad and Mom are quite healthy, so there's no need for you to worry about them. It's getting late today too, so you should leave quickly now."

Duan Yue rolled his eyes at him and ignored him, peering pitifully at Qiaoqiao instead. "Qiaoqiao, I've starved for a good two days."

“Didn’t you return to the Duan Estate?” Qiao Mu asked curiously. She was referring to the capital’s Duan Estate, which was also that concealed weapons patrician family. She hadn’t imagined that Duan Yue’s family background was also quite odd.

### **Chapter 643: Encountering a Nouveau Riche!**

Duan Yue pursed his lips disdainfully. “I didn’t want to return, yet the old geezer insisted on it and forced me to.”

The moment he stepped inside that family’s door, the quarrels never ceased, and it was frustrating him to death. A bunch of big and small trifles kept hindering him, preventing him from cheerfully finding his Qiaoqiao to spill his grievances.

“Qiaoqiao, where did you run to these two plus years? Do you know how hard I looked for you...”

“Sorry, I’ve made you worry.”

Duan Yue’s eyes brightened, and he promptly started garrulously reminiscing the past without end, completely ignoring Crown Prince Mo’s occasional stabbing gaze.

Later on, Duan Yue became fed up with Mo Lian’s stabbing gazes and directly used his own gaze to reply: *Don’t think that making the first move means success! I’m telling you, since you two haven’t gotten married yet, who the hell knows what will happen! Besides, lots of people can still divorce after being married too!*

Crown Prince Mo instantly bristled in anger, and he grabbed Duan Yue’s collar before barging out through the window. Once outside, they immediately started coming to blows.

Qiao Mu was baffled the entire time while watching the two people communicate with gazes that overflowed with murderous intent. Now, they both jumped out the carriage and were actually engaging in an all-out brawl in the middle of the street!

Due to the two people’s high cultivation levels, it was quite a lively battle. White snow fluttered about as dried leaves carpeted the floor. The two people’s mystic energy swept the area unhindered, which caused people and animals within a 2500-meter radius to hightail it out of there.

The carriage driver also stopped the carriage in a daze before turning to Qiao Mu and stammering, “C-Crown Prince Consort, His Highness is?”

Qiao Mu rolled her eyes. “Leave them alone. The two bros are just being weird. You can drive me to Uncle Wang’s flatbread shop first. I’ll be bringing my sister some flatbread.”

“Yes, Crown Prince Consort.” The carriage driver briskly drove the carriage towards Uncle Wang’s flatbread shop.

The carriage that Shaoyao was in had also halted, but it promptly followed along when it saw that the crown prince consort’s carriage had started to move again.

This Uncle Wang’s flatbread shop sold at most three pieces of flatbread each day. Normally, the transaction was made by bartering cloth or foodstuffs for it.

Because of this, basically no one went to purchase it. It's not that they didn't want to eat it but that they didn't have these valuable items to trade for it.

This Uncle Wang's flatbread shop had definitely stocked up on a lot of wheat at the very beginning, so it wasn't much of a problem to make three flatbreads per day. Who let their family only have flatbread, so of course they could only use flatbread to exchange for other items. Otherwise, they would get sick of flatbread from having to eat it every day.

However, no one had come to barter for flatbread for nearly half a month already, making the shopkeeper extremely distressed.

Every day, his family's youngest grandson was clamoring to eat rice, eat rice, eat rice! It would be even better if they could get some fresh fruits and vegetables. Sigh, his youngest grandson was slightly constipated from always eating flatbread, dough dumplings, and the like without eating any fresh fruits or vegetables.

However, having something to eat definitely beat having nothing to eat, so there wasn't anything to be choosy about.

At this time, he saw a little lady with an extremely elegant and refined face walking over while cloaked in a precious ferret-fur cape. He quickly put on a smile and asked, "Little Miss, are you buying flatbread?"

"Mhm. I'm buying 20 pieces of flatbread. I want them freshly made and piping hot, is that okay?"

"Yes yes yes." Old Han rapidly bobbed his head as if he were pounding garlic. However, he immediately became slightly abashed as he rubbed his palms together. "H-However, Miss, I-I want to exchange for some fresh fruits and vegetables, a-as well as some rice."

His request seemed to be a bit much, which was why Old Han was a bit embarrassed.

Qiao Mu, however, promptly flipped her small hand and tossed Old Han five liters of rice. She also had the sapling help her take out two large heads of cabbage, a handful of bean sprouts, a cluster of grapes, as well as four honey peaches from Paradise Planet. "Is this good enough?"

This was what it meant by a nouveau riche comes knocking on the door while people cosied up at home! Old Han nodded furiously like a chick pecking at rice, nearly crying while holding onto the large pile of fruits, vegetables, and rice.

#### **Chapter 644: Medicinal Cauldron**

"Miss, this amount is enough to exchange for 30 pieces of flatbread. I'll make you 30 then!" Old Han was also an honest person, telling this to Qiao Mu with a beaming smile.

Yet Qiao Mu shook her head. "Twenty is fine. You can keep the rest and eat them gradually."

Old Han quickly thanked her repeatedly, and he put his heart into making 20 pieces of piping hot flatbread. He carefully wrapped them up in oilpaper before handing the bundle to the little lady.

"Thank you." Qiao Mu directly put it into her inner world after receiving it, and she gave a nod before turning to walk towards the carriage.

Upon lifting the curtain, she couldn't resist twitching the corner of her mouth.

She saw two men presently sitting face to face, each holding a teacup with both hands. Their fingers were slender, and their eyes were slightly lowered. A tranquil pretty boy picture unfolded before her eyes.

The two people were savoring their tea as the steam rose before them, painting an image of handsome and refined men. It almost didn't seem as if they had just engaged in a vicious fight.

The little fellow sighed as she climbed into the carriage and sat resignedly on the very inside. "Not fighting anymore?"

"We were only comparing notes." Mo Lian said indifferently.

"Mhm, in the two years that you had disappeared, we would also often compare notes."

Qiao Mu: "..."

Alright, the world of men really was quite difficult to understand.

"Qiaoqiao, tonight will be the last day of Wurun Pill House's auction. It will continue to auction off that rarely seen Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron. How about us two also going over for a look?" Duan Yue said with a grin.

"No need to trouble you. Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon whatever, I can buy for Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian harrumphed.

Duan Yue simply cast him a glance before flaunting in schadenfreude, "You're so uncultured! Ah? You think you can freely purchase this toy? The seller said that you can only use a level-11 mystic breakthrough pill and a blood stasis dispersing pill to exchange for the cauldron. In addition, they must be high-grade pills that bear an innate purple pill vein, understand?"

Qiao Mu didn't pay attention to Duan Yue's smug tone of voice and instead asked in astonishment, "Shouldn't Wurun Pill House's auction have concluded two days ago?"

"It's because of the appearance of this Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron!" Duan Yue clicked his tongue in wonder. "This cauldron attracted all the pill alchemists from the nearby cities and towns. All the pill alchemists really want to obtain this medicinal cauldron, but it's a pity for them that the seller designated specific exchange requirements. Reportedly, this matter even alerted the Pill Union, which was why the auction was extended for two to three more days, just for the President of the Pill Union to come buy it."

Qiao Mu blinked. "Is the Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron really that great? To have even attracted the Pill Union?"

"Absolutely! It is said that it's a treasured cauldron that pill alchemists yearn for even in their dreams."

"Just one level-11 mystic breakthrough pill and one blood stasis dispersing pill, each bearing purple pill veins, is sufficient to exchange for that whatever cauldron?" Qiao Mu's eyes shined brightly as she asked.

“Right, that’s what the seller said. This piece of news has already spread far and wide throughout the streets and alleys.” Duan Yue asked with a grin, “What about it? Let’s go take a look together tonight?”

Qiao Mu nodded. “I’ll go exchange with him.”

Duan Yue praised with a smile, “Qiaoqiao’s pill refining standard is already this superb!”

“It’s alright.” Qiao Mu nodded. “Refining pills with purple pill veins should be no problem.”

It’s only that it took a rather long time to refine the pills because she lacked a handy medicinal cauldron, which irked her a bit.

“Can you make them in time? Tonight is the last day.” Duan Yue asked offhandedly as he took up his teacup, drinking a mouthful of tea unhurriedly.

“Yeah, I should be able to finish in a little over two hours. It’s only that it wastes too much time, so it’s quite annoying.” Subsequently, Duan Yue nearly choked to death on his tea upon seeing the little fellow’s listless expression.

#### **Chapter 645: Returning Home**

*“You only need a little over two hours to refine a level-11 mystic breakthrough pill?” Why did he keep hearing other people exclaim excitedly that such-and-such great master worked his heart out for three days and two nights to refine a level-10, level-11 mystic breakthrough pill, and it only took a minute for it to be snatched away at auctions for a high price?*

Consequently, Qiao Mu rolled her eyes at Duan Yue. “You want to tire people to death by needing more than two hours to refine a level-11 mystic breakthrough pill? What I mean is, refining the mystic breakthrough pill and blood stasis dispersing pill will probably take a little over two hours all together.”

Mo Lian’s mouth twitched, but he also couldn’t help but be amused upon catching a glimpse of Duan Yue’s mouth gaping wide open from shock.

“You’re so ignorant. Look at who we’re talking about. Could other people even compare to my wife’s gift for pill refining?” Mo Lian harrumphed, rebuking Duan Yue.

Duan Yue scratched his nose, unable to respond. When he raised his eyes again to look out the window, the carriage had already stopped.

Upon being informed, the Qiao Zhongbang couple hastily came out to greet them. Yet just as they were about to make their salutes, Mo Lian waved his hand and came forwards to support them, pulling them towards the door instead.

“Sis!!” Qiao Lin skipped out the door. Her small face was rosy and glowing, which clearly showed that the night attack from two days ago didn’t distress her too much.

Qiao Mu compressed her lips as she grasped her sister’s small hand.

As the group headed inside, Wei Ziqin exclaimed joyously, “Xiao Yue, you haven’t come in a long time either.”

“That’s right, Auntie. In the future, I’ll be coming frequently, so please don’t find me annoying.”

“How could I, child.” Wei Ziqin shook her head with a smile. “You’re Qiaoqiao’s good friend. Even if you come to eat every day, Auntie won’t disdain you.”

Mo Lian cast a sidelong gaze at Duan Yue, giving a humph, since this time, Qiao Mu didn’t discomfit a certain someone in front of her mother by saying “Don’t have friends.”

“Younger Sis!!” A youth’s booming voice came crashing in. Raising her eyes for a glimpse, Qiao Mu saw a big dunderheaded lad with thick eyebrows and large eyes running over from the corridor. He bolted straight for her while giving a hearty laugh.

“Brother Xiao Hu.” Qiao Mu’s eyes curved as she ran up to greet her brother.

“Younger Sis, Big Bro regretted it so much last time. Why did I just have to pick the time that you came back to enter closed-door cultivation.” Qiao Hu scratched his head while saying this.

“What is there to regret, haven’t I come back now?”

“Right right right.” Qiao Hu smiled good-naturedly. “You won’t leave this time after coming back, right.”

Qiao Mu nodded. “Living at home.”

“Alright!” Qiao Lin cheered and pulled Qiao Mu’s hand, asking, “Sis, did you buy me flatbread?”

Wei Ziqin turned to sweep a glance at her. “You’re always pining for something to eat. It’s as if I don’t feed you normally.”

“Uncle Wang’s flatbread is flaky on the outside and soft on the inside. The way they make it is so delicious.” Qiao Lin pursed her small lips and gazed at her sister, waiting anxiously.

Qiao Mu flicked her sister’s forehead with her finger before taking out a stack of flatbread with a swipe of her hand. “Here, stuff you mouth shut with it.”

Qiao Lin cheered and took it with a beaming smile.

Qiao Mu shook her head helplessly at how several pieces of flatbread were enough to make her sister happy. Afterwards, she bantered with the others as they entered the main hall.

After chatting for a while, Qiao Mu intended to first return to her room with refining the pills in mind.

Wei Ziqin heard her, and she quickly left together with her daughter, leaving Qiao Zhongbang and Second Uncle Qiao to entertain Mo Lian and Duan Yue.

Qiao Lin also hastily followed along, chattering the entire way about the attack that night.

As they chatted, they came to the topic of Miss Wu.

Qiao Mu creased her brows. “Lin’er, you’re saying that that Miss Wu had originally wanted you to give her a lift?”

### **Chapter 646: Tenderness**

“That’s right, it was Wu Xiaosu, the eldest miss of the Wu Family. Mom was originally going to relent, but I saw that that Miss Wu was just acting, so I didn’t let her board the carriage. Otherwise, if



something were to happen to her while riding our carriage, the Wu Family would most likely hold us accountable for it!" Xiao Lin'er raised her small head proudly.

Wei Ziqin was unable to restrain a smile, and she turned around to poke her daughter's forehead. "You just like to show off your cleverness in front of your Eldest Sis, making it seem as if Mom is worthless."

Qiao Lin stuck out her tongue, looking witty and adorable.

Seeing how animated and carefree her sister was, Qiao Mu sighed with emotion and nodded as a faint smile appeared on her lips. "Xiao Lin'er is rather quick-witted."

"Alright, you don't need to praise her anymore, or else your sister's proud tail will point up to the heavens." Wei Ziqin shook her head with a smile. As she held each of her daughter's hands, she only felt blissful.

After the mother and daughter trio entered Nanzhu Garden, the emerald green bamboo that entered their sight distracted Qiao Mu for a moment.

At this time, the snow hadn't completely melted yet, and the emerald green and snow white colors harmonized to form a tranquil scene. It made her reminisce that there was once a benevolent elderly lady that liked to wave her cattail-leaf fan as she sat at a small table in the middle of a green bamboo forest, listening to the wind and bamboo while admiring the snow.

She couldn't go back...

"Qiaoqiao, what is it?" Wei Ziqin looked at her child, puzzled.

Qiao Mu quickly blinked before shaking her head lightly. "It's nothing, Mom. I really like this place."

"That's good, it's good that you like it." Wei Ziqin kept nodding her head happily. "Go inside your room to take a look. Mom had already made preparations for you to come live at home again, so all the blankets and everything are new. Make sure to tell Mom if you find anything missing."

"Mom, everything you give Sister is the best! With this contrast, it doesn't even seem as if I'm your biological child!" Qiao Lin pouted teasingly.

Wei Ziqin's hand paused, but then she immediately raised her hand to thwack her younger daughter's back. "What drivel are you spouting? Does Mom not worry enough over you?"

"Hehe." Qiao Lin giggled while covering her mouth. She flashed behind her sister's back and pulled Qiao Mu's sleeve, griping, "Sis, Sis, Sis, Sis, in the time that you haven't been home, Mom would hit me at a whim, always scolding me for being a naughty monkey. Now that you're back, you have to help me uphold justice! We sisters have to be of one heart and mind!"

Wei Ziqin couldn't resist snickering. "I'm telling you, your sis is the most principled. Don't count on her standing up for you when you get into trouble!"

Hearing this, Qiao Lin turned down the corners of her mouth as the trio walked into the refined, ornately-decorated room.

A double-sided peony-embroidered screen partitioned the room into two. The outside was set up as a small area for Qiao Mu to drink tea and entertain close friends, while the inside was a spacious bedroom.

As the room was fully equipped with all the necessary furniture, after sweeping a glance, Qiao Mu felt that everything was to her satisfaction and that she didn't need to add anything else. She originally wasn't a person with high standards, and everything was fine as long as she was comfortable. As for those decorative items, they didn't really matter to her.

It was only because her dad had been promoted to a marquis that her mother started to be more particular about these matters. Otherwise, if it were back in the village, a large heatable brick bed that provided a warm place to lay on would have been sufficient.

"Sis, you really aren't particular about the details." Seeing how her sister seemed to view secular items as dispensable, Xiao Lin'er couldn't resist chuckling.

"Shoo, such a cheeky child. How could you not adhere to hierarchy and carelessly tease your sis?" Wei Ziqin smacked her younger daughter.

Qiao Mu involuntarily shook her head, defending her sister as she said, "Mom, it's fine. We can be more casual when in our own home."

"That's right." Qiao Lin tilted her small head as she automatically hid behind Qiao Mu's back.

#### **Chapter 647: Pill Alchemist**

"You can't let her develop this into a bad habit." Wei Ziqin creased her brow as she reprimanded lightly, "What would happen if she's like this outside too? Right now, since we're in the capital, our family has to maintain your reputation whenever we go out."

"Mom, I'm very obedient and sensible when outside." Xiao Lin'er performed a perfect curtsy as she called out tenderly, "Greetings to the crown prince consort."

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This amused both Wei Ziqin and Qiao Mu into laughter.

*This impish lass!*

Qiao Mu poked her small forehead. "Come, let Sis take your pulse."

Qiao Lin stretched out her wrist before switching to the other one under Qiao Mu's cue. After Qiao Mu was done with her checkup, she nodded and said, "Your body is quite healthy."

Her mystic energy vigorously pulsed with a protracted and careful rhythm. Even though she was only a weak level-four mystic cultivator, her body's fortified resilience and her mystic meridians' expansion were excellent.

“Sister will make you two level-four and level-five mystic breakthrough pills. I’ll first help you nourish your body these two days before you take the pills. After that, enter closed-door cultivation and see if you can break through to become a level-six mystic cultivator in one go.”

Qiao Lin’s small mouth immediately opened so wide that it could fit a duck egg.

“Sis? Sister!” Qiao Lin was simply incredulous. She was a level-four mystic cultivator right now, but in her sister’s words, it seemed as if advancing to a level-six mystic cultivator in the span of a night was merely a simple matter.

“It’s nothing, just try your best. It’s fine even if you can’t advance to level six in one go. Advancing to a level-five mystic cultivator should be for certain.” Qiao Mu consoled her sister before turning to take her mother’s pulse.

“Mom’s foundation is weak, so I’ll first help you properly nurse it before doing anything else. Don’t be anxious about advancing. If you forcefully advance prematurely, your mystic meridians will become chaotic, which will lead to vital energy deviation,” Qiao Mu patiently explained.

“Mom is already so old. Becoming a mystic cultivator was already a happy surprise, so how could I request for anything else.” Wei Ziqin finally recovered her wits, and she grasped both of Qiao Mu’s hands with teary eyes, murmuring to herself excitedly, “Qiaoqiao, tell Mom, have you? Have you become a pill alchemist?”

*Her daughter was talking about refining pills just now, right!*

Qiao Mu nodded. However, she was slightly surprised by her mother’s agitated mood and patted her hand helplessly. “Didn’t you already know that I know a bit about medicine?”

“That’s different! How could that be the same? You’re a pill alchemist!” Madam née Wei continuously muttered, “Daughter, pill alchemists are completely different from those clinical doctors. Pill alchemists are quite incredible.”

“Yes yes yes.” Qiao Mu could only follow her mother’s train of thought and nodded her head repeatedly. “Mom, then don’t call for me before dinnertime. I’ll be refining several pills for Xiao Lin’er and the rest.”

“Okay okay okay. You do your thing then. Mom and your sister won’t be hindering you anymore then!” Wei Ziqin kept nodding her head while beaming with happiness. Afterwards, she dragged her younger daughter towards the door and mumbled, “No, that won’t do. Such good news, I have to tell your dad and tell him to open up the ancestral hall. I have to go pay respects to the old ancestor. The ancestors have manifested.”

Qiao Mu: “...”

*Mom, weren’t you being a bit too excessive?*

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Because she didn’t have a handy medicinal cauldron, Qiao Mu still took out a very common small stove used for cooking to refine her pills.

If other pill alchemists saw that this oddball child used precisely this small shoddy stove to produce those high-grade pills with purple pill veins, they would probably directly vomit blood and faint from anger.

Qiao Mu washed her small hands and calmed her mind. When she was ready, she took out several stalks of herbs required to refine a level-11 mystic breakthrough pill and started to grind them up meticulously.

#### **Chapter 648: Oddball of the Pill Refining Circle**

Because she lacked a medicinal cauldron, the little fellow could only produce her pills by fiddling with a porcelain jar on her small stove.

If those people from the Pill Union witnessed this scene, they would surely smack her so deep into the wall that it would be impossible to dig her out!

Hell, if you could produce pills with purple pill veins just by freaking messing around with a small jar used for stewing tonics, why didn't you just ascend to the heavens?

Nevertheless, it was still rather convenient for her to use the small jar when previously stewing medicinal powders, ointments, and the like. Medicinal solutions were also fine, but it was just that using the jar to refine pills was now a bit out of place...

Who told her to be poor, not even possessing a presentable medicinal cauldron.

However, her refining and medical skills were both things that she researched blindly on her own. Before Eldest Qin told her about medicinal cauldrons, she simply hadn't even realized that such an item actually existed.

Perhaps her master that was a mighty figure in the field of medicine also did things like this! If not, why wouldn't she even have information about medicinal cauldrons and the like in her mind?

How would she have known that her almighty master basically didn't even need to spend any effort on refining pills later on after amassing a wealth of experience? Her master just needed to throw the medicinal materials inside, and they would form pills automatically without even needing her to control the fire!

Unlike her, who had to miserably keep a close eye on the fire.

That was precisely why she needed to spend half a day's time on it. Even then, it really bummed her out that two hours was only enough for her to refine two types of pills.

With this kind of pill refining speed, she was ashamed to tell other people that she was a pill alchemist.

Say, if a patient on the brink of death still needed to wait an hour for her to refine a pill, that person would have long kicked the bucket!

*Sigh!* A certain darling supported her chin as she squatted before the small stove, occasionally using her mystic energy to control the strength of the fire as she lightly adjusted the jar lid.

She had to think of a good solution to speed up the process! She still needed to refine pills for her dad and the others. At this pace, she wouldn't finish even by the time the sky darkened.

When Mo Lian stealthily sneaked inside, he saw his wife scrunching her small face in distress in front of a small stewing jar.

He was simply flabbergasted! His pair of phoenix eyes widened abruptly.

"You're? You're not going to tell me! That you're using this small stove and small white porcelain jar, to stew out your purple-veined pills?"

"What else do you think then." Darling Qiao felt like she had already lost the will to live from the wait.

Truthfully speaking, that's why after she learned to refine pills, she hadn't produced pills seriously. It really took too long to stew, so long that she wanted to doze off.

"You?" As he gazed at his oddball of a wifey, Crown Prince Mo was simply so much at a loss for words that he became incoherent.

"You succeeded in refining pills like this before?" Our dear Mo Lian simply didn't dare to believe it!

A certain darling rolled her eyes and tossed him a "You don't say" gaze.

Our dear Mo Lian felt that his own bronze cauldron was junky enough and that it simply wasted his excellent weapon-smelting talent. However, if word got out that he could still create level-15 spiritual weapons with such a junky cauldron, it would shock the world.

Yet this time, he felt that those people who believed that he could shock the world were definitely ignorant and inexperienced. After all, they hadn't seen his little wife's oddball characteristic!

This was the oddball of the pill refining circle!

"Qiaoqiao, where are the pills you refined?"

"Here." Qiao Mu's small mouth pursed, and she showed him the several small, lustrous, jade-white pills sitting inside a teacup lid.

This time around, even Crown Prince Mo couldn't help gaping his mouth slightly.

There were four small, round, and glossy pills inside the teacup lid.

From his experience, he had never seen anyone who could refine so many pills in one afternoon!

"You actually refined four pills in one afternoon?? What kind of pills are these?" *They smelled so fragrant...*

### **Chapter 649: Stewed in One Pot!**

"Are you kidding me? If I could only refine four pills in one afternoon, then I wouldn't want to live anymore!" Qiao Mu rolled her eyes before tossing him a small porcelain-white bottle. "This too."

Crown Prince Mo: !!

*My wife especially doesn't seem human when refining pills. What to do?*

There were no less than ten small, round, and exquisite pills inside the small porcelain bottle.

“I’m stopping after this batch.” The little lady grumbled irritably, “Refining twenty some pills in one afternoon really is awfully slow as hell.”

Crown Prince Mo: ...

If another pill alchemist was present right now, they would definitely be unable to resist beating her to death, right!

“These are all level-11 mystic breakthrough pills?” Crown Prince Mo asked while holding that small bottle.

“Nope, ten level-11 mystic breakthrough pills and six blood stasis dispersing pills.” Qiao Mu peered at the teacup lid and said, “Those four are for Xiao Lin’er and Dad.”

They were level-four plus level-five and level-seven plus level-eight mystic breakthrough pills, respectively.

If nothing unexpected occurred, Dad would be able to advance to a level-nine mystic cultivator, while Xiao Lin’er should be able to advance to level six.

At this point, Mo Lian had already become completely silent.

He truly wanted to ask her: By using such a junky tool, a small jar for stewing swallow’s nest[1], to make your pills, didn’t you feel sorry for the pills, sorry for your many superior-quality herbs...

But the problem was, the pills actually formed obediently! How heart-jabbing was this matter for other pill alchemists that earnestly bought medicinal cauldrons and refined pills day in and day out!

“Darling, do you know about pill houses?”

“I do!” Qiao Mu cast him a sidelong glance, finding the crown prince’s gaze amiss. His gaze clearly seemed a bit like he was looking at an alien that came from another star domain.

“Then do you know pill houses sell common medicinal cauldrons?”

Qiao Mu honestly shook her head.

How would she know? If not for Second Qin bringing her to broaden her horizons last time, she simply wouldn’t have come into contact with pill houses at all.

You’re blaming her for being ignorant and inexperienced in her previous lifetime? She hadn’t refined pills in her previous lifetime, so of course she wouldn’t have learned about such toys.

“In one afternoon, you refined multiple level-11 mystic breakthrough pills and blood stasis dispersing pills, in addition to refining mystic breakthrough pills for Xiao Lin’er and your father respectively. This? How exactly did you refine them all in such a short period of time when the pills are all of different grades?” The crown prince really was awfully curious.

As if she were looking at a fool, our dear Qiao Mu straightforwardly raised her hand to swat the tiny porcelain jar. The lid quickly bounced open, revealing the four small pills that had basically solidified. "Couldn't you just put different medicinal materials inside separately and then stew them all at once?"

Mo Lian: ! Your pot actually didn't explode like this? I've got to hand it to you!

"But these pills are all of different grades and also different attributes, and yet you're mixing them up to refine, ah no, stew! You?"

Our dear Qiao Mu was wearing a "You're so ignorant and inexperienced" expression. "So that's why I'm saying that it's annoying! I have to continuously control the fire, and I can't even shift my eyes away for even a moment! So aggravating."

"The most I made at once with good control of the fire was stewing six mystic breakthrough pills of the same grade in one jar." Qiao Mu set down the lid again before waving her hand and saying, "Don't be anxious, I'll be done at once! Is it that dinner is ready?"

"It's not yet dinnertime." Mo Lian responded woodenly.

When it came to refining pills, his wife couldn't be considered an oddball; she was simply a freak. What to do?

"At the beginning, merely grinding various herbs took me half an hour too."

"Darling, you must not say such words in front of other pill alchemists in the future." Mo Lian exhorted while gazing at her seriously.

"Why?"

*Because you'd be beaten up by a crowd!* Ah, he was really worried about his wife...

### **Chapter 650: Body Cultivation Pill**

The other pill alchemists must really be strange creatures. It seemed like it wasn't okay to promote communication with them by purely investigating the time it took to grind medicinal materials and the methods of stewing, ah no, refining pills?

Seeing the crown prince's deeply worried gaze, why did she feel like other pill alchemists would gang up on her and beat her up?

That wasn't possible, right! Everyone was a cultured person, so they would definitely keep a high-class cultured image.

"What kind of pills are these last four?" Taking a look, the crown prince felt that other than the faint purple pill veins on them, they were pretty much the same as the others. Even the color was only pure white. The size, shape, and luster made it seem as if they all came from the same mold.

"They're all body cultivation pills, for my second uncle!" Qiao Mu skillfully swatted the small lid and grabbed the four body cultivation pills into her hand. Only after carefully inspecting and sniffing them did she nod her small head in satisfaction.

"Mo Lian, I'm quite good at refining. Do you want to try a few? Qingluan said that it's very tasty."

Mo Lian: ...

*What the hell did very tasty mean? Could it be that in his darling's eyes, he seemed to be such a foodie?*

Qiao Mu merely stuffed a body cultivation pill into his hands before also giving him two level-11 mystic breakthrough pills. "This body cultivation pill is beneficial for the body, so you should eat it. You don't have any use for mystic breakthrough pills, so give them to your subordinates."

"Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian grasped her small hand emotionally. "You treat me so well."

Qiao Mu turned her head to cast him a glance before nodding seriously. "It's only right that I treat you well. You treat me very well too."

Mo Lian nearly laughed out loud. *Look, his Qiaoqiao was just such an honest darling.*

Mo Lian beamed as he lifted up her small chin. Just as he was about to kiss her lips, he heard hurried footsteps as well as Duan Yue's killjoy voice coming from outside the door. "Qiaoqiao! Time to eat!"

Irritated, Mo Lian grabbed the scalding hot stewing jar and tossed it towards where Duan Yue was running to.

Qiao Mu instantly jumped up and hastily shouted, "Hey, hey, catch it! Don't let my medicinal jar break!"

Duan Yue had originally wanted to kick it away, but upon hearing Qiaoqiao's words, he hastily caught the medicinal jar in his embrace, looking over in bewilderment. "What is this?"

"Aiyah, can you two bros stop messing around! If you want to fight, do that outside! I only have one such handy stewing jar that can refine pills. If you mess it up, I have to go wash it again."

At the same time that she was speaking, our dear Qiao Mu carefully took back her cherished jar from Duan Yue's hands and ran to wash it.

Duan Yue gazed in bafflement at Mo Lian, who walked over with his hands behind his back. "What kind of mystic weapon is that jar? Look at how anxious Qiaoqiao is over it."

Mo Lian rolled his eyes at him. "It's just an ordinary jar used for stewing medicine, purchased from a street stall."

*What mystic weapon are you talking about? Don't be kidding me!*

Duan Yue: ...

"She used just this to refine pills?" *No way, right!*

"Hm?" Mo Lian gestured with his chin. Duan Yue turned to where he was pointing to and saw a small stove sitting there.

Duan Yue gaped his mouth. "Pill refining tools?"

Soon, Qiao Mu ran back after washing the jar. Seeing that Duan Yue was still rooted at the doorway, dumbstruck, she pondered for a bit before fishing a body cultivation pill out from her pocket and throwing it to him. "Giving this to you."



The remaining two body cultivation pills were for Second Uncle.

“Alright, let’s go eat now.” After Qiao Mu put away her set of “pill refining tools,” Mo Lian held her hand while walking out the door.

Yet Qiao Mu couldn’t help gazing back in puzzlement at the dumbstruck Duan Yue. “What’s with him?”

*Not much, you just freaked him out a bit!*

“Duan Yue!” Qiao Mu called out.

Duan Yue hurriedly followed them out the door.