

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker!

Chapter 22: Inner World!

Qiao Mu grew excited. She did not expect to be able to immediately meld the mystic energy into her glabella and transform it into mystic conscious.

In her previous life, she remembered that she had spent an entire seven days without sleep or rest before she finally condensed her mystic energy into mystic conscious. The teacher who coached her even said that she was quite talented already and condensed mystic conscious at least three times faster than normal people.

Only people who could condense mystic conscious were considered to have truly stepped into the ranks of mystic cultivators, and these people could use their mystic conscious to open the door to their own inner world.

Otherwise, if a mystic cultivator could not even open their own inner world, then they would become a laughing stock.

The moment that Qiao Mu's mystic conscious generated, all of the excessive mystic energy gathered together and receded into the mystic domain in the center of her lower abdomen.

The mystic domain that she currently possessed was merely the size of an olive pit, so the amount of mystic energy that it could store was naturally pitifully minute.

Qiao Mu inwardly estimated that her current cultivation was similar to that of a level three mystic cultivator. However, at her current age, being a level three mystic cultivator was definitely a jaw-dropping existence already.

In her past life, the vital importance of mystic conscious had been recognized in the later stages of the battle. Many great mystic cultivators who had already progressed to level 10 had later delved their energy into researching how to strengthen their mystic conscious and expand their inner world.

Mystic conscious itself was condensed from mystic energy; therefore, if a person had 10% mystic energy, then the mystic conscious that they could initially condense would not surpass 1%, so their inner world was naturally pitifully tiny.

However, later, through research, it was discovered that mystic conscious could gradually advance after endless training and strengthening. If there were two level-three mystic cultivators, and one of them had mystic conscious that could reach 3% of his

mystic energy, then he would certainly be a lot more powerful than the person with 1% mystic conscious.

Whether it was the speed or strength of their mystic energy in battle, it was like night and day between them.

Currently, Qiao Mu could clearly see the tiny thread of mystic conscious that condensed in her mind gradually transforming into a pair of small and frail hands that forcefully pushed open a large door enveloped in a white fog.

Then, the pair of hands turned into a barefooted little person, and step, step, step, he sauntered through the door with great familiarity.

Qiao Mu's eyes flashed when she carefully examined the back silhouette of the little person.

*"F*ck me! Wasn't this an apparition of my mystic conscious?"*

Hold on, an apparition of her mystic conscious!

How could the apparition of her mystic conscious appear now? She remembered that in her previous life, it took her nearly 10 years of cultivation before she finally successfully condensed an apparition that fancy!

Because after her mystic conscious materialized into an apparition, then it could cultivate on its own inside the knowledge pool all the time. It was much simpler compared to how the common people exhausted a colossal amount of energy to ceaselessly use all sorts of training methods in order to condense their mystic energy and strengthen and mold their mystic conscious.

A person who obtained an apparition of their mystic conscious was similar to possessing a gold mountain and a group of strong, free labor, merely having to wait for the gold coins to drop into their pockets one by one without needing to even count them...

Hehe... Wait! Maybe she hadn't woken up from her dream yet! Eh? Why does the box-like sealed space that the apparition ambled into look so familiar?

Wasn't this the scene of the gold mountain littered with gems that she dreamed about earlier? No wonder it looked more familiar the more she looked at it!

Wasn't this the inner world that she had once acquired in her previous life? The purple crystal screens that dominated the sides and top of the box were basically the "walls" of the inner world and formed a world.

This was her inner world!

Qiao Mu opened her eyes and foolishly sat on the bed for a moment, forgetting to utter a single sound.

Why did the inner world that she newly opened have a mountain of gems and gold? And there was even a food container filled with that many meat buns buried underneath the treasure mountain?

She remembered that when she first entered the inner world in her past life, that place was half its current size, and besides the “walls,” she literally had four bare walls for a home and possessed nothing.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 23: Provocation

No matter how she thought about it, Qiao Mu could not understand why her inner world, which was supposed to be completely empty, had so much gold and silver and gems and jade stored inside it.

Qiao Mu attempted to move a gold brick from her inner world, and a tiny stab of pain appeared in her head, causing her to instantly close her eyes.

When she re-opened them, the faint thread of mystic conscious had already retreated from her inner world, and the door to her inner world had naturally closed as well. Furthermore, the apparition had also probably been locked inside the inner world, so she could do nothing but leave it alone.

Qiao Mu lightly sighed. Her mystic energy was very weak, so it naturally could not condense mystic conscious for too long. This meant that she had a treasure mountain for nothing and could not withdraw things from there.

After thinking about it, she attempted to move the little square wooden table from the corner of the room into her inner world and promptly rolled her eyes.

What use was it if she could only store but could not withdraw?

The stoic, woodcut-like face suddenly made a sweet and adorable expression. If Crown Prince Lian had witnessed it, he would have certainly exclaimed, “Interesting!”

In truth, it was not that Qiao Mu did not understand the logic that storing things inside the inner world exhausted an extremely tiny amount of mystic conscious, unless it was mass storing. In this case, the amount of mystic conscious required was an entirely different matter. If it was merely storing one or two items, then the mystic conscious that was consumed was essentially negligible.

On the other hand, withdrawing items from the inner world required the consumption of quite a bit of mystic conscious. It was not based on the item's value, but the larger and the heavier the item, the more mystic conscious that was consumed. If there was an insufficient amount of mystic conscious available, then the inner world's door would naturally close, and, in theory, you would be unable to withdraw items from it.

Although the size of that gold brick just now was not too big, it was quite heavy, so it was unable to be taken out with her current mystic conscious. Qiao Mu did not forcibly try anymore and planned to rest for a while before trying to see if she could withdraw something at night.

"Sister, the table, the table!" Little Qiao Lin childishly called, her chubby finger directly pointing at the corner of the room.

The small wooden table had vanished all of a sudden in front of her just now!

Qiao Mu ignored the little guy and tugged on her hand. Then, the sisters casually washed up before leaving the room.

As soon as they walked outside, they saw Second Uncle, Qiao Zhongxing, sitting at the dining table near the entrance of the courtyard. He waved at them with a grin.

"Qiaoqiao, Xiao Lin'er, come and eat some congee."

Qiao Mu was expressionless on the outside, but inside, she did a little happy dance, thinking about how she needed to find a way to converse with Second Uncle one-on-one later.

However, the peace did not last. Before the sisters drank more than a few mouthfuls of the congee, the serene morning was disturbed by a loud bang.

Wei Ziqin hurriedly rushed out of the house and caught sight of Xu Jiao leading two strong men through the door after kicking it open.

"Sister-in-Law." Qiao Zhongbang stood up from the table with embarrassment on his face as he looked at the two strong men behind Xu Jiao, hesitating to speak.

However, Second Uncle Qiao Zhongxing slapped the table loudly and angrily asked, "Xu Jiao, what are you doing? You enter your eldest brother's house in broad daylight, and this breaking and entering without invitation is your attitude?"

"Eldest Brother, Second Brother, I'm really sorry. But well, it's not like I wanted to come myself, but Elderly Lady Qiao charged me with the responsibility of escorting Qiao Mu to Long Gate Inn to apologize to Miss Liu and make amends!" Xu Jiao pursed her brilliantly red lips and glanced at the two strong men from the corner of her eyes. "What are you waiting for? Act!"

“Xu Jiao, you are purposefully visiting and provoking us!” Second Uncle Qiao Zhongxing shot up instantly. Watching how one of the strong men walked up to snatch Qiao Mu, Qiao Zhongxing did not speak further and swung a fist at the strong man’s face.

The strong man clutched his face in pain and took a step back. Wei Ziqin charged forward with a pale face and pulled Qiao Mu into her arms.

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