

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 497

Along the way, all the land that she saw was scorched black, unable to produce anything.

Thinking of the bountiful and luxuriant vegetables, melons, and fruits growing on Paradise Planet, Qiao Mu's expression involuntarily softened somewhat.

Nowadays, she basically didn't have to worry about the arrangements she made on Paradise Planet, as the sapling naturally took care of everything.

Ever since the sapling advanced to what it termed the mid-toddler stage, it was basically as easy as pie for it to take care of all the arrangements on Paradise Planet. It just needed to wave its hand to create a pile of industrious little treants that would plant and harvest vegetables for her.

Every time she saw seven to eight little treants charge at her and hang onto her like ornaments on a tree, she couldn't help but feel resigned.

Besides, it was precisely as the little water ball had said.

Presently, a simple thought was all she needed to summon the little water ball or the sapling out from her body and assist her in battle.

For this purpose, she even especially tested this two to three times with sacred water, and she was quite astonished by the result. Although she didn't say anything, she couldn't help ruminating in her heart: This was the power of sacred water, one of the five elemental spirit origins.

Other people only completed the transition from the mystic realm to the spiritual realm when they proactively sensed one of the five elemental spirits while breaking through their level-15 mystic cultivation.

Only approximately 10 percent of people could break through and complete this transition in one try; 80 to 90 percent of people required multiple attempts to sense the five elemental spirits.

However, if other people were to know that our dear Qiao Mu was such an oddball, their eyeballs would pop out from shock.

She, a level-11 great mystic cultivator who should have been far from even glimpsing the threshold to level-15, had in reality already completed the breakthrough from the mystic realm to the spiritual realm.

As long as she was set on raising her cultivation, she could directly step over into the spiritual realm. She really didn't need to go through the trouble of sensing anything again.

After night fell.

Qiao Mu tied the horse to a nearby tree. She had the sapling take out a handful of grass for it to eat, as well as two peaches for her to gnaw on.

She had gnawed on a pig trotter for lunch today, so she was still very full right now! She didn't plan on eating a proper meal and decided to make do with two peaches.

"Master, you don't plan on coming in to sleep?" The little water ball's soft voice rang out.

"No need." Qiao Mu built a bonfire and poked at the flames with a dead branch. "We haven't seen even one zombie after journeying for so many days. I feel like we'll encounter a few tonight."

The sapling: ...

So Master's itching to fight?

“You both can rest.” Qiao Mu leaped onto a tree and found a thicker branch to rest on before adjusting her position.

Unfortunately, though, the zombie gentlemen that she had been expecting the entire night didn’t appear at all.

One night passed by tranquilly. It wasn’t until dawn broke that she woke up from a ruckus beneath the tree branches.

“A bunch of trash. You don’t even know how to carry a palanquin?” The sound of whipping mixed in with piercing screams startled Qiao Mu from her sound sleep, and she creased her brows as she opened her eyes.

As expected, when she looked down the tree, she saw a crimson palanquin being carried over while staggering from side to side.

The four scrawny men that were carrying the palanquin would occasionally stagger to the left, and then occasionally stagger to the right. A white and plump hand reached out from behind the palanquin’s curtain and was continuously thrashing the porters with its whip. “Useless fellows! Stop stop stop stop, stop right now!”

The palanquin’s door was kicked open, and a woman jumped out of it. The scene that entered Qiao Mu’s eyes left her inwardly speechless.

She had a bulky waistline that was twice the size of a bucket, complimented by a face that looked like a white mantou that had undergone fermentation.

This woman probably weighed more than all four porters added together...

It would only be freaky if they were able to carry her!