

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 639

Hahaha! Qiao Mu laughed heartily from the bottom of her heart.

This silly guy was just as talkative as before. Although she rather disdained it at the beginning, she now truly felt out of sorts from not being able to hear that chatterbox.

Habit truly was a frightening thing. Once you got used to it, you would naturally stay accustomed to it.

“You’re already happy with this? I still haven’t given you the fabulous made-to-order item that you were pining for.” Mo Lian smiled as he took out a club the size of a palm. It was covered in a layer of forbidding, densely packed barbs, which had even been painted with a layer of dazzling bright-golden fluid.

Qiao Mu could only think, this small golden club truly did look very exquisite and good-looking.

Taking the club that the crown prince handed over, Qiao Mu turned and flipped it in her hands lovingly, practically unable to take her eyes off it.

“Inky, this is your good partner Goldie.” The little fellow mumbled this to herself, which greatly amused the crown prince.

Qiao Mu flung out her small arm lightly, and the club in her palm promptly elongated and fattened up. In the blink of an eye, it had become the size of a domestic-use wooden club. Actually, this club was able to grow even longer, but because they were inside a cramped space right now, Qiao Mu let it be.

She excitedly lifted up a corner of the curtain and silently injected mystic energy into the club, which then released a faint golden glow that shot out the window. After a huge boom was heard, a tall heap of snow nearby instantly exploded apart, causing snowflakes to silently fly upwards.

Even though Qiao Mu had only used a wisp of mystic energy, the club already demonstrated such formidable power, and this made her mood get even better.

Mo Lian couldn't help but exclaim in amazement as he pinched the little fellow's cheek. "Qiaoqiao truly is amazing to make a spiritual weapon submit and recognize its master so smoothly."

If it were a normal person, merely the process of taming a spiritual weapon would probably take at least three days and two nights.

After all, a spiritual weapon couldn't be compared with a mystic weapon. Spiritual weapons possessed a spiritual nature, and only spiritual cultivators and above could tame and use them.

Yet a level-11 mystic cultivator subdued a maturing level-15 spiritual weapon as easily as blowing off dust. No one would dare to believe it even if he told other people about it.

"I still have a portion of this supreme-grade blood-forged gold material remaining, which I estimate is enough to upgrade your defensive weapon. Give me your defensive weapon for now, and I'll send it over after forging it while you stay obediently at home these two days." Look, wasn't this an opportunity to grandiosely visit his Qiaoqiao!

Qiao Mu silently took the ring off her finger and handed it to him. "Then, can you change its design? Switch out this eggshell for something else? Like a defensive barrier would be fine."

Mo Lian shook his head vigorously. "I can only change it into a flower shape."

Hearing this, Qiao Mu twitched her mouth, not knowing whether or not he was duping her. She hastily waved her hand and said, "Then forget it, keep the eggshell!"

If he really were to change it into a flower, and she encased herself inside it, then ha ha, wouldn't that amuse her opponent to death when she fought!

“Okay!” Mo Lian agreed while beaming.

Yet just as he put away Qiaoqiao’s ring, the carriage suddenly halted with a jolt.

It seemed that a tiny disturbance was happening outside. “N-No, you can’t? You?”

“Swoosh!” The curtain lifted, and a slender figure abruptly jumped into the carriage. “Qiaoqiao!!”

“Duan Yue.” Qiao Mu’s mouth gaped slightly as she gazed at that youth that was pouncing towards her.

However, the crown prince had perceptive eyes and deftly kicked him away while hooking his Qiaoqiao into his embrace in passing.

Duan Yue wasn’t able to pounce into his Qiaoqiao’s arms and was instead nearly kicked out of the carriage by Mo Lian. His peerlessly delicate and handsome face instantly clouded over...