

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 645

“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 your 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?”