

## **My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 717**

After the cute snakelet met the water child's glance, it propelled its small snake tail and swam to Qiao Mu's feet.

Suddenly, the snakelet lay on the ground languidly as its pair of quick-witted eyes swept around Paradise Planet spiritedly, its watery eyes containing a hint of pleasant surprise.

Wow, the mystic energy here was so dense! It liked it too much!

Yet the water child was immediately vigilant! This scheming snake was actually acting cute on the spot! How could it?

Fortunately, Master was busy and didn't have time to pay attention to this scheming snake, humph!

After Qiao Mu finished cleansing the wound on the little chick's wing, she suddenly exclaimed in slight surprise.

The little chick puffed out its belly and was just about to flip over when Qiao Mu held it still. "Wait a moment."

"Don't move, okay." Qiao Mu pressed its wing lightly. "There seems to be a foreign object in your wing. Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't." The little chick answered muddle-headedly.

"Try to recall what scraped you when you fell down earlier."

"There wasn't anything." Bewilderment was written across the little chick's fuzzy face.

It was a powerful, ancient Qingluan. It's not like it was really a chicken, so how could it get hurt just by scraping against several pebbles?

Wasn't that a joke!

"Don't move. There's a broken rock inside your wing. It needs to be extracted, or else your wing will still hurt even after it heals."

"Masta." The little chick was emotional, its eyes brimming with tears. Masta treated it so well! It seldom heard Masta speaking so gently. She normally spoke in an icy tone...

Qiao Mu set it on a smooth stone block underneath a peach tree, and after rummaging through her handy needle pouch, she took out a pair of small brass tweezers.

"It's going to hurt a bit. I'm going to extract the foreign object from your wing, so try to bear with it." Qiao Mu said softly.

The little chick was so touched that it immediately wanted to cry again. "Masta, do whatever you need! I won't hurt."

However, Qiao Mu glanced at it in bafflement. If you're not afraid of pain, then why do you look as if you're about to cry? She didn't know to comfort people—oh, that's not right—she didn't know how to comfort a chicken.

She fingered the little chick's fuzzy wing inch by inch. Subsequently, she probed that pair of small brass tweezers inside the wound and precisely tweezed something, rapidly pulling it out.

It was a squashy dirt clump as thick as her thumb. Qiao Mu threw this plaything to the ground before poking at it with the tweezers, and a pit the size of a needle sunk into it. It was impossibly soft.

If this dirt clump the thickness of a thumb was what injured the weak chicken, then that was too hilarious. Let alone the weak chicken, even she didn't believe it.

"It's done. After applying some medicine and wrapping it up, your wing should heal by the day after tomorrow."

"Ah, but Masta, I want to fly you over." Qingluan had also seen earlier that other than the side with the waterfall, the other three sides of the small lake were lofty mountain ridges.

"I'll be fine by myself. The sky has darkened now, so I can climb tomorrow." Qiao Mu applied medicine before wrapping Qingluan's wing in gauze with rapid movements.

"Master, there's someone outside." Qiuqiu suddenly reported.

"Who?" Qiao Mu was slightly perplexed.

"I secretly took a look with my spiritual conscious. It's a bald little fatty, and he just climbed ashore." Qiuqiu hopped onto Qiao Mu's hand and gesticulated, "This lad is quite keen. After I used my spiritual conscious to size him up, he vigilantly examined his surroundings right away."

Qiao Mu knitted her eyebrows slightly.

"Then how do I go out?"