

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 725

The two shortswords crossed above the snake beauty's head were evidently not as good as Qiao Mu's club.

By this point, they were already slightly deformed by the club's smashing...

"Don't hammer anymore!!" The snake beauty was flustered and exasperated, crying out in a velvety voice, "I'm about to faint from you bratty child's smashing! Can't you treat me a bit more gently, wah!"

Clang! Qiao Mu finally took time to glance at the snake beauty after landing a finishing blow.

She had smashed half of this fellow's body into the pit.

How unfortunate that this pit had a solid bottom!

If this pit ended up being a pitfall, that would have been even better, and this snake beauty would've fallen into who knows where by this time.

"See see see, look at your wily eyes that are up to no good. You're thinking of suckering me again, am I right? You couldn't be thinking, if this were a pitfall, it would have been even more wonderful if you could pound me directly into the Ravine of Resentment, right?" The snake beauty nagged.

"Ravine of Resentment?"

"What's up, you're still acting stupid?" The snake beauty harrumphed. "Isn't this region that's full of potholes and endless pitfalls precisely the Ravine of Resentment?"

“So this is the Ravine of Resentment.” Qiao Mu mumbled to herself. “Then that means, the Vastly Distant Woods are up ahead?”

“That’s correct.” The snake beauty peered at her suspiciously. “Although the Vastly Distant Woods isn’t that deep, ferocious beasts roam through it freely, so it’s very difficult to pass through. The recluse monks of Shadow Moon Monastery dislike being disturbed by outsiders the most, so there’s no use going there since they won’t meet you.”

“The monks are the ones who made the pitfalls in the Ravine of Resentment?”

“Of course not. This is a natural barrier.” The snake beauty rolled her eyes. “This Ravine of Resentment has already been formed for who knows how many centuries. These monks have only found a pretty good dwelling to live in seclusion.”

“Liar.” Qiao Mu snorted coldly. “There is clearly a rich mystic energy canopy deployed over this Ravine of Resentment. It prohibits flying mystic beasts from passing over it at all. You still dare say that this wasn’t set up by humans?”

“This you don’t understand. It is said that the strong mystic energy above this Ravine of Resentment was set up by an extremely powerful great spiritual cultivator. How is this related to the monks?”

Qiao Mu found a cloth rag from who knows where, and to the snake beauty’s alarm, directly stuffed it into her mouth.

“Long-winded!”

“Wuwuwu!” This wasn’t fair! The little lady was the one who asked the question, and she kindly answered her. Yet in the end, she suffered this kind of inhuman treatment.

The snake beauty glared at Qiao Mu with indignant eyes.

Since this was the Ravine of Resentment, then that was perfect.

Qiao Mu didn't want this snake beauty to continue following her. She needed to head to Shadow Moon Monastery to find the Startled Swan Dagger, so miscellaneous people naturally had to quickly scam away.

Hence, the snake beauty was left stuck inside a pit like this. Qiao Mu herself wouldn't care about the snake beauty's life or death, promptly avoiding her and continuing her journey towards the other end of the Ravine of Resentment.

The little fellow took inspiration from the snake beauty and stealthily mustered up her energy, making her legs float half an inch above the ground.

This way, she wouldn't be affected by the oppressive mystic energy from above, nor would she need to repeatedly scout out a path. It was indeed extremely clever of the snake beauty to find this loophole.

Although the snake beauty wasn't all that great, her brain was quite innovative.

Qiao Mu muttered this to herself before picking up her pace and trekking out of the Ravine of Resentment.

Meanwhile, on the other end, the snake beauty who had exploded from fury writhed her body that was stuck in the pit, and the continuous sounds of crackling and rattling bones rang out.

After a short while, a pile of clothes dropped to the floor in a scatter.

A bald little head popped out from the pile of clothing, and the little monk raised up a small, sleek hand to stroke his bright and bald small head.

Hehehe—