

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 753

Sure enough, this level-11 mystic breakthrough pill was not ordinary.

It assisted her in breaking through four of level-11's sub-ranks—progress, initial success, phenomenal success, and peak—in one take and smoothly enter level-12's entry rank.

However, this was also thanks to her normally suppressing and accumulating her cultivation realm.

Qiao Mu gradually opened her eyes, and there seemed to be star fragments swirling and gathering continuously within her limpid and chilly eyes.

The moment she opened her eyes, she saw Mo Lian's tall and straight figure entering her sight.

That man dressed in fluttering white clothes, who was as slender as bamboo and as refined as jade, was standing under that towering peach tree and smiling without taking his eyes off her.

Immediately, Qiao Mu stood up, rubbing her eyes before finally leaping at Mo Lian with outstretched arms.

The man's laughter deepened, and he fully caught the little fellow in his arms before stealing a kiss without room for objection.

"Qiaoqiao."

"Mo Lian!" Qiao Mu burrowed her small head out from his embrace, raising it up to look at him. "I advanced!"

"Mhm, my Qiaoqiao is awesome." Mo Lian cuddled her with smiling eyes. "Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao."

Qiao Mu pivoted her head about to look at the surroundings before suddenly seeming to have discovered something. Her gaze fixated on that towering peach tree behind them, and she yelled out in shock, "Qiuqiu, Qiuqiu! This tree!"

"Master!!" Like a corpse suddenly coming back to life, Qiuqiu stood up erect from under the tree. It then strode over with its two stubby legs, skipping over to Qiao Mu while howling.

Qiuqiu's two branch limbs hugged Qiao Mu's thigh, hanging onto her skirt, and it wailed to the high heavens, "Master! I actually wanted to tell you yesterday! This peach tree, I don't know if it ate something weird or what, but it feels like it's growing a bit too freakishly!"

Qiao Mu: "..."

"Ah, that's right. Where's the white snakelet? How is it?"

"What can happen to the white snakelet? It just overextended itself and needs to recuperate now."

At that time, although her senses were in a blocked-off state, Qiao Mu's spiritual conscious was still able to clearly "see" the white snakelet chomping through Second Pygmy Brother's body.

If the white snakelet wasn't around to go on the attack back then, her situation would have been very precarious.

Qiao Mu first went to the peach tree to examine the white snakelet that was sprawled there, resting with shut eyes. After confirming that it was indeed all right, she then pulled Mo Lian over to that freakish tree.

"Qiuqiu, what's up with this tree?"

“Masta, the fact that this peach tree has become so weird! I feel that it has something to do with that dirt clump.”

“What dirt clump?”

“Masta, go take a look. Do you still remember? That dirt clump you extracted from Qingluan’s wing.”

With this reminder, Qiao Mu recalled this incident.

She quickly ran over to the foot of the peach tree with Mo Lian in tow. “Was it that day...”

After extracting that squishy dirt clump from Qingluan’s injury, she threw it onto the ground. Before leaving, she stepped on it, and it stuck to the sole of her shoe.

Subsequently, she swiped the bottom of her foot on a peach tree, and this dirt clump ended up at the foot of that peach tree.

“It couldn’t be?” Qiao Mu hastily squatted down and brushed away the fine and soft peach blossom petals at the foot of the peach tree.

Sure enough, that dirt clump the size of a thumb was stuck to the foot of the peach tree.

“That’s it, that’s it, Masta! How could an ordinary dirt clump gash Qingluan’s wing?”

“Caw, caw!!” The little chick nodded furiously in complete agreement.