

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 988

She stepped backwards, out from the doorway, and took a look at the building.

Mhm, it was just a rundown thatched cottage!

Yet after entering, it was as if she had stepped into a fantastic medicinal garden, with patches upon patches of spirit herbs and exotic flowers in full bloom.

This time, Qiao Mu was slightly at a loss.

This medicinal garden was at least 20 mu[1], right? How long would it take for her to finish digging up all these spirit flowers and herbs all by herself?

But the big question was, where should she keep them?

Some of these herbs couldn't survive for long after being dug up, withering shortly afterwards.

In that case, wouldn't she have wasted her time and energy if she couldn't store them after painstakingly digging them up?/

If only the sapling were awake, it would be great.

At this moment, Qiao Mu missed Qiuqiu from the bottom of her heart.

Unfortunately, Qiuqiu was still in closed-door cultivation, and she didn't hear from it at all.

Exhaling a long breath, Qiao Mu sat down cross-legged, attempting to refine the mystic energy inside the secret realm.

Since she was going to leave, then she shouldn't waste the mystic energy here.

Would she be able to refine this secret realm without relying on Qiuqiu?

It would be great if she could successfully refine it like with the paradise.

She could temporarily leave these herbs here, then have Qiuqiu transplant them into the medicinal garden inside the paradise after it woke up.

As Qiao Mu pondered over this matter, she had already blocked off her five senses, silently entering a mystic energy-refining state.

The little monk and Qingluan squatted beside her to watch.

"Big Bro Qingluan, Benefactress isn't thinking of directly refining this secret inheritance realm, right?"

Qingluan couldn't help but glance at him with a raised eyebrow. "You little monk know quite a lot."

"But of course. This young monk can be considered to have read ten million scriptures, and is somewhat knowledgeable about various notable figures, anecdotes, magic weapons, and famous tools of the pugilistic world," stated the little monk collectedly.

Qingluan instantly lost the desire to converse with him.

This child wasn't cute at all. It felt like he was so intelligent that he could outmatch adults. He was simply too precocious!

Yet the little monk couldn't stay idle. "Big Bro Qingluan, will Benefactress succeed?"

"Of course."

"You have such confidence in her?"

"She is Masta! Of course I'm a hundred percent confident in her." Qingluan gruffly swept him a glance before retracting his gaze, silently keeping watch over Qiao Mu without a sound.

"What to do about the old Daoist outside?" The little monk exclaimed with knitted brows, "I can guarantee that he must be outside, waiting for us to walk right into his trap!"

At his reminder, Qingluan was reticent.

Afterwards, the little monk sweetly shared, "I heard Master say this before. That not even great spiritual cultivators of the spiritual realm would be able to deal with the explosive energy generated from crushing a refined secret realm."

"That old Daoist's cultivation has most likely been suppressed to around level-15 mystic energy cultivation. He certainly wouldn't be able to withstand a secret realm's self-detonation."

Qingluan stared flabbergastedly at this soft and adorable little monk that had rosy lips and pearly teeth.

Aren't you a monk with mercy at heart?

Could I ask what you are talking about now? Are you trying to instigate murder...

Why could he understand each individual character, but couldn't comprehend their meaning after stringing them together?

The little monk was still as calm and collected as before, and he blinked his eyes as he looked at Qingluan. "Why do you look surprised?"

He was merely stating the truth!

It was already strenuous enough to battle the old Daoist with just the three of them, not to mention that the old Daoist also had a hawk-faced ferocious beast with him.

As he spoke, the entire secret inheritance realm quaked slightly.

The little monk abruptly stood up.

Qingluan also jumped up. "It's about to collapse."

[1] [Annotation text missing]