

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 638

Qiao Mu shook her head. "That I don't know. I will probably only find out when I go there."

"Perfect. I was just considering going to Beilan for an inspection. They were able to grow a batch of edible food." The crown prince said with a smile, "Let's go together after the snow melts somewhat."

Qiao Mu thought of the thriving veggies, melons, and fruits in Paradise Planet, but in the end, she didn't say anything after musing it over.

Even though Paradise Planet was large, its food production was not sufficient to support the entire Northern Mo's food consumption. It was right that the crown prince was attaching importance to the food Beilan was able to cultivate. After all, only by tackling the root cause would the people's fundamental livelihoods be solved.

However, if she transplanted the plants in Paradise Planet outside, she wondered if there would be some kind of special effect on its growth.

This was worth an experiment.

While lost in her thoughts, she felt a chill hit her in the face.

It seemed that the crown prince had already wrapped the cloak around her before carrying her out the door.

The carriage had stopped at the door, and the two people could feel the comfortable warmth inside after boarding it.

Furthermore, the interior had long been prepared with a small stove, and there were two cups of piping hot tea that were releasing a steamy fog, as well.

Mo Lian helped her remove the cloak, revealing her pink and tender small face, and he smiled while nuzzling her forehead. "Qiaoqiao, you won't be able to come back with me after going back today, so you have to let me hug you for longer right now."

He was already missing her before they were about to part. What should he do about this?

Seems like he could only urge the Ministry of Rites to speed up the arrangements and purchases for their marriage. After all, the only solution was pushing up the marriage ceremony on the agenda.

Qiao Mu simply rolled her eyes at him. She didn't believe that this person was going to stay in the Eastern Palace well-behavedly without coming to look for her.

"This is for you." Mo Lian stretched out his hand, and a small, short, and lustrous ink-colored ferule lay quietly in his palm.

Qiao Mu's brows jerked, and she raised her head to glance at him.

To be able to shrink and extend a weapon at will, this should be a spiritual weapon!

"This spiritual weapon doesn't need its power sealed anymore. It will automatically adjust its power according to your actual cultivation level, which makes it a bit more easy to use." Mo Lian hugged her and lowered his head with a grin. "Like it?"

Qiao Mu nodded her head vigorously and joyously took over that ferule. While caressing it gently with her small hand, she could immediately feel the ferule's excitement.

Her little Inky had returned! It wasn't lifeless or broken anymore; Mo Lian had restored it!

Qiao Mu was so happy that she practically wanted to spin in circles, but since her small limbs were restrained by a certain someone in his embrace, she wasn't able to budge.

"Try it out?"

Nodding her head, Qiao Mu injected a wisp of mystic energy into it, and an inky light promptly coursed through it in a brilliant vigor.

With a whoosh, the ferule extended to the length of a normal ferule, which Qiao Mu gripped in her hand.

"Mo Lian, thank..." Mo Lian placed his finger on Qiao Mu's lips before she could finish speaking.

"You really are a little dummy. You're prohibited from telling me thank you."

"You're a spiritual weapon engineer!" Qiao Mu's eyes were shining as she gazed at the man in front of her.

However, Mo Lian merely tilted his head in slight vexation. "Perhaps. I only followed the inheritance in my mind, so even I myself don't really know exactly what level of engineer I am. But I can at most forge level-15 spiritual weapons at present. However, I used a kind of supreme-grade material that is able to mature for your ferule. Later on, when your cultivation increases, it can still be forged further."

Qiao Mu's eyes brightened as she tugged his sleeve and asked, "Then how about Big Treasure?"

Mo Lian extended his hand to summon it, and a small person hopped out from empty space before pouncing at Qiao Mu like a loose cannon. "Little Masta! Big Treasure missed you too much! Little Masta, you keep getting prettier!"