

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 648

Because she lacked a medicinal cauldron, the little fellow could only produce her pills by fiddling with a porcelain jar on her small stove.

If those people from the Pill Union witnessed this scene, they would surely smack her so deep into the wall that it would be impossible to dig her out!

Hell, if you could produce pills with purple pill veins just by freaking messing around with a small jar used for stewing tonics, why didn't you just ascend to the heavens?

Nevertheless, it was still rather convenient for her to use the small jar when previously stewing medicinal powders, ointments, and the like. Medicinal solutions were also fine, but it was just that using the jar to refine pills was now a bit out of place...

Who told her to be poor, not even possessing a presentable medicinal cauldron.

However, her refining and medical skills were both things that she researched blindly on her own. Before Eldest Qin told her about medicinal cauldrons, she simply hadn't even realized that such an item actually existed.

Perhaps her master that was a mighty figure in the field of medicine also did things like this! If not, why wouldn't she even have information about medicinal cauldrons and the like in her mind?

How would she have known that her almighty master basically didn't even need to spend any effort on refining pills later on after amassing a wealth of experience? Her master just needed to throw the medicinal materials inside, and they would form pills automatically without even needing her to control the fire!

Unlike her, who had to miserably keep a close eye on the fire.

That was precisely why she needed to spend half a day's time on it. Even then, it really bummed her out that two hours was only enough for her to refine two types of pills.

With this kind of pill refining speed, she was ashamed to tell other people that she was a pill alchemist.

Say, if a patient on the brink of death still needed to wait an hour for her to refine a pill, that person would have long kicked the bucket!

Sigh! A certain darling supported her chin as she squatted before the small stove, occasionally using her mystic energy to control the strength of the fire as she lightly adjusted the jar lid.

She had to think of a good solution to speed up the process! She still needed to refine pills for her dad and the others. At this pace, she wouldn't finish even by the time the sky darkened.

When Mo Lian stealthily sneaked inside, he saw his wife scrunching her small face in distress in front of a small stewing jar.

He was simply flabbergasted! His pair of phoenix eyes widened abruptly.

"You're? You're not going to tell me! That you're using this small stove and small white porcelain jar, to stew out your purple-veined pills?"

"What else do you think then." Darling Qiao felt like she had already lost the will to live from the wait.

Truthfully speaking, that's why after she learned to refine pills, she hadn't produced pills seriously. It really took too long to stew, so long that she wanted to doze off.

“You?” As he gazed at his oddball of a wifey, Crown Prince Mo was simply so much at a loss for words that he became incoherent.

“You succeeded in refining pills like this before?” Our dear Mo Lian simply didn’t dare to believe it!

A certain darling rolled her eyes and tossed him a “You don’t say” gaze.

Our dear Mo Lian felt that his own bronze cauldron was junky enough and that it simply wasted his excellent weapon-smelting talent. However, if word got out that he could still create level-15 spiritual weapons with such a junky cauldron, it would shock the world.

Yet this time, he felt that those people who believed that he could shock the world were definitely ignorant and inexperienced. After all, they hadn’t seen his little wife’s oddball characteristic!

This was the oddball of the pill refining circle!

“Qiaoqiao, where are the pills you refined?”

“Here.” Qiao Mu’s small mouth pursed, and she showed him the several small, lustrous, jade-white pills sitting inside a teacup lid.

This time around, even Crown Prince Mo couldn’t help gaping his mouth slightly.

There were four small, round, and glossy pills inside the teacup lid.

From his experience, he had never seen anyone who could refine so many pills in one afternoon!

“You actually refined four pills in one afternoon?? What kind of pills are these?” They smelled so fragrant...