

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1049

Chapter 1049: Selling Liquor

Forest Nation was two nations away from East End Nation.

In the past few days, rays of light rushed over from all directions and gathered in that nation.

In the center of Forest Nation was a mountain called Jadeite Mountain. It was over ten thousand meters tall, and its terrain was steep and treacherous. That was where the conference was held.

Rays of light descended upon Jadeite Mountain.

For a time, Jadeite Mountain was filled with people and was extremely lively.

The older generation held a meeting to discuss countermeasures, while those from the younger generation gathered in small groups. They drank, sparred, and compared who had the most treasures.

“Look, this is a yin-yang grenade from our sect. One of these and you’ll fall, doesn’t matter if you’re in the middle or the latter period of the State of the Nascent Soul. Two, and you’ll be crying for your mommy.”

The Path-Chosen of the Yin-Yang Sect took out a palm-sized ball and bragged.

“Wow! That’s the yin-yang grenade!” The other prodigies exclaimed.

The yin-yang grenade was the famous lethal weapon of the Yin-Yang Sect. It was extremely powerful.

The grenade was divided into several grades. The most powerful one could injure a Path Seeking cultivator. Even the lowest grade could injure a middle to latter period Nascent Soul cultivator. Each of them was extremely precious.

Seeing the astonished expressions on the faces of the people around him, the Yin-Yang Sect Path-Chosen grinned smugly.

“Pah! What’s so great about that? Take a look at this!”

The Path-Chosen from the Great Allheaven Sect stood up and took out an ancient sword.

Buzz buzz buzz!

The sword vibrated non-stop as soon as it was taken out of its sheath. Its killing intent was shocking.

Hiss!

Everyone gasped.

“Is that... one of the Nine Allheaven Swords?” Someone said in disbelief.

The Nine Allheaven Swords were nine ancient swords that were passed down since ancient times. Every one of them was a high-grade supreme treasure. The other prodigies did not expect that the Great Allheaven Sect would bring out such a treasure.

“That’s right!”

The Path-Chosen from the Great Allheaven Sect lifted his chin and said smugly.

“Tch! That’s only a high-grade supreme treasure. What’s so rare about that? It’s not a vital supreme treasure!”

The Path-Chosen of the Deathless Sect was indignant. He rose to his feet and took out a piece of wood. It was green and full of vitality, and it glowed with a dazzling light.

“Is that... the Deathless Branch?”

Everyone cried out in alarm.

“That’s right!”

The Path-Chosen from the Deathless Sect grinned smugly and said loudly, “This short piece of wood is five thousand years old. It can nullify ten thousand techniques!”

“Wow!”

Everyone was filled with envy.

“Tch! So what if it can nullify cultivation techniques? That Qin guy has a powerful physical body. If you fight him with that stupid piece of wood, you’re going to be punched to bits!” The Path-Chosen of the Great Allheaven Sect mocked.

“You...” The Path-Chosen of the Deathless Sect was rendered speechless, and his face flushed red.

“The Deathless Branch isn’t the only thing I have. I also have the Deathless Armor, the Deathless Boots, and the Deathless Mirror. They’re all treasures!” He pointed at the various parts of his body.

“Heh! All of you are lousy, and to think that you’re in one of the greatest sects!”

The Path-Chosen from the Feng family stood up. “Check this out!”

He extended his right arm, and a spout of flame shot out from his palm.

The flame transformed into a fiery phoenix that shot up into the air, circled around, and descended.

“Oh my god! That’s... Phoenix Perch Fire! Your Feng family even brought this out!”

All the other Path-Chosen were shocked.

The Phoenix Perch Fire was the best fire of the Feng family, and the entire family only had two. One belonged to the patriarch, while the other was locked in the vault. They did not expect the Feng family to bring it out.

“The Feng family is really going all out!”

Everyone exclaimed.

Following that, the other people stood up and flaunted their treasures.

The people were quite excited when someone said, “What’s the use of having so many treasures? None of us can find that guy anyway!”

The people were stunned.

The atmosphere immediately became awkward.

“Dammit, let’s drink!”

The people sat down and started to drink.

After several rounds of drinks, they began to brag.

“If that guy comes here, I’ll kill him with one slash of my sword!”

“I’ll kill him with one strike of my seal!”

When they were out of liquor, they got someone to buy more.

All the people there had high cultivation bases, and they drank liquor by the jar. They ran out of liquor quite quickly.

Some people from the surrounding cities saw a business opportunity and came to sell liquor. Business was booming.

On that day, a middle-aged man pushed a cart on the mountain road leading to Jadeite Mountain. There were a few jars of liquor on the cart, and there was a flag tied to it with the words “Divine Liquor” written on it.

The man was dressed in a white cloth tunic and had a potbelly. He looked like the typical street vendor.

“Liquor! Get your delicious divine liquor here! Only one hundred crystals each!”

He shouted as he pushed the cart.

“Damn! A jar costs a hundred crystals?”

The other liquor vendors heard that and were shocked.

The lowest-grade liquor on the market cost ten crystals per jar, and the better ones were about twenty or thirty crystals. Fifty crystals was the maximum. How good must the liquor be to be sold for a hundred crystals?

“Aren’t you asking for quite a bit? Those people might be rich, but you shouldn’t rip them off!”

“That’s right. Those are all influential people. What if they kill you out of anger?”

The other vendors shouted.

“It’s fine. My liquor is worth that price!” The middle-aged man said happily.

As he spoke, he pushed the cart over and set up a stall.

At that moment, a young man in a green robe came over from the valley. “I’m here to buy liquor! I need a hundred jars! Here’s the money. Keep the change!”

The person walked to the nearest stall and shouted.

The vendor was instantly delighted. He nodded and bowed. “Thank you for your patronage, Young Master!”

Then, he took out a bag of holding and handed it to the young man.

The young man took the liquor and was about to leave when he caught a glimpse of Tang Hao from the corner of his eye.

“Divine liquor? What’s that? I’ve never heard of it!”

He took a closer look, and his expression changed. “A hundred crystals per jar? That’s daylight robbery! The most expensive liquor I’ve ever drunk is only about fifty crystals!”

Tang Hao smiled and said, “That’s because your liquor is mediocre. My liquor is different!”

“Ha! How arrogant! Let me have a taste of your liquor. If it’s not worth a hundred dollars, I’ll chop you into pieces!” He said ferociously.

The other liquor vendors seemed uneasy.

The young man and the other people in the valley were from major factions of the continent. The vendors could not afford to offend any one of them.

However, they soon began to be delighted at Tang Hao’s misfortune.

“Hah, what an idiot! Does he think that he can fleece those people?”

However, Tang Hao remained calm. "Help yourself!"

The young man sneered, picked up a jar of liquor, patted it, and opened the seal.