

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 978

The sky above Channel City was filled with dark clouds.

The entire Channel Mountain was enveloped in a solemn atmosphere.

The plaza in front of the main hall was crowded with people.

Two groups of people sat opposite each other. One group was led by the dean of the academy. Grandmaster Yun Cang and the other elders sat behind him, while further behind them were the academy disciples and pill-makers that were affiliated with the academy.

The other group consisted of only about twenty people. The leader was an old man in a five-dragon embroidered robe. His face was thin, and his expression was cold and stern.

Behind him sat four-dragon and three-dragon pill-makers. They had stern expressions on their faces.

In the middle of the two groups, two four-dragon pill makers sat opposite each other. Each of them was making a pill with their respective cauldrons.

A moment later, the cauldron of the alchemist opposite the academy side trembled slightly. A beam of light shot out and landed in his palm, turning into a golden pill.

“I won!”

He laughed coldly and looked up at his opponent.

The pill maker of the academy was shocked. His concentration wavered, and his cauldron exploded.

“How could this be...” he muttered, somewhat dazed.

“Hmph! All you academy pill makers are so weak! You’re all trash!” The pill maker mocked contemptuously.

A sinister smile appeared on his face. “Now, according to the agreement, you’ll have to destroy your cauldron!”

The pill maker from the academy began to tremble.

Destroying one’s cauldron was the greatest humiliation a pill maker can suffer!

A cauldron-destroying duel was equivalent to a life and death battle.

“How could Elder Ling lose...”

“He’s the fourth one!”

The people from the academy were wracked with pessimism and despair.

The dean sat there. His hands were slowly clenching into fists.

His heart was pained when the elders of his academy were defeated and had to destroy their own cauldrons.

“What are you doing there instead of destroying your cauldron? All you academy pill makers are cowards!” The pill maker stood up and sneered arrogantly.

Elder Ling trembled. He raised his hand and grabbed his cauldron.

“I’m sorry!”

He muttered and closed his eyes painfully. The hand that held the cauldron shook and caused the cauldron to tremble and slowly lose its luster. It had become a piece of scrap metal.

He sat there holding the cauldron for a long time. His face was ashen, and his gaze was hollow.

Eventually, he stood up and staggered back.

“Elder Ling!”

A disciple called out to him.

Elder Ling did not seem to hear him. He looked as though he had lost his soul.

“Hahaha!”

The thin old man on the opposite side laughed loudly and brazenly. “Bai Muqiu, all of your people are trash! I’ve told you that you’re inferior to me!”

“But... that damned old man just won’t listen. He gave you the position of the academy dean and drove me out of the academy because he said that my intentions were not pure.

“Now, I’m back. I want to show that damned old man that he was wrong! Not only am I more talented than you, but my disciples are better than yours. I should have been the one to take over the academy, not you.”

The old man shouted sternly with a deranged expression on his face.

“Today, I shall reclaim what rightfully belongs to me.”

He glared at the academy dean.

The dean was silent for a long time before he sighed and said, “What’s the point of this, Junior Brother?”

“Don’t call me Junior Brother. You are not worthy!”

The thin old man roared crazily with a malevolent expression.

“You don’t have anyone left, Muqiu. It’s our turn to duel now. If you win, I’ll leave. If you lose, you’ll leave and return the academy to me.”

“The academy isn’t yours to begin with, so I can’t possibly return it to you. If I lose, I won’t give you the academy, but I’ll retire.”

“Retire?”

A mocking smile appeared on the thin old man's face. "Fine! If I can't obtain it, then I'll just wreck your academy! I'll make sure that the academy's reputation in the southern region is in tatters!"

"Why... why do you have to do this?" Dean Bai said bitterly.

"Why do you care? Stop stalling, Muqiu. Let's go on stage and duel."

"What shall we make?"

"The ascension pill!" The thin old man pronounced each syllable clearly. "The pill that the damned old man wanted to make for his entire life!"

Dean Bai hesitated for a moment but eventually agreed to it. "Alright!"

"I've already prepared the ingredients. Each of us gets a portion!"

As he said that, the thin old man raised his hand and fired several beams of light at the ground.

He strode forward, sat down cross-legged, took out a cauldron, and started to make the pill.

Dean Bai also stood up and walked forward. He took out his cauldron and began to make the pill.

Time passed bit by bit, and everyone became more and more nervous.

A full ten hours later, the cauldron in front of the thin old man trembled. A beam of light shot out, and a flawless pill fell on his palm.

“Do you see this, damned old man? You’ve lost, Muqiu!”

As he spoke, he took large strides forward while brandishing his qi aura.

Dean Bai was distracted, and his body trembled. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and his cauldron exploded with a bang.

“You’re... despicable!”

The people from the academy shouted indignantly.

“Hmph! He’s going to lose anyway. If you don’t believe me, you can ask him.” The thin old man said disdainfully.

Dean Bai clutched his chest and stood up. He waved his hand at the crowd and said, “I’ve lost!”

“Hahaha! Did you hear that? Your dean has admitted defeat. He’s not as good as me! The academy has lost five out of five duels. All of you are trash.”

The thin old man looked around and laughed maniacally.

“Shut up!”

“You bastard!”

The crowd could not take it anymore and started cursing.

“Aren’t you convinced? Fine! Any more challengers?” The thin old man questioned coldly.

In an instant, everyone fell silent.

The dean and the level-four pill makers had lost. There was no one else to meet the challenge.

They gritted their teeth and clenched their fists, feeling extremely humiliated.

It was a walkover. The academy did not win even once.

“Haha! Don’t you have anyone?”

The thin old man and his disciples behind him burst into mocking laughter.

At that moment, a voice suddenly came from behind the plaza. “I’ll take you on!”

The laughter stopped abruptly.

Everyone’s eyes looked over in that direction.

They were stunned when they looked closely.

In the next moment, they burst out laughing again.

“Hahaha! He’s just a kid!”

“Hey, kid, how old are you? Do you even have hair down there? Go home and drink your milk. There’s no place for your tomfoolery here.”

The pill makers laughed because the person who spoke was a young man in his twenties. No one of his age was a certified pill maker, so what right did he have to duel?