

He's War God

Chapter 16 - Louis Xiii -

C16 Louis Xiii

"Haha ..."

The group of teammates around Zhao Wenbo joked. They were here to watch the commotion, it had been a long time since they last saw someone who dared to ignore Young Master Jaguar.

"Hur hur, you have a good personality. In any case, we're all in the same school. There's plenty of time in the future. Let's slowly play." Zhao Wenbo said in a measured voice.

Anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Shen Qingfeng was in trouble.

The young master of the Jaguar was someone that Lee Jianjun and the others could not compare to. It was a huge business in the Yunmeng Province with billions of assets.

At this time, Shen Qingfeng turned and looked at Zhao Wenbo, but it was a normal look, causing him to stop laughing, and he swallowed the ridiculing words.

However, this feeling quickly disappeared as Shen Qingfeng quickly stopped paying attention to him.

'Humph! "So what if you can fight, as long as I am willing, a person like Lee Jianjun can only obediently lie down and be my dog!"

Although Zhao Wenbo looked like a person who was a little cultured on the surface, in reality, he was extremely narrow-minded.

He had once been scolded by someone in an online game. He found the hacker and found the player's address. Then, he directed a group of criminals to the rented apartment to break that person's leg!

In the school, no one dared to offend him, as he was an existence belonging to the upper echelons.

After everyone had officially arrived, the waiter served them a plate of fruit and wine.

There was only one type of liquor, and the waiter handed over seven or eight exquisite crystal bottles one after another. On the bottles, there was a clear mark of a centaur, and inside the bottles, there was a sparkling and translucent liquid.

The standard of a centaur is very strict. The one who reached 50 years of age was Louis XIII, and the price of a bottle was 26.8 thousand yuan.

It was just a single celebration, but he had spent several hundred thousand dollars. This sort of thing was a very common occurrence in this circle. It was like a tiny drop of water in the ocean, completely unremarkable.

Zhao Wenbo carefully observed the expression on Shen Qingfeng's face, and when he realized was very calm on his face, he couldn't help but sneer in his heart.

'Pretend, let me see how long you can pretend for! '

When the wine cups were distributed to everyone, Zhao Wenbo raised his wine cup.

"Santé!"

"Santé!"

The others, though they did not understand, also spoke French.

A group of young people were tasting world-class famous wines in a private room at Mad Horse Nightclub. Outside of them, there was a top grade famous T stage show.

Many people had intoxicated expressions on their faces. The matters of their lives were nothing compared to this.

However, when everyone put down their cups, they suddenly realized that someone's cup was empty!

This kind of expensive wine needed to be tasted slowly. The world's wine taster once said that you could taste the taste of time when you drank Louis XIII because it lasted longer than you could even live.

When everyone revealed looks of contempt, only Jiang Muwan had a gentle smile on her face.

"Is it good?"

"Just average!"

Shen Qingfeng answered honestly. In the ancient era, he had drunk countless amounts of immortal wine, and every time Chi You came to visit him, he would bring a lot of good wine.

It was brewed from thousands of years of spirit medicine. Drinking a mouthful of it could allow a low level Immortal Cultivator to raise their realm by more than one level, and if they were not careful, their body would explode and they would die.

Although the wine was good, only cultivators at the Martial Saint level and above could enjoy it.

It was because the two of them had drunk too much that they went to the Immortal's Thief's tomb and almost walked out.

Thinking back to the past, Shen Qingfeng couldn't help but sink into his memories ...

"Farmers!"

"Country bumpkin!"

At this time, He Si Rui couldn't help but mock him, unwilling to let go of any opportunity.

Most of them were shrewd, and all of them had a feminine smile on their faces. They just wanted to see how long this brat could last.

"Do you know what this is? Louis XIII! It's fine that you don't know how to drink it, but you still say that it's bad. Do you know how much this bottle of wine is worth for your salary in the coming months? "

Jiang Muwan could not help but frown. She felt that the other party had gone overboard just now.

"Is Louis XIII rare? If you want some, I'll give you a few boxes! "

Her mother was the CEO of a listed company, so to her, Louis XIII was just an ordinary thing.

With her status, there was no need for her to attend such a banquet.

Shen Qingfeng slowly walked out of his memories, only to discover that a group of people were looking at him with malicious intentions.

"I'm sorry, but I just remembered some of the wine I've tasted before. I just sent them out because I felt it. I hope it won't disturb your mood."

Shen Qingfeng laughed and said, he did not care about the attitude of these people, the reason he apologized, was to allow the banquet to continue.

"Alright, don't mind it."

He took note of Jiang Muwan's expression and knew that the other party was already angry. If this carried on, she would completely offend the other party.

"Humph!" I don't believe he ever had a better drink than Louis XIII. " He Si Rui couldn't hold back his anger, but in the end, he did not pursue the matter.