

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 122

The entrance to abode showed signs of heavy weathering, though he could still see faint traces of talismanic runes.

It was a simple concealment spell. He could deduce that the place was an ancient cultivator's abode.

The cultivating world was a lot more advanced in ancient times. Tang Hao further deduced that the flow of qi was stronger because there had to be a qi gathering formation there.

The conclusion made him very excited.

An ancient cultivator's abode might contain rare treasures.

He examined the entrance for any booby traps, then pushed the stone door.

Boom!

The stone door fell inward and revealed a pitch-black cave. A stale gust of air rushed against his face.

Tang Hao furrowed his brows, held his breath, then stepped inside. He channeled the qi into his eyes to open the third eye and carefully scanned his surroundings.

The passage was narrow and long, though it was free of any danger.

Soon, the passage reached an end. It opened up into a cavern.

The cavern was extremely high. There was an opening at the top, which allowed a beam of moonlight to shine onto the center of the cavern.

A sedge cushion was placed there, and a skeleton sat on top of it.

Tang Hao was surprised when he saw the skeleton. 'So this is a tomb after all,' he thought.

"Looks like this Senior has reached the end of his natural life and passed away here," Tang Hao mumbled to himself.

Cultivators were not immortals, and had life spans just like normal people, though they lived a lot longer. For example, someone in the State of Qi Channeling could live up to a hundred and fifty years old.

A cultivator in the State of Foundation Establishment could live even longer, for more than two hundred years.

If they did not break through to the next State, they would still die a natural death after two hundred years.

Tang Hao looked around the cavern. Shelves were placed next to the walls, and on them were many wooden boxes. In the wooden boxes were many small vials made of porcelain and jade.

'Elixirs?' Tang Hao's eyes sparkled when he saw that. He became very excited.

He opened the vials to check. Unfortunately, the vials only contained rotted dregs instead of elixirs which he had expected.

"Too bad!" Tang Hao was disappointed.

He eventually checked all the boxes and vials. None of them contained anything usable. After centuries or even millennia, even elixirs would have rotted and decayed.

Tang Hao saw a door on one of the cave walls and opened it. Another wide cavern was found behind it. In the cavern were some wooden furniture and metal containers.

In the middle of that cavern was a black cauldron.

“An alchemist’s furnace?”

Tang Hao’s eyes sparkled and he grinned.

An alchemist’s furnace was an incredibly rare item. Tang Hao could not refine alchemical pills or distill elixirs because he was lacking in both ingredients and an alchemist’s furnace.

Without an alchemist’s furnace, there was no use even if he had the ingredients!

He quickly walked ahead, picked up the alchemist’s furnace, and carefully examined it.

The alchemist’s furnace was small in size, about the same as a kettle. It was entirely black and was unnaturally tough. Patterns of herbs and flowers were carved around its body. It looked and felt ancient.

Tang Hao stroked the alchemist’s furnace. “This is good stuff,” he exclaimed.

With the alchemist’s furnace, he could start practicing pill-making once he gathered the necessary medicinal ingredients.

After keeping the alchemist's furnace in his pocket dimension, Tang Hao went around the cavern and found many books about pill-making, all of which he also kept in his pocket dimension.

He took another spin around the cavern to make sure that he did not miss anything. Then, he returned to the earlier cavern and bowed to thank the skeleton.

He resealed the stone door once he was outside, then cast another concealment spell on it.

From the mountains, he went to his factory. He buried a piece of jade in a secluded spot, then opened the Gourd of Soul Purification to release Zhou Lingxue.

"You can stay here if you want! Remember, don't scare my workers!" Tang Hao reminded her once more.

Then, he taught her a set of ghost cultivation techniques.

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A few more days passed in the blink of an eye.

The days were uneventful. His daily routine consisted of cultivation exercises, studying pill-making and talisman-crafting, and taking care of company matters.

The number of personnel and production lines had increased, and so product output increased tremendously. However, it still could not match the overwhelming demand.

Fortunately, they had already started expanding the factory space after purchasing several surrounding abandoned factories. Once construction was complete, production would increase by several more times.

The Bizhi brand weight-loss potion was incredibly popular and could be easily found in major supermarkets and pharmacies. Many people were stunned by its incredible potency, and it became even more famous through word of mouth.

Adding that to the advertising campaigns run by the company, everyone talked about it on the Internet.

Meanwhile, good news came from Dragonrock Village. Cousin Brother Shi Dazhu finally held his wedding.

The wedding was a momentous event. Even Liu Dajun and the other bosses attended it.

Meanwhile, the Public Security Bureau had released some information. The case of the missing young girl from five years ago was once brought back to public attention. The crimes of Cheng Zhijie and his friends caused a massive public outcry.

District Mayor Cheng was disgracefully removed from his position because he covered up the murder. In the city, his brother, Chen Fugui was also arrested when his crimes were brought to light.

Secretary Lin said that he had received a promotion and would be transferred to the city soon.

According to Captain Zhou, even though Cheng Zhijie's trial had not started, it was but a foregone conclusion that he would be sentenced to death. His crimes were too serious and had a bad impact on society.

The other accomplices should also be sentenced to prison for a very long time.

Tang Hao was relieved when he heard the news.

One day, Tang Hao went to Sunshine Plaza to deliver a batch of aphrodisiac potions to Liu Dajun.

By now, Liu Dajun and the others did not need the weight-loss potion anymore. However, the aphrodisiac potion was still extremely popular among the bosses.

He took the elevator down to the lobby. Just when he was about to leave the building, he heard an argument happening in the foyer.

“You damned girl, I’ve raised you and now that you’ve grown up, this is how you repay me? Let me tell you, there’s no chance in hell! I’m still your father no matter what!”

The roar echoed in the cavernous foyer.

Tang Hao looked toward the source of the commotion. A short and thin middle-aged man was standing near the building entrance. Standing in front of him was Ma Fangfang.

Ma Fangfang’s expression was cold. “You are not my father. I only have one father, and he passed away a long time ago. You’re nothing more than a stepfather. No, you’re not even my stepfather.”

Her words were icy, and her gaze on that man was filled with disgust.

“You...” The man was furious. He pointed a finger at Ma Fangfang and cursed, “You filthy b*tch, you’re just like your mother, all useless trash!”

“Look at you! Your makeup makes you look like a temptress. I wonder how many men have you slept with!”

The man’s eyes flashed with perversion as they hovered all over Ma Fangfang’s body.