

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 502

An Audi A8 stopped at the front gates of the Luo family mansion.

The entrance was packed with people.

The person standing in front was an old man with silvery-white hair and holding a walking stick. He was none other than Old Master Luo. Behind him were his descendants of the Luo family.

The car stopped, and Tang Hao stepped out of it.

Han Yutong got out of the car from the other side.

“Grandmaster Tang!”

Old Master Luo seemed incredibly excited when he greeted Tang Hao.

The other members of the Luo family were excited as well.

They were excited that the catatonic Luo Feng was going to be cured today.

They bowed at Tang Hao and greeted him too, “Grandmaster Tang!”

Even though Tang Hao had caused Feng'er's illness, they did not dare to resent him. They knew the extent of the Grandmaster's power.

“Old Master Luo!” Tang Hao greeted the old man.

“This way please, Grandmaster Tang.” Old Master Luo led the way into the mansion.

In the living room, someone pushed a figure on a wheelchair.

The person in the wheelchair was none other than Luo Feng.

His face was pale and he had a vacant stare, the polar opposite of the handsome and cool person he once was.

Han Yutong felt sorry for Luo Feng when she saw him.

It had been a long time, and her hatred toward Luo Feng had diminished by a lot.

“I hope that he can turn over a new leaf after he wakes up. Otherwise, he’ll definitely get into trouble in the future,” Tang Hao said coldly.

“Yes, yes, you are right, Grandmaster Tang! We’ll definitely discipline him after he wakes up,” Luo Feng’s father said.

Tang Hao turned to look at Old Master Luo.

“You’ve helped me a lot, Old Master Luo. I’m only accepting your request because I think I owe you a debt of gratitude.”

Tang Hao walked toward Luo Feng.

He lifted his hand and pointed his index finger between Luo Feng's eyebrows.

Luo Feng's body shuddered. His blank stare slowly became focused.

He looked to his left and right. He could remember Old Master Luo and his family members' names, but he looked at Tang Hao as though he was a stranger.

"You are..." He asked Tang Hao.

Old Master Luo explained to him what happened.

Luo Feng was stunned for a long time after he heard that.

Everything sounded like a dream.

"Quickly thank Grandmaster Tang, Feng'er!" Old Master Luo said.

Luo Feng stood up with the help of his family members. He stood there in a daze for a long time before bowing deeply at Tang Hao.

"Let's start again on a clean slate!" Tang Hao said gently.

After that, he led Han Yutong out of the house.

It was already one o'clock at night when they got back to Westridge. He sent Han Yutong back to her house before returning to his.

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Seven days passed in the blink of an eye.

In that period, Tang Hao was busy with company business in the day and with crafting talismans and Artifacts at night. He occasionally found some free time to study pill-making.

Of course, he spent some time every day going into the pocket world in the magatama to tend to the liquor trees and Tree of Youth.

With the snake corpses from Hindustan as a fertilizer, the liquor tree grew quickly.

Each of the trees was almost three meters tall. They were almost mature.

The thick fragrance of liquor wafted in the valley. The smell alone was intoxicating.

The Tree of Youth received the best care from Tang Hao. He gave it the highest quality fertilizer.

The Tree of Youth did not disappoint him either. It had doubled its height, and its branches were thick with leaves.

It used to be only half of Tang Hao's height, but it was taller than him now.

It was still quite far away from the one-zhang length that was recorded in the Scripture of the Divine Herbalist, but it would not take long.

He could also see signs that flowers were about to bloom.

Tang Hao was excited.

When the flowers bloomed, he could harvest them to make Pills of Everlasting Beauty. He had waited for that for a long time!

The liquor trees were fully mature a few days later.

Tang Hao stood at the entrance of the valley and looked at the expanse of land in front of him. The golden bark of the liquor trees was a dazzling sight.

The fragrance of alcohol was thick in the air. A mundane person would have been drunk by now.

Tang Hao was overjoyed when he took in the view.

There was nothing as satisfying as seeing the trees that he planted and tended to thrive and bear fruit.

He had the snake corpses to thank for all that.

Without the fertilizer, it would take at least another half a year before the trees reached maturity.

'The Hindustanis are such nice people!' Tang Hao thought.

With the liquor trees, the production capacity of Divine Liquor Company could increase by many times.

Tang Hao walked into the valley and stopped in front of a liquor tree. He took out his dagger and carefully drew a line on the bark.

A golden yellow liquid oozed from the tree. The fragrance assailed his nostrils.

Tang Hao brought his mouth close and sucked at it.

He stopped after a long while and patted his stomach, satisfied.

“It tastes the best when you plant it yourself,” Tang Hao said with a grin.

He took out many oak barrels and filled them up.

He filled up about a dozen barrels in total.

Stepping out of the magatama, he returned to the living room. It was past midnight and dark outside.

Qin Xiangyi was sleeping soundly in the bedroom.

Tang Hao sat down, drank a little more liquor, took out several jade pendants, and started crafting them into Artifacts.

When that was done, he stored them in his pocket dimension.

He counted that he had crafted more than fifty pendants. That was more than he would ever need.

Liu Dajun and the other bosses had bought enough, and they would not need any more of them.

Also, he had crafted a lot of jade talismans. He had two full hemp sacks of them.

'Should I... reduce my inventory?' Tang Hao thought.

After the last battle, the Mao Mountain Taoist masters told him that they were willing to pay for his talismans.

He had sold them many jade talismans.

'I think I should start selling them! I already have enough in my stores, and I can sell whatever I make after this. The price though... whatever, I can sell them for cheap!'

Tang Hao decided after thinking for a while.

The next morning, Tang Hao gave Shabby Taoist Master a call.

"Hello, Taoist Master? Do you want jade talismans? I've made too much recently, and I want to reduce my inventory," Tang Hao said.

Shabby Taoist Master still had some sleep in his eyes, but he immediately became alert when he heard that.

"F\*ck! Jade talismans?" He exclaimed, "Yes, yes, yes! I want them! Give me a dozen. No, that's not enough. Five dozen!"

"Ah, right. How much are you selling it?"

“Thirty thousand yuan each, since we’re friends,” Tang Hao said.

“Great! Give me ten dozen then!” Shabby Taoist Master screamed in excitement.