

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1532

On the ancestor of techniques mountain, a group of people were waiting.

A day passed ...

Two days had passed ...

There was no trace of him at all.

They weren't discouraged and continued to wait. They firmly believed that the kid wouldn't be able to resist coming.

Every day, they would just sit there and wait, anxiously waiting.

However, as the days went by, that guy still didn't show up even when the day was about to end. Their enthusiasm was also frozen bit by bit, fading away. Finally, their hearts became cold.

"That kid ... He's not coming, is he?"

Many people began to feel disheartened.

"My fellow Daoists, don't be discouraged!" Luo Tianjun encouraged the crowd from time to time. "You have to think about how he humiliated us. This is our only chance!"

When everyone heard this, it was as if they had been injected with chicken blood, and they pulled themselves together.

That brat was too detestable. If they didn't kill him, what face would they have in the future!

"We must kill that brat!"

The flames of hatred burned in their hearts.

However, after a few days, they would become depressed again. One by one, they would look up at the sky and sigh like resentful women.

When Luo Tianjun encouraged them again, they cheered up again as if they had been injected with chicken blood.

Tang Hao, of course, did not know any of this. He was cooped up in the temporary cave abode, working hard to refine the stainless soil. After he was done, he began to mold people.

When he was tired, he would go to his mobile immortal's cave to take a stroll and look after the medicinal herbs.

Sometimes, he would even drink and play chess with a group of clones. It was very pleasant.

As the number of clones increased, his place became more and more lively.

“Come on! I’m out of three!”

“Fight the landlord! Who wants to come?”

All kinds of entertainment activities were brought out by them, such as Mahjong, dou dizhu, Chinese Checkers, and aeroplane chess. They were having a lot of fun.

After he was done, Tang Hao wondered if he should go out for a walk.

“Argh! The herbs are almost ready, let’s wait a bit before going out!”

Tang Hao suddenly remembered that the batch of herbs was about to ripen. It was time to harvest them and make them into pills.

He then stayed back and played with the group of souls.

A group of people was still waiting at the ancestor of technique mountain.

He was pumped up again and again ...

“That kid ... Will definitely come, right?” Even Luo Tianjun’s heart wavered.

Just like that, a month passed by in a flash.

When the herbs were ready, Tang Hao and his clones collected them. They then began to make pills and consume them. It took them another half a month.

Tang Hao’s cultivation base had increased significantly after consuming the batch of pills. He was now closer to the Great Perfection stage.

“It’s time to go out for a walk!”

Tang Hao packed his things and finally left the house. He did not think about the land of ten thousand Arts at all. Instead, he strolled around the place like he was having fun. He collected all the herbs he saw and swallowed all the ghosts he saw. He had gained quite a lot.

He also went to many famous ruins to dig for treasures and found a few tribulation artifacts.

“This is a really good place!”

Tang Hao was in a good mood.

A group of people were still waiting on the ancestor of technique mountain.

They sighed even more. They looked up at the sky and sighed all day long, their hearts cold.

After more than three months of waiting, they had finally given up all hope.

It had already been so long, so that kid definitely wouldn't come. If he was really interested in this place, he would have come long ago.

And there was no news of that kid from the outside world. He had probably left this place.

"Al!"

Luo Tianjun sat on the peak of the mountain and sighed.

He failed again!

They had worked so hard for nothing!

The feeling of his punch hitting empty air was extremely uncomfortable, and it made him feel extremely sullen.

"Al! They won't come, let's go!"

"Let's go!"

They walked out from their hiding place, put away the formation, and left dejectedly.

Not long after, Tang Hao, who was traveling around planet Beichen, heard someone mention the land of ten thousand Arts. He remembered this place again.

"I heard that there are many cultivation techniques inside. I have to see them!"

He happily walked towards the ancestor of technique mountain.

To be safe, he first sent a few clones in and observed carefully. When he didn't see any signs of an ambush, his main body moved out.

There were many people going to the ancestor of technique mountain. Every day, a large number of people went in and out.

Tang Hao followed the crowd and landed near the ancestor of technique mountain. He walked toward the mountain. This was a customary rule to show respect to the ancestor of technique.

There was a wide Valley in front of the ancestor of technique mountain. There were many stone pillars in the valley, covering the entire Valley.

Most of the stone pillars were filled with words.

Many people sat cross-legged in front of the stone pillars and looked up at them, intoxicated.

Tang Hao had asked around about the ancestor of technique mountain. He knew that these were all created by the later generations. They copied the ancestor of technique and carved their own techniques for future generations to cultivate.

The people who came here all became respectful and did not dare to make a loud noise.

Many people even knelt down and bowed to the ancestor of techniques mountain.

“Ancestor of technique, please bless us!”

They mumbled to themselves, looking extremely pious.

“Is there a need to!”

Tang Hao was surprised.

He walked forward and looked at the stone pillars. They were all ordinary cultivation techniques and sorcery techniques. They didn’t catch his attention. He glanced at them and lost interest.

The deeper they went, the more people there were. The cultivation techniques on the stone pillars also became more and more ancient.

These techniques came in all shapes and sizes, and many of them had their own unique characteristics, which piqued Tang Hao’s interest. He would often stop for a moment to finish reading the techniques and then memorize them.

“Dragon slaying sword technique!”

“The Lotus Grimoire!”

At the innermost part, there were cultivation techniques left behind by the ancient people from 10000 years ago.

Everyone could see these cultivation techniques, but being able to see them and being able to practice them were two different things. Usually, the higher the level of the cultivation technique, the more difficult it was to practice. Some cultivation techniques even had extremely harsh cultivation conditions.

These cultivation techniques had been engraved here for so long, but there probably weren’t many who could cultivate them.

After crossing the last row of stone pillars, he would reach the ancestor of techniques mountain.

This mountain peak was tall and steep, towering into the clouds. At the top of the mountain, a statue could be seen. It was said that it was the statue of the ancestor of technique himself. After so many years, there was still immortal Qi lingering around it.

Tang Hao stopped and watched for a moment, then continued walking. He followed the crowd and entered the cave.

After passing through the long passage, they arrived at a cave.

The cave didn't look big, but the moment he stepped in, the space around him suddenly expanded, turning into a boundless space. However, upon closer inspection, he realized that it wasn't a small world.

"Sumeru mustard technique!"

Tang Hao thought about it for a while and understood.

Looking around, he saw that this space was filled with dancing golden light. They were scrolls. It was obvious that these were the techniques left behind by the ancestor of technique.

When his gaze landed in the middle, he was stunned. There was a winding staircase that led directly to the sky.

There seemed to be a Palace at the end.

"What's that?"

Tang Hao blurted.

"That's the Dao Palace of the ancestor of technique. I heard! There was the inheritance left behind by the ancestor of technique inside! However, no one has ever gone up there, so I don't know if it's true."

Someone said.

"The ancestor of technique's inheritance?"

Tang Hao was surprised, but his eyes lit up.

It was said that the ancestor of technique was a 7th or 8th tribulation Almighty, second only to a 9th tribulation Supreme Being. How powerful was the inheritance left behind by such a figure?

"Don't even think about it! There is a test left behind by the ancestor of technique on it, and no one has been able to pass it and successfully ascend to the Dao Palace." The person said when he saw that Tang Hao was a little excited.

"Hey! You won't know if you don't try!"

Tang Hao grinned and strolled toward the stairs.

To him, the treasure was right in front of him, so there was no reason not to try.