

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 297

General Bai was shocked on the other end of the phone.

He thought that he had misheard.

‘A hundred Nanyang shamans? How is that possible? There are only a little more than five hundred shamans in the entire Nanyang. A hundred of them would be almost a fifth of them.’

He could not imagine the horrific spectacle of a hundred Nanyang shamans barreling down a mountain road.

That had never happened in the history of Huaxia!

It was almost like a war!

“Really?” General Bai asked a little doubtfully.

“Of course it’s real!” Tang Hao said impatiently.

General Bai gulped. He could feel his scalp become numb.

He could not imagine how it was like being chased by a hundred Nanyang shamans.

Then, he began to worry.

Comrade Tang Hao was the only person in the Agency who knew how to make pills. General Bai had to ensure that no harm came to him!

He slammed the table and stood up. "Dammit, these Nanyang whelps are too brazen! How dare they cause trouble in Huaxia? And they're hunting my men too? I can't tolerate this!"

"Where are you now, Comrade Tang Hao?"

"I'm at Westridge heading toward Province J to seek support from Mao Mountain."

"Is that so... Alright! Just make your way there and make sure that they follow you. You have to be careful! I send support over right now."

After the call ended, Tang Hao turned around to see. A sea of lights was appearing on the road behind him. The Nanyang shamans were catching up.

He continued driving while maintaining at that speed.

Then, he dialed Shabby Taoist Master's number on his phone.

Shabby Taoist Master picked up the call after a long while. "Hey, Fellow Cultivator Tang! It's rare for you to call me, why, is there something?" He said lazily.

"Save me! Someone is hunting me!" Tang Hao shouted into the phone.

Shabby Taoist Master was shocked. Then, a splash was heard as he got out of the hot spring.

“What? You’re hunted? Which bastard is this?” Shabby Taoist Master said angrily.

“Nanyang shamans!”

Shabby Taoist Master was stunned again. He wondered what was going on.

As far as he remembered, there were not any particularly strong characters from Nanyang. Why would Fellow Cultivator Tang sound so flustered?

‘Don’t tell me... there’s someone powerful?’

“What’s the name of the opponent? How many of them are there?”

Tang Hao thought for a while and replied, “There’s an old man, I think his name is Toto. He’s very powerful. Also, there’s more than a hundred of them.”

“Toto?” Shabby Taoist Master furrowed his brows while thinking. Then, his expression changed drastically.

Grandmaster Toto was one of the most notorious figures in the Nanyang cultivation world. Everyone knew who he was.

His expression changed again and he sucked in a mouthful of cold air. “What? A hundred of them?” He cried out in surprise.

“You heard that correctly. There’s more than a hundred of them! I’m at Westridge now driving toward Mao Mountain. Remember, bring as many people as you can. There’s more than a hundred of them,” Tang Hao roared.

Shabby Taoist Master stood stiffly in the hot spring. His eyes were glazed over with incredulity.

He did not react when his towel slipped off.

He came to his senses a while later. "F\*ck, this is bad news!" He yelled.

He quickly got out of the hot spring as though his backside was burning, then grabbed his clothes and ran up the mountain while putting them on.

More and more people were alerted as he made his way up the mountain.

Soon, the entire mountain was abustle with activity.

"Bad news! Bad news! Something is happening to Fellow Cultivator Tang!"

"Who is Fellow Cultivator Tang?"

"Have you forgotten? He was the one who came to help us when the Wang family descendant branch attacked us, and he even drove off that villain Wang Changsheng!"

"Oh, so that's him! Doesn't he have a high cultivation base? Why would something happen to him?"

"Dammit, the monkeys from Nanyang are here! There's a hundred of them currently hunting down Fellow Cultivator Tang!"

“F\*ck, a hundred of them? Is this a joke? Will there be a war? We shouldn’t tolerate this! Does this group of Nanyang monkeys think that there’s no one in Huaxia?”

“Let’s go and save Fellow Cultivator Tang. We ought to teach that bunch of Nanyang monkeys a lesson!”

More and more people followed behind Shabby Taoist Master as he ran up the mountain.

They arrived at the main hall soon.

“Bad news, Senior Uncle!” Shabby Taoist Master yelled as he barged into the main hall.

“What’s wrong, Xuan Ling? Why are you in such a hurry? You ought to be more dignified.” An elderly figure with silvery-white hair and dressed in Taoist robes was sitting in the middle of the hall. He opened his eyes and glanced at Shabby Taoist Master unhappily.

“Something terrible is happening, Senior Uncle! Nanyang is invading us! There’s more than a hundred of them! They’re hunting down Fellow Cultivator Tang now. That’s the Fellow Cultivator Tang who came to our rescue,” Shabby Taoist Master said urgently.

A group of Taoist masters finally caught up to him and entered the main hall.

The elderly Taoist Master was shocked but soon regained his composure. “Is that so! That’s a tricky situation,” he said while stroking his beard, “How about this. Xuan Ling, you bring your fellow cultivators to help Fellow Cultivator Tang and save him.”

“That’s impossible. There’s more than a hundred of them!” Shabby Taoist Master said urgently.

“That’s exactly why we can’t respond with our full force. If all of us went, there will be a big clash between Huaxia and Nanyang. That’s... not going to end well!

“You just need to bring a small group of people and extract him to safety. Don’t you think so?” The elderly Taoist master stroked his beard while saying with a smile.

Shabby Taoist Master became even more flustered. “That won’t do! We won’t be able to stand up against them. What if we don’t manage to save Fellow Cultivator Tang? Senior Uncle, Tang Hao had once saved Mao Mountain from the danger of that villain Wang Changsheng. If not for him, we’d suffer a lot more casualties.

“Fellow Cultivator Tang is a benefactor!”

“Well...” The elderly Taoist master hesitated.

He had considered that point before, but if he mobilized the entire Mao Mountain, a clash between Huaxia and Nanyang would be unavoidable. He could not predict how the situation would evolve from there.

“Right, Senior Uncle, I forgot to tell you that Fellow Cultivator Tang knows how to make alchemical pills!”

“Oh, he’s a pill-maker!” The elderly Taoist master nodded. Then, his eyes opened round and wide as he stood up. “What did you say? He’s a pill-maker?”

His eyes were sparkling!

The group of Taoist masters at the entrance also seemed very excited when they heard that.

“That’s true, Senior Uncle. Fellow Cultivator Tang is a pill-maker! The few of us know,” a few people in the crowd shouted. There were present at Eight-Gate Village.

They wanted to keep that secret about Fellow Cultivator Tang. There was only one Tang Hao with limited time and energy. Their chances of getting pills made would lessen if more people knew about that secret.

“F\*ck!” The elderly Taoist master swore while jumping up and down on the spot. His earlier calm demeanor was nowhere to be seen. “You whelps! Why didn’t you say that first?”

The elderly Taoist master was flustered now. A pill-maker was an indispensable talent!

“Why are you all standing there for? Quickly sound the bell and gather everyone! We’ll have to fight to the death with the bunch of Nanyang monkeys,” the elderly Taoist master roared as he looked all around him.

He looked even more flustered than Shabby Taoist Master earlier.