

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 300

“Are you OK, Fellow Cultivator Tang?”

Each of the Taoist masters came to shake Tang Hao’s hand.

Tang Hao’s smile gradually stiffened on his face as he stood there greeting each of the Taoist masters.

He did not recall seeing that many Taoist masters the last time he went to their aid.

He heard from Shabby Taoist Master that Mao Mountain had recalled their wandering disciples after the Wang Changsheng incident.

What made Tang Hao surprised was that they seemed to be a little too friendly.

In fact, his confusion was making him quite uneasy about the situation.

“Hey, Little Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

The crowd parted and several white-haired Taoist masters walked in.

They had smiling and friendly faces, as though they were extremely kind grandparents looking lovingly at their grandchild. That made Tang Hao even more uneasy than ever.

“Hey, Little Fellow Cultivator Tang, I’ve heard that you... know how to make pills? Do you think you can take a look at this recipe?”

One of the elderly Taoist masters shoved a crumpled piece of paper into Tang Hao's hands.

"Stand aside! I'm your senior brother. Let me be the first to show him!"

Another elderly Taoist master came over and shoved the previous one aside.

"Here, Little Fellow Cultivator, you can ignore him. Look at mine first," The elderly Taoist master was also smiling eagerly. He handed Tang Hao another piece of paper.

The other elderly Taoist masters crowded in.

"What are you all doing? Don't forget that I'm the most senior of all of you. You have to respect me," the elderly Taoist master roared.

"Respect my *ss!" The other Taoist masters were getting angry.

They stared at each other with round and wide eyes, and none of them was willing to give way. They almost broke out in a fight.

The other Taoist masters were embarrassed when they saw the scene.

That was such a disgrace!

"Ahem!" Tang Hao coughed. "Well... how about... you all give me your recipes! Let me take a look..."

The group of elderly Taoist masters all crowded around him.

Tang Hao looked at each of the recipes and nodded.

The pills roughly had the same effect of increasing the user's cultivation base. Making them was not too difficult, but finding the ingredients might be a challenge.

Tang Hao had mastered many similar pill recipes, but unfortunately, he did not have many of the ingredients. That was why he could only consume the Liquid of Spiritual Condensation.

"They're quite easy to make, and I can make them if I have the ingredients. Of course, the success rate won't be high. I'll probably need at least six or seven portions before I can guarantee a single success."

The elderly Taoist masters were ecstatic when they heard that.

"As long as you can make the pill. We already have the ingredients. It's just a matter of when...?"

Tang Hao was surprised. "You have all the ingredients?"

"Ha! We've had the recipe since a few decades ago. That's a long time to gather the ingredients!" The elderly Taoist masters grumbled.

Tang Hao was speechless.

The more he thought about it, the more it made sense. The Taoist masters must be at least eighty years old, and they must have gathered many good things over the years.

"You can send them to my house later. I'll help you all make the pills," Tang Hao said.

“Thank you so much, Little Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

The elderly Taoist masters were grateful.

After gratifying the group of elderly Taoist masters, Tang Hao turned around to see that the other Taoist masters were looking eagerly at him.

He was shocked once again.

“Well... Fellow Cultivator Tang! I’m sorry, they thought that if they came to your aid, they’ll get a pill. I think the message was distorted as it was passed around the mountain, so that’s how it is,” Shabby Taoist Master leaned over and whispered to Tang Hao.

Tang Hao was speechless.

He did not have so many pills for so many people!

Making the pills for each one of them was a momentarily difficult task. He did not find it appropriate to decline them though. They had saved his life anyway.

It looked like he had to do it.

“Ahem! My fellow Taoist masters, I don’t have the pills on me now, but don’t worry, I’ll make them as fast as I can. I can make the pills for whoever has the ingredients. The others will have to wait a while,” Tang Hao said.

“I have the ingredients!”

“I have them too!”

The Taoist masters shouted excitedly.

“Send them over to my house! Just make sure you bundle the recipe together with the ingredients!”
Tang Hao said.

“Alright!” The Taoist masters agreed.

“Fellow Cultivator Tang, Nanyang might come asking since we killed so many shamans today. Don’t worry, we’ll make sure that they leave you out of this. We’ll let Nanyang know that Mao Mountain is responsible for the deaths. If they want to look for trouble, they’ll come to us,” one of the elderly Taoist masters said.

“Thank you, fellow Taoist masters!” Tang Hao said gratefully.

General Bai arrived soon to join in the chat.

Tang Hao only managed to extricate himself at about two o’clock in the morning. He drove back to Westridge District.

The trip home was uneventful.

He was still shaken by the incident earlier. Being hunted down by so many Nanyang shamans was both exciting and dangerous.

Fortunately, it was all over. With the intervention of Mao Mountain, the Nanyang shamans would not be troubling him anymore.

It was almost six o'clock when he arrived home.

Back at his mansion, Sis Xiangyi was still in bed.

Tang Hao did not tell her about the danger he faced the night before. He only said that he would be going home late because of some matters.

Tang Hao felt a lot more relieved as he sat next to the bed and watched her sleeping face.

He smiled and tucked her in, then went to prepare breakfast.

While having breakfast, Tang Hao did not tell her about last night's incident. He only said that he was late because he was negotiating with that Xu boss.

He sent her to the clothing factory, then went to Dragonrock Village and his company. He discussed the setting up of the new company with Liu Dajun, President Li, and the others.

He received a phone call at noon.

It was from the beautiful police officer.

"Officer Zhao is quite well-informed. She knows that I'm back home," Tang Hao mumbled to himself, then answered the call.

"Hey, Tang Hao! Are you available for lunch? It's my farewell party today. I'm transferred to Provincial City and I'll be leaving Westridge District soon." Officer Zhao Qingxue's attractive voice was heard over the phone.

Tang Hao was surprised. He then remembered that Captain Zhou had told him that Officer Zhao might be transferred to Provincial City soon.

“Congratulations!” Tang Hao said.

“It’s nothing!” Zhao Qingxue said, “You can come over if you’re free. It’s the same restaurant as before. Commissioner Xia will be there. Even Lil Xin’er is here too.”

Tang Hao thought for a moment and agreed to it.

He arrived at the restaurant near the police station about twenty minutes later.

There was already a crowd in the private room, and most of them were in their police uniforms. Tang Hao looked around. He spotted Commissioner Xia at the table on the left, and Zhao Qingxue was seated not far away.

The person sitting next to her was none other than her brother Zhao Wuyang.

‘Why is he still here? How long is his suspension? No wonder I didn’t see him at the city police station the other day,’ Tang Hao thought.

Zhao Wuyang happened to see him at the same time.

“Pfft!” He spat out a mouthful of tea.

Then, he glared angrily at Tang Hao.

He heard about what happened in the Provincial City headquarters and the upheaval in the provincial government. All of that was related to that kid.