

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 390

The sun continued to rise.

The rays of the morning sun dispelled the darkness of the sky, though it did not dispel the gloom in everyone's hearts.

Everyone stood there, mourning.

It was hard to avoid casualties in a large-scale battle. Even though they expected their comrades to die, they could not help it but be sad.

Moreover, the person who died was an elderly, respected Senior Brother.

Tang Hao stood there, stifling a sob.

He respected the courage that the elderly Taoist master showed in the face of death.

The Taoist masters carried over two more bodies and placed them next to Zhan Yan Zi's body.

A loud sob could be heard among the crowd.

The men could not hold back their tears.

"What are you crying for? Stop crying! All of you fought bravely today. The three who lost their lives fought even more bravely. They did not die of sickness or old age, but bravely in battle. They deserve the glory.

“Let’s clean up the scene. we’ll send them back to the mountain.”

One of the elderly Taoist priests shouted out orders. He sounded like he was sobbing.

Everyone dispersed to do their appointed task. They gathered the bodies of the Wang family descendants and the zombies, stacked them in a pile, and set it on fire.

At the same time, a few elderly Taoist masters returned.

After Wang Changsheng exploded, they scattered in all directions to search for his whereabouts.

They were not sure if the old villain was truly dead.

The old villain’s sorcery was mysterious. Even though his body had exploded, he might not be truly dead. If he died that easily, Mao Mountain would not have to seal him up a few centuries ago.

Even if he was not dead, he would need a long time to recover.

“Don’t be sad, Lil Bro Tang.”

An elderly Taoist master came over to comfort Tang Hao.

“My Junior Brother’s mortal life was about to end anyway. Instead of dying in the mountains, dying in battle is a more befitting death.

“If not for you today, we would have suffered higher casualties. It’s already a miracle that we could eradicate the Wang family menace with only three deaths. A few centuries ago, the battle between Mao Mountain and the Wang family was a lot more horrific.”

Tang Hao opened his mouth to say something, but eventually sighed and said nothing.

He went to help the Taoist masters clean up the scene of the battle.

They gathered everything from the base and burned them to ashes. Then, they brought the three bodies of the Taoist masters onto the buses and returned to Mao Mountain.

On the trip earlier, they were chatting and laughing, but on the return trip, the mood was solemn.

The Taoist masters’ clothes were torn and tattered. Everyone had injuries on their bodies.

Back at Westridge District, they got off the buses and got on their cars. Tang Hao followed them back to Mao Mountain because he wanted to send off the deceased Taoist masters.

The sun was setting as they arrived at Mao Mountain.

The Taoist masters who stayed back to keep watch were already informed about the news. As the cars drove up the mountain, a bell could be heard from the top.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The clarion, yet sorrowful toll of the bell echoed throughout the entire mountain range.

Taoist masters came down from the mountain and stood on both sides of the road.

They were the next generation of Mao Mountain Taoist masters.

The Taoist masters came out of their cars and brought the three bodies up the mountain. After that, they performed the funerary rites for the three Taoist masters.

Finally, they lit a pyre in front of the main hall.

The flames of the pyre raged under the sunset, consuming the bodies and reducing them to ashes.

The wind rose and brought the ashes away.

Just like that, they were gone with the wind.

It was some time past seven o'clock after they had dinner. The sky was completely dark, and Mao Mountain was dotted with lights.

Tang Hao sat in the main hall. Next to him sat several elderly Taoist masters.

"You said that you have something to tell us, Little Brother, what is it?" One of the elderly Taoist masters said.

Tang Hao hesitated for a while, then said, "My friends, have you wondered why I've reached such a high cultivation base when I'm still so young?"

"Well..." The elderly Taoist masters were shocked by the question. They smiled sheepishly.

Indeed, the young fellow cultivator sitting in front of them was a freak. He was still young, but his cultivation base was shockingly high.

“I guess that you must have had a fortuitous encounter, Little Brother?” One of the elderly Taoist masters said.

Tang Hao smiled. “Indeed, I was quite lucky. However, I have a prescription in my hands to help a cultivator increase their qi in this modern age, where qi flow in the air is thin.”

The elderly Taoist masters were surprised. Their breathing became faster.

“Little Brother, do you mean...” The leader looked at Tang Hao with sparkling eyes.

“That’s right, I want to hand over the prescription to Mao Mountain,” Tang Hao said.

The elderly Taoist masters exclaimed in surprise. They were incredibly emotional and excited.

“How... How can that be? This prescription is a rare treasure in these modern times!”

Tang Hao smiled. “What rare treasure? It’s just a piece of paper. I don’t have any use for it anymore.

“I’ve learned a lot from what happened today. All of you said that your mortal lives are ending soon. Once you’re gone, Mao Mountain would be in a predicament.

“In the next generation, Taoist Master Qian Ji shows the most promise, but his cultivation base isn’t high enough. The younger ones are worse. If that continues, Mao Mountain would continue to decline generation after generation.”

“Well... Sigh!” The elderly Taoist masters sighed with heavy hearts.

Tang Hao continued, “However, I have one condition. The knowledge of this prescription can only be known by two people. One is the generational leader, and the other is Shabby... No, I mean, Taoist Master Xuan Ling.

“I don’t want the prescription to fall into other hands.”

“Don’t worry about that. We swear that it won’t happen,” the Taoist masters quickly agreed to it.

“That’s good. Right, the prescription needs a lot of medicinal herbs, especially ginseng and lingzhi. You can turn some of the land around the mountain into plantations,” Tang Hao said.

“We’ll do that tomorrow! I’ll send the young ones to start farming.”

They chatted for a while more before Tang Hao left.

Tang Hao gave Mao Mountain the prescription because he did not want to see them decline. Also, he had no more use for the prescription.

It was late at night when he returned home.

There was a light on in the mansion.

Qin Xiangyi came out to the door when she heard the sounds of Tang Hao’s car.

She seemed concerned when she saw the gloom in Tang Hao's eyes. "What's wrong, Lil Tang?"

Tang Hao came to his senses. He stepped forward and hugged Qin Xiangyi tightly. "Nothing, I just feel like hugging you!" He mumbled.

Qin Xiangyi was surprised. Her gaze softened, then reached out and hugged him.

She could sense from his expression that something must have happened, and it was not a good thing.

She did not say anything. A hug was better than a thousand words.