

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 532

“That’s really the Dragon?”

“Oh my god! Why is he here?”

The people were wailing and screaming. Confusion and despair soon spread through the werewolf forces.

They were not elites, and they stood no chance against the Dragon of Huaxia.

The werewolves were sorrowful. “Huaxinese!” They roared, “You have killed so many of our people. Is that not enough? Must you eliminate every last one of us?”

Tang Hao replied coldly, “It’s too late to regret what you did to us. All of you deserve to die!”

He waved his hand, and the Taoist masters replied with a loud “Kill!”

They charged forward with high spirits.

The opponents stood no chance.

It was a one-sided battle that ended in about ten minutes.

Corpses of werewolves and debris littered the entrance of the ancient castle.

Tang Hao stood at the archway with an emblem of a wolf head that marked the castle entrance. He smirked coldly, then lifted his hand and threw a jade talisman that blew the wolf head into bits.

“Damn, that felt good!” The Taoist masters were still excited as they walked toward Tang Hao.

“You can’t believe how brazen those whelps used to be! They’ve been causing so much trouble in Huaxia. Now that we’ve wiped out six of their clans, let’s see if the others dare to step into Huaxia,” Taoist Master Qian Ji said.

“Alright, let’s go to Farlance and kick those bloodlings’ *sses!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji shouted and led the people into the tour buses, which headed toward Farlance.

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A mountain somewhere in Europe.

The mountain was rather peculiar in appearance. It was tall, majestic, and entirely black. On top of it was a series of towers with tapered spires.

Those were warlock towers. The mountain was named Black Mountain, the home base of European warlocks.

A group of elderly warlocks was gathered in a meeting in a room on Black Mountain.

“This is ridiculous. Ridiculous!”

An elderly warlock slammed the table and roared furiously. His face was red out of anger.

“Those Huaxianese are too arrogant. Who do they think they are? Do they think they can go in and out of Europe as they please?”

“Humiliation! This is a great humiliation!”

“Don’t any of you feel shame?”

The elderly warlock slammed the table repeatedly as he spoke.

The other warlocks furrowed their brows. They also had indignant expressions on their faces.

The werewolves and vampires were their ancient rivals, but Europe was nonetheless their territory. Without their permission, how dare the Huaxianese come in and kill their people? That was utter humiliation!

“If we don’t teach them a proper lesson now, they’ll definitely come back. The pride of Black Mountain shall not be challenged!”

“We’ll teach the Huaxianese a lesson. Show them the extent of our power!”

“Black Mountain does not tolerate intruders!”

The elderly warlock eventually jumped on the table and yelled agitatedly.

“That’s right! We’ll teach the Huaxianese a lesson!” The other warlocks were riled up too. They were also shouting.

Morale among the warlocks was running high.

At that time, someone spoke up timidly, “But... have you all forgotten that the Dragon of Huaxia is here?”

The room immediately fell silent.

The warlocks who were waving their arms and yelling slogans froze on the spot. They put their hands down sheepishly.

“Ah, I don’t feel too well lately! My back is sore, and my chest is tight. These old bones won’t be much use on the battlefield. How about the rest of you go?”

“Oh no! I suddenly feel dizzy...”

Each one of them started pretending to be sick.

“How about... we call it off? So what if the Huaxianese are here and we lose our pride? We’ve already lost our pride a long time ago anyway,” an elderly warlock said sorrowfully.

The other warlocks also seemed sorrowful.

They remembered the times when Black Mountain used to be the number one authority of the European cultivation world. However, a traitor stole the Witch’s Heart, went to Merrica, and started White Mountain.

That was the beginning of the decline of Black Mountain.

“Sigh!” The warlocks collectively sighed.

The earlier warlock said angrily, “Why are we afraid? So what about the Dragon? Does he dare to challenge Black Mountain? He’s not even here. See for yourself.”

He took out a stack of photos and tossed them on the table.

“Look at these. They’re the Huaxianese who landed at the airport. Is the Dragon here? Most of them are those stinky Taoist masters. They’re at least sixty years old. The other people are also at least middle-aged.”

The people looked closely at the photos and became excited.

“Looks like the Dragon isn’t here! We can still fight!”

An elderly warlock said excitedly while slapping his thigh.

Another warlock looked at the photos one more time, and his gaze fell on one of the photos.

The photo was of a young man in a black suit, the same as the Taoist masters.

He wore shades and a hat, which obscured his face.

The warlock furrowed his brows, thinking that something was amiss.

However, he could not exactly say what was wrong.

“How about this guy?” He pointed to the figure in the photo to the other warlocks.

The other warlocks laughed when they saw the photo.

“Ha, he’s just a kid! He’s probably an intern of the Taoist masters or something, or maybe he’s just a tourist. Why, don’t tell me you think that he’s actually the Dragon?”

Everyone laughed merrily after that.

“Haha, what a joke! How can a brat like that be the Dragon? Haven’t you heard that the Dragon of Huaxia is in his twenties? This kid looks like a teenager at most!”

“Impossible! Truly impossible!”

The other warlocks said confidently while laughing.

“Well... I guess so. He’s too young! I’ve worried too much!” The elderly warlock mumbled.

“This is the best chance for us to stop the Huaxianese invasion, especially when the Dragon isn’t here!”

“Yeah! Kill them all!”

The warlocks were excited once again.

“Quick, sound the horns! We’re off to Farlance!”

The low boom of a horn could be heard echoing over Black Mountain.

Many warlocks appeared from their towers.

“What’s going on?”

“What? Don’t you know? The Huaxianese are here, and we’re going to teach them a lesson.”

The entire mountain exploded in activity.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Many majestic beasts flapped their wings and rose into the air. They had the body of a lion, the head and wings of an eagle, and shining golden feathers.

Those were griffins, the riding beasts of the warlocks.

Each of those beasts carried three or four warlocks.

“Our destination is Farlance. Let’s go!”

An elderly warlock yelled as he stood on one of those griffins. The giant beast under his feet shook its wings, crowed out loud, and rose into the sky.

The other beasts behind it also rose into the sky, flying toward Farlance carrying the warlocks.