

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 533

In a manor somewhere in Farlance.

Tatatat! Gunfire could be heard. An intense battle was raging.

On one side were the combined forces of seven vampire clans. They had the advantage in numbers, but that advantage was sharply reducing under the fierce attack of the Huaxianese forces.

The battle ended in half an hour.

The final vampire was blown into bits.

The manor grounds were full of craters.

“Phew!” The Huaxianese fighters breathed a sigh of relief. They were exhausted from the battle.

“Alright, we’re done. Let’s go home! Right, we should burn this place to the ground first,” Taoist Master Qian Ji said.

Several Taoist masters went around the manor and started some fires.

The fires quickly spread and swallowed the manor in flames.

“Alright, it’s finished. Let’s go back and rest for a while. Our flight is in the afternoon. It’s only two o’clock now. We still have more than ten hours to spare.”

“Let’s go! I want to sleep!”

The people headed toward the tour bus.

They heard the flapping of wings as they were about to board the bus. They were shocked and stopped walking.

Tang Hao was also surprised. He lifted his head to look at the sky, and his expression changed.

A pack of majestic winged beasts appeared in the night sky. They swept across the sky under the moonlight. He could see robed figures riding those beasts.

“Dammit, it’s those warlocks!” Taoist Master Qian Ji grumbled.

“Why are they here?”

“That’s not a hard question to answer. Look at them. There are so many people. They’re definitely here to pick a fight with us,” Taoist Master Qian Ji said, “Those bastards have excellent timing. They must have waited for us to be exhausted from the previous battle.”

“So what should we do? Are we fighting them?” A Taoist master asked.

“Of course we’ll f*ck them over. Brother Tang is here. What are we afraid of?”

They were feeling apprehensive about the incoming crowd. There were about thirty or forty griffins in total, and each of them could sit about three or four warlocks. That meant that there were about a hundred warlocks.

They were relieved that Tang Hao was there.

'Right, Fellow Cultivator Tang is still here! He didn't expend much of his powers earlier, so his qi reserves are still full. Why are we scared of those warlocks?'

The warlocks soon came near.

"Foolish Huaxianese! Have you forgotten that you're in warlock territory now? You are challenging the authority of the warlocks."

A white-haired warlock yelled as he stood on the back of a griffin.

Taoist Master Qian Ji rolled his eyes. "Challenge you? Nonsense! We're here for revenge!

"If this is really your territory, how could you tolerate those bloodlings and whelps running rampant? No offense, but Black Mountain isn't what it used to be."

"Waaagh!" The warlocks were instantly furious.

That Huaxianese Taoist master had struck a nerve!

They were angry exactly because Taoist Master Qian Ji had spoken the truth.

"Why are you so smug about, Huaxia? You'll still be the same as us if not for the Dragon. There's nothing to be proud of!" The leader of the warlocks said angrily.

"Ha, I'm very proud of our Dragon. What are you going to do about it?" Taoist Master Qian Ji smirked.

The warlocks' faces were contorted out of rage.

“Waaagh! That stinky Taoist master is too arrogant! Let's tie him up and hang him upside down from the spire for three days and three nights!”

“Right! Let's tie them all up!”

The warlocks yelled maniacally.

The Taoist masters looked at them as though they were a bunch of idiots.

“How foolish! However, those beasts of yours look quite impressive,” Taoist Master Qian Ji said.

The warlocks became smug. “Impressive, right? They are the treasures of Black Mountain. You might think there are a lot of them here, but there's more back at Black Mountain!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji said, “Tsk tsk, those muscular legs, they must be quite chewy. Those wings should be tasty if grilled. Deep-frying them in batter is good too.”

His gaze sparkled with a hint of greed, and he swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The Taoist masters behind them also swallowed hard.

They had eaten giant serpents and sea dragons, but they had not eaten those flying creatures before.

The warlocks were instantly dumbfounded.

'Wait! What did that Huaxianese say?

'Chewy? Tasty? Grilled?

'Oh my god, those Huaxianese want to eat our treasures!'

The warlocks were instantly furious.

"Kill all these Huaxianese!" The elderly warlock roared angrily and lifted the wooden staff in his hand.

A wave of energy surged in his body and gathered on the tip of the staff.

Crackle!

Lightning energy sparkled on the tip of the staff and illuminated the night sky.

The elderly warlock held the staff tightly and took a step on the back of the griffin. His loose black robe and long white hair started fluttering in the air. It was an imposing sight.

"Let's duel to the death, you filthy Taoist master!" He roared as he pointed at Taoist Master Qian Ji.

However, Taoist Master Qian Ji did not move. Rather, a figure next to him started moving.

The warlock was shocked when he saw that.

It was a young man, the same one he saw in the photo.

'What does the kid want to do? Is he crazy?'

The warlocks were confused.

"That kid must be an idiot! Why is he stepping forward alone? Does he think that he can fight all of us?"
The warlocks started laughing mockingly.

Tang Hao stopped walking and grinned widely.

He narrowed his eyes, which flashed with a terrifying gleam. He stamped on the ground, and a violent gust of wind rushed into the air toward the elderly warlock.

He lifted his hand, and a lightning bolt shot out.

"Ahh!" An agonized wail.

The elderly warlock was slow to react and was hit squarely by the lightning bolt. He fell toward the ground while his hair was charred to the tips and had become frizzy.

The Taoist masters were already waiting for him.

"Kick him! Stomp on him!"

The Taoist masters were all too eager to ravage him with their legs.

“What are you doing? Ow! Not the face! F*ck! Who just kicked me between the legs? I’ll kill you!” The warlock curled in the fetal position. His agonized wails shook the heavens.

The warlocks in the sky were dumbfounded. They had vacant expressions on their faces.

They could not process what was going on.

“Ahh!” Ahh!” “Ahh!”

Each of the warlocks was struck by lightning. They yelled in pain and fell from the griffins one by one.

Whenever one landed, the Taoist masters would rush over and kick them.

The cultivators from the Agency soon joined in the brawl.

“F*ck! That’s the Dragon! Run away!”

The remaining warlocks soon realized what was going on. Their faces turned pale, and they ordered their griffins to turn around and escape.

Tang Hao was not going to let them off the hook. He knocked each of them off the griffins, then blasted the griffins out of the air.

“Here, let’s slaughter one now! Let’s try some new meat. It’s been a long day, and you all must be hungry.”

Taoist Master Qian Ji ordered as he and several Taoist masters charged toward a griffin. They grabbed one of the griffins and slit its throat.

The warlocks nearly blew their top when they saw that.

'Oh my god! The Huaxianese are too cruel!'