

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 543

“Ahh, this feeling sucks!”

In a clearing somewhere in the mountains, a figure was sitting on the ground leaning against a big tree.

He was dressed in a grey traditional Chinese tunic and a round straw hat, exactly like a peasant farmer.

He held a cigarette in his left hand, from which he occasionally dragged.

He looked lonely, and there was a hint of melancholy in his eyes.

After reconstituting his body and restoring his cultivation base, he should be terrorizing the world once more. However, missing his private parts was a huge blow to his confidence.

Without those parts, he did not feel like a man at all.

“Sigh!” He sighed, and the feeling of melancholy became stronger.

He smoked cigarette after cigarette to alleviate his sorrow.

“Cigarettes are amazing! Right, and the Internet too. I haven’t gone on the Internet for a long time,” he mumbled.

“What should I do next? Storm up Mao Mountain and f\*ck those filthy Taoist cows over? That sounds like a good idea, but I wonder if those two old geezers are dead yet? If they’re not dead, then it’ll be difficult.

“And that freak of a kid too. I wonder what his affiliations are? He should belong to Mao Mountain too, right?”

“Also, where am I? Sigh! Without my descendants, everything is so troublesome. I have to gather some minions.”

“Right, I need to reunite all heretical cultivators and invade Mao Mountain! Once Mao Mountain falls, Wang Changsheng will rule again! Haha!”

He mumbled to himself and eventually laughed maniacally.

As far as he knew, there were other heretical cultivators like his Wang family descendants, but they could only hide in the shadows because of Mao Mountain.

He could vaguely remember the locations of some of those people.

“Right, that settles it. I’ll look for the heretical cultivators, reunite them all, and bring down Mao Mountain.”

He hopped to his feet, feeling incredibly excited about his genius plan.

Now that he had the motivation, he immediately left the mountain.

A peasant farmer who looked to be in his forties arrived at a small rural town.

He seemed incredibly excited as he walked down the street, staring at anything that he had not seen before.

He walked past a hair salon. Through the window, he could see that the interior was illuminated in pink. Several scantily-dressed women in heavy makeup were beckoning at him.

“F\*ck, isn’t that a brothel? Why does it look like that?”

“Dammit, there’s no point in flirting with me. I don’t have my parts, and I can’t do anything!”

As he turned a street corner, a suspicious-looking man came close to him and asked him discreetly, “Hey, bro, do you want to look at good stuff?”

Wang Changsheng was surprised. He was somewhat intimidated by that person. “What good stuff?”

“Hey, Bro! You don’t look inexperienced. Why are you pretending? Heheh, every man knows what good stuff I’m talking about! I have all types and all nationalities. Which one strikes your fancy today?”

“Look here, I have Dongying girls, Merrican girls. Right, I have Russkayans too! They’re especially titillating!”

He opened his trenchcoat and displayed the rows of CDs within.

Each CD had an obscene cover.

Wang Changsheng stood there, petrified, for a very long time.

His face turned red with anger. He nearly annihilated that person in a fit of rage.

‘Dammit, can’t I get a break?’

'How am I supposed to release my urges if I watch those?'

"F\*ck off!" He cursed, turned around, and left.

After going around town once, he rode on a bus toward his first destination.

It was an extremely remote village. He spent a lot of effort tracking down his target.

He was shocked when the door opened and he saw the person inside.

The person who opened the door was an old man in his seventies. He had a hunched back and a crippled leg. One of his eyes was blind, and one of his arms was a stump.

'F\*ck, he looks pathetic!

'However, this old man has an abnormal flow of qi within him. He is indeed a cultivator and a compatriot.'

The old man did not sense what was abnormal about Wang Changsheng. "Looking for someone? Did you get the wrong place?" He said after glancing at Wang Changsheng.

"I'm looking for you!"

The old man's expression turned into one of abject fear. "Are you from Mao Mountain?" He exclaimed.

He turned around and prepared to run away.

“No, don’t be afraid! We’re on the same side!” Wang Changsheng frantically yelled.

He brandished his qi aura a little and explained what happened.

The old man was shocked for a long time after he heard that.

Of course, he had heard of Wang Changsheng before.

That name was a legend!

He fell on his knees, carrying an indignant expression on his face. “You have to avenge me, Senior Wang! Those filthy Taoist masters from Mao Mountain did all this to me!

“All I did was steal a few souls. Did they have to kill me? Look at my arm and my eye. It’s all because of them.”

He started sobbing and could not form another coherent sentence.

Wang Changsheng was indignant after hearing that. “That’s right, they’ve gone overboard! We’ll have to bring down those filthy old Taoist cows.

“Quick, pack up and follow me. I’m gathering our forces to bring down Mao Mountain!”

“Don’t worry, Senior Wang. I maintain contact with many of us. I’ll call them over now. You’ll be our leader in our plan to bring down Mao Mountain.”

The old man went back into the house and made many phone calls.

News eventually spread through the heretical cultivation world.

“Changsheng of the Wang family is back!

“His cultivation base is restored. He’s a Perfected Person!”

Many people cried tears of joy when they heard that.

“This is the time of our glorious return!”

“This shall spell doom for Mao Mountain. Those filthy Taoist masters shall receive their due punishment.”

“Quick, let’s go and meet with Senior Wang!”

Many people appeared from every nook and cranny of Huaxia. Some were from remote villages, while some appeared from uninhabited mountains.

Those from remote villages were dressed shabbily like farmers, while those from uninhabited mountains looked like savages.

They hid in the shadow of Mao Mountain for many years. Finally, they did not have to hide anymore.

They could finally have their day in the sun!

They got on buses and headed toward the village from all corners of Huaxia.

As the days passed, more and more people arrived.

Wang Changsheng's forces grew stronger as more people arrived.

"Bring down Mao Mountain! All hail Senior Wang!"

Such chants were whispered among the heretical cultivators.

The tide of war would soon reach Mao Mountain.