

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 547

After the funeral, another two days passed.

In those two days, Tang Hao found Ma Fangfang's mother a well-paying job that was not too difficult.

Grandpa Shunde's spirit in heaven should be at ease.

That morning, Tang Hao sat in the office reading some documents.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

The call was from Shabby Taoist Master.

"Is there anything, Taoist Master?" Tang Hao answered the call.

"Come here fast, Fellow Cultivator Tang!" Shabby Taoist Master sounded worried.

Tang Hao's expression changed when he heard that.

"What's wrong?" Tang Hao asked grimly.

"Sigh! Something terrible has happened!" The Taoist master laughed drily. "Do you know that bunch of evil whelps?"

"Evil whelps?" Tang Hao was baffled.

He thought for a while before realizing who the Taoist master was referring to. The Taoist masters liked to call everything “whelps”. The evil whelps that he talked about should be referring to heretical cultivators.

“What about them?”

“We used to keep them under control, and they’ve been hiding in the shadows. However, they seemed to have received a morale boost lately, and they’ve been causing trouble again. They’ve gathered together and attacked Mao Mountain Taoist masters.

“Several of our wandering brothers have been attacked. Fortunately, they’ve been alert, and they managed to escape with their lives.

“However, they were attacked by heretical sorcery, and some of them are dying.”

Tang Hao furrowed his brows when he heard that. “Heretical cultivators? Looks like Operation Witch Hunter wasn’t a complete success!”

“Sigh! Those people are hiding in the remotest corners of the country. You won’t find them unless you know where to look. I guess that someone powerful must have emerged in the heretical cultivation world who managed to unite them all.

“One of the attacked brothers said that the evil whelps mentioned about an ‘Ancestor.’

“That must be a very powerful figure. Otherwise, they wouldn’t dare to challenge the authority of Mao Mountain.”

Tang Hao thought for a while and said, “I’ll come over now!”

“Alright, please be quick!”

After the call ended, Tang Hao gave a call to Qin Xiangyi first to inform her that he would be away, then he informed Assistant Han before he left the building.

He drove on the road at full speed and arrived after three hours.

Some Taoist masters were already waiting for him at the base of the mountain.

“Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

A group of elderly Taoist masters walked over to him. They all wore grim faces.

“Follow me!”

After exchanging greetings, they brought Tang Hao up the mountain.

He saw the injured Taoist masters in a room. There were three of them in total, and they all seemed to be in agony.

Two of them had pale faces shrouded by a thin black mist. The third one lost half of his body and was barely alive.

There were more who were injured, but those three were the ones that the Taoist masters could not treat.

Tang Hao looked at them, and his expression sank. He could feel burning anger rising in his stomach. He knew the three Taoist masters personally.

“Those evil whelps are too brazen.”

The Taoist masters behind him were cursing.

“Do you have a solution, Fellow Cultivator Trang?” Taoist Master Zhen Yang asked.

“Let me take a closer look,” Tang Hao went to the three people and gave them a thorough examination.

The two people with black mist on their faces were poisoned. The poison was very potent, and one could not expel it if they did not have a strong enough cultivation base. No wonder the Taoist masters were helpless.

However, Tang Hao’s powers could cure them.

The third one, who seemed to be suffering the most, was the easiest to treat. It was only an external wound. Tang Hao stuffed two medical pills into his mouth.

When the pills dissolved, his blood, muscles, and bones started regenerating slowly.

“He’ll be fine. Take him back to his room to rest.”

The Taoist masters exclaimed in surprise when they saw that.

“He’s recovering! This is a miracle!”

“That’s medical pills for you!”

The Taoist masters were extremely excited.

“I can cure these two too. You all can wait outside, this’ll take some time,” Tang Hao said.

“Quick, quick! Let’s all go out!”

Taoist Master Zhen Yang drove everyone out of the room.

When all the other people left, Tang Hao helped one of them sit up, sat behind him with his legs crossed, and started to expel the poison from the person’s body.

Tang Hao finally exited the room more than two hours later. He looked exhausted.

“How is it?”

The Taoist masters crowded around him at the door. They looked at him worriedly.

“They’re fine. They just need to rest and recuperate.” Tang Hao exhaled gently and said.

Everyone cheered excitedly.

“That’s amazing! Thank you so much, Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

“Thank you for your hard work, Fellow Cultivator Tang. Come, let’s go to the main hall and rest,” the elderly Taoist masters said.

They went to the main hall and sat down.

After some tea, Tang Hao asked, “What are your plans, Taoist Masters?”

“We’ll fight them, of course. F*ck them over!”

“Right, right! We’ll have to f*ck them over! Those evil whelps are too brazen. How dare they attack Mao Mountain? They’ll think that we are pushovers if we don’t teach them a lesson!”

The Taoist masters were yelling agitatedly.

“That’s right. We’ll have to strike back hard. We’ll take this opportunity to rid them once and for all,” Taoist Master Zhen Yang said.

The other elderly Taoist masters nodded in agreement.

As they sat in the main hall, they could hear a series of hurried footsteps coming toward them.

A figure ran into the main hall.

“Bad news, those evil whelps are attacking Mao Mountain! They’ve already found the entrance and are heading here.

“There are many cars and many people!”

The main hall fell silent for a second after they heard the news. After that, everyone exclaimed in surprise.

“What? Those evil whelps have found us?”

“Quick, let’s get our equipment and take them head-on.”

The commotion spread out of the main hall and through the entire mountain.

The younger disciples were gathered and sheltered in the underground plaza beneath the plaza.

The Taoist masters went down in a single file under Taoist Master Zhen Yang’s leadership. Morale was running high.

Once they were at the base of the mountain, they spread out in a row and assumed a fighting stance.

Meanwhile, a convoy of cars arrived in front of them.

All the cars were black. The cars at the front were extended Lincoln limousines, while in the middle was a Rolls Royce.

The opulence displayed was staggering.

The cars stopped in front of the Taoist masters.

The car doors opened. Men in black suits and wearing shades got out of the cars. They straightened their ties and combed their hair once they got out. It was an extremely cool scene.

The Taoist masters were dumbstruck.

'F*ck! Am I dreaming?

'Are they really the heretical cultivators that have been hiding in remote corners and mountains? Didn't they used to look like poor farmers and savages?'