

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 577

In a desolate mountain somewhere in Huaxia.

Two figures crawled out of a hole in the ground like rats. They were wearing tattered Taoist robes and had dirty faces. They looked like two savages.

“F*ck! Not even a hair left!”

The white-haired elderly Taoist master in front sat down on the ground while he cursed.

That person was Taoist Master Qing Xu, the dignified Elder of Mao Mountain.

The person behind him sat down and cursed too. That was Taoist Master Qian Ji.

After Taoist Master Qing Xu came out of seclusion, he did not return to it. Instead, he brought Taoist master Qian Ji and traveled around the country, especially to deep mountains and ancient forests.

Mao Mountain needed a new Elder, and Taoist Master Qian Ji’s cultivation base was the highest in his generation. After eating the meat of many rare and exotic beasts, his cultivation base had skyrocketed, and he was close to the peak of the State of Qi Channeling.

If he could have a fortuitous encounter, there was hope in breaking through to the next State.

“You! You’re such a disappointment!” Taoist Master Qing Xu glanced at Taoist Master Qian Ji disdainfully.

“Look at Fellow Cultivator Tang. How old is he again? He’s already better than you. Aren’t you ashamed? You should be!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji could not find a retort.

'Fellow Cultivator Tang is a freak! There's no way I can compare to him!'

"Forget it! I'm done talking. Come, let's drink!"

Taoist Master Qing Xu untied the wine jug on his waist and drank from it.

As he drank, he became excited and wanted to sing a song.

Taoist Master Qian Ji's entire body trembled, and his face turned pale when he noticed that. Whenever the Elder sang, anyone who heard it would lose years off their life.

Suddenly, the bag around his waist vibrated, and the satellite phone rang.

He quickly took out the phone and answered it, as though he was granted a royal pardon.

His expression changed drastically, and he stood up abruptly.

"What's wrong?"

"Something happened to Fellow Cultivator Tang!"

"What?" Taoist Master Qing Xu jumped. "Who dares lay a finger on Fellow Cultivator Tang? I'll chop him up into minced meat!"

“It’s those bastards from Dongying and Hindustan!”

“What? Those bastards are getting bolder now, aren’t they? ! I’m going to kill them right now! Chop them all up!” Taoist Master Qing Xu’s eyes widened in anger, and his hair and beard bristled.

Soon, a helicopter appeared in the night sky. It brought the two of them straight to the airport and then to Dongying.

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Late at night, a fleet of cars arrived in front of Amaterasu Shrine.

When they arrived at the entrance, the car doors opened, and a group of Hindustanis alighted. They were all bone-thin and wore monk robes.

Soon, another car arrived, and an old woman with white hair stepped out. She wore a loose kimono with cloud patterns embroidered on the lapels.

The group of people gathered and waited in the shrine.

They waited until dawn, then until the following sunset, but there was no movement at all.

In that period, Tang Hao blew up two more military bases.

“What’s going on? Why hasn’t he taken the bait?”

In the command center, the people were getting anxious.

“Double the defense of Izumo Shrine. I don’t believe that the Dragon won’t take the bait,” the Minister of Defense yelled.

The people in the shrine were getting impatient too.

If the Dragon did not come, the plan would be ruined, and they would have wasted their trip. The elders were reaching their mortal limit soon, and that was a heavy price to pay.

They could not afford to pay that price.

The sky was getting darker.

Everyone was getting impatient.

At that moment, a car drove along the road toward the shrine. It first sneaked around the periphery before driving in.

“He’s taken the bait! He’s taken the bait!”

The people were so excited that they almost cheered out loud.

Through a hidden camera, they could see that the car was driving slowly as if it would turn and drive away in the other direction as soon as it realized that something was amiss.

“Hmph! That guy is quite cautious! I wonder how I’ll be killing him later!” A Hindustani ascetic said disdainfully.

He looked at the person on the screen with contempt.

“He’s just a teenager. Killing him is no different from killing an ant!” Another Hindustani sneered.

The people all seemed impassive and confident. They looked at the person on the screen as if they were looking at a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

A few minutes later, the car finally arrived at the entrance to the shrine.

In an instant, numerous figures rushed out of the shrine.

In the car, Tang Hao pretended to look surprised.

Then, he calmly got out of the car.

“Prepare to meet your doom, Dongyingese!” Tang Hao changed his voice and shouted loudly.

As he said that, he straightened his clothes and lifted his chin, trying to look as arrogant as possible.

“Haha! You’re the one who’s going to meet his doom, stupid Huaxianese!”

Accompanied by a burst of laughter, several figures dropped from above and landed at the gate. Then, a group of Hindustanis swarmed out.

“Whoa! Who are you? Does your shrine happen to be a refugee camp too?” Tang Hao was shocked.

The Hindustanis were instantly enraged.

“F*ck! what did you say? Say it again if you have the guts!”

“Refugees!”

“You’re the refugee. Your whole family are refugees!” The Hindustanis were furious.

They did not think they looked like refugees, other than the fact that they were emaciated and were dressed in rags.

“Stupid Huaxianese, you’ve destroyed one of our holy mountains, and we will destroy you as revenge!”

“Stupid Huaxianese, suffer the wrath of Brahma!”

The Hindustanis roared.

“Oh, you’re Hindustanis!” Tang Hao pretended to be shocked and shouted, “What happened... to your cultivation level?”

“Hmph!” The ascetics sneered.

“You’ve only realized that now? Unfortunately, it’s too late for you!”

An old woman wearing a golden kimono walked out with the help of a cane.

“You’ve killed so many of my fellow Dongyingese. Today, I shall tear you into pieces.”

She knocked the cane on the ground, and a vicious look appeared on her withered old face.

“Hah! You talk big. If you didn’t call for help, would you have been able to detain me here?” Tang Hao sneered.

“Calling for help is an ability too!” The old woman retorted.

“What’s so great about that? You speak as though you’re the only person who knows how to call for help! None of the people you call impress me. Do you believe that I can call for help too, and those people can wipe out all of you?” Tang Hao said with a cold smirk.

“It won’t take long. Just five minutes, no, three minutes will be enough!”

Everyone was stunned as soon as he finished speaking.

They looked at each other and burst into unbridled laughter.

‘Three minutes to call someone over and kill us all? Haha! What a joke! Did a donkey kick his head?’

‘I can count the people who can kill us in this world in one hand!’

‘How could they possibly arrive in three minutes?’

'He must be bluffing!'

"Call him then! We'll see what happens!" One of Hindustanis said disdainfully.

They were not in a hurry anyway to kill him anyway. It was not like he could escape from their hands.

"You said it yourself, don't regret it later!" Tang Hao flashed a mischievous grin.

"Oh no! I'll regret it! Haha, what a joke!" The Hindustani sneered.

Tang Hao took out his phone and made a call.

"Someone is bullying me, Big Bro! Come here and save me!"

After saying that, Tang Hao ended the call and leaned against the front of the car. He seemed very relaxed.

A while later, he felt that his pose was not pretentious enough. He fumbled around in his pocket, took out a cigarette, and lit it up. Then, he brought it to his mouth.

He rarely smoked, only smoking one on rare occasions when he was with Liu Dajun and the others. He choked and coughed a few times.

He eventually got the hang of it, and casually puffed out a cloud of smoke.

He was thoroughly caught in the moment.

The people looking at him were all dumbfounded.

'Dammit! Is this guy crazy? He's almost at the end of his life, yet he's still so leisurely and pretentious? Is he looking down on all of us?'