

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 682

Yuan Guotao's body swayed, and he almost fell down.

He pressed his forehead and felt a little dizzy.

'He's a Perfected Person?

'I've offended a Perfected Person?'

He wished he could faint and never wake up again.

"Senior, you are my idol!"

"Senior, I am from the Xu family of Province G. Can we shake hands?"

The crowd rushed forward, jostling among each other to be the first to shake hands with Tang Hao.

They had heard about the Senior Tang's name for a long time. Meeting him in the flesh caused them to be very excited.

Not only Senior Tang had a high cultivation base, but he was also a hero of Huaxia deserving of their respect.

Tang Hao was a little intimidated. He squeezed a smile and shook hands with them. It took him a lot of effort to deal with the crowd.

Soon, a group of people dressed in traditional Chinese suits rushed out of the villa and into the courtyard.

The leader was a white-haired old man.

“Good job, Ol’ Tie!” Taoist Master Zhen Yang grunted.

The old man wiped his cold sweat and walked over. He bowed and said in fear and trepidation, “I’m really very sorry, Senior Tang. Please forgive me!”

“It’s fine!” Tang Hao waved his hand and said.

“Thank you for your magnanimity, Senior. I am eternally grateful! Later, I will definitely give you some compensation,” said Old Master Tie.

Those from Mao Mountain had strange expressions on their faces when they heard the patriarchs call Tang Hao as their senior, though they did not bother correcting them seeing that Tang Hao did not say anything.

Following that, Yuan Guotao and his son walked up to him and kneeled on the ground with a plop.

“Senior... Senior Tang, we were blind to not recognize who you were. We apologize to you for our impudence!”

As he spoke, he kowtowed a few times without any hesitation.

Now that he knew that the seemingly young person in front of him was the person who had crippled the entire Liu family, he did not mind kowtowing a hundred times if he could be forgiven.

After kowtowing a dozen times in a row, Tang Hao clicked his tongue and said, "It's fine!"

"Thank you, thank you, Senior!"

The members of the Yuan family were overjoyed as if they had received a royal pardon.

Soon, the heavenly masters and the other major cultivator families of the Capital arrived. At around six o'clock, the Mu family also arrived. Tang Hao looked at them and did not find Mu Xintong among them.

The other Mu family members were unfamiliar with Tang Hao.

During the Liu family incident earlier, Tang Hao had already left the scene by helicopter when the Mu family arrived.

They were surprised when they saw a crowd surrounding a young man and calling him "Senior" with incomparable enthusiasm.

After asking around who he was, they hurriedly walked over and warmly greeted him.

At seven o'clock, the auction began.

The people from Octagon Alley set up stools and an auction stage in the courtyard. Everyone took their seats.

A lot of items were put up for auction. There were talismans from Dragon Tiger Mountain, antiques dug out from all over Huaxia, and of course, a wealth of medicinal herbs.

Tang Hao was most interested in medicinal herbs. He made a few bids which no one dared to compete, thus winning him the item.

Tang Hao paid some attention to the antiques. They were mostly useless mundane objects.

“The next item up for auction is two stalks of medicinal herbs from the Qin Range. Known as cloud bamboo grass, they are extremely rare herbs even in ancient times. The opening bid is eight million yuan, and the minimum bid increment is one hundred thousand yuan.”

Tang Hao was surprised when he heard that.

His eyes sparkled with excitement.

He had been searching for cloud bamboo grass for a long time.

After obtaining the soul of the giant spirit skate on Changbai Mountain, he wanted to make another pill so that he could breakthrough into the State of Foundation Establishment.

However, the ingredients were a huge problem.

He had requested the Agency to help him in the search, though their resources were limited, and he had taken everything from them.

He managed to trade many medicinal herbs from the Taoist masters, but he was still short on cloud bamboo grass.

Two stalks put on auction was not quite enough, but with enough preparation, he was confident that he could make something useful out of them.

Many people submitted their bids. Very quickly, the price rose to ten million yuan.

Tang Hao raised his hand and shouted, "I bid eleven million!"

When the other people saw that Tang Hao put in his bid, they did not dare to top that bid. The auctioneer shouted the price three times, but no one else made another bid. He tapped the gavel and announced, "Congratulations, Senior Tang!"

Soon, a graceful young woman in a qipao delivered the medicinal herbs to Tang Hao.

Tang Hao took out his credit card and was about to swipe it.

"Don't worry about it, Senior Tang! These two herbs are from my family collection. I'll treat it as a gift to you, Senior Tang."

Tang Hao was surprised, though he did not refuse the gift.

The auction went on for an hour and a half, but Tang Hao stayed back for a while to chat. After that, he bid farewell to everyone, walked out of the villa, got in the car, and drove off.

He headed back to Provincial City in a good mood.

On this trip, he had obtained two stalks of cloud bamboo grass and completed the pill recipe. It was a profitable haul.

It was eleven o'clock at night when he arrived at Provincial City.

As he approached his apartment, he gave Qin Xiangyi a call.

At that moment, a silver Bentley was parked on the street outside the residential area, not far from the main entrance.

Two people were sitting in the car.

In the driver's seat in front was an old man. He was Liu Yunlai of the Liu family.

Behind him was an old man with graying hair in his sixties dressed in a Chinese tunic suit. His face was thin and somewhat tanned, and his eyes were slightly narrowed. They were bright and full of vigor.

He sat straight with his arms crossed. On his back was a black and ancient-looking sword.

His qi aura was as sharp as a sword.

He looked at his watch and said, "Yunlai, why isn't that villain back yet?"

"Well..."

Liu Yunlai looked at the time and frowned. "It should be soon. The villain has some business in River Delta City today, but he'll be back soon!"

Then, he gritted his teeth, and his eyes flashed with hatred.

“Senior Zheng, that vicious villain killed my grandson and crippled my entire family. It’s a heinous crime! I hope that you can kill him and uphold justice, Senior Zheng!”

The old man frowned and grunted. “I didn’t expect that after so many years of seclusion in Sky Mountain, such a villain would appear in Huaxia. It’s simply intolerable!

“Don’t worry, Yunlai. I will uphold justice on behalf of the heavens and eliminate this villain!”

“Thank you very much, Senior!” Liu Yunlai said happily.

“Ha, no need to thank me! It’s every righteous man’s duty to rid evil from this world. Our Sky Mountain is a reputable sect, so it is naturally incumbent upon us! Furthermore, your ancestors were once fated with our Sky Mountain, so you don’t have to thank us.”

Liu Yunlai continued, “Oh right, Senior, this villain is also good at sweet-talking. Please don’t believe what he says!”

“Don’t worry! I won’t be persuaded by that villain’s honeyed words. I’ll kill him once he appears!” The old man said coldly.

“Thank you!” Liu Yunlai said.

‘Today is the day you die, Tang kid!’ He sneered in his heart and thought.