

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 534

A bonfire burned brightly on the empty land.

On top of the fire were skewers holding huge chunks of griffin meat. The Taoist masters turned them occasionally while sprinkling spices.

Very soon, the roasted meat turned into a golden yellow color and glistened with oil.

An incredibly appetizing fragrance wafted in the air.

The other Taoist masters were busy slaughtering the griffins, letting out the blood, and plucking the feathers.

The cultivators from the Agency had their reservations at first, but soon, they were caught up in the excitement. They seemed more eager than the Taoist masters.

“Goddamned Huaxianese, you will receive divine punishment!”

“You bastards will die a slow and painful death!”

Not far away, the warlocks were tied up together. Every one of them had swollen and bruised faces from all the kicking earlier.

Their eyes were spewing fire, and their mouths could not stop cursing.

Tang Hao was crouched next to several other Taoist masters, plucking the feathers from a griffin.

“Those Westerner bastards still have the strength to yell? Looks like we haven’t beaten them up hard enough!” Taoist Master Qian Ji said coldly as he glanced at the warlocks.

“Should we kill them?” Tang Hao asked.

Taoist Master Qian Ji furrowed their brows. “No, we shouldn’t. Brother Tang, don’t you know that Black Mountain is actually quite powerful? They have a glorious past like our Mao Mountain because they have a very powerful warlock leading them.

“However, that warlock is reaching his mortal limit and has gone into seclusion. The powerful figures from the previous generation are suffering the same fate too.

“If we killed this bunch of warlocks, what if those guys become angry and come out of seclusion?”

“We shouldn’t kill them then!” Tang Hao nodded.

Tang Hao had heard about the powerful figures in the previous generation. The two Mao Mountain Taoist masters had also gone into seclusion because they were reaching their mortal limit. They would only appear if something threatened the existence of Mao Mountain.

Even when Wang Changsheng and his descendants attacked Mao Mountain, no one died, and those two elderly Taoist masters did not appear.

“One, two, three... we have forty-one griffins in total. How about this, Brother Tang, you can take thirty griffins, and we’ll split the rest among us. We don’t have any place to store them, so we’ll keep them in your pocket dimension for now!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji decided after all the griffins were all slaughtered.

“Alright!” Tang Hao nodded.

He suddenly thought of something, and his eyes sparkled. “Did you hear what that warlock said earlier? He said that there are more griffins back at Black Mountain!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji was stunned. His eyes were sparkling greedily.

“Oh, I nearly forgot about that! Heh heh, those people tried to pick a fight with us. Don’t blame us for returning the favor!”

The two people huddled in a corner and secretly formulated a plan.

They quietly sneaked away and dashed to Black Mountain.

Mundane people would not have been able to find an entrance to Black Mountain, but Taoist Master Qian Ji was well-traveled and knew the way in.

Tang Hao followed him and infiltrated into Black Mountain.

Most of the warlocks had gone out, and those that stayed behind to guard were not strong. Whenever they encountered one, they would knock them out and continue toward the interior.

Tang Hao saw a pack of griffins in a valley. They were sleeping on rock formations.

Many of them woke up and started making noise, perhaps because they sensed the presence of strangers.

Tang Hao thought for a while, then took out a bunch of medicinal herbs and lit it.

Thick smoke filled the area. The griffins became dizzy and sluggish after smelling it. They drooped their heads and were soon knocked out.

Taoist Master Qian Ji crept ahead and killed each one of them, while Tang Hao stashed them into his pocket dimension.

“Nice haul!” Taoist Master Qian Ji was shaking with excitement.

Even Tang Hao was very excited too.

‘The feeling of creeping into someone’s home base and looting all their treasures? That’s so exhilarating!’

“We should leave, Taoist Master!” Tang Hao said.

He was very satisfied with the griffins.

“Wait!” Taoist Master Qian Ji lifted his hand, then looked around the mountain with sparkling eyes.

“I’ve heard that there’s a treasure vault somewhere in Black Mountain. It’s not easy that we get to come here, why should we leave so soon? We ought to leave them with nothing,” Taoist Master Qian Ji said. His eyes were brimming with greed.

“A treasure vault?”

Tang Hao suddenly became excited. His eyes were sparkling too.

However, he soon felt guilty. "That's not very nice, right, Taoist Master? We've already slaughtered all their animals. We can't possibly take everything away!"

Taoist Master Qian Ji patted Tang Hao's shoulder with a serious expression on his face. "You're too kind-hearted, Brother Tang. You won't survive for long in the real world.

"Just think about it. Do you remember how arrogant those Westerners were earlier? If we don't loot their vault clean, how else are we going to get even?"

"That makes sense," Tang Hao said, "Let's loot them clean then!"

"Ha, that's the spirit! Come, let's go treasure hunting."

Taoist Master Qian Ji rubbed his hands excitedly and sneaked away.

The two people went around the mountain and interrogated some people. They eventually found the location of the vault and spent some effort to get inside.

"Wow!" Tang Hao was dumbstruck when he saw the interior of the vault.

Not only there was gold, jewelry, and Artifacts, but there were also all sorts of dried scales, claws, jars of blood, and internal organs. They were all body parts of rare and exotic creatures.

"We're rich!"

Taoist Master Qian Ji's eyes were sparkling. He rushed forward and grabbed the items.

“The Westerners process these parts into medicine. However, we eat them directly to increase our cultivation base. The claws and teeth can be sharpened into weapons.”

As he spoke, he shoved the items on the shelves into his sack. Another sack was quickly filled up that way.

Tang Hao also took out a sack and started looting.

He saw a ring on one of the shelves in the middle of the room.

The ring was made of dark golden metal. It was rather dull and looked incredibly ancient.

Tang Hao was surprised. He picked it up and fiddled with it for a bit. He could feel pulses of qi within, but it gave no reaction.

Taoist Master Qian Ji glanced at it and said, “That should be some warlock-specific accessory. We can't use it.

Tang Hao nodded but kept the ring in his pocket anyway.

Ten minutes later, the vault was looted clean.

Tang Hao kept the sacks of items into his pocket dimension.

The two people dusted their hands satisfactorily and prepared to leave.

Taoist Master Qian Ji seemed to have remembered something. He chuckled mischievously, then asked Tang Hao to take out a pen and paper. He wrote several big characters on the paper.

“THANKS!”

He also added the translation in several other languages below.

“Alright, let’s go!”

He placed the paper on the shelf, then led Tang Hao out of Black Mountain.