

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 550

“Elder?”

Tang Hao was stunned for a moment before coming to a sudden realization.

That person must be Taoist Master Qing Xu, the true leader of Mao Mountain. Taoist Master Zhen Yang was only the acting Elder.

Mao Mountain’s ancestral tradition was that the Elder must be a Perfected Person, which was why Taoist Master Zhen Yang could not be the true elder.

“Dammit. He’s not dead yet!” Wang Changsheng cursed angrily.

The heretical cultivators were becoming uneasy. Many of them looked fearful as they retreated.

Taoist Master Qing Xu looked downward from mid-air, and his gaze eventually fell on Wang Changsheng.

“Who are you?” He raised his eyebrows and shouted sternly.

“My surname is Wang, and I’m your grandfather!” Wang Changsheng yelled.

“Wang?” Taoist Master Qing Xu frowned and his expression changed. “You’re that Wang villain? How did you break out of your seal?”

“Why, did you think I would be sealed forever? Where’s the other old guy? Come out together! I’ll kill you all and make your Mao Mountain history.”

“Hmph, how arrogant!” Taoist Master Qing Xu snorted coldly.

“You’ll know if I’m just being arrogant, but before that, I’ll kill you first, you filthy kid!”

As Wang Changsheng spoke, his sharp gaze swept toward Tang Hao. Raising his hand, countless black beams shot out, covering the sky and earth as they surged toward Tang Hao.

“F*ck!”

Tang Hao’s expression changed drastically. With a wave of his hand, all the Jade Talismans on his body shot out.

However, the talisman was not enough to fully block the attack.

The black beams tore apart the web of lightning and flames and continued to surge toward Tang Hao.

With a muffled groan, Tang Hao flew back several meters before landing on the ground.

His entire body trembled, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. He was already heavily injured.

“Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

The surrounding Taoist masters cried out and rushed over.

“What? He’s not dead yet?” Wang Changsheng cursed and was about to raise his hand again.

Your reign of terror stops here, villain!" Taoist Master Qing Xu roared angrily and attacked. He clapped his hands together and shouted. The sword on his back flew out of its sheath.

It was a wooden sword, but it was not made of ordinary wood. Talismans were carved on it, and it was bathed in a dazzling golden light. Its qi aura was shocking.

That was an Artifact.

Whoosh! The wooden sword shot out, transforming into a streak of golden light as it slashed downward.

"Oh my god! That's the Sword of Vanquishing of Mao Mountain!" The evil cultivators immediately cried out in fear.

The Sword of Vanquishing was the most precious treasure of Mao Mountain. It was also an Artifact that only the Elder of Mao Mountain could wield.

Since ancient times, countless evil individuals had lost their lives to the sword.

"Do you think I don't have any treasures?" Wang Changsheng grunted coldly.

As he opened his mouth, a black light surged out and coalesced into a small black seal.

He held the seal in his hand and soared into the sky.

The seal vibrated, and black smoke rolled out, transforming into countless malicious ghosts that surged towards the golden light.

In an instant, the golden light and black smoke were caught in an intense fight in mid-air. It was impossible to determine a winner.

On the ground, everyone lifted their heads and looked at the sky.

The outcome of the battle between the two would also determine the outcome of the entire battle.

“All hail the Ancestor!”

The heretical cultivators continuously erupted with shouts and cheers.

Soon, the Taoist masters could not hold it in any longer and began to shout their slogans.

The shouts eventually turned into curses, which in turn became a massive fistfight.

However, in terms of overall strength, the heretical cultivators were not a match for Mao Mountain. They were forced to retreat continuously.

Meanwhile, the battle in the air was still raging without any clear resolution.

Wang Changsheng became anxious when he saw the situation on the ground. If this went on, he would be left without followers again.

“Retreat, Retreat!” He immediately made a decision.

“You are indeed powerful, filthy Taoist master, however, you’re not going to live for long. When you die, I will return and raze Mao Mountain to the ground.”

Wang Changsheng put away the seal and retreated.

Below him, the heretical cultivators also hastily ran away.

Taoist Master Qing Xu grunted and willed the wooden sword to rush forward and attack the retreating heretical cultivators. The sword circled the crowd once, and about ten heretical cultivators were killed.

“How dare you, you filthy Taoist cow!”

Wang Changsheng shouted and activated the seal again. Billowing black smoke gushed out toward the Taoist masters on the ground.

Following that, he quickly retreated with his followers.

Taoist Master Qing Xu drew a finger across the air and the sword flew back to his side and destroyed the black smoke.

Very soon, the heretical cultivators were nowhere to be seen.

The mountain gate was in ruins.

Many Taoist masters were heavily injured, and a few even lost their lives in the battle. The plaza was shrouded in a solemn atmosphere.

The figure hovering in mid-air suddenly trembled and almost fell down.

But soon, he stabilized himself.

“Elder!”

The Taoist masters shouted anxiously.

“It’s nothing. The injuries aren’t serious. That villain is also injured.” Taoist Master Qing Xu landed on the ground. “What’s the cause of all this, Zhen Yang?”

Taoist Master Zhen Yang told him the whole story in detail.

“So that’s how it is! This is troublesome. I will reach my mortal limit in three years, and that villain will probably live for far longer than me.”

Hearing that, everyone had solemn expressions on their faces.

“Zhen Yang, and all of you, why haven’t you broken through with your cultivation?” Taoist Master Qing Xu swept his gaze around his juniors and felt a little disappointed.

“Sigh! Qi flow is getting thinner and thinner in modern days. It’s not easy to cultivate. All of us have no hope,” Taoist Master Zhen Yang said while shaking his head.

“That’s true!” Taoist Master Qing Xu nodded.

Then, he noticed Tang Hao and was immediately stunned.

Although the person in front of him had a weak qi aura, his cultivation base was clearly one step into the State of Foundation Establishment. What surprised him even more was that the person had a young appearance.

Taoist Master Qing Xu was confused. He just stared straight at Tang Hao, causing Tang Hao to feel a little embarrassed.

“Um... Who are you? Did you eat some immortal pill and regress in age? Oh, how rare. You’re one step into the State of Foundation Establishment. There’s hope for Mao Mountain!”

He laughed heartily, strode over, pinched Tang Hao’s cheek, and said happily, “Oh my, your cheeks are so tender. How amazing!”

“Very good. I’ve decided that you shall be the next Elder. I’ll entrust this glorious mission to you!”

As he said that, he grabbed Tang Hao’s hands and shook them passionately.

Tang Hao tried very hard not to roll his eyes.

The faces of all the Taoist masters turned red as they tried hard to hold back laughter.

“Elder, he... is not from Mao Mountain,” Taoist Master Zhen Yang said, trying hard not to laugh.

“Ah? He’s not from Mao Mountain? Pardon me for my transgression, Fellow Cultivator! Speaking of that, where are you from? Your skin is so tender and smooth. It’s amazing.”

As he spoke, he touched Tang Hao’s cheeks again.

Tang Hao finally could not hold it back anymore. He rolled his eyes and said coldly, "I'm nineteen this year, not some old monster. Thank you!"

Taoist Master Qing Xu laughed out loud when he heard that. "You have a good sense of humor, Fellow Cultivator! You really know how to liven up the scene. I like your personality! Don't you all think so?"

As he spoke, he looked at the surrounding Taoist masters.

However, he soon realized that he was the only one laughing.

He sensed that something was wrong, and his laughter gradually died down.

"He's really nineteen years old, Elder!" Taoist Master Zhen Yang whispered next to his ear.

Taoist Master Qing Xu was stunned. He found it hard to believe.

"Oh, right! Not only is he nineteen, but he also knows how to craft jade talismans!"

"Jade talismans?" Taoist Master Qing Xu's eyes widened.

"That's right! Very powerful jade talismans!"

"Pfft!" Taoist Master Qing Xu clutched his chest and nearly vomited a mouthful of blood.

"Oh, right, he even knows how to make many types of pills!"

“Pills?”

Taoist Master Qing Xu’s eyes widened even further. Finally, he could not hold it in any longer and vomited a mouthful of blood.