

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 954

After returning to Nanping, Tang Hao began to go through his loot.

The spirit stones piled up into a mountain, and it was the same with Artifacts and spiritual materials. The treasure light alone was dazzling.

He had looted all those from the other cultivators.

Most of his loot was useless to him. He was going to pass them to Tian Xuanzi.

Tang Hao was quite fond of the Greenfrost Sword, so he planned to keep it for his own use. If he could not activate the cauldron now, he needed another weapon.

After organizing everything, Tang Hao went to the underground palace and gave the things to Tian Xuanzi.

For the next few days, he stayed in Nanping and studied pill-making. From time to time, he would pay attention to the news from outside.

After the commotion died down, he left Nanping and went around searching for any leads about elemental fire.

However, elemental fire was too rare, and he could not find anything.

One day, Grandmaster Yun Cang came to Nanping.

“Elemental fire? That’s a useful thing!” Yun Cang stroked his long beard and smiled when Tang Hao asked him about elemental fire.

“The power of elemental fire is enormous. It can be used to fuel sorcery or make pills. It’s a pill maker’s dream to obtain some elemental fire, but it’s too rare.”

Yun Cang shook his head and sighed.

“Before the elemental fire was found in Rainbow Mountain recently, elemental fire was not seen in the southern region for who knows how many years! It is too difficult to find it!”

Tang Hao frowned and said, “So there’s no elemental fire at all in the southern region?”

“Well...”

Yun Cang hesitated for a moment and said, “The academy doesn’t have it. As far as I know, none of the factions in the southern region have it either...”

Tang Hao’s face was filled with disappointment.

“Ah! Right!”

Yun Cang seemed to have suddenly thought of something and said, “That’s not necessarily the case. I’ve heard of a barbarian tribe in the west that worships a sacred flame. I wonder if it’s elemental fire.”

“Barbarian tribe?”

Tang Hao was surprised. He remembered the group of people who had managed to track him down.

Many factions existed in the southern region, including kingdoms, sects, cities, and tribes. The White Horse Tribe was from the borderlands, and there were many other tribes scattered all over the southern region.

The barbarian tribe was the most special among all the tribes.

Yun Cang smiled and said, "I've only heard of it from rumors, so I'm not too sure. You shouldn't cross them."

Tang Hao acknowledged it, but he made a mental note.

After sending Grandmaster Yun Cang off, he pondered for a long time.

The barbarian tribe was one of the most powerful forces in the southern region, and they were indeed not to be trifled with. He had also heard that the barbarian tribe was hunting for him in the southern region.

If that were the case, there was an opportunity.

"If I miss the opportunity, I might not have a chance!"

Tang Hao quickly made up his mind. He would check out the barbarian tribe.

After informing Mu Xintong, he set off and headed west.

In the western part of the southern region, there was a vast mountain where the barbarians lived.

The barbarians cultivated their physical body and used physical weapons in fights. They were the ones who obtained a supreme spiritual material from Rainbow Mountain a hundred years ago, and they forged it into a spear.

Near the mountain, Tang Hao asked around and found out the whereabouts of the barbarians.

None of the people he asked knew about the sacred flame. Tang Hao decided to sneak in and investigate.

He entered the mountain and saw a barbarian near their grounds. The barbarian was only about twenty years old and seemed weak, unlike the other barbarians he had met.

On his back was a basket. Obviously, he was picking herbs.

Tang Hao went over and knocked him out with a club. He stripped him, put on his clothes, and mimicked his appearance.

Instantly, he became a barbarian.

Then, he searched the barbarian's soul to have a better picture of that person's identity.

"Never mind. I won't kill you!"

Tang Hao hesitated for a moment and decided not to kill him. Instead, he tied him up and threw him into his magatama pocket world.

"Alright!"

He clapped his hands and carried the basket on his back. He strolled around and picked quite a lot of medicinal herbs before heading back to the tribal grounds.

Along the way, he went through the memories of that barbarian.

He knew that the person was called Lei Mu, and he was a herb gatherer, the lowest rung in the barbarian tribe social hierarchy. Only young people with weak bodies and unremarkable backgrounds would become herb gatherers.

Their task was to gather herbs every day. It was very tiring, and it impeded upon their cultivation.

The other tribespeople of the same age focused on cultivation and training. They would not have to do such tiring work.

“Mu!”

After walking for a while, he met another young barbarian who greeted him.

Tang Hao quickly recognized that person. His name was Lei Shou. He was also a herb gatherer and was Lei Mu’s good friend.

“How are things? Have you picked enough herbs?”

The young man strode over.

“I found fifty stalks. That’s enough!” Tang Hao said, “What about you?”

“Hey, not bad! We’re quite lucky today. Alright, let’s go home.”

The young man laughed.

Each herb gatherer had to pick fifty stalks of medicinal herbs every day.

“Let’s go!”

Tang Hao refastened his basket and led the way.

“Sigh, another day has passed. When will this end?” Lei Shou said emotionally as he looked at the setting sun.

“If you study herbology, you might become a disciple of a medicine maker. At least that’s better than what we’re doing now,” Tang Hao said.

The barbarian tribe also had medicine makers. They made medicine to strengthen the body, and the tribespeople relied on that for cultivation.

That was why medicine makers were highly respected in the tribe.

“Yeah! Too bad that I’m not very smart. I can’t remember all the names of the herbs!” Lei Shou sighed and said.

As they spoke, they arrived at the tribal grounds.

The tribal grounds occupied a vast area. As far as the eye could see, the mountain tops were filled with the flags of the barbarians.

Both sides of the path were lined by crude wooden houses. They turned in their herbs at one house, then returned to the herb gatherers' quarters.

The room was simple and run-down. There was nothing other than a bed.

Tang Hao lay on the bed, crossed his legs, and continued to go through Lei Mu's memories.

It took him some time before he found a memory regarding the sacred flame.

There was indeed a sacred flame in the barbarian tribe. It was located in the sacred grounds, and it was used to temper the bodies of the young tribespeople.

The barbarians reached adulthood at the age of sixteen. The outstanding ones among them had the right to enter the sacred grounds and receive the baptism of the sacred flame. Those with poor health, like Lei Mu, did not have the right to do so.

"Sacred grounds? How should I get in?"

Tang Hao was frustrated. The place must be guarded tightly, and lowly tribespeople like him had no chance of entering.

Tang Hao maintained his disguise as a herb gatherer in the next few days. He would go to the mountains and pick herbs in the day, and he would sneak out and scout for the sacred grounds at night.

Experts guarded the sacred grounds at all hours, and he could not enter.

He thought that there was no way for him to get in until an opportunity presented itself one day.