

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1108

“Who does he think he is?”

There was an uproar in the tavern.

That person was only in the State of the Nascent Soul, and Tang Ritian had once killed a Nascent Soul expert before. That person had been too arrogant!

However, someone recognized that person and said grimly, “He might just be able to do what he claims. That person is Han Changfeng, a prodigy from the previous generation of Broken Sword Mountain.”

“Han Changfeng?”

Everyone was slightly shocked. “Is he the Han Changfeng from the previous generation that once dominated the Ninth Continent?”

The person sneered and said, “Looks like someone still remembers me!”

Hiss!

Everyone gasped in shock.

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Han Changfeng had been famous more than twenty years ago. He was the Dao Jiu of his generation.

However, he had disappeared for a long time. It was said that he had gone on a cultivation journey to other continents. Who would have thought that he would reappear?

It was also said that Han Changfeng had extraordinary talent. Moreover, he had at least twenty years more experience. He might just be able to defeat Tang Ritian.

In any case, it was not an honorable thing to fight one’s junior.

“That Tang Ritian might have already died!”

A middle-aged man sitting next to Han Changfeng said. He was also in the State of the Nascent Soul.

“That’s right. That villain had been too brazen. He might be able to run rampant over the Ninth Continent, but if he went to the First or the Second Continent, it’s no surprise if someone killed him.”

Another person laughed and said mockingly.

Han Changfeng laughed sinisterly and said, “I hope he’s still alive. That way, I can kill him and avenge Broken Sword Mountain!”

The other patrons of the tavern were somewhat indignant, but they dared not say anything.

At that moment, someone burst out laughing.

Everyone turned around to look in astonishment. They saw a refined middle-aged man sitting by the window and drinking alone. His qi aura was obscure, and it was hard to tell his cultivation level.

The people from Broken Sword Mountain also looked over. Their expressions were hostile.

“Why are you laughing?” Han Changfeng rebuked angrily.

Tang Hao put down his cup and smiled indifferently. “Why, can’t I laugh for the fun of it? Broken Sword Mountain is indeed overbearing!”

“Hmph! So what if we are? What are you going to do about it?”

Han Changfeng smiled coldly.

He sized up the middle-aged man, and the corners of his mouth curled up in contempt.

He could not discern that person’s qi aura. That person must have concealed it with some method, but it was probably not as powerful as his.

Han Changfeng was in the middle period of the State of the Nascent Soul, and no one in the southern region was his match. Even in the central region, not many people were stronger than him.

Tang Hao’s expression turned cold, and he said, “I’ll do something about it!”

Everyone was shocked when they heard that.

That was a provocation!

Was that guy crazy? How dare he provoke the people of Broken Sword Mountain, especially when the opponents were all in the State of the Nascent Soul?

Han Changfeng did not expect that. His expression turned gloomy. His slightly narrowed eyes flashed with a malicious light.

“How dare you!”

He slammed the table and stood up abruptly.

Everyone instantly shut their mouths.

“Hey, Lil Bro Han, there’s no need for you to dirty your hands. Let me do it!” A middle-aged man that was sitting beside him stood up and said with a smile.

Then, he walked toward Tang Hao’s table.

“You’re really bold, Sir. You should know that no one in the central region dares to provoke Broken Sword Mountain. I’d like to see how powerful you are.”

After that, he brandished his qi aura and pushed it toward Tang Hao.

“He’s doomed!”

The other people sighed.

It was his bad luck to offend a Broken Sword Mountain expert!

However, nothing happened. That person continued to leisurely drink his liquor even as the qi aura pressed down on him.

Everyone was stunned.

The middle-aged man from Broken Sword Mountain was also stunned.

He was doubting his own eyes. He had clearly brandished his qi aura to press him down, but why was there no effect at all?

He stood there, frozen. His face was red from embarrassment.

“Haha! I must have misfired!” He laughed and said awkwardly.

He gritted his teeth and roared once more, then expanded his qi aura again.

However, that person did not react. It was as though the qi aura was nothing more than a fart.

Everyone was stunned again.

The middle-aged man stood rooted to the ground, dumbfounded.

“Now it’s my turn!”

Tang Hao smiled slightly.

“Bring it! I’m not afraid of you!” The man responded.

Tang Hao grinned. He lifted his hand and gently waved it.

“Hahaha! What the hell was that? You’re so weak...” The man laughed mockingly.

However, his words came to an abrupt halt.

As if struck by lightning, his chest caved in, his entire body arched up, and he flew backward like a cannonball.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The man broke through multiple wooden walls and caused a commotion wherever he wrecked a building.

In the tavern, everyone's eyes were opened wide, as though they would pop out of their sockets.

Their faces were contorted from extreme shock.

That was an expert in the early period of the State of the Nascent Soul, yet he had been sent flying by a flick of that guy's hand. How... how terrifying his power was!

The people from Broken Sword Mountain were also stunned. Their faces were filled with disbelief.

Gulp!

Only the sounds of gulping could be heard in the silence of the tavern.

Everyone's faces were pale with fear.

Han Changfeng also felt fearful. If that person could send an early period cultivator flying with a flick of his hand, he must have been at least in the middle period. It was not very likely that he was in the latter period.

Latter period cultivators would have been faction leaders in the Ninth Continent.

"Who are you? Please identify yourself!"

Han Changfeng stood up and said coldly.

Tang Hao ignored him. He picked up his bowl and calmly took another sip of his liquor.

Han Changfeng's expression darkened. He was getting quite annoyed.

"You might be quite powerful, Sir, but you are nothing compared to Broken Sword Mountain! I advise you not to go too far!"

As he spoke, he stepped forward and gradually brandished his qi aura.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The tables, chairs, and liquor bowls in the tavern trembled.

Tang Hao remained seated upright. He glanced at Han Changfeng coldly and commanded, "Kneel!"

Han Changfeng was stunned for a moment before his expression changed drastically. "What did you say? Say it again if you have the guts!"

“I said, kneel!”

Tang Hao shouted coldly as he reached out with his right hand and pressed down.

Instantly, a qi aura as vast as the ocean pressed down on Han Changfeng’s body. He let out a muffled groan, and he fell on his knees.

Hiss!

Everyone gasped in shock when they saw that.

Oh my god! Han Changfeng was a middle period cultivator. Could that person be in the latter stage of the State of the Nascent Soul?