

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1163

Whoosh!

Tang Hao's Emperor Yu's Steps brought him forward, avoiding the incoming attack.

On the other hand, Old Daoist Darkshade held the Myriad Ghost Pot and wailed as if he had lost his parents.

He had spent a lot of effort to raise those ghosts, and they were his greatest reliance, but now, they were all gone. They had all been swallowed by that boy.

Hearing that delicious sound, he really wanted to vomit blood.

Then, he shivered in fear.

That brat's divine sense was too strange. It could actually transform, and it was even emitting an overwhelming aura, completely suppressing his ghost. This brat was clearly his nemesis!

"Corpse Daoist, are there any more?"

Tang Hao teased.

Old Man Darkshade's body swayed, and he almost fainted from anger.

This brat was too damn detestable!

"You brat, f\*ck you!" He cursed angrily, but then quickly retreated.

There were still some ghosts in the pot, but he did not dare to summon them again.

If he was eaten by this boy again, he would really cry.

The group of old monsters all stopped, their faces dark and serious.

Without those ghosts, the Corpse Daoist was be half crippled.

They had surrounded the kid with so many people. In just a short while, one of them had died, while the other had been crippled. The kid's strength and methods had completely exceeded their expectations.

"Brat, don't hide if you have the guts. Fight me!"

An old man from the eighth continent shouted sternly. He was incomparably embarrassed. Who knew what movement technique this brat had learned? He was extremely slippery and couldn't be caught at all.

Tang Hao swept his cold gaze over. "You're Daoist Ji Ling, right!"

“That’s right! My name is Ji Ling. Do you dare fight me?”

The elder shouted.

“Sure!”

The old man was stunned for a moment before he was overjoyed. “Kid, what’s your name? Tell me your name!”

“My surname is Tang, my name is Hao!”

Tang Hao said lightly.

“Tang Hao? I’ll remember that!”

The old man’s figure shuddered as his aura exploded. A brilliant golden glow burst out from his eyes. In front of him, a golden sword vibrated vigorously as it unleashed a shocking sword intent.

This was a Swordsman!

“I have another name, Qin, Nameless!” Tang Hao smiled faintly.

“Nameless Qin?”

Daoist Ji Ling was instantly stunned, yet he felt that this name was slightly familiar.

“There are also people who call me the Qin Emperor! Have you heard of him?”

Tang Hao lightly stretched out his hand. With a flash of golden light, the Octoterra Halberd flew out. With a heavy clench, a heaven-shaking flood dragon roar was heard. The soul of the flood dragon soared into the sky and coiled behind him.

He held his halberd and stood upright. His eyes shone with divine light and his black hair fluttered in the wind. There were even flood dragons coiling behind him. His divine might was flourishing and it was as if an ancient war god had descended into this world.

Daoist Ji Ling was stunned again. When his gaze landed on the divine halberd, his eyes suddenly widened in extreme shock and shock.

“You... You’re that Ninth King? That peerless monster? You’re not dead?”

Daoist Ji Ling cried out in shock.

The rest of the people from the Eighth Continent were also extremely shocked. They had naturally heard of the Qin Emperor’s name, but hadn’t he already died? Why was he still fine now?

“That’s me!”

Tang Hao gave a cold shout and charged forward, swinging the halberd with both hands.

Clang!

An earth-shattering boom erupted.

The golden sword shook and was instantly blasted flying. Daoist Ji Ling's entire body shook violently as he was blasted flying by the force, and he spat out a mouthful of blood with a puff.

By the time he stopped moving, fear had already appeared on his face.

This kid is too scary!

His cultivation level was only at the mid-stage, but his Dao Energy was so thick and his physical strength was so strong that it was unbelievable. Coupled with the supreme treasure that had no superior grade, even he was not his match.

He was immediately terrified and didn't dare continue fighting. With a thought, he wanted to call back his flying sword.

But at this moment, Tang Hao stretched out his hand. The Star Plucking Hand flew out, grabbed the sword, and snatched it over. He quickly erased the mark and took it for himself.

"What are you doing... My sword!"

At first, Daoist Ji Ling cried out in alarm, then he began to scream.

"Your sword? This is clearly my sword!"

Tang Hao rolled his eyes at him. "Look if you don't believe me!"

As he said that, he even controlled the sword to fly around.

Daoist Ji Ling's entire body trembled, and he finally couldn't endure it any longer, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Oh my! How shameless!"

The group of old monsters was speechless.

It was not that they had never seen people rob others of their treasures before. However, they had never seen anyone rob others of their treasures before.

"Fellow Daoists, we have to work together and do it sincerely. Otherwise, we won't be able to kill him."

"Yes! We have to work together."

All the old monsters agreed.

After shouting a few times, they became furious.

They were all seniors who had lived for a thousand years. It was too embarrassing that a group of people could not do anything to a young lad who was only a few decades old!

They regrouped and prepared to work together to kill this kid in one go.

But at this moment, Tang Hao moved first. He rushed out and charged towards this group of old monsters. His eyes suddenly lit up with specks of starlight, all six of them arranged into the shape of Southern Dipper.

“This kid must be crazy! He dares to rush over!”

“This is a good opportunity! Quick, kill him!”

The group of people shouted excitedly and attacked.

At this moment, Tang Hao suddenly muttered, “I see it!”

In the next moment, he raised his right hand, raised the golden sword in his hand, and slashed.

There was no force or sword gleam. It was like a casual slash.

The group of old monsters was stunned.

They looked left and right, then laughed out loud.

“Kid, what are you doing!”

“This kid is crazy!”

They laughed with ridicule.

However, in the next moment, the laughter stopped abruptly. The group of old monsters all froze. They sensed that a strange power had penetrated their bodies.

In that instant, their hearts palpitated, and cold sweat poured down their backs. It was as if something extremely important had been stripped from their bodies.

“My lifespan, why is my lifespan one year lesser!”

“Me too! How did this happen?”

A moment later, there was a scream of terror.

The others felt slight disbelief when they heard this. Could it be that that kid's sword strike from before had severed his lifespan?

How was this possible!

How could there be such a heaven-defying and terrifying sword-style in this world!

However, when they sensed it themselves, their expressions changed drastically. They were so shocked that their souls almost left their bodies.

His lifespan was really shortened by a year!

Lifespan was something that was fixed. The level of one's cultivation meant the amount of lifespan one had. As a cultivator, he could also sense it.

They could sense that one year was missing.

As for lifespan, let alone a year, even a month was extremely precious. Now that a year had been stripped away, how could they not be terrified?