

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1165

In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

During this period of time, the Ninth Continent was in an uproar.

The Southern Region's Ritian Valley once again became the center of the ninth continent, attracting countless people.

At this time, on the vast sea, a ship was moving forward.

It cut through the wind and waves, and after many trials, it finally arrived at the first continent.

"First continent, here I come!"

A figure stood at the ragged bow of the ship. His clothes were tattered, and his face was covered in stubble. He seemed to have experienced the vicissitudes of life. It was Liu Heihu.

He looked into the distance at the land, and a joyful smile appeared on his face.

"There must be many treasures in the first continent! The most important thing is that no one knows me, nor is there that monster... I can start all over again."

"Beautiful life, here I come!"

Liu Heihu laughed as he leapt onto the land.

He entered the city, looked left and right, and felt that everything was new.

After walking around for half a day, he walked into a restaurant and started to drink to his heart's content. As he drank, he started to chat with the people sitting next to him. They were chatting happily.

"Hey, Brother, we seem to get along quite well! My surname is Liang, my name is Bright, may I know Brother's name!"

The person sitting next to him downed a jar of wine and laughed heartily.

"Haha! This is called fate. I, Liu Black Tiger, will befriend you!"

Liu Heihu laughed heartily.

He had not been so happy in a long time. He had come to a new place and started a new life. He had thrown away all his previous worries. What could be better than this?

"Liu Heihu?"

The people at the table were stunned. They studied him again, and their faces gradually turned cold.

When the people around heard this name, they were stunned and looked over.

The huge restaurant gradually fell silent, and the atmosphere became strange.

Liu Heihu was stunned.

“What... are you looking at me for?”

Liu Heihu was puzzled. Wasn't it just a name? Why did these people suddenly change their attitude? Was there something wrong with their names?

This was impossible!

This was not the ninth continent!

“Is your name really Liu Heihu?” The man with the surname Liang snapped.

“Yes... Yes!”

Liu Heihu was even more confused.

“It's really him! I was wondering why I found him so familiar the first time I saw him!”

Everyone whispered to each other and their gazes turned hostile.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

One figure after another stood up and spread out, surrounding the surroundings.

“What... what are you doing? Did you recognize the wrong person?”

Liu Heihu was confused, but he was panicking inside. He was too familiar with this situation. He had encountered this many times when he was being chased.

“Wrong person? Haha! You little thief, you have the cheek to say that! Even if you turn into ashes, I will still recognize you!”

Bang!

A cultivator slapped the table and stood up as he laughed coldly.

“Liu Heihu, you despicable thief, quickly return my sect's treasure!”

“And my race's treasure!”

The cultivators stood up successively, and their gazes were sharp like blades.

Liu Heihu opened his mouth wide and was completely stunned.

He had just come to the first continent, so how could he steal their treasures? Could there be a bandit named Liu Heihu here as well?

“Hey! Brothers, calm down. You’ve got the wrong person. I’m Liu Heihu, but I’m not the Liu Heihu you’re talking about.”

Liu Heihu explained anxiously.

“Pah! Aren’t you that Black Cat Bandit? I’ve already seen your face, yet you still say you got the wrong person?”

A cultivator berated furiously.

Liu Heihu was stunned once again.

“Black... Black Cat?”

He mumbled to himself, and the corner of his eyes twitched violently. At that moment, he had the urge to vomit blood.

A moment later, he roared at the sky, “Tang, f\*ck your ancestors!”

Then, he bolted up and ran.

At this point, how could he not understand that it was all because of that Tang man? It was definitely that Tang man who had pretended to be him and stolen their treasures.

“Another black pot for me to carry! Tang, you bastard!”

Liu Heihu was filled with grief and indignation.

He had thought that by coming to the first continent, he would be able to get away from that Tang guy. He did not expect that bastard to dig a huge hole for him in the first continent.

“Liu Heihu, don’t run!”

“Liu Heihu, return my treasure!”

In the restaurant, everyone caught up. They were either gnashing their teeth in anger or their eyes were shining.

“What? Liu Heihu? The Dark Cat Bandit has appeared again?”

“Quick! That thief Liu Heihu has appeared! Catch him!”

The commotion spread, and everyone in the city was excited.

Black Cat Bandit Liu Heihu!

In the current first continent, he could be considered a celebrity. He had once roamed the world and committed crimes crazily. He had stolen countless sects and family treasuries. Countless cultivators had been knocked out and robbed.

There were countless treasures on it. It was a moving treasury.

So many treasures were enough to drive them crazy!

Liu Hei Hu turned around to look, and his whole body shivered in fear. F\*ck! This black pot is quite big. Just how many people did that bastard Tang impersonate and rob?

“So many Nascent Souls... Holy shit! Is that a Path Seeking?”

Liu Heihu let out a strange cry and ran away madly.

“Tang, just you wait!”

He cursed again, his face filled with grief and indignation.

At this time, on the ninth continent, in the Ritian Valley, Tang Hao sat in the valley with his eyes closed in meditation.

When he opened his eyes, there were stars in them.

He continued to comprehend the secret technique called the Life Serving Art.

The Northern Dipper focused on killing, while the Southern Dipper focused on serving life. This Southern Dipper could sever the Wheel of Existence and snatch away one's lifespan.

This secret technique was not inferior to the Reincarnation Spell and was even more threatening.

With his current level of attainment, he could only execute one slash to cut off a year's worth of lifespan. The last time he was in the Ruins of Immortality, he was merely scaring those old monsters.

The price to use such a heaven-defying technique was quite high, and it was extremely taxing on one's Dao Energy, so it was impossible to slash it consecutively for a few times.

After resting for a short moment, he pondered briefly before he withdrew a piece of cloth and a piece of spirit wood.

He was prepared to reconstruct a Divine Void Banner. He had thrown out the Divine Void Banner earlier to block the tribulation lightning. Without the Divine Void Banner, he had no place to store his void gods.

Earlier, he had consumed the malicious ghosts of Daoist Darkshade. He had slashed out many golden buddhas, but they were all swallowed by him.

His divine soul was very powerful now, but if he wanted to use it, he had to eject his divine soul. This way, his physical body would not be able to use it, and this would be somewhat awkward.

Therefore, he wanted to shave off his soul and store it in the Divine Void Banner. This way, he could use it at any time and increase his battle prowess.

He picked up the cloth and started to engrave the talisman.

After two days, it was completed. A ultimate treasure-level Divine Void Banner appeared.

Then, he took out a lot of cloth and spiritual wood to refine a low-level Divine Void Banner in batches for the Daoist priest and the others to use.

This refinement process was very fast. It could be completed in a few minutes. In a few days, it had piled up into a mountain and refined over a thousand of them.