

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1168

“Good baby, quickly follow me. This way, you can also suffer less!”

Old Daoist Darkshade grinned and said excitedly.

His old face was shriveled and thin, and he already had a creepy air about him. Now that he was smiling, he looked even more creepy.

The Ghost King roared as it tried to break free of the seal.

“Hmph! Courting death!”

Old Daoist Darkshade’s expression darkened. He took out a small black sword and threw it out.

Ah!

The Ghost King let out a blood-curdling scream after being sliced by the sword.

Then, Old Daoist Darkshade took out the Myriad Ghost Pot and gently tossed it. The pot’s mouth was aimed at the Ghost King, and a strong suction force suddenly appeared.

The Ghost King roared with indignation and struggled violently, but it was still sucked over.

Seeing this, Old Daoist Darkshade gave a self-satisfied smile. “Little one, you want to go against me with just a wild ghost like you? I’ll take you in first, then I’ll train you properly. Later, I’ll kill that brat and take revenge!”

When he thought of that kid, Old Daoist Darkshade gritted his teeth as hatred surged in his eyes.

Daoist Darkshade had dominated the Ninth Continent for so many years, but he had never suffered such a loss before. Moreover, the other party was only a brat in his twenties.

He could not accept this no matter what.

With an angry grunt, he activated the Myriad Ghost Pot again, and the suction force became stronger.

The ghost king transformed into a stream of smoke that shot toward the Myriad Ghost Pot.

At this moment, a figure suddenly appeared above the valley. It abruptly transformed into a huge Azure Dragon, and with a fierce swing of its tail, smashed into the formation.

Bang!

The array that sealed the void instantly shattered.

Then, that azure dragon pounced down, biting towards that ghost king.

Darkshade was stunned.

He froze on the spot, staring blankly at the dragon descending from the sky.

He was too familiar with this thing! Wasn't it that brat's divine sense?!

But why was that brat here?

By the time he reacted, he was furious.

Last time, this brat had already consumed countless of his ghosts, and now he wanted to steal his treasure?

This was intolerable!

"Rascal, how dare you!"

With an explosive roar, he flicked his sleeve, and the small black sword flew out, slashing towards Tang Hao with overflowing evil qi.

Tang Hao's body paused, but he sensed that this small sword was a little strange, as if it specialized in subduing souls.

The moment he stopped, Old Daoist Darkshade was distracted, and the Ghost King took the opportunity to escape.

However, at that moment, Old Daoist Darkshade did not have the time to care about the Ghost King. As the saying went, when enemies met, their eyes would burn with hatred. He gritted his teeth, and his eyes burned with hatred.

"Brat, you came at the right time. Try my Soul Devouring Sword!"

"Do you think I only have the ability to control ghosts? Who am I? I am the famous Daoist Darkshade. You cannot imagine how many tricks I have up my sleeve."

The old Daoist priest Darkshade roared furiously as his hair and beard fluttered.

Under his command, the small black sword slashed madly.

Tang Hao swung his tail and clashed with the small sword a few times. Every time he was slashed, he could sense that a bit of his soul had been cut off and swallowed by the sword.

He immediately pulled back and retreated, his heart turning heavy.

"Hahaha! Brat, you're scared!"

Old Daoist Darkshade laughed loudly, feeling proud and elated.

“Just one, that’s nothing!” Tang Hao snorted.

“One? Haha! Who do you think I am? Why would I be so petty as to only refine one? Look, what is this!”

Old Daoist Darkshade aughed loudly and waved his hands continuously. Beams of black light flew out and turned into small black swords that surrounded him.

A total of 35 swords!

Tang Hao was startled, somewhat speechless.

“Look carefully, how many are there! A total of 36 swords were made to deal with you, you little brat. I originally wanted to take in the Ghost King and then look for you. I didn’t expect you to come knocking on my door.”

Old Daoist Darkshade grinned.

However, he was somewhat delighted. These 36 Soul Devouring Swords specialized in suppressing divine souls, but if the opponent was a divine soul, then the effect would be greatly reduced.

Therefore, if this brat had come with his real body, then he could only run. However, now that he only had his divine sense, he would have the upper hand, and he could redeem himself.

Perhaps he could even kill this divine soul and make this brat’s soul perish.

“Brat, die!”

Old Daoist Darkshade shouted ferociously. The 35 Soul Devouring Swords in front of him shot out simultaneously and slashed towards Tang Hao.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Beams of black light pierced through the air like lightning.

Tang Hao took a step back and said with a cold snort, “The treasure is not bad, but unfortunately, these things can’t deal with me!”

“Ha! Brat, you’re still so stubborn now. Let’s see if you can still be so arrogant later!”

Darkshade sneered.

Tang Hao didn’t reply. With a thought, he saw the mist in the sky split open. Beams of golden light fell like meteors, approaching and transforming into golden Buddhas.

“This is...”

Yin Gui was stunned.

Before he could react, a few of the Buddhas had already rushed over. Their bodies suddenly expanded and burst out with blinding light.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Accompanied by a few loud explosions, the Buddhas self-destructed, sending more than twenty Soul Devouring Swords flying. Several of them even exploded, completely crippled.

Old Daoist Darkshade was dumbfounded.

Then, he screamed miserably, his heart trembling and his lungs tearing.

“My swords...”

His heart was bleeding. That was a treasure that he had spent a lot of effort and a huge price to refine!

F*ck, this brat was too extravagant! These soul bodies were all at the mid-stage Path Seeking Realm, yet he actually used them to self-destruct! Also, where exactly did he get so many mid-stage soul bodies?

At that instant, a few more Buddhas flew out and exploded.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

This time, several swords were destroyed.

“Stinking brat, stop! You’re still coming... Hey! What are you doing? That’s my sword, f*ck your mother!” Old Daoist Darkshade was about to go crazy. That brat had actually snatched one of his swords and taken it for himself.

He stomped his feet in anger and cursed madly.

“You brat, just you wait. I’ll let you off this time. The next time we meet will be the day you die.”

Seeing a few more buddhas rushing over, Old Daoist Darkshade was truly afraid. He hurriedly retracted his sword, stood up, and ran.

After a while, he ran far away.

In mid-air, the giant dragon spun and transformed into a human, holding a small pitch-black sword in its hand.

“Good stuff!”

Tang Hao muttered to himself. He extended his soul awareness inside and thoroughly studied the structure and array glyphs inside the small sword.

A moment later, he put away his sword, lowered his body, and entered the valley to search for the ghost king.

In a short while, he found this ghost king in a cave underground. After using some methods, he successfully devoured it and cut out an azure dragon.

Next, he rushed out and continued to devour. He devoured most of the ghosts on this Soul Burial Mountain and created a large number of buddhas.