

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1169

Accompanied by dragon roars, rays of golden light flew over from the sky and landed in the Ritian Valley.

In the valley, Tang Hao opened his eyes.

He raised his hand and summoned the Divine Void Banner to absorb the golden light.

He had made a trip through the entire ninth continent, and he had reaped quite a harvest. He had reaped the most from the Soul Burial Mountain, where he had slain an Azure Dragon and more than twenty Buddhas.

He counted. There were now two Azure Dragons and more than 50 Buddhas in the Divine Void Banner.

Pondering for a moment, he took out a stack of Divine Void Banner that was refined in batches. He slashed out ghost gods and golden-armored warriors and stored them inside.

These were all for the Daoist priest and the others to use. Naturally, they could not pretend to be Buddha-level.

If they wanted to control the Void Spirit Realm, their own souls could not be weak either. They had to reach the corresponding level. The Daoist priest and the others had just reached the perfected Golden Core Realm and were still far from forming their Nascent Souls.

If he wanted to break through to the Nascent Soul realm, he would need to condense his Nascent Qi. This was not something that could be done with resources. It depended on one's own comprehension and hard work.

Therefore, this matter could not be rushed.

After doing all of this, Tang Hao rested for a bit.

Holding the banner, he weighed it in his hand and frowned. "It's still a little too little. Those old freaks often have more than ten of them. There's no way to fight with so few Void Spirits!"

If the old monster was there, he would definitely vomit blood.

F*ck, they were all fighting one against one. One against two was already impressive, but this kid was good. He was thinking of fighting more than ten at once. It was simply sick.

“But most of the souls in the ninth continent have been collected!”

Tang Hao immediately felt troubled.

After pondering for a while, he suddenly had a flash of inspiration. He slapped his thigh and said, “That’s right! How could I forget? It’s not like there are only nine continents in this world. There are many other continents.”

“Which one should I go first? That’s right, the eighth continent. It’s the closest, and I might even run into those old monsters!”

After making up his mind, Tang Hao immediately set off.

This time, he did not use his divine soul, but his true body.

It was still quite far from here to the Eighth Continent. Even if his divine soul flew over, it would take nearly a day. If someone came to attack the Sun Valley, he would not be able to return in time.

After leaving the valley and flying for some distance, he waved his hand, and a golden light flew out, turning into a giant golden boat.

This was the Stormcloud Dreadnought that he had obtained from Wan Qingzi.

This ship could fly through the void, and its flying speed was extremely fast. It was a top-grade flying boat.

At the bow of the ship, the symbol of Broken Sword Mountain had already been removed by him. The interior had also been modified by him and looked completely new.

“Go!”

Tang Hao jumped onto the ship and headed towards the eighth continent.

The eighth continent was separated from the ninth by a vast ocean. In terms of size, the two continents were about the same. In terms of spirit energy and strength, the two continents were about the same.

From all angles, the two continents were extremely similar.

However, in terms of region, the two continents were different. The ninth continent was divided into the five great regions, whereas the eighth continent was different. It was divided into states instead of regions, and it was slightly similar to the first continent.

The Eighth Continent was divided into 13 great states.

Moving swiftly, Tang Hao finally reached the eighth continent after several more voids.

In the Dong Sheng State of the Eighth Continent, there was a large sect called White Emperor Mountain.

This sect was not only famous in the Dong Sheng State, but also in the entire Eighth Continent.

On this day, the gates of White Emperor Mountain opened, and a disciple recruitment test was held. The mountain was crowded with people, and it was incredibly lively.

Most of them were teenagers around eleven or twelve years old. Of course, there were some who were seventeen or eighteen, and there were even some who were in their twenties.

These older people were rare, and there were only a few of them.

Most of these people had some cultivation level. They were either individual cultivators or had joined other sects before. They had no choice but to choose another sect because of the destruction of their sects.

White Emperor Mountain also opened its doors to these people, but the recruitment criteria were even stricter.

These people were lined up for testing.

“Come one at a time. Take the age test first, then register, and then you’ll be qualified to take the entrance test!”

An old man in a white robe stood high above and shouted.

At the front of the group was a table. There were White Mountain Mountain elders and disciples standing there. They held a mirror to check their age before registering.

There were many people. Not only were there people who came to register, but there were also many people who came with them. The plaza was very noisy.

At this moment, a person walked over from the path that led to the mountain gate. He was dressed in white, had black hair, and had a handsome appearance. He seemed to be in his twenties.

His skin was like jade, and his eyes were like stars, incomparably deep.

Along the way, his unique aura and handsome appearance attracted the attention of many passers-by.

“So this is White Emperor Mountain!”

When he got closer, he raised his head, looking at this ten thousand foot tall mountain, saying with a sigh.

Looking around, he took a step forward. Just as he was about to speak, a White Emperor Mountain disciple walked over and shouted, "Hey! You're going the wrong way!"

The youth was stunned.

"Yes, I'm talking about you. Why are you standing there? Didn't you see this sign? Those above 16 years old are supposed to go this way!"

That disciple said impatiently, looking at Tang Hao with disdain.

This guy looked like he was in his twenties. If he was not an itinerant cultivator, then he was a disciple from a small faction. Most of these kind of people did not have any talent. They were standard overaged trash.

For trash like this, only one out of a few hundred would be useful and be recruited.

"I..."

The young man opened his mouth again to defend himself.

"What are you talking about? Hurry up, don't just stand there. You're blocking the way. Your position is over there!"

The disciple said impatiently. He raised his hand and pointed at the group at the far right corner.

The line on the left was long, but this line was very short. The people on this side were all around sixteen or seventeen years old.

The young man was stunned for a moment before he shut his mouth. He did not argue anymore and walked over.

"Another one!"

A few disciples at the front of the group swept their gazes over as they muttered.

One of them held a mirror and looked at the people one by one. From time to time, he shouted, "This is eighteen, this is twenty, this is... sixteen!"

Soon, it was Tang Hao's turn.

That disciple walked over with a mirror and swept his gaze over Tang Hao. When he looked again, his brows furrowed. "This... 24!"

"What? 24?"

There was a commotion.

The disciples looked over with disdain.

“He’s already 24, isn’t he too old?! He still has the cheek to come!”

“Why can’t I see his cultivation level clearly? Could he have used some kind of spell to hide his cultivation level? Sigh! What’s there to hide about someone like him? He’s probably not that powerful.”

The White Emperor Mountain disciples whispered to each other, all discussing this person.

He was already twenty-four years old, yet he still came to sign up for entry.. This was the first time they had seen someone like this.