

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2201

"It's this kid again!"

The night patriarch gritted his teeth and cursed.

Even he felt that it was a little strange. The ancient language of the Dragon race was considered a very obscure thing. Basically, not many people could recognize it, but this kid just recognized it. It was simply absurd!

When he looked around, his face became gloomier.

They were too late!

Half of the Dragon corpses here had already been collected, and there were at least 400 of them. If the remaining half were to be divided equally between the two sides, they would only get about 200 Dragon corpses.

Their opponent, on the other hand, had gotten more than six hundred this time, which was three times more than them.

He could not accept this result.

These were the bones of a true dragon, and each of them was a rare treasure. They couldn't let go of even one, let alone more than 200. They had to get the remaining 400.

"Fellow Daoist Jiang, fellow Daoist Ling, I'm sure you've already collected quite a lot! It's time to be satisfied!"

The night patriarch shouted.

"Fellow Daoist ye, you're wrong. It's not our fault that you're late. Now that you're here, we'll split the rest!" Ling Zhanxu said.

"Evenly split? Old Ling, you wish!"

Li Changhe shrieked, "don't you see how many people we have? we're almost twice as many as you guys. Our strength is way above yours. If we start a war, you guys won't be able to stop us at all. You might even have to spit out the Dragon corpses that you just swallowed. Letting you guys leave now is giving your big clans some face. Don't be ungrateful."

"My Shi clan would rather not have this kind of face!"

"Hmph!" Shi Qing snorted angrily. "Don't talk so much nonsense. Since you want to keep the rest of the Dragon corpse for yourself, let's see if you have the ability to do so!"

As he spoke, his body shook and his aura exploded.

The violent pressure immediately turned into a raging wave that slapped towards the night patriarch and the others.

“Hmph!”

The night patriarch and the others snorted in anger and released their auras.

For a time, the two sides stood in the air and confronted each other.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Before they even made a move, the auras of both sides were already in an intense confrontation.

The night patriarch and the rest were full of confidence. In terms of numbers, they had the absolute advantage. In terms of individual strength, they would not lose either. With several clan leaders present, they would not lose to Shi Qing, Jiang zhengdao and the other old monsters.

Moreover, not only did the opposing team have fewer people, but they also had a huge weakness.

That’s that Tang kid!

This brat had just advanced not long ago. Although his immortal blood was extraordinary and his combat strength was quite amazing, he was still no match for them, the older generation.

In their group, other than old demon Xue Yin and a few other devil cultivators, any one of them could defeat this kid.

As long as this brat was defeated, the other people on the other side would fall apart on their own.

The reason why these people had joined forces was because of this kid. Those old monsters would not let anything happen to this kid.

“I want this kid!”

Li Changhe narrowed his eyes and stared at the young man in white.

His malicious eyes were surging with monstrous hatred.

It was this brat who had ruined his reputation and made him a joke. He had to take revenge personally.

“I’ll do it!”

The night Lord said, “Daoist brother Li, I’ll leave the Ling clan’s old monster to you!”

When li Changhe heard this, he was a little reluctant, but after hesitating for a moment, he still agreed.

Using his strength to deal with that kid was indeed a bit of overkill.

“Old Ling, eat my sword!”

He gave a loud shout and drew out an ancient sword, slashing it towards Ling Zhanxu.

Ling Zhanxu wasn't afraid at all. He grabbed his spear and threw it out fiercely, exchanging blows.

As the two of them exchanged blows, a great battle immediately broke out.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A huge explosion shook the heavens and earth.

There were more than forty seven tribulations from both sides, and they started to fight fiercely.

“Boy, the battle in the ruins of North Sea is not over yet!”

The night patriarch did not make a move. He just stood there with a sinister look on his face. His cold eyes were like those of a venomous snake as he stared at the figure in white in front of him.

“Good! Then let's continue today!”

Tang Hao said loudly.

There was no fear on his face. Instead, a shocking battle intent rose from his body.

“Hmph! You're overestimating yourself!”

Sensing this battle intent, the night Lord's face was full of disdain.

Back in the North Sea, this brat could only take a few of his moves. The gap between their strength was still very large. If it wasn't for that night banner, he would have taken care of this brat long ago.

During this period of time, this kid had indeed improved a lot. It was said that he had obtained a lot of opportunities in the great Yan immortal Palace, but it was wishful thinking to catch up with him!

“I didn't use my full strength back then. Today, I'll show you my true strength!”

The night Lord roared and charged forward with a punch.

“Is that so?”

Tang Hao's lips curled into a mocking smile.

He didn't take out any treasures. Just like the night Lord, he clenched his right fist and punched out.

Bang!

A deafening explosion!

The fists of both sides collided heavily.

The night Lord's face was full of disdain, but in the next moment, his expression changed drastically.

"You ..."

He blurted out in shock, his eyes wide open in disbelief.

This power ... How was it possible?

Then, his face twitched and twisted. He could no longer withstand the powerful force of his opponent.

"This ... This is impossible!"

He mumbled, but his mind was shocked to the extreme.

His opponent's power was unbelievably strong. Even he was about to be unable to resist it. How was this possible?

In the North Sea, this kid could barely block one of his punches. But now, this kid's strength had actually surpassed his?

The gap between the two was only slightly more than a year!

In this one year or so, just how many Lucky Chances did this kid obtain, to the point that his strength had such a shocking increase?

"You're the night Lord, but you're nothing more than this!"

Tang Hao laughed coldly and exerted more force.

"Ah!"

With a cry of shock, the night Lord's body trembled and he flew backward like a cannonball. With a loud bang, he landed heavily on a mountain.

In an instant, the surroundings fell silent.

The xiuzhe that were fighting all stopped. They lowered their heads and looked at the night Lord who had been shot to the ground. They were all in a daze and could not believe their eyes.

That was the night Lord!

He was the head of a clan!

Although his cultivation base was not the highest among the clan leaders and he had only congealed twenty to thirty drops of immortal blood, his opponent was just a kid who had just advanced! How could he lose?

Old demon blood Yin, the herb master, li Changhe, and the others were all dumbfounded.

The night patriarch flipped over and stood up, his expression a little ugly.

“How much HP do you have?”

He raised his head and stared at the white-robed figure as he questioned.

If it was any other old monster, he could roughly judge their realm based on their aura. But this kid was a complete freak. He couldn't even tell how many drops of blood this kid had!

“Thirteen!”

Tang Hao shouted coldly.

“What? 13 drops of blood?”

When the night patriarch heard this, he could not help but tremble as if he had been struck by lightning.

More than a year ago, this kid only had five drops of blood. Now, he had thirteen?

One had to know that this kid's cultivation was not ordinary blood!

The speed of his improvement was terrifying!