

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 371

“Haha! This person must be out of his mind! How dare he come alone?”

“Does he have a death wish? He’s most likely a lunatic!”

The people were laughing.

The gunners relaxed. Their expression became condescending and mocking.

Before that, they were worried that the opponent might stage a large-scale invasion, but now they did not know whether to laugh or to cry when they saw that the opponent was only one person.

One person could not be that powerful, even if he were a cultivator.

Furthermore, there were thousands of gunners and almost a hundred cultivators in the building. That person must be on a suicide mission or be crazy to think that he could take on thousands of people.

The tense atmosphere in the building instantly dissipated.

On the top floor, Goro Miki was laughing too.

At that moment, Miki Plaza had gathered everyone in Miki Group capable of fighting, and also almost a hundred grandmasters holding the line. It was like an impregnable fortress. A lone Huaxia cultivator would not be able to even cause a ripple.

‘That person is alone, but he gave us a warning letter which gave us ample time to prepare. Unless... it was only an empty threat?’

'He is probably a lunatic!' Goro Miki thought.

"Pass on my command. Capture him alive if possible. Otherwise, kill him on the spot. Don't let him escape!" He said coldly.

"Hai!"

Behind him, a man in a black suit bowed deeply. He took out his walkie-talkie and relayed the message.

More spotlights lit up and shone on the figure.

The figure was dressed in black. He stood upright and looked quite cool. However, his face seemed to be shrouded in shadows. They could not see him clearly.

The people were confused when they saw that but understood when they remembered that he was a cultivator.

"The Huaxia person standing there, listen very carefully! Surrender now, otherwise, we will open fire!" A man with a ponytail yelled into a megaphone.

The figure continued standing there. He made no reaction.

"I will repeat myself. Surrender now, otherwise..."

He suddenly stopped speaking.

Bang!

There was a sudden gunshot. A hole appeared on the person's head and blood spurted out from it.

He fell backward from the impact and hit the ground.

The crowd instantly fell silent.

"Tsk! You speak too much! You want a fight? Let's begin!"

Tang Hao yelled. Somehow, he had a pistol in his hand.

He turned around casually.

The Dongying people instantly sprang to action. They gritted their teeth and growled angrily.

"Baka! F*ck him over! Kill him!"

"Open fire! Shoot at him!"

As they shouted, they lifted their guns and pointed at the figure in front of them. Bullets poured forth from their muzzles and onto that person like raindrops in a storm.

A mundane person, or someone of Shabby Taoist Master's level, would have wet their pants out of fright just by looking at the scene.

A normal cultivator would not have been able to withstand that magnitude of firepower.

Tang Hao did not attempt to dodge. Instead, he continued running forward.

Clink clink clink!

The bullets smashed on the light shield like raindrops on a window.

The firepower was as strong and relentless as a typhoon. However, the light shield was too thick and the bullets could not harm the person within.

“What the hell?” The gunners were stunned. “That light shield is like a tortoise shell! We can’t break it!”

“Keep on shooting, useless idiots! Just shoot!”

Get the people on the west wing and east wing over. No... get everyone here! Kill that bastard!”

The commanders behind were livid. They roared like maniacs.

People poured in from all sides of the building. They were wielding their guns indignantly.

It was a great humiliation that so many guns could not kill one mere Huaxia person!

“Kill him!” They roared, determined to reduce Tang Hao into a sieve.

While they were yelling furiously, Tang Hao remained calm. He stood there while the bullets poured on him.

Occasionally, he yawned.

The Dongying people were livid when they saw that.

After a prolonged period of shooting, the light shield finally shattered. The Dongying people were ecstatic. Some of them even started cheering.

Tang Hao rolled his eyes. "Why are you so happy? You've only broken one shield. I have more! How many more do you want?"

Another light shield appeared around Tang Hao's body, and then another.

The Dongying people went cross-eyed when they saw multiple light shields appearing.

They wobbled and nearly fainted. One was already hard enough to break, and he had so many more? Was that person really a tortoise?

"I was only using you to test the strength of my sorcery. It's now your turn to die!"

Tang Hao said coldly. Suddenly, a bazooka appeared in his hands.

The gunners were all dumbfounded.

'What the hell? Is he a magician? Where was he hiding the bazooka?'

Before they could react, a rocket was already flying toward them. The explosion and shockwave sent many people flying.

The scene instantly became chaotic.

Tang Hao threw away the bazooka. He flicked his wrists and a machine gun appeared in each of his hands. He started shooting all around him.

“Aaahhh!”

Many people got shot and fell to the ground.

Bullets flew. The street was stained red with blood.

He was like the reaper, claiming lives mercilessly. Once he emptied his guns, he threw them away, pulled out more guns from nowhere like a magician, and continued shooting.

He was only one person, but his firepower was extraordinarily strong.

About three minutes later, the street was riddled with corpses.

The remaining gunners were afraid.

That person was like a human-shaped arsenal with a tortoise shell as a shield. How would they hope to defeat him?

They did not dare to run away. Instead, they took cover and tried hard to fight back.

The people in the building were shocked when they received updates from outside. They wore unpleasant expressions on their faces.

“Retreat! Everyone, retreat into the building!”

Goro Miki slammed the table and roared. His eyes were bloodshot.

His heart was dripping blood.

Those were elite fighters of his Miki Group. He could understand if they died fighting a Huaxia army, but the opponent was only one person.

“Pass on my command. Send the grandmasters into action. There is a one billion reward for killing that guy. One billion American dollars.”