

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 407

Night eventually fell.

The street lamps lit up.

Many cars stopped at each junction around Tang Hao's residential area. Various types of people sat in them. There were people from Huaxia, Dongying, Nanyang, Hindustan, and Westerners from Europe and the Americas.

They looked and dressed differently, but all of them had the same goal.

That was, to kill!

Many of them took out their phones and tablets to review the bounty information.

They sneered condescendingly after reading through it again.

The information was not accurate. According to the bounty notice, the kid was only a mundane person. However, that 'mundane person' had already killed more than twenty assassins.

Some of them were even quite famous. A mundane person would not be able to do that.

They finally knew why the kid's life was worth two hundred million dollars.

However, that did not scare them away but instead piqued their curiosity.

No matter how powerful the kid might be, he was only by himself.

Some of them had already formed alliances to increase their chances of winning.

They sat in their cars and primed their weapons. No one dared to act first, because they knew that the first to act would become everyone's target.

To earn the two hundred million dollars, not only do they need to kill that kid, but they also have to survive to collect the bounty.

All their effort would go to waste if they died before they claimed the reward.

People continued to arrive as time passed. Most of the newcomers were not from Huaxia.

The Huaxia assassins had already arrived early and were lying in wait. The people that arrived later were foreigners.

Many people were getting impatient. They wanted to infiltrate the residential area to kill that kid.

Meanwhile, in the residential area's basement parking lot.

Tang Hao sat on the hood of a car and waited quietly.

He waited for the right time to strike.

Many people lived in the area. All he could do was to wait for a later hour so there would be fewer people on the streets. That was how he could minimize innocent casualties.

If he had a choice, he would rather not fight the assassins near the residential area. Unfortunately, many assassins were already waiting for him there before he could leave.

That was about six o'clock in the evening. He dared not expose himself in the open in case innocent people got involved.

Fortunately, those assassins did not act rashly. They were wary about Tang Hao's abilities and had not acted since then.

He had placed Liu Bingyao in another car, and laid maze formations and concealment spells around it. He also crafted many defensive jade talismans and deployed them all.

It was finally half-past nine.

Tang Hao sat up. His eyes narrowed and flashed with a shocking sharpness.

He hopped off the car and walked toward the entrance.

Meanwhile, outside the residential area, the assassins were getting impatient. Many of them had opened their car doors and prepared to go out. However, they saw a figure coming out of the entrance of the residential area.

The street lamps illuminated that figure.

He stood straight and his stance was as sharp as a sword. When they saw his face clearly, it was that kid on the bounty notice.

The assassins were all surprised by his appearance.

They had considered the countless ways the kid would escape, but they did not expect that the kid would exit the residential area so blatantly.

'Is this kid crazy?

'Or is he so stupid that he did not notice them all?'

Everyone's expressions changed at that instant. They were excited, but at the same time, their eyes flashed with greed and eagerness, as though the figure in front of them was not a person but rather a walking stack of two hundred million dollars.

"Haha! The two hundred million is mine!"

A Westerner laughed, rushed out of his car, and lifted his gun.

Before he could open fire, a loud bang was heard. A hole appeared on his head from which blood spurted out.

His expression froze on his face, then his body wobbled and fell on the ground, dead.

The assassins that were preparing to rush out of their cars were shocked.

'That was a fast shot, and it was a headshot too!'

"Kill him! Kill that kid!"

Someone shouted and opened fire.

Many people shouted in various languages.

Tatatat!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets poured in from all directions onto the figure standing at the entrance of the residential area.

Tang Hao's body flashed and a gun appeared in each of his hands. Every time he fired a shot, someone would get hit and fall on the ground.

His bullets seemed to have eyes. Each one of them found its way into someone's head.

Every time he fired his guns, blood would spurt from someone's head and another life would be extinguished].

The assassins were beginning to feel afraid after a while.

'This is too damn scary!

'Is the kid a phantom? Why aren't we hitting him? And why is every shot from the kid a headshot? Is he the God of Guns incarnate?

'Dammit, just who is he? He's a freak!'

“Change the guns! Change the guns! Bring out something more powerful!” Someone yelled.

In a minivan, a few tall, blonde, and blue-eyed Westerners threw away the submachine guns in their hands, took out a six-barreled Gatling cannon, and aimed it at Tang Hao.

Tang Hao also threw away his guns, took out an RPG, and aimed it at the minivan.

The Westerners were dumbstruck.

‘What the hell is going on?’

‘Why does the kid own an RPG? Also, where did he take it out from? Did he hide it in his pocket or behind him?’

“F\*ck!” They cursed after coming to their senses.

They threw away the Gatling cannon and scattered in all directions.

Whoosh!

The explosive rocket was fired at the minivan.

The shockwave sent the Westerners flying. When they fell on their ground, they were either heavily injured or were knocked out.

The street was instantly deathly silent.

The assassins looked at him, dumbstruck and slack-jawed.

“Gulp!” They swallowed with much difficulty.

They realized that the tables had been turned. They were not the ones hunting him down, but rather, he was the one hunting them down.

That godlike gun accuracy and the RPG that came out of nowhere. The kid was indeed a freak.

Everyone screamed frantically and tried to scramble back into their cars.

They would not be able to kill that kid. It would be better if the people higher up in the assassin ranking chart took care of him.

Tang Hao was not going to let them escape. A few more explosive rockets later, and all the cars were in flames.

After that, he took out his machine guns and mowed all the assassins down.

Bang!

Another person fell.

Tang Hao was about to give chase to the few remaining survivors when he heard someone playing the flute from the other end of the street.

The sound of the flute was weird. Then, he could hear snake hisses.

It was not a mere one or two snakes, but a crowd of them.

A person appeared from that end of the street. He was dressed in white and wore a strange piece of headgear on his head. Evidently, he was from Hindustan.