

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 409

The street descended into a deathly silence.

The assassins looked at the two figures sprawled on the ground whose heads were swollen like pigs.

“That... that person should be number seven, right?” Someone said in a daze.

“That’s right, he’s number seven!” Someone replied. He sounded like he was in a daze as well.

The assassins in the top ten were monsters that inspired fear. However, number nine and number seven had fallen to that Huaxia kid.

Moreover, that kid was only nineteen years old!

That was incredible beyond belief!

“Are all Huaxia people freaks like him?” Someone shouted.

Tang Hao stood there with one foot on Sallu’s face. He looked around and roared, “If you all are already here, then you’d better stop hiding and come out now. No one gets to leave today!”

His voice echoed in the night, but there was no movement.

A long while later, a figure walked out from behind the shadows of the street corner. He was dressed in black and wore shades and a felt cap on his head. He carried a black suitcase in his hands. He looked just like the typical Nanyang shaman.

Another person also appeared from another side. He was a Westerner with blond hair and blue eyes. He wore a black robe and carried a wooden staff. He was a warlock from the west.

A few more people emerged one by one.

“That’s number eight...”

“That’s number five...”

“Oh my god! Even number three is here!”

“That... should be number two, right?”

The assassins all around exclaimed in surprise. They looked incredibly excited.

Crazy! That was absolutely crazy! Almost all the assassins in the top ten appeared! They had never gathered at the same place. If news got out, it would have shocked the entire assassin world.

“You are quite boastful, kid!” The Nanyang shaman cackled sinisterly.

“This kid seems to be quite strong. Number nine and number seven have fallen. He should be a cultivator, too! But he’s too presumptuous. Does he think that he can defeat us all? What a joke!”

The Westerner warlock fiddled with the wooden staff in his hands. His tone of voice was sinister.

“Haha, I should’ve known that the two hundred million dollars won’t be that easy!” A bearded old man in a white suit said. He looked like he was from South America.

His fingers were adorned with skull rings.

“This kid deserves nothing but death!” A man hidden in the shadows said coldly.

“I didn’t expect all of you to be here! There’s only one target though. Finders keepers!” The Westerner warlock said with a sinister smile.

His body flashed and he rushed out.

The other people were surprised when they saw that and they quickly caught up with him.

Tang Hao looked at them and grunted coldly.

He flicked his wrist and tens of jade talismans flew out. Then, he tapped his feet and dashed forward to clash with them.

The intense battle broke out.

It did not last for long though. Very soon, the Western warlock flew backward while screaming in agony. His back slammed on a parked car and vomited blood.

A few more screams of agony were heard. The assassins were sent flying away.

Their expressions had turned from condescension to fear.

'This kid is a freak!' All of them thought the same thing as they ran away frantically. However, Tang Hao dragged each of them back by their collars and beat them all up.

Then, he tossed all of them into a single pile. It was quite a spectacular sight.

The assassins turned pale when they saw that, and their bodies trembled like threshing wheat. Their teeth chattered as if they were fighting.

'Oh my god! This is too scary!

'Is the kid a demon? Number eight is defeated. Number five is defeated. Number three, and number two too. Almost the entire top ten of the assassin ranking chart is wiped out.'

If news got out, the criminal underworld of the entire world would be shaken.

"Anyone else?" Tang Hao positioned himself on top of the pile of bodies and looked around him.

"Haha, don't be too arrogant, kid! It's my turn to shine!"

A peal of laughter echoed in the night, and a figure leaped down from one of the rooftops. He stood on top of a street lamp and looked down at Tang Hao.

It was a tall and thin Westerner, and he was beautiful beyond belief. His blond hair was dazzling, and the cologne that he wore was more fragrant than any woman's perfume.

Everyone exclaimed in awe when they saw that person.

“It’s Mad John, the number one assassin!”

“Oh my god! He’s here too!”

The Westerner stood there in a cool pose. “The number one always appears at the climax! It’s a shame that those useless people have fallen. Kid, your life shall be taken by Mad John.”

Tang Hao rolled his eyes and mumbled, “Mad John? What an old-fashioned name!”

The Westerner was furious when he heard that.

“What did you say, you filthy kid? You’re the old-fashioned one! Your entire family is old-fashioned!” He cursed with unbelievably fluent Chinese.

“Your Chinese is very good!”

“Isn’t that so!” Mad John replied smugly.

His expression immediately sank. “Don’t try small talk with me, kid. Prepare to die! Let me tell you, I’m unlike the other useless assassins. Guns and blades have no effect on me. I am a mighty werewolf! Only weapons made out of silver can defeat me!

“Silver weapons, do you have them?” The Westerner asked smugly.

“Oh, a werewolf!” Tang Hao mumbled as he rubbed his chin.

“Haha, you don’t have that, right? Then you can just wait and die! The two hundred million dollars is mine!” He bent over and prepared to transform.

Tang Hao flicked his wrists, and two short swords appeared in his hands. He smiled rather kindly and bashfully. “Um, do you mean these?”

The Westerner went cross-eyed when he saw that.

His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. His foot slipped, and he nearly fell from the lamp post.

“Oh, Mommy!” He clung onto the lamp post. He did not fall on the ground, but his current state was unimaginably pathetic.

“What the hell? Why do you have silver weapons?” He could not help it but curse his bad luck.

That was an uncanny coincidence. Silver weapons were incredibly rare, so how did the kid get his hands on them? Furthermore, they were a matching pair of short swords.

‘Dammit, did that kid know that I was coming for him?’

A shiver coursed down his spine.

‘This kid is insane. I’d better run!’

He got up, said nothing but howled, then leaped to the rooftop, and disappeared into the night.

The assassins were all shocked.

'What? Mad John, the number one assassin, ran away without a fight?

'What... What is going on?'

Tang Hao was also surprised. He did not expect that guy to run away just like that.

'Well, whatever!' He decided not to give chase.

The werewolf must have incredible speed. He might not catch up to him.

He turned around and, with guns in both hands, killed all the assassins in hiding. Then, he also dispatched the top ten assassins that were knocked out earlier.

In the top ten of the assassin ranking chart, eight had died, one ran away, and one did not show up. It was almost a complete wipeout.

"Now, it's time to look at that Song guy!"

Tang Hao said coldly, turned around, and left.