

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 447

A convoy of jeeps sped toward the military base.

On those jeeps were Hindustanis dressed in white clothes and turbans.

More than forty people squeezed in six jeeps. Many of them sat on top of the vehicles. It was a peculiar sight.

A rumbling mass followed behind them. That was the sound of countless flying snakes gathered in a single, unstoppable torrent.

Several huge shadows lumbered behind those flying snakes. They were massive snakes that crawled on the ground at an amazing speed.

The Hindustani soldiers outside the base were excited when they saw that. They ran toward them.

“That wretched Huaxianese is in the base! Kill him! Quick!” They shouted as they ran.

“O Grandmasters, unleash the fury of the snake god and punish the insolent Huaxianese!”

Tang Hao rolled his eyes when he heard that.

‘What? Weren’t they meek and cowering earlier? Now they’re shouting and yelling as though they’re on the winning side!’

The jeeps stopped when they got near.

The Hindustanis on the car hopped down and glared at Tang Hao coldly. Their chins were pointing toward the sky.

Their gaze was filled with condescension.

The Hindustani who seemed to be their leader walked in front of Tang Hao. He pointed at Tang Hao and said, "So, you're the Huaxia cultivator?"

"How dare you invade into our country and kill our compatriots..."

"You have survived thus far because you have not met us. Do you think that no one in the great Hindustan can take you down?"

"We are here now! O foolish Huaxianese, prepare your last words!"

Tang Hao rolled his eyes again. 'Are all these Hindustanis idiots?' He thought.

His attitude angered the Hindustan cultivators.

"Wargh! This Huaxia kid is too arrogant!"

"\*\*\*\*! \*\*\*\*! Kill him!"

The Hindustanis shouted agitatedly.

"Go, everyone! Onto him!" The leader shouted.

The snaky torrent behind the jeeps pounced over the vehicles and swarmed toward Tang Hao.

Snake hisses shook the earth.

That was a horrific sight!

Those were not normal snakes, but an ancient breed with extra thick scales like metal.

The fangs of the snakes would easily puncture a hole in a cultivator. After that, they would devour the victim until not a single bone was left.

However, Tang Hao was not afraid.

He narrowed his eyes and flicked his wrists. Thirty-three jade talismans flew out and surrounded him with crackling lightning energy.

He brandished his qi aura, and his clothes started fluttering madly.

The crackling lightning and his qi aura illuminated the surroundings. It was an awe-inspiring sight!

The flying snakes slowed down when they sensed his aura. Their formation was disrupted.

The formation of thirty-three jade talismans flew outward at Tang Hao's mental command. It spread out as a web of lightning and swallowed the swarm of flying snakes.

After that, something that sounded like raindrops could be heard.

The torrent of flying snakes was wiped out in an instant. They were burned and charred by the lightning, and the fragrance of snake meat lingered in the air.

The place fell eerily silent all of a sudden.

The grandmasters and the soldiers all froze on the spot, petrified. Their eyes and mouths were opened wide in fear.

“Oh... Oh... Oh my god! They’re all dead! Dead!”

A scream broke the silence.

The Hindustani’s faces turned ghastly pale. Not a trace of their earlier arrogance was left.

“Oh no! He’s a freak!”

“Quick! Run!”

The Hindustani cultivators scrambled onto the jeeps and prepared to escape.

Tang Hao threw out several jade talismans at the jeeps and destroyed them. After that, he caught up to the fleeing giant snakes and slaughtered them.

“Hmm, the meat is high quality! It should be delicious when roasted. Anything that I can’t eat can be turned into fertilizer!” Tang Hao mumbled.

The Hindustani cultivators nearly saw red when they heard that.

'How dare that guy eat their precious snakes, or worse, turn them into fertilizer?

'That is such a waste!

'Curse that Huaxianese to hell!

However, they did not speak their thoughts out loud. They stood there with fearful expressions.

"Let me ask you, where is the Huaxia cultivator you captured earlier?" Tang Hao asked the leader.

"He's... He's... He's at the Holy Mountain!" The leader spoke with a trembling voice.

"Holy Mountain?"

"Right, Ular Holy Mountain!"

"How is he now?"

"He's....still alive!"

Tang Hao breathed a sigh of relief when he heard that.

He looked at the group of Hindustani cultivators and sank in thought. He beat up each one of them, then took out some rope and tied up all of them together.

He drove a jeep from the military base and tied the other end of the rope to the back of the jeep.

“Let’s go!”

He stepped on the accelerator and the jeep started to move.

The Hindustani cultivators behind the jeep were dragged along. They were battered about until their bones loosened and their faces were bruised. Occasionally, some of them yelped in pain.

That was a pathetic sight.

The Hindustani soldiers were shocked as they watched the jeep leave.

Were those people the secretive and powerful grandmasters they knew?

‘This is horrible!’

Just as they stood there in a daze, the military base behind them exploded and went up in flames.

The general in the command center was stunned for a long time when he received the news. He could not believe what he heard.

“Useless! Useless! All of you are f\*cking useless! Didn’t the grandmasters boast that they are very powerful? Why are they all like useless idiots when fighting one lone Huaxianese?”

“Where are our jets? Where are our helicopters? Send everything over and blow him up to bits!” He roared as though he had lost his mind.

Soon, he received a live feed. The jets and helicopters had found their target and were chasing it down.

Everyone was shocked by what they saw on the screen.

'What's that big mass behind the jeep?'

When they zoomed in to see clearly what was that, they nearly fainted.

'Dammit!

'Those are people! There were about thirty or forty of them tied up into a big ball. They were the secretive grandmasters from the Holy Mountain.

'How are we supposed to blow him to bits?'

'If the jets dropped the bombs, those people would be the first to die!'

The general trembled violently. His face was in a deep shade of red.

He was about to lose his mind seeing his target brazenly move toward the next destination while he could not do anything against him.

Half an hour later, his worries were all gone.

The target seemed to be heading toward Ular Holy Mountain.

He breathed a sigh of relief. 'After this is none of my business. Let the grandmasters of the Holy Mountain take care of him!' He thought.