

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 513

Thud!

The last warlock fell, accompanied by a spray of blood.

Corpses and debris littered across the street. Only one lone figure stood there.

The command center was deathly silent.

The figures inside stood there as though they had turned into stone.

What did they see on the screen? It was a total massacre! All the Level C, Level B, and even Level A Guardians were helpless against the Huaxianese young man.

What incredible power was that?

“Dragon? He’s the Dragon of Huaxia?”

Someone shouted with a trembling voice. His face was as pale as a sheet, and his eyes opened wide with fear.

The Dragon of Huaxia!

That was a name that inspired fear. It was much more than a Level A threat; it was a Level S threat.

The military officers started trembling when they heard that.

The commander was also shaking. Cold sweat beaded and streamed down his forehead.

'F*ck! So he's the Dragon of Huaxia?

'What kind of a cruel joke is this?'

His mind was a frantic mess.

That feeling was like starting a new game and encountering some low-level mob on the map, which turned out to be a secret boss and could take you out with one attack.

It was the most frustrating feeling ever.

'Dammit, if I knew that he was the Dragon of Huaxia, then we shouldn't have fought back! We should've just given those two Level E mobs as an offering.

'Now that the battle has begun, the situation is out of my control.'

He was more surprised by the fact that the Dragon of Huaxia was so young!

"Wh... wha... what do... w... we do... now, Com... Commander?" An officer behind him stammered.

The commander wiped away the sweat on his forehead. His hands were trembling even more violently.

"What do you mean by what do we do? This is a Level S threat! Raise the alert and contact the Hexagon."

“Yes!” The officer replied.

Very soon, an alarm sounded in the department headquarters, and an alert was broadcast nationwide.

Many people’s hands vibrated throughout Merrica. They were dumbfounded when they lowered their heads to see the notification on their wristwatches.

On their wristwatches was a blood-red letter S.

That was the legendary Level S threat, and they were about to witness it with their eyes.

Meanwhile, an alarm also rang in the Hexagon, Merrica’s Department of Defense headquarters. The entire building exploded with activity.

“What’s going on? Huaxia is here? Heh! What’s the fuss? What? The Dragon of Huaxia? Dammit, is Huaxia crazy? Are they declaring war on us?”

Even the President was alerted.

He dialed a Huaxianese phone number.

At the same time, somewhere in the Capital.

“Ah... what a wonderful, uneventful day!”

General Bai leaned back and sank into the soft couch.

“Nothing to worry about today. Days like these are the best!”

General Bai narrowed his eyes, evidently in a merry mood.

“Ahh, how nice! If only every day could be like this! Oh, right, tomorrow will be my vacation too. What should I do? Should I go fishing?”

“Hmm, not bad! I should call up Ol’ Chen and Ol’ Xu and invite them to go fishing. That sounds like a plan!”

“Alright, that decides it! I’m off!”

General Bai sat up straight, stretched lazily, then took his briefcase and stepped out of his office while humming a small tune.

However, he suddenly heard the phone in his office ringing.

General Bai was surprised. He stopped walking.

‘F*ck! I’m just about to go off work. Why are people calling me now?’

“I wonder what’s going on?” He grumbled, turned around to his office, and picked up the phone.

“Hey! Who is it?” He yelled unhappily into the phone.

When he received a reply, he was utterly dumbstruck. His hand trembled, and the receiver in his hand nearly dropped on the table.

'Dammit!

That Tang Hao kid is in Merrica now, and he's causing a lot of trouble too?

'Wait a second... is he crazy? That's Merrica we're talking about, not Hindustan!'

"Wait, I'll come over right now!"

He slammed the receiver down and rushed out of his office.

His expression immediately sank.

"And I was just hoping for an easy day! F*ck, this is a major incident. I'll have to work overtime tonight!" General Bai wanted to cry.

The past few days were uneventful, so how did things become so serious all of a sudden?

"Why can't Comrade Tang Hao give me a break?" General Bai continued mumbling as he ran down the corridor.

Very soon, in another room, he was on a video conference call with the Merricans.

"You are provoking us! This is an act of war!" The Merrican general yelled.

General Bai grimaced and scratched his ear. "Excuse me, have you really confirmed that the person is from Huaxia, and not Dongying or Nanyang?"

"Ah, right, it might be those kimchi eaters too!"

The Merrican general was taken aback. "Who else could he be if not from you guys?"

"Ah, you can't say that! You'll need evidence to support your claim. Otherwise, that's slander!"

"We won't admit it if you don't have evidence!"

General Bai waved his hands with a grim expression on his face.

The general was stunned. He could not find a reason.

'The Huaxianese general makes sense! How should I counter that?'

After all, they did not have concrete evidence.

"But... that guy can speak Chinese..." he stammered.

"Chinese? How many sentences did he speak?"

"One sentence... maybe two?"

“Hah, just one or two sentences of Chinese, and you think that the guy is from Huaxia? Are you even listening to what you’re saying? Who doesn’t know a sentence or two of Chinese nowadays?”

“Well...” The general’s face was red with embarrassment.

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In a snow-capped mountain somewhere in Merrica.

The peak of the majestic mountain was buried in the clouds.

Two figures clad in black robes were running up the mountain with panicked expressions.

Eventually, they arrived in front of a dwelling and fell prostrate on the ground.

“Mighty Divine Eagle, our noble Lady Thea, the Dragon of Huaxia is here! The situation is dire. Please lend us your hand!”

There was no reply for a long time.

The two people lifted their heads and looked at each other. They were about to say something again when the door slid open silently.

The interior of the dwelling was pitch-black.

Soon, it began to light up.

The light was intense, but at the same time, carried a holy presence. A figure walked out from the light.

It was a tall and slender female with ivory-fair skin that flowed dazzlingly.

She did not wear any accessories on her perfect feet.

Her long golden hair fell on her shoulders like a waterfall.

Her facial features were delicate — She had the characteristic tall nose bridge of a Western person, yet her profound gaze carried an Eastern charm. Her lips were vivid and supple, and her golden irises were sparkling.

She walked toward the entrance while bathed in light. Her beauty was breath-taking.

It was as though a goddess had descended from the heavens.