

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 572

On a certain mountain in that mountain range.

The mountain was steep, and it was dotted with many lights.

This mountain was the base camp of the Iga ninja cultivators. It was commonly known as Mount Iga.

There was a road that meandered in from the base. Outside, the road was paved asphalt, but inside, it was full of potholes.

A white car drove on the bumpy road. Tang Hao was feeling baffled.

'It's not like they don't have any money. Why don't they build a better road?'

After driving for a distance, he could faintly see the steep mountain peak in front of him.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, figures appeared from the ground in front of the car and on both sides. They were all wearing ninja suits and masks.

They glared at Tang Hao sternly.

Tang Hao stepped on the brakes and stopped.

"Who are you?" A ninja in front shouted loudly.

“Your grandfather!” Tang Hao got out of the car and shouted coldly.

The ninja cultivators were stunned. When they came to their senses, they could not help but fly into a rage.

“Baka!”

“How dare you provoke the Iga clan? You have a death wish!”

Whoosh! A wave of kunais and shurikens flew toward him.

Tang Hao narrowed his eyes, and the kunais and shurikens seemed to have slowed down. He could clearly grasp the trajectories of each of those throwing weapons.

His body swayed slightly, and he dodged the attack. At the same time, he extended two fingers and caught a kunai before throwing it back.

Thud!

The kunai hit a ninja cultivator’s throat. He lifted his hands to cover it, while his face was filled with pain and disbelief.

Before the others could react, a few more people fell to the ground.

Seeing that scene, the expressions of the remaining people changed drastically.

'He's a master!'

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack! Blow the whistle!" One of them shouted loudly.

Another person hurriedly took a whistle from his waist and blew it loudly.

Tang Hao did not stop him. He glared coldly at the ninja cultivator who was blowing the whistle.

The whistle was as sharp as an eagle's cry. It spread far and wide in the mountain.

In the next moment, a commotion swept over the mountain.

Lamps lit up one by one.

"Who are you? How dare you run rampant on Mount Iga?" The few ninja cultivators gathered together and shouted sternly.

Tang Hao grinned and said, "Haven't you all been looking for me? Now, I'm here!"

"I'm here to see just how powerful your Mount Iga is!"

As he said this, his entire body trembled, and his qi aura suddenly erupted like a raging wave.

Sensing the aura, the ninja cultivators trembled and fell to the ground with extreme fear on their faces.

'Oh my god!

'He's the Dragon of Huaxia!'

They struggled to get up and scrambled away.

Tang Hao threw out a few jade talismans and killed them. Then, he walked forward step by step.

"Who are you? What are you doing at Mount Iga?"

"Stop! Who are you?"

Figures rushed over while shouting. They were all wearing ninja suits and moved extremely fast.

More people were rushing down from the mountain.

Tang Hao walked over as if he was strolling in the park. He flicked his wrist, and jade talismans shot out.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Flames and lightning exploded, and the ninja cultivators were blown away. Some died on the spot, while the remaining ones were heavily injured.

He was like a mobile turret, pushing forward with an unstoppable force.

The ninja cultivators had never seen such abnormally ferocious firepower before.

None of the ninja cultivators could stop Tang Hao's advance. They rushed forward one by one, but were either blasted into bits or sent flying with blood spewing out of their mouths.

Earth-burrowing, body substitution, and elemental conjuring. The traditional ninja cultivator skills were nothing in front of Tang Hao.

At first, the ninja cultivators charged forward without fear of death. But gradually, they began to hesitate and retreat.

The scene was utterly shocking!

The figure that was walking up the mountain amid the lightning and flames was like a fearsome demon.

Numerous ninja cultivators rushed down from the mountain and gathered in front of the mountain gate. They watched in stunned silence as the figure walked over from afar.

Everyone's gaze was focused on that figure.

"Who is he?" That was the question in their hearts.

Many people already had a vague answer in their hearts, but they could not accept it.

The flames and lightning gradually died down, and a figure appeared in front of the crowd. His posture was straight, and his aura was imposing. His face was blurry, and no one could see it clearly.

Everyone gasped in unison.

“It’s him! He’s the Dragon of Huaxia!”

“The Dragon is here!”

The crowd immediately erupted.

Everyone was in disbelief.

“Why is he here? Has the plan been exposed?” Some people exclaimed.

Project Dragon Slayer had been proposed a long time ago, and the Dongying cultivation world had come up with many plans of attack. However, the most fundamental problem was yet to be solved.

That was, the identity of the Dragon.

Before they could even figure out the Dragon’s identity, he had come knocking on their door. The project was dead on arrival.

“Quick! Contact the others!”

“You, contact the Ministry of Defense! Get me the Minister of Defense! Since the Dragon’s here, we can’t let him go back. We’ll kill him whatever it takes!

“And you, go and summon the Sendai (TN: Literally, ‘previous generation’)!”

In front of the crowd, an old ninja ordered.

The people beside him responded and disappeared with a puff of smoke.

“You want to keep me here? Let’s see if you can do that!” Tang Hao said coldly.

“Don’t be so arrogant, Huaxianese! So what if you’re a Perfected Person? You’re courting death by coming to my Mount Iga!” The old ninja sneered.

Tang Hao glanced at him and said, “You must be Saburo Ibuki, right?”

“That’s me!” The old man said coldly.

“Then die!”

Tang Hao roared and waved his hand. Thirty-three lightning talismans shot out, forming an awe-inspiring web of lightning that surged toward that group of people.

“All you idiots, still standing together!” Tang Hao sneered.

He waved his hand, and another wave of jade talismans shot out.

Cries of agony echoed in the mountain. Some people were even killed before they managed to make a sound.

Tang Hao stomped his foot and dashed forward with an incredible burst of speed. He charged into the chaotic crowd with a dragon tooth dagger in each of his hands.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

The light from the blades flickered. At every slash, a throat was cut, and blood splashed out.

The ninja cultivators fell one after another.

The old ninja cultivator took the lightning attack head-on. He was livid when he saw his disciples fall.

He thought that with their numbers, they would be able to hold him back long enough until the Sendai arrived. He did not expect to suffer heavy losses after one attack.

If this went on, they would all die before the Sendai arrived.