

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 717

The old monk was stunned.

The other Nanyang shamans were also stunned.

'This guy isn't joking, right? Does he intend to take on two of them by himself?

'Hahaha!'

They almost burst out laughing, and their mood lightened up.

They thought that they were destined to meet their maker today, but they did not expect that the fool would want to take on two of them by himself. Did he have a death wish?

The two old men were from the previous generation and had incredible cultivation bases. On the other hand, that guy had only broken through recently. Even an idiot would know which side was stronger.

On the Huaxia side, the heavenly masters were frowning.

'Spiritual Master Tang is too impulsive. We've told him to bring the two old guys from Mao Mountain along, but he refused to listen. What if he lost? What would he do then?'

"What should we do?"

"Run away when you see that the situation is going downhill! I'm a good swimmer, so I can escape. No, I'm not being a coward; I'm carrying on Huaxia's legacy!"

The heavenly masters began to discuss among themselves.

“You talk big, kid!” The old monk sneered. “You can’t even take down just me, let alone two!”

The other sinister old man also sneered. “You overestimate yourself!”

“Then let’s fight!”

Tang Hao shouted coldly and waved his hand. Thirty-three jade talismans shot out, turning into a monstrous web of lightning.

“Prepare to die!”

The old monk roared and stomped his foot, charging toward Tang Hao with a burst of speed and pushed away the web of lightning.

The sinister old man cackled and cracked his neck. He lifted his hand in front of him and said, “I don’t want to bully him, but he’s bringing this upon himself!”

Behind him, the large vats began to tremble, and from within came terrible wails.

The lids broke, and black smoke gushed into the sky, turning into malicious ghosts.

“Go!”

He roared, and the countless ghosts pounced forward.

“Kill!”

“All the disciples of Mao Mountain, follow my lead and face the enemy!” Taoist Master Qian Ji roared.

He charged forward, and the Sword of Vanquishing flew out of its sheath.

“Kill!”

The Taoist masters roared and charged forward one by one, following behind Taoist Master Qian Ji.

Following that, the people from the various cultivation families and the Agency also jumped down from the fishing vessels.

On the Nanyang side, the shamans opened their suitcases, and countless wisps of black smoke soared into the sky. The coffins opened one after another, and zombies jumped out, each carrying a shocking aura of negative qi.

The great battle broke out in an instant!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jade talismans fell like raindrops. In a single exchange, many shamans were killed, and the zombies were also reduced to ashes.

Tang Hao had made those jade talismans, and they were extremely powerful.

However, the jade talismans were all expended in that attack. The Taoist masters took out yellow paper talismans and activated their spells, engaging in a fierce battle with the Nanyang shamans.

The cultivation families followed behind the Taoist masters.

The heavenly masters were still huddled on the ship, occasionally throwing a paper talisman.

Taoist Master Qian Ji charged first into the enemy's formation. However, he was intercepted by the half-step Nanyang shaman, and a fierce battle broke out.

As for Tang Hao, he was fighting with the two full Perfected Persons.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Tang Hao used the two mirrors to fight against the old monk. From time to time, he would throw out jade talismans to kill the incoming malicious ghosts.

However, there were too many ghosts. After one wave was killed, another wave would come, as if there was no end to them.

After fighting for a while, the two Nanyang shamans frowned.

They thought that with their combined strength, killing that guy would be a piece of cake. If they could free up their hands to deal with the others, then the battle would end quickly.

However, they did not expect the guy to be so powerful.

“Go to hell!”

The old monk roared, brandished his qi aura, and threw a punch at Tang Hao.

Meanwhile, the sinister old man directed his malicious ghosts at Tang Hao.

The two of them coordinated their attacks to kill Tang Hao.

Tang Hao grunted, stomped his foot, and leaped backward.

The two mirrors came together and fused into one. It vibrated, and the surface of the mirror shone with a bright light. At the same time, a brilliant aura burst outward.

“What... What treasure is that?”

The two Nanyang shamans’ faces were contorted in shock.

Before they could react, the mirror shook and shot out a dazzling light that engulfed the old monk.

“Ah!”

With a scream, the old monk’s body trembled violently, and he spat out blood as he flew backward. When he landed on the ground, his entire body was drenched in blood and gore, and he looked extremely pathetic.

In an instant, the entire battlefield fell silent.

The people engaged in battle stopped fighting.

Everyone's gaze turned towards the center of the battlefield.

"How did that happen?"

The Nanyang shamans were stunned when they saw the old monk lying on the ground.

The person was from the previous generation, and they were fighting two against one. How could he lose so miserably?

The Huaxia side burst into cheers.

"All hail Fellow Cultivator Tang!"

"All hail Senior Tang!"

Their morale soared.

On the fishing vessel, the heavenly masters were also stunned.

"F*ck! So Awesome!"

"There's hope! Let's get down and kill those Nanyang bastards!" They cheered.

The heavenly masters became bolder. They jumped off the fishing vessel and charged toward their opponents, seemingly more eager than the Taoist masters.

“Now... It’s your turn!”

Tang Hao willed the mirror to face the malicious old man. Another beam of bright light shot out.

The old man’s expression changed drastically. Countless evil spirits gathered in front of him, trying to block the attack.

Whoosh!

The light tore apart the black smoke.

The old man wanted to dodge, but it was too late. He was hit by the light and flew backward, spewing out blood.

Tang Hao waved his hand, and dozens of jade talismans shot out, killing that guy.

A Perfected Person died just like that.

“Oh my god!”

The surrounding Nanyang shamans began to tremble. Their faces were filled with fear.

Mulla’s body trembled, and all color drained from his face.

“How can this be! How can this be...”

He muttered to himself with a dazed expression.

He had never expected that the guy was so powerful that even two seniors from the previous generation were not a match for him.

“It’s over!”

He muttered to himself, and his expression turned even more ghastly.

“Charge!”

The Taoist masters roared and launched another attack. Their momentum was unstoppable, and Nanyang shamans were forced to retreat.

From time to time, miserable cries tore through the night sky.

One by one, the Nanyang shamans fell.

After killing the old monk, Tang Hao strolled towards Mulla.

“You shouldn’t have looked for trouble with us!”

Tang Hao looked at him coldly. He flicked his wrist and threw out several jade talismans, killing him.

The other half-step shaman was killed by Taoist Master Qian Ji.

The outcome of this battle was set!