

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 745

666?

Tang Hao was stunned.

Then, he thought for a while and remembered that the Hua family had won the number 666 in the auction.

“How is it? Very cool, right?”

Hua Beiqiang was very proud.

Identification pendant numbers were the latest trend in the cultivation world. Numbers like 666 or 888 were status symbols.

That number allowed him to flaunt for several months. Those from the Hong and Qi families were incredibly envious.

“Impressive, right?” He sneered at Tang Hao.

That number not only showcased his identity but also proved that he came from a wealthy family. That guy must be speechless by now.

When he saw that the guy did not seem the least bit surprised, Hua Beiqiang became frustrated.

“How about you show me your number, kid? Let’s see who’s better!” He said.

Tang Hao's expression changed into something weird. "I don't have a number!"

Hua Beiqiang was stunned.

'No number? That's impossible! How could he enter the Capital without a number?'

The Capital was protected by an Artifact formation created by a senior. It could not have let any unidentified cultivators inside.

He could not understand what was going on.

'Maybe that guy is too weak, and that's why the formation didn't detect him!'

After thinking for a while, that seemed to be the most plausible explanation.

'That means he's useless!'

He looked at Tang Hao coldly, and the disdain in his heart grew.

"You ought to know your limits, you brat. How dare you try to snatch my girl if you're so weak? You really overestimate yourself!"

He walked over with a stern expression.

"Kill him, Young Master Hua!"

The other students did not understand the thing about the numbers, but that did not stop them from cheering for Hua Beiqiang.

They shouted excitedly in unison.

Young Master Hua was publicly acknowledged as the number one martial arts expert in Q University. He would definitely be able to defeat that scumbag.

Mu Xintong was impassive as she looked at the scene.

Hua Beiqiang had been annoying her. She was quite pleased by the situation.

“I’ll teach you a lesson today, you brat!”

Hua Beiqiang walked in front of Tang Hao, lifted his hand, and was about to hit Tang Hao’s shoulder. There was a trace of qi in his palm.

Tang Hao sneered. He did not attempt to dodge.

The palm struck Tang Hao’s shoulder with a loud slap.

The corners of Hua Beiqiang’s mouth curled up in a smirk.

He was close to the middle period of the State of Qi Channeling. That slap would definitely make the guy fall on his knees and beg for mercy.

However, what happened next was beyond his expectations.

That guy stood there as though nothing happened at all.

Hua Beiqiang was stunned.

'That can't be!

'Hmph! That guy must be putting on a brave face. It's fine. I'll hit harder next time! He'll be crying and begging!'

He grunted and increased his strength.

However, that guy remained impassive, as though Hua Beiqiang was only tickling him.

'Impossible!'

He was dumbfounded.

Following that, his face flushed red.

It would be a disgrace if he could not defeat that guy!

He gritted his teeth and pressed down with all his might. However, that guy did not flinch at all.

'What the hell?'

He cursed internally, not sure what was going on.

Tang Hao shot a glance at him and said, "Are you OK? It's fine if you can't do it!"

"You..."

Hua Beiqiang's eyes widened in anger.

'The kid is mocking me!'

He continued to push down with all his might, but that guy remained unscathed.

"Alright, it's my turn now!" Tang Hao said.

"Sure! You do it! I'll just stand here, and you can hit me however you want! I'll call you Uncle if I frown even a bit!" Hua Beiqiang thumped his chest and said confidently.

"Really?"

"Nonsense! I, Hua Beiqiang, have never gone back on my word!"

"Alright then!" Tang Hao grinned and gently moved his palm toward Hua Beiqiang's shoulder.

"Why are you so soft? Don't tell me you haven't had lunch yet!" Hua Beiqiang sneered.

Tang Hao was stunned. His hand froze in midair.

“Are you sure you want me to hit you harder?” He asked.

“Of course. Are you a sissy? Why are you asking so many questions? Hurry up!” Hua Beiqiang said impatiently.

Tang Hao said, “OK, you said it yourself. Don’t blame me!” As he said that, he gently tapped him.

“Ahhhhh!”

Hua Beiqiang let out a terrifying scream that sounded like a pig being slaughtered.

Hua Beiqiang’s shoulder collapsed, and his entire body slanted to one side. His face was distorted because of the intense pain. His face turned pale, and his forehead was instantly covered in sweat.

Then, he fell to the ground.

As he gasped, he could not comprehend what had happened.

The other party’s pat was very light, but it carried the force of a mountain as it pressed down on him.

When he came to his senses and looked at that guy again, he started to panic.

Even a fool would understand by now that Tang Hao was not some useless piece of trash. The reason why Hua Beiqiang could not sense his qi was that his cultivation base was too high.

'He doesn't have a number? That must be a lie. How could the formation not sense someone as powerful as him?

'Just who is he?'

The Huaxia cultivation world was no longer the same as before. That senior had established the Huaxia Cultivators' Union, and information was shared openly.

If there were such a powerful person in the same generation as him, he would definitely know about it.

However, he had never heard of such a person.

At that moment, there was an uproar among the crowd.

"How can that be? Even Young Master Hua is no match for him!" Everyone wailed.

"Who are you? Show me your number if you dare!"

Hua Beiqiang struggled to get up. His face was pale.

Tang Hao rolled his eyes and said, "I really don't have a number!"

Hua Beiqiang became angry. "You're still lying to me. If you don't have a number, how can you enter the Capital? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"I really don't have one. Besides, I don't need it!" Tang Hao said.

“You don’t need it? Haha! Who do you think you are? Do you think that you’re more powerful than that senior? How shameless!” Hua Beiqiang laughed.

“I don’t need a number because I’m the one who created it. So... do you think that I have a number?” Tang Hao said calmly while regarding Hua Beiqiang coldly.

Hua Beiqiang’s entire body shook, and the smile on his face froze.

He was petrified on the spot for a very long time as he tried to process that shocking information.

‘F\*ck! This guy is actually that senior?’

‘The legendary senior who is a full Perfected Person and the president of the Huaxia Cultivators’ Union?’

He was completely stunned.