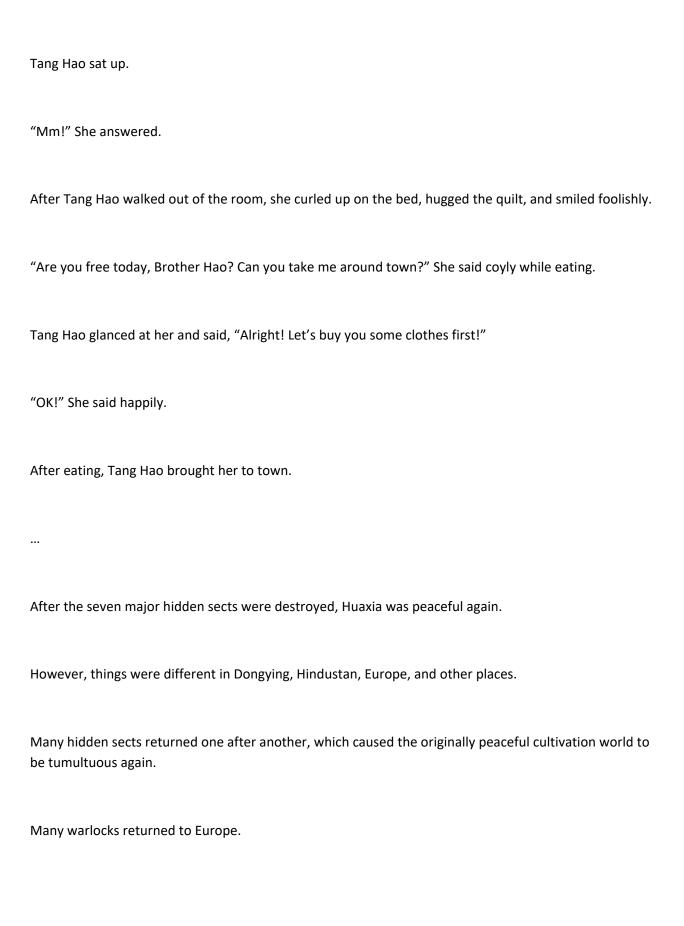
The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 811

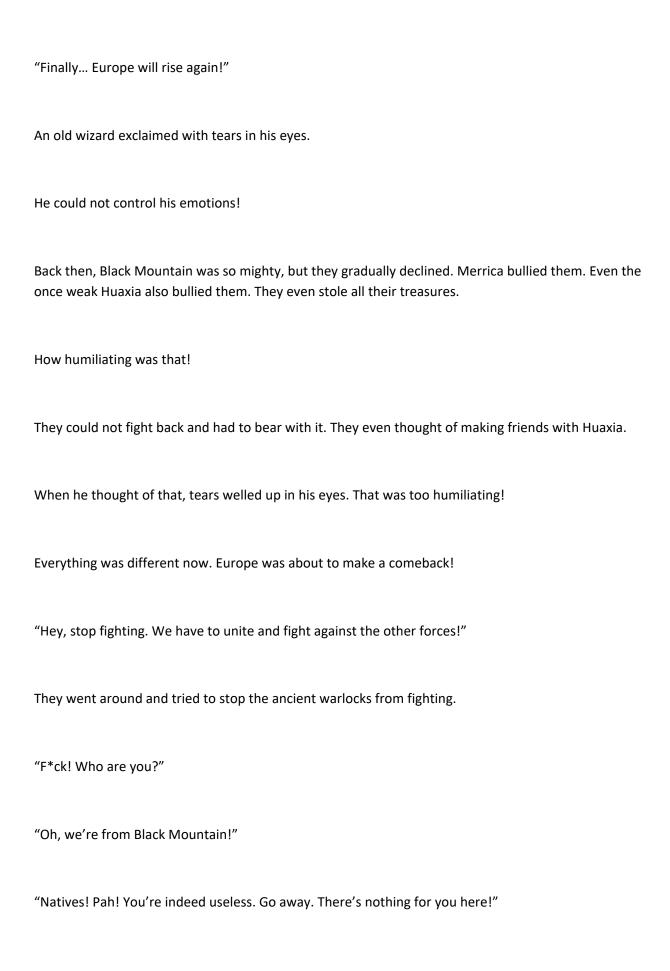
The car stopped outside the dormitory.
The two girls got out of the car first.
Tang Hao got out of the car and was about to carry Yan'er out.
She moaned and woke up a little. "Brother Hao!" She mumbled.
"I'll send you back to the dormitory!" Tang Hao said.
"I don't want to!" She hugged Tang Hao tightly. "I don't want to go back to the dormitory. I want to go with you"
"Be a good girl!" Tang Hao said softly.
"I don't want to"
She shook her head desperately and hugged Tang Hao tightly.
Tang Hao was helpless. He thought for a moment and said to the two girls, "You can go up first. I'll take care of Yan'er tonight."
The two girls looked at each other, giggled knowingly, and went upstairs.
"Alright, you don't have to go back to the dorm tonight. OK?" Tang Hao said softly.



When Tang Hao woke up the next day, she was still sprawled over his body.
Tang Hao moved a little, and she woke up as well. She opened her eyes groggily. She was stunned when she saw Tang Hao, and she looked a little lost.
In the next moment, she quickly closed her eyes and pretended to sleep.
Her pretty face was blushing.
'Oh no! Oh no!
'My image has been ruined!'
She wailed inwardly when she remembered what happened last night.
"You're awake, right?" Tang Hao smiled.
"No! I'm not awake yet!" She shook her head.
"You should wake up!"
"No! I need to sleep for a while more!" She said disapprovingly.
"It's not early. I'll go make some breakfast!"



Those people had their own factions. When they met with their rivals, they started fighting without provocation, and they would not stop until one side was dead.
They fought without any consideration for their surroundings. Some who fought in the cities crushed cars and destroyed buildings.
For a period, warlock sightings were reported all over Europe.
The governments of the European countries scrambled to clean up the mess.
The old warlocks from Black Mountain were all dumbfounded.
'Damn! What's going on? Where did all those old fogies come from? They're all very powerful too!'
"Finally, some help!"
They became excited. Now that the ancient warlocks of Europe had returned, did that mean that they would be turning the tables?
'Huaxia and Merrica are nothing!
'Europe is the most powerful!
'Defeating Huaxia and Merrica isn't a dream anymore!'
Just thinking about that made them extremely excited. Some of the old warlocks cried tears of gratitude.



They ran into failure and humiliation at every corner.
After a long fight and many casualties, the situation began to calm down. Eventually, the warlocks managed to form an alliance.
The old warlocks sucked up to them and began to complain.
"What? A traitor took away the three major Warlock Artifacts? Damn, are you all trash?"
"What? Huaxia came and emptied out your treasure vault? I I'm speechless. You're not trash, you're a bunch of f*cking pigs."
The ancient warlocks were speechless.
'These Black Mountain warlocks are too pathetic! They're an embarrassment to the warlock cultivation world!'