

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.

“OK!” She replied weakly.

After carrying her back to the car, Tang Hao drove back to her apartment.

She fell into a fitful slumber on the drive back.

She sobered up a little after Tang Hao carried her upstairs. She buried her face in his arms, pursed her lips, and revealed a silly smile.

“Where are we, Brother Hao?” She mumbled, evidently still drunk.

After entering the house, Tang Hao placed her on the bed and was about to go away. However, she hugged him tightly and refused to let go.

Tang Hao smiled and said, “Be a good girl! Go to sleep!”

She hugged him even tighter and mumbled, “I don’t want to. I want to be with you.”

“I really like you, Brother Hao...”

She kept repeating. After a long time, she fell into a deep sleep while hugging Tang Hao.

Her head rested on Tang Hao’s chest, and she was sleeping peacefully.

On the other hand, Tang Hao was helpless. He closed his eyes and fell asleep as well.

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!"

Tang Hao sat up.

“Mm!” She answered.

After Tang Hao walked out of the room, she curled up on the bed, hugged the quilt, and smiled foolishly.

“Are you free today, Brother Hao? Can you take me around town?” She said coyly while eating.

Tang Hao glanced at her and said, “Alright! Let’s buy you some clothes first!”

“OK!” She said happily.

After eating, Tang Hao brought her to town.

...

After the seven major hidden sects were destroyed, Huaxia was peaceful again.

However, things were different in Dongying, Hindustan, Europe, and other places.

Many hidden sects returned one after another, which caused the originally peaceful cultivation world to be tumultuous again.

Many warlocks returned to Europe.

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.

“Finally... Europe will rise again!”

An old wizard exclaimed with tears in his eyes.

He could not control his emotions!

Back then, Black Mountain was so mighty, but they gradually declined. Merrica bullied them. Even the once weak Huaxia also bullied them. They even stole all their treasures.

How humiliating was that!

They could not fight back and had to bear with it. They even thought of making friends with Huaxia.

When he thought of that, tears welled up in his eyes. That was too humiliating!

Everything was different now. Europe was about to make a comeback!

“Hey, stop fighting. We have to unite and fight against the other forces!”

They went around and tried to stop the ancient warlocks from fighting.

“F*ck! Who are you?”

“Oh, we’re from Black Mountain!”

“Natives! Pah! You’re indeed useless. Go away. There’s nothing for you here!”

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!’