

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 814

“Ouch! That must hurt!”

The three people turned their faces away. They could not bear to watch.

They waited for a while, but they did not hear any movement from the old ascetic. Then, they turned to look at him.

“Hey! Why is the Sacred Teacher not moving?” One person asked in puzzlement.

“Hmm, he must be tired and wants to rest!” Another person stroked his chin and said thoughtfully.

“That’s right! He must be tired after trying so many times. But... his posture is quite unique! Why is his face down and his butt pointed toward the sky?” The third person said.

His eyes were transfixed on the old ascetic’s butt, and his expression was quite strange.

The other two people turned and looked at the old ascetic. Instantly, their expressions turned strange too.

That posture was indeed quite embarrassing!

However, the Sacred Teacher must have a reason for taking that posture. Perhaps it was some esoteric cultivation posture that could quickly restore his strength.

‘Yes, that must be it!’ They convinced themselves and even secretly memorized it.

They stood there quietly, afraid of disturbing their Sacred Teacher.

They waited and waited...

One minute passed, then two minutes...

Ten minutes later, they realized that something was not quite right.

They carefully walked over to take a look and were instantly dumbfounded.

'F\*ck, that's not a cultivation pose! His eyes are glazed over, and his face is swollen. He's already passed out!'

Their facial muscles twitched, and they had the urge to vomit blood.

They were committed to believing that their Sacred Teacher was making a mystical cultivation posture, but it turned out to be that way.

Then, they felt quite shocked.

Their Sacred Teacher was one of the top experts in Hindustan, but he could not do anything to the formation, even though he tried until he passed out. That was unbelievable.

After being stunned for a long time, they came to their senses and rushed forward.

"Wake up, Sacred Teacher!"

They shook the old ascetic for a while before he slowly came to. His old face was flushed red.

If there was a hole in the ground, he would have jumped in long ago.

“Are you alright, Sacred Teacher?”

“Haha! I’m fine! I’ve never felt better!” The old ascetic laughed, stood up abruptly, and once again assumed the stance of an expert.

“Then... do you still want to try?” A person said weakly.

In an instant, the laughter stopped abruptly.

The old ascetic froze awkwardly on the spot.

His facial muscles twitched a few times, and his face turned ashen.

‘Are you kidding me? Are you blind? My face is swollen, and my bones are falling apart. Can’t you see that? Try my \*ss!’ He roared in his heart.

However, he could not say it out loud. It was painfully frustrating.

“Well....I’m not in my best condition today. Let’s try it some other time?” He laughed dryly and said.

“I have to admit that this stupid formation is quite formidable! However, it’s only a little more powerful than me. I’m sure we can breach it if we get another person.” After a pause, he said again.

The three people's expressions became a little strange.

They could tell that the Sacred Teacher was chickening out!

"Let's go and rest!" The old ascetic laughed.

The four people climbed onto the highway and walked away miserably.

On the rooftop of a skyscraper in the city.

Tang Hao stood there and looked into the distance with a strange expression.

He had set up the formation, and he was able to sense any disturbance to it.

"Where did that idiot come from? He was charging into it for so long!" He muttered softly.

It was indeed foolish to attempt to breach the formation alone.

Moreover, the Yellow Flame formation at Provincial City was the second strongest among all the Yellow Flame formations, the strongest being the one at Westridge. He had reinforced it a few times, and it would not be breached that easily.

After waiting for a long time, he did not sense any more movement. He flew off the building and went back home.

The news reached Hindustan that night, and it shocked many people.

They had all been eagerly waiting for the news of victory to come back so that they could celebrate. However, the news was the opposite of what they had expected.

They were a little disappointed.

“Looks like that formation is quite a pain to handle. Let’s send another guy there. This time, we must succeed!”

The message they received said that one more ascetic would be enough, and they were not too worried about it.

Soon, another person set off.

“You can wait for my good news!” Before he set off, The Hindustani was bursting with confidence.

That night, a strange scene happened in the outskirts of Provincial City.

Biu! Biu! Biu!

Shadows continuously flew past the night sky and crashed loudly on the ground.

“Ahh!” “Oww!”

Cries of pain rang out continuously.

The two old faces were so swollen that they were almost deformed. The ground was filled with pits.

“F\*ck! Why did I land face-down on the ground again? This is uncanny!”

“Just you wait, you Tang bastard!”

They cursed and gnashed their teeth in hatred.

At the same time, they were also feeling embarrassed.

They were supposed to be experts, but they were in a sorry state.

“Hey! Didn’t you say that you only need one more person? Was that supposed to be a joke? I shouldn’t have believed you!” The newcomer pulled the old ascetic from before and complained to him.

The old ascetic’s face was flushed red. He hemmed and hawed and could not speak.

The other three people had been standing in the distance the whole time.

It was such an uncanny scene!

How could two Sacred Teachers not breach the formation?

What kind of formation was that? How could it be so powerful?

When the Sacred Teachers were exhausted, the people left defeatedly.

In the city, Tang Hao rolled his eyes. He felt that the matter was getting stranger and stranger. There was one yesterday, and there were two today. He was quite impressed by their perseverance.

“Two Idiots!”

He muttered and went back.

The news caused an uproar when it reached Hindustan.

Why did they fail again? There were already two of them!

Was that formation really that powerful?

They could no longer remain calm.

The Hindustanis had boasted that they would kill that Tang guy within three days, and everyone in the world knew about it. If they failed, Hindustan would become a worldwide joke!

People were already laughing at them on the forums.

The people from Europe, Merrica, Dongying, and even Africa were mocking them, saying that they were a bunch of trash.

“We can’t take it anymore!”

The Hindustanis were furious.

“If it were up to me, we should all go there, raze the formation, find that bastard, and chop off his head!”

“That’s right! We should raze them!”

The sacred mountain sects were all in an uproar, and their morale was at a high.

Soon, the cultivators began to assemble. Some were snake charmers, and some were ascetics. They were all elites.

They gathered from all directions, boarded the planes, and flew toward Huaxia.