

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 869

“A newbie?”

“He’s only been here for half a day?”

“He broke the record so easily?”

Everyone was dumbfounded when they heard the story.

“How many times did he die?” Someone asked.

“I don’t know, I haven’t counted. At least thirty times!”

“I think it’s more than that. Maybe about forty times! Otherwise, how could he break the record?”

“No, no, he died at least fifty times!”

The people in the market began to argue.

Actually, they did not keep count because they were too busy mocking Tang Hao. They only knew that he died many times.

“Damn! If it’s so easy to break a record, then we should try it too. Who knows if we might be able to break the record?” Someone shouted.

In an instant, everyone fell silent.

'That's right! If the kid can break the record, then we can do it too. We just need enough pills to restore the soul.'

Pills were nothing compared to the reward from breaking the record!

"Go, go! Hurry up and prepare the pills!"

Everyone instantly dispersed.

Groups of people flocked toward the "forbidden areas" in the Ninth Region and ventured forward without fear of death.

"Come on! You're died thirty-nine times!"

"Hang in there! Remember the reward after you break the record!"

The people from their respective sects hid in safe places to cheer them on.

When they met each other, they would ask each other how many times their sect members had died. The side with the more deaths would gloat proudly, while the other side would look annoyed.

Committing suicide became a trend in the Ninth Region.

Many people rushed to the forbidden areas every day while onlookers cheered them on.

Among the popular forbidden areas was the nest of the demonic roc near the market. Every day, people from various sects went to provoke the demonic roc.

The demonic roc was quite annoyed.

In the past, no one dared to provoke it. But ever since the idiot kid came that day, everything changed. People came one after another to die as though they had lost their minds.

Could they have been addicted to dying?

'F*ck! Don't these two-legged insects have anything else better to do?'

As the demonic roc thought about that, it flapped its wings, stirred up a gust of wind, and instantly wiped out the group of people rushing toward it.

However, not long after, those people came again.

"I'm back, stupid bird!"

"Let me tell you, stupid bird. I'm not giving up no matter how many times you kill me."

Those people roared and rushed forward, looking like they were ready to die.

'Give up?'

'Give up my *ss! I don't care if you give up or not!'

The demonic roc was angry. It shrieked sharply, soared into the sky, flapped its wings angrily, and carpet-bombed the area.

“Ahh!” “Ahh!” “Ahh!”

Screams filled the mountains.

The onlookers were also affected. Everyone died, no matter if they were in the State of the Golden Core or Foundation Establishment.

They were in the first level. The cultivation bases of Golden Core cultivators were suppressed, so they were no match for the demonic roc.

The situation in other places was about the same.

That happened for the next three days, but no one succeeded.

“Heh! There must be something wrong with the method. Let’s try again!”

Another three days passed, but there was still no result.

They were frustrated. They tried a few more times and eventually gave up.

They had expended countless pills during that period. If this continued, the supply of pills would not be enough.

“How could this be? What went wrong?”

Everyone was extremely puzzled.

“In my opinion, it’s not our fault. It’s that Nameless Qin kid who broke the record and wasted the dark gold shard. It’s all his fault!”

Many people agreed with that statement.

“Right, right, it’s all that brat’s fault. That kid deserves to die!”

“Has anyone figured out where the kid is from?”

“No! There’s no news at all!”

“Keep looking. When we find him, I’ll definitely chop him up!”

Everyone once again turned their attention to that kid.

In real life, many sects went around looking for that Nameless Qin kid.

All that time, Tang Hao was holed up in Nanping, leisurely selling medicine and cultivating. From time to time, he would go to the mountain forest to practice his new technique.

There was no news related to Zhong Tai. Perhaps East Peak Mountain did not know that he was dead.

As far as Tang Hao knew, East Peak Mountain was still hunting for Liu Heihu to reclaim their treasure.

He was not sure what was going on in the Void Realm. He had not returned since that day.

Nanping Town was a remote place, undisturbed by what was going on in the major cities in real life.

That night, Tang Hao returned to the inn after closing the store.

He balanced the accounts for the day, sat down cross-legged, and took out the Voidstone.

It had been seven days since the incident. Things should have calmed down!

Now that he had learned the Fleetfoot Stride technique, it was time to look for the demonic roc again.

He still wanted to claim the two gold shards.

After pondering for a long time, Tang Hao decided to go in and take a look. He sat on the bed, crossed his legs, and held the Voidstone tightly.

He channeled his soul into it, and soon, he found himself in the familiar primordial mist. He floated upward and arrived at the gazebo.

Tang Hao stepped through the gate and arrived at the market.

Nothing had changed. The market was still as lively as before. A group of people was crouching near the entrance. People were setting up street stalls in the distance and shouted to attract customers.

Tang Hao took a few steps forward, and the group of people crouching there looked over.

They were all stunned when they saw Tang Hao. Then, they rubbed their eyes as though they did not believe what they saw.

The next moment, they jumped and cried out in surprise.

“He’s here! He’s here!”

“Who’s here? Why are you making such a fuss?” The people nearby heard the shouts and looked over. After they saw clearly, they were dumbfounded, and the things in their hands fell to the ground.

The surroundings suddenly became quiet.

All the gazes were fixed on Tang Hao.

Tang Hao was intimidated by the attention he was getting. He had a bad premonition.

Sure enough, in the next moment, these people roared angrily.

“You’re finally here, you filthy brat. I’ve said it before, I’ll kill you every time I see you!”

“Tell me your name if you dare, you brat!”

They roared and rushed over.

“Oh my god!”

Tang Hao shuddered. He activated the footwork technique, and he dashed through the narrow gaps between the people in the crowd like a wisp of smoke.

“He’s here!”

“He got away again! Damn! What kind of footwork is that? It’s too uncanny!”

Exclamations could be heard from the chaotic crowd from time to time.

The people in the crowd stumbled around like headless flies.

Soon, Tang Hao got out of the crowd and rushed away.

On the path, the group of robbers was lying in ambush.

Tang Hao dashed past them, leaving only an illusory afterimage.

The robbers were stunned.

“Senior... Senior Brother... What was that just now?”

“I... I don’t know! It looks like a ghost!”

“Oh my god! It can’t be! We’re really in trouble this time!”

The robbers panicked.