

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 873

“Broken Sword Mountain has the best sword control techniques in the world! Slicing off someone’s head from a thousand miles away is a piece of cake!”

The old man kept bragging smugly.

“You guys watch carefully. I can take that kid’s life in one blow!”

As he spoke, he issued a mental command. The illusory sword hummed and shot out explosively.

It was as fast as lightning, and its momentum was terrifying.

Tang Hao was startled. The sword pierced through the gale and headed straight for his face.

He could sense the sword qi before the sword got near.

‘It’s an expert!’

Tang Hao’s expression changed. He knew that the attack must have come from a cultivator from the State of the Golden Core or even the Nascent Soul. Their cultivation bases might have been suppressed, but they retained their cultivation techniques.

In the blink of an eye, he activated his footwork and his body swayed like a phantom, barely avoiding the sword.

In the distance, the old man’s smile froze on his face.

The people that surrounded him exclaimed in surprise.

The person who had attacked Tang Hao was the sect leader of Broken Sword Mountain, a cultivator in the State of the Nascent Soul.

“Whoops! That was a slip of the hand!”

The old man waved his hand and laughed, embarrassed.

“That kid is quite good!” He muttered to himself.

With another mental command, the sword turned around and flew toward the kid at a faster speed.

‘You’re dead for sure this time, kid! It’s an honor to die by my hands!’ He thought to himself.

However, the sword missed again.

The old man was stunned again.

Everyone was equally in disbelief.

The first time might have been an accident, but two times in a row could not be an accident.

“Hey! Are you sure you’re capable?”

The people from the Di family started to mock him.

The old man's face turned red with embarrassment. How could he, a senior in the Nascent Soul state, fail to deal with a brat?

Moreover, he had bragged that he would be able to kill the brat in one blow. It would be really humiliating if he could not kill the brat at all.

"Damn brat, go to hell!"

He grunted angrily and summoned a few more swords.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The four swords interweaved with each other and rushed toward Tang Hao.

The brat was too agile, even though he was carrying a huge egg behind him. None of the swords could hit him.

Everyone was dumbstruck.

The old man's eyes were bulging because of anger.

'Damn, is that kid an eel? How could he be so slippery?'

His eyes burned with anger and he gritted his teeth as he saw that brat scurrying around.

He thought that the kid was mocking him. The people around him must be secretly mocking him too.

“Go to hell, filthy brat!” He roared angrily, summoned more swords, and continued attacking.

“F*ck! Is there a need?” Tang Hao was shocked. He continued to dodge using his mysterious footwork.

His figure was like smoke, coalescing and dispersing unpredictably. In one moment, he appeared here, and in the next moment, he was several feet away. It was quite uncanny.

The old man summoned more than ten swords, but he was unable to hit him.

“Oh my god!”

Everyone was shocked.

What kind of footwork technique was that? Even a Nascent Soul cultivator could not hit him!

Their eyes flashed with greed.

“I know, it must be the Fleetfoot Stride technique. That was what he exchanged with the dark gold shard,” someone said.

“So that’s what the technique can do! It really lives up to its name.”

Everyone cried out in surprise, and their gazes became more and more eager.

Among all the footwork techniques available for exchange, Fleetfoot Stride was ranked third. The other two were first-tier techniques, and it was almost impossible to exchange for them. That was why Fleetfoot Stride was known as the best footwork technique.

'I must get my hands on that technique!'

They secretly made up their minds.

The face of the Broken Sword Mountain sect leader turned deep red. He was extremely embarrassed and angry.

"I'll kill you, you brat!" He roared

Channeling all his qi, he summoned another sword and attacked.

"Damn, he's not giving up!"

Tang Hao was getting bored messing with him. He threw the egg toward the swords.

"F*ck!"

The old man was scared out of his wits. His face turned pale.

"Stop, stop, stop!" Everyone shouted frantically.

If the egg broke, everyone there would die. The entire Ninth Region would not be able to live in peace.

The old man stopped the flying swords and forcefully dispersed them. The qi recoil caused his body to shake. He spat out blood and fell backward.

“Are you alright, Sect leader?”

A group of people rushed forward.

“That kid is shameless! He actually used the egg as a shield!”

They looked at Tang Hao and gnashed their teeth.

Tang Hao flipped them the bird, grabbed the egg, and continued to rush toward the people from Broken Sword Mountain.

This time, no one dared to make a move. If they accidentally broke the egg, they would be in big trouble.

“Just you wait, you brat. I’ll deal with you next time!”

“Don’t be too arrogant, you brat!”

They cursed and fled in all directions.

The people from Broken Sword Mountain panicked. They carried their sect leader and ran away.

Soon, Tang Hao caught up to them. The demonic roc also caught up and sent those people flying.

Then, Tang Hao rushed to the people from Primeval Mountain.

“I’m warning you, brat, don’t come over. If you get any closer, I’ll slap your face!”

“Hey, Bro, we can talk! You seem to have a unique talent! Are you interested in joining Primeval Mountain?”

“Primeval Mountain is the number one sect in the entire Ninth Continent...”

“What the f*ck are you talking about? Number one sect my *ss!” The Di family’s voice came from afar.

“Shut up, Di family!” The people from Primeval Mountain retorted.

The two groups of people started to hurl curses at each other.

Tang Hao could not hold it in any longer. He rolled his eyes and rushed over to the people from Primeval Mountain. After dispatching that group of people, he went over to the Di family’s side.

“We can talk, you filthy brat, no, I mean, young hero! We’re all here to seek treasures. Let’s not harm each other!” The people from the Di family said.

Tang Hao’s expression was cold as he quickly dispatched them.

Wave after wave of people fell. The people in front of them were terrified.

‘Oh my god! That’s crazy!’

Those people were from the major sects and families of the Ninth Continent, but they were helpless against a brat.

That was too ridiculous and shameful!

“Hurry up and run! We can’t die here, that would be too embarrassing!”

They tried their best to run as fast as they could.

However, with their cultivation bases suppressed, they could not increase their speed. Tang Hao caught up with them one by one, and then they were sent flying by the furious demonic roc.

The people along the way were stunned when they saw what was going on. Then, they also started to run.

Almost half of the entire Ninth Region became involved.