

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 993

A lone figure walked on the path toward Ink Mountain.

He rested his hands behind him as he walked. With every step he took, his body would flash like a ghost, and he would appear three to four meters away.

The two disciples guarding the mountain gate noticed him, and their expressions changed.

“Who is it?”

One of the disciples took a step forward and shouted.

“This is the Mo Clan. Please state your identity,” the other person also shouted.

The figure paused and stopped.

The two of them looked closely and could not help but be shocked.

The person was dressed in white, and his black hair fluttered in the wind. His face was blurry as if it was covered by fog. The disciples could tell that he was filled with killing intent.

‘Oh no!’ They thought.

One of them was about to ring the alarm bell on his waist.

At that moment, that person reached out and gently grabbed the disciple's hand. The disciple's body froze as if he was tightly gripped by an invisible hand.

Then, the person clenched the hand tightly.

With a crunching sound, the disciple did not have the time to scream before his body exploded.

Bright red blood splattered on the other disciple's face.

The disciple widened his eyes in horror, and his entire body trembled violently.

Tang Hao flicked his hand, and the person was sent flying. He crashed heavily into the mountain wall before exploding into bits.

"Mo Clan... Hmph!"

He raised his head, glanced at the mountain gate, and smirked. He fired a blast of qi from his hand and blew up the mountain gate.

He walked up step by step.

"Who are you?"

"How dare you cause trouble in Mo Clan grounds?"

Some people rushed down the mountain when they heard the explosion.

A green beam of light shot out and penetrated the skulls of the Mo Clan disciples.

Blood splattered everywhere and dyed the stone steps red.

“Enemy attack! Enemy attack!”

“Sound the alarm!”

People on the mountain shouted.

A few seconds later, a loud and clear bell rang out in all directions.

The entire mountain was instantly in an uproar.

People came out of each of the halls with grave expressions on their faces and rushed up the main peak.

In the main hall on top of Ink Mountain, the clan leader opened the wooden box and took out an Artifact shaped like a falcon. Then, he took out a piece of jade and placed it in the Artifact.

When he heard the alarm bell, he was stunned, and his expression suddenly changed.

“What’s going on?”

“Clan... Clan Leader, don’t tell me... the academy is attacking us?” A person next to him said.

“That’s impossible, you idiot! They can’t be so fast. You only got back!” The clan leader cursed.

The academy would have come to clarify the situation with them before launching an attack.

If it was not the academy, then it had to be Ritian Pavilion.

He frowned grimly.

Ritian Pavilion were no pushovers after all!

“Clan Leader! Someone has killed the disciples guarding the gate and is on his way up!” A disciple rushed into the hall.

Everyone in the hall was stunned.

“Only one?” The clan leader said in disbelief.

“That’s right, Clan Leader. There’s only one attacker. He should be in the middle period of the State of the Golden Core,” the disciple replied. “The elders have mobilized to respond to the attack.”

“Phew!”

Everyone immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

“Haha! Only one person? He must have a death wish!”

“He must be from Ritian Pavilion. How stupid for him to come alone! What can a middle-period cultivator do to us?”

They sneered with disdain.

The Mo Clan was considered a major sect in the southern region. They had a Nascent Soul cultivator along with a host of Golden Cores. It would be a suicide mission if the middle-period Golden Core cultivator came alone.

The clan leader also heaved a sigh of relief and said, “Tell them to capture him alive if possible and bring him here.”

“Yes!”

That person replied and dashed away.

The clan leader held the falcon-shaped Artifact and walked to the entrance of the hall. He pondered for a moment before throwing it. The Artifact turned into a streak of light and flew away at an incredible speed.

In the blink of an eye, it disappeared from his sight and continued to head north.

He stood there with a solemn expression.

Ritian Pavilion were not the pushovers he imagined them to be. It was very likely that they came from another continent. If he were careless, his Mo Clan would be in great trouble.

However, he saw a ray of hope. The woman practiced lightning techniques and had a powerful lightning attribute Artifact. it was just as the rumors said.

The rumors said that Nameless Qin, the unrivaled prodigy, had stolen a lightning attribute supreme treasure and a lightning scripture at Sublime Mountain in the central region.

It was very likely that that woman was related to Nameless Qin.

In other words, Ritian Pavilion might also be related to Nameless Qin.

“Tang Ritian... could he be Nameless Qin?”

The thought flashed past his mind.

Right after that, he shook his head and could not help but laugh.

That was impossible!

He knew that Tang Ritian had exceptional pill-making skills. He had become a level one pill maker at such a young age and had even won against several level three pill makers.

Nameless Qin, on the other hand, was talented in cultivation. No one in his generation in the Ninth Continent could surpass him.

Possessing either one of those talents was already incredible. It was impossible for someone to be adept in pill-making and cultivation at the same time.

Moreover, his guess was only a hunch. He was uncertain if the woman's weapon was that lightning attribute supreme treasure.

However, the suspicion alone was enough. All the major factions in the Ninth Continent were frantically trying to capture Nameless Qin. They would appreciate any clues.

That way, his Mo Clan would be safe. Perhaps he could even use that opportunity to eliminate Ritian Pavilion.

With that thought in mind, a cruel sneer appeared on his face.

Meanwhile, Tang Hao was halfway up the mountain. He arrived at a plaza.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Figures rushed over from all directions. Each of them was a Golden Core cultivator.

"You must have a death wish to cause trouble in the Mo Clan!"

They all sneered.

Tang Hao narrowed his eyes and glanced at them coldly.

“Hmph! Let’s give him a taste of our power first.”

A middle-period elder shouted. He shot out a beam of light from his hand toward Tang Hao. It was a flying sword.

Tang Hao did not dodge. He pointed his palm at the sword.

Seeing that, everyone from the Mo Clan was stunned.

“Has he gone mad?”

They thought that it was ridiculous. Who in their right mind would block a flying sword with a bare hand?

In the next moment, they were stunned.

The young man grabbed the sword with his hand, but not a trace of blood could be seen.

The ensuing scene was even more shocking. That person clenched his fist and crushed the sword, causing fragments to fly in all directions.

Their minds were almost blank.

Crushing a flying sword with a bare hand?

That was a total freak!

Before they could react, the person waved his hand. In an instant, he picked up the broken sword fragments and scattered them.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The disciples that were standing around him fell one by one. Some Golden Core elders were pushed back.

The plaza instantly fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone's face was filled with horror.

That was not an ordinary Golden Core cultivator but a super expert!