

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1085

“Quick, quick, quick! The treasure light is right in front!”

“Hahaha! A supreme treasure is born. Finders keepers!”

In the mountain range, groups of people rushed toward the depths with all their might.

“Wow! That treasure light is so bright. It must be an incredible supreme treasure!”

Many people exclaimed in surprise as they looked at the beam of treasure light. Their faces were red from excitement.

They had never thought that such a treasure would appear in a remote place like the Wild Goose Mountains. It was a pleasant surprise.

Wild Goose City was also in an uproar. Countless people rushed out of the city gates and went over..

Soon, the first group of people arrived. They noticed that the treasure light came out of a valley ahead of them.

“The treasure is there!”

They shouted excitedly and rushed up.

As they got closer, they could see clearly that someone in the valley was holding something in his hands. It was the treasure.

“Hey, you thief, put the treasure down!”

“You thief! You are in Mirage Dragon Mountain territory, and all supreme treasures unearthed here belong to us! No one else can touch it!”

They shouted loudly as they rushed over.

When they looked closely, they were all stunned.

Their eyes widened in astonishment.

“Huh! I’m already old, and my eyes are failing me. Why does that thing look like a pot no matter how I look at it?”

An elder massaged his temples and said.

“Sigh! We’re all old!”

The other elders also said.

The young men behind them also rubbed their eyes while looking at the item. Their expressions became more and more strange.

‘F*ck! That’s right, it’s a pot! A big pot!’

Their facial muscles twitched at the absurdity of it all.

How could there be a pot-shaped treasure?

Who would have crafted a treasure pot? That would be extremely embarrassing!

When they came to their senses, they said hesitantly, "Elder... that's... that's a pot!"

The elders looked closely, and their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"That... doesn't seem right!"

One of the elders looked at the pot, then at the treasure light that shot into the sky. His emotions were in a mess.

He did not seem as enthusiastic about the treasure as before.

That thing was a supreme treasure, but the shape was too strange. Everyone would laugh at it!

The people stopped there and did not move.

Meanwhile, more and more people came. They were rushing over excitedly.

When they saw that thing, their enthusiasm was immediately extinguished.

“Is... is that a pot?”

“That’s right, it’s a pot!”

“Dammit, who would have crafted a treasure pot? That’s embarrassing! What’s the use of it?”

They stood there while trying to make sense out of it all.

The third group of people came excitedly. After they saw the pot clearly, they were all stunned.

“What the hell? That pot looks so majestic. It’s made of ultimate-grade materials! Who made a pot when they could have made something else? It’s a stupid cooking pot too.”

“How wasteful!”

Everyone was heartbroken. They wished they could find the crafter and beat him up.

Tang Hao held the pot and looked around curiously.

“Well... it’s not very cool, but it’s a supreme treasure!” Someone said.

Many people came to a realization when they heard that.

'That's right!

'So what if it looks embarrassing? It's a supreme treasure anyway!'

Now that they had thought about that, they instantly shouted at Tang Hao.

"Hey, kid, the treasure belongs to Mirage Dragon Mountain. Hurry up and hand it over!"

"Pah! It belongs to the Mystic Ice Sect!"

The people began to argue.

"What's there to argue? Mirage Dragon Mountain is the strongest sect in the Wild Goose Mountains. Are you going to fight us for it?" A young man from Mirage Dragon Mountain stepped out from the crowd and said arrogantly.

The young man was quite handsome and looked dignified. He was dressed in white and adorned with treasures.

He rested his hands behind his back, and his chin pointed toward the sky in disdain.

The other people became apprehensive. Indeed, the other sects were not as powerful as Mirage Dragon Mountain.

"Stand back, all of you. Don't even think of laying a finger on Mirage Dragon Mountain property!"

The young sect leader looked around arrogantly.

Then, he looked at Tang Hao and shouted, "Hey, where are you from? Whatever, I don't care. Hand it over if you want to live!"

As he said that, he beckoned toward Tang Hao.

The contempt on his face was obvious.

Tang Hao could not help but roll his eyes. That guy was such a poser!

The young sect leader was furious when he saw that Tang Hao did not move. How dare that random kid disobey his command?

"Very well! Looks like you'd rather do this the hard way. You'll regret this! Kill him, Elder Xu. Bring the treasure over!" The young sect leader said angrily.

"Yes, Young Sect Leader!"

An elder responded and took a few steps forward. He shouted at Tang Hao, "It looks like you don't value your life, young man. You shouldn't have offended our..."

Tang Hao rolled his eyes and said, "Shut up, old man!"

The old man was stunned, and his face immediately turned red.

His body trembled with anger, and his eyes were about to spit fire!

That brat was too arrogant!

“You brat, I’ll make sure that your soul burns for eternity!”

The old man roared. His hair and beard stood up straight.

He raised his hand and slapped out. A huge palm materialized and slapped toward Tang Hao.

The elder was in the middle period of the State of the Nascent Soul. His full-strength attack was quite shocking indeed.

“Hmph! Serves that kid right!”

The young sect leader sneered.

The other people also could not help but laugh.

To them, the kid had been too rash, and he deserved to die!

Tang Hao only moved when the qi palm got close to him. He lazily reached out and slapped that palm.

Everyone laughed when they saw that.

Soon, their laughter froze on their faces.

Then, their expressions gradually turned into one of fright.

That light slap had turned the elder of Mirage Dragon Mountain into meat paste!

Their bodies trembled in fear. Some of the fainthearted ones wet their pants.

How terrifying it was to slap a middle period Nascent Soul cultivator to a paste!

That was not some random kid. He was a terrifying expert!

Their faces became extremely pale.

The young sect leader's face was deathly pale, and his legs were shaking. He managed to stop himself from passing out.