

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1129

Above the sea of clouds, the golden ship flew.

Two old men stood at the bow of the ship. Their robes and hair fluttered in the wind while their bodies emanated an imposing aura that was like a mountain.

The person on the left was Wan Qingzi, the Great Sect Master of Broken Sword Mountain.

The other person was wearing a white robe embroidered with a Wingscythe. He was the previous leader of the Rainmaker Tribe, Feng Boya.

The two asked. They were top people in the ninth continent.

Feng Boya looked around before withdrawing his gaze and looking at the warship beneath him, and he revealed an envious expression. "Brother Wan Qing, your Broken Sword Mountain has a good treasure!"

"If I had one, the Rainmaker Tribe would not have ended up like this."

As he said that, he turned around and looked at the group of people with a sorrowful expression.

He was one of the last remaining members of the Rainmaker Tribe.

The former supreme tribe now only had a hundred people left. How miserable was that!

Then, he gritted his teeth and hatred surged in his eyes. "It's all because of that brat. He killed all of my people. This hatred is absolutely irreconcilable!"

Behind him, a group of Rainmaker Tribe members also revealed their hatred.

Wan Qingzi said, "Brother Feng Bo, don't worry. We will definitely take revenge for this! That stinking brat will die in our hands sooner or later!"

"This..."

Feng Boya was instantly deflated, and he said with slight dejection, "That kid is too scary. He's simply a monster. Not only is he clad in treasures, but his cultivation is so abnormal as well. The two of us are probably unable to kill him!"

As he spoke, his heart was filled with bitterness.

It was said that those below Path Seeking Realm were all ants. How did such a freak appear? With just the strength of the perfected Nascent Soul realm, he was able to defeat Path Seeking Realm cultivators like them?

Is there any justice in this world?

The Ninth Continent, no, how could such a freak appear in this world?

When he thought about that night when that brat had used a treasured bow to shatter the defense formation of his Rainmaker Tribe, his heart still shivered with fear.

Wan Qingzi frowned and said, "That brat is indeed a demon!"

Even he had to admit this.

"However..." Then, his tone changed." No matter how monstrous that brat is, he's only at the peak stage of the Nascent Soul realm. No matter how powerful he is, there's still a limit. If the two of us can't kill him, how about a few more!"

Feng Boya was stunned. "You mean..."

"That's right. We're going to get help and kill that brat together. Look, what's this!" Wan Qingzi took out the Divine Void Banner and showed it to everyone.

"Hiss! Divine Void Banner! You actually obtained this treasure!"

Feng Boya gasped in shock.

Wan Qingzi smiled in satisfaction. "With this banner, I can summon two Path Seeking Void Spirits. If we invite three more, that would be seven Path Seeking Realm cultivators. Could it be that we can't kill that brat?"

Feng Boya was instantly excited. "Good! Good! The seven Path Seeking experts can easily kill him!"

"Hahaha!" Wan Qingzi laughed loudly as if he could already see the scene of that detestable brat dying miserably at his hands.

"We'll go and invite Old Ghost Luo first, then Brother Shang Guan... These people are wandering around and have no fixed tracks. I'm afraid it'll take some time, but it's fine, let that brat live a few more days!"

"After we kill him and seize his treasures, we can rebuild our sect and restore our glory!"

Wan Qingzi's laughter became more and more carefree.

Feng Boya roared with laughter as well, and he was extremely happy.

He was even more excited, his eyes burning.

That brat was practically a moving treasure trove. As long as they killed him and obtained the treasure, their Rainmaker Tribe could rise from the ashes again.

The atmosphere on the ship instantly became cheerful and filled with laughter.

In the distant sea of clouds, Tang Hao was hiding there. Hearing the laughter, he couldn't help but laugh as well.

If he didn't know, then he might have been attacked to the point of fleeing in a sorry state. However, he knew now, and it was uncertain who would be fleeing when the time came!

"I have to prepare well and give them a surprise!"

Tang Hao thought to himself.

He followed the ship and listened for a while before leaving.

His soul flew at an extremely fast speed. Two to three hours later, he returned to the desolate mountain and returned to his body.

He immediately set off for the Ritian Valley.

In the following period of time, he stayed in the valley and began to create array formations. At the same time, he took the time to cultivate the 'Divine Void Scripture'.

The outer area of the Ritian Valley was extremely lively.

Some of them came from various large factions to pay their respects. Some came purely to take a look at Tang Ritian's true appearance. Most of them came to pay their respects.

"Master, please accept my utmost respect!"

"Master, as long as you don't come out, I won't wake up!"

Several hundred meters away from the valley, people were kneeling. Most of them were teenagers, but there were also seven or eight-year-olds. Parents stood beside them to cheer them on.

"Son, you've already been kneeling for ten days. If you persist, you'll definitely be able to move your master!"

There were even thirty to forty year-old uncles.

"F*ck, uncle, how old are you? Are you shameless?"

The boys and girls around them looked at them in shock.

"F*ck! What's face? Can it be eaten?!"

The uncles were very thick-skinned and were not moved at all.

The group of people kneeled and knelt. The number of people increased, and it became a huge spectacle outside the Ritian Valley.

Meanwhile, Nanping City was even livelier. It was packed with people from all over the world.

On this day, Nanping City was bustling as usual.

Suddenly, ripples appeared in the air high up in the sky. A huge golden ship sailed out and hovered in the air.

Someone noticed it immediately and exclaimed.

“Look, what’s that?”

“Not good, that’s Broken Sword Mountain’s Thunder Stormcloud Dreadnought. The remnants of Broken Sword are attacking!”

In a split second, Nanping City was in chaos. Everyone looked frightened and ran out.

When the shop owners heard the news, they also rolled up their shops and ran.

The remnants of the Broken Sword must have come for revenge. A battle of Path Seeking Realm cultivators would definitely affect Nanping City. If they did not leave, they would definitely become cannon fodder.

Outside the Ritian Valley, everyone scrambled to escape.

At this moment, many figures flew out from the giant warship and pounced towards the Ritian Valley.

The five old men were all at the early Path Seeking Realm. Their auras surged as they pressed down.

One of them waved his hand, and streams of light rushed out and flew in all directions. They were array flags.

There were a total of twelve sides, forming a great formation that sealed off all directions.

The other four took out their treasures at the same time. Wan Qingzi was the first to take out his broken sword. He transformed into a streak of light and slashed down from the sky. Feng Boya summoned a huge green pillar and smashed it down.

One of the remaining two took out his zither, and as the strings were plucked, rays of brilliance flew out, transforming into the shape of a roc and rushing down. The other took out a scarlet copper furnace, and shot out a streak of scarlet light.

Four beams of light with unparalleled momentum bombarded the Ritian Valley.

The fleeing people all raised their heads, revealing extremely shocked expressions.

Five Path Seeking experts had arrived!

What a terrifying lineup!