

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1257

“Dragon’s Roar? He’s here too?”

Tang Hao was surprised. He raised his head and looked at the sky.

The scene from many years ago appeared in his mind again.

Ever since that time, he had never heard of any news about that dragon skeleton. He didn’t expect to encounter it here. What surprised him even more was that the winged Dragon was Kunwu’s Guardian beast!

When he looked at the young man again, he started to believe it.

This guy was really the son of the master of Kunwu, the awesome second generation!

“What happened back then?”

Tang Hao asked.

“This ... It’s a long story!”

The young man let out a long sigh.

“It’s hard for me to explain what happened back then. Why don’t you ... See for yourself!”

He sighed again, raised his finger, and pointed at Tang Hao.

Tang Hao felt the world spinning around him.

The surrounding void began to twist and change rapidly.

A moment later, everything came to an abrupt end. Tang Hao looked around and was shocked.

In front of him, a vast and magnificent world appeared. There were many tall mountains that reached into the clouds. The one in the middle was like a pillar that supported the sky, connecting the sky and the earth.

The entire mountain was white, and it bloomed with a brilliant divine light.

In the sky, there were many islands floating, and they were also covered in divine light.

Flood Dragons and immortal birds were flying in the sky.

Beams of light flew between the islands. They were cultivators with extraordinary auras and wearing treasured clothing. Many of them were young, but Dao rings appeared behind them.

There were also some whose bodies emitted immortal radiance and their eyes had strange images. They were like gods and their auras were even more shocking.

Looking into the distance, there was a five-colored ring around this world. It was made up of five-colored crystals, which made this world look like a divine realm.

“This is Kunwu?”

Tang Hao was shocked.

He understood that this place was Kunwu from ancient times.

“Aooo!”

A deafening dragon roar.

In the clouds, a giant dragon was slithering. It was a hundred thousand feet long, so large that it was unimaginable.

Wherever he passed, the wind and clouds moved, and rain swirled around.

“It’s so big!”

“Wow!” Tang Hao exclaimed.

“Waa! It’s one size bigger!”

“Guys, look! It’s so powerful!”

All around, the young disciples also looked up at the sky and exclaimed in surprise.

The flying rain-Dragon circled around the divine mountain in the middle and flew toward him.

“Feather God!”

“He” called out.

Tang Hao discovered that he had taken on the appearance of the young man.

“That’s right, these are his memories!”

The winged Dragon nodded at him and flew up again, disappearing into the clouds.

“Young master!”

“Good day, young master!”

He flew forward, and when the disciples saw him, they all bowed and greeted him with a smile.

At this moment, he was the eldest young master of Kunwu, and his father was the master of Kunwu, a dignified nine tribulations Supreme martial artist.

“Young master, those B * stards in Emperor NVWA’s Palace bullied our people again a few days ago. When will you teach them a lesson? We’ll let them know how powerful Kunwu is!”

A few male disciples said angrily.

He laughed and said, “that group of people, ignore them!” I’ll go and meet them next time when I’m free!”

After saying that, he continued to move forward, went up the divine mountain, and landed in a Hall.

“Father!”

“Master!” He called out respectfully when he arrived at a door.

“It’s lie ‘er! Come in!”

A deep voice came from the room.

When he pushed the door open, he saw a man sitting inside. He looked very ordinary, and his aura was also very ordinary. It was impossible to tell that he was a nine-tribulation Supreme who had passed nine immortal tribulations.

When he saw him, the man’s face revealed a gentle and loving smile.

“How’s ... How’s your cultivation going?”

“Not bad, I think I’ll be able to cross the next tribulation soon!” He replied.

“Not bad! You’re at the 1st tribulation now, so if you go through it again, you’ll be at the 2nd tribulation, which is not bad! You’re very talented. One day, you’ll also be able to pass the ninth tribulation and reach my level. ”

The man said with a nod.

Then, he opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but he stopped when the words reached his mouth.

His brows were slightly furrowed, and his face revealed a deep sense of worry.

“What’s wrong, father?”

“It’s nothing, it’s just that ... I’ve been feeling a little uneasy lately, and I keep having a bad feeling. Alright, let’s return! Cultivate properly!”

The man waved his hand.

“Yes!”

“Yes,” he replied and left.

Following that, he cultivated. The days were very ordinary.

On this day, he was sitting cross-legged in his cave abode, concentrating on his cultivation. Suddenly, he heard the loud sound of a bell outside.

This was Kunwu’s alarm, indicating that there was an invasion.

“What’s going on?”

He mumbled to himself, stood up, and quickly left the cave.

The outside was in chaos. Figures were flying in a hurry everywhere. In the sky, the formation protecting Kunwu had been activated. Layers of five-colored crystal walls enveloped the entire Kunwu.

In the air, five figures stood, their bodies exuding a shocking divine light. They were like Five Suns, hanging in the sky.

They were the five great Supremes of Kunwu!

“They ... Are here!”

“This tribulation ... We can’t avoid it!”

The five great sovereigns muttered in a low voice, their faces extremely solemn.

Bang!

Suddenly, the five-colored crystal wall trembled as if something was slamming against it from outside.

After a few hits, the formation was broken, and the crystal wall shattered. An unimaginably huge palm came out of the hole and slapped down.

In an instant, it was as if the sky had collapsed, and half of Kunwu was covered by this palm.

“Heavens! What’s that?”

“It’s Dragon count! The legendary dragon count!”

The Kunwu disciples were so frightened that their faces turned pale.

“All disciples, listen up! Follow me and face the enemy! Even if we have to fight to the last person in Kunwu, we will fight to the death!”

The master of Kunwu shouted, and the winged rain-Dragon flew over, carrying him up and charging toward the giant palm.

“Hahaha! I’ve long wanted to meet this group of people! Have a taste of my arrow!”

Another Supreme martial artist laughed heartily.

He had a burly figure and a rough face. He carried a bronze bow on his back. The design was very simple, even a little crude and ugly.

He hung an arrow basket on his waist, and there were ten bronze arrows in it.

He picked up one, put it on the bow, and pulled the string.

In an instant, the bow trembled and a world-shaking aura exploded.

At the tip of the arrow, a terrifying aura condensed and shone with endless brilliance. It was as if the arrow could even penetrate the sky.

“Big guy, remember, my name is Chao Qing, a descendant of yanshen!”

He laughed and pulled the bowstring back.

Whoosh!

As the arrow shot out, the heavens and earth collapsed!

The entire void was shaking and twisting!

Ah!

A cry of alarm.

As the arrow shot out, it directly shattered a finger, and nine-colored blood spurted out.

The owner of the giant palm was furious. His aura rose and he madly slapped down.

“All disciples, follow me!”

Streaks of light flew up from Kunwu sacred mountain. They were the elders, who were filled with battle intent and looked crazy.

“Kill!”

Then, more light rays flew up and rushed into the sky.