

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1258

BOOM!

The giant palm smashed down and shattered a mountain.

Another sweep. Peng, Peng, Peng! The floating islands exploded one after another and fell from the sky. Many Kunwu sect members couldn't Dodge in time and were blown up into clouds of blood mist.

Then, a huge head appeared in the air and looked down through the hole.

The pair of golden eyes were cold and indifferent as they looked down at the people below as if they were a group of ants.

His skin was golden and had a metallic luster. It was covered in mysterious and profound patterns.

"All of you will die!"

He pursed his lips and let out a muffled Thunder-like voice that shook the void.

He raised his hands, broke open the crystal wall, and descended from the sky.

It was indescribably huge, almost as tall as the Kunwu divine mountain. Behind it, there were nine-colored divine rings.

His ferocious might overflowed into the heavens and was abnormally terrifying. With just a roar, rings of solid sound waves rippled out and shattered the floating islands.

"This Dragon count celestial race is a great enemy of the human race. Back then, our ancestors were forced to migrate from the distant ancestral star to this place. The existence of Kunwu is to fight against them and protect the human race!"

"Today, we must stop him at all costs!"

Kunwu master shouted.

The divine light on his body was as bright as the sun, hanging on the back of the winged Dragon.

“Aooo!”

The winged rain-Dragon let out a long roar. Riding the wind and rain, it led the charge toward the terrifying giant God.

Behind him, there were four other blazing Suns. Each of them had a divine might and they were all at the ninth tribulation.

One of them held a bow, one held a spear, one held a golden gourd, and the last one was a woman with a graceful figure and a hazy face. She held a banner.

These treasures all had shocking auras.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The two sides collided, and an intense battle erupted!

This battle was extremely brutal. The earth caved in and the mountains crumbled.

The entire Kunwu sect's power was finally able to block this giant God, but very quickly, another giant God Dragon count appeared in midair and descended.

Then, another one.

With three giant gods, the battle situation was reversed.

Tang Hao also joined the battle. He drew an ancient sword and led a group of disciples to fight with all their might.

“No matter what, we have to stop them. If we lose, the human race will be in danger!”

“We Kunwu people are not cowards. We’ll fight to the death!”

Everyone’s eyes were red from the killing.

“He” was the same, his eyes completely red from killing.

Around him, disciples and elders died in battle one after another. Before they died, some even burned themselves as they charged toward the giant God and self-destructed. It was a tragic and tragic sight.

Suddenly, a sorrowful cry rang out.

The winged rain-Dragon fell from the sky, its body covered in blood. The figure on its back also fell.

“Father!”

“He” looked up and his eyes almost popped out.

The figure fell for a while before finally stabilizing, but his face was as pale as a sheet of gold paper. He had been seriously injured.

He looked up at the sky with a determined expression.

“Lie ‘er! I’m sorry, I’ll have to leave first! If you can escape this, I hope you can live well. You must remember ...”

He turned around and scanned the crowd. He found Tang Hao in the crowd.

“Father!”

“He” shuddered and shouted as if he had gone crazy.

The master of Kunwu laughed. With a flick of his sleeve, he flew up calmly. He flew faster and higher, and the light on his body became hotter and hotter. He crashed toward the giant God.

The giant God struck out with his palm, but upon contact, his palm melted away like ice and snow.

Bang!

The sun exploded, and the light and heat it emitted completely melted the giant God.

“Father!”

The eldest son of Kunwu let out a heart-wrenching wail.

Tang Hao could feel the extreme grief in his heart.

Even though one giant God had been destroyed, there were still two left. The situation was still grim. More and more disciples died in battle, and another Supreme venerable was injured. He burned himself and seriously injured a giant God.

“He”, on the other hand, fought madly until he was finally exhausted and hit by a palm.

As the palm slammed down, the void in all directions twisted, and the sky and earth spun.

Tang Hao returned to reality.

He stood there in a daze.

Everything he had seen before was simply too shocking.

It was that giant God Dragon count again!

Also, Emperor NVWA’s Palace was mentioned. It seemed that the giant God at the Dao Lake had also been suppressed at that time.

Tang Hao looked up at the young man and sighed. The young man was truly pitiful. His father had died, and so had he. All that was left was a wisp of his soul. It was truly miserable.

“Fellow Daoist! You saw it, I didn’t lie!”

The young man said.

“Where did that Dragon count come from?”

Tang Hao asked.

“I’m not too sure about that either. I only know that it was this Dragon count God clan that forced us humans to migrate here from the ancestral star. They are our greatest enemy!”

“I see!” Tang Hao was a little disappointed.

“Fellow cultivator, I have a presumptuous request. Can you agree to it?” The young man hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Speak!”

Tang Hao said with a nod.

He was indeed fated with Kunwu. Back then, it was because of that Dragon Bone that he was able to turn the tide and become an eternal monster incarnate. As long as it was within his ability, he would naturally help. He would treat it as repaying that Dragon.

“I’m just a wisp of a remnant soul, completely attached to this sword. I can’t move freely, and I can’t even walk out of this Valley.”

“You want me to take you away?”

“No!” The young man shook his head. “I’m just a wisp of a remnant soul. What can I do?” I want you to bring me to the peak of the divine mountain and place me there!”

“This is my home. My father also died here in battle. I want to take a good look at this place ...”

Tang Hao was silent.

After a long time, he nodded, walked forward, and picked up the sword.

“Many thanks!”

“You’re welcome!”

Tang Hao carried the sword on his back and headed toward the divine mountain.

“Fellow Daoist, you don’t look very old! How old are you?”

“Twenty something!”

“Waa! Amazing ... Fellow Daoist! You look delicate and pretty, and when you smile, you look a little shy. You’ve also agreed to my request so readily. You must be an upright, kind, and warm-hearted young man!”

“Yup! That’s right!”

“Yes,” Tang Hao replied without blushing at all.

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw a giant beast in the distance. His eyes lit up, and he picked up the green ancient sword and rushed over. He roared, “little tiger, stop!”

He rushed over and chopped off the hill-sized Tiger with a few slashes.

The young master of Kunwu was stunned.

“Stop! Robbery! Take out all your rings, storage bags, and take off your clothes! If you don ‘t, I’ll cut you with my sword!”

“The King of Qin is here!”

“That great devil is coming. Run!”

He pushed it horizontally, still snatching people and cutting beasts at the sight of them. He was overbearing and brutal to the point that it made one’s hair stand on end.

As for the eldest young master Kunwu, he was completely stunned.