

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1472

“What is this?”

Another group of people came and looked around. They caught a glimpse of the black thing on the ground. After taking a closer look, they recognized that it was a corpse.

“A broken corpse! Unlucky!”

They immediately cursed.

“Let’s go, let’s hurry up and find the treasure!” They were all thinking about the treasure and didn’t have time to pay attention to the corpse.

In just half a day, several groups of people had passed by, but no one paid attention to the corpse. In their eyes, it was just a corpse on the side of the road. Even if there was anything on it, it would have been stripped clean and nothing could be left.

“That’s weird! Why isn’t there anything?”

Groups of people went around and almost turned the place upside down, but they found nothing. Many people were attacked by fierce beasts and lost their lives here.

“Motherf * cker! Not even a fart!”

A group of people walked over from the other side of the wasteland. A purple-robed young man was walking in front of them, cursing as he walked.

Behind him, the group of people also looked angry.

They were the first to rush over, thinking that they would find some treasure, but in the end, they were overjoyed for nothing.

“Eh? What’s that?”

The purple-robed young man cursed as he walked over. When he raised his eyes, he caught a glimpse of a lump by the side of the road. It was pitch-black and unusually eye-catching.

When he took a closer look, his expression changed, and he couldn't help but curse, "F * ck! A broken corpse, how F * cking unlucky!"

He cursed loudly and lifted his leg to kick.

"Aiyo!"

But then, there was a scream. The young man hugged his leg and jumped up, his face green with pain.

The corpse was too hard, like a piece of iron.

"Young master! What's wrong with you?"

The group of people behind him turned pale with fright and hurriedly rushed forward.

"I'm ... I'm fine!" The young man rubbed his toes and put them down. He waved his hand and pretended to be calm, "this corpse is a little hard."

"Oh!"

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

They began to size up the corpse and discuss it.

"What's this pitch-black thing?"

"Mm! It's really a little hard!"

Someone even went up to touch it and said in all seriousness.

The young man looked at the corpse and felt an inexplicable anger rising in his heart. He had been searching for so long and had found nothing. He was already angry enough and had a stomach full of anger.

And now, he was F * cking tricked by a corpse. If he could endure it, who couldn't?

"Hmph! Who told you to trick me!"

He raised his foot again. This time, he circulated his Dao energy and sent it to the tip of his foot. Then, he kicked out again.

He used all his strength and swore to kick the corpse to pieces to vent the anger in his heart.

But then, there was a thump. The corpse was intact and didn't even tremble. Instead, it was his toe that cracked.

"Aooo!"

A heart-wrenching scream that sounded like a pig being slaughtered rang out in the wasteland.

The young man fell to the ground, holding his feet and wailing.

He was in so much pain that his entire body trembled and cold sweat broke out. He was even more dumbfounded in his heart. What was going on? How could this corpse be so hard? Was this really a corpse?

At this moment, he started to doubt his life!

At the same time, he was also a little embarrassed and angry. He was the young master of an immortal sect, and he was incomparably mighty. How could he be defeated by a corpse today? What the hell is this!

The group of people behind him were all dumbfounded, doubting their eyes.

"It must be fake!"

“How can it be so hard?”

They were puzzled.

The young master’s cultivation wasn’t low, and he had already cut off one. How could he not deal with a corpse?

The young man gritted his teeth and endured the pain as he got up from the ground, his face ashen.

“Alright! You’ve got guts, you’re already dead, and you still dare to go against this young master. Let me tell you, this young master is not that easy to provoke. Today, I’m going to go against you. If I don’t tear you apart and burn your Bones to Ashes, my surname is not li!”

He pointed at the corpse and said through gritted teeth.

Everyone’s expression became a little strange.

It was just a corpse! Why did the young master go against a corpse!

“Take a look at my sword!”

The young man raised his hand, and a bright sword appeared in his palm.

He raised his sword and laughed sinisterly. “Hmph Hmph! I’ll let you have a taste of my power now!”

“That’s the sword that the sect leader gave to the young master. It’s a high-grade ancient artifact!”

Someone in the crowd exclaimed in a low voice.

“Hey! The young master is really too much, he doesn’t need to use a butcher’s knife to kill a chicken. Besides, it’s inauspicious to use the sword given by the Hierarch to cut a corpse!”

An old man shook his head and sighed.

At this time, the young man raised his sword high and slashed at the body with all his might. He wanted to cut the body in half and then chop it into pieces.

The sword fell, but it didn't make a poof as expected. Instead, it made a clang.

The young man's face froze. His eyes widened as he looked at his sword, which had exploded into pieces.

The group of people behind him were also stunned, their mouths wide open.

His expression was as if he had seen a ghost.

For a long time, the surroundings were deathly silent, and the group of people seemed to have turned to stone.

After a while, there was a rumbling sound.

They swallowed hard, their faces dazed.

A high-grade ancient artifact couldn't cut through the corpse, and it even cracked?

Oh my God!

What kind of corpse was this?

The young man stood there, looking at the broken sword in his hand, completely stunned.

"Eh? Aren't they the members of the Youxian sect?"

At this time, at the other end of the desolate land, a group of people arrived. When they saw this group of people, they all began to shout. Their tone carried a bit of hostility. It was obvious that the

relationship between the two families was not good.

When they walked over, they noticed that the expressions of the people from the traveling immortal sect were a little off.

After a careful observation, they understood. Their eyes lit up as they looked at the corpse. A corpse that even a high-grade ancient artifact couldn't cut through must have some background.

But then, a look of disappointment flashed across their faces.

Even if there was any treasure on the corpse, it would have been picked up by someone long ago. There was no way it would be left behind.

"Li, you can't! Take a look at my sword, a Supreme-grade Dao artifact. How can your junk compare to it?" A tall and strong young man walked out. He raised his hand and took out a green ancient sword. He showed it off and was extremely proud.

The young master of the Youxian sect had a gloomy expression on his face.

"Get lost! Get lost! Don't block my way!"

The tall and strong young man walked forward, pushing the young master of the Youxian sect aside. He then raised his sword and slashed at the corpse.

But then, he couldn't be proud anymore, and the smile on his face froze.

There was a clang when the sword struck down. The corpse was intact, but his ancient sword, which was an extreme grade Dao artifact, had a crack and was broken.

"My God!"

His eyes bulged, and he couldn't help but curse.

"Heavens!"

“How did this happen?”

The group of people behind him exclaimed in disbelief.

Even the group of people from the Youxian sect were dumbfounded once again.

Even a Supreme-grade Dao artifact couldn't cut open this corpse!

After the shock, the way they looked at the corpse changed. There was a touch of fire and greed in their eyes.

This corpse was even tougher than a Supreme-grade Dao artifact, so it must have been a peerless expert in body cultivation when it was alive. This corpse itself was a precious treasure, a Supreme-grade material for refining artifacts.