

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 1695

Tang Hao entered the restaurant and sat down.

There were many people in the restaurant, and it was very noisy.

After listening in, many people were still discussing the Grand ceremony of blood source. Most of them were discussing the events around the devil Star Mountain. If it wasn't a powerful ferocious beast, then it was someone who had discovered rare spirit herbs.

This devil Star Mountain was filled with ferocious beasts and spiritual herbs. It was a land of treasures.

Or perhaps, someone had started fighting again.

There were many forces in the mountain, and conflicts and fights were common.

After sitting there for two to four hours, Tang Hao was ready to go out and look around the spirit herb shops to collect spirit herbs.

At this moment, a deafening roar came from the mountain.

The roar was high-pitched, like muffled Thunder.

"What's going on?"

Everyone in the restaurant was shocked and turned to look in that direction.

There was a commotion on the streets outside.

Such a shocking roar was definitely not from an ordinary fierce beast. It was probably one of the overlords in the deep mountains.

In the depths of the demonic Star Mountain, there lived many people with the bloodline of the ancient desolate. They were all Saint level and had terrifying strength. To ordinary cultivators, those overlords were like a dream. They never dared to go deep and provoke those overlords.

Tang Hao was also surprised. His expression turned serious.

From the sound of it, it was indeed a Saint realm expert. It was one of those terrifying overlords in the mountains.

Tang Hao had encountered a few of them when he was searching for immortal veins, but he had only watched from afar and did not provoke them.

All of these overlords had the most ancient bloodlines. They were exotic beasts that existed in legends. They were very powerful, and a few of them even emitted an aura that made Tang Hao somewhat afraid.

The roars continued for a long time, getting louder and louder, shaking the entire mountain range. In various parts of the mountain, many fierce beasts also roared. Countless roars converged into one, scaring the people in the city and turning their faces pale.

“This is the cry of ten thousand beasts!”

“Be good! Don’t tell me the beast tide is coming!”

For a time, everyone was in a state of panic.

There were also quite a few brave ones who flew out of the city and flew towards the deep mountains to investigate the situation.

At this moment, the major forces in the mountains were also alarmed. They peeked out and looked at the deep mountains.

Very quickly, a piece of news was sent back.

The roar came from the old golden centipede deep in the mountains. It couldn’t hold on much longer, it was about to die!

This piece of news was like a heavy bomb that exploded in the city.

“That golden ni-Lion is going to die?”

“Heavens! It’s that old golden centipede. This is going to be interesting!”

The entire city was in an uproar.

The Golden hou elder was one of the most powerful overlords in the depths of the demonic Star Mountain. It had lived for countless years, probably more than 10000 years. Its cultivation was also extremely terrifying, and it was said that it had passed the 3rd tribulation.

In addition, the bloodline of this golden hou was very pure. It was the direct bloodline of the Golden hou from the primordial era, and its strength was even more powerful.

It was said that a fourth tribulation Saint had once come here and fought Jin Lu to a draw. A third tribulation Saint fought a fourth tribulation Saint to a draw, which showed how terrifying Jin Lu’s strength was.

“Golden flame?”

Tang Hao was surprised.

Tang Hao was no stranger to this strange beast. He had seen it before in the ninth continent of Qiyuan. Back in the southern domain, when the corpse of the winged Dragon had appeared, he had encountered a golden Luan.

However, these two were definitely not on the same level. Qi Yuan's bloodline was not pure, while this one was pure.

However, when he heard that the Golden hou elder, who was only in the third tribulation realm, could rival a four-tribulation Saint, he was still a little shocked.

Even he would find it difficult to fight against someone of a higher level, but the Golden centipede was able to do it. It was truly amazing!

"This is the true bloodline of the ancient era!"

Tang Hao sighed. All the people he had encountered in the past were those with impure bloodlines!

"This old golden centipede has lived for a long time. No one knows how long it has lived for, but it's about time to exhaust its lifespan and die of old age!"

"The corpse of a three-tribulation Golden Phoenix is a peerless treasure. I'm afraid the surrounding forces will go crazy!"

When they thought of the corpse left behind by the Golden centipede, everyone's eyes turned red.

The body of a third tribulation Golden Phoenix was a Supreme treasure that could make any xiuzhe go crazy.

Jin Lu's body was full of treasures. His flesh and blood could be refined into pills or devoured directly, not to mention the divine bones and the most important inner core.

Even if they could get a little bit of the torso, they would be rich.

Everyone in the city was excited and rubbed their fists, preparing to enter the mountain and snatch the treasure as soon as Jin Ji died.

"A corpse of a golden ni!"

Tang Hao sat there and took a sip of wine. His eyes glowed.

He was also tempted. The corpse of a 3rd tribulation Golden Phoenix was also an important treasure to him. The inner core could help his cultivation level rise to the next level, and its flesh and blood could greatly strengthen his God spiritual bones and his physical body.

The other scales and bones were all useful to him.

"I must get it!"

Tang Hao glanced at the mountain. His eyes were burning with desire. Then, he furrowed his brows. The commotion was huge. It would definitely attract many powerful cultivators, not just those in the mountains, but also the other forces in the surroundings.

There would definitely be a lot of Saints, and there would even be terrifying figures at the third or fourth tribulation.

Perhaps that old man Gu tuo might come as well. After all, this place wasn't too far from the old man Gu tuo's territory.

"Just do your best!" Tang Hao muttered.

Tang Hao did not return to his cave abode. He stayed in the city.

The atmosphere in the city was getting more and more heated, and more and more people were gathering.

The news spread quickly, and countless people rushed into the city from all directions.

The people in the city looked into the depths of the city every day, waiting with their heads raised. They were all waiting for the old golden ni to die. Only when it died would they dare to go over.

Every day, deep in the mountains, the Golden centipede's mournful cries would echo for a long time, sounding particularly miserable.

"Even if the bloodline of the chaos is born with a long lifespan, it can't fight against time and can't avoid death! It's the same for us cultivators. We're Saints who haven't even passed the fourth tribulation. Sooner or later, we'll turn into a pile of yellow soil and disappear with the wind."

"Even if he reaches the fourth tribulation and his lifespan is limitless, so what? he will only live a little longer and will not be able to shine as brightly as the sun and moon."

Some old seniors heard this roar and felt emotional.

Tang Hao was touched when he heard that.

Compared to mortals, cultivators lived a little longer, but their lifespans would eventually come to an end. They would die sooner or later.

He also followed the others in and saw the old Jinyu from a distance.

This golden centipede was very large, but it was already extremely old. Its entire body was shrouded in a thick aura of death. It lay in the valley without moving, only letting out mournful roars from time to time.

"Dying! It'll be half a month at most!"

Someone asserted.

Tang Hao returned after a while and continued to wait.

As the days passed, more and more people arrived. There were people of all cultivation levels and identities.

As for the old Jinchuan, his condition was getting worse and worse, and his death was getting closer and closer.