

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2075

“This is ...?”

Everyone focused their eyes and was stunned.

No matter how he looked at it, it was just a string of ordinary bells. There was no trace of immortal Qi, not even a trace of spiritual Qi. It was just an ordinary item!

But how was that possible?

How could this treasure basin fall into the hands of an ordinary object?

In the previous treasure falling ceremonies, such a situation had never happened. Although Sir God Wu Ling had only given him a token and it was of no use, it was still forged from spiritual materials and was an item that belonged to a cultivator.

There were also quite a few people who had dropped some strange items, but none of them were ordinary!

Moreover, with this kid’s luck, how could he have fallen into an ordinary item?

Even his archenemy of the hundred clan Alliance, young master Taixu, and the others were stunned, let alone the ordinary cultivators.

They had never thought that such a situation would occur.

Numinous treasure path master also had a strange look on his face. He still couldn’t believe it. His eyes widened as he kept sizing up the string of bells, wanting to see what was going on.

However, no matter how many times he checked, this was just an ordinary item!

He was an eight-tribulation venerable sovereign and the Dao master of the spirit treasure heaven. He was the best at identifying treasures and would never make a mistake.

“How did this happen?”

“This shouldn’t be the case!”

The crowd whispered to each other.

“I think this kid must have used up all his luck. That’s why he’s so unlucky to have such an ordinary item!”

Someone from the hundred races sneered.

“Hahaha! That’s right, it’s because this kid’s luck was too good in the past, so now it’s his time to be unlucky!”

In the crowd, Sir God Wu Ling laughed.

At this moment, he was extremely happy and carefree!

He had been laughed at so many times when he landed in that piece of trash. Now, someone with worse luck than him had finally appeared, and it was the kid he hated the most. There was nothing more satisfying than this.

Many xiuzhe heard this and showed expressions of agreement.

This was really possible!

After all, this kid's luck was too good in the past. He even had several Supreme artifacts, not to mention that immortal medicine had delivered itself to him on the heavenly Peng mountain. This kind of luck was simply heaven-defying.

In this world, there was no such thing as always being lucky. There would always be times when one would be unlucky.

"Hahaha! I really didn't expect that the person with the worst luck in this treasure falling ceremony would be him!"

"Hey! Who would have thought of that!"

Everyone sighed with emotion.

"Hahaha! Look at this kid, he's finally taken a beating! It felt too good! I've never felt so happy in my life!"

Sir God Wu Ling slapped his thigh and laughed at the elders of martial God mountain behind him.

The hundred races also burst into laughter.

The cultivators of the hundred races all wore triumphant expressions, as if they had won.

Among the Holy Sons of the hundred races, just the legendary armor that the night race's Holy Son had obtained was enough to crush almost everyone, not to mention this kid's mere ordinary item.

The biggest winner of this treasure falling ceremony was the hundred clan Alliance.

They had finally won this kid once.

They were as carefree as Sir God Wu Ling. They felt as if they had gotten their revenge.

"What the hell is this!"

"My Lord definitely didn't wash his face today!"

On the creation sect side, the mud mountain four monsters muttered in low voices.

The elders' faces turned dark.

"This ..."

Yushi min's eyes widened in shock.

After a while, she burst out laughing and said, "This is nothing. It's normal to be unlucky occasionally!"

Li gongzi also smiled and couldn't help but laugh.

Tang Hao stood there and looked at the string of bells in the basin. His brows furrowed.

He had examined it countless times. This was indeed an ordinary item. However, how could it be an ordinary item?

What karma did this string of bells have with him?

The person who had this string of bells should be a mortal, but the mortals he had come into contact with were mostly people from Earth. After coming to Qi Yuan, the people he had come into contact with were all xiuzhe.

How could he be related to this string of bells?

At this moment, he was filled with confusion.

As he muttered to himself, he slowly reached out and picked up the string of bells.

The bell was purple, cast from ordinary iron, and a red string was strung on it.

Tang Hao looked at it closely, but he still could not remember anything.

"You don't have to be so stubborn, my young friend. Everyone has countless karmas, especially cultivators like us. The longer we live, the more karmas we have. You can't guess what kind of karma it is."

Numinous treasure Dao master laughed.

Tang Hao smiled, but he was still worried.

He shook his hand slightly and rang the bell.

Ding!

The voice was clear and ethereal.

But other than that, there was nothing special about it.

“Hahaha! You see, this kid still hasn’t given up!”

“Does he really think that this is some kind of treasure? In my opinion, this is most likely a love debt that this kid has incurred in the mortal world, don’t you think so?”

The crowd burst into laughter again.

Many cultivators revealed a mocking expression.

The square immediately became very lively, and all the cultivators began to make up all kinds of stories.

At this moment, the moment the bell rang, on the continent below, in the center of the reincarnation Lake, a figure that had been sealed for a long time suddenly moved and opened his eyes.

“This is ... Her Bell!” He exclaimed.

He raised his head and looked up at the sky.

That pair of deep and drawn-out eyes transcended hundreds of millions of miles and penetrated through layers of void space, landing on the square in the spirit treasure heaven.

When he saw the string of bells, his eyes lit up.

Then, he was stunned. His gaze fell on the young man with the bell.

He had some impression of this young man.

“It’s him!”

“Oh right! This was a treasure bowl! No wonder!”

He mumbled to himself as he came to a sudden realization.

“I must get her things back!”

He suddenly stood up, and with a sway of his body, he disappeared from his spot.

The next moment, when he reappeared, he was already in the sky above the square of Ling Bao Tian.

He was like a ghost, appearing here without a sound. Ling Baotian’s defense was nothing in front of him, and no one noticed his arrival.

“Hahaha! From what I can see, that woman must be pretty good looking. Perhaps, she’s even quite perverted!”

An elder from the hundred races laughed.

“Hahaha! I think so too!”

The rest of the cultivators laughed as well, and their laughter was somewhat unrestrained.

“You’re looking for death!”

The white-robed saint’s face turned ashen as he suddenly shouted. He didn’t do anything, but he just glanced at the clan elder and he froze. Then, with a bang, his body exploded, and blood and flesh splattered everywhere.

Even his primordial spirit was blown to pieces.

In an instant, a perfected six-tribulation Saint was annihilated, his soul scattered.

This sudden change shocked everyone.

The laughter from all directions suddenly disappeared, and the square fell into a dead silence.