

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2108

“Not here!”

“There’s nothing here either!”

In the Buddha realm, countless people of dipamkara temple had searched every corner of the realm. Even the remaining three sacred Buddhas were alarmed and came out to join the search.

However, he found nothing!

The fake Hui Cong had disappeared without a trace!

“Where is he?”

“Who is this person?”

These two questions troubled everyone.

After knowing that the fake Hui Cong had entered the Buddha realm and was even walking around, discussing alchemy with the other alchemy Masters, the monks were even more shocked.

How could there be such a bold person in this world?

He was only at the 6th tribulation, wasn’t he afraid of dying here?

When the group of sacred Buddhas learned of this, they had the urge to vomit blood.

This guy was so bold that he was clearly provoking the dipamkara temple.

“Bujie and the rest went to capture that demon surnamed Tang. This demon has only appeared in the recent years and it’s said that he came from the lower world. However, he’s extremely powerful and even the eldest young master of the great void heaven can’t be compared to him.”

“He has the Kasaya of the moonlight Treasure Buddha Lord and has even cultivated the moonlight Treasure King body. This is also the reason why bujie went to capture him. We have discussed this matter before and I thought that he was just a sixth tribulation junior so I let him go alone. He brought along a few young disciples with him and wanted to let them gain some experience.”

“The monster surnamed Tang? How powerful is he? could he be the fake Hui Cong?”

The sacred Buddhas discussed for a while, and one of them began to suspect the evildoer surnamed Tang.

“No way! Although this brat is indeed powerful, he can’t be powerful to this extent!”

The rest of the sacred Buddhas were still in disbelief.

Bujie, a seven tribulations Saint Buddha, went to hunt down this brat but he did not succeed. Instead, he was used by this brat to sneak into his dipamkara temple and took the chance to snatch away a body of incense before escaping ...

This sounded too unbelievable!

That demon surnamed Tang isn't a superhuman. How can he be so powerful?

They were more willing to believe that a seventh tribulation old monster had deliberately hidden his cultivation.

After searching a few more times, they still couldn't find anything. Hence, they decided to give up temporarily and sealed the exit, waiting for the Return of the Saint Buddha bujie.

And at this moment, a war of words was going on in the demon burial abyss.

"Old bald donkey, are you convinced?"

The demonic soul roared.

"Hmph! I'm the Saint Buddha of the dipamkara temple. How can I be convinced by your evil ways? come at me if you have the guts! Continue refining! Let's see how you're going to refine me!" Surrounded by the demonic puppets, bujie snorted in anger.

He sat there cross-legged, his Golden Dragon cassock torn. His face was as pale as a sheet of gold paper, and there was blood at the corner of his mouth. He looked extremely miserable.

At this moment, there was a ball of golden light floating in front of him. It was this ball of golden light that had opened up a light screen and protected him.

Even though he was very weak and in a sorry state, he still had an unyielding expression.

In his heart, a ball of anger was burning.

He had fought hard, not for anything else, but for his pride. He could not give in.

"Damn it, why is this old bald donkey so stubborn!"

The demonic soul was also angry.

This old bald donkey was simply like a stone in a latrine pit, smelly and hard. After beating him up for half a day, he was exhausted to the point of being half dead.

"Are you convinced?"

The demonic soul roared again.

"I'm not!"

The monk bujie raged.

The conversation kept repeating.

In the beginning, both of their tones were very hard, and they were tit for tat. No one was convinced by the other, and they both wanted to fight back.

But gradually, their tone became softer.

They were all tired. After fighting for so long, both sides were exhausted.

That monk bujie had used up all his trump cards and was only holding on with the last ancestral Buddha's sarira. As for that devil soul, he had to expend a lot of his Yuan Qi to control all the devil puppets. After fighting for so long, his Yuan Qi should have been almost depleted.

"Ai! Old bald donkey, why are you so stubborn? can't you just admit defeat?"

The demonic soul said unhappily.

He looked at the old bald donkey and felt that he was really unlucky.

How unlucky of him to meet this old bald donkey. If it was another Daoist cultivator, he would have taken him down long ago. Why would he be so tired that he vomited blood?

"I am the great dipamkara temple ..."

Bujie gritted his teeth as he hollered in anger.

"Stop, stop, stop. I know you're from the dipamkara temple. You've said it a few thousand times. Dipamkara temple was amazing! You think you can accuse people and provoke me as you please?"

The elder Devil shouted.

"Who's wrong about you!" The monk bujie coldly spoke.

"You! Didn't you accuse me without any reason?"

"How am I wrong about you? aren't you that brat's big brother? if you aren't, why did you protect him and fight with me for so long, allowing him to escape?" The monk bujie raged.

"What brat, what big brother, don't talk nonsense. I've lived here for thousands of years and have never acknowledged any little brothers. Why did I fight you? I hate bald donkeys like you the most in my life. Whether you're big or small, you're all the same. "

"The last time I met a little bald donkey, he was just like you. No, he's even more detestable than you. You bunch of bald donkeys, why are you all so annoying?"

“What little bald ass?” Bujie was stunned.

There should be very few Buddhist cultivators left in Pangu world, and even fewer who were powerful.

“It’s the little bald donkey! He’s like you, no, a little different. You don’t have hair, but he does. He’s wearing a Supreme Kasaya, and the Buddha’s light on his body is even more dazzling than yours.” The demonic soul said.

When he thought of that little bald donkey, he gritted his teeth in hatred.

“What? A Supreme Taowu?”

When bujie heard that, he was stunned.

“Yeah!” Mo hun said, “if it wasn’t for that Kasaya, I would have dealt with him.” By the way, you’re all bald donkeys. You’re not working together, are you?”

“Isn’t that little bald ass still very young? and he looks a little delicate?”

Bujie seemed to have realized something as his expression turned unsightly.

“Yeah! You’re with him, aren’t you?” The demonic soul said.

After bujie heard that, he was stunned for a long time.

Then, his face twisted, and he couldn’t help but spit out a mouthful of blood.

“Waa! Why did he vomit blood! Old bald donkey, you still haven’t answered me!” The demonic soul was shocked.

“I didn’t expect this! I really didn’t expect this! I, the sacred Buddha of the dipamkara temple, have fallen for such a low-level trick!” Bujie clutched his chest as he laughed bitterly.

“What do you mean?” The elder mo hun asked.

“Hahaha! Do you still not understand? The little bald donkey you mentioned is actually the same person as the kid who lured me here!” Bujie stared at mo hun as he coldly laughed.

“What?”

The demonic soul was stunned when he heard that.

His entire body was frozen there, as if he had turned into stone.

The brat that the old bald donkey was chasing after was that detestable little bald donkey?

Didn’t that mean that he had been tricked by that little bald donkey again?

His face twitched, and his expression became extremely interesting.

If not for the fact that he was a soul, he would have vomited blood and died.

“Little bald ass! You again! Why is it you again! Just you wait, I won’t let you go.”

Then, a deafening roar came from the abyss and reverberated through the world.