

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2239

“Ancestor, we’re here to help you!”

The elders of the Yao clan shouted in unison.

They sat cross-legged around the ancient cauldron and continuously poured their celestial core power into it.

The ancient cauldron trembled as the blood within it boiled.

BOOM!

There was a loud bang.

The body of the cauldron shook violently, and the ancestor blood inside shot up into the sky, turning into a human figure that stood above the ancient cauldron.

The moment he appeared, a shocking aura spread out, causing the void to freeze.

“How dare you offend my Yao clan!”

This person spoke. His voice was like thunder, shaking the heavens and earth.

“That’s ... My God! The Yao clan has even used the blood of their ancestor!”

The xiuzhe from all four sides looked over and were all shocked.

Most of the clans had this ancestral power, but they would never use it unless they had no other choice. This was because every time they used it, a part of the ancestral blood inside would be consumed, and its power would be greatly reduced.

The Yao clan had not only used the ancient city, but they had also used their ancestor’s blood. They had really put in their capital.

“It seems like the Yao clan hates divine Lord Tang to the core!”

Some xiuzhe sighed.

“That’s right. In the past, although the Yao clan was not a top clan like the Jiang clan, they were quite famous because they were good at alchemy. They were respected by many and lived a comfortable life. However, ever since divine Lord Tang came, the Yao clan was in trouble. First, their Saint child’s body was destroyed. Then, the Holy Lotus body that they had cultivated with great difficulty was destroyed. Several elders in the clan were killed ...”

“After that, they formed the hundred clan Alliance in an attempt to kill divine Lord Tang. However, they failed repeatedly and became the laughingstock of the world. They lost all their face. If they don’t hate them, who would?”

Immediately, some xiuzhe said.

There was some sympathy for the Yao clan in his words.

It was a great clan, yet they had repeatedly fallen at the hands of a young man from the lower realm. This was indeed tragic enough.

“This time, I think the Yao clan can finally hold their heads high!”

“This Yao clan is not easy to deal with!”

All the cultivators sighed, their faces full of sympathy.

“Old ancestor, we have summoned you today to borrow the power of our ancestors to eliminate a great enemy for our Yao clan!” The old ancestor of the Yao clan said.

“Great enemy? Good!”

The man covered in blood nodded and looked down at the mountain range of fortune.

“Is this the great formation?”

He mumbled to himself, then raised his hand and pressed it down.

In an instant, a monstrous blood light gushed out from the ancestral cauldron below him. As it rolled, it turned into a giant palm that covered the sky and slapped down with a terrifying power.

This palm was unimaginably large, and the entire mountain range of fortune was enveloped.

The pressure spread out, shaking the minds of all the cultivators in the surroundings and making them unable to move.

Many people’s faces turned pale, and they almost lost control and fell from the sky.

The power of this palm had clearly surpassed the realm of the 7th tribulation and reached the power of the 8th tribulation.

This palm was equivalent to an eight-tribulation venerable Emperor’s attack.

**BOOM!**

The blood-red palm landed on the light curtain, creating a deafening sound.

Boundless divine light bloomed, illuminating the heavens and the earth.

“Look, there’s a reaction!”

The next moment, a series of exclamations rang out.

All the cultivators could clearly see that under this palm, the light screen trembled slightly, and its luster dimmed slightly.

“Hahaha! Continue to bombard! Break this turtle shell!”

“Hahaha!” The cursed young master laughed out loud.

“Let’s also offer our ancestral weapons!”

In the ancient city of the night race, the night Lord gritted his teeth and shouted.

He couldn’t wait any longer. He had to break the formation as soon as possible and use the power of the ancestors to kill that kid. Then, he would take back the primogenitor armor of the night race and take revenge for Jiu Xuan!

He waved his hand, and a Black Cauldron flew out.

The elders of the night race rushed over and poured in their celestial core power to activate it.

“We’ll also sacrifice!”

At this time, the other races could no longer sit still.

This time, in order to kill that brat, all the races would have to use their ancestral weapons. Only by using the power of their ancestral weapons could they possibly kill that brat.

After killing that brat, how the spoils of war would be divided would depend on the efforts of each race, so they could not fall behind.

Even if they couldn’t kill that brat in the end, there was still the gate of fortune. The treasures inside would be enough for all the clans to split.

Soon, a shocking blood light rushed out from the ancient cities of various races, and a blood-red figure appeared.

These were all incarnations condensed from the blood of their ancestors, and each of them had the strength of an 8th tribulation expert.

There were more than 50 such incarnations in more than 50 clans. They raised their hands and pressed down on the mountain range below, or pointed with their fingers. A giant palm and a giant finger appeared and blasted on the light screen.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

There was a continuous explosion of bright divine light.

The light screen trembled continuously.

At this moment, it was equivalent to more than 50 8th tribulation lightning tribulation cultivators bombarding the formation at the same time.

In less than half a day, the light screen had clearly dimmed.

Seeing this, the cultivators of the various clans were all somewhat happy. They worked even harder to activate their ancestral weapons. The ordinary clansmen also continued to bombard, while the people of the untainted land also surrounded the mountain and attacked continuously.

After five days of constant bombardment, the light screen grew dimmer and dimmer. With every strike, it would tremble violently.

“This formation can’t last much longer!”

“Hurry up! Let’s break it in one go!”

The xiuzhe of the various races seemed to have been injected with chicken blood and became even more excited.

They used all kinds of methods, and after another three days, the light curtain finally couldn’t hold on any longer. It was hit by a giant blood-red palm, and with a bang, it broke.