

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2244

“Another one died!”

From time to time, exclamations could be heard from the surroundings of the mountain range of fortune.

The xiuzhe that were watching were all shocked and exclaimed.

To them, everything that was happening before their eyes was too crazy!

Those ancient monsters, who were rarely seen and incomparably terrifying in their eyes, were now falling down one by one. They were slaughtered, and their flesh and blood were devoured.

They had witnessed the birth of a hundred-Blood Warrior!

“This is too shocking!”

“He has only advanced to the seventh tribulation for a short period of time, and he has already formed the true hundred blood!”

They looked at the mountain and the figure that was as bright as the Cold Moon. Their hearts were filled with shock.

As everyone knew, once one’s cultivation reached the seventh tribulation, the improvement would be very slow. It would take at least a few hundred years to form a hundred blood. Many seven tribulations would take thousands of years to form a hundred blood.

And this divine Lord Tang had only used a few years!

This speed was simply inconceivable!

The cultivators were more and more shocked as they watched his aura grow stronger and stronger.

The various great clans and the people of the 33 heavens had attacked in a frenzy at the beginning, trying to stop them. However, they gradually stopped, as if they had given up, and could only watch helplessly.

When the figure stopped, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

The deathly silence in the vast world was somewhat terrifying.

All the cultivators were dumbfounded and couldn’t believe their ears.

” 500 ... 500 drops of immortal blood?”

A moment later, a xiuzhe shivered and said in a trembling voice.

His eyes widened in shock, and his eyeballs were about to pop out.

500 drops of immortal blood!

What a terrifying number this was!

Ordinary 100 drops of immortal blood was a completely different concept from 500 drops of immortal blood.

“No... No way!”

In the ancient cities, the cultivators from all races were pale and terrified. Even the night Lord and the medicine master were the same.

They all knew what 500 drops of immortal blood meant!

This meant that as long as that surnamed Tang wanted to, he could easily kill them. No one in the various great clans could do anything to him.

Originally, there were many people in their clans who could fight with him. For example, the ancestor of the Yao clan had advanced to hundred blood. With his treasures and magical powers, he was able to fight with that kid.

But now, that brat had reached the level of 500 immortal bloodlines. He had pulled apart the distance and was far above the Yao clan's ancestor.

Even the hundred-blood experts from the three great orthodoxies would not be able to do anything to this kid. The only ones who could fight him now were the thousand-blood experts.

“How could it be like this!”

The cursed young master was dazed for a long time. When he came back to his senses, he clenched his fists tightly, and his expression became a little sinister.

His heart was filled with extreme dissatisfaction and jealousy.

Although he had been surpassed by this surnamed Tang, the gap was not too big, only a dozen drops of immortal blood. But now, this guy had jumped to the realm of five hundred immortal blood, leaving him far behind.

Such a huge gap was like a chasm that could not be crossed.

“This ... This brat ... Is he a F * cking pervert?!”

A shrill cry rang out from the crowd of seventh tribulation divine Lords. It was Sir God Wu Ling.

His mouth was wide open and his eyes were bulging. His expression was twisted.

He really couldn't believe that this brat surnamed Tang had actually advanced to the realm of 500 immortal bloodlines.

He stood there in a daze, unable to come back to his senses for a long time.

Suddenly, he remembered the first time he had met this kid. It was in chaotic World Mountain. At that time, this kid was still very young and his cultivation was very weak. In the eyes of a seven tribulation expert like him, he was like an ant.

If it wasn't for the true self hidden in his body, he wouldn't have been so shocked that he fled in panic and made a fool of himself in front of the world.

Other than this self, this kid was not worth mentioning in his eyes.

But now, this kid had far surpassed him and reached a height that he could only look up to.

500 drops of immortal blood!

In the eyes of such an expert, a seventh tribulation expert like him, who only had a few dozen drops of blood, was probably like an ant, not worth mentioning.

"500 drops of immortal blood! It's too scary!"

Around him, the spectating seven tribulations all sucked in a breath of cold air and were extremely shocked.

"Look, the Qi of the immortal Meridian is exhausted. It's about to end!"

A moment later, someone noticed the gradually fading power of the immortal Meridian in the mountain.

"Even without the power of the immortal Meridian, with divine Lord Tang's current cultivation base and the night curse, who can stop him if he wants to leave? The night clan can't stop him!"

"That's right! The night clan can't be considered to have won today's battle. Although they can level the mountain of fortune, they can't keep divine Lord Tang. On the contrary, they have allowed his cultivation to soar and become a greater threat."

"I think the night patriarch and the rest are probably in the mood to cry!"

The cultivators discussed.

They looked at the night race's side and revealed a bit of sympathy.

The night race had gone through so much trouble and even used the power of their ancestors, but in the end, they didn't get any benefits. It was really quite tragic.

"Kill! Kill him! I'm going to use his flesh and blood to refine a pill!"

“You’re crazy!” The cursed young master shrieked, his expression crazed.

“And all of you, raze the mountain of fortune to the ground!”

Then, he shouted at the night race.

The expressions of the night patriarch and the rest changed slightly.

“Do it!”

They looked at each other, and after a brief exchange, they shouted in unison.

They were all clear that it would be very difficult for this brat to stay. The only thing they could do was to raze the creation mountain and snatch the creation gate. This could be considered as venting their hatred and taking a portion of their revenge.

At that moment, the cultivators from all the races attacked together. They were about to smash the mountain range below and level the Fortune Mountain.