

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2268

In the depths of the North Sea, in the demon Thearch's lair, there was a coffin.

The coffin was made of some kind of white jade, and there was a picture of a flying immortal carved on it. There was a white mist surrounding it, and as it surged, the mist kept gathering and dispersing, condensing into the illusionary images of flying Immortals. It was extremely magical.

A figure could be vaguely seen in the coffin. It was none other than the desolate evil demon Emperor.

The coffin was known as the flying immortal coffin. It was found by the huangxie demon Thearch in an immortal tomb. It was originally a vessel used by the ancient true immortals to sleep. It did not have much power and could not be considered an immortal artifact. It could only be considered a rare treasure.

However, since it was made by a true immortal, even if it was just a container, it was still extraordinary.

This coffin was extremely hard. As long as one entered the coffin, even a nine tribulation Supreme martial artist would find it difficult to break it. Moreover, this coffin could extract and refine all the Qi of heaven and earth to nourish the spirit and body of the living creature inside. It was the best treasure for healing.

Back when he was suppressed by the joint efforts of many Dao Masters, the desolate evil demon Thearch was severely injured and on the verge of death. He was only left with half a breath of life. It was also because of this immortal coffin that he was able to survive and recover his cultivation level of the 8th tribulation.

"Eh? What's going on?"

In the coffin, the demon Thearch, who was cultivating in seclusion, suddenly opened his eyes.

At this moment, he felt uneasy for no reason, as if something bad had happened.

This was not the first time he had this feeling.

In the past three months, it had already appeared four to five times.

For an eight tribulation Almighty like him, any sudden impulse would not be without reason. However, he could not figure out where this bad premonition came from.

"Something's wrong!"

He sat up in the coffin, his expression becoming more and more serious.

Not only did this feeling of uneasiness not subside, it became even more intense, causing his eyelids to involuntarily Twitch.

He released his divine sense and searched the entire cave dwelling and the surrounding Sea area, but there was nothing unusual.

This made him even more confused!

This ... What exactly was going on?

“Could it be that my identity was exposed because of what happened last time?”

The demon Thearch muttered with a worried expression.

Now that his cultivation had yet to recover, he could not even defeat the great void sect master and a junior who had just advanced to the eighth tribulation. If the people of the 33 heavens found out about his identity, those sect Masters would swarm over and that would be terrible.

“That’s unlikely. They all thought I was dead. How could they have guessed it after ten thousand years?”

“Besides, even if they guessed it, they wouldn’t be able to find this place!”

After thinking for a moment, the demon Thearch shook his head and heaved a sigh of relief.

His identity and his cave abode should not have been exposed.

But where did this uneasy premonition come from?

He racked his brain and racked his brains, trying to come up with all sorts of possibilities, but he couldn’t think of anything.

“Maybe he’s just overthinking things. He’s not in a good state now, so it’s not impossible for him to make a mistake on a whim!” In the end, he could only comfort himself like this.

He lay down in the coffin and continued to cultivate in seclusion.

This time, he didn’t feel any uneasiness for seven or eight days.

Just when he thought that everything was fine, another unforeseen event occurred.

“Senior, bad news!”

A few days later, the old demonic Dragon shouted and rushed into the trench.

“That kid ... He ... He’s here again!”

The old demonic Dragon’s face was full of panic.

That damned brat had appeared again, and even arrogantly declared that he would skin him, pull out his tendons, and make a bow out of him. It was truly hateful to the extreme.

“Why is he here again?”

The desolate evil demon Thearch opened his eyes in the coffin and frowned slightly. He was a little annoyed. Last time, he said that this guy had appeared in the North Sea, but he could not be found. Why did he appear again?

He sat up in the coffin, opened his demonic eyes, and looked above the sea.

In the next moment, his expression changed. It was really that brat. Furthermore, that brat was rushing towards the cave he was hiding in.