

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2732

After a long time, the black torrent that was pouring into the battlefield finally stopped.

Kada! Kada!

On every Black Pyramid, countless passages appeared. Countless figures flew out from them and gathered together.

One by one, war flags were raised.

A monstrous killing intent gushed out from these war flags and spread.

These nine-colored clansmen were all clad in battle armor. They had cold expressions and divine crystals that glowed in between their brows.

“Hmph! A human ant! Can’t even withstand a single blow!”

“After this battle, there will be no Pangu world!”

They looked into the distance at the formation that was enveloped by layers of formations and sneered, their eyes full of disdain.

They wanted to stop the great army of the gods race with just a few formations?

What a joke!

He was overestimating his own ability!

As long as his celestial Army crushed over, they would be able to tear these formations into pieces and crush the remaining evildoers into powder.

“Hmph! This group of survivors really wanted to resist! Fine, let’s just let them struggle for the last time!”

In front of the battle formation, a golden figure flew out of a huge black-golden Tower. He had nine divine rings on his back. It was the divine envoy.

Countless figures followed closely behind him. There were more than a thousand people.

Each one of them was shrouded in a shocking divine light, like a blazing sun.

They were all nine-star Hierarch, Supreme-level figures.

Many of them exuded extremely powerful auras that far exceeded the other reverent-god level existences. They were all Dao integration stage existences, and there were even many whose auras were even more terrifying, close to the level of true immortals.

These were all old monsters of the nine-colored tribe who had lived for countless years. Many of them had been created by the first generation and had experienced several great wars.

“It’s time for Pangu world to be destroyed. This time, I’ll personally send my old rivals on their way!”

“This time, I’ll definitely wash away the humiliation I suffered last time!”

They looked into the distance with cold eyes and monstrous killing intent.

“What’s that?”

Soon, someone activated their divine eyes and saw through the layers of formations and endless divine light. They saw the situation in the human camp. The large warships that were shrouded in dazzling brilliance and as bright as stars attracted their attention.

“I can’t sense its aura, but it’s just a battleship!”

A reverent-God said in disdain.

These warships looked impressive, but they were only battle arks. What use could they have? at most, they would come with some defensive arrays. There was nothing to pay attention to.

“That’s true!”

Many reverent-god level experts nodded and looked away.

“Eh? One, two, three ... Why is there so much of the sovereign immortal radiance?”

When they glanced at the human camp and counted the sovereign immortal radiance, they were all a little surprised.

The number of human Supreme martial artists was a little too much, far exceeding their expectations.

They had originally estimated that there would be no more than 100 human Supreme martial artists, but now, there were 160 of them.

“There’s nothing strange about this. At this point, this group of survivors must have used up all their resources. It’s not surprising that they’ve nurtured more Supreme martial artists.” A Hierarch said.

“That’s true!”

“They’re just some newly advanced Supreme martial artists. What’s there to worry about? I can kill one of those trash with a single sword strike!”

The nine-colored Supreme gods were relieved, then they laughed mockingly.

“Keke! There are also a few female Supreme martial artists who are really quite good-looking. If we can capture them and use them as cauldrons, wouldn't it be great?”

Someone stared at a few female cultivators among the human race's Supreme martial artists and laughed strangely with a lecherous expression.

“Those newly-advanced Supreme martial artists are the easiest to deal with. Why don't we not kill them? we can suppress them and bring them back to refine pills. The pills refined with their flesh, blood, and celestial core power are all Supreme-grade divine pills!”

“That's a good idea. Not only the Supreme martial artists, but also the human race's venerable sovereigns can be refined into a great tonic!”

Many of the nine-colored Hierarch's eyes swept back and forth among the human race, filled with greed and awe.

In their eyes, these lowly humans were not living beings at all. They were just ants and livestock.

The Messenger of God heard this and laughed. “There's no hurry. These survivors can't run away. After the formation is broken, you can go and catch them yourselves. Whoever gets them will have them.”

After a pause, he looked ahead and said, “This array ... It'll probably take a few days to break. Why don't we have some foreplay first? which reverent-God is willing to go and challenge this group of survivors to show off the might of our God race?”

“I'll go!”

Immediately, someone impatiently jumped out. It was a young reverent-God wearing a purple Qilin armor. He was valiant and extraordinary, with an outstanding temperament.

“He's the Qilin son of the Wu family!”

The Oracle looked over and nodded slowly.

This was a young man from the Wu family. He had heard of him before. He was quite strong and could challenge the human race. At the same time, he could show the surviving members of his nine-colored God race how powerful he was.

“Good! Go!”

The divine envoy waved his hand and said.

“Many thanks, divine envoy!” The young Hierarch of the Wu family knelt down and said excitedly, his face flushed with excitement.

This opportunity was too precious!

Not only would he be able to show off his strength in front of the entire Protoss forces, but he would also be able to make the first contribution in this battle, which would bring his and the Wu family's reputation to a higher level.

The other reverent-gods who didn't manage to snatch it all felt a wave of regret.

"Please rest assured, divine envoy. They're just a bunch of ants. I'll kill them until they cry for their parents, kneel down, and beg for mercy. I'll let them know the power of our gods race!"

"Let's go!" Hierarch Wu shouted. He stood up and dashed forward.

"Ant of the human race, I'm a reverent-God from the Wu family of the nine colored deity world. I'm only three hundred years old, but I've already become a reverent-God. Anyone in the human race who's five hundred years old, no, as long as they're under two thousand years old, can come and challenge me!"

He came to the front of the formation and shouted.

"Tsk! You're already three hundred years old and only became a reverent-God, and you still have the nerve to say it. "

"Is three hundred years old that amazing? We have century supremacy on our side!"

Curses immediately gushed out from the human race.

The Hierarch of the Wu family was stunned.

He had thought that the human race would be shocked and afraid after he had spread the news. However, he did not expect that these ants would not only not be shocked, but also curse and laugh. It was really hard for him to believe.

Becoming a reverent-God at three hundred years old, wasn't that fast enough?

Century old Supreme?

Ha!

Even if it was a medicine jar! What's the use of a Supreme martial artist like him? he's just a piece of trash! What's there to show off!

The Hierarch of the Wu family sneered, his face full of disdain.

"A 300-year-old reverent-God? I'll fight you!"

In the human camp, on a large ship, a figure swept out and was about to head out of the array.

"Who are you? The so-called century old supremacy?"

The Hierarch of the Wu family shouted.

“No! I am Dong Kuang from the Five Emperors ‘training hall!” The five Emperor overseer shouted.

“Oh! So it’s the so-called five prologue!” The Hierarch of the Wu family sneered.

“I know you. I’m afraid you don’t have the qualifications to challenge me. Where’s century supremacy? Get him out here! Didn’t you all brag about it? Then let him come out and let me see how capable he is!”

The Hierarch of the Wu family shouted arrogantly.

The five Emperor prologue was stunned, and his body froze.

In the human camp, everyone’s expression became somewhat strange.

“What’s wrong? Are you afraid? Hahaha! What century old Supreme martial artist? he’s just a piece of trash. That’s why he doesn’t dare to come out and fight me, right?”

The Hierarch of the Wu family stood outside the formation and laughed.

“Hahaha!”

The nine-colored tribe’s camp also burst into laughter.

A hundred-year-old Supreme martial artist?

What a joke! Even in the ancient times, there weren’t many people like him! Pangu world had already fallen to such a state, how could there be such a figure? Who would believe this!

The human race was definitely just boasting and putting on an act.

“I’ll go!”

Tang Hao stood up on the warship of fortune. His body swayed as he swept out of the formation.

“Eh? It’s you? You’re that century supremacy?”

The Hierarch of the Wu family looked at him and shouted coldly.

“That’s right!”

“Okay,” Tang Hao replied calmly.

“Good! Then tell me your name first, in case you don’t even have time to tell me your name when I kill you later!” The Hierarch of the Wu family sneered.

“My name is Haotian!”

“Let’s go!” Tang Hao shouted as he walked over with his hands behind his back.

His voice was like thunder, spreading across the battlefield of gods and demons.