

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 2735

"I can't believe the Pangu human race could produce such a character!"

A nine-colored Hierarch sighed.

"I really didn't expect this brat's status to be so high. Just in time to kill him and use his blood as a sacrifice to the flag!"

There were also reverent-god level cultivators who shouted, their faces filled with killing intent.

"That's right! He just happened to come out, so it's not difficult to kill him. I guess his strength is only at the Dao integration realm, and a peak nine-star figure can easily kill him!"

The other reverent-god level experts immediately agreed.

They looked at the figure in the distance, their faces extremely gloomy.

This battle should have been smooth sailing. The Army of the Shen clan would have been able to wipe out the remaining forces without much loss. However, they had lost two reverent-god level experts before the war had even begun.

More importantly, he had lost all his face.

This human genius had to die. Only by dying in front of the formation could the hatred in their hearts be resolved and their morale be restored.

"I'll go! My old bones haven't moved in a long time!"

A hunched old man in a black robe and holding a cane walked out from the crowd.

"Senior mo!"

All the Hierarch looked over and were filled with respect. Many of the lower-ranked ones bowed and saluted.

This mo Jue, senior mo, was one of the oldest people in the nine colored deity world. He had experienced several great battles and his cultivation had long reached the peak of the nine-star level. He was close to the true God Realm and his divine arts and techniques were unfathomable and terrifying.

And there were only about thirty such people in the entire nine colored divine world.

"A hundred-year-old Supreme martial artist of the human race, a heaven-defying monster! I really want to meet this kind of person!"

The old man walked out step by step and raised his head, revealing a withered old face. His eyes were actually blood-red, and they were a pair of double pupils that flickered with a terrifying ghostly light.

The pair of blood-red eyes turned and stared at the white-robed figure in the distance.

“Gulp!”

Many reverent-God experts swallowed in fear when they saw the pair of blood-red eyes.

In his nine-colored God race, there were many types of divine eyes, and the dual-pupils were the strongest.

There was only one type of polycoria at the moment. However, in ancient times, when the nine colored clan had first been created, there had been several types of polycoria, and some of them were even more powerful than the current polycoria.

However, the side effects were so great that it was abandoned.

This man’s blood-red polycoria was a type of ancient polycoria. Its power was extremely overbearing and strange. When he was young, he had relied on this pair of divine eyes to earn the title of God of Slaughter. His fierce reputation had shaken the entire nine colored divine world.

“Human brat, do you dare to fight me?”

The old man shouted as he walked forward with his walking stick.

“It’s killer god mo!”

A few exclamations rang out in the human camp.

The faces of all the Supreme martial artists changed.

This was a top figure!

They were equivalent to peak Dao integration cultivators and were close to becoming true immortals.

“Call him back!” Even the usually apathetic sword sovereign’s expression changed, revealing a look of worry.

Supreme Xuan Hong was just about to speak when he saw the white-robed figure take a few steps forward and shout, “Why wouldn’t I dare?”

He was stunned and did not speak again.

“Hahaha! As expected of young people, newborn calves are not afraid of Tigers! I’m impressed by your courage!” Mo shashen couldn’t help but laugh. He stepped forward, his body rising inch by inch, and then expanding.

In an instant, he transformed from a bearded old man to a tall and strong middle-aged man.

“With your courage, I’ll kill you in my best condition. It’s your honor. Ordinary people don’t have the right to do so!” He laughed.

“Is that so?”

Tang Hao said indifferently, his face still indifferent.

“Of course!” Mo killing God shouted, “don’t worry, I will give you a quick death later. I will first refine your soul, then I will take your blood to sacrifice to the flag.”

Tang Hao smiled. “I won’t be so kind then. I’ll cut off your head and limbs later, put you in my furnace, and refine you.”

Hearing this, killer god mo was stunned.

Then, hahaha! There was a burst of wild laughter.

“Interesting! How interesting! You’re the first one who dares to talk to me like that!” Mo killing God laughed out loud.

“I didn’t just say it, I will do it!”

Tang Hao said.

“Good! Then I’ll wait and see!”

Mo killing God shouted.

Saying so, his expression darkened and his figure disappeared.

The next moment, he was right in front of Tang Hao. He clenched his hand into a claw and grabbed at him.

Tang Hao’s expression was calm. He clenched his fist and punched.

Killer god mo was stunned. He didn’t expect this kid to react so quickly. He immediately turned his claws into palms and slapped out.

There was a cold smile on his face.

This human brat’s body was not bad. He had just destroyed the Wu family brat’s helmet and head with a single palm strike. However, compared to a nine-colored God like him, he was still far from it.

When he got close, not only did she not run, but she also tried to fight him. She was really overestimating her ability!

This palm strike was enough to make this kid vomit blood!

Bang!

Just as he was sneering in his heart, the fist and palm collided.

In the next moment, the cold smile on mo shashen's face froze. Then, his blood-red eyes suddenly widened, full of horror.

Wait, something was wrong!

What ... What kind of power was this? How could this kid's physical body and blood Qi be so terrifying?

How could this be a human's body?

This power ... Was definitely not human!

What kind of monster was this kid?

In his heart, he was extremely shocked.

Then, his face twitched a few times, and finally, he couldn't take it anymore. With a pfft, he spat out blood.

His body trembled again and he flew out.

The nine-colored Hierarch's expression turned dull again.

They had originally thought that senior Mo's attack would be able to severely injure that human brat. However, in the end, that human brat was completely unscathed. On the other hand, senior mo was sent flying while spitting out blood.

This was too ridiculous!

Who was senior mo?

After living for ten thousand years, he was one of the oldest and strongest reverent-god level cultivators in the nine-colored God race!

And that kid, he wasn't even a hundred years old!

"You ... What are you? You're definitely not human!"

Killer god mo stopped moving, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and screamed.

"If I'm not a human, then what am I?"

Tang Hao smirked. He stepped forward, ignited his qi and blood, and threw a punch.

Ah!

Killing God mo raised his fist to block, but was immediately sent flying again, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

“How the hell would I know what kind of monster you are?”

He screamed.

He felt as if he was going crazy. He had cultivated for so many years and had never encountered such a freak. This guy looked like a human, but this body was definitely not something that a human could cultivate.

This body was too powerful and too perfect. Even the body of a High God couldn't compare to this!