

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 987

“I’m rich! I’m rich!”

Tang Hao squatted in a corner and began to count the loot.

Nascent Soul cultivators were usually extremely wealthy. They would have amassed a huge collection of spirit stones and materials.

After clearing out that pocket dimension, Tang Hao tossed the ring away and stood up. He changed his appearance and became a rugged and burly man.

He had already robbed four Nascent Soul monsters, and people were chasing after him. He could not continue robbing.

He lifted his head and looked at the mountain peak in the middle of the island.

On the mountain peak, lightning flashed, and the sound of fierce fighting could be heard. It was obvious that there was an important treasure.

Tang Hao rushed toward the mountain peak and reached there ten minutes later.

There was a vast plaza at the mountain peak. Countless people were gathered there, and they were fighting fiercely. The sounds of fighting echoed in the sky, and bright flashes of light could be seen everywhere.

With a cursory glance, Tang could tell that it was a fight between humans and rakshas.

“Ahh!”

Several sword cultivators sliced a fish raksha into meat paste.

Meanwhile, a bull raksha chopped one of those cultivators in two. Flesh and blood splattered everywhere.

The Golden Core cultivators battled on the ground, while the Nascent Soul experts fought in the sky with even greater intensity.

Tang Hao looked around again. He noticed that there was a ring-shaped object on the high platform at the center of the plaza. Upon closer inspection, it was made of bone.

Ancient and mysterious patterns were carved on the golden bone.

Rumble! Rumble!

Lightning from the sky repeatedly struck the object.

He could vaguely see purple liquid sloshing inside.

Tang Hao was puzzled at first. He looked at the liquid carefully and gasped audibly.

“That’s... a lightning reservoir!”

He was in disbelief.

It was written in the Nine Heavens Lightning Scripture that a magical reservoir existed in ancient times. It could store lightning and convert it into liquid. Even in ancient times, it was an incredible treasure.

He did not expect that the Stormcloud Sect had one!

Tang Hao suddenly realized that the reservoir was crafted from the bones of the primordial lightning roc. Only the bones of such an exotic beast could make such an amazing thing.

That also explained why the human and rakshas were fighting so fiercely.

Only about a dozen figures were within a few hundred meters of the platform. They staggered as they tried to step closer.

With every step they took, lightning would descend from the sky and strike their bodies.

The more they advanced, the more lightning would strike them at the same time.

There were rakshas and humans among the dozen figures.

Tang Hao was very familiar with one of the humans there. It was none other than Dao Jiu.

Tang Hao was not surprised. Dao Jiu had studied the Nine Heavens Lightning Scripture, which provided the ultimate protection against lightning. Naturally, he was able to withstand lightning strikes.

It was obvious that the other cultivators there also studied lightning techniques. The rakshas possessed the lightning attribute; one was a lightning condor, another was an electric eel, and Tang Hao could not recognize the others.

“Ahh!”

A cultivator was struck by ten lightning bolts at once and cried out miserably. That attack was more than he could take, and he was blasted into ashes.

The other people became fearful when they saw that. However, they continued to advance.

More and more people were blasted into ashes. In just a few minutes, only five people remained. Two of them were humans, while the other two were rakshas.

They were about fifty meters away from the platform.

Among the three humans, there were Dao Jiu, an old man in a green robe, and a burly man. The old man had a lightning tattoo on his forehead, and lightning flashed in his eyes. Judging from his qi aura, he was a Nascent Soul cultivator.

The burly man was only in the latter period of the State of the Golden Core. However, a bone could be seen crackling with lightning on his chest.

The two rakshas were, respectively, an electric eel and some kind of whale. One was in the State of the Golden Core, and the other was in the State of the Nascent Soul.

The five of them paused for a moment and continued to move forward.

The lightning bolts became more frequent, and the power became stronger. Wounds were visibly on the burly man's body, and he was clearly in agony. After taking a few more steps, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He stomped his foot and retreated hastily.

Only four people left, two humans and two rakshas.

They gritted their teeth and continued to move forward.

When they were about twenty meters away from the platform, everyone on the plaza stopped fighting and looked nervously at the center.

Both the humans and the rakshas hoped that one from their race could win and obtain the lightning reservoir.

"You can do it, Dao Jiu!"

"Add oil, Senior Jinglei!"

The humans cheered loudly.

The rakshas also roared, not wanting to be outdone.

The four contenders continued to move forward.

Suddenly, the old man named Jinglei flicked his wrist, and a beam of light shot toward the electric eel raksha not far away.

At that moment, the electric eel raksha was bracing against a lightning strike. It cried in agony when it was hit by the beam of light.

Then, the lightning reduced it into ashes.

"You're... too despicable!"

The rakshas roared in anger while the humans burst out laughing.

Soon, Jinglei could not take it anymore. He had already sustained serious wounds and was vomiting blood. All he could do was retreat pathetically.

“Haha! Serves him right!”

This time, it was the rakshas’ turn to laugh.

Only two people were left. One was Dao Jiu, while the other was the raksha.

“Dao Jiu, you can do it!”

“Senior Whale, you can do it!”

The human and rakshas shouted, and the atmosphere became more and more intense.

“You’re pretty good, kid! Too bad, you’re no match for me!” The whale raksha glared at Dao Jiu coldly and smirked. “You’re only a human, and you can’t beat a raksha. The lightning reservoir is mine!”

“Is that so?” Dao Jiu replied coldly, “Humans crafted the lightning reservoir. We won’t allow rakshas to lay a finger on it!”

The two stopped ten meters away and glared at each other coldly.

Suddenly, they heard a loud shout from behind them. “Shut your mouths. That thing is mine!”

Everyone was stunned. Then, they wanted to burst out laughing.

‘Where is that idiot from? He can boast about it, but didn’t he see so many people die or retreat? Only those two people managed to get so close to the lightning reservoir!’

They looked toward the direction of the sound and saw a rugged and burly man.

‘Who is he?’

Everyone was stunned.

The burly man laughed and swaggered over.

Crackle! Crackle!

He was struck by lightning repeatedly, but that did not slow him down at all. He seemed to be quite at ease, as though the lightning bolts were only tickling him.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

He slowed down a little when he was fifty meters away. The people thought that he was going to fail when he began to speed up again.

He jogged all the way until he was about ten meters from the platform.

At that moment, there was dead silence all around.

Both the humans and the rakshas were shocked.