

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 992

Tang Hao opened the car door and quickly examined Mu Xintong.

Then, he let out a sigh of relief.

Her injuries were very serious but not life-threatening.

He fed her some pills, then took her into the house and laid her down.

When he came out, his expression was terrifyingly gloomy, and his body was surging with killing intent.

“Who did this?”

Taoist Master Qian Ji sat up and leaned against the car. He panted weakly and said, “I’m not sure either, but the enemy was well-prepared and knew my route. They ambushed me!”

“Fortunately, I have Xintong with me, or I would have died! Damn those bastards!”

He suddenly remembered something and tossed a bloodstained ring at Tang Hao.

“Take a look. There might be some clues inside.”

Tang Hao took it and accessed the pocket dimension.

Inside, he saw a pile of crystals and many other miscellaneous items.

Suddenly, his gaze landed on a clothes rack in the corner.

On the rack was a long robe with an emblem of a sword and a shield on the chest.

“That’s the Mo Clan!”

Tang Hao exited the pocket dimension and clenched the ring in his hand.

“The Mo Clan?”

The Taoist master’s expression changed. Then, he said, “No wonder!”

The Mo Clan was renowned in the southern region for crafting Artifacts. Of course, that also included horse carriages. In the past, the royal families of the Hundred Kingdoms and the major sects had bought their carriages from them.

Luxury horse carriages were one of the mainstay businesses of the Mo Clan.

However, flying cars had risen in popularity, and almost no one bought horse carriages anymore. Naturally, the Mo Clan was envious.

“That should be it. They had eight middle to latter-period cultivators against us two, and they didn’t expect that we killed some of them and snatched a ring.”

“They deserve to die!”

Tang Hao gritted his teeth. His eyes were brimming with killing intent.

Anyone who dared to hurt his friends would only suffer one fate.

Taoist Master Qian Ji frowned and said, “The Mo Clan aren’t pushovers! They have a Nascent Soul expert among them. In the southern region, they’re considered a major force. Only Martial Mountain, the Yue family, and a few more factions could surpass them.”

“They only have one!” Tang Hao said murderously.

He handed Taoist Master Qian Ji a bottle of pills and headed out of the valley.

“Wait here. I’ll be back with their heads! The Mo Clan shall be no more!”

Then, he left the valley.

...

The Mo Clan was located in the western part of the southern region. It was famous for crafting Artifacts, and they were a major force in the region.

The Mo Clan was located on Ink Mountain. It was called so because it was completely black.

Clouds swirled around the peak, and from time to time, white cranes flew past. It was like a fairyland.

Several beams of light shot past the sky and landed on the mountain peak. Five figures landed, and three of them carried a body on their backs.

The five of them looked somewhat flustered as they hurried into the main hall.

“What? The plan failed, and three of you died?”

A ferocious roar could be heard in the main hall.

An old man in a black robe slammed the table and stood up, unable to contain his anger.

He pointed at the five people and scolded them angrily, “Are... are you all trash? There’s eight of you Golden Cores, but you can’t even capture an old man who’s not even in the State of the Golden Core?”

The five people seemed aggrieved. One of them said weakly, “You can’t blame us, Clan Leader. He’s... not an ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivator.”

The old man slammed the table again and roared, "What's so special about him?"

"He... he has unsealed six chakras!" That person said bitterly.

The old man was immediately startled.

He thought that it was quite curious.

Following that, he roared again, "So what if he has unsealed six chakras? Even if he's a Golden Core, you all shouldn't have failed! There's eight of you! Three of you are in the latter period, and five are in the middle period."

"He's... he's not alone, Clan Leader. There's... another!" That person said weakly.

"He has a partner? Who is it? A latter-period cultivator?"

"No... No. She's a woman in her early twenties."

"What? Only in her early twenties? Are you all pigs? Why can't you capture them both?" The clan leader was extremely angry.

"She's young, but she... she..."

As the person spoke, he gulped, and he had a look of disbelief in his eyes.

"What's wrong? F*cking tell me!"

The clan leader was so angry that he slammed the table and reduced it to splinters.

"She... she has unsealed eight chakras!"

"Eight chakras?" The clan leader's eyes bulged incredulously.

"That's right. She... also has a very powerful weapon. Junior Brother and the others were caught off guard, and she killed them in an instant."

As that person spoke, his entire body trembled in fear.

That young woman was truly too terrifying. She was only in the awakening period, yet she was able to fight against multiple cultivators in the middle period of the State of the Golden Core. He had never heard of such a figure before.

No such woman existed in the hero rankings of the southern region.

"How could that be?"

The clan leader frowned. He was quite confused.

He thought that the old man was only an ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivator, but he had already unsealed six chakras. There was also a young woman who had unsealed eight chakras. That was quite ridiculous.

What exactly was going on with that Ritian Pavilion?

He thought that Ritian Pavilion was only backed by the academy, but the academy did not have anyone who had unsealed eight chakras. In fact, there were no eight-chakra prodigies in the entire southern region.

“Something’s fishy!”

He muttered, his expression becoming more and more serious.

Could the people from Ritian Pavilion be from other continents?

That might explain why they had divine liquor, flying cars, newspapers, and other things that the Ninth Continent had never seen before.

“Clan Leader! Junior Brother Mo Cheng lost his ring! Those two fellows must have taken it.”

“What?”

The clan leader’s expression changed when he heard that.

The attackers did not expect that they would fail, so they only covered their faces. They did not consider the possibility that some of them would die or the enemy might steal their belongings.

There must be something in the ring that would expose their identity. The people of the Ritian Pavilion might have even known who the attackers were by now.

“What do we do now, Clan Leader?”

The five people were flustered.

The clan leader cursed out of anger, “You can’t even do such a simple thing, you imbeciles! You’ve made a huge mess out of it!”

He was also quite flustered. The academy alone was enough to give him a headache, let alone any other mysterious powers that might be backing Ritian Pavilion.

He paced back and forth a few times and said, “Don’t worry, we can handle the academy. What can they do to us if we don’t admit it?”

“Our Mo Clan isn’t afraid of the academy.”

He was in the State of the Nascent Soul. Even the academy could not do anything to him. At most, they might apply some pressure on his business.

He paced in circles a few more times before saying, "Quick, tell me, what are the woman's characteristics?"

"She's very beautiful!"

"I'm not asking you whether she's beautiful, dammit! I'm asking you about her techniques and her weapons!"

"Oh! She... has lightning techniques, and her weapon also has the lightning attribute. It's at least an ultimate-grade Artifact. It might even be a supreme treasure."

"Lightning technique? Supreme treasure?"

The clan leader was immediately stunned.

He froze in place.

About three minutes later, he laughed out loud.

"What a stroke of luck! Quick, fetch me the aurora falcon. I want to send a message. Quick!" He shouted loudly.

Very quickly, someone brought a black wooden box to him.

Meanwhile, on a mountain peak not far away from Ink Mountain, someone in white clothes gazed toward Ink Mountain with an icy gaze.

Those eyes were brimming with killing intent.