

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 167

In a mansion in the countryside of Provincial City.

An old man with snowy white hair put down the phone in his hands.

He carried a grim expression on his face and extreme shock in his heart.

The boy was the one who had killed Grandmaster Chacha and wasted Feng'er, his grandson. Now, even Grandmasters Abu and Bakar were dead.

Who was this person named Tang Hao?

He knew how powerful the three Grandmasters were. Grandmaster Abu was considered one of the top shamans in Nanyang. How was he defeated?

He picked up the document on the table and looked at it again, then chuckled drily.

The document wrote that Tang Hao was a seventeen-year-old kid from a mountain village, and there was nothing noteworthy about him.

How was that possible!

'Lies! They're all lies!'

In a fit of rage, he tore the document in half and tossed it into the wastepaper basket.

He was sullen for a long time. Then, he picked up the phone and dialed a number.

The call was picked up soon. "Hey! Who is it?" A loud and hearty voice was heard.

He sounded like he was tipsy.

Old Master Luo immediately smiled. "Taoist master Qing Yun! I'm Luo Wei. Do you remember the Luo family? I've asked for your help once." His tone of voice carried some respect in it.

"The Luo family? That sounds familiar... Oh, I remember now! Old Master Luo! Why, is there anything?"

"It's like this, Master, someone has wasted my grandson Luo Feng, and now he's an unresponsive dummy. I've discovered that person's identity, but he's too powerful. I need your help, Taoist Master.

"This person is extremely sinister and evil. Not only has he wasted Feng'er, but he also threatened to ruin my entire family. Please, Taoist Master Qing Yun, use your powers to save my family and restore justice.

"Of course, I have something for you as a small token of appreciation. I remember that you like alcohol, Taoist Master Qing Yun. Don't worry, there's plenty of precious liquor in the Luo family cellar."

Meanwhile, Taoist Master Qing Yun almost could not control his excitement.

"Haha! You're too kind, Old Master Luo. People from Mao Mountain are enemies of evil, and it is our duty to fight evil and restore justice. When I, Qing Yun'zi, come for the bad guys, they can only pray for a quick death."

He sounded like he gulped down another mouthful of liquor, then laughed out loud.

Old Master Luo joined in with the laughter. He was finally at ease.

As powerful as a shaman from Nanyang might be, they cannot defeat a Taoist Master from Mao Mountain!

Unfortunately for the Luo family, people from Mao Mountain fought for justice rather than for money. They did not accept tasks that harmed innocent people, so they were not as close to the Luo family as the Nanyang shamans.

After he ended the call, Old Master Luo sat on his chair. His face had a vicious expression.

“You filthy kid, I’ll see how you can run rampant against a Taoist Master from Mao Mountain!”

After that, he picked up his phone again and dialed another number.

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In a factory in the countryside of Westridge District.

Tang Hao was telling Han Yutong about what happened that day when his phone suddenly rang.

He took out the phone to see that it was from an unknown number.

He answered the call and immediately heard Old Master Luo’s voice.

“I understood what you said earlier. Don’t worry, I won’t lay a finger on the people close to you. However, the matter isn’t settled yet. I will be going to Westridge District tonight. We can meet up and have a chat!”

Tang Hao furrowed his brows.

Old Master Luo should have known that he was powerful, but had insisted on meeting him. The old Master might be bringing another equally powerful cultivator with him.

He thought for a while then answered, “Alright!”

Old Master Luo was slightly taken aback. He did not expect Tang Hao to reply so quickly.

“You’re a brave one!” Old Master Luo smirked. “I’ll see you tonight!”

Then, he ended the call.

“What’s wrong, President Tang?” Han Yutong asked urgently when she saw that Tang Hao’s expression was grim.

“It’s nothing! Old Master Luo said that he wants to talk to me, and asked me to meet him tonight!” Tang Hao said.

Han Yutong was immediately concerned. “Will it be dangerous?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll go prepared!” Tang Hao said calmly.

Soon, Captain Zhou arrived with a squad of police officers. They arrested the people from the Luo family while Tang Hao described the events that transpired to Captain Zhou.

Captain Zhou promised that he would see the matter settled to Tang Hao's satisfaction.

They went to the police station to have their statements recorded. Tang Hao requested that Han Yutong stayed in the police station in the meantime in case the Luo family went back on their promise and kidnapped Han Yutong again.

Then, he gave a call to Sis Xiangyi and asked her to remain in the factory and take care of herself.

After that, Tang Hao returned home and started crafting jade talismans.

Soon, night fell.

Tang Hao's phone rang at about seven o'clock. It was from Old Master Luo, and he requested to meet somewhere in the countryside.

Tang Hao rode on his little three-wheeled motorcycle and headed to the meeting point.

He arrived there about twenty minutes later.

Three black cars were parked at a crossroads. There were no other signs of civilization all around them.

Tang Hao lifted a curious eyebrow when he saw who came to meet him. Then, he smirked.

Unless Old Master Luo had managed to invite two or three master cultivators from the late period of the State of Qi Channeling, they would have no hope of defeating him.

“I’m here, Old Master Luo! Come out!”

Tang Hao yelled after he hopped off his three-wheeled motorcycle.

In the middle black car, Old Master Luo was sitting together with a slightly short, fat, and old Taoist master with a round face and a red nose.

The old Taoist master looked out of the car window and was shocked.

“Old Master, that...”

He could not believe that the extremely evil person in Old Master Luo’s words was a boy of about seventeen or eighteen.

“That’s him!” Old Master Luo said angrily, “He’s the one that wasted Feng’er and now wants to ruin my family. Don’t think that he’s just a young boy. Deep inside, he’s a genuine monster.”

The old Taoist master slapped his thigh and exclaimed, “F*ck! He’s a powerful cultivator then! He must have studied the dark arts to retain such a youthful appearance!”

He straightened his brows and looked angry.

The dark arts that allowed one to retain their youth must either be incredibly inhumane or went against the natural order.

He gritted his teeth, then opened the door and hopped out of the car. "Listen here, you monster! I, Qing Yun'zi from Mao Mountain, shall punish you in the name of justice!"

He slapped his yellow cloth sack and a stack of yellow paper talismans flew out from it.

Tang Hao was a little confused by what he heard.

'Wait!

'What did he mean by 'you monster'? What about punishing me in the name of justice? Is this fat Taoist master crazy?'

"You're the one who's a monster! Everyone in your family is a monster!" Tang Hao rolled his eyes and said angrily.

The old Taoist master became angrier when he heard that. 'This monster is arrogant! If I don't punish him in the name of justice today, how can I face my ancestral teachers?'

"Die, you monster!"

The old Taoist master gritted his teeth and clapped his palms together. The stack of yellow paper talismans scattered in the air and danced around him.

"Huoh!" He roared, and the talismans flew toward Tang Hao like raindrops in a storm.

Tang Hao was slightly surprised. That old Taoist master had a high level of cultivation. Both of them should be equally powerful.

'F*ck! Where did the Luo family find this incredible master?

'Wait, did he say that he's from Mao Mountain?'

"Hey! Hold up a second! I have something to say!" Tang Hao shouted urgently.

He was familiar with Mao Mountain. He was friends with Xuan Ling and Xuan Yang, and the person in front of him should be their Senior Brother.

'We're on the same side!' He thought.

"You monster, don't think you can deceive me!" The old Taoist master chided. He sounded like a righteous hero.

Tang Hao rolled his eyes again. 'This old Taoist master must be missing a few brain cells! Why isn't he assessing the situation before acting?'

'I guess the people from Mao Mountain aren't normal!'

His face turned serious as he prepared to fight against the old Taoist master.

With a flick of his wrist, five or six jade talismans shot out from his hand.

The wave of yellow paper talismans collided with the jade talismans and exploded in midair.

The old Taoist master was immediately stunned. His eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

'Oh heavens! What did I see?

'Jade talismans! They're f*cking jade talismans!

'This monster is so wasteful that he uses jade talismans to fight me, and he even throws a bunch at once! Heavens! That's too wasteful!

The old Taoist master bit his lip as he was wracked with envy.