

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 229

Tang Hao stood in the middle of an antique store.

An ancient mirror was displayed on the shelf in front of him.

It was a very strange mirror. The entire item was black, including the face of the mirror which reflected nothing at all.

Tang Hao tried sensing the qi it contained and sensed nothing at all. That was the weirdest aspect of the mirror and was what attracted his attention in the first place.

All antiques had some qi contained within them, no matter how weak it might be.

Even modern items have qi on them, just that the qi was usually too weak to be detected.

The mirror in front of him had no qi at all, which was extremely unusual.

'Perhaps it's a problem with the material?'

Tang Hao fondled the ancient mirror in his hand and discreetly channeled some qi into it.

The mirror absorbed the qi. Like a stone thrown into the sea, the qi was nowhere to be detected.

"That's strange!" Tang Hao became even more curious. "Whatever. I'll have to buy it!"

"How much is this?" He turned to ask the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper was an old man in his sixties. He had snow-white hair and wore a pair of bifocal glasses. He was surprised when he heard Tang Hao's question.

"I remember that I bought this mirror from a grave robber many years ago! I've heard that they've delved into a tomb and many lives were lost, though they did not find many treasures. This mirror was their only worthwhile haul.

"No one could discern the origin of the mirror, and that's why nobody bought it.

"It cost me twenty thousand yuan back then. I'll sell it to you for sixty thousand!"

Tang Hao nodded and paid for it.

"Why are you buying this useless mirror, Younger Brother-in-law?"

Qin Gang came over and took the mirror from his hands. He inspected it curiously. "This is strange. I can't even see my reflection in it!"

"I bought it because it's incredibly strange! I'd like to study it!" Tang Hao said.

The sky was becoming dark when they stepped out of the store.

Qin Gang brought Tang Hao to a sumptuous dinner.

After dinner, Tang Hao called Han Yutong to pick him up.

While they were driving back home, Tang Hao's phone rang.

It was a call from Shabby Taoist Master.

Tang Hao furrowed his brows. Did something happen again?

Twelve days ago, Shabby Taoist Master was caught in a car chase near Westridge District.

He answered the call.

"Hey, Fellow Cultivator Tang!" Shabby Taoist Master's cheerful voice was heard over the phone.

"What's up, Taoist Master?" Tang Hao asked.

"Do you still have any more jade talismans, Fellow Cultivator?" Shabby Taoist Master said loudly.

"I have a lot. Why?"

"Can you give me some? No, can you sell all of them to me?" Shabby Taoist Master said urgently.

"Alright. Where are you now?"

"I'm coming from Province J heading toward Westridge District, it should take another five or six hours and I should be there after midnight. It's a little urgent, and I'm calling you in advance so that you can prepare the talismans."

Tang Hao smiled and said, "You can come to Provincial City instead! I'm here in Provincial City attending college!"

"Ah? Attending college?" Shabby Taoist Master was surprised. "Oh, I nearly forgot that you're only eighteen years old!"

"That's better. I'll come immediately, and I should be there in half an hour."

"Alright, I'll wait for you at Octagon Alley."

"OK!"

Shabby Taoist Master ended the call after that.

Tang Hao's expression was grim. He could sense that Shabby Taoist Master was in some sort of trouble. Otherwise, he would not need that many jade talismans.

The last time they met, Shabby Taoist Master had purchased several dozen jade talismans from Tang Hao.

"What's wrong, President Tang?" Han Yutong asked as she looked at the rear-view mirror.

"There's an incident. Let's not go home for now. We'll head to Octagon Alley!"

"Alright!" Han Yutong did not ask too many questions. She turned a direction and headed to Octagon Alley.

They waited for about twenty minutes at Octagon Alley before they saw a car driving toward them. Soon, the car stopped and Shabby Taoist Master came out of it.

“Here, quick, Fellow Cultivator!” Shabby Taoist Master said urgently as he rushed over.

Tang Hao was already prepared. He handed a bag containing more than a hundred jade talismans to Shabby Taoist Master.

Shabby Taoist Master opened the bag to inspect the contents and grinned widely. “Thanks! How much is it?”

“Friendship discount, three million!”

“Alright!” Shabby Taoist Master retrieved a hemp sack from his car. Tang Hao was stunned when he saw the stacks of red banknotes inside.

He knew that Mao Mountain Taoist masters were loaded, but that was too extravagant!

Shabby Taoist Master passed him the stacks of money.

Tang Hao could not hold all the money in his hands, and so he threw the stacks of money into the backseat. Han Yutong was surprised when she saw that.

“What happened, Taoist Master?” Tang Hao asked.

“Sigh, it’s a long story! It’s the descendant branch of the Wang family. They’re closing in on Mao Mountain.

“What’s more troublesome is that their ancestor Wang Changsheng is sealed on top of Mao Mountain. The descendant branch found out about that and are planning to stage an invasion!”

Tang Hao was shocked when he heard that.

‘Invading Mao Mountain? Isn’t that a suicide mission?’

Mao Mountain was one of the most sacred places in the cultivation world, and Mao Mountain disciples were known for their power.

“They’re so brazen?”

“Of course! These bastards think they can beat us!”

“Aren’t there many Mao Mountain disciples? There should be many master cultivators, right?”

“Sigh! They have more people than us! Don’t you know what they’re bringing to the fight? They have machine guns and bazookas! I won’t be surprised if they bring a missile.”

Tang Hao was surprised and had no reply to that.

‘Machine guns? Bazookas?’

‘Is that a joke?’

He was not afraid of those weapons, but Shabby Taoist Master would not be able to withstand that, not to mention the younger and less powerful disciples of Mao Mountain.

“Don’t worry, they won’t cause too much trouble. It’s not the first time Mao Mountain is in peril, and the descendant branch won’t pose too much trouble. Alright, I’ll have to go!”

Then, he waved at Tang Hao, then rode in his car and quickly left.

Tang Hao remained on the spot. He looked worried.

“I hope they’ll be fine!” He mumbled, then got on the car.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

It was the weekend. Tang Hao did not have classes, so he stayed at home to cultivate and craft talismans.

The doorbell rang some time in the afternoon.

Tang Hao went to look at the peephole. He saw several police officers in uniforms standing outside.

Tang Hao was surprised.

‘Police officers? Why are they looking for me?’

He pondered the question for a while and understood that they must be looking for him because of Gao Wenqiang.

Nobody had ever looked for him for the people he killed. Chen Sandao was a fugitive and everyone thought that he had disappeared in another province. Huang Haijiang was a good-for-nothing scoundrel and no one cared for him. Gao Wenqiang was different though.

Someone must have informed the police in those three days. Furthermore, Gao Wenqiang had a public fight with him, and he was of course the prime suspect.

“Can I help you with anything, Officers?”

The police officer in the lead displayed his identifying document to Tang Hao. His name was Zhao Wuyang.