

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 294

For a long time, no one made a noise in the room.

The male workers were slumped near the entrance. Their eyes glazed over as they stared at the open window.

The scene that happened earlier was just like a dream.

'Who is this boyfriend of our boss?'

Only questions and confusion were left in their minds.

Once away from the factory, Tang Hao increased his speed and dashed away. Soon, he arrived at the mountain and intercepted the man who was running down the hill.

Tang Hao furrowed his brows when he saw that person.

He knew that person's outfit very well: A felt hat and a black suitcase. That person was a Nanyang shaman.

His gaze turned cold and his killing intent rose.

He did not have a good impression of Nanyang shamans.

The Nanyang shaman was shocked when he saw Tang Hao appear suddenly in front of him.

“We... We can talk, brother!” He said with a shaking voice.

Tang Hao examined him closely.

Compared to the other three grandmasters before him, that person looked to be in his mid-twenties and did not have a high cultivation base.

“Who ordered you?” Tang Hao asked sternly.

“A boss named Xu,” the shaman said, “He wants me to disturb the operations of this factory to take revenge on that female boss.”

“Now that you’ve said so, there’s no reason to keep you alive anymore,” Tang Hao said coldly.

The shaman trembled in fear. “Don’t! Don’t kill me! You can’t kill me. If you do, my master will avenge me. He is a very powerful shaman,” he said, trembling.

“Is that so?” Tang Hao was nonchalant.

He flicked his wrist and several jade talismans appeared in his palm. He threw those talismans out and reduced the shaman to ashes.

He never showed any mercy toward Nanyang shamans.

Tang Hao furrowed his brows and thought about something.

“A boss named Xu? I’ll ask Sis Xiangyi when I get back.”

After that, he dashed back toward the factory.

The entire journey took no more than a few minutes. The male workers had not recovered from their shock yet when they saw Tang Hao coming back from the window.

They were once again stunned.

“Did you find out what happened?” Qin Xiangyi asked.

“It’s caused by a boss named Xu. He hired a Nanyang shaman to cause trouble in your factory,” Tang Hao said.

“Xu? It’s him!” Qin Xiangyi’s eyes widened in anger.

“We’ve competed for an order once, but that Xu guy lost. I didn’t expect that he would do something so underhanded.”

“He’s from Westridge as well?”

“No, he’s from the neighboring district.”

“Is that so? I’ll pay a visit tomorrow and teach him a lesson!” Tang Hao’s face flashed with viciousness.

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Nanyang was the name for the vast geographical area to the south of Huaxia.

In a room on an island somewhere in Nanyang, an oil lamp suddenly went out.

A figure sitting cross-legged in the middle of the room opened his eyes suddenly.

He was an elderly figure. His body was as thin as bamboo and his face and eyes were sunken like a skeleton.

However, his gaze was sharp and penetrating.

Even though he looked thin and frail, he carried a formidable aura.

His eyes opened wide as they swept toward the lamp that had just gone out. A shocking aura burst forth from his body.

His silver hair danced wildly.

He howled. His skeletal face was contorted with rage.

The lamp signified the life force of his youngest and favorite disciple.

Now that the lamp went out, it meant that the person died.

“Come to me!”

He howled again, and his voice spread across the land like a thunderclap.

Soon, someone opened the door and laid prostrate on the floor. "Yes, Grandmaster?"

"Duri is dead! Find out who killed him! Also, gather all the shamans on the island," the elderly figure said sternly.

The servant trembled when he heard that. His face turned pale.

'Duri is dead!'

He knew that it was extremely bad news.

Duri was the Grandmaster's favorite disciple.

He quickly replied in the affirmative, then left the room.

Soon, a horn blast was heard throughout the island.

Various figures lifted their heads and looked toward the middle of the island.

In Nanyang, the shamans had their own organization, though the hierarchy was not as strict. Almost a fifth of all the shamans in Nanyang lived there.

The shamans changed into their black suits and gathered at the meeting hall in the middle of the island.

A while later, the elderly figure appeared in the hall, wearing a black suit.

“Grandmaster Toto!”

Everyone in the hall stood to attention and greeted the elderly figure.

Grandmaster Toto was the most experienced shaman in the Nanyang cultivation world, and the one with the highest cultivation base.

Grandmaster Toto sat down. He swept his eyes across the hall and said, “Duri is dead!”

“What? Duri is dead? How could that be?”

The people in the hall talked to each other loudly.

Everyone knew that Duri was Grandmaster Toto’s favorite disciple, and he showed the most promise.

“He has indeed lost his life. He died in a place called Westridge District in Huaxia. He was there for a pilgrimage, but he died there.

“I can’t let my disciple die in vain. So what if it’s Huaxia?” Grandmaster Toto’s gaze sharpened as he roared with a deep voice.

“That’s right! So what if it’s Huaxia? They have been on a decline for the past few years, and it’s time for Nanyang to rise up! If they killed one of our own, then we ought to make them pay the price in blood!”

“That’s right! Make them pay!”

The shamans in the meeting hall were all very agitated.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Westridge? I remember that name. Chacha, Bakar, and Abu all died there."

The hall instantly descended into silence when they heard that.

"What? They all died there? What is this Westridge place?"

"Westridge? I've never heard of it before!"

"Even Abu died. Someone powerful must be hiding there!"

Grandmaster Toto stood up from his seat. "Did you hear that?" He roared, "Even Abu died there. They've gone overboard! Where is our dignity if we don't avenge our people?"

"Now is the time to invade Huaxia and take revenge for our fallen brothers!"

"I will be going there myself this time. We'll step into Huaxia and hunt for the killer. Who will come with me?"

The hall was silent for a short while.

Then, it exploded with noise.

"I will!"

“I will too!”

People around the hall stood up one by one. They looked excited and even fanatic.

Westridge District was not a known place in the cultivation world. Someone powerful might be hiding there, but they would not be able to withstand a massive invasion force. The Nanyang shamans wanted to use the opportunity to display their power.

“Onward to Huaxia! Flatten Westridge!”

“Onward to Huaxia! Flatten Westridge!”

The shamans answered the call to arms fanatically.

The next morning, a group of Nanyang shamans in black suits, felt hats, and black suitcases rode on the earliest flight toward Province Z in Huaxia.