

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 317

The dagger fell on the floor with a clank.

The man twitched and fell. Blood spouted everywhere.

Everyone was scared out of their wits when they witnessed that.

Tang Hao walked toward one of the men and asked him coldly, "Let me ask you. Did you capture someone earlier? Where is that person now?"

That person shook his head in panic.

Tang Hao grunted coldly, then slashed at him.

Splurt!

Blood spouted from that man's throat.

Tang Hao remained impassive as he walked toward the next man.

The men shuddered and shouted frantically. "I don't know! I really don't know! We're supposed to keep guard outside. We don't know what's going on inside."

Tang Hao furrowed his brows. "There's no use keeping all of you alive then!" He said coldly.

The Dongying bodyguards were shocked when they heard that. Many people scrambled to their feet and tried to run away.

Tang Hao grunted. He flicked his finger, which sent a gust of wind that caused the escaping bodyguards to stumble and fall on their faces. Tang Hao casually walked toward them and ended all their lives.

Those were people under the Miki Group, which meant that they were complicit in many evil deeds. Tang Hao would not show any mercy toward them.

After killing the last man, he heard frantic footsteps and people shouting from behind the door. The door was kicked open from the inside and a group of men in black suits rushed out.

Each of those men carried guns in their hands.

They were confused when they noticed the car in the middle of the deck.

'How did a car end up on the ship?'

Then, they noticed the bodies scattered all over the deck.

They were instantly furious. They pointed their guns at Tang Hao and started shooting.

Tang Hao narrowed his eyes. He tapped his foot on the floor and his body flew upward. He somersaulted once in the air, then threw a jade talisman toward the group.

Boom!

The jade talisman exploded in a cloud of fire. The people were pushed away by the shockwave, while some were reduced into ashes.

“Kusoyarou!” One of the survivors cursed, then grabbed his gun and stood up.

However, he suddenly felt something cold on the left side of his neck. He stiffened and his eyes were opened wide with incredulity.

In the next moment, his eyes glazed over and lost all signs of life.

Next to him, Tang Hao pulled the silver sword away and a spout of blood gushed from his neck.

He shifted to dodge a bullet, then pierced the sword forward, slicing through a man’s neck.

The entire group of Dongying bodyguards fell in a short amount of time.

Tang Hao’s white shirt had been stained red by blood. Adding to the intimidating demeanor was streaks of dried blood on his face.

With his short sword in hand, he continued walking toward the interior of the ship.

At the door, he lifted his head to glare at the surveillance camera.

Then, he kicked open the door and went inside.

In a room somewhere in the cruise ship, the atmosphere was stifling.

A tall and well-built man in a white suit stood in front of an array of screens. His hair was cropped, and his face was long like a horse's. His eyes were slit like a venomous cobra.

At the moment, he looked frustrated. He punched heavily on the table, then turned around and roared, "Can anyone here tell me who the hell that kid is?"

"Can anyone also tell me why the f*ck his car can fly?"

"Ah! Can anyone here tell me what the f*ck is going on?" He roared maniacally.

About thirty of his minions had died in a short amount of time. Clearly, the kid was not a normal person.

The men in suits standing in front of him hemmed and hawed, but no one gave him an answer.

Their foreheads were drenched in sweat.

They witnessed the scene earlier on the screens. They were no match against that kid.

The horse-faced man breathed heavily and roared, "So where's that b*tch?"

"We've... sent her away just now," someone said with a trembling voice.

"What?" The horse-faced man's eyes were round. "Get her back here!"

"Yes, yes!" The man replied.

Suddenly, hearty laughter was heard from the door. The voice sounded elderly.

“Haha, what’s there to worry about when I’m here, Young Master Makoto?”

A figure walked into the room. He was an elderly man in his sixties with silvery-white hair. His face was thin, but his eyes were sharp and spirited.

“Grandmaster Oda!”

Makoto Miki stood up immediately and bowed formally at the old man.

Grandmaster Oda was a famous ninja cultivator. He possessed extraordinary abilities.

“I heard that you have an intruder, Young Master Makoto? That should be a cultivator from Huaxia. Don’t worry, just leave it to me! Huaxia cultivators are no match for us Dongying ninja cultivators.

“I have already dispatched my subordinates and disciples earlier. They will be returning with the kid’s disembodied head soon. You can just relax and wait for the good news, Young Master Makoto!”

Grandmaster Oda laughed heartily again.

His tone of voice was full of disdain when he talked about Huaxia cultivators.

Makoto Miki was instantly happy again. “Thank you, Grandmaster Oda!” He said while bowing.

“Haha!” Grandmaster Oda laughed again.

Meanwhile, Tang Hao had carved himself a path of blood as he worked his way along the ship's interior.

Occasionally, figures would pop out in front of him and shoot at him with machine guns.

Tatatat! Tatatat!

The sounds of machine-gun fire were ceaseless.

However, mere guns could not harm him. His body flashed while he waved the silver sword in his hand. Every swing caused a spout of blood to gush out and ended one life.

His body was slick with blood. It was a horrific sight.

The killing aura he carried became even stronger, as though he was a demon bathed in blood.

Meanwhile, the killing intent in his heart continued growing.

He had never felt such a strong killing intent ever since he stepped on the path of cultivation.

It grew even more intensely when he was reminded that Zhao Qingxue's whereabouts were unknown. She might even have already been killed.

He was not fond of killing people, but in his eyes, the people from the Miki group could not be considered as people.

People who perform abductions and organ harvesting could not be considered people at all, no matter which nationality they were from.

Makoto Miki was on the brink of insanity as he watched the scene unfold on the screens.

Meanwhile, Grandmaster Oda remained calm. What Tang Hao was doing was nothing in his eyes. He thought he could do a better job, even.

Ninja cultivators from Dongying were the most proficient in killing.

“Don’t worry, Young Master Makoto. When my people arrive, so will the kid’s doom,” Grandmaster Oda said calmly as he stroked his beard.

Makoto Miki’s expression became slightly calmer when he heard that.

“How dare you kill my men, you filthy kid? I’ll make sure that you die a horrible death!” He mumbled resentfully as he stared at the figure on the screen.