

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 404

“You haven’t had lunch, right? Me neither. How about this: We’ll have lunch first, then go shopping and watch a movie after that.

“It’ll be just in time for dinner right after the movie.”

Liu Bingyao was excited, and there was a bounce in her every step.

She occasionally stole glances at Tang Hao with her beautiful eyes.

“Alright!” Tang Hao quickly agreed to it.

The couple exited the campus grounds, rode on the bus toward the city center, and had lunch at New Magical Kitchen.

After that, they walked along the streets.

She was as happy as a bird freed from its cage.

Soon, it was three o’clock in the afternoon. They bought two tickets at a cinema and went into the hall.

The movie was a whimsical comedy by a famous Southport director. Everyone burst into laughter at the funny moments.

One would easily forget the time when watching a good movie. Tang Hao felt that the movie ended too soon. His interest was still high as the credits rolled.

The hall lights came on, and the audience streamed out of the hall while still talking about the movie.

“That movie was too funny!” Liu Bingyao was still laughing as she walked out of the hall with Tang Hao.

After taking several steps, Liu Bingyao abruptly stopped walking and whispered to Tang Hao, “Um... I need to go to the washroom.”

Tang Hao nodded.

Liu Bingyao headed to the washroom while clutching her handbag. Tang Hao stood on the spot and waited for her.

Many people were walking along the corridor.

While Tang Hao waited, he sensed that something was amiss. He could feel that a few pairs of eyes amid the crowd were scrutinizing him.

The people hid themselves well, but he was alerted anyway.

There seemed to be killing intent in those eyes.

Tang Hao furrowed his brows.

‘Don’t tell me... Song Linfei sent someone to kill me?’

The thought flashed in his mind. Before he could think of what to do, those figures closed in on him. They moved faster and faster, as though they wanted to catch him unawares in a pincer attack. At the same time, it seemed like something else.

It was as though they were scrambling for something.

A janitor passed by in front of him, pushing a cart. He was wearing a cap, and his head was slightly lowered. His left hand was pushing the handle of the cart, while his right hand was obscured.

To the left of the janitor was a couple leaning against each other and walking toward him.

The man was in his forties and looked plain, while the woman was in her thirties and dressed scantily. Her V-neck top displayed a deep cleavage.

A total of eight people closed into Tang Hao from both sides and even from behind him.

Eight assassins!

Tang Hao was shocked. That was not a small number. How many more assassins did that Song guy hire?

Fortunately, they were all mundane people, and Tang Hao was not afraid of them.

The people started walking faster. The janitor was the first one to close in on Tang Hao. He lifted his head, showing a creepy face. His right hand pulled out a handgun from his cart.

He aimed the muzzle at Tang Hao.

'The two hundred million dollars is mine!' His expression was ecstatic.

The other assassins were flustered. They did not care anymore for stealth and took out their weapons. Some of them wielded firearms, while others wielded melee weapons.

Bang! A gunshot rang out in the corridor.

The passers-by instantly descended into panic. They shrieked in fear and scattered in all directions. The scene was unbelievably chaotic.

The janitor was ecstatic, but soon after, the expression froze on his face. He discovered that the kid was still standing there, unscathed.

How was that possible?

Even an idiot would not miss a shot from that close distance. Moreover, he was a firearms expert.

The other assassins were also dumbfounded.

They were shocked that the shot missed. When they came to their senses, it was their turn to be ecstatic.

They hastened their steps, walking against the fleeing crowd, toward Tang Hao.

Those people wielding guns pointed their muzzles at Tang Hao and placed their fingers on the trigger.

Tang Hao narrowed his eyes, and they flashed with killing intent.

He spun around and flicked his wrists.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A set of dragon tooth throwing knives flew out in an arc.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The throwing knives found their way into their targets and made holes in their chests. The people stood there, frozen in shock.

All of the assassins have incredulous expressions on their faces.

'How could this be?'

'The kid is actually an expert?'

At that moment, they finally understood why the kid's life was worth two hundred million Merrican dollars.

The hit job was not going to be an easy one. It would be a suicide mission for anyone without actual skill. The only people who would be able to kill the kid would be those that topped the assassin ranking chart.

They regretted their impulsive actions, but it was too late. Their bodies wobbled and fell on the floor, dead.

Everyone else had already fled the scene.

Tang Hao went and retrieved the throwing knives from those people. Suddenly, he remembered that Liu Bingyao was still in the washroom. It would be bad if there were still assassins lurking around.

He started to move toward the washroom.

Suddenly, his wrist trembled, and one of the blood jade beads lit up with a blinding red light.

'Dammit!'

Tang Hao's expression changed. Strong winds enveloped him as he dashed forward.

He arrived at the washroom in the blink of an eye. He kicked the door away and barged in.

In the washroom, Liu Bingyao was curled up in a corner, surrounded by a light shield. In front of him was a gnarly old woman in her sixties, stabbing at the light shield with a dagger in her hand.

Her expression was vicious and savage. As she stabbed at the light shield, she grumbled, "What is this thing? You'd better come out of this shell now, you filthy b*tch, otherwise I'll break it and skin you alive."

Liu Bingyao was huddled in the corner. Her face was pale out of fright.

She was utterly dumbfounded. The old woman who had a kind and friendly demeanor earlier had turned into someone else. She looked like a devil.

The two people were surprised when they heard the door being kicked open.

Liu Bingyao was happy once she saw Tang Hao, while the old woman cackled. "Perfect timing, you filthy kid. Your life is mine!"

Her body flashed, and she pounced at Tang Hao, brandishing a dagger in each of her hands. They criss-crossed into a web of cold light and slashed at Tang Hao.

She was in her sixties, but her movements were unbelievably agile.

The two daggers gleamed ominously.

"Careful!" Liu Bingyao screamed.

The old woman became happier as her daggers neared the kid's skull. Her eyes flashed with greed and anticipation.

Tang Hao stood still over with an impassive expression.

He grunted softly when the old woman was within arm's reach. He grabbed her head and slammed it at the wall.

Bam!

The wall cracked, and the old woman's face was contorted. Her eyes glazed over as she was knocked out cold.

“You think too highly of yourself!” Tang Hao said nonchalantly.

He tossed the old woman on the floor and walked toward Liu Bingyao.

Liu Bingyao immediately stood up and fell into his arms.