

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 438

“Ah, this sucks!”

Under the sunset, Fang Qiming leaned against the temple wall with a cigarette in his hand.

His face was pale and his eyes were sunken. His legs were still shaking. The fingers on his left hand that held the cigarette were shaking, too. He had never felt so dejected before.

His butt felt as though it had been ripped apart. The agonizing pain caused his facial muscles to twitch occasionally.

His legs had turned into jelly after spending the entire afternoon on the toilet.

“Ah, this feeling sucks, no, I mean, it hurts!”

Tang Bowen crouched next to him. He dragged his cigarette and spewed a cloud of white smoke.

His eyes were also sunken and his face was also pale.

The cigarette granted him a temporary escape from reality. He felt as though he was floating.

At least that made his butt hurt a little less.

However, if he moved even just a little, his butt would deliver excruciating waves of pain.

He had finally realized what it meant to be a literal pain in the \*ss.

Next to the two people were the rest of Fang Qiming's gang, crouching in one line and smoking to drive away the melancholy.

"Dammit, how could that guy be so lucky?" Fang Qiming cursed angrily.

The plan should have been perfect, but that stupid old man had turned it on him.

"That kid is uncanny!" Another person lamented.

"That's right. He seems untouchable!" Someone agreed.

"Nonsense! I don't believe that I can't do anything to him!" Fang Qiming stood up abruptly and threw away the cigarette butt. He seemed indignant.

"Ow!" He clutched his butt. His face was twisted from the pain.

"Dammit, it's all because of that kid! If not for him, we won't be in this sorry state!" Fang Qiming said resentfully.

"Cheer up, everyone. That was only Plan A. We still have Plan B, C, and so on. We'll prank that kid for sure."

He slowly limped toward the sunset.

Tang Bowen and the others looked at each other and followed behind.

Their gait was rather peculiar, which made everyone curious about what happened to them.

Plan B: Wreck that guy's tent. Splash dirty water on the blankets.

Result: "Tang Hao, how about... you sleep in my tent tonight?" The beauty queen said, "I'm alone in my big tent. You can go rent another mattress and blanket."

They were about to blow their tops.

'Dammit, it looks like we're helping him!'

Especially Fang Qiming, whose face was contorted with rage.

Plan C: Throw a snake in front of the guy to scare him.

Result: The guy was not afraid at all when he saw the snake. Instead, his eyes sparkled with excitement.

He reached out and grabbed the snake, which was as thick as a man's wrist. "Hmm, this snake looks healthy! I can make a good stew out of it," he said.

He took the snake next to the stream and, to their utter shock, took out a knife from somewhere and slaughtered the snake.

He set up a fire and took out various utensils from his backpack. There were pots, pans, bowls, spoons, chopsticks, and all sorts of seasonings. It was as though he carried his entire kitchen in his backpack.

Their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

'What the hell? Are you kidding me?'

'How did he fit all that in his backpack? The kid isn't a robotic cat from the 22nd century!'

Very soon, an incredible fragrance emanated from the pot. They could not help but drool when they smelled it.

However, they could only stare at Tang Hao and his friends happily eating the snake stew while their stomachs growled.

They could still feel a dull ache in their butts, which added to the torture.

"Grrrr! I'm so angry!" Fang Qiming was about to reach his limit.

"Dammit, you filthy kid, don't blame me for being merciless. You asked for this! I'll be using my ultimate tool. Hmph! I didn't want to use it because it is too cruel, but you forced my hand!" He said viciously.

Tang Bowen and the others went pale.

They knew what Council President Fang was talking about. It was a wicked and cruel device.

"Hmph! Just you wait, kid!"

Fang Qiming retrieved a small wooden box from his backpack. There was a wooden figure of a human in the box with a nail stuck to its head.

The wooden figure was covered in strange runes.

The group of people gulped hard when they saw the wooden figure.

Mundane people feared supernatural things, especially when they were in the mountains, where supernatural occurrences were rumored to happen frequently.

Even Fang Qiming hesitated for a very long time.

He obtained that thing from his uncle, who said that he got it from Nanyang. There was a ghost sealed inside the figure.

One could control the ghost with the wooden figure and can command it to possess a person.

“Dammit, what am I so scared about?” Fang Qiming mumbled, trying to bolster his courage.

They returned to their tents to rest for a few hours. Later at night, they sneaked out of their tents and hid behind a bush near Liu Bingyao’s tent.

Fang Qiming pulled out the nail from the wooden figure. A wisp of smoke appeared and coalesced into the vague shape of a human.

Some of the people could not stop trembling.

Fang Qiming was the one who trembled the most. He forced himself to calm down and gripped the wooden figure tightly.

The ghost seemed to be able to sense his thoughts. It turned around and floated toward the tent.

“Hahaha, you’re finished this time for sure, kid!” Fang Qiming was ecstatic.

However, the ghost stopped at some distance away from the tent.

It turned around, transformed into something horrific, and pounced on them.

They were utterly bewildered.

In the next moment, their eyes widened as they suffered the biggest fright of their lives.

“Mommy!” They shrieked.

They quickly stood up and ran away as fast as they could, not caring that their butts still hurt.

Some people tripped as they ran. However, as they turned around to see behind them, they shrieked in fear, struggled to get to their feet, and continued running.

At that instant, they could not think of anything else other than an urge to run as far away as they could. They scattered and ran deep into the mountains.

When they came to their senses, they could not find their way back.

They took out their phones to discover that there was no coverage.

They looked around them and saw that it was dark everywhere. They dared not move around but instead curled up on the spot. They were cold and hungry, and their butts were still in pain.

Fang Qiming and Tang Bowen were curled up in a distant corner somewhere deep in the mountains.

They huddled together to provide each other warmth, but their lips were purple from the cold. It was a very pathetic sight.

“So... so cold... so hungry...” They sounded like they were almost crying.

“Mommy, I wanna go home!”