

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 486

Two o'clock in the afternoon.

A crossing in the city center was cleared of traffic, and construction signs were placed.

Many construction vehicles were also parked around the crossing.

A giant object was placed in the middle.

It was surrounded by barriers on all sides. Soldiers, dressed up as construction workers, were patrolling around it.

The combat plan was decided at three o'clock.

Preparations were ready by five o'clock.

The sky was getting darker. Night was falling.

Tang Hao stood in a room somewhere in the military base. In front of him was a military uniform.

He picked up the clothes. After hesitating for a while, he changed into it.

After fastening the last button, he lifted his head and looked at himself in the mirror. With the military uniform on, he looked entirely different from his usual self. He seemed a lot more masculine and heroic.

"Looks pretty good!" Tang Hao mumbled as he stroked his chin.

He put on the hat and left the room.

“Wow!” The Taoist masters waiting outside the room exclaimed.

“You’re handsome, Little Brother Tang!”

Taoist Master Qian Ji stepped in front of him and patted his shoulder.

The other Taoist masters were also impressed by Tang Hao’s new look.

“You look so f*cking handsome. Reminds me of my past days!” The rather scoundrelly Trendy Taoist Master said conceitedly.

“Nonsense! Your loser face isn’t half as handsome as Little Brother Tang. He looks as handsome as me when I was younger though!” The slightly plump Taoist master Qing Yun said as he stroked his double chin.

Everyone around him booed.

“You’re shameless, Senior Brother!”

“I’m gonna puke!”

The Taoist masters jeered at him.

“Dammit, you bastards! Don’t you remember what you’ve been taught, that you should always respect your senior brothers?” Taoist Master Qing Yun was red in the face.

“Pah!”

The Taoist masters booed again.

“Alright, enough fooling around! Let’s set out!” A group of elderly Taoist masters came over.

Their eyes sparkled when they saw Tang Hao.

“Wow, you’re so handsome, just like when I was younger!”

“Not bad at all, but I was more handsome when I was younger! I used to look like the reincarnation of Pan An[1]!”

The elderly Taoist masters exclaimed.

However, they started arguing about who looked the most handsome in their younger days.

Tang Hao rolled his eyes helplessly.

He already knew how those Mao Mountain Taoist masters behaved and did not find their bickering surprising.

The sky was already dark when they got out of the military base.

The exterior of the military base was crowded with people. They all stood in rows and did not make a sound. They wore the black uniform of special forces troops and full-face masks. It was a menacing sight.

Those were not the usual special forces troops, but specially trained soldiers to subdue cultivators.

They were equipped to fight against werewolves and vampires.

Tang Hao and the Mao Mountain Taoist masters would lead the operation, while the special troops provided support and cleanup.

Not only the qi radar could identify cultivators and monsters from mundane people, but it could also detect the strength of one's cultivation base.

After the radar was set up in the afternoon, it had been operational and had been looking for targets in Provincial City.

There were a total of one thousand, two hundred and fifty-six of them.

Most of those targets were foreigners. Only a small portion of them was Huaxianese.

The targets were divided into three levels based on the strength of their cultivation base. The highest level was red, which indicated that they were in the latter period of the State of Qi Channeling. Tang Hao and the elderly Taoist masters would be taking care of those.

The second level was orange, and they were in the middle period of the State of Qi Channeling. Those would be handled by the stronger Taoist masters.

The lowest level was blue, indicating cultivators in the early period of the State of Qi Channeling. Those would be handled by the weaker Taoist masters. The ones in light blue were the weakest of them all and could be subdued by the special forces.

“Remember, we can spare the lives of those that surrender without putting up a fight. If they resist, try to escape, or threaten the safety of the public, you have the permission to kill them on sight.

“It’s time to move out! All squads, move out to your predetermined locations. Operation Witch Hunter is a go!”

General Bai gave the command. The special forces troops jogged to their trucks and got in.

The trucks started their engines and drove out of the military base like a long dragon.

“Comrade Tang and fellow Taoist masters, I will be waiting here for your victory!”

General Bai saluted at them solemnly.

Tang Hao returned the salute. He entered his car.

He started the car and caught up to the convoy of trucks heading toward the city area.

The vehicles drove along the road one by one. There seemed to be no end to them.

Tang Hao inhaled deeply as he looked at the scenery outside. He felt rather grim.

It was going to be a long night.

He looked at his wristwatch. It was seven o'clock sharp.

"Seven at night to five in the morning. Ten hours should be enough!" He mumbled as his gaze turned cold.

The vehicles scattered to their destinations as they neared the city area.

Tang Hao got out of his car at a crossing and took out a PDA. On the display was a map of his surroundings and several blinking spots.

"Operation... start!"

Tang Hao whispered to himself. His body moved and dashed forward.

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A certain car was driving on the road.

A man dressed in a black suit and wore a felt hat sat inside. His face was thin, and his sunken eyes carried a dangerous gaze.

His eyes were slightly narrowed as he looked at the car in front of him.

His target was in that car!

His client paid him four million yuan for a hit on that person. Also, the client requested that he used the cruelest methods so that the person would die in extreme agony.

That was what he, a Nanyang shaman, was best at!

He stretched his thin lips into a cruel smile.

He lifted his left hand, which held a photograph of a charming woman in her thirties.

He licked his dry lips, and perversion flashed in his eyes.

'Should I toy with her for a bit before ending her life? That is a form of torment too. She'll taste heaven before she's sent to hell!'

He became more excited after thinking of that. He almost could not control his urges.

The car in front of him slowed down and turned into a residential area.

He also slowed down and parked his car at the roadside.

He wanted to rush out of his car as soon as it stopped.

Suddenly, he heard a thump above him, as though something landed on the top of his car.

'Dammit! Did some bastard throw garbage on top of my car?'

He was instantly furious. He stuck his head out of the window and looked up.

Just when his head was out of the window, a hand reached in and dragged him out of the car.

Someone with an icy expression appeared in front of him.

“Nanyang shaman? Die!” The person spat out those ice-cold words.

He gasped for air, already scared out of his wits. He could sense that the qi aura of that person was extremely frightening.

“Don’t...”

Before he could beg for his life, he saw something cold flash in front of him. His vision went dark, and he lost consciousness forever.

[1] Pan An is a 3rd-century Chinese poet known for his looks.