

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 487

In a luxury mansion, a fireplace burned and classical music played.

The mansion was furnished extravagantly in the Western style.

In the middle of the room was a long table. Exquisite Western-style tableware was placed on it.

Several Westerners with blond hair and blue eyes were eating from a plate of meat with knives and forks.

One of the younger Westerners brought a piece of meat into his mouth. He chewed it carefully and seemed satisfied.

“Mm! This must be from the thigh!”

He closed his eyes and savored the taste.

When he opened his eyes again, they momentarily flashed with the color of blood.

“The texture of the meat is... just nice. It must have come from a male in his twenties. I think he works out quite frequently, too. That’s how you get such an excellent texture.

“Delicious! Simply delicious!” He could not stop exclaiming.

A Westerner in his fifties sat at the host’s seat. He lifted his glass and sipped some red wine. “You’re still as amazing as ever, my dear George. You’re exactly right!” He said with a smile.

The young man named George smiled. "It was nothing!"

"By the way, I'm surprised that Huaxianese meat is so delicious. The meat of the people back in our country is too tough and sour. I can't stomach that."

"This meat is probably one of the finest delicacies in the world."

"Is there a problem though... eating human meat like this over here?"

He seemed worried when he said that.

The other Westerners laughed when they heard the question.

"You worry too much, George! Huaxia might have been powerful in the past, but now they've declined. Those stinky Taoist masters are powerless now."

"Don't worry about what you eat, as long as you don't go overboard. There won't be any problems."

The old Westerner in the host's seat said with a smile.

His eyes flashed with condescension when he mentioned "Huaxia".

The Huaxia in the past was very powerful, but now, anyone could come in and the Taoist masters would not even care.

Even if they cared, what could they possibly do?

“Cheers!”

He smiled and lifted the wine glass in his hand.

“Cheers!”

The other Westerners also lifted their glasses and smiled.

Suddenly, they heard a loud crash. A hole appeared in the roof, and a figure descended from above.

The Westerners were shocked and were about to stand up.

Just as the figure touched the floor, it dashed forward with incredible speed. A cold light flashed, and a qi blade appeared from his hand, decapitating the people sitting in a row.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The heads of the Westerners sitting on the left side of the table flew into the air. Blood gushed like fountains.

The other Westerners, including George, were stunned. Before they could react, the qi blade swung the other way, and their heads were separated from their bodies.

In the blink of an eye, the Westerner in the host's seat was the only one alive.

He sat there, paralyzed with fear.

“Who... who are you?” His voice was trembling as he looked at Tang Hao.

He was shocked when he noticed Tang Hao’s military uniform.

“I... am the Huaxianese you were talking about earlier!” Tang Hao said coldly as he stepped forward, holding a dagger.

His expression was extremely gloomy and scary.

‘These people are morally depraved! How dare they eat the flesh of Huaxianese on Huaxia soil?’

“You... you dare kill me? I’m from the Sullivan family. If you dare kill me, it will be a declaration of war. Your Huaxia will be dead for sure!”

He roared viciously. His face was contorted with anger.

In his extreme rage, he bared his werewolf features.

The Sullivans were a renowned werewolf family, just like the Becks.

“Declaration of war? Let’s go to war then! We’re planning to wipe out your entire family anyway!

“Scum like you don’t deserve to live!

“Even if I kill your entire family, that still won’t be enough to pay for the crimes you have committed in Huaxia!”

Tang Hao threw out a jade talisman and sent that werewolf flying. He decapitated him with a swing of his blade and reduced the corpse to ashes by a fireball.

He walked out of the room and killed the other people in the mansion one by one.

After that, he set the profane mansion on fire.

He immediately set off toward the next destination. There was no time to waste.

The next destination was another werewolf den. Werewolves were like viruses. They could breed very fast.

The werewolves there were about the same strength as the pack who had abducted Taoist Master Chang Qing before. They were all evil criminals, which Tang Hao heartily dispatched.

He moved on to his next destination.

His next target was a warlock in his fifties who disguised as a foreign language teacher.

He surrendered without putting up a fight. Tang Hao called a squad over and brought the person away.

A few hours later, he cleared the targets that were tasked to him.

He stood at the rooftop of a skyscraper and looked down at the city.

The city at night was well-lit and lively. If he listened carefully, he could hear the sound of guns, explosions, and the occasional wolf howl.

Operation Witch Hunter was still in progress, cleansing every nook and cranny of the city.

There would be no refuge for evil cultivators and monsters.

They had many disguised identities: Expatriates, foreign language teachers, and even students. Of course, many came to Huaxia to cause trouble under the guise of tourists.

There were also many transformed Huaxianese.

The ones who cooperated and surrendered were restrained, sedated, and brought away on a truck. Those who resisted or escaped were killed on the spot.

There were small outbreaks of chaos throughout the city.

Tang Hao listened carefully and went to the places that needed his help.

The operation was wrapping up at about two o'clock. Only weaker monsters remained, and Tang Hao helped the special forces to speed up the process.

At four o'clock, the final target, a foreign student, was successfully captured in his dorm.

Tang Hao and the Taoist masters all went to capture him.

Behind them were trucks that carried the logo of the military police. The squads were gathering.

The student nearly wet his pants when he saw the spectacle. He fell on his knees.

'Dammit! Is there a need to mobilize so many people just to capture me?'

The spectacle itself was enough to scare someone to death!

'Didn't they say that no one would care in Huaxia?'

He wanted to cry, but he had no tears.

After bringing him into a truck, the convoy of vehicles started their way back to the military base.

Operation Witch Hunter was successfully complete.

The sky was turning light as the vehicles arrived at the military base.

The long night was finally over.