

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 499

"You'd better have a good explanation for this." Liu Yufen was seething.

"I've paid you good money, Bro Chen, but look at what you've done! The Internet is attacking my Yu Lin Group now, and our reputation is ruined."

Bro Chen laughed apologetically. "I'm sorry! That was a mistake!"

"A mistake? Do you think an apology is enough?" Liu Yufen said angrily, "If this goes on, my Yu Lin Group will be finished."

"Well..."

Bro Chen felt guiltier than ever. His mistake might have cost him his reputation too.

"Oh Sis Liu, well... I don't think I can do anything about the situation anymore. Haotian has a lot of money, and they've bought way more commenters. That's not even including their fan club. They'll crush us easily.

"Also, those bastards admitted to the media that it's all made up. There's... nothing else I can do."

"So what should I do then?" Liu Yufen shrieked.

Bro Chen had no reply. He could only listen to Liu Yufen's heavy panting.

Suddenly, Liu Yufen spoke with an eerily sinister voice. "I think I get it now, Bro Chen. I've been too merciful to that kid. Why should I bother with ruining his reputation when I can end his life?"

Bro Chen felt a chill up his spine.

“You want his life?”

“That’s right, I want his life. If he wants to ruin my Yu Lin Group, I want his life,” Liu Yufen said viciously.

“Well...”

“Why, are you scared?”

“No, it’s just that you ought to think through this carefully!”

“Tell me, how much do you want?”

Bro Chen took out a cigarette with his right hand, lit it, and dragged it heavily.

His eyes were slightly narrowed. He was hesitating.

A long while later, he replied, “I’ll do it, but it’s only because it’s you. Don’t worry. I won’t make another mistake. You can wait for my good news!”

After ending the call, Bro Chen continued sitting there, puffing out clouds of smoke.

He had not claimed someone’s life for a very long time.

After all, it was a lot riskier when human lives were involved.

After finishing the cigarette, he lit up another one. With his other hand, he flipped through his contact list and found a number.

He narrowed his eyes, which flashed with coldness.

If he decided to do it, then he would need to do the best job he could. He had to find the best assassin he knew to assassinate Haotian Group's chairman.

The person he was calling was one of the best assassins in Huaxia. His nickname was Flying Shadow, though he was more like a reaper of death.

"Hmph! You're dead for sure, kid!"

He glanced at a photo on his table and dialed that number.

The call was soon answered. A low and hoarse voice was heard over the phone.

"Yes?"

That single word sent chills up Bro Chen's spine.

'What formidable killing intent! Truly, he is the top assassin of Huaxia!' Bro Chen thought.

He composed himself. "I'm looking for someone!"

“Where?” The voice was low and hoarse as usual.

“Z Province, Provincial City.”

“Name?” The voice became lower, almost metallic.

Bro Chen became more fearful.

‘He is a true expert. Even his voice inspires fear!’

“His name is Tang...” He said fearfully.

“Not bad. And the rest of his name?”

“... Hao! His name is Tang Hao!”

“Tang... Hao?”

Flying Shadow wondered where he had heard of the name before.

“Pfft!” Bro Chen suddenly heard Flying Shadow do a spit take on the other end of the phone.

“Wh... wh... what? Tang... Tang Hao? Are you sure he’s called Tang Hao?” The assassin said incredulously while coughing.

His tone of voice was obviously flustered.

Bro Chen was baffled.

'Oh my god!

'What am I hearing?

'The incredible Flying Shadow, the top assassin of Huaxia, did a spit take when he heard that kid's name? Are you sure that's Flying Shadow on the other end of the line?

'What happened to his deep and cool voice?'

He eventually came to his senses and replied, "Yes, his name is indeed Tang Hao! What's wrong?"

The other person was silent for a while. "Ow!" He suddenly yelped. "I'm sorry, I'm suffering from diarrhea recently. I can't take this mission."

He ended the call immediately.

Beep...

Bro Chen was stunned as he listened to the busy tone of the call.

He felt as though he had to revise his worldview.

'How would Flying Shadow, a notorious name in the assassin world of Huaxia, get diarrhea and could not take on a mission?

'Just what the hell is going on?

'Unless... there's something behind Tang Hao's name?

'That's impossible! Isn't he just a businessman? He might have some political connections, but why would his name scare Flying Shadow?'

"He might really have diarrhea! But how serious could it be? Whatever, I'll look for someone else," he mumbled to himself as he dialed another number.

"Who are you looking for?"

"Tang Hao, from Province Z."

Clang!

That was the sound of a steel bowl falling on the floor.

"What's wrong?" Bro Chen was thoroughly baffled.

"F*ck your father!"

A string of curses came from the other end of the phone, and the call was abruptly ended.

Bro Chen was thoroughly stunned as he held the phone in his hand.

“Who is it?”

“Tang Hao! The chairman of Haotian Group!”

“F*ck your mother to hell! Never call me again!”

The call ended abruptly again.

Bro Chen was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

‘What’s going on? Why are they cursing me when I only told them his name?’

‘Unless... there’s really a problem?’

‘That impossible! How could the mere mention of his name scare away all those assassins? He must have the same name as some VIP.’

“Dammit, why must his name be Tang Hao?” He cursed frustratedly under his breath.

“Never mind. I’ll look for someone scarier than an assassin then!” He laughed coldly as he dialed a number.

“Sawadee kap!” A male voice was heard on the other end of the phone.

Bro Chen replied to the greeting and continued the conversation in the Nanyang language. “I need a grandmaster.”

“Oh! Where?”

“Huaxia!”

The other end of the call immediately went silent.

“Province Z!” Bro Chen continued.

The other end of the call still had no reply.

“What’s wrong?” Bro Chen was baffled when he received no reply.

‘Don’t tell me there’s another problem?’

“I’m sorry! We are not accepting any requests from Huaxia, and we will never accept any more requests from there. There’s a freak in your country!”

The call ended after that.

Beep...

Bro Chen was thoroughly dumbfounded as he listened to the busy tone.

He was losing his mind.

'What the hell was that?

'The assassins won't pick up the job, and the grandmasters won't either. Are they pranking me?'

"Dammit, I don't believe I can't find anyone to do the job!"

He skimmed through his contact list and eventually found a few violent thugs.