

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 62

The person who called was Liu Qiang, a distant relative of Liu Dajun, who earned a living by reselling and renting out houses.

The incident happened in one of the villas under his name.

The villa was located in a remote area in Great Peak Mountain, in the county's suburbs. It was a western-style house from the time of the Republic of China with rumors of a long history. After purchasing the house, Liu Qiang could not find a tenant on such short notice and decided to rent the villa out to tourists on vacation.

After driving for more than twenty minutes, they arrived at Great Peak Mountain.

Following the mountainous road up, they soon saw the building that protruded halfway up the mountain.

It was a house built in the European-style; classy and beautiful. It seemed slightly aged and dignified with its rich history.

The villa was immersed in a refined environment on both sides. At a glance, it appeared to be a good location.

However, the scene that entered Tang Hao's eyes was the complete opposite. It was clearly a sunny day out, but the villa's surroundings were shrouded in a gloomy shade.

After scrutinizing the villa, he detected a dense and ominous ghostly aura surrounding it.

"Seems like there is a ghost, after all!" Tang Hao muttered to himself.

As their car approached the front of the villa, they saw a car that was already stopped there. Two figures stood next to the car. One of them was a slightly chubby middle-aged man clad in a suit while another was a Taoist priest.

The Taoist priest was gaunt and dressed in a robe with the Eight Trigrams symbol on it. A Taoist master hat sat on his head, adding to his sage-like look. He had the demeanor of a man with great sanctity.

Once the car stopped, the middle-aged man came up to them and said, "Oh, god. Bro Liu, you're finally here! And this is...?"

"My name is Tang Hao!"

Tang Hao got out of the car and shook hands with the man.

"Qiang'zi, where did you get the Taoist priest from? Is he reliable?" Aaid Liu Dajun as he got down from the car and glanced at the Taoist priest.

"He should be reliable! He asked me put a hand out to retrieve something from thin air! It was a miracle! He is truly a master of the arts!" Liu Qiang claimed. "He's even from Mao Mountain, and we know how famous Mao Mountain Taoist priests are."

"Oh, from Mao Mountain!"

The expression on Liu Dajun's face transformed into one of slightly more respect.

"My name is Liu Dajun. What should I call you, master?" said Liu Dajun warmly as he swiftly walked over.

“I’m but a humble follower named Chang Qing’zi!” Replied the Taoist priest indifferently as he stroked at his long beard, looking like a masterful being beyond the reach of ordinary people.

“Taoist Master Chang Qing it is! It’s an honor meeting you!” Nodded Liu Dajun.

Taoist Master Chang Qing nodded slightly and replied, “Alright, it’s time for me to go in! Don’t worry, no matter what kind of ghost it is—female or male ghost; a spirit born from the hatred in the world or a ghost that retained hatred after death—they will all suffer destruction by my hands.”

After saying that, he flicked up his long sleeves and headed toward the villa.

Tang Hao and the rest followed suit.

Taoist Master Chang Qing turned around and said, “You shouldn’t come with me. Fighting spirits is a dangerous procedure. You’ll be in big trouble if you get possessed by ghosts.”

Hearing that, Liu Chang shuddered and stopped in his tracks, unable to continue onward.

“Then... Then, I’ll just stay!” His face paled.

Liu Dajun rolled his eyes at Liu Qing and scolded, “Qiang’zi, why the hell are you chickening out for?”

“Bro... Bro Liu, I’m... I’m scared! You have no idea how terrifying it was yesterday night. I almost died!” Cried Liu Qiang as he shuddered again. His gritted teeth clacked loudly as they grinded against each other.

Meanwhile, Tang Hao said, “It’s fine, master. Actually, I’m rather interested in exorcism. I’ve learned a little myself, so I want to watch.”

Taoist Master Chang Qing glanced at him and sneered. “What a child! Your fearlessness is unfounded. Do you think exorcism is akin to playing house? That it’s something you can fool around with?!”

“Don’t you dare think that you’ve become an expert in exorcism after simply reading some nonsensical articles on the internet. I’m telling you, you’re too naive for your own good.”

Nevertheless, Tang Hao was not upset. He replied, “It should at least be fine to watch, right?”

As they spoke, Tang Hao focused his eyes on the Taoist priest and looked him up and down.

Tang Hao detected ripples of Qi from the Taoist priest, which meant he was not a conman.

However, his Qi ripples were very weak. This also meant that this Taoist priest’s cultivation base was extremely weak; probably in the early period of the State of Qi Channeling—very early period, in fact.

Compared to the current Tang Hao, the Taoist priest was undoubtedly weaker.

After ascending to the middle period, Tang Hao had been absorbing the spiritual Qi from the spirit stones. His cultivation base had been skyrocketing daily such that he was approaching the late period in his State of Qi Channeling.

One of them was in the early period, and the other in the late period. They were incomparable.

Therefore, even though Tang Hao could see the Taoist master’s cultivation base clearly, the Taoist priest had not the slightest clue of Tang Hao’s cultivation base. To the Taoist priest, Tang Hao was nothing more than an ordinary guy.

Taoist Master Chang Qing's eyebrows furrowed. He waved a hand and said, "Fine, fine, nothing I say will change your mind anyway! But, remember to be careful. Stay behind me and don't wander off."

COMMENT

After saying that, he turned around and pushed open the main door to the villa.

"Big Bro Liu, let's go!" Tang Hao followed him into the villa.

"Qiang'zi, don't you dare back out now! Do you call yourself a man?!" Liu Dajun dragged Liu Qiang along into the villa.

"No! No! Bro, I'm scared!" Liu Qiang's face was streaked with tears as he gripped the door tightly.

"Tsk! Useless piece of trash!" Liu Dajun loosened his grip and walked away.

"Eh! Bro! Don't go! Don't leave me alone!" Liu Qiang started to feel nervous again. He looked to his left, then to his right. After this, he gritted his teeth and ran in after them.

After walking through the main door, they entered a spacious hall that was dimly lit. It looked rather creepy in its eerie ambiance.

Taoist Master Chang Qing retrieved a geomantic compass from the yellow pouch by his waist and held it in his hands as he walked forward.

On the geomantic compass, a needle spun frantically.

After looking at it, Taoist Master Chang Qing's eyebrows furrowed. "The ghostly presence here is strong. This proves that this place is indeed haunted. Moreover, this is no ordinary ghost. It is one filled with a tremendous amount of hatred."

At the back, Liu Qiang instantly shuddered upon hearing these words.

The group headed upstairs. They saw pools of dried up blood on the floor. It was a bone-chilling scene.

The long corridors and the walls around them were covered in harrowing bloodstains.

When they reached the room where the tragedy had taken place, the needle sitting on the geomantic compass spun even quicker. It gyrated madly for a while before coming to a sudden halt, pointing in a certain direction.

Walking toward the direction that the needle was pointing, Taoist Master Chang Qing arrived at a window. He pulled the curtains aside to reveal a barren forest outside.

"The ghost... is there!"

The Taoist master said in a low voice and pointed outside.

"It's still daytime now. The yang qi in the heavens and earth are dominating. Thus, the ghost will lie dormant somewhere until it subsides. The ghost is resting somewhere in this barren forest."

Tang Hao walked over. He squinted and stared at the area carefully. Dark fog shrouded the forest, giving off a dark ghostly aura.

“Master, look. There’s a well there,” said Tang Hao as he pointed at a structure.

“Oh! There is! The ghost must be there.”

After saying that, the Taoist master turned around, descended the stairs, and ran toward the barren forest behind the villa.

As they stepped into the forest, even the initially bold Liu Dajun’s expression changed slightly. Their current environment was too terrifying. In the wild forest of this barren mountain, the ground was littered with dried leaves whilst an old well sitting smack-dab in the middle of the thicket.

All of this resembled scenes from horror movies.

Taoist Master Chang Qing’s footsteps slowed down too as the expression on his face became stern and focused.

After a while, all four of them approached the old well.

The needle on the geomantic compass shook gently before suddenly pointing at the well.

“It’s there! Everyone, back off!”

Taoist Master Chang Qing put his geomantic compass away and opened up the pouch by his waist. He took out two red-skinned calabashes and hung them at his waist. Then, he took out a fistful of yellow talismans and walked slowly toward the old well.

Once he reached the side of the well, he pinched a yellow talisman and mumbled something.

Then, with a flick of his hand, the yellow talisman burst into flames. He threw it into the well.

In the next moment, a blood-curdling high pitched scream rose violently from the old well, sending tremors across the entire forest.

Then, a wisp of black smoke burst out from the well and rushed straight at Taoist Master Chang Qing.