

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 701

On the second floor of the teahouse, Liu Jihua sat there with his arms crossed and a gloomy expression on his face.

He was feeling extremely angry. The arrogant kid who appeared out of nowhere had dared to speak rudely to him. He was even more detestable than Lin Jianjun.

What was even more ridiculous was that this kid boasted that he could get his backer to call him.

How was that possible?

He sat down so that he could expose that kid's lies.

Occasionally, he looked at his wristwatch, then at his phone.

Three minutes passed.

Five minutes passed...

Nothing happened at all.

That kid was indeed bluffing!

The corners of his mouth twitched, and a sneer appeared on his face as he looked at that kid.

He almost popped a vein when he saw what the kid was doing.

That filthy brat was daintily sipping a cup of tea. From the expression on his face, he was enjoying it very much.

His gaze turned again and landed on Lin Jianjun. That almost made him blow his top.

That guy was behaving in the same leisurely manner.

“These two bastards!”

Liu Jihua’s facial muscles twitched, and he revealed a ferocious expression.

Those two guys were not respecting him. In fact, they were humiliating him!

Unable to contain his anger, he slammed the table and stood up immediately. “How dare you, Lin Jianjun! You’ve humiliated me! J... Just you wait!” He roared angrily.

“And you, you little brat, just you wait! You’ll know the consequences of provoking me!”

Tang Hao raised his head, glanced at him, said nothing, and took another sip of his tea. “This tea is not bad!” He said to Lin Jianjun.

“Yes!” Lin Jianjun nodded.

Liu Jihua’s facial muscles twitched. He was so angry that his lungs were about to explode.

Those two bastards were too detestable!

“Just you wait, Lin. I’ll make sure that your life will be miserable!”

He growled, grabbed the phone on the table, and was about to leave.

He had only walked a few steps when his phone started ringing.

“Who is this?”

In a fit of rage, he answered the phone without looking at who it was.

In the next moment, his body stiffened, and his expression turned into one of utter disbelief.

The voice on the other end of the phone was his former superior, who was also his backer.

‘What’s going on?’

His mind went blank.

‘Wasn’t the kid only bluffing? How did I receive a call?’

“Haha! Coincidence! It must be a coincidence!”

He muttered repeatedly to comfort himself and wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead.

“S... Sorry, Minister, I... I didn’t notice that you were calling. I’m sorry! Oh, right, what’s the matter?” He said in fear and trepidation.

On the other end of the phone, the minister said in a deep voice, “I’ve heard all about It, Lil Liu!”

“All about... what?” Liu Jihua said in puzzlement.

“Do I have to spell it out for you?” The minister said sternly, “You don’t know that you’re in big trouble now, do you?”

Liu Jihua’s entire body trembled as if he had been struck by lightning.

“Hurry up and apologize to him. In the future, keep your head down and don’t cause trouble for me! If you provoke him again, I won’t be able to protect you!” After the minister said that, he hung up the phone.

Even after the call ended, Liu Jihua stood rooted to the floor with a blank look on his face.

After a long while, he shuddered and came to his senses.

Then, he turned around stiffly and looked at the young man.

That kid was really a big shot!

He was terrified. Cold sweat poured his forehead, and his face turned pale.

‘Isn’t Lin Jianjun just a country bumpkin? Just who did he contact to save him?’

At the same time, he was also extremely frustrated.

“I’m sorry, it’s all a misunderstanding!”

He squeezed out a smile and walked back to the table.

“Didn’t you say just now that you wanted to make our lives miserable?” Tang Hao sipped his tea and said coldly.

“No! I really didn’t!”

Liu Jihua’s face turned paler and paler. He shook his head like a rattle. “It’s all a misunderstanding! Ol’ Lin and I have a very good relationship. Don’t you think so, Ol’ Lin, no, Brother Lin?”

Lin Jianjun glanced at him and did not reply.

Liu Jihua was anxious. “Brother Lin, from now on, I’ll listen to you. I’ll do whatever you say!”

Lin Jianjun sneered and said, “It’s all water under the bridge. Next time, behave yourself!”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Liu Jihua said hurriedly.

The incident had scared him out of his wits. He was not going to be arrogant anymore.

“Since there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first. Catch you later!” Tang Hao stood up and said to Lin Jianjun.

“Take care!”

Lin Jianjun stood up and sent him out.

“Lin... Brother Lin, who... was that?” Liu Jihua walked over and said respectfully.

That kid must be an extraordinary figure for being able to get his former superior to obey!

“He’s the chairman of the Haotian Group, from Westridge. You must’ve heard about him, right? He has some connections in the Capital!” Lin Jianjun said.

Liu Jihua was stunned.

Of course he knew about Haotian Group, but he did not know that their chairman wielded so much influence.

‘Province Z was indeed full of hidden perils!’ He thought fearfully.

Tang Hao returned to the company and took care of his work. In the afternoon, he received a call from Taoist Master Zhen Yang.

“Fellow Cultivator Tang!” Taoist Master Zhen Yang called out.

Then, he began to complain. “Sigh! Fellow Cultivator Tang, you’ve brought me trouble!”

Tang Hao was startled and asked in puzzlement, “What’s wrong?”

“Sigh! It’s all because of that identification pendant of yours. Now, those people are going crazy over the lucky numbers. They’re almost brawling over it.

“Some other people are calling me all day and all night, asking me to pull some strings and ask you for a lucky number. My phone is about to explode!”

The Taoist master grumbled.

Then, he continued, “Also, those people in the mountain keep on pestering me to ask you for lucky numbers, and they have to start with the number 8. I’m about to blow my top if this goes on!”

Tang Hao was shocked. “It’s that crazy?”

“Yes!”

Tang Hao laughed drily.

The cultivation families must be going crazy over the identification pendant numbers. Earlier, he had given General Bai many pendants to give out in the Capital.

He had not given the identification pendants to the Taoist masters on Mao Mountain yet. He wanted to stop by Mao Mountain on his way back to Provincial City.

“I can’t hold them back any longer, Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

Taoist Master Zhen Yang sighed.

Tang Hao frowned and pondered.

All the lucky numbers were in his hands, including the numbers 1 to 50 and those that started with 8.

He had to give them out sooner or later.

“How about this, Taoist Master. Tell them that I can give them the numbers they want, but they need to trade them with something. Rare medicinal herbs would be the best!

“Oh right, why don’t we hold a meeting, just like the exchange conference last time? We’ll hold it on Mao Mountain and call it the Mao Mountain Grand Conference. What do you think?”

“The Mao Mountain Grand Conference?”

The Taoist master was surprised. Then, he slapped his thigh in excitement.

“That’s a great idea! The name already sounds glamorous. It’s decided then! Oh, right, when will it be held?”

“Let me see. How about... in thirteen days? It’ll be on the sixth of June. That’s a nice number!”

“Alright! It’s decided then!”

The Taoist master became even more excited.