

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 132

“Grandmaster Chacha?” The voice on the other end of the call sounded surprised. It even sounded a little fearful.

Grandmaster Chacha was not a normal person. He was a mysterious shaman from Nanyang and could control supernatural forces. He was not a mere mortal by any means.

Grandmaster Chacha was renowned for raising child spirits and casting curses.

For normal people, they would be respectful, or even fearful, of people who wielded such supernatural power.

“Are you sure we’re involving Grandmaster Chacha?” That person hesitated.

“Of course! I want that bastard dead! I hope he gets cursed so that he suffers for a few days before he dies in extreme agony!” Luo Feng said viciously.

The other person shivered.

He had witnessed how a person cursed by Grandmaster Chacha had died in indescribable pain. That scene was nothing short of a nightmare.

“Why, are you afraid?” Luo Feng mocked.

“No! I’ll contact the Grandmaster for you, Young Master Luo.”

“Alright, get him to come here as soon as he can. I want that bastard dead by tonight! Tell Grandmaster Chacha that if he gets here quickly, I’ll pay him double!”

“Yes, Young Master Luo!” That person replied politely.

Luo Feng threw his phone on the bed after the call ended. He laughed coldly and mumbled to himself, “Tang Hao, oh, Tang Hao, you dare oppose me? I’ll make sure you beg for death.”

Grandmaster Chacha walked through the front entrance of the hotel in the evening.

He was a short, thin, and extremely ugly man: He was cross-eyed, had a flat nose and his face was full of pimples. He wore a black business suit and a felt hat and carried a big black suitcase in one hand.

“You’re finally here, Grandmaster!” Luo Feng greeted him enthusiastically.

“Long time no see, Young Master Luo!” The Grandmaster cupped his hands. “Who’s the target this time?”

“It’s a simple job. Let’s go upstairs to discuss, Grandmaster.”

Luo Feng brought Grandmaster Chacha into the penthouse suite and briefly explained what happened.

The Grandmaster looked at a photo with the boy’s face and chuckled. “I thought it was some powerful figure. It’s just a kid! This is too easy!”

“Grandmaster, I’d like you to cast your most powerful curse on him. He shall experience the worst tortures in the world before he dies,” Luo Feng said viciously.

The Grandmaster was surprised. "Ha, Young Master Luo, someone must've ticked you off really bad! Since you've requested it, I'll cast the strongest curse on him. You'll definitely be satisfied, Young Master Luo."

"Thank you, Grandmaster!" Luo Feng said gleefully.

"Right, I have another request for you, Grandmaster. This guy started a company selling healthcare products. I'd like you to infiltrate their factory and steal the recipe, then burn the factory down."

The Grandmaster furrowed his brows. "That's too easy. It's no challenge at all."

"I'll pay you double for this job, Grandmaster, and I'll count these two requests separately. So that's four times your usual fee," Luo Feng said urgently.

Grandmaster Chacha broke into an ugly grin.

"You're a quick one, Young Master Luo! Alright, you can count on me. That's too easy! You can wait here, I'll be back soon." Grandmaster Chacha laughed arrogantly.

"Here's the address of the factory, and here's his house address," Luo Feng passed him a piece of paper.

The Grandmaster took the piece of paper and laughed. "Just wait for my good news!"

Then, he left the room in big strides.

Grandmaster Chacha's mood was excellent at that time. The job was easy and the pay was good.

“You’re one unlucky kid!” Grandmaster Chacha smiled viciously as he looked at the photo.

Half an hour later, Grandmaster Chacha arrived at Jade Town and went to the factory.

He opened his black suitcase and retrieved a bottle. He uncorked it, and a blurry smoke poured out and coalesced into the shape of a human.

The Grandmaster said something in a foreign language, then the smoke dissipated.

Soon, the smoke returned and whispered something in the Grandmaster’s ear.

Grandmaster Chacha nodded, then sucked the smoke back into the bottle.

He stood up and leaped. His body rose into the air like a bird, clearing the fence easily.

He walked brazenly all over the place.

The security guards had all fainted. He was not afraid that he might be discovered.

He circled the factory once and frowned. Where was he to find the recipe for the potion in the big factory? It was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

“Forget it. I’ll just ask the kid when I see him later. He’s the boss; he ought to know the recipe,” Grandmaster Chacha mumbled to himself.

He went back outside, carried over some barrels of gasoline, and poured it all over the place.

He stood in front of one of the workshops, then casually took out a cigarette and put it in his mouth. Then, he took out a lighter and lit the cigarette.

“What kind of ramshackle place is this? Might as well burn it down!” Grandmaster Chacha mumbled and, with a flick of his wrist, tossed the lighter with the flame still burning. It landed on the ground.

However, nothing happened.

The flame on the lighter went out and did not ignite the gasoline.

Grandmaster Chacha frowned. He thought that it was rather weird.

“What’s wrong?” He mumbled, then crouched to pick up the lighter. He lit it once again and tossed it to the ground.

Once again, nothing happened.

The flame was put out before it hit the ground.

Grandmaster Chacha was thoroughly confused. What was going on? The first time might be an accident, but there was something fishy if it happened two times in a row.

“I don’t believe that you won’t burn!” Grandmaster Chacha muttered under his breath, picked up the lighter, lit it again, and tossed it.

Once again, the fire went out.

Grandmaster Chacha was dumbstruck. "Is... Is there a ghost or something?"

"I don't believe it!" The Grandmaster muttered. He crouched and pressed the cigarette onto the ground.

The gasoline finally ignited.

Grandmaster Chacha breathed a sigh of relief and he looked happy. Soon after, the happiness on his face turned into fear. The fire suddenly rose from the ground, jumped toward him, and ignited his clothes.

He shrieked in fear and fell backward rolling on the ground.

In a panic, he rolled onto some gasoline and the flames multiplied.

"Aaaahhh!" Grandmaster Chacha screamed in agony.

He struggled with all his might, then jumped into a nearby pool and the fire was finally put out. When he resurfaced, a big patch of his body was charred and his hair was all burned away. It was a pathetic sight.

"This is odd! Too odd!" The Grandmaster shivered. He was starting to feel afraid.

He knew that it was not an accident. Someone, or rather, something, was playing a prank on him.

He had not realized that it was more powerful than him.

He wanted to cry. What was supposed to be a simple mission was more difficult than he thought.

“Evil spirit! I command you to reveal yourself to Grandmaster Chacha now!” The Grandmaster roared as he leaped out of the pool.

Everything was silent all around him.

Soon after, a chuckling sound was heard, like silver bells clinking.

In front of him, a wisp of smoke appeared and coalesced into a red silhouette.

Grandmaster Chacha’s knees went weak when he saw that. He almost wet his pants!