

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 133

“Ghooooost!” Grandmaster Chacha exclaimed in surprise. He leaned back and fell over.

His face was pale from the fright and his heart was thumping madly.

As a shaman, he usually would not be afraid of normal ghosts. The ghost in front of him was not a normal one though. The aura it emanated made him fear for his life.

That female ghost surely must have a century of cultivation.

“I’m finished!” Grandmaster Chacha was about to cry.

He knew the extent of his powers very well. He could use them to bully normal people, but he had to yield to a century-old female ghost.

He scrambled to his feet, then kneeled on the ground with a thud and kowtowed loudly several times.

He pleaded while crying, “Revered Grandmother! I’m sorry that I don’t know your power and have offended you. Please forgive me!”

Zhou Lingxue chuckled. “You’re interesting! You can change your appearance just like that. Weren’t you very arrogant earlier?”

Grandmaster Chacha trembled when he heard that.

“No... No such thing! I was wrong, Revered Grandmother!” As he spoke, he lifted a hand and slapped himself hard.

Apparently, one slap was not enough to appease the ghost. He continued slapping himself until both sides of his face were swollen.

He was already ugly. The fire had made him hideous, and the slaps had made him look pathetic.

Grandmaster Chacha cried in his heart as he slapped himself.

He had never been humiliated like that before!

However, a little humiliation was nothing if he could escape with his life. That thought went across his mind, and he slapped himself harder.

“I’ve truly repented, Grandmother. Please be forgiving and let me go!” Grandmaster Chacha pleaded.

Zhou Lingxue smirked. “Forgive you? That would be too easy on you!” Then, she lifted a hand. Grandmaster Chacha was sent flying by an invisible force.

Then, as though being grabbed by a giant invisible hand, he was slammed onto the ground multiple times.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After being slammed ten or so times later, the Grandmaster’s pupils dilated and he was about to faint.

“Alright, I guess that should do it! Leave this place at once. I won’t be as merciful the next time,” Zhou Lingxue said coldly.

“Yes, yes! Thank you Grandmother for not killing me!”

Grandmaster Chacha was relieved as though he had received a royal pardon. He struggled to his feet then limped away.

He climbed over the wall with much effort and fell on the ground.

Slam!

He clutched his butt and yelled in pain. The fall had probably split his butt into half.

“I’m safe!” Grandmaster Chacha sat and leaned against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

The scene earlier was like a nightmare. He did not expect that the run-down place would have a powerful ghost dwelling there.

“Dammit, that gave me quite the fright!” Grandmaster Chacha patted his chest to calm himself down.

Then, his face darkened. His extremely ugly face flashed with extreme cruelty.

“It’s all your fault, you filthy kid. I wouldn’t need to humiliate myself if not because of you. I’ll have to use my most cruel tactics to torture you for seven days and seven nights before you finally die of agony,” Grandmaster Chacha said viciously.

He had placed his grudge on Tang Hao.

“Just you wait, you filthy kid!” Grandmaster Chacha stood up, then retrieved his suitcase, went to his car, and drove toward Celestial Foothill Gardens.

He arrived at Celestial Foothill Gardens half an hour later.

He climbed up the mountain next to the area. From the mountaintop, he could see the mansion under him.

Grandmaster Chacha flashed a sinister smile. He sat down at a clearing and opened the suitcase to retrieve some glass jars.

The jars were filled with spiders, centipedes, scorpions, and many other poisonous insects. Another jar was filled to the brim with maggots soaking in a yellow liquid.

He opened the jar of maggots and poured some into a bowl. He added some spiders and centipedes to that bowl and mashed them up into a paste. He mixed some corpse water into the bowl and started stirring.

Then, he took a paper talisman cut into the shape of a human and soaked it into the mixture.

Ten or so minutes later, he took out the talisman, then uttered an incantation in a foreign language.

“Haha! It’s done!” Grandmaster Chacha laughed wildly. He could already see how the kid would writhe in agony after the curse was cast.

“Death awaits you, filthy kid!”

He crossed his legs, sat down, and prepared to cast the curse.

Just then, he suddenly heard a voice coming from behind him. "Um, may I ask... what are you doing?"

Grandmaster Chacha's body froze as if being paused in a video.

His eyes slowly widened while his brain tried to come to terms with the situation.

'What the hell is going on?'

It was already so late at night. How could there be someone deep in the mountains? Furthermore, how did he not notice someone coming up so close to him?

'Don't tell me... it's another ghost?' Grandmaster Chacha could feel his blood curdling.

"I've been looking at you for a while. That's quite interesting," the voice continued speaking, though it sounded a little shy.

The Grandmaster's face contorted viciously. "Whatever it is, I'll kill him first!"

He abruptly spun around and his gaze darted around the area.

He went cross-eyed when he discerned who it was.

Standing not far behind him was a boy in a white button-down shirt and jeans. He looked quite handsome and his smile was a little reserved.

'Isn't he that filthy kid?'

“You, you, you...” Grandmaster Chacha jumped. “Why are you here?”

At the moment, he felt as though he was caught in the act.

“You know me?” The boy said, “Right, it’s my home down there. Are you here to ‘take care’ of me?”

He narrowed his eyes and his gaze turned icy.

Grandmaster Chacha finally calmed down. He did not know how the boy got behind him, but he was sure that there was nothing abnormal about the kid, and there was nothing to be afraid about.

“Hmph! You’re not a dumb one, filthy kid! I am Grandmaster Chacha, and I’m here to claim your life!” The Grandmaster roared.

“Oh,” Tang Hao replied calmly.

Grandmaster Chacha was stunned.

Why was the kid’s reaction so calm? Normal people would be afraid when they heard his name or see what he did!

“Hey, filthy kid! I’m a shaman. Do you know what a shaman is? I can cast curses and I’m very powerful,” Grandmaster Chacha said angrily.

He was not happy with how unimpressed the kid looked.

“Oh!” Tang Hao replied again, this time with even more nonchalance.

“Dammit, you’re a hard one to please, kid!” Grandmaster Chacha gritted his teeth, and veins bulged on his forehead.

“Don’t blame me for being cruel, kid. You ought to blame yourself for crossing Young Master Luo. Young Master Luo had ordered the most powerful curse on you so you’ll die a slow and painful death.”

“Is that so?” Tang Hao was as calm as before.

“Prepare to die, kid!” Grandmaster Chacha roared. He picked up the human-shaped paper talisman and prepared to burn it.

Tang Hao grunted nonchalantly. He gently stamped his foot and an intimidating aura burst forth from his body.

Grandmaster Chacha was stunned when he saw that.