

The Mightiest Little Peasant

- Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Discharged

First Public Hospital, Westridge District.

A boy stepped out of the hospital's front entrance.

The boy was about seventeen years old and was going to turn eighteen soon. He was tall and lanky, and he had a delicate face. However, his tousled hair, wrinkled white button-down shirt, and faded jeans made him look old-fashioned and even poor.

His shoes were worn out badly. One of them had a split heel.

Standing at the front entrance, he inhaled deeply, feeling a little giddy. He lifted his head and squinted at the bright sunlight.

It had been half a month since he first entered the hospital.

That half a month felt like an entire lifetime.

His name was Tang Hao, a resident of Tang Village in the Westridge District. Half a month ago, he had stood up for a random stranger on the streets. Unfortunately, he had been beaten to a pulp and even stabbed by the bad guys. He was sent to the hospital afterward.

The most frustrating part was that the random stranger he had saved disappeared without a trace. The perpetrators were not caught either, so no one could testify that he had been a good Samaritan.

The case was left cold, and he had to shoulder the expensive treatment fees.

Tang Hao was not a rich person. He had lost his mother since he was small. His father had succumbed to a disease seven years ago and did

not leave him with an inheritance. After he dropped out of school in the past year, he had been performing odd jobs around the village. His savings of about ten thousand yuan were all spent on his treatment.

This was very disheartening for Tang Hao.

There was a silver lining to this unfortunate incident though. While he lay unconscious in hospital bed because of his serious injuries, He felt warmth from the jade pendant he had been wearing, and a wealth of information flooding into his brain.

He had picked up this jade pendant from the ground on a lucky day, and he had been wearing it around his neck since.

He digested the information after he woke up and realized that the knowledge he had gained was an ancient method of cultivation, among other long-lost domains of knowledge.

Much like many people in this world, he was a firm believer in materialism. He did not believe in anything supernatural like ghosts or deities until this change happened to him.

The newfound knowledge had opened a door to another realm for him and changed the way he looked at the world.

He firmly believed that with this newfound method of cultivation and this knowledge can improve his life.

Facing the bright sunlight, he was filled with determination, faith, and hope.

However, he was brought back to reality in the next moment when his stomach rumbled loudly.

He rubbed on his deflated stomach. "I'm starving, let's get some food," he grumbled.

He searched his pockets and could only find a ten-yuan note and three one-yuan coins. 'Is that all I have?' His eyebrows were tightly locked together.

"Maybe I can skip a meal..." he mumbled.

He only had a few hundred yuan left in his debit card, and that would not last him very long. If his situation did not improve, he might starve to death.

He pondered his options while pinching the ten-yuan note in his hand. The hunger was unbearable, and so he approached a nearby shaobing stall and enquired. "How about one shaobing, boss?"

"Comin' right up!"

The stall owner was a middle-aged man. He glanced at Tang Hao, wrapped up a piece of shaobing and handed it to him. "Three yuan."

Tang Hao was shocked. "Three yuan? Wasn't it two-fifty?"

"Heh! The price's gone up! These are tough times!" The stall owner grumbled.

Tang Hao grunted and handed him the three coins. He looked at the shaobing that was handed to him and sighed again. "Inflation again! How am I going to survive?"

"Gotta make some money and earn a living."

He was a delivery boy before he was hospitalized. He wondered if someone took over his job in the half a month he laid in the hospital.

After wolfing down the shaobing, he took out his phone from his pocket and gave Uncle Li a call.

"Hey, it's Lil Tang! How's it going? You're out of the hospital?" a booming voice was heard from the other end of the phone.

"Yup!"

“Good to hear! I’ve saved your spot for you. No rush, you’ve just discharged. Rest for a few more days before clocking in to work!” Uncle Li said readily.

Tang Hao felt a warm current in his heart and a lump in his throat.

Uncle Li was an enthusiastic and sincere man. He had always taken good care of the boy.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. I’ll come to work tomorrow,” Tang Hao said urgently.

“If you say so... Alright, alright! See you tomorrow!”

After some more small talk, he hung up the call.

He hopped on the bus, rode along a bumpy road and arrived at Tang Village.

Westridge District was surrounded by mountains on both sides. Tang Village was on the eastern edge of Westridge District and neighbored a mountain.

He alighted from the bus and reached home after another ten minutes of walking.

“Lil Hao, you’re back!” A neighbor greeted him excitedly.

Tang Hao waved and returned the greeting, then continued walking back home.

The houses in this village were all built by the families living there. His house was a small three-story building with a dilapidated facade.

As he reached the front door of his house, a middle-aged man was seen emerging from the house next door while holding a rice bowl. “Lil Hao, you’re back!” he greeted him.

Tang Hao smiled and returned the greeting.

Another shrill voice came from within that house. “Oh, Lil Hao, you’re back! Lying in the hospital for half a month must’ve cost a bomb! Look at you, fighting like a hooligan at such a young age! Shame on you!”

A middle-aged woman with broad shoulders and an equally broad waist emerged from the house next door while speaking. Her arms were akimbo as she cast a condescending eye on Tang Hao.

“I knew that you’re always up to no good! Unlike my Bowen, he’s so obedient and clever! He’ll be entering university soon, and after he graduates, he’ll be an outstanding government official! Unlike you, you’re destined to remain like this for all your life.”

Her tone of voice was shrill, harsh and, unfortunately, very loud. She could be heard from afar. Some fellow villagers looked at them as she spoke.

Tang Hao’s complexion changed as he felt anger well up in his chest.

This middle-aged woman was his aunt. He had always been on her bad side, and she had been treating him like this every time they met.

“What hooligan? I saved someone’s life,” he explained as he tried to suppress his anger.

“Ha!” The middle-aged woman’s lips tightened as she smiled wryly, “You? Saved someone’s life! Ha, what a joke! I didn’t know that you’re a shameless liar too! If you really did save someone’s life, where’s your silk pennant?”

Tang Hao gripped his fists tightly as the anger in his chest multiplied.

The middle-aged woman was relentless. “Who in this Tang Village doesn’t know that you’re a hooligan? You were caught fighting in school and was expelled. I’m ashamed to have such a relative like you!

“I knew since you were young that you’ll grow up to be like this, unlike my Bowen. He’ll be a university graduate and an outstanding government official to bring honor to his ancestors!”

2She looked jubilant as she mentioned her son.

Tang Hao’s fists were so tightly clenched that his knuckles turned white. He inhaled deeply, cast her an evil glare, then walked into the front door in big strides.

“Ha! I wonder where this little whelp learned how to glare at his elders!” The shrill voice rang from outside.

2The mocking continued for a while longer before it ceased.

Tang Hao whipped up a simple meal in the kitchen and went upstairs.

The sky was darkening. He lay in bed as he watched the stars emerge in the night sky. His thoughts wandered, thinking long and hard about many things, and what he should do in his future.

Drowsiness soon took over and he fell asleep.

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Tang Hao woke up very early in the morning and went into town.

“How’s it going, Lil Tang? Are you feeling OK?” Uncle Li came up to greet him passionately when he saw him.

Uncle Li’s full name was Li Qiang. He was a little over fifty. His square face and glasses made him look like a scholar. He was a teacher many years ago, but when the delivery industry boomed, he quit his job and invested in a delivery business.

“I’m feeling great, thanks!” Tang Hao said as he slapped his chest.

“Good to hear, you’re still the same old,” Uncle Li said while pointing to a pile of packages next to him, “Azure Sky Gardens is still yours.”

1Tang Hao did a rough count and found that there were sixty-odd packages, big and small.

“No problem.” He nodded at Uncle Li, then went over and shifted the packages onto his electric three-wheeled motorcycle.

When that was done, he hopped onto the vehicle and departed.

It was the morning rush hour and the roads were congested. Car horns blared as the cars stopped and started.

Tang Hao’s little three-wheeled motorcycle scuttled between the cars, traveling at full speed like a wild horse.

In about ten minutes, the three-wheeled motorcycle stopped near a residential area.

This was Azure Sky Gardens, one of the most affluent residential areas in the district. The people who lived here were all either very rich or well-connected.

Tang Hao got off the motorcycle and scanned the packages with his eyes.

“This is... instant hotpot? This one’s... junk food.” With his experience and the information on the delivery slips, he could discern the contents of each package with just a quick look.

“This one’s... bedroom toys?”

Tang Hao giggled as he picked up a package.

With the morals of society becoming more liberal, items like those were not a rare occurrence in his deliveries.

He regained his composure and continued looking through the items. His eyes fell on an item hiding in a corner.

“Azure Sky Gardens, House Number 9... Isn’t that for Sis Xiangyi?” he recognized the address as he held the package in his hands.

Sis Xiangyi’s surname was Qin. She was a prolific businesswoman in the district and owned a fashion factory. Everyone in the district knew who she was.

1She was an avid online shopper and had deliveries almost every other day. They were closely acquainted after frequent meetups.

Other than Sis Xiangyi, Tang Hao could also recognize most of the names of his customers in Azure Sky Gardens.

“She should still be at home at this hour!” Tang Hao fished out his phone from his pocket and dialed a number.

The call soon went through. A lazy and raspy voice was heard from the other end. “Who’s this?” She yawned, seemingly having just woken up.

“Sis Xiangyi, I have a delivery for you,” Tang Hao said.

“Oh, it’s Lil Tang! Alright, come on in!”

Tang Hao replied affirmatively. He headed over to the security post to identify himself, then rode onto his three-wheeled motorcycle and entered the residential area. The terrace houses here were all built in the Western style and looked majestic laid out in rows.

He turned a few corners and arrived at House Number 9.

He rang the doorbell, and the door opened a long while later. An alluring scene appeared in front of Tang Hao’s eyes.

Standing in front of him was a tall and slender woman with perfect proportions. Her body was nine heads tall, and all the curves were in the right places. A perfect S-shaped body.

6Her face was beautiful and flawless, with a pair of enchanting red phoenix eyes. (TN: ‘Red phoenix eyes’ is the name for the perfect pair of eyes for Chinese women. Their outer corners are slanted slightly upwards.)

She was dressed in only a thin, black, lacy nightgown that barely covered her body. This added to her already charming sex appeal.

7Tang Yu’s face turned red in an instant. He quickly averted his eyes.

8She did not seem to realize his discomfort and lazily stretched and yawned.

Tang Hao’s face became even redder. He handed over the package as he lowered his head. “Delivery for you, Sis Xiangyi.”

Qin Xiangyi finally noticed why he was being so awkward. She lowered her head and looked at what she was wearing. Her pretty face blushed slightly.

However, she was not a little girl and was not embarrassed that easily. She thought it amusing that the boy in front of her was being so embarrassed, and so broke into laughter.

2As she chuckled, she took the package and signed on the delivery slip with a pen.

“I haven’t seen you in a while, Lil Hao!”

“Oh! I was in the hospital some time ago because of an injury. I only got discharged yesterday,” Tang Hao replied.

Qin Xiangyi gasped in surprise. “Injury? What happened? Are you OK now?”

“I’m fine, very fine,” Tang Hao replied as he tore off the delivery slip.

As he lifted his head, he caught an eye of the underside of her nightgown again. Her snow-white skin was partly hidden by the cloth. The aromatic, tantalizing unique smell of a mature woman permeated the air.

3“I’ll be on my way then, Sis Xiangyi!” He turned around and ran away as though he was escaping from something.

Behind him, he could still hear someone chuckling.

After hopping onto his three-wheeled motorcycle and driving a distance, Tang Hao could feel the fiery urge within him slowly cool down. He was only eighteen, the age of raging hormones. It was natural for him to be excited by that alluring scene earlier.

1This was not a rare occurrence for him while on the job. He had seen his fair share of poorly-dressed people while making deliveries, and he did not feel awkward most of the time.

Sis Xiangyi was different. She was too beautiful. In fact, she might have been the most beautiful woman that he had laid his eyes on. She was mature yet seductive.

After calming down, he picked up the next package and scanned its information. “House Number 18... That’s President Biao!”

President Biao’s name was Jin Biao. He was a rich businessman who owned more than ten businesses downtown. President Biao was the typical glutton. His online orders were all of food.

He called President Biao and got through, then rode on his three-wheeled motorcycle to House Number 18.

The door opened very soon after he rang the doorbell. A man with a potbelly and round face appeared at the entrance. He wore a thick gold chain around his neck, and the reflected shimmering light made Tang Hao dizzy whenever he walked.

“Sign here please, President Biao,” Tang Hao said as he handed over his package.

President Biao took the package and signed the slip with an energetic scrawl.

A woman’s scolding voice was heard from inside the house. “You wretch, buying food again! You know nothing but eat every day. If you don’t lose any weight, one day you’ll flatten me in bed!”

President Biao’s face darkened. “This d*mn woman... I might as well die if I can’t eat what I want,” he grumbled.

Tang Hao looked at his body. He thought that President Biao should lose some weight. It would be a disaster otherwise.

“Sigh, I’d like to shed some pounds too! If only it were that easy!” President Biao spoke to himself while rubbing his bulging stomach. He then entered the house with the package and closed the door.

Faint noises of argument could be heard from within.

Tang Hao chuckled, then turned around and left. He stopped dead in his tracks after taking a few steps as if he had suddenly thought of something.

“Lose weight? Right, I remember the ‘Scripture of the Divine Herbalist’ had a recipe for that. I’ll be rich if I can concoct a weight-loss potion!”

Tang Hao’s eyes glistened. His big break was finally here.