

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 82

Feng Jun sat on the ground with a stupefied expression.

He still could not believe that he was slapped twice in a row by a peasant farmer from a mountain village.

“Assault!” The matchmaker shrieked.

Some people among the crowd were Feng Jun’s posse. They rushed forward with angry faces.

“What are you doing? You want to bully Lil Hao?” The villagers were all up in arms.

Who was Tang Hao if not for the benefactor of the village? He had built a wide asphalt road for the village and was also setting up a medicinal herb plantation to develop the village. He was the hope of Dragonrock Village. How could the villagers let outsiders bully him?

The villagers picked up whatever tools available to them and crowded around.

The group of people were pissing their pants and turned pale when they saw the scene.

They only had a few people. If they were to fight, they would lose in numbers.

“You... You bunch of violent peasants! Shameless, violent peasants! What do you want?” The matchmaker shrieked.

Tang Hao smirked coldly and stepped forward.

“What... What do you want?” The matchmaker retreated a few steps. Her face was pale as a sheet.

“What do I want? Isn’t it obvious? I want to slap you!” Tang Hao said coldly and lifted his palm.

Slap!

The slap landed on the matchmaker’s left cheek.

She yelped in pain and stumbled backward. Her left cheek was immediately swollen.

“You... You... You dare hit me?” The matchmaker shrieked. Her face was contorted.

“Why wouldn’t I dare to hit you? You have a filthy mouth, and ought to be taught a lesson.” Tang Hao smirked. He took another step forward and lifted his palm again.

Slap!

The slap landed on the other cheek.

The matchmaker fell sitting down on the ground. Her hair was scattered and her face was swollen. She looked pathetic.

The people from the Gao family could only stare at the scene dumbfounded.

They could not understand. They were so close to succeeding, but the event had evolved in such a manner. Who was that person? He looked young, though he behaved so brazenly. He had slapped two people in a row!

“You, you, you... filthy peasant, you’re dead meat! I tell you, you’re dead! I’ll call the police to arrest you, then I’ll bankrupt you.” Feng Jun roared at Tang Hao as he was helped to his feet by his posse.

“And you too, you bunch of violent peasants, you can’t get away!” He yelled as he pointed at the villagers around him.

He laughed viciously, then took out his phone from his pocket.

“I’m making the call now!” Feng Jun waved his hand with the phone and taunted.

“Make the call then! Idiot!” Tang Hao rolled his eyes.

Feng Jun nearly exploded in anger when he heard that.

How brazen could this kid get? He would not be able to forgive himself if that kid walked away unpunished.

“Alright, I’m making the call now!” He smiled viciously and dialed the phone number of the police station in town.

“Hello? I’m making a police report. Send someone to Dragonrock Village now. There’s a violent peasant here and he just slapped me. Come and arrest him now!” Feng Jun said agitatedly.

The dispatcher who picked up the call mumbled something. He was about to ask for details but he was suddenly shocked. “Did you say, Dragonrock Village?”

“Yes, that Dragonrock Village, the one so remote that birds won’t even stop there! It’s just a poor mountain village with barren land, and it’s full of violent villagers!” Feng Jun said.

The dispatcher was nervous. He knew that the previous superintendent was removed from his post after crossing someone at Dragonrock Village.

The new superintendent had mentioned that they ought to take good care of Dragonrock Village. Most importantly, they should not cross one person there named Tang Hao.

The dispatcher felt something ominous. “What’s the name of the person who slapped you?”

“Well... I’m not too sure, but he slapped me anyway. Just send someone here! Oh, right, I think it’s something Hao. He’s very young,” Feng Jun said.

The dispatcher broke out in cold sweat instantly.

‘Oh no! It’s really that Tang Hao! I’m washing my hands of this.’

He wiped the sweat off his brow. “Hello? Hello? Are you still there? Oh my, there must be some problem with the reception. I should get someone to fix this,” he pretended to yell through the phone, then ended the call.

Feng Jun stood there dumbfounded.

What the hell was going on?

What was wrong with that dispatcher? He could hear him loud and clear, there was no problem!

He came to his senses after a long while. The dispatcher was obviously scared. He was scared after hearing that person's name, so scared that he immediately hung up the call.

Was Tang Hao not a mere peasant farmer? How could a police officer be so afraid of him?

Did that mean the peasant farmer was an extremely dangerous individual, that even the police force did not want to deal with him?

Feng Jun trembled uncontrollably when he reached that conclusion.

"See that, Ying'er? All the people here are violent and uncivilized," Feng Jun rushed in front of Gao Ying and said urgently, "Even the police don't dare to come here. If you marry and live here, you'll be in big trouble! Go home with me!"

Tang Hao kicked him aside. "What do you mean 'violent and uncivilized'? There's no such thing in Dragonrock Village. We're all honest and down-to-earth people."

Feng Jun, the matchmaker, and the others nearly popped a vein.

'He slapped two people without provocation. Do you call that down-to-earth?'

Tang Hao grinned at Shi Dazhu and Gao Ying. "Bro Dazhu, and Sister-in-law, don't you worry. I'll solve this problem for you. It's just the bride price, right? I'll foot the bill. Treat it as my present to you."

"Lil Hao, you... you shouldn't," Shi Dazhu said urgently.

His uncle and aunt were also flustered. "You shouldn't, Lil Hao. We can't ask for you to pay the bride price."

“It’s fine!” Tang Hao waved his hands.

Feng Jun smirked. “Heh! What a big mouth! Do you think a peasant farmer like you can have a hundred thousand yuan? What a joke.”

“It’s nothing! Though, is a hundred thousand yuan going to be enough? You are willing to pay five hundred thousand yuan, right? Then I’ll top that with eight hundred thousand yuan. Nah, let’s round it up to a million.”

Feng Jun was dumbstruck. Even Mrs. Gao, the matchmaker, and Feng Jun’s posse were also dumbstruck.

‘What is this guy talking about? A million yuan? How would a peasant farmer like him have a million yuan lying around somewhere to pay for someone else’s bride price? What a big joke!’

Shi Dazhu and his parents also had dumbfounded expressions on their faces. They knew that Tang Hao was talented and had some money, but they did not expect that he was so rich!

“Hmph! That’s a bald-faced lie. A peasant like you won’t earn a million yuan in your lifetime!” The matchmaker mocked him while covering her cheeks.

Tang Hao ignored her. He took out his phone and dialed Liu Dajun’s number.

“Hello? Big Bro Liu? My cousin brother is getting married but he’s a little short. Can you bring me a million yuan in cash? Oh, right, and a new car too, something around four hundred thousand yuan is fine.”

After that, he hung up the call.