

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 128

Late at night, at the rooftop of a skyscraper.

Tang Hao was sitting there with an alchemist's furnace in front of him. Fire was burning brightly within the furnace, and the popping wisps of flame illuminated his face.

Ever since he obtained the alchemist's furnace, Tang Hao had been studying the art of pill-making.

Making pills was harder than crafting talismans. Even in ancient times, not many cultivators dabbled in the art of pill-making.

There was a shortage of resources in modern times, making pill-making harder than ever.

Even if it might be difficult, Tang Hao was still eager to learn it. There were many types of alchemical pills. Some improved upon one's level of cultivation, and some caused great harm. Another type was called medical pills.

Even as alchemical pills, medical pills had miraculous effects. The most amazing ones could restore flesh to the bone and return life to the dead.

The potions he had made before: Weight-loss potions, aphrodisiac potions, and others were nothing compared to medical pills.

Furthermore, with his current level of medical skills, he could only cure certain ailments. He was still helpless against certain terminal diseases. With the help of medical pills, there was no earthly ailment that he could not cure.

Tang Hao focused his energy to control the flames in the alchemist's furnace.

He was practicing the art of flame control. Controlling the intensity of the flame was one of the most important factors in making alchemical pills.

His practice lasted through the night.

Some time after three o'clock in the morning, Tang Hao returned to the mansion and took a short nap.

After breakfast and seeing Sis Xiangyi off, Tang Hao rode on his little three-wheeled motorcycle as usual and went to Dragonrock Village to tend to his secret plantation.

Then, he went to his company.

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At work, he noticed that his assistant was not very attentive. It was the first time that Tang Hao had seen her behave like that.

“Assistant Han!”

Tang Hao put away the documents in his hand and called her.

Han Yutong was standing there with a pile of documents in her hands. She was in a daze and did not hear Tang Hao call her.

Tang Hao became even more curious. “Assistant Han!” He called out again.

Han Yutong came to her senses and said urgently, “Is there something, President Tang?”

Tang Hao examined her. "What's up with you today? You're not very attentive... You didn't sleep well last night?"

Han Yutong smiled and flicked her hair. "Nothing! I'm fine, President Tang!"

Tang Hao could see that her smile was rather forced, and there was a hint of unease between her brows.

Tang Hao did not probe further since she did not say anything.

A long while later, Han Yutong said abruptly, "President Tang, I might be resigning in a few days."

Tang Hao was surprised. He looked incredulously at her. "What's wrong? Why are you suddenly resigning? Is your salary not enough? That's easy, I'll give you a raise immediately."

He was very satisfied with Han Yutong's work performance. Furthermore, he was used to her work style. It would take some time to get used to a new assistant if she resigned.

"No!" Han Yutong shook her head and said apologetically, "It's not because of you or the company, President Tang. It's for personal reasons. I should be leaving Westridge District in the next few days."

"You're returning to Provincial City?"

Tang Hao knew that she was not local.

"It's not that either. I plan to travel to other places," Han Yutong said.

“Is that so!” Tang Hao sounded disappointed.

He could not stop her if she wanted to resign, though he felt a little sorry.

Han Yutong smiled again. “Don’t worry, President Tang. I’ll still be working here for the next few days, and I’ll do my best to complete my tasks. To be honest, I’ll miss you.”

Han Yutong felt a little sentimental when she said that.

At the start, she thought that the boss of hers was rather weird. She thought that she had walked into a trap. However, half a month later, her opinion on Tang Hao started to change as they got to know each other better.

The boss was a weird one. He dressed casually and often went into the mountains on his little three-wheeled motorcycle. No one knew what he was there for.

Other than that, she had no complaints about other aspects of his personality. He was an easy-going person, and unlike other men, he did not lust over her.

“If you miss me, then you shouldn’t leave!” Tang Hao said helplessly.

Han Yutong smiled but did not reply.

All the work was complete in the afternoon, and Tang Hao was prepared to go home. Han Yutong went downstairs with him.

Tang Hao rode on his little three-wheeled motorcycle and prepared to leave.

Suddenly, the violent rumble of a sports car engine was heard at one corner of the street. A sports car drove along the road as fast as lightning toward the building, where it stopped with loud screeching brakes.

Everyone's attention was drawn to the sports car.

The area was a bustling commercial center with office buildings all around. It was the evening rush hour and people were leaving their offices to go home. They looked and pointed at the sports car and exclaimed in admiration.

Tang Hao was not very well-versed in sports cars. From the discussion around him, he knew that it was an expensive sports car worth tens of millions.

A car door opened. A tall man in a trim business suit stepped out. His entire body screamed nobility.

He was in his mid-twenties. His sculpted face was extremely handsome, and he carried the air of a wealthy person.

The street immediately boiled over with intense activity. Some women shrieked.

"Look at him, he's so handsome and rich!"

Meanwhile, all the men around looked at him with envy. Some were lamenting their fate, while some resigned helplessly.

That person obviously had rich parents. They were not 'typically rich' either.

That man stood next to his car and looked around him. His eyes sparkled when he noticed something, then walked toward a particular direction.

Tang Hao was surprised when he saw where the rich person was heading.

Standing there was none other than his assistant, Han Yutong.

Han Yutong's face was pale at that moment. Instead of love and admiration, her face was replete with disgust when she saw him.

"I've finally found you, Yutong!" That man said romantically as he walked in front of Han Yutong.

Han Yutong was unmoved. "What do you want, Luo Feng?" She said angrily.

Luo Feng was taken aback. "What do you mean, Yutong? I'm not asking for a lot! I only want you to return with me to Provincial City. Isn't that better than living in a crummy town like this?"

"Look at the company you're in. It's so small and run-down. It's not a match for you. How can I bear to see you suffer in a run-down company like that?"

As he spoke, Luo Feng lifted a hand and pointed at the signboard of Haotian Co. Ltd.

Tang Hao was angry beyond words when he heard that.

Someone was saying that his company was run-down in front of him. That was a slap on his face!

His face darkened and veins bulged on his forehead. His gaze on Luo Feng turned hostile.

He guessed that Assistant Han's subpar performance today must have had something to do with that idiot named Luo Feng.