

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 259

Tang Hao left home very early the next morning.

He was going to the medicinal herb market in the city.

Recently, he had devoted his free time to the study of pill-making, and he had quickly exhausted his supply of medicinal herbs. He needed to replenish his inventory, and also try his luck on finding some rare herbs.

Many ancient medicinal herbs had gone extinct in modern times, though there might still be some rare ones growing deep in the mountains. Someone might have plucked them and brought them to the market.

Tang Hao had often heard of stories like that.

His car was still in the workshop, so he went to the market by bus.

The medicinal herb market was located in the south of Provincial City. Its scale was much bigger than the market in Westridge District.

The market was densely packed with stalls. Most of them were distributors, but there were retailers too.

The market was already very crowded even though it was early in the morning.

Tang Hao walked past the stalls and recognized every herb there.

He had completely memorized the Scripture of the Divine Herbalist. He was also very familiar with most modern medical texts, and discerning the herbs was no challenge to him.

When he focused his gaze on a herb, the name of the herb along with its effects appeared in his brain.

Most customers in the market were old. They were there to either stock herbs for their apothecaries or personal use. Not many of them were as young as Tang Hao.

Tang Hao received a lot of attention no matter where he went.

Tang Hao bought many herbs as he walked in the market. He bought all the lingzhi and ginseng he could find.

There was never going to be enough lingzhi and ginseng even though he planted his own. He was not short of money anyway.

From the west entrance of the medicinal herb market, Tang Hao went eastward. There were a lot of street stalls there.

The medicinal herb market was just like any other wet market. The anchor stores were concentrated in the center, while the street stalls surrounded the periphery.

Tang Hao looked around. Suddenly, he seemed to have discovered something.

In one of the street stalls in front of him were several bunches of mundane-looking herbs.

He quickly went over.

He soon discerned that the grass was a medicinal herb named blue nandina.

Blue nandina was very rare. Tang Hao had thought that the plant had gone extinct if he had not seen it right in front of him.

It was not an expensive or potent herb, but he knew that wherever blue nandina grew, another herb named Flower of Youth would also grow there.

Tang Hao had been keeping a close eye on news about that flower, though he had never seen it before. Finally, he had found a lead.

If he could find out where the blue nandina grew, there was a big chance that he could find Flowers of Youth there as well.

Of course, that was only a possibility.

The Flower of Youth was just like the Flower of Rotting Poison. It only grew at places with an abundance of qi.

Qi flow was thin in modern times. Perhaps the Flower of Youth had died out a long time ago and only the blue nandina left.

Tang Hao thought for a while, then he crouched in front of the stall owner and spoke to him. "Where did you get this herb, Boss?"

The stall owner was a plainly-dressed man in his fifties.

He glanced at Tang Hao. "From the mountains. Where else? Do you want it? I can give you a discount if you take everything."

“I’ll take it, on the condition that you tell me the location where you found it,” Tang Hao replied.

The stall owner’s eyes sparkled. “Don’t tell me this is something incredibly precious?” He muttered.

Then, his excitement quickly died down.

Many people had passed by his stall and none of them even glanced at the hern. He did not believe that the kid in front of him was more knowledgeable than the other people who were much older than he was.

That kid looked too young.

The stall owner grinned. “I’ll tell you if you buy the entire bunch. It’s fifty yuan!”

“OK!” Tang Hao did not say anything further. He took out a fifty-yuan note from his wallet, handed it over, and stuffed all the blue nandina into his backpack.

The stall owner straightened out the fifty-yuan note and grinned widely. “I’m a man of my word, kid. I’ll have to let you know that it’s very deep in the mountains though! You’ll need to be at my level of experience to find it. You’re still too young, it’s too dangerous.

“You don’t know what’s inside the mountains. There might even be supernatural presences that steal your soul.”

He continued rambling for a while more, then he said, “You should know the mountain range to the west of the city, right? It’s from there. Our village is called Dirtclod Village. There’s a road leading into the mountains. Just follow that road, go past a few mountains, and you’ll soon find it.”

Tang Hao memorized the directions.

He stood up and continued walking around.

He soon had another discovery.

Not far away, there was a bunch of medicinal grass on a street stall. The grass was entirely red, and the stems were crooked and looked ugly.

“Bloodhemp grass!” Tang Hao’s eyes sparkled.

Bloodhemp grass was another rare herb. If he could activate its latent potency, it would be able to increase blood production in a patient’s body.

The pill that he gave Lil Xin’er last time had bloodhemp grass as one of the ingredients.

“This is good stuff!” Tang Hao muttered to himself. He quickly walked ahead and spoke to the stall owner. “I want all of these, Boss! How much is it?”

The stall owner lifted his head to look at Tang Hao. He was about to tell the price when someone shouted, “Wait a second!”

That voice sounded old.

“I want the entire bunch!”

Tang Hao furrowed his brows. He turned to see who it was. An elderly man in a traditional Chinese suit came over. He looked to be in his sixties, but he was healthy and spirited.

His gaze was sharp as he walked.

Everyone exclaimed in surprise as he walked over.

The stall owners instantly became friendly when they saw him. "Divine Doctor Hu!" They greeted him.

The old man smiled and waved his hands. "Oh, don't call me a Divine Doctor! I'm not deserving of that title!"

"You're being modest, Divine Doctor Hu. There's no one more deserving of that title than you!" The stall owners said.

"Just call me Mr. Hu!" The old man said with a smile.

He continued speaking to Tang Hao as he walked over. "Hey, young man, I'm sorry about this, but I need those herbs, you see..."

Before Tang Hao could say anything, the stall owner stood up. He bagged up the bloodhemp grass and handed it to the old man.

"Here, take this, Divine Doctor Hu!" The stall owner said eagerly.

Tang Hao's brows were locked even tighter. He was the one who saw the bloodhemp grass first.

"Oh, I can't possibly..." The old man hesitated.

“It’s fine! You’re a divine doctor. You have first dibs to all my herbs!” The stall owner walked ahead and stuffed the bag of bloodhemp grass into the old man’s hands.

“Wait!” Tang Hao shouted unhappily.

Everyone turned to look at Tang Hao.

Divine Doctor Hu’s hands froze in mid-air.