

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 311

Fatty Diao dropped his head. It was his unlucky day.

He wanted to get back his eight million yuan. Not only did he fail to do so, he also lost more money.

'Two items from my collection? They might as well take my life!'

"Dammit, why is that little son of a b*tch so strong?" He muttered to himself. He wanted to cry but there were no tears left.

"Whatever. At least I'm not getting beaten up anymore. I'll let this slide for now, and I'll find another way to ruin those sons of b*tches next time." Fatty Diao smirked coldly as he plotted his next move.

Qin Gang happened to see that.

"What are you smirking about?" He said while slapping Fatty Diao one more time.

"Not so hard, Master Qin!" Fatty Diao said with a frown.

Then, he walked toward the car dejectedly.

All of a sudden, they noticed a convoy of cars coming from the opposite direction. The car in the lead was a black BMW, and behind it were several minivans.

Fatty Diao was instantly ecstatic when he saw the cars.

He struggled out of Qin Gang's grip and laughed arrogantly. "Haha, Brother Xiong is here! You two sons of b*tches are dead meat now!"

Qin Gang looked down the street and furrowed his brows.

'That's a lot of people. Can Younger Brother-in-law handle them all?' He thought as he turned to look at Tang Hao.

Tang Hao stood there. He seemed impatient.

Fighting with hooligans with no abilities was a waste of his time, but they kept coming.

Very soon, the convoy of cars arrived in front of them.

A man as muscular and strong as a bear sat in the front seat of the black BMW in the lead.

He swept his eyes across the scene and noticed the gangsters all sprawled on the ground wailing in agony. His expression darkened.

'Who beat all of them up? That person must have a death wish!'

The vehicles screeched to a stop.

Brother Xiong got out of his car in a rage. He slapped the car door and it slammed shut.

He looked around him with his round, angry eyes. "Who's responsible for this? Own up now! You must have a death wish for laying a finger on my men!" He roared angrily.

Fatty Diao immediately pointed at Tang Hao. "It's him, Brother Xiong! That's the son of a b*tch! He's very brazen. You ought to teach him a lesson!"

Brother Xiong turned to look at where Fatty Diao's finger was pointing and was surprised.

'That kid is too young!'

He smirked and was about to speak again.

Suddenly, someone from behind him stepped close to him and whispered something into his ear.

Brother Xiong's expression changed drastically when he heard that. His eyes were transfixed on Tang Hao and his gaze alternated between fear and respect.

Fatty Diao was shocked when he saw that.

"What's wrong, Brother Xiong?"

A shiver went down Brother Xiong's spine and his face immediately turned pale, as though he saw something extraordinarily scary.

"Retreat! Retreat now!"

He was silently cursing Fatty Diao to hell. 'Of all the people you choose to cross, you cross that big shot! I'd be dead meat if my man hadn't reminded me about who the kid is!'

The kid was the person who had resulted in Howard Ma's death.

Howard Ma died, but the kid was still alive and well. That could only mean that the kid had a powerful background that he could not afford to cross.

The car started and immediately turned around. Then, it sped away as fast as it could. The vans of gangsters and Fatty Diao remained standing on the spot, dumbstruck.

The gangsters eventually came to their senses. They rode on their minivans and quickly left the scene.

The road was empty once again.

Fatty Diao remained standing there, still caught in a daze.

All that happened earlier was like a dream. Otherwise, how could there be something so ridiculous in real life?

Qin Gang also came to his senses after a long while. He grinned cheekily.

"Did you say that you were going to ruin me, Fatty Diao?"

He stepped ahead and slapped Fatty Diao's face again.

Fatty Diao cried in pain. His face was scrunched up like a pumpkin.

"Not so hard, Master Qin!" Fatty Diao begged.

He was currently in the pits of despair. If Brother Xiong was afraid of that kid, it meant that the kid had someone powerful backing him.

“Let’s go! No more tricks!”

Qin Gang shoved Fatty Diao into the car.

Tang Hao hesitated for a while but eventually followed them anyway.

Fatty Diao was in the property business. His company was in a neighboring city, but his home was in Provincial City, and that was where he kept his antique collection.

Fatty Diao had struck a fortune with his property business at a young age. With his fortune, he had amassed quite a collection.

Several porcelain antiques were placed at the entrance to his mansion. Many more antiques lined the corridors, and calligraphy scrolls and paintings adorned the walls.

“Your house is quite nice, Fatty Diao!” Qin Gang’s eyes were sparkling as he looked around him.

Fatty Diao was immediately frantic. “You promised that you’ll only take one item! Don’t you dare have any ideas.”

“No problem! One item it is!”

Qin Gang grinned. He walked forward quickly and started examining each antique carefully.

Tang Hao strolled along the corridor while reaching out with a hand to sense the qi flow on each of those antiques.

By sensing the qi flow, he could accurately discern the age of the items.

As he walked along the corridor, he found that seventy percent of the antiques were genuine, while the remaining thirty percent were mere replicas.

Tang Hao shook his head. 'This guy doesn't have an eye for antiques!'

At the end of the corridor was a wide room with many jade artifacts and other antiques. Qin Gang's eyes sparkled when he saw that. After going around the place once, he finally settled on a jade Buddha statue.

He could not stop grinning as he held the jade statue in his hands, while Fatty Diao looked as though his wife had just died.

Tang Hao walked around the room. Suddenly, his eyes turned towards a black wooden box on a low table.

There was a strong qi flow within the box.

He opened the box and found a silk scroll inside.

He examined the item carefully and discerned that the silk scroll was from the Warring States era. (TN: 5th century to 3rd century BCE.)

The silk scroll was yellowish and looked incredibly fragile. Tang Hao carefully unfurled it and saw that there was a weird diagram within.

It looked like a map, but some parts of it did not. There were weird characters written all over it.

Tang Hao examined it for a while, but could not figure out anything.

“Where did you get this...?” Tang Hao turned around and asked Fatty Diao.

“That thing? I got it at a night market. It looks quite ancient. If you want it, please take it,” he said.

Fatty Diao was secretly happy. He did not mind parting with the old and tattered silk scroll if it meant that the kid would leave his jade antiques alone.

“I’ll take this then!”

Tang Hao thought for a while, then closed the wooden box and kept it.

“We’re even now. Don’t look for trouble with me again!” Tang Hao said coldly.

“Yes, yes!” Fatty Diao nodded frantically.

“Let’s go!” Tang Hao led the way and Qin Gang followed.