

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 367

Another scream was from inside the apartment, followed by the sounds of kitchenware falling on the floor.

Tang Hao was speechless.

Ling Wei was born into a wealthy family and had most likely never done housework in her life. He could imagine the mess in the kitchen.

“Sigh, you didn’t have to do that!”

Tang Hao shook his head, opened the door, and went inside.

After he closed the door, he could hear more noises in the kitchen. After a while, she screamed in pain again, as though she was injured.

Tang Hao went to the kitchen and saw Ling Wei crouching on the floor, clutching her right hand. There was a cut on her small, delicate thumb, and it was bleeding freely.

Her brows were tightly locked, and she was continuously sucking in cold air to ease the pain. She gritted her teeth, trying hard not to make a sound.

She lifted her head and saw Tang Hao looking at her. She lowered her head in embarrassment.

Tang Hao looked around the kitchen and nearly burst out laughing.

The kitchen was like a disaster zone. There was a pot on the stove. Inside the pot was a mass of black stuff emitting a strong burnt smell.

The counter next to the stove was a mess, and there was no need to mention the floor. Pot lids and plates were scattered all over. Some of them were smashed into pieces. She cut her thumb when she tried to pick up the shards.

Tang Hao wanted to laugh but instead kept a straight face. She might have wrecked his kitchen, but he did not blame her. It was her first time in the kitchen after all.

He remembered his first attempt at cooking in the kitchen.

He walked around the kitchen, trying hard to not laugh. He picked up a broom and cleaned up the shattered kitchenware.

After that, he crouched on the floor and held her hands without saying a word.

She was embarrassed. She wanted to pull her hand away.

"I... I wanted to cook something for you, but... but I didn't know..." She said timidly.

Her eyes brimmed with tears again. Those were tears of anger at herself.

She did not expect that cooking was so difficult, even more so than managing a company.

Tang Hao smiled gently. "It's your first time, don't worry! Here, let me clean your wound."

They stood up and Tang Hao led her to the sink. He washed the cut with running water, then took out some medicinal herbs, mashed them, applied the paste to the cut, and wrapped it up in bandages.

"It'll heal soon. It won't leave a scar!" Tang Hao said.

"Mm!" Ling Wei nodded as she sat on the chair. She did not dare to look at Tang Hao.

After Tang Hao dressed her wound, he placed her hand on the table. "Your hands are too delicate to do any housework. Cooking can be very damaging to your skin."

Ling Wei's fair face suddenly blushed red.

She felt an inexplicable honey-like sweetness in her heart.

"I didn't know you have such a silver tongue," she said with a smile.

Tang Hao smiled in return. He got up and went to clean the kitchen.

He returned to the living room and noticed that she had tidied up the living room.

Tang Hao felt warmth in his heart. 'Given her position and upbringing, she shouldn't have done this for me,' he thought.

"I'll go and buy some ingredients. What do you want to eat?" Tang Hao asked her.

Ling Wei tilted her head and thought for a long time but could not come up with anything. "I don't mind anything. Everything you cook is delicious anyway. Right, how about I go along with you?"

She stood up from the chair, eager to go.

Tang Hao hesitated for a while but agreed to it anyway.

The two of them left the house and walked together to the nearby wet market.

Ling Wei looked to her left and right. Everything was so new and amazing to her.

She crouched in front of the fish stall and gazed at the fish swimming in the tanks. The fish vendor woman grinned at her.

She also went to the vegetable stall. The middle-aged vendor taught her the names of the different vegetables.

She was dressed rather simply. Gone was her previous glamour, but instead she looked down-to-earth and innocent.

She was like a fairy descended from the heavens. She might be dressed plainly and wore no makeup, but her beautiful features attracted everyone's eyes no matter where she went.

The middle-aged vendors laughed when they saw how carefree and innocent she was.

They joked at her, but she did not shy away even though she blushed.

Tang Hao was slightly relieved when he saw that she had temporarily forgotten her sorrows.

He understood that she had not fully recovered from the traumatic experience, but at least she was better than last night.

Buying ingredients should have taken him less than twenty minutes, but with her, they stayed at the wet market for more than an hour. They strolled back to his apartment with the ingredients.

Tang Hao cooked in the kitchen while she watched television.

As they ate, she suddenly said, "This feels nice!"

"Hm? What feels nice?" Tang Hao was surprised.

"Like this. Going to the market and cooking together, then sharing a meal. It's so simple yet enjoyable. It really does feel like home," she said while blushing.

Her cheer abruptly faded away.

Tang Hao was silent. He knew that she was thinking of last night's incident again.

Her eyes turned red again, but she stopped her tears from flowing. After dinner, she wiped her eyes and went into her room.

That night, Tang Hao could hear her sobbing in her room again.

However, the next morning, she seemed to have recovered. She was once again cheerful as she saw Tang Hao out of the house like a diligent housewife.

When Tang Hao returned that afternoon, she was waiting in the living room. She stood up and greeted Tang Hao when he came in, smiling like a blooming flower. "You're back!" She said sweetly.

Tang Hao was stunned when he saw that.

As the days passed, she eventually recovered from her slump. There were no more crying late at night, and she resumed her previous cheery demeanor.

Just like other normal people who lived together for an extended period, their affection for each other grew.

The two people became closer to each other. They went out to the wet market together, cooked together, and ate together while watching television.

Sometimes, she teased Tang Hao. She deliberately walked in front of Tang Hao while dressed in scant lingerie, and sometimes left the door ajar while taking a shower.

Tang Hao had always been cautious. He did not want their relationship to progress beyond friends.

Perhaps that was her coping mechanism after the traumatic incident. That was what Tang Hao thought.

One night, when she sneaked into his room, under his blanket, and hugged him from behind.

“Hao! What should I do? I think I like you a little bit...”

She whispered gently into Tang Hao’s ear. She sounded both infatuated and confused.