

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 473

The three-wheeled motorcycle sped like the wind on the road.

An extremely charming young girl sat on it. Her hair was long and flowing like a waterfall, and her face was bright and pure. Her clothes flapped in the wind, revealing hints of her attractive body.

Her smile was as pure and unblemished as a blooming lily.

A commotion followed her wherever she went.

The pedestrians opened their mouths, and their jaws dropped.

The drivers on the road were also stunned. Their eyes almost popped out of their sockets as though they saw a ghost.

“Wait... what’s that? It’s just a three-wheeled motorcycle and not a Ferrari!”

“Sigh, I must’ve overworked myself yesterday night! How else can I explain the illusion in front of me? Haha! That’s right. It’s just an illusion.”

The drivers exclaimed.

Many drivers stopped their cars on the road, stuck out their heads, and looked forward. They wore incredulous expressions on their faces.

The pedestrians were astounded too.

'That must be an illusion!

'A speedy three-wheeled motorcycle and a girl as beautiful as a fairy riding on it? There's no such thing!'

"Quick! The three-wheeled motorcycle is catching up!"

One of the drivers yelled. They took a deep breath and stepped on their accelerators with all their might. They did not want the motorcycle behind them to catch up.

As far as they knew, that was only a worthless three-wheeled motorcycle!

As for them, they were driving expensive cars. One of them was even a sports car.

It would be a great shame if a three-wheeled motorcycle outraced them all.

They stepped on the accelerators with a raging fighting spirit.

However, their fighting spirit slowly turned into despair. They did not manage to pull away from the three-wheeled motorcycle. Instead, it caught up to them.

The three-wheeled motorcycle was like a rocket.

"What the hell? That's crazy!"

"Is it a ghost?"

They could only watch helplessly as the three-wheeled motorcycle caught up to them, raced with them side by side, and then pulled ahead, leaving behind the memory of a beautiful girl and her laughter.

They were utterly dumbstruck.

There was only one thought left in their minds.

'That's too cool! Way too cool!'

They looked at their own cars and cried silent tears.

'Dammit! Why is my car that's worth hundreds of thousands of yuan, or even millions of yuan, not as cool as a three-wheeled motorcycle!'

"I've decided. I'll get a three-wheeled motorcycle tomorrow!"

Many people reached the same conclusion.

The three-wheeled motorcycle continued forward at an incredible speed. It went around the entire Provincial City once.

Finally, Tang Hao slowed down.

"I told you that we'll be the fastest ride on the road, right?" Tang Hao asked with a smile.

"You're amazing, Brother Hao! What model is this motorcycle? How can it be so fast?" Yan'er spoke excitedly behind him.

She was behaving unusually intimate today. She was still clinging onto Tang Hao's body.

"It's just a normal motorcycle. What's different is my skill!" Tang Hao said matter-of-factly.

Yan'er laughed happily.

"You must be hungry! Let's have lunch. What do you want to eat?" Tang Hao said.

Yan'er rubbed her stomach and said coyly, "Yup, I'm a little hungry. Let's go eat something simple today! Right, Brother Hao, that place serves pretty good food."

Yan'er lifted a finger and pointed in front of her.

There was a small restaurant in front of them with tables and chairs placed on the sidewalk. It looked rather shabby and run-down.

Many people were sitting in those chairs and eating their lunch. From their clothes, they seemed like peasant workers.

Yan'er was suddenly taken aback.

She realized that Brother Hao was very rich, unlike before. Perhaps he could not stand eating at those places anymore.

"How about... we eat somewhere else?" Yan'er hesitated.

Tang Hao smiled. "It's fine. We'll eat here!"

Tang Hao was born in a poor family, just like Yan'er. He had always felt that roadside restaurants were more intimate. Even though he was a lot richer compared to before, the intimacy did not lessen.

Tang Hao drove his three-wheeled motorcycle toward the restaurant.

When he parked the motorcycle in front of the restaurant, the people abruptly stopped talking.

All their eyes turned toward the two people.

They gasped in admiration when they saw Yan'er.

They could not believe that such a beautiful young woman would be riding a three-wheeled motorcycle. It was a rare sight in these modern times.

"Boss! One green pepper and shredded pork rice bowl, please!" Yan'er shouted.

She turned around and spoke to Tang Hao. "How about you, Brother Hao?"

"Give me the same!" Tang Hao said.

"Two bowls, please!" Yan'er shouted toward the interior of the restaurant.

"Comin' right up!" The boss shouted from inside.

“Let’s sit here, Brother Hao!” Yan’er looked around, then held Tang Hao’s hand and pulled him to an empty table.

The restaurant soon resumed its usual bustle.

They waited for about five minutes before lunch was served.

“Mmm, smells so nice!” Yan’er exclaimed after she sniffed the food. She started eating happily.

She blushed when she realized that Tang Hao was watching her.

“Why are you looking at me, Brother Hao?”

“It’s nothing. Let’s eat!” Tang Hao laughed. He picked up a pair of chopsticks and started eating.

While they were eating, a white car suddenly appeared from one end of the road. The BMW logo in front of the car was extremely eye-catching.

The car looked as though it was driving steadily straight ahead, but it abruptly slowed down as it neared the restaurant and eventually stopped.

The car window rolled down. Sitting inside was a slightly plump young man wearing gold-rimmed glasses. He looked to be about eighteen or nineteen years old.

He narrowed his eyes and looked curiously toward the tables on the sidewalk.

Soon, he confirmed what he saw.

His lips stretched into a grin.

“Hey, isn’t that Tang Hao?” He shouted. There was a hint of mockery in his voice.

The person sitting in a roadside restaurant full of peasant workers and eating a cheap rice bowl was none other than Tang Hao, his classmate in junior high!

That ‘very amazing big-timer’ Tang Hao!

Tang Hao’s presence at the junior high student gathering had shocked him. Apparently, he had connections with the district secretary. Even the commissioner of the police station had to be courteous toward him.

‘What a sorry sight. Looks like he’s merely a peasant worker!’

‘He must have fallen from grace. That’s right. He didn’t even graduate high school. He’s nothing but a talentless bum! So what if he knows the district secretary? He’s still a loser.’

‘Right, I’ve heard that the earlier district secretary had been transferred. No wonder he’s back to his poor self now!’

He became happier the more he thought about it.

In his eyes, Tang Hao was a poor kid from a mountain village who could not go to college. He had always looked down upon Tang Hao.

At the student gathering, that guy had hooked up with the girl he liked. He was even more frustrated that the guy was acquainted with the district secretary.

Did that guy deserve to be better than him?

He was happy seeing Tang Hao being in such a wretched state, thinking that he had been vindicated somehow.