

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 81

Gao Ying was slightly moved by her mother's words.

Her eyes flashed with agony by the end of her speech.

She took a deep breath and said defiantly, "I'm not leaving, Mom! I understand what you say, but I just can't do it.

"I only love Bro Dazhu and no other man. Bro Dazhu is poor, but that's OK. We have hands and feet and we can earn a living. We might suffer now, but we will have a bright future.

"Mom, didn't you say that you and Dad were poor when you married him? But aren't you fine now?"

Mrs. Gao was stunned and had no response to that.

"Silly girl, times are different now, so how could your situation be the same? You don't have to suffer but why do you insist so? Is it that easy to earn money? Your Bro Dazhu isn't very educated and can only do menial work. Is there a future in that?"

Shi Dazhu stood aside and silently listened to it all. He gritted his teeth and displayed an expression of agony.

He could only lament his incapability.

Uncle sighed. He looked helpless.

He was happy with Gao Ying. She was beautiful and was diligent with housework.

However, this was reality!

He lived in a mountain village and did not have much money. He could not afford to have a daughter-in-law from the city. The bride price alone was already one hundred thousand yuan. His family did not have that much money.

Auntie also sighed. She looked at Dazhu with pity.

The villagers shook their heads. They knew that it was too difficult for a villager to court a wife from the city.

“Stop fooling around, Ying’er. Go home with me now. Your Dad and I will never agree to this marriage. This isn’t up to you to decide!” Mrs. Gao said sternly and dragged her daughter out.

“Don’t force me, Mom. Why can’t you just let me petulant just this once?” Gao Ying was on the verge of tears.

“No. I can compromise with everything else but this.”

Gao Ying put on a pitiful face. “Mom, if you want me to leave, then I’d rather die!”

Mrs. Gao was shocked. “You... You silly girl, how dare you say that? Do you want to anger me to death?”

Mrs. Gao was angry, though she became less aggressive. She was afraid that her daughter might do something stupid out of desperation.

Dazhu stepped forward and kneeled on the ground.

“Please allow me to marry Ying’er, Madam! I will work hard and do my best to bring happiness to Ying’er.”

Mrs. Gao was taken aback. Weakness flashed in her eyes.

She did not dislike Dazhu, but his family was too poor, and she could not bear to see her daughter suffer a life of poverty.

She sighed lightly. Just when she was about to speak again, she heard a shrill voice coming from next to her.

“Hey, Xiuqin, don’t ever agree to it! You don’t have to care about him. He’s just a poor village kid and yet he wants to marry your beloved daughter? He must be dreaming.”

A middle-aged woman walked over as she spoke. Her face looked haughty and rude.

“Didn’t we agree that Ying’er should marry Boss Feng? We’ve also decided on the bride price: Five hundred thousand yuan, plus a car worth two hundred thousand yuan.”

She then glanced at Shi Dazhu. “Hey, that Shi kid, do you hear that? It’s five hundred thousand yuan! You won’t earn that much money even if you work for the rest of your life.

“If you know what’s good for you, you should give up. Leave Ying’er. Why are you not conscious of your status?”

“Ah, this remote, poor village is making me uncomfortable. Ying’er, come follow us home!”

Gao Ying glared at her fiercely.

The middle-aged woman was not bothered. "Hey, Ying'er!" she said with a shrill voice, "I, as your matchmaker, is thinking for your good. You might hate me now, but you'll learn how to be grateful to me in the future."

Then, she turned to face the crowd and yelled, "Boss Feng! Why aren't you here to fetch your darling wife home?"

A youth emerged from the crowd. He was dressed in a business suit and leather shoes, and held a bouquet and a small black box in his hands.

He walked in front of Shi Dazhu and gave him a condescending glance. "Shi Dazhu, you keep on saying that you will bring happiness to Ying'er, but do you have the ability?" He said coldly.

"Look at your house, then look at this village. It's so deep in the mountains that birds won't even stop here. You'll never escape your fate of being a poor person, and Ying'er will suffer because of you.

"As for me, I can give Ying'er happiness right now. If you're a man, then you should step back and never bother Ying'er anymore."

Shi Dazhu gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"Hmph! Useless piece of crap!" Feng Jun smirked and turned to face Gao Ying. He kneeled on one knee and lifted the small black box. "Marry me, Ying'er!" He said passionately.

He opened the small black box and revealed a sparkling diamond ring.

“See this? It’s a diamond ring. The diamond itself is already worth five digits!” The matchmaker shrieked.

“Wow!” Everyone around them exclaimed.

No one in the village could spend a few ten thousand yuan to buy a diamond ring.

Gao Ying remained unmoved. “Know when to quit, Feng Jun! I will never marry you,” she said coldly.

“You....” Feng Jun’s expression stiffened. His face turned red with embarrassment, then anger.

The direct rejection was like a slap on his face. He did not know how he did not compare to the poor kid from a remote village.

“Tell me, Ying’er, am I still lacking in something? Why won’t you accept me? Look at this shabby place. If you married Shi Dazhu, you’ll have to live here. Look at these villagers, they’re all lowly and uncivilized...” Feng Jun roared agitatedly as he pointed to the people all around them.

The villagers’ faces darkened when they heard him speak. They were beginning to show hostility.

“Look at these run-down houses, this sh- Ow!”

A stone struck Feng Jun’s forehead. He cried out in pain.

“Dammit, who hit me? Do you have a death wish?”

He glared all around him with big, round eyes.

“Who did that? Stand out here at once!” He roared.

He had just finished speaking when a silhouette moved amid the crowd and stood in front of him. It was a boy in a white button-down shirt with a hoe on his shoulder. His pants were stained with mud and he looked just like a farmer.

“Dammit, you disgusting farmer, you dare hit me?”

Feng Jun threw the bouquet to the ground and stomped toward him. He rolled up his sleeves as if wanting to teach Tang Hao a lesson.

Tang Hao rolled his eyes and delivered a tight slap when Feng Jun came close. “Yes, I’m hitting you. What about it? You have a filthy mouth. No wonder she doesn’t like you.”

Slap!

The slap was heard far and wide. It had slapped Feng Jun silly. He stumbled backward while covering his face.

He did not believe that a mere peasant farmer had brazenly slapped his face in front of everyone!

Mrs. Gao, the matchmaker, and his posse were all dumbfounded. Their mouths were agape as they witnessed the scene.

Even Shi Dazhu, Gao Ying, and the rest also had the same expression on their faces.

The villagers were cheering. Some were even clapping.

“That’s a good one, Lil Hao!”

“Nice one, Lil Hao! Slap him again!”

Tang Hao took another great stride forward and lifted his palm again.

Slap!

It was even louder than the previous one.

Feng Jun stumbled backward and fell onto the ground. He was utterly dumbfounded.