

Toddler 1262

Chapter 1262: Wedding (6)

Little Bruiser pulled himself together and smiled at her as if nothing had happened. "It's fine! You were still young at that time, less than seven years old. It's normal that you don't remember!"

"I remember them, but I don't remember you." The Ninth Princess lowered her head. She naturally hadn't lost her memory. She was already so old, so it was normal for her to not remember when she was six or seven years old. However, for some reason, she felt quite uncomfortable.

Perhaps she was used to being ignored by others and felt that she should be someone ignored and forgotten. Now that this situation was the other way around _ she felt that she was ton inhumane

To put it bluntly, she thought very little of herself and did not think that she was worth remembering.

Little Bruiser thought that the Ninth Princess was frightened by him when he saw that her mood had fallen again. He quickly scratched his head and said, "Aiya, I don't mean to blame you. Don't be afraid. Are you hungry? I'll treat you to something to apologize to you!"

The Ninth Princess didn't say if she was hungry, but Little Bruiser still brought her there. They went to the century-old shop.

"Let me tell you, the Fuyuanzi here are passed down from their ancestors. They're delicious! The Emperor brought me to eat them once. After that, I'll come every month!" Little Bruiser and the Ninth Princess sat in a quiet corner. It was already past time to eat, so there weren't many people. He asked for two large bowls of Fuyuanzi.

The Ninth Princess took a bite. "Isn't this... glutinous rice balls?"

“That’s true! But the taste is more delicate.’

“Mm.” The Ninth Princess agreed deeply. The glutinous rice balls in the capital were more chewy and had a faint granular feeling. She liked them very much, but the rice balls here were so delicate that they melted in her mouth. Moreover, they were too sweet. Actually, she was not used to them.

“Doesn’t it taste good?” Little Bruiser asked.

“It’s too sweet,” the Ninth Princess said.

“Don’t you girls like sweet food?” Little Bruiser asked in confusion.

The Ninth Princess shook her head slightly. “Nanny doesn’t let me eat anything too sweet. She said I’ll get fat.”

“Then try their crispy meat! It’s also very good!” Little Bruiser got someone to serve a plate of chopped pepper crispy meat.

The Ninth Princess did not eat.

“You don’t like crispy meat?” Little Bruiser asked.

The Ninth Princess looked at the chili on the plate and touched her cheek. “Spicy food will cause facial blisters.”

Once, she was gluttonous and had two small blisters. She was reprimanded by the nanny for a long time. The nanny said that the princess of the royal family could not be disfigured.

Little Bruiser blinked at her. “Are you afraid of that?”

The Ninth Princess lowered her eyes. “It’s ugly.”

Little Bruiser suddenly smiled. "I don't mind you looking ugly!" With that, he decisively picked up a piece of crispy meat for her. "Eat!"

The Ninth Princess bit her lip and ate the crispy meat in her bowl under Little Bruiser's encouraging gaze. Little Bruiser said, "Eat the Fuyuanzi too, don't be afraid of being fat! I love fat girls!"

The Ninth Princess was stunned. Little Bruiser looked at her thin figure and swallowed his saliva. "Uh... I mean... I like thin people when you lose weight. I like fat people when you gain weight!"

The Ninth Princess ate in silence.

Little Bruiser sent someone to buy a few good snacks and dishes nearby.

This shop specialized in Fuyuanzi. They only started selling crispy meat recently. Among the dishes that Little Bruiser had gotten someone to buy was Dongpo meat. It was fat and thin, soft and delicate, and it was salty and sweet. The Ninth Princess couldn't stop eating.

Little Bruiser didn't eat much. He was already very satisfied with her eating.

"You... why are you looking at me like that? Did I eat too much?" The Ninth Princess looked up and saw Little Bruiser staring straight at her. She immediately felt a little nervous.

Little Bruiser quickly waved his hand. "No, no, don't misunderstand!"

The overbearing Princely Heir persona had already become a little puppy in a second after realizing that the Ninth Princess was so timid.

"Ahem." Little Bruiser cleared his throat. "I just want to ask you, do you hate me?"

The Ninth Princess did not answer him directly. Instead, she paused and said, "Actually, if you married me to compensate me for a husband, there's no need. I don't like him."

“Huh?” Little Bruiser was excited. ‘What... What do you mean by not liking him?

Why don’t you like him?”

The Ninth Princess glanced at him and whispered, “He’s as ugly as you.”

Little Bruiser: ‘

Damn it... Should I be happy or sad?

The Ninth Princess burst into laughter. “I was just teasing you.”

Little Bruiser felt like his heart was about to stop..