

Rise 177

Chapter 177: When Something Unusual Happens, There Must Be a Hidden Agenda

The fat man's weak remark was like a chubby cat tossing a ball of yarn into the den of a drowsy and irritable lioness...

And so, the scheming girl, Li Shu, laughed. Her enchanting and mischievous face bloomed like a poppy flower—bright red and dazzling. However, her pearly white teeth bit down audibly, making a "gritting" sound, while sparks flickered in her eyes.

"Haha... When you were a child during the New Year, did you ever sneakily eat the family's offerings?" The scheming girl cast a sidelong glance at the fat man, her gaze as sharp as a blade, but her lips remained curled into a sweet smile.

The fat man initially thought the scheming girl had figured out the truth with her sharp eyes and was deliberately changing the subject. His round face was full of smugness. However, when he fully grasped her words, he was shocked—because he had indeed secretly eaten his family's offerings as a child, and not just once. Back then, he had a greedy appetite. But how did Zhu's woman know about this? He had never even mentioned it to Zhu!

So, the fat man asked in surprise, "How do you know?"

"Heh, just look at you. You look like you've been punished by heaven. Who wouldn't be able to tell?!" The scheming girl snorted coldly, her voice dripping with extreme contempt and disdain.

Cough cough cough. Zhu Ping'an couldn't help but cough a few times upon hearing this.

As for the fat man, he was completely crushed by the scheming girl's words. His plump face twitched violently... his entire body of fat trembling...

But reality was even crueler—what had just been served was only the appetizer.

"You're so ugly. Didn't your parents ever tell you? Have you never looked in a mirror? You were literally born to be an inspiration! I don't even know where you find the courage to keep living!"

The scheming girl was naturally sharp-tongued, and now that she was angry, her combat power had multiplied several times over. Every sentence stabbed directly into the fat man's soul.

Especially when her cherry lips exaggeratedly pronounced the words born to be an inspiration, the fat man was completely KO'd.

Somewhere in the corner, the heartbroken fat man crouched down, his sadness flowing like an endless river.

"And you—hmph! Who let you bring this fat pig, who spouts nonsense, into my house?!" The scheming girl turned her gaze to Zhu Ping'an, pouting angrily in complaint.

Looking at the furious scheming girl, who resembled a little lioness, Zhu Ping'an felt conflicted. The fat man's words earlier had been rather inappropriate. In the highly developed feudal society of the Ming Dynasty, saying such things to a young lady was indeed improper. Being scolded for it was only natural. However, as the saying goes, ignorance is not a crime

. Though the fat man's words were careless, the scheming girl had also gone a bit too far—hitting below the belt and attacking the most sensitive spots.

Thus, Zhu Ping'an cupped his hands toward Li Shu and spoke softly with a touch of apology, "On behalf of Brother Xue, I apologize to Miss Li. He spoke out of turn and offended you. I hope Miss Li can be magnanimous and forgive him."

But the scheming girl was not willing to accept. She raised her delicate face at a forty-five-degree angle and let out a disdainful hmph, full of arrogance.

One person softly apologized, while the other coldly snorted in anger—it looked just like a husband coaxing his little wife.

Seeing this, the fat man, whose sadness had already formed an entire river, observed the scene between Zhu Ping'an and the scheming girl. His beady little eyes suddenly gleamed with wisdom—Fat Master has seen through everything.

Noticing the fat man's obvious pretending-to-understand expression, the scheming girl exploded again.

At that moment, Zhu Ping'an was still speaking softly, apologizing on behalf of the fat man. And so, the scheming girl put on an act of being understanding and accepting the apology. She raised an eyebrow slightly, her tone softening a bit. "Fine, for your sake, I'll forgive this dead fat pig. You're here to borrow or return books, right? Hm, come in then."

With that, the scheming girl, Li Shu, swayed her slender waist and walked toward the study.

"Miss..."

The maid, Hua'er, puffed up her cheeks and glared fiercely at Zhu Ping'an, clearly blaming him for bringing the fat man in. Pouting, she followed closely behind her mistress, feeling puzzled about why the lady forgave that fat pig so easily.

She actually changed her attitude? Zhu Ping'an watched the scheming girl's departing figure with some suspicion.

"Heh, Brother Zhu, you really have skills. Just now, I thought your little wife would throw us out. But in just a few words, you managed to handle her perfectly. You're really something."

The fat guy had a strong self-healing ability; he recovered quickly and nudged Zhu Ping'an with his shoulder, squeezing his small, wretched eyes, looking very impressed.

Impressive, my ass!

Honestly, looking at the chubby guy's lecherous face, Zhu Ping'an felt an urge to give him a beating.

The fat guy didn't understand the scheming young lady, but Zhu Ping'an had been dealing with her since childhood. He was filled with vigilance toward her unusual reaction.

The scheming young lady walked into the study, stopped about a meter from the door, turned around to look at Zhu Ping'an, and slightly parted her red lips. "I thought about it... Hmm, what I said about your friend earlier was a bit too much. I shouldn't have said that. Hmm... how about this? I'll treat you all to a meal."

"Miss..." The little maid Hua'er pouted.

Something strange is definitely going on!

Zhu Ping'an knew the scheming young lady too well—this was completely out of character for her. This girl usually made trouble even when there was none; how could she suddenly become so reasonable?

Was she restraining herself because there were outsiders present?

What a joke! Li Shu, the scheming young lady, was the type to make others suffer whenever she was unhappy. Even if the Emperor himself stood before her, she would still do as she pleased!

Because of this, as Zhu Ping'an and the fat guy were walking to the door, Zhu Ping'an suddenly slowed his pace.

However, a certain fat guy, who was completely oblivious, showed no signs of caution. As a true glutton with a big belly, he was overjoyed at the offer. His fat face stretched into a wide grin, resembling a clueless goldfish, completely forgetting how this scheming young lady had just cursed him out moments ago.

Upon hearing her words, the fat guy eagerly nodded, beaming with excitement as he hurried forward, afraid to show any hesitation toward Zhu Ping'an's "little wife." Though Zhu Ping'an's "little wife" had a bad temper, she still seemed reasonable after all.

Besides, yesterday's homemade meal at Zhu Ping'an's house had nearly made the fat guy swallow his tongue out of delight. And seeing the grand sight of Zhu Ping'an's "little wife's" house—the jade stone lion statues, the redwood window frames—he was already too shocked to be shocked any further. Not even many families in Fengyang Prefecture could compare in wealth.

How delicious must the food at Zhu Ping'an's little wife's house be...?

And so, like a delighted bulldog, the fat guy readily agreed and asked as he walked, "Great! What are we going to eat?"

He didn't notice that Zhu Ping'an had deliberately slowed his steps.

At the door, the scheming young lady's fair face suddenly turned icy cold, her fury surging like a flood bursting through a dam. She roared, "A closed door meal!"

A closed door meal!

Along with her words came the sound of the door slamming shut—"Bang!"

The fat guy, grinning like a bulldog, had just reached the doorway when the door slammed right into his fat face.

Meanwhile, Zhu Ping'an, who had lagged half a step behind, narrowly avoided the disaster.

He stood there with a pained expression, watching as the fat guy, who had been smacked by the door, looked utterly dazed and disoriented...