

Rise 22

Chapter 22: Fairy-like appearance, but with a snake in her heart

At this moment, another female voice came from nearby.

"Miss, I brought the little saddle back from home."

It was a girl about fifteen or sixteen years old, dressed plainly and looking just as ordinary. She was clearly a maid or servant of the devious little loli's household.

The young maid lifted her skirt and ran up the slope, gasping for breath. Her recently developing body heaved with her breathing, stirring the heartstrings of a certain shut-in.

Before crossing over, Zhu Ping'an had never had a girlfriend, not even through graduate school, so his eyes couldn't help but linger for a second. Of course, it was just two glances. After all, this kind of young, innocent girl wasn't his type. His shut-in heart had long been captured by the artistic devotion of actresses like Yui Hatano and Akiho Yoshizawa from a certain island nation across the sea.

The devious little loli had already wiped away her tears when the young maid ran over, and she noticed Zhu Ping'an's gaze just now, smirking coldly.

"Come over here and squat down!" the devious little loli commanded coldly.

Zhu Ping'an wanted to stop her, but he had no real reason to, and besides, it was just squatting down, not kneeling. Even if it was kneeling, there wasn't much he could do. After all, this was a feudal society. He wasn't going to pull off one of those heroic speeches about equality like some protagonists in time-travel stories. Wake up—this is a society ruled by oppressive traditions. Speaking out could cost you your life.

The young maid had no concept of refusing her young mistress, so she obediently held the small saddle and squatted down in front of her.

The devious little loli deliberately shot Zhu Ping'an a cold glance, then swung her hand forcefully, delivering a loud slap to the young maid's face.

After the slap, the devious little loli shook her hand to ease the pain and gave Zhu Ping'an a cold, provocative look.

What the heck! This devious little loli is absolutely hopeless, so young yet already so ruthless! With such a venomous heart, who knows which unlucky guy will marry her in the future!

Her face may look like an angel, but her heart is that of a snake and scorpion.

Any bit of sympathy Zhu Ping'an had felt earlier when he saw her tears completely vanished. This time, it was truly gone.

"You!" Zhu Ping'an felt an inexplicable surge of anger.

"What do you mean, 'you'? It's none of your business. I'm disciplining my maid. She came late, so she deserved it," the devious little loli snapped, venting her frustration on the young maid, feeling much more at ease after doing so.

Incurably unreasonable.

This must be the privilege of the landlord class, right? When they're upset, they can vent their anger on the servants without any need for reason. They just don't care—if they're unhappy, that's all that matters.

In times like this, there's no reasoning with them. Even if I stop the black-hearted little girl this time, it will only lead to worse consequences for the little maid later on. I can only prevent it momentarily; I can't protect her forever. The black-hearted little girl will hold a grudge and find more creative ways to torment the little maid.

The little maid didn't complain after being beaten, just trembled in fear, crouching on the ground, not even daring to cover her face. Clearly, the black-hearted little girl has left quite a psychological shadow on her over time.

Out of sight, out of mind.

I'm just a small child from a rural peasant family, and I'm far from being able to change the current situation. I've already angered the black-hearted little girl, and if I stay any longer, she might vent her anger on the little maid again. I don't want to involve the innocent any further.

Zhu Ping'an untied the cow's reins and led the old yellow ox to graze elsewhere on the hillside.

"Stop right there, you little pauper!"

The black-hearted little girl behind him yelled again, hands on her hips, shouting at Zhu Ping'an.

Enough already!

"What do you want, ugly girl?"

Zhu Ping'an stopped, still holding the cow, and turned around to ask, using the same term—ugly girl.

Little rascal! Calling me ugly again, and right in front of my maid too. The black-hearted little girl rolled her eyes in fury.

"You're not allowed to graze your cow here!" she shouted, still standing with her hands on her hips, looking fierce.

"You can graze your horse here, why can't I graze my cow?" Zhu Ping'an rolled his eyes. This grassland isn't even hers, why does she care so much?

"When I say no, it means no! This place belongs to my family, the whole mountain does!" The black-hearted little girl's arrogance was through the roof.

No way, did I really stumble into her family's property?

"Hmph, my father bought this entire hillside with grass just for me to graze my horses," the black-hearted little girl declared proudly, like a peacock showing off its feathers.

Materialistic little girl! So arrogant.

"You say it's yours, but does the grass agree with you? Can you call it and have it answer?" Zhu Ping'an ignored the arrogant little girl, fully indulging in childish, nonsensical logic.

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The black-hearted little girl was speechless, but then her eyes suddenly rolled as she stared at Zhu Ping'an's old yellow ox, pouting.

"You say the cow is yours, so call it. If it doesn't respond, then you're a cattle thief!"

Using his own logic against him. One must admit that this black-hearted little girl was very clever, catching the flaw in Zhu Ping'an's words and turning it back on him.

Thinking of Zhu Ping'an's potential defeat, the black-hearted little girl's mouth curled into a smile.

But what happened next completely exceeded her expectations.

"Sure."

What? The black-hearted little girl couldn't believe her ears. "Sure"? He actually said, "Sure."

Then, she watched as Zhu Ping'an grabbed a handful of fresh green grass from the ground and waved it at the old yellow ox.

"Old Yellow, come here." Zhu Ping'an shook the grass and called to the ox.

The old yellow ox looked at its young master, then at the fresh green grass in his hand, and leisurely trotted over on all fours.

"Moo."

The old yellow ox approached and let out a moo, then began to eat.

After the ox finished the grass, Zhu Ping'an patted its head and then, seriously turning to the black-hearted little girl, said, "See, I called my cow, and it responded. You say this is your grassland, so go ahead, call it."

Call it? Call what exactly?!

The black-hearted little girl huffed in frustration, "That doesn't count! It mooed, not agreed."

"If you're not a cow, how do you know what a cow's moo means?" Zhu Ping'an's beaming smile provoked the black-hearted little girl even more.

"I don't care! I said no, and no means no! You're not allowed to graze your cow here." The black-hearted little girl stomped her foot and pointed at Zhu Ping'an angrily.

Zhu Ping'an pretended not to hear the black-hearted little girl's ranting and, holding the reins of the old yellow ox, walked away with his short legs.

"You... you wait! I'll get my brother to beat you up!" The black-hearted little girl threatened as she saw Zhu Ping'an dare to ignore her.

"Go ahead. Honestly, how pathetic. Can't handle it yourself, so you're calling in your family? Fine, go call your brother, your dad, your grandpa, whoever. Let them see how capable you are."

Without looking back, Zhu Ping'an continued walking with his ox.

Behind him, the black-hearted little girl's voice, scolding her little maid, echoed intermittently. The more Zhu Ping'an heard it, the more he felt that this black-hearted little girl was beyond saving.