

Rise 25

Chapter 25: Bickering

A clawing, fanged little girl, a willful and cunning fox.

She's like a little fox—not because she's particularly beautiful or charming; she's just a small child. While she may look cute now, who knows what she'll be like when she grows up? It's more about the fact that girls like her often hide their claws beneath pretty fur.

I've always thought my intelligence was enough to crush this era. Now, it seems I'm just that frog sitting in a well, unable to see the sky. I can never let my guard down; learning is essential. Only through constant learning and self-improvement can I truly stand my ground in this era.

Thank you, scheming little girl.

"Hey, loser, what's your name?" the scheming little girl asked, pulling along her little red horse, still sporting that haughty and arrogant demeanor.

However, this time, Zhu Ping'an didn't call her ugly girl again. Let this be a reward for her making him realize the importance of studying.

"Zhu Ping'an." Zhu Ping'an's voice was still a bit weak. "What about you? What's your name?"

Upon hearing Zhu Ping'an's response, the scheming little girl rolled her eyes. "Don't you know a girl's name shouldn't be casually revealed to others?"

Uh, she really is that sharp-tongued little girl. You're only five; what kind of girl are you? Just a little kid. But since you don't want to say it, I won't force you. Anyway, I'm not interested in or fond of this scheming, sharp-tongued, proud, willful, and venomous little girl.

So, Zhu Ping'an ignored the scheming little girl and went to the riverbank to cut a large handful of tender grass with stones, tying it to a hemp rope, and once again made a bamboo fishing rod.

Seeing that Zhu Ping'an was ignoring her, the scheming little girl was quite unhappy. She kicked a stone, sending it splashing into the river not far from Zhu Ping'an, splattering water all over him.

Zhu Ping'an turned to glance at the scheming little girl. This little girl really is too willful.

"What are you looking at?!" The scheming little girl noticed Zhu Ping'an was looking at her and showed no awareness of being caught in the act. Instead, she provocatively puffed up her chest and retorted.

She was completely fearless.

There was really an urge to pin the little girl down on the grass and give her a good spanking.

"What's the matter, Zhu Ping'an? Want to hit me? Hmph, I know your name! If you dare to hit me, I'll go tell your parents and let them see what a good son they raised!"

What did this girl eat to grow up so cunning? She asked for my name earlier, and it turns out she was waiting for me! If I were really a little kid, I would definitely be at her mercy. Fortunately, I'm not.

"Scared, huh? Let me tell you, my daddy is amazing! He could buy your entire village. If your parents don't discipline you, my daddy will discipline your daddy. My daddy knows so many people! He knows the village head, the town mayor, and even the county magistrate," the scheming little girl bragged, counting on her little fingers—money-oriented, vain, arrogant, willful, bullying others, and shamelessly proud of it.

"Does your dad know the Jade Emperor?" Zhu Ping'an asked coldly, looking up.

The scheming little girl was momentarily stumped, her mouth agape and her little fingers still counting, but she was clearly at a loss.

Zhu Ping'an ignored her and went to untie the old yellow cow's reins.

It was getting late; looking toward the horizon, the sun had begun to set, and half of the western sky was painted red by the sunset. From a distance, it looked like some childish kid had smeared red paint all over the sky.

"Old Yellow, let's go home," Zhu Ping'an said as he approached the old cow, standing on tiptoe to stroke its nose.

The old yellow cow, full and satisfied, lay down again when it saw its little master urging it to go home. Zhu Ping'an climbed onto the bamboo saddle on the cow's back, lowering the fishing rod tied with tender grass in front of the old cow's head.

The old cow stood up, its big head chasing after the tender grass, and began to move slowly forward under Zhu Ping'an's guidance of the fishing rod.

"Hey, stop! Don't go!"

The arrogant scheming little girl stomped her feet and shouted from behind. Seeing that Zhu Ping'an completely ignored her, she angrily ran ahead to block the path with her little red horse.

Is this ever going to end?!

"What's wrong, ugly girl?" Zhu Ping'an rolled his eyes from atop the cow. "Do you want to come home and be my little wife? Too bad you're too ugly; I don't want you."

"Pfft, shameless! Who would want to marry you? You think you're worthy? Hmph, I want to be the wife of a top scholar, and I wouldn't marry any of you poor country bumpkins!"

"Pfft, pfft, pfft! A toad wants to eat swan meat."

Hearing this, the scheming little girl's face turned red with anger. She spat at Zhu Ping'an and shouted furiously.

"Then why did you block my way?" Zhu Ping'an genuinely felt little affection for this ancient version of a materialistic girl.

"Your cow ate my grass," the scheming little girl spread her arms to block the path. "You either give me a couple of silver coins or leave the cow here."

She was completely looking for trouble, acting as if her grass was made of gold. And who knows if this pasture even belongs to her?

"My cow is the most beautiful cow in the world. An ordinary person would have to pay ten taels of silver just to get a glimpse. You've been staring for quite a while now, so let's say you should give me one hundred taels of silver. Hmm, since my cow ate a couple of silver coins' worth of your grass earlier, just give me ninety-nine taels," Zhu Ping'an said nonchalantly from the cow's back.

The scheming little girl pouted and mocked, "What kind of joke is this? Do you think your cow is a golden cow?"

"You were the one who started joking first," Zhu Ping'an replied casually.

"You!" The scheming little girl was rendered speechless.

"Good dogs don't block the way," Zhu Ping'an added lightly.

Good dogs don't block the way! How infuriating! If I step aside, it means I'm a good dog; if I don't, I'm a bad dog! What should I do? How come everything sounds like a dog? The scheming little girl was so angry that her face turned red, and tears nearly came out.

"You're the dog!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Zhu Ping'an replied casually.

Wow, this little brat actually apologized. Hmph, he knows he's wrong, but I won't forgive him. The scheming little girl felt a bit excited.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Zhu Ping'an continued in a serious tone. "You've got the wrong person; I'm not one of your kind."

The most effective insult is the one delivered with a straight face.

"You bastard!" The scheming little girl was so angry that her shoulders trembled, and her big eyes were almost bursting with tears.

"Oh, so you're looking for your kind, huh? Why not go look under the stones by the river? You might find your sisters there," Zhu Ping'an suggested earnestly.

In a battle of wits, how could ancient times compare to modern times?

"Zhu Ping'an, just wait! Wuwuwu..." The scheming little girl was so furious that she burst into tears, running off with her little red horse, crying all the way home.

Zhu Ping'an didn't take it to heart and rode the old yellow cow home. This spoiled, willful little girl deserved to learn a lesson. Besides, it wasn't like he said anything wrong; she just had a low tolerance for frustration.