

Rise 29

Chapter 29: The Quiet Lady

Damn, we've been tricked!

The three little chubby kids, realizing the situation a moment too late as they looked at Zhu Ping'an, who was laughing so hard he could hardly stand up, got up from the ground with difficulty. Each one of their round faces filled with anger as they rolled up their sleeves, preparing to give it their all.

That's right, this is how it should be!

The scheming little girl finally became excited again, waving her small fists and shouting, "Hit him, hit him! Let him trick you, let him bully me, beat him up until he doesn't even recognize his own mother!"

Beat him up until he doesn't recognize his mother? What kind of grudge do I have against you? Zhu Ping'an was speechless.

The three little chubby kids rolled up their sleeves and, inspired by the scheming little girl's shouts, charged at Zhu Ping'an.

The scheming little girl's big eyes sparkled with excitement, turning into crescent moons as if she was about to see this annoying little brat get beaten up. How delightful!

Just as the three little chubby kids were about to reach Zhu Ping'an, he crossed his arms over his chest and shouted, "Stop, stop, stop!"

The three little chubby kids screeched to a halt.

"Fools, Zhuang Zhuang, Da Niu, Er Gouzi, don't listen to what he says; just hit him!" The scheming little girl, noticing Zhu Ping'an was trying to pull a fast one again, hurriedly urged the three little chubby kids to attack.

"Stop, stop, stop! Didn't you just call me something?"

Zhu Ping'an didn't want to be beaten up by three little brats in this backward era; that would be too embarrassing, so he quickly spoke up.

"What did we call you?" The three little chubby kids squinted their eyes and asked.

"You called me big brother," Zhu Ping'an reminded them.

"That was you tricking me!" the three little chubby kids yelled back, their round faces filled with frustration.

"So what? You're all big men, aren't you? How can you go back on your word? Since you called me big brother, then I am your big brother. How can you swing your fists at your big brother?" Zhu Ping'an said confidently, with his arms crossed over his chest.

"You..." The scheming little girl noticed Zhu Ping'an was trying to pull a trick again, and she became anxious, quickly wanting to urge the three little chubby kids to act.

"What about me, you ugly girl? How can you be so mean? These three are going to be heroes when they grow up. If people find out they swung their fists at their recognized big brother, wouldn't that make all the heroes in the world laugh at them?"

Zhu Ping'an immediately interrupted the scheming little girl's words. What kind of joke is this? I can't let a little girl get the better of me.

In this era, there are quite a few storytellers. Without television or the internet in ancient times, most entertainment activities depended on these storytellers. During those days, Zhu Ping'an had seen one or two storytellers traveling through the villages, telling stories to large crowds. The biggest fans of these tales were usually little troublemakers, who especially loved stories of heroes and knights.

Sure enough, when Zhu Ping'an said that the three of them would be heroes when they grew up, the three little chubby kids became overjoyed, as if they had lost their way. After Zhu Ping'an finished speaking, they all stood tall and proud, as if they were already the heroes described by the storyteller.

Seizing the opportunity, Zhu Ping'an clasped his hands together again and added,

"Brave young lads, the heavy responsibility of eradicating evil and upholding justice will be yours in the future. I believe in you. Go defeat the bad guys and rescue the princess! This is where we part ways."

If it weren't for the weight limit of the three little chubby kids, they might have floated up into the sky with Zhu Ping'an's words.

The three little chubby kids regarded Zhu Ping'an as a confidant. If it weren't for their limited life experience, they would have definitely pulled Zhu Ping'an in for a blood oath and sworn brotherhood. The thought of beating someone up to vent for the scheming little girl had long been tossed into a corner.

"Big brother, this is where we part ways. Until we meet again!"

The three little chubby kids quickly entered the roles of characters from the stories told by the storytellers. With a pat on their backsides, they let out a loud "Hya!" and galloped away, disappearing in an instant, not a trace of them left.

Fearless of opponents like gods, they were afraid of teammates like pigs! They just left after being tricked, acting as if they had just drunk honey. Are they here to be funny?

The scheming little girl stared blankly at the three little chubby kids who had slapped their behinds and galloped away, a flock of silly birds flitting through her mind.

"Hey, ugly girl, why are you still standing there?" Zhu Ping'an asked as he walked past the scheming little girl, leading the cow.

Only then did the scheming little girl snap out of her daze. She immediately lifted her head, arrogantly puffed up, and coldly said, "Don't get too proud!"

"Alright, sure," Zhu Ping'an nodded and continued walking toward the river with the cow.

No, that's not the response it should be! Why is he just saying "sure"? The scheming little girl was thrown off by Zhu Ping'an's unorthodox behavior.

"Hey, you little poor thing, stop!" The scheming little girl regained her senses, but Zhu Ping'an had already walked several meters away. Still as proud and rude as ever, she called out to Zhu Ping'an, referring to him as a "little poor thing" and commanded him to stop.

"What's up?"

"You're not allowed to call me ugly girl in the future." The scheming little girl pointed her finger, turning around to flaunt her new clothes.

"Alright, ugly girl."

Zhu Ping'an glanced at her and nodded seriously.

"You still dare to say that?" The scheming little loli was so angry she stomped her feet. "No way! I already said you're not allowed to call me ugly girl!"

A proud little peacock, how exhausting.

Zhu Ping'an lazily ignored her and turned to lead the cow toward the river.

"You, stop right there! Zhu Ping'an, you stop!" The scheming little girl shouted loudly. "I won't call you little poor thing anymore, so you don't call me ugly girl, okay?"

Zhu Ping'an paused, thought for a moment, and nodded, saying, "Okay."

He didn't call her ugly girl again. Zhu Ping'an wasn't the kind of person who held grudges. He just couldn't stand the scheming little girl's arrogant and rude behavior. But since this girl was willing to make a concession, he didn't want to argue with a little kid.

After agreeing, Zhu Ping'an continued to walk with the cow.

The scheming little girl was still unhappy behind him and pouted as she called out to Zhu Ping'an, "Hey, Zhu Ping'an, stop! You're not sincere."

What's up with this still not being over?

Zhu Ping'an turned around and asked, bewildered, "How am I not sincere?"

"You, you haven't even asked for my name! How can you call me if you don't know my name?" The scheming little girl said, twisting the hem of her clothes and pouting.

Uh, didn't you say yesterday that a girl's name shouldn't be casually told to others?

"My name is Li Shu." The scheming little girl put on an air of magnanimity, as if granting Zhu Ping'an the privilege of knowing her name and expecting him to be profoundly grateful in return. She was still as arrogant as ever.

"A quiet girl is so pretty" — Poem from the Book of Songs, "A Quiet Girl." Li Shu, a beautiful name indeed.