

Rise 30

Chapter 30: How Could My Loli Be So Cute?

Zhu Ping'an admired the name of the cunning little girl in his heart, but he kept it to himself. This girl had become so tsundere; if he praised her to her face, it would definitely encourage her pride.

Little girl Li Shu saw that after she mentioned her name, Zhu Ping'an still walked toward the river with the cow, without any reaction at all. She couldn't help but puff up in anger and scratched her head in frustration at Zhu Ping'an's back.

Zhu Ping'an led the cow to the riverbank, tying it to a tree like last time, allowing the cow to drink and graze freely.

"Hey, little poor..." Behind him, little girl Li Shu wanted to call Zhu Ping'an "little poor," but halfway through, she thought better of it and changed her words. "Zhu Ping'an, turn around."

"What is it?" Zhu Ping'an turned around and asked.

Little girl Li Shu proudly pulled out a small box from behind her and opened it in front of Zhu Ping'an. A wave of delicious aromas assaulted his taste buds, making it hard not to drool. There were butter almond pastries, meat pies, and another type of pastry Zhu Ping'an had never seen before—it must be a specialty from ancient times, rolled up with a meaty scent. The little box contained three types of pastries! The three different fragrances hit him all at once, making it impossible to look away.

Seeing Zhu Ping'an's drooling expression, little girl Li Shu was extremely satisfied.

"Daddy is so annoying; he knows I'm full, yet he insists on stuffing me with these things..." Little girl Li Shu pouted, looking helplessly annoyed at her father.

I knew this cunning, tsundere little girl wouldn't be so cute!

Zhu Ping'an exerted immense self-control to avoid swallowing too loudly. Seriously, how could these pastries smell so good? He hadn't even had a chance to try any in ancient times. This little girl was really being too much, directly poking at his soft spot.

"Ah, anyway, no one else is eating, so can you help me throw it into the river?" The cunning tsundere little girl Li Shu twinkled her big eyes and handed the box to Zhu Ping'an.

She handed it over so easily?

It couldn't be that simple; there must be some trick. It had to be like yesterday, with this little fox smiling with squinted eyes, having spiked these pastries with laxatives or some other nasty substance.

Experience teaches wisdom.

"You throw it yourself," Zhu Ping'an said, forcing himself to resist the urge to take the box and swallow the pastries. He turned around and said lightly.

"Haha, you coward!" The little girl behind him couldn't hold back any longer and let out a delicate laugh, filled with pride. "Don't be scared; I didn't add anything to this batch of pastries! They're specially for you."

No additives.

Upon hearing these four words, Zhu Ping'an excitedly turned around, ready to reach out, but he immediately stopped again.

How could this cunning little girl be so kind? Just a moment ago, she had gotten three chubby kids to come and beat him up. Why would she have prepared pastries just for him in advance?

"What's wrong? Don't you believe me?" The cunning little girl raised an eyebrow, extending her chubby little paw to pick up a pastry. She took a bite, then put it back in place.

She actually ate it.

Zhu Ping'an suspiciously watched the cunning little girl as she chewed on that small bite of pastry and swallowed it.

"I originally wanted them to scare you so you wouldn't dare call me ugly again, and then I would give you the pastries. Who knew Zhuang Zhuang and the others would be so useless?" The cunning little girl looked disappointed at the three chubby kids, her big eyes turned toward Zhu Ping'an, filled with sincerity. "Since you just promised not to call me ugly anymore, it's all good. These pastries were meant for you. My mom said that when there's something good, you should share it with others and not bully them."

The little girl rambled on, but it all boiled down to one thing: the pastries were indeed for him.

Well, fine. Given how sincere she was, he would trust her once more.

Zhu Ping'an was moved by the little girl's earnest gaze and stepped forward to take the box of pastries.

The cunning little girl looked at Zhu Ping'an with eager anticipation.

Why is she looking at me like that?

What the heck? Why can't I move my hand? What is going on? Did someone put glue on this box? Who can tell me how they have such strong glue in ancient times? Why can't I take my hand off it? I knew it; my little girl couldn't possibly be that cute.

"Hahaha..." The cunning little girl Li Shu laughed until she was bent over, looking as if she had just taken revenge. "Little poor, little poor! Let you be so proud! Hahaha..."

Her true colors have really shown through! Just now, she was pretending to be a little white rabbit, and after her scheme succeeded, she turned back into that cunning, headstrong little fox.

The cunning little girl laughed heartily, her chubby little hands lifting her skirt as she ran away with her short legs. She feared that Zhu Ping'an would come over in a fit of anger and hit her. After running a short distance, the cunning little girl confidently stuck her tongue out at Zhu Ping'an and then proudly headed home.

The pastries were fine, but the box had issues.

This pesky girl went through so much effort, with both the box and the pastries, just to prank me. Is it really worth it?

Truly, this is the kind of indulgence that comes from being wealthy!

The box looked quite high-end, and the pastries were delicious. A few more times wouldn't be too bad, Zhu Ping'an reassured himself.

He gently tipped the pastries from the box onto a clean stone, then sat down on another stone, submerging his hands and the box in the river water.

No matter how strong ancient glue is, it can't compare to modern 502 glue. If 502 accidentally drips on your hand, you can just soak it in water, right? The same should apply here. Sure enough, after soaking for about a few minutes, his hand gently pulled free from the box without leaving a trace. This box is quite nice, well-crafted, and can be kept as a stationery box for storing pens, ink, paper, and inkstones in the future. Hmm, good stuff—let's put it away.

After washing his hands, he picked up the pastries from the stone one by one and popped them into his mouth, closing his eyes to savor them slowly. These pastries were so delicious they made him want to swallow his tongue—crispy skin with soft filling, either fragrant or sweet, exquisitely made. Just a slight chew was enough to let them melt in his mouth. It felt like a happiness that brought tears to his eyes.

"Eating three hundred lychees a day, not minding becoming a resident of Lingnan. Su Gong doesn't deceive me."

Lying on the stone, savoring the lingering taste of the pastries and watching the old cow swishing its tail as it grazed and drank, Zhu Ping'an felt that life in the ancient Ming Dynasty was becoming increasingly interesting.

After calculating the time, he figured it was about time. Zhu Ping'an got up from the stone, carefully took the basket he had brought from home in hand, and chose a shallow area of water where fish swam around, placing the basket in the water.

He pulled a small piece of biscuit from his waist, broke it into crumbs, and placed them in the basket. An easy fishing trap was set up, and when he returned home later, the basket would be filled with that day's catch.

This basket wasn't just any basket; it was specially made by his father for fishing.

After setting up the trap, Zhu Ping'an led the old yellow cow back up the slope. Since the cunning little girl had interrupted him for so long, the teacher should have started his afternoon class by now.