

Rise 59

Chapter 59: Let's go, it's our turn to save the world

Now you're laughing happily; let's see if you can still laugh later.

Zhu Ping'an's playmates retreated from the chaotic rush of little troublemakers and surrounded him.

"Xiao Zhi, why aren't you running up anymore?" several of the kids asked simultaneously.

"Are you tired?" Zhu Ping'an countered.

The kids nodded vigorously.

"We're so tired running up that we definitely won't have the energy to seize the flag..." Zhu Ping'an waved for a few of the kids to come closer and whispered a few words to them.

The children hesitated a bit.

The scheming little girl couldn't hear what Zhu Ping'an was saying below, but she saw him and the others whispering for a while, and then he plopped down on the hillside. He pulled out a large handful of food from his clothes, and the hesitant kids immediately sat down eagerly, joining him in eating.

What's going on? I don't get it at all.

The scheming little girl was dumbfounded, completely confused about what Zhu Ping'an was doing. Did that mean he was giving up?

Ahead, more than twenty little troublemakers, red-faced and yelling, were charging up the hill, clearly on the verge of colliding with the defending Shanghe Village kids. The situation was about to become explosive.

But at this crucial moment—

Seven little troublemakers, led by Zhu Ping'an, plopped down on the ground, forming a circle around him. They reached out their hands to grab food from Zhu Ping'an, munching away with greasy cheeks, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

The onlooking crowd erupted in an uproar. The Xiahe Village people were outraged—what were these kids doing? Didn't they know this was a critical moment? Was this a place to stop and eat? The crowd, standing together from Xiahe and Shanghe villages, turned red in embarrassment, wishing they could find a crack in the ground to hide in. Meanwhile, the Shanghe villagers were in fits of laughter; the Xiahe folks were too funny, sending these lazy eaters to the front lines. Thirty against twenty-two? Our village is sure to win this water contest!

In an instant, the commotion among the spectators became a chaotic mix of voices.

The scheming little girl and her maidservants watched as Zhu Ping'an sat down with a few of the troublemakers to eat. At first, they didn't understand what was happening, but hearing the adults laugh at them, and recalling Zhu Ping'an's past stories about trading food for tales, they thought the adults were right and joined in, laughing loudly.

In the crowd, Chen, who was squeezed in with a few of her sisters-in-law, waiting to see her son shine, listened to the laughter and felt like rushing over to grab her little boy and give him a good spanking for being greedy and indulgent.

While Zhu Ping'an and his friends comfortably sat on the ground, munching away, the two sides of little troublemakers on the hillside finally came into contact.

Compared to Xiahe Village, Shanghe Village is relatively more affluent. The "brat" children of Shanghe Village are all specially selected; they seem generally much sturdier than the brats from Xiahe Village. When the brats from Xiahe Village were struggling down the slope, panting as they came down the last six or seven meters, the brats from Shanghe Village, waiting leisurely, planted their flags in the ground and all charged down, shouting excitedly.

The brats from Shanghe Village are sturdier, and they have the advantage of resting while waiting. Coupled with their geographical advantage, compared to the tired, out-of-breath, and scattered brats from Xiahe Village, they seem to have the advantage in every aspect: heaven, terrain, and manpower all on their side.

It can be said that it's a one-sided situation. The brats from Shanghe Village charged in energetically, while the brats from Xiahe Village, red-faced and panting, were basically pushed back step by step.

In particular, there is a little fat boy from Shanghe Village who is over nine years old, practically worth two by himself. He is so chubby that every step he takes goes "duang duang duang," making him seem like a tank unlike the brats from Xiahe Village.

The brats from Xiahe Village are holding on solely by willpower. Thinking of the rewards promised by the uncle before they came up, even though they are being pushed back, each brat is still struggling hard to hold their ground.

I have to say, sometimes the brats are quite adorable; their perseverance is always satisfying.

Of course, that does not include those few brats at the bottom of the slope who have no sense of collective honor, no belief in victory, and are just greedy!

The scheming little girl despises a certain chubby boy named Zhu Ping'an, who sits on the slope with no sense of collective honor or belief in victory, and who is also gluttonous, to the point of utter contempt.

The incense lit by the village elders has already burned down to four-fifths. As their energy waned, the brats from Shanghe Village, who were just waiting leisurely, are now exhausted. Although they still hold the advantage, it's only slightly better than the brats from Xiahe Village. Especially the chubby boy who had been charging forward earlier, dominating the fight, is now lying on the ground, pinning down an unfortunate brat from Xiahe Village, gasping for breath and out of energy.

Xiahe Village has already exerted all its strength, but Shanghe Village is also reaching the end of its rope.

At the end of their strength, they can no longer penetrate through.

"Let's go; it's time for us to save the world."

At this moment, Zhu Ping'an, who was happily sitting halfway up the slope eating, stood up, wiped his mouth with his chubby little hand, and clapped his hands.

The seven brats, Zhu Pingjun and the others, didn't understand what Zhu Ping'an meant by saving the world, having never heard such nonsense before, but they still understood the words "let's go."

The seven brats walked up the slope cheerfully, burping and following Zhu Ping'an leisurely.

Shameless, utterly shameless!

The scheming little girl watched as Zhu Ping'an leisurely walked up the slope and even kicked the butt of the sturdiest chubby boy from Shanghe Village, who was worth two by himself. Zhu Ping'an's already somewhat shady image in her mind became even darker, and now it even reeked!

To be fair, the reason Zhu Ping'an kicked that chubby boy was also out of frustration. He was about to crush the brats from Xiahe Village...

Originally, Zhu Ping'an had planned to sneak around to the back, quietly pull down the flag, and then sprint down the slope. However, there were plenty of spectators at the bottom of the slope. If someone from Shanghe Village shouted, the people on the slope would definitely hear it. There was no point in trying to circle around; it was better to just charge straight in.

Not everyone from Shanghe Village was as exhausted as that chubby boy; a few still had some fighting spirit left.

However, compared to the well-fed Zhu Ping'an and his companions, they were still lacking.

Zhu Ping'an knew that with his short legs and small frame, he might not even be able to take on those worn-out brats, but behind him were seven other brats.

The seven brats, full and roaring, charged into the fray like tigers descending the mountain or dragons entering the sea. Taking on one, two, or even three was no problem; they swept through like a force of nature, instantly boosting the morale of Xiahe Village and leaving Shanghe Village in disarray.

Zhu Ping'an didn't join the fray. Instead, he wobbled around the fighting crowd, walked to the top of the mountain, and calmly pulled down all ten flags. He tied them together with his belt and, using all his strength, hugged them and ran down the hill.

Pulling down the flags and running down the hill in one seamless motion, neither Shanghe Village nor Xiahe Village's brats reacted in time. They just saw Zhu Ping'an charging down the hill, butt sticking out and yelling.

"Shameless! Zhu Ping'an is a shameless bastard stealing the flags! Quick, chase him!" the scheming little girl screamed angrily.

The onlookers were stunned for a moment before they finally reacted. The turn of events was just too sudden!