

Rise 94

Chapter 94: The Water is Cold, Come Up Quickly

You cried and told me that fairy tales are all lies...

At this moment, Zhu Ping'an, who was splashing around in the lake, really wanted to sing this song by Guangliang, Fairy Tale. It completely contradicted the plot in the novel; he hadn't even performed artificial respiration yet, and he was kicked away by a pair of little feet wrapped in embroidered shoes...

He had no defenses at all...

There were no slaps, no screams, no lecherous men—yet half a second later, he found himself drinking water from the lake.

The spring air was chilly, and the lake water was very cold. As Zhu Ping'an dog-paddled through the water, he couldn't help but sneeze a few times.

"You're insane!" Zhu Ping'an shouted at the enchantress on the shore from the lake.

He had intended to save someone but ended up being treated this way; anyone with a good temper would lose it. Moreover, Zhu Ping'an had already been swimming in the lake twice early that morning. It was freezing, and he wasn't a winter swimmer!

"The water's cold; come back up quickly."

The enchantress on the shore casually tied up her hair, her pair of pitch-black eyes fixated intently on Zhu Ping'an in the water. Her tone was surprisingly calm, as if that kick had never happened.

Although her tone wasn't gentle, it felt like she was softening. This was more like it; I'm here to save you, not to take advantage of you.

Zhu Ping'an struggled to dog-paddle back to the shore, lying on the ground and panting heavily to regain some strength. Just out of the water, he felt the biting cold of the wind, shivering.

In the first second, he had the leisure to look at the soaked enchantress, but in the next second, a bright dagger was pressed against his neck by her, the very thing that had bulged at her waist moments ago.

"Little brother, tell me, how do you want to die?"

The girl pressed the dagger against Zhu Ping'an's neck, asking with a smile. A loose strand of hair fell to her cheek, making her face appear even paler.

What the heck, are you crazy? You're in such a weak state, yet you're smiling. If you love to smile so much, why don't you go sell smiles instead? Zhu Ping'an couldn't help but want to mock this enchantress, but the shiny object on his neck kept him from saying anything.

This dagger could definitely draw blood from five or six people's palms, and she was no benevolent character, with her robbing and all.

"Can I really choose?" Zhu Ping'an asked.

Cough cough... "You and I are destined; this is our second encounter. Others can't choose, but you can," the girl said with a smiling tone, pressing the dagger slightly harder and leaving a shallow cut on Zhu Ping'an's neck. Though she spoke cheerfully, her body was weak, and she coughed a few times, blood faintly staining her lips.

"Then let me die of old age." Zhu Ping'an replied casually.

The smiling girl's face darkened upon hearing this, and her laughter abruptly stopped... Then, with a somewhat unpleasant expression, she coughed again.

Accompanied by the cough, a mouthful of blood sprayed onto Zhu Ping'an's face.

Come on, I was just joking! You can't possibly be so angry that you spit blood.

Zhu Ping'an's face twitched; he seemed stunned by the scene before him, instinctively thinking, this girl can't possibly be trying to pull a scam, right...

After spitting blood, the girl seemed to look a little better.

"You're still quite disobedient... cough cough..." The girl forced a smile, pressing the dagger in a little deeper.

You've already spat blood; how much do you love to smile? You might as well sell smiles!

Zhu Ping'an inwardly scoffed a few times, yet his expression remained unchanged, as if he didn't feel the dagger piercing his skin. He spoke in a casual tone, as if chatting:

"Uh, the last time was my fault, but today, as you know, I saved you. We can't deny that, can we?"

"Yes, that's why I'm giving you a choice of how to die, little benefactor..."

The girl looked at Zhu Ping'an with a smile, mockingly emphasizing the words "little benefactor," but her tone was firm, as if declaring that he had to die. At the end, she deliberately prodded the dagger, causing a droplet of blood to roll down the blade accompanied by a soft laugh.

There are indeed neurotic women in ancient times!

Her face was like a blooming flower, yet she was exceptionally ruthless—hard on others and herself.

He hadn't noticed before, but now he realized that this enchantress seemed to be severely injured, with several parts of her clothing stained red with blood. She was still bleeding, and there must be internal injuries; otherwise, she wouldn't have spat blood just from his joke. Even in such a state, she wasn't thinking of saving herself and instead insisted on killing him.

Given the girl's injuries, it seemed that if this dragged on, she wouldn't last long.

"Is it true that apart from dying of old age, I can choose anything else?" Zhu Ping'an asked calmly.

The girl nodded with a smile.

"Can I die under a peony flower?"

In response, the dagger pressed in a few more millimeters, not merely cutting the skin; he could feel blood flowing now.

"Uh, let's not beat around the bush. What else do you have that could kill me aside from this knife? I choose poison wine, but you don't have that; I choose arsenic, but you don't have that either. If you want to kill me, just use the knife in your hand. But before you kill me, can you give me a reason? Even if I did something inappropriate last time, saving you from the lake this time should more than make up for it, right?"

Seeing that the enchantress was about to make a move, Zhu Ping'an didn't dare to provoke her further.

"A reason?" The girl tilted her head and pouted, indicating Zhu Ping'an to pay attention to her loosened clothing. "This is already the second time... You don't need to unbutton your clothes to save someone, do you? Hmm, little brother, your habit of unbuttoning girls' clothes is really bad."

Zhu Ping'an was momentarily speechless. Trying to explain about maintaining unobstructed breathing to someone from ancient times felt like talking to a wall.

"I'm someone who distinguishes clearly between gratitude and resentment. You saved me, and I thank you. I'll consider the incident last time, which technically shouldn't count, but since we're in the same world, I'll be magnanimous. However, this time you've unbuttoned my clothes again. To clear my name, hmm, then I really must kill you. Besides, you pulled me out of the lake—who knows if you intended to save me or had some disgraceful purpose in mind? I've seen plenty of such dirty deeds in the world."

The girl analyzed each point with a smile, concluding that Zhu Ping'an's blood would cleanse her name.

"Speaking of which, the heavens have been quite good to me. My first enemy made a mistake, hee hee hee, and now this enemy has fallen into my hands..."

The girl smiled at Zhu Ping'an, a trace of blood still lingering at the corner of her mouth.