

Rise 95

Chapter 95: Saving a Fox, Getting into Trouble

Red lips stained with blood, yet they speak with laughter; a pale complexion, yet smiles bloom like flowers; gentle and weak, yet the heart is ruthless and the hands are fierce.

What a neurotic woman!

"Uh, speaking of which, who is your first enemy?" Zhu Ping'an casually chatted, buying some time. With the wounds on the demoness, she definitely wouldn't last long.

"My master is 89 this year." The girl looked at Zhu Ping'an with a smile and said.

"Oh, does he have enemies living in this world, waiting for the right moment to take revenge?" Zhu Ping'an replied, inwardly sighing at how petty this master-disciple pair was, putting so much effort into revenge.

The girl smiled at Zhu Ping'an and pushed the dagger in her hand a bit deeper, playfully saying, "Not at all, because he never meddles in others' affairs!"

Implying that Zhu Ping'an was too nosy, asking about her first enemy was none of his business; he should just mind his own business.

Zhu Ping'an felt choked.

"Let's leave it at that; the feng shui here is quite good, with water, trees, and stones, and the timing is also nice. I'll send you off now, little benefactor." The girl giggled, preparing to press the dagger against Zhu Ping'an's throat.

"Wait, wait, let's make a deal, okay?"

Zhu Ping'an's face turned pale from fear, cold sweat pouring down. He couldn't help but shout to stop, knowing that his life was at stake; he didn't care about his image anymore. Preserving his life was the most important thing. He was only thirteen, with a long road ahead of him. He had just taken the first small step on the road to the imperial examination and still hoped to enjoy a prosperous life and see all the blossoms in Chang'an.

Please don't call me cowardly. Just try being in a situation where a ruthless person, whose mouth is stained with blood and whose body is bleeding, holds a knife to your neck. I didn't wet my pants; even if I seem calm and unflustered, I'm just an ordinary person.

"A deal? Not interested; I should just hurry and send you off, little benefactor." The girl shook her head with a smile, seeming to see through Zhu Ping'an's intention to stall for time.

"I'd die without regret, but the lady still has a great vendetta to avenge." Zhu Ping'an hurriedly spoke, fearing that this cold-blooded, neurotic demoness might slit his throat right away.

"You're really funny, little brother. If you die, I can still continue seeking revenge. I'm not bound to you by fate. Don't pull any of that Three Kingdoms nonsense about saving your life or whatever. Be good, and let's not miss the right time to be reborn, little benefactor..."

The girl laughed even more joyfully at these words, ending with a drawn-out tone.

"You've hit the nail on the head; I do want to exchange lives with you. Don't look at me like I'm an idiot; I'm serious. I see the lady is out seeking her enemy for revenge and has probably made a mistake, and not only that, but the lady has also suffered quite a bit..." Zhu Ping'an began to analyze methodically, only to be interrupted halfway by the girl's laughter.

"Haha, you scholars just love to put on airs, spouting meaningless nonsense. Anyone with eyes can see that I'm injured; what's the point of your rambling?" The girl interrupted Zhu Ping'an with a smile, then daintily reached to wipe Zhu Ping'an's neck.

"Stop, stop, stop! I haven't finished talking yet." Zhu Ping'an felt cold sweat break out again.

The girl paused her movements slightly.

Zhu Ping'an continued, "The lady has internal injuries, which we'll set aside for now. Looking at your external injuries, you've been wounded by swords and soaked in water, leading to inflammation. You must have a fever too, right? Is your head feeling dizzy and hot? Without timely treatment, the consequences could be

severe. Of course, this isn't even the most fatal part; the most critical issue is that your wound is still bleeding. At the rate of your bleeding, if you don't receive immediate treatment, I'm afraid you won't last long."

"In a normal person, blood constitutes about 8% of body weight. Uh, you might not understand this, so let me make an analogy: the total blood volume is like 50 cups. In a resting state, only 30 cups of blood are actively functioning, while the remaining 20 cups are stored in the body. When the body is low on blood, the stored blood is released as needed. So, if you lose more than 5 cups of blood at once, that's considered excessive bleeding, and you should receive timely treatment; otherwise, there's a risk to your life. I'm not lying to you."

Zhu Ping'an noticed that the girl seemed somewhat skeptical, so he continued speaking:

"Are you feeling pale, dizzy, having palpitations and shortness of breath, and feeling extremely fatigued? The reason you want to take action against me so quickly is that you feel like you're losing the strength to hold the knife, right?"

"Let's make a deal. If you let me go, I'll help you rent an inn and find a doctor. We can treat you in a timely manner. I imagine you're someone who practices martial arts, given your excellent physical condition; you should be able to recover quickly. Once you're better, you can continue seeking revenge against your great enemy. Swapping my life for yours is quite a bargain."

The girl stopped her charming laughter and tilted her head as if pondering. People in the Jianghu (martial arts world) generally have a rough understanding of injuries. Although she didn't fully believe Zhu Ping'an's words, she felt that if her condition wasn't treated soon, she would indeed be facing dire consequences.

"I'll trust you this once, but don't try any tricks on me. I won't outsmart you, but I can still use my knife."

The girl stared at Zhu Ping'an for a long while before nodding in agreement.

"Then, this knife... is it..." Zhu Ping'an pointed at the dagger on his neck with a silly smile.

"You coward!" The girl rolled her eyes and put away her knife.

Zhu Ping'an never expected that while he had managed to save his life, trouble would still come.

Although the girl agreed to Zhu Ping'an's deal, she didn't let him rent an inn for her as he suggested; instead, she directly moved into his inn room.

"Ahem... Little benefactor, you are being very disobedient. How can I dare to stay alone? What if I stay in the room and you go report to the officials, bringing the guards to arrest me for the bounty? So, I'll have to share a room with you. Just so you know, the enemy I assassinated last night isn't an ordinary person. Sharing a room means we're accomplices now, Little benefactor..."

The girl lay on Zhu Ping'an's bed, her wounds having been simply bandaged, leaning against the headboard with a smile as she looked at him.

"Don't bother with a doctor. I don't want to attract the guards. Where's your writing material? Hand it over."
The girl beckoned to Zhu Ping'an with her finger.

Once she got the paper and ink, she filled a whole sheet with writing and handed it to Zhu Ping'an.

What is this?

Zhu Ping'an took the paper the girl handed him and found it densely packed with herbal medicine names. Uh, this demon girl can actually write and knows about traditional Chinese medicine.

"Don't be foolish and just grab herbs from a pharmacy. You need to be quick. If I start feeling worse, I'll shout for help. Since I'm in your room, you won't be able to escape responsibility. At least don't even think about the imperial examination."

The girl leaned back against the headboard, smiling at Zhu Ping'an without rushing him, her gaze fixed on him, her voice soft and delicate, resembling a gentle girl.

You are indeed ruthless!

Zhu Ping'an stuffed the paper into his clothes and turned to leave.