

## Indulgence 111

### Chapter 111: Legend

Dai Hanmi nodded, smiled, and remained silent.

Dai Hanbo quickly rose, rummaged through his belongings, and found a sheet of rice paper. It read, "What night is tonight, for the Dipper turns back to the north; tomorrow morning, the year starts anew from the east. The spring breeze is not far away, just at the east side of the house. Families have yet to sleep as they await the New Year; amidst the firecrackers' blasts, one year ends!"

Dai Hanbo held the rice paper in silence.

He set it aside and continued searching for the poem Hanmi mentioned.

After finding it, Dai Hanbo held it in his hand and read aloud, "The blossoms just start to hold snow, their solitary beauty hard to capture in paintings. There's a unique rhythm amongst their fragrance; so pure, they know not cold. The transverse flute accompanies sorrow, the slanted branches support a sickly gaz, The north winds seem to understand my intentions; please, do not break me easily!" Once he finished reading, Dai Hanbo turned and asked Dai Hanmi, "Who is the miss that penned these lines?"

Dai Hanmi stepped closer and picked up another sheet of rice paper to ask Dai Hanbo, "Third Brother, which of these two poems do you find better?"

"The moods are distinct; they cannot be compared. But this plum blossom poem truly arouses pity; the north winds seem to understand my intentions, please, do not break me easily – this poetess must have an untold sorrowful past; she..."

Dai Hanmi looked at Dai Hanbo in shock, "Third Brother, do you know who wrote these lines?"

"I do not, but, they inspire longing in me!" Dai Hanbo said, yearning to meet a kindred spirit.

"These are poems composed by Yun Jinnian, the fourth Miss of the Yun Family, and this poem about staying up to see the New Year and the end of the year amidst firecracker sounds is also by her!"

Dai Hanmi said this and watched Dai Hanbo's expression darken before asking, "Third Brother, what do you plan to do?"

"The fourth Miss of the Yun Family? The legitimate daughter of Yun Qi, the second master of the Yun Family? Her maternal grandfather is the Divine Doctor Han Xuze?"

Dai Hanbo's words fell, and Dai Hanmi suddenly realized.

Their father had tried to see Divine Doctor Han Xuze at the Han Family several times without success, yet the doctor's granddaughter had visited the Zhuangyong Marquis Residence without anyone's knowledge, and they let her go just like that.

"Ah!" Dai Hanmi slapped her forehead, full of regret. "If I had known she was the granddaughter of Divine Doctor Han, I would have asked her to stay longer, waited until dark to personally escort her home, and then I would have had the chance to meet Divine Doctor Han!"

"It's not too late now!" Dai Hanbo said.

"Third Brother, what can we do?" Dai Hanmi asked eagerly.

Dai Hanbo thought for a moment, "Send someone with an invitation for her to visit the Zhuangyong Marquis Residence, or you could personally go to deliver some plum blossom cakes. Of course, not just to her alone, but to the whole family!"

"Then let's invite the family over. Third Brother, you haven't seen her; Yun Jinnian is quite pretty. Although young, she has a calm composure and sits there with modesty, smiling gently."

"Being treated that way by her own kin, even the sharpest edges would smooth out!"

Dai Hanmi sighed deeply, "Suddenly, I feel so fortunate!"

To have the affection of a grandmother, the love of parents, the doting of brothers and sisters, leading a carefree life.

"Do not build your happiness upon another's misfortune; that's unkind," Dai Hanbo said, then revisited the lines, "The north winds seem to understand my intentions; please, do not break me easily!"

She must have had a hard life these years.

Therefore, she uses the flowers to represent herself.

If you have a heart capable of compassion, then do not hurt her!

I have not yet seen her, but I have already heard the legends of her...

Legends say that as a child, she was the darling of her parents; the legends tell of her losing them, being tormented by her grandmother, almost starving to death, being pushed into the Lotus Pond by her cousin, nearly drowning, and in the cold winter, kneeling in the snow until she fainted, almost freezing to death.

All of these are tales from the blabbermouth Chu Zhaowei, but how would Chu Zhaowei know?