

Indulgence 123

Chapter 123: Make a Move

Yun Jinnian stepped forward a few paces and stood beside the bed.

The old Dowager looked at Yun Jinnian but didn't recognize him.

However, she happily said, "What a good-looking young man! Which family are you from? Are you engaged? How old are you this year? My grandsons are not bad, my great-grandsons are also good, and my two granddaughters are very fine, too. Take a look, whom do you fancy!"

The old Dowager was sick and confused, but her loving heart hadn't changed.

She couldn't remember her junior's name, but she remembered she had people like these, no wonder even when bedridden, the Marchioness still took such attentive care of her.

Dai Hanmi entered the room and stood by the bedside.

Yun Jinnian liked this kind of loving old lady.

He reached out and held the old Dowager's hand, "I like Sister Hanmi!"

"Oh, you two must live well together!"

The room immediately quieted down, and some people suppressed their laughter.

Yun Jinnian didn't laugh, because he was secretly taking the old Dowager's pulse. Her breathing was far too chaotic, and she had been severely poisoned, with damage to her heart, lungs, and brain. She had been paralyzed by great sorrow and rage, and if treatment was not given soon, she wouldn't live past February!

"Hmm!" Yun Jinnian nodded slightly.

The old Dowager continued, "If you have no silver, just tell me. I have some silver, I'll give it to you. Don't quarrel, you two must be good to each other, discuss matters together, only then can the family prosper in all things!"

"Aye!" Yun Jinnian responded again.

A loving old lady, the kind he had always dreamed of having.

"Mother Marchioness!"

The Marchioness hurriedly responded, "Mother!"

She had seen Yun Jinnian secretly taking the old Dowager's pulse again.

This child was truly sensible, and the Marchioness had taken a real liking to him.

"Who does this good-looking person belong to again?"

"Sister Hanmi's family!"

"Remember to give a big red envelope, give more, understand?"

The Marchioness suddenly remembered the times when the old Dowager was healthy, she was just like this. Whether it was grandsons, granddaughters, or daughters-in-law, she gave them all generous red envelopes and never kept the good stuff for herself, always passing it down to the younger generation.

"Mother, your daughter-in-law will remember this!"

"Hmm! I'm tired, I'll sleep for a while," said the old Dowager, and then suddenly started coughing. As she coughed, she suddenly convulsed, her eyes rolling back.

The Marchioness was startled, and so was Yun Jinnian.

Ruan Wanrong and the others were also shocked and stood there with their mouths agape, while Matriarch Wei promptly asked Ruan Wanrong, Hu Shuiling, and Chen Danping to step outside.

Dai Hanmi collapsed onto the floor, and just as several old nannies were about to step forward, Yun Jinnian, coming back to his senses, was a step quicker. He jumped onto the bed, took out a hairpin, and used its tip to prick the Dowager's Renzhong acupoint, drawing black, foul-smelling blood.

"Bring me the silver needles!" demanded Yun Jinnian in a firm voice, already starting to undress the old Dowager, even pulling her undershirt to one side.

Dai Hanmi scrambled to bring the silver needles, her hands trembling.

It was her grandmother, her own flesh and blood grandmother, who had cherished her like the apple of her eye when healthy, how could she not be afraid?

Yun Jinnian took the silver needles and quickly inserted several to protect the old Dowager's heart meridian, then began pricking her fingers.

After piercing all ten fingers, Yun Jinnian noticed that everyone in the room was looking at her with surprise and astonishment, including two figures in black in the corner.

"I..."

Yun Jinnian wanted to explain but didn't know how, so he simply added, "I will write a prescription right away. Prepare and boil the herbs as written, and I'll give the Dowager a few more needles. If you trust me, I will do my utmost to save her. If you don't..."

He had nothing more to say.

After all, he was just a twelve-year-old child.

The Marchioness quietly watched Yun Jinnian. Since he had entered the room, she had been discreetly observing him and naturally saw him taking the old Dowager's pulse.

When the old Dowager suddenly had an attack, the Marchioness was frightened but responded quickly. His moves were severe and accurate, without hesitation, showing that he fully understood the old Dowager's illness.

With just a few needles, the old Dowager stopped convulsing.

"I trust you, write the prescription."