

Indulgence 158

Chapter 158: Assassination

Yun Jinnian thought to himself, "Where is Ru Yue?"

"Sister Ru Yue is in the room making clothes for the young lady!"

Yun Jinnian nodded, "Hmm, you may go."

Yun Jinnian did not know why Ru Yue didn't leave, but time would tell what was in people's hearts; he would just have to wait and see.

Approaching noon, he received a message from Dai Hanmi that she would return tomorrow.

Yun Jinnian asked Henuan to inform Yun Muyou about this.

On the wide imperial road, a carriage sped along.

"Giddy up!"

The coachman was a middle-aged man, lean in stature, with a hat that covered most of his face.

Beside the carriage was a fast horse; atop it sat Leng Bingham, clad in black and with a somber face.

Inside the carriage, Princess Jinfeng sat upright, while Si Qin and Si Ju tightly gripped the precious swords in their hands.

Behind the carriage was a group of over a hundred fast horses, with black-clothed, masked riders brandishing their crossbows, rapidly firing at the carriage.

An arrow struck the horse Leng Bingham was riding; as the horse fell, he had already leapt onto the carriage.

Inside the carriage, Princess Jinfeng spoke in a calm voice, "Mr. He, slow down a bit!"

"Si Ju, Si Qin, go out and cover us!" Princess Jinfeng said firmly.

Si Qin and Si Ju quickly exited the carriage; as it slowed, they fended off arrows with their swords. As the masked assailants approached closer, Leng Bingham seized the opportunity to shoot ten silver needles, hitting eight targets.

The poison Yun Jinnian had provided truly sealed the throat upon contact with blood.

The eight men immediately collapsed, causing chaos to ensue in their ranks.

Leng Bingham shot out another ten needles, hitting all of his targets.

The ranks of assassins became even more disordered.

Leng Bingham drew his long sword from his waist and shouted, "Attack!"

He charged into the fray.

Si Qin and Si Ju rapidly followed suit, as the carriage came to a halt.

Mr. He did not leave, but waited quietly for the fight to end. Princess Jinfeng, sitting inside the carriage, clasped her hands together.

It wasn't until the sounds of battle ceased and the carriage door opened that Princess Jinfeng's grip relaxed. Si Qin, Si Ju, and Leng Bingham returned safely, and only then did she release her tight grip, turning her head away upon seeing the wound on Leng Bingham's arm.

"He got injured while saving Si Ju!" Si Qin said quietly.

Leng Bingham entered the carriage, and Si Qin and Si Ju had to sit outside; Leng Bingham did not enjoy the company of others.

Except for Princess Jinfeng, the only other person he could tolerate was Yun Jinnian.

Princess Jinfeng had pulled him out from a pile of dead bodies, and Yun Jinnian had rescued him from the King of Hell's palace. Moreover, the way Yun Jinnian looked at him was very indifferent, with no joy or anger, yet there was concern.

A concern that rose from emotions but was restrained by propriety.

Princess Jinfeng did not speak, simply taking scissors to cut open the garments and applying the golden sore medicine to Leng Bingham's wound. "It's a good thing Jinnian's medicine is effective!"

"The poison works even better!" Leng Bingham stated.

Princess Jinfeng smiled, "Indeed!"

After bandaging Leng Bingham, Princess Jinfeng spoke, "I wonder how my elder brother is doing?"

Chu Yu had his own fief and was making a trip there.

"He couldn't be doing better than you!" Leng Bingham said.

Princess Jinfeng fell silent.

Leng Bingham looked at her and after a moment said, "His martial arts are better than mine!"

"Indeed, he has a lot more good medicine in his hand than I do; Jinnian has always favored him more than she does me!" said Princess Jinfeng, somewhat disheartened.

Leng Bingham reached out and pulled Princess Jinfeng into his embrace, "Stay alive!"

"Hmm, stay alive. After all, you've promised Jinnian that you would meet in the Capital City this Mid-autumn Festival. I must do my best to stay alive!"

Capital City

Inside Yun Residence's Niannian Garden,

Yun Jinnian was practicing his calligraphy with a brush, but upon lifting the brush he did not know what to write.

Ink droplets fell on the rice paper, spreading outward. Yun Jinnian watched them, set down his brush, and lost any further interest in practicing his writing...