

Indulgence 169

Chapter 169: Shock

Yun Jinnian also watched them.

The children were not very old, the tallest even towering over Yun Jinnian by quite a bit and was clearly the leader among the children.

He stepped forward a few paces and said dryly, "Thank you!"

Yun Jinnian shook his head.

"Seeing your rich appearance, you certainly aren't lacking money. Since you've helped us once, could you possibly be generous once more and give us some silver to help us get through this cold spring?"

Hemei was about to burst into anger upon hearing his presumptuous tone.

Yun Jinnian held back Hemei, "How much do you want?"

The leader of the children, none other than Qin Mu, was taken aback, "You'll give me as much as I ask for?"

"As long as it's not outrageous, if I can afford it and you can protect it, why wouldn't I give it to you?"

Yun Jinnian's voice was clear and cold, but it made Qin Mu's ailing heart warm up suddenly.

"One... one hundred taels!" Qin Mu said hoarsely.

It was a huge amount to ask for.

Qin Mu was nervous, afraid that Yun Jinnian would just turn around and leave.

But Yun Jinnian nodded her head, "If that's the case, Hemei, give him one hundred taels."

"Miss!" Hemei exclaimed.

"Give it to him!"

"I will repay you!" Qin Mu spoke up.

Yun Jinnian laughed, "Alright, pay me back when you've earned the silver."

"I will repay you tenfold, a hundredfold!" Qin Mu added.

Yun Jinnian laughed without saying a word and got on the carriage.

Hemei took out a silver note of one hundred taels and handed it to Qin Mu, "Remember your promise, repay my miss a hundredfold!"

"A gentleman's word is his bond. Just you wait and see, I, Qin Mu, will surely repay the debt!"

Hemei scoffed and boarded the carriage to leave.

But in the end, Qin Mu was still rather naive, having forgotten to ask for the surname and the name of the miss who gave him the silver, only remembering that she had a maid named Hemei with her.

Back at the Yun Residence

When Yun Jinnian mentioned this to Mrs. Han, Mrs. Han smiled, "If we can help, we should. We're not short of that bit of silver!"

If they'd helped an ingrate, they weren't missing that one hundred taels of silver either.

Yun Jinnian nodded her head, "I just felt they were pitiful at the time!"

Mrs. Han kept smiling.

She meant to tell Yun Jinnian that there were many pitiable people in the world, and it was impossible to show mercy to them all.

But seeing Yun Jinnian show such compassion was rare, and she, as a mother, naturally supported her.

"What kind of books did you buy?"

"Some strange miscellaneous records!"

Mrs. Han did not scold Yun Jinnian for not being diligent, "If you like reading them, that's good. Later on, I'll have your maternal grandfather collect some for you; you can learn quite a lot from them as well!"

"Thank you, mother!"

That thank you was sincere from Yun Jinnian.

Mrs. Han couldn't help but laugh, "Silly child!"

Mrs. Han was an extremely intelligent woman with knowledge and courage; she didn't impose strict requirements on Yun Jinnian but hoped that Yun Jinnian would live as freely and easily as she once did.

Therefore, she was very accommodating.

"Mother, I'll go back to Niannian Garden now. I'll come over to have dinner with you in the evening!"

"No need to come over, your father will stay for dinner tonight!"

"Hmm!"

Yun Jinnian responded indifferently and got up to leave.

Upon returning to Niannian Garden, Yun Jinnian sighed.

After all, she had lost her father.

In the distance

Chu Yu lounged in the carriage, looking at the letter Luo'er had brought back, and was silent for a while before asking, "Did she write this?"

"Yes!"

"Did you see her writing it with your own eyes?"

"I was a bit far away at the time, but I saw Miss Yun taking a pen and writing with my own eyes!" Luo'er paused slightly and added, "My lord, is there a problem?"

"This handwriting resembles that of the late emperor!" Chu Yu said nonchalantly, burning the letter.

Luo'er's eyes widened, "She..."

Was she human or a ghost? The handwriting of the late emperor was notoriously difficult to copy; how could she, a sheltered young lady...

"It's sixty to seventy percent similar!"