

Indulgence 170

Chapter 170: Seeing Through

Luo'er exclaimed in shock, "Master, not to mention a five or six percent resemblance, even three percent would be remarkable. And look at her writing of the 'Zan Hua' small script, so regular and proper in every stroke, and then she pulls off something like this. You say she..."

"She can imitate!"

Chu Yu said decisively.

Back in the valley, Yun Jinnian had already shown this skill.

At that time, Yun Jinnian was copying Princess Jinfeng's handwriting. Since they were both women, Chu Yu hadn't paid much attention.

"How can she do that!"

"She is a genius, with a photographic memory, agile mind, unparalleled medical skills, and exceptional wisdom. She is just too kind-hearted. If she were a villain, nobody could outsmart her!"

Chu Yu summarized.

Luo'er remained silent.

Yun Jinnian indeed had a kind heart, and it was pitiful.

Those years had been so tough; who knew how she had managed to pull through!

"My lord!"

"Spread the news, say that I was assassinated and suddenly fainted from fear!"

Luo'er sighed.

How long and hard had their subordinates tried to persuade Chu Yu to take guards with him whenever he went out, and yet he refused. But now, with just one letter from Yun Jinnian, Chu Yu saw the light.

"I still want to live and wait for her to grow up so I can marry her and treasure her properly!"

Luo'er was completely speechless.

Capital City

The Eighteenth Day of the First Month

Yun Muiyou hosted a banquet, and many young ladies attended. Yun Jinnian helped receive the guests but only greeted Dai Hanmi, Ruan Wanrong, Hu Shuiling, and Chen Danyan. Yun Muiyou was so busy she hardly had time to stand still.

The banquet was quite successful, and everyone showed face to Yun Muiyou, indicating that her coming-of-age went well and that she could now enjoy herself. Yun Muiyou was delighted.

After the guests had left, she even personally brought gifts to Niannian Garden.

"Big sister, why have you come?"

"I came to talk to you—look, these are books I've read at Songshan Academy. You can read them first! And don't be afraid when you meet the examiner; just stay calm and you'll pass."

Yun Jinnian nodded.

"Little sister!" Yun Muiyou called softly.

"Hmm?"

"These past years, your big sister has wronged you. Your big sister..." Yun Muiyou said, taking a deep breath.

"I don't blame you, big sister. It's getting late, and you've had a long day. You should go back and rest early!"

Seeing Yun Jinnian say this, Yun Muiyou could only stand up to take her leave.

Yun Jinnian watched Yun Muiyou's retreating figure and smiled faintly.

She didn't believe that Yun Muiyou really wanted to apologize. It was just that she felt clinging onto her, relying on the Zhuangyong Marquis Residence, had brought benefits. She hoped that next time Dai Hanmi invited her, she would bring her along incidentally.

Going out and meeting more people would improve her reputation if she performed well.

Yun Muiyou had a clever plan.

This time, the Yun Residence received five invitations for the academy. The old lady would not have allowed Yun Jinnian to go before, but with Mrs. Han and Yun Qi at home, she had to let Yun Jinnian go.

After weighing the options, the old lady planned to send Yun Zihan, Yun Jinnian, Xu Xinmo, Yun Musi, and Yun Mulan. Mrs. He agreed happily.

Because Yun Muiyou was reaching the age for her hairpin ceremony, she would have to learn needlework for her marriage and could not go to the academy afterward.

If Yun Musi and Yun Mulan could stay in the academy this time, that would be great.

On the twentieth day of the first month, Yun Jinnian made another trip to the Zhuangyong Marquis Residence to give acupuncture to the old dowager and change her prescription. In just over ten days, the old dowager had improved a lot and could remember some things, though she still depended on the Marchioness.

However, upon seeing Yun Jinnian visit, she would always give her nice gifts.

"Good child, after you gave the needles to grandmother, I felt so much better. How old are you now?"

"Grandmother, I am twelve!"

"Twelve already, daughter-in-law, how old is our Mimi?"

The Marchioness immediately said, "She is thirteen. Has she been betrothed?"

"Not yet!"

The old dowager was instantly overjoyed, "Then we should betroth this child to our Mimi. Such a good child must not end up in another family!"