

## Indulgence 188

### Chapter 188: Please

"Mother, I'm all right, I can take care of myself. Just leaving Henuan and Hemei with me will be enough!" Yun Jinnian gently arranged Mrs. Han's hair, "Mother, I am strong and courageous, not a delicate flower that cannot withstand the wind in a greenhouse, but a large tree that grows against the chill and dew. I was born facing the wind, unafraid of setbacks, unafraid of difficulties. I am a child of the Han Family; I possess all the pride of my maternal grandfather and you!"

Those were not dreams; they were her previous life.

Heaven had pity on her, and she was reborn.

Her previous life was not just fleeting clouds; those were real events that had happened.

She had survived the chopping of her hands and the amputation of her feet; what else could she not face?

Mrs. Han nodded.

Mrs. Han packed up and left Huguo Temple that very day, leaving Yun Jinnian at Huguo Temple. In the afternoon, Yun Jinnian moved into Wanfu Hall, took off the brocade garments, the splendid hairpins, and the embroidered shoes, and put on the monk's robe and cloth shoes, her hair braided into two plaits.

Inside Wanfu Hall, Maitreya Buddha sat solemnly in the center, tall and large, with other great Buddhas of repute to each side, and then rows and rows of smaller ones.

Upon entering, Yun Jinnian saw Chu Yu.

She smiled faintly at Chu Yu and entered the grand hall, going in alone.

Her task was not just to chant sutras; she had to also replenish the oil and light the lamps for the great Buddhas.

Kneeling on the cushion in front of the Buddha's altar table, she took out a brocade box from her sleeve, placed it on the table, and held the sutra in her hands, chanting softly, "Namo Amitābhāya, with great compassion and great mercy..."

Piously, respectfully.

Hemei and Huanian stood quietly waiting at the entrance of the grand hall.

Chu Yu's hand slowly clenched into a fist as he turned to find Abbot Wuxin.

"You..." Chu Yu had not finished speaking.

"His Highness Prince Rui is invited by Abbot Wuxin!" Abbot Wuxin gestured invitingly, asking Chu Yu to proceed.

Entering the inner chamber, going down the corridor, and moving forward, they entered a Zen room, where Master Micheng was on a cushion.

The man looked terribly old.

"Amitābha, Your Highness has arrived!"

"Speak your mind!"

"Amitābha, everyone has their own path to walk, Your Highness should not intervene too much!"

Chu Yu scoffed coldly, "Hmph, such a young age, making her kneel in Wanfu Hall, talking about a monk's duty to universally save all sentient beings with compassion and empathy! Now, at this moment, I fully see, it's all deceit!"

"Why such anger, Your Highness?" Master Micheng asked.

"..."

Why, it was nothing but heartache for Yun Jinnian.

He couldn't persuade her, nor could he forcefully demand her to leave; he could only vent his frustration on this old bald-headed monk.

"Your Highness, it was Yun Benefactor who agreed to this old monk to chant sutras in Wanfu Hall for eighty-one days. Why must Your Highness be so furiously distressed?"

"Hmph!"

Chu Yu snorted coldly.

"Your Highness, all beings of this world have emotions. If Your Highness is sincere, you will surely achieve your compassionate goal. This old monk asks for Your Highness's presence today because I have a request to make, and I hope Your Highness will agree!"

Chu Yu looked at Master Micheng, who seemed to barely hang on with every word, and knew that the master was likely close to his end.

"Speak!"

"In the future, I ask Your Highness to take good care of Yun Benefactor. This old monk is deeply grateful. If there's any need for Huguo Temple's assistance, Your Highness need only command!"

Chu Yu gazed at Master Micheng, wanting to say that his Princess did not need others to ask for her care.

But Master Micheng was truly on his last breath.

Chu Yu took a deep breath, "Fine, as long as I, Chu Yu, live, I will not allow anyone to bully her, insult her, or harm her!"

"Amitābha!"

Master Micheng chanted once and then his breath ceased, his neck slumping down.

Chu Yu remained silent; Abbot Wuxin knelt in front of Master Micheng, overwhelmed with sorrow, "Master!"

He had entered Huguo Temple as a child and had followed Master Micheng since, seeing him as both a master and a father.

After a long while, Abbot Wuxin finally chanted mournfully, "Amitābha!"