

Indulgence 97

Chapter 97: Searching

Mrs. Tian spoke, and noticing that the old lady was listening attentively to her, she quickly thought, "In the future, the old lady still has to maintain appearances. As for other matters, we'll use filial piety as our rationale. I reckon that the second lady and the fourth young miss wouldn't dare to make a peep, and even if outsiders come to critique, they'll find no faults to pick at!"

Upon hearing this, the old lady immediately felt there was merit to it.

"What you've said does make sense!"

"It's my good fortune to be able to share the old lady's worries," Mrs. Tian hastened to jest.

She breathed a sigh of relief inwardly.

It really wasn't easy to take miss's belongings!

After the maid and servant had a chat, the old lady said, "It's getting late. You should also rest. On the twenty-third day of the first lunar month, Muyou has her coming-of-age ceremony. Go to Mrs. He and see if there's anything you can help with!"

"Yes!"

Now that Yun Muyou had come of age, it was time to discuss her marriage prospects. They hoped Muyou would be lucky when they visited the Zhuangyong Marquis Residence for the flower viewing on the second day of the month.

It was important to make connections with several noble daughters!

Capital City was divided into the Inner City and the Outer City.

The Inner City was populated by high-ranking officials, nobles, and powerful households.

The Outer City, on the other hand, housed commoners or small-scale merchants, as well as the residences of minor officials and clerks, mingling the good and the bad alike.

Thanks to the two hundred taels of silver from Yun Jinnian, Feng Wushuang had money to care for his sick mother, rent a small courtyard, buy writing materials, and sell several paintings, slightly easing his financial strain. He hired a middle-aged woman to take care of his mother and thus had more time to study and send his paintings to the art shop.

Feng Wushuang was a person of genuine talent, and instead of selling his paintings cheaply to lesser art shops, he went straight to the largest art shop in the Capital City, demanding two hundred taels of silver for a painting.

The Art Shopkeeper, being a man who had seen the world, didn't say much. He requested to see the painting first, and after seeing Feng Wushuang's work, he immediately purchased it and asked that he bring any future paintings directly to him, insisting that only the best paper should be used.

Feng Wushuang knew very well that one must spend money to make money, and with silver at hand, naturally he would buy only the best paper.

When inspiration struck, Feng Wushuang could produce four or five paintings in a day, yet he only took one to sell.

The rest he kept to himself.

"Cough cough!"

Hearing the sound of his mother coughing, Feng Wushuang quickly put down his book and rose to go to his mother's room.

In the cold weather, Feng Wushuang had purchased the best Silver Thread Charcoal for his mother to keep warm, as well as a stove and a hot water bottle.

Pushing the door open, he entered the room, "Mother!"

Once too proud to sell his paintings, he would rather tear them up than part with them, now life had forced him to bow his proud head.

But in his midnight dreams, he always saw that exquisitely unsurpassed face, with a gentle, tender smile, haunting him like a dream.

"Did I wake you, my son?" Madam Feng struggled to sit up.

The doctor had seen her and the medicine she took had improved her health somewhat.

But a full recovery was hopeless!

Madam Feng only hoped she could persist for a few more years, waiting for Feng Wushuang to establish himself in Capital City before passing away.

"Not at all!" Feng Wushuang quickly responded, helping Madam Feng to sit up and lean against the headboard. Feeling that the room was somewhat stuffy, he opened a window.

A gust of cold wind entered the room, dispersing the stuffiness.

"Any news?" Madam Feng asked tentatively.

Feng Wushuang shook his head.

In such a vast Capital City, where could he start looking for a high-born lady?

"Don't worry, take your time, we'll find her eventually!"

Feng Wushuang nodded in agreement.

Seeing Feng Wushuang like this, Madam Feng felt distressed, "Focus on your studies, once your name is known throughout the world, even a high-profile search will be seen as a good deed, and it won't tarnish her reputation!"

But that would be when his name was known throughout the world. Now, it was absolutely unthinkable to go searching!