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Chapter 6.2

A Narrow Escape (Part 3)

The evening sun was setting in the west, making the whole sky have a rose-tinted color. This would have originally been a beautiful scene during winter but accompanied by the desolate dead trees, the sky gradually became dark and was somewhat sorrowful.

At the foot of Mei Mountain, with several extremely unremarkable rocks, was a newly built grave. There was no tombstone for the grave; only several incenses and candles. The candle flames were flickering in the cold and windy winter day and made crackling sounds.

"Dad, this daughter can not make a stone tablet for you now but be at ease, Ruo Jun will surely wash away your injustice. In the future, you and mother will also be buried together." In front of this fresh grave, a lone plain white clothed woman was kneeling with her fine black hair bound by a string. Her face showed a mournful, cold and somewhat apathetic expression. Within her clear, cold and ordinary speech, she made a promise in front of her father's grave.

Taking out the heavenly soft sword from her waist, the dazzling silver and bright light could be extremely painful on one's eyes. Wu Ruo Jun grabbed her bundle of black hair, which was so long it draped along the ground, and cut it off with the soft sword. The wind scattered the cut strands across the snow, making it look unpleasant and foreboding.

Wu Ruo Xiao stepped forward in a flash to grab her older sister's hand wielding the sword and frighteningly shouted: "Older sister, what are you doing!! The body and hair

were given by father and mother and can not be injured or cut off! Hair is a woman's life ah... how can you cut it off."

Ruo Jun sneered; hair was a woman's life but unfortunately, she could not be a woman anymore that naturally, she did not need this long thing!?

Ruo Xiao wanted to collect the hair that was already on the snowy ground but Ruo Jun pulled to stop her hand. Until the wind dispersed any traces of hair completely, only then had she released Ruo Xiao's hand.

From now on, anything that was related to a woman was no longer related to her. Coldly putting the soft sword back on her waist, Wu Ruo Jun took out a long towel from her sleeve to bundle her hair up with it as she said to Ruo Xiao: "Ruo Xiao, from today onward we will use our mother's family name - I will be called Shang Jun and you will be called Shang Xiao. In the future, I am your older brother!"

"Older brother?!" Wu Ruo Xiao was staring at the back of the bound hair, sensing a gloomier and colder older sister as she puzzled and asked: "Why can't we use the Wu's family name?! Why do you want to be an older brother."

Because a woman could not protect you!

Because a woman could not take revenge for dad!

Because this world would not allow a woman to show her face!

Because a woman could not convince the men in this world!

Too many reasons, too much unwillingness, but Ruo Jun also did not want nor willing to tell Ruo Xiao these things.

Just like her name, Ruo Xiao should live a transparent and happy life. Dad and mom, please be at ease as Ruo Jun would accomplish it.

As far as taking revenge, he, Shang Jun, would be the only one who would deal with the matter. A day that he could not avenge father's enmity was another day that that he was not fit to be called Wu Ruo Jun.

Patting her younger sister's hair, Ruo Jun perfunctorily smiled and said: "The Emperor has ordered to arrest any future generations of the Wu family so we must change our family name. From now on, we still have to hide and escape to other places, so I will disguise as a man to make things easier."

Ruo Xiao did not really understand everything but she still obediently answered: "En, I will listen to what older sister said."

"Call me older brother." Wu Ruo Jun got up, tightly held onto Ruo Xiao's shoulders, and explained: "In the future, no matter what, I am your older brother - do you remember?"

Ruo Jun's sharp gaze made Ruo Xiao feel scared so she shrank her shoulders and nodded to answer: "I will remember. Older brother... older brother."

She knew that her words and actions today actually made Ruo Xiao feel scared, yet she really did not have any other alternatives ah! Gently sighing, she took her younger sister into her embrace. Finally, she gazed one last time at that headstone-less and lonely grave before Ruo Jun left this place that made her feel brokenhearted without a single backward glance.

From today onward, it would be her own lonely journey, and she would already be a he!!
