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Chapter 7

Lin Feng Guan Border

It was already the beginning of spring, the time when all living things would start to sprout and blossom again. It was a pity it snowed the entire year at the top of the mountain at Lin Feng Guan border. There were no four seasons here, this place only had winter and this was the reason why it was deserted.

People did not like the severe winter here but the other living creatures did as the surroundings were completely boundless and open with snow on the ground. A trace of an unrestrained black shadow as quick as lightning could be seen running about wild and happy. Its four hooves sprayed snow in all directions and its entire body appeared all black but when one looked carefully its hair contained a faint blood red color which gave it the appearance like that of an extinct Ferghana horse. Its tall head was haughty, as if it was the sole existence in this world with an air of reckless, wild freedom and an unrestrained posture.

The horse wreaked havoc in the snow by wildly circling and running around several times when it suddenly let out a long happy neigh and quickly ran off. It left and came to a stop near a woman who wore a ferret robe that completely covered her whole body.

In a short period of time the horse quickly arrived by the woman's side. It gently stamped its front hooves and snorted blasting warm air from its nose. She smiled as she stroked the horse's head even when it tried to avoid her until she took out several wrist sized ginseng from a pouch on her back and only then did the fine horse move its head towards her. After it had taken a few bites of ginseng from the woman's hand, it ruthlessly turned its head around to leave and not bother with her anymore. Even

though it acted like this, it did not leave and instead stood by her side to use its robust and tall body to help block the direct and fierce wind from her.

The woman slowly smiled and leaned softly on the horse's back to enjoy the rare quiet moment.

She had found the horse several months ago as she happened upon it running wildly, unrestrained and free. From that day on, she would stay at the foot of the snowy mountain every evening and in the daytime go up the mountain to wait for the horse. She would use ginseng to coerce it to appear in front of her and once it did she would speak to it. In the beginning, the horse was indignant and would not listen to her even after she had waited for half a day. But slowly over time, it began to wait for her at this regular spot.

The woman gently sighed, she had crossed over to this different era half a year ago and the time she spent together with it was actually the most serene and happy time that she had experienced. While she chatted with the horse, snow suddenly began to fall from the sky once again. The weather at the top of this snowy mountain was very unpredictable.

The woman patted the horse's head, softly smiled and said, "Bing Po, it is snowing, so I am leaving."

The horse impatiently snorted through its nose and nobody knew whether it was unsatisfied with the name or if it was because she was so long-winded.

But she remained unmoved, still called it Bing Po, and still remained long-winded like before. Wrapping her gown tightly around her body she waved towards Bing Po and went down the mountain. The horse followed her from a distance but did not approach her again, only waiting until she arrived at the foot of the mountain before it ran away wildly again.

After the woman walked for several steps, she discovered that there was a lump of

something not too far away. It was covered with thin snow, so she could not see clearly what it was. Once she arrived, she gently cleared off the snow and when she lifted the blanket covering it, she was shocked at what she saw and breathed in a mouthful of cold air!

Under the thin blanket a young man was curled up and in his embrace, he held tightly an 11-12 year old young girl. Even though the young girl had on many layers of clothing her complexion was still pale and she seemed to be already unconscious. The man was wearing only an unlined garment and his lips were frozen and purple in color but his slightly moving eyelashes revealed that he was still alive.

A blizzard came and blew with it a cold wind as it became stronger and stronger. The snow on the ground was dusted up in a thin layer and one practically could not see the road to go down the mountain. The woman raised her head to look one glance at the black cloud forming in the sky, and she softly frowned. If she did not rescue these two people, she was afraid with the arrival of this blizzard it would surely claim their lives! But how could she move them on her own?

As she distressed over how to rescue these two people, Bing Po grew impatient. Its animal instincts warned that these changes in the weather were an indication danger was approaching. Bing Po suddenly became agitated and started running in front of the woman again. It put its front hooves down and anxiously let out a long neigh, cautioning her to hurry and leave.

The woman's eyes were bright as she happily smiled and said, "Bing Po, then you will have to work hard!" After she finished speaking, she immediately dragged the two people over to place them on the horse's thick and broad back. Using all the strength she had, the woman managed to drag them up. Grabbing Bing Po's mane through the strong wind and snow, the woman managed a hold while she yelled loudly: "Bing Po, go quickly!"

The woman wrapped her purple robe around her even tighter and prepared to leave

quickly when her gown was caught by something when she went to lift up her foot. When the woman turned around, she saw that Bing Po had still not stood up. It made a sound of a low neigh in its throat to show its dissatisfaction towards the woman for acting so recklessly.

Before the blizzard reached them, the cold wind gnawed at her bones which rendered her unable to speak as she raised her head one more time. The sky was already so dark. She no longer hesitated as she immediately mounted Bing Po's back.

After she was sitting stably on its back, Bing Po gently raised its front hooves to stand up and entered the blizzard as a lightning black shadow streaking through the wind and snow down the mountain.

The fierce bump caused Shang Jun to recover a little bit of his consciousness but unfortunately all four limbs of his body were so stiff he simply could not move. But once he was aware that his younger sister was still in his embrace his heart eventually settled down.

Shang Jun's muddled mind and unconsciousness slowly returned. These past few months they were constantly hiding all over place. Long Qu Mu certainly wanted their lives as 'wanted' pictures of them were everywhere in the entire nation. They could not stay in any taverns or in people's homes and they were continually being chased by soldiers.

With his internal injury getting worse and worse, Xiao Er also became ill after a long period of being frightened and having to eat and sleep in the outdoors. He did not have any alternative but to climb over the snowy peak to leave Cang Yue and hide in Dong Yu. What he did not know was that the top of this snowy mountain was bitterly cold and it far exceeded his expectations.

After five days in the bitter cold he could not handle it anymore and fell onto the snowy ground. As he started to become absent-minded, he could only tightly guard Xiao Er and could do nothing else. Before he lost consciousness, he remembered that he saw a trace

of a snow-white shadow but could not see the appearance clearly. He could only vaguely see the person had a pair of bright eyes that could melt cold ice and bathe spring.

Hearing the sound of wind in his ears, could he be riding a horseback? What was this warmth that was tightly stuck to him? Was it that vague person he saw who rescued them? What was her goal? Countless questions were swirling inside his brain before he finally could not bear it anymore and fainted.