

Turning My Junior Sister into a Mary Sue In Xianxia Yuri World

Volume 7 Chapter 80 / Chapter 525: Heavenly Demon Sect — The Final Act Begins

The night was cloudless, with bright stars and a clear moon.

At the top level of the Stargazing Pavilion in Donghuang Immortal City, upon an open-air ritual platform, Sima Xuanji sat lazily on a cushioned couch. She wore an extravagantly oversized immortal robe several times longer than her height, her legs stretched straight out before her as she gazed blankly at the starry heavens above.

Countless stars filled the sky, all reflected within her heterochromatic eyes of yin and yang.

Ever since the war between the righteous cultivators and the demonic cultivators had begun, she had been observing that celestial Go board in the sky.

How many righteous heroes had fallen.

How many demonic fiends had been reduced to dust.

All of it was reflected through that heavenly board and captured by her eyes.

Among them had emerged several previously unknown junior cultivators who had earned remarkable achievements in the Eastern Region.

The sect masters of the Beast Taming Sect, Hundred Cry Sect, and Tiger Leap Sect had all sent numerous jade slips praising those young talents, hoping to attract Sima Xuanji's attention.

After all, she was the Sect Master of the Profound Star Sect.

Which sect master in the Western Region wouldn't want to send one of their disciples to her, hoping she might accept them as a disciple or grant them some great opportunity?

Unfortunately, while those recommended disciples might have been outstanding among their peers, not a single one caught her interest.

Sima Xuanji had very high standards.

Master Qi really did have good judgment.

The young master of the Hundred Lotus Sect that he had recommended back then was excellent.

Advancing forward, he could destroy demons and conquer Heavenly Sorrow City.

Retreating back, he could accompany her in bed for three months without pause...

Sima Xuanji pursed her lips like a pouting cat and shifted her gaze toward a black star currently encircled by the brilliant Heavenly Chosen and Heavenly Calamity stars.

A trace of longing appeared in her mismatched eyes.

In the past, a month meant little more than the blink of an eye to her.

But now that she had a Dao companion, every day spent apart felt like an eternity.

Rubbing her stomach, Sima Xuanji realized she had overestimated her own patience.

This was her first Dao companion.

She had no experience in such matters.

She had originally thought that after Young Hero Ye had thoroughly "fed" her, she could comfortably endure a year or more without seeing him.

Yet after only a few months, her little tiger was already rumbling once again.

She missed being affectionate with Ye Anping so much...

"Sigh..."

Sima Xuanji lowered her head and looked at Xiao Yunluo, who was currently massaging her feet.

Seeing that Xiao Yunluo also seemed distracted and absent-minded, she shook her head before glancing behind her.

Pei Lengxue was standing there with an expression full of unwillingness, putting considerable force into massaging her shoulders. It almost seemed as if she deliberately wanted to hurt her.

Seeing that incredibly awkward expression, Sima Xuanji pouted and asked, "Are you really that unwilling to massage my shoulders?"

Pei Lengxue pouted back.

"Yes. I'm unwilling. I want to go find my Senior Brother."

"I can understand wanting to find your Senior Brother. But why did you bring Yunluo with you and charge into the Profound Nether Sect with only seven people?"

"...I wasn't acting recklessly. I killed the Profound Nether Sect Master."

"Ow!"

Sima Xuanji immediately flicked her forehead.

Perhaps because Pei Lengxue's head was unusually hard, she put quite a bit of force into it, even producing a puff of smoke.

Although Sima Xuanji knew Pei Lengxue was exceptionally strong and that the Profound Nether Sect Master likely couldn't threaten her, it was still a demonic sect.

Storming directly into the Profound Nether Sect was undeniably risky.

After all, Pei Lengxue's success had relied partly on luck.

Had Zhou Minghe not underestimated them from the beginning, Pei Lengxue and her group might have ended up trapped inside the Profound Nether Sect without support.

Even if they hadn't died there, they would likely have suffered severe injuries.

Ye Anping had entrusted Pei Lengxue to her care.

If Pei Lengxue had gotten seriously hurt, how would she explain it to him afterward?

That troublesome girl held a position of supreme importance in Ye Anping's heart.

Even more important than Sima Xuanji herself.

Thinking about it, she felt just a tiny bit jealous.

Of course, she wasn't a petty person.

Hero Xuanji was broad-minded.

She had no interest in competing with a bunch of young girls for their husband's affection.

“One day earlier or one day later, you still wouldn't have been able to see your Senior Brother. Were you really that impatient?”

Pei Lengxue rubbed her forehead.

“But Feng Yudie was with him. What if she has improper intentions toward Senior Brother? Wouldn't Senior Brother be at a disadvantage?”

“Well, I have improper intentions toward your Senior Brother too.”

Pei Lengxue immediately frowned and glared at Sima Xuanji, clenching her fists.

“Then I'll beat you up in the future.”

“Not going to beat me up now?”

“I can't beat you right now... I'll beat you once I'm strong enough.”

Bonk!

“Ow!”

Sima Xuanji flicked her forehead once more, then gently pinched and tugged at her cheek.

“Then I'll be waiting for that day.”

“Mmgh...”

Pei Lengxue puffed up her cheeks in grievance. She looked exactly like a little girl proclaiming *'Thirty years east of the river, thirty years west of the river!'* Her eyes burned with determination.

As Xiao Yunluo silently massaged her mother's feet, listening to their conversation, she couldn't help but break into a cold sweat.

Although Sima Xuanji appeared unconcerned on the surface, Xiao Yunluo genuinely worried that Lengxue might one day truly anger her mother. If that happened, who knew how she would retaliate...

Xiao Yunluo finished massaging Sima Xuanji's left foot and moved on to the right, continuing for quite some time.

Suddenly, a cluster of starlight materialized beside the three women.

Qiu Shuirou emerged from the light, her brows tightly furrowed. Walking to the side of the couch, she bowed respectfully.

“Sect Master, we've just received news. Chen Mingfeng, Sect Master of the Northern Abyss Sect of the Southern Region, along with the five thousand disciples he brought with him, has fallen in Heavenly Orchid Valley north of the Blood River.”

Hearing this, Sima Xuanji's heterochromatic eyes narrowed slightly.

She immediately lifted her head and glanced toward the stars overhead.

The Northern Abyss Sect was no insignificant force in the Southern Region. In terms of disciple count, it far surpassed the Shadowmoon Sword Sect, and it controlled a considerable amount of territory and resources.

Its sect master, Chen Mingfeng, was also a mid-stage Divine Transformation cultivator.

Xiao Yunluo looked somewhat startled.

“Auntie Qiu, which demonic sect did they run into?”

“It is said they encountered disciples of the Heavenly Demon Sect. The exact circumstances remain unclear.”

Qiu Shuirou paused.

“However, rumors claim that the demonic cultivator who led the battle was merely a late-stage Nascent Soul cultivator. With only a little over five

hundred followers, he annihilated the entire Northern Abyss Sect force within Heavenly Orchid Valley.”

Sima Xuanji's expression remained calm.

After briefly scanning the sea of stars, she quickly located a dim crimson aligned star.

She had met the Northern Abyss Sect Master several times centuries ago. While he wasn't particularly exceptional, he had been one of the veteran sword cultivators who survived the previous war between righteous and demonic factions.

And just as the saying went, times of war create heroes, and each generation replaces the last.

Over the past few months, numerous outstanding young talents had emerged among the righteous cultivators.

The demonic side was no different.

That dim crimson aligned star likely represented a newly risen genius among the demonic cultivators.

Sima Xuanji narrowed her eyes.

She was a player of the Go board.

If the demonic side had revealed a powerful piece, then she naturally ought to respond with one of her own.

The only question was whether Pei Lengxue, standing behind her, or the owner of that crimson aligned star was the stronger of the two.

After observing the stars for a moment, she noticed that Ye Anping's reverse star was moving directly toward the crimson aligned star.

Rubbing her chin thoughtfully, she asked:

“Lengxue, don't you want to see your Senior Brother?”

“Hm? Yes! Very much!”

“Yunluo, take Lengxue and the disciples of Sky Cloud Peak to Moonfall Gorge.”

“Ah, yes.”

Xiao Yunluo froze briefly before quickly standing up and cupping her fists in acknowledgment.

Pei Lengxue immediately climbed down from the couch as well and respectfully bowed.

Then she slung the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword across her back.

Without further delay, they hurried down from the Stargazing Platform and flew toward Donghuang City on their swords.

Only after the two had departed did Qiu Shuirou step forward again.

“Sect Master, should we perhaps have Elder Lei accompany them? After all, that's Young Mistress Xiao and Miss Pei. If anything happens to them...”

“Consider it a trial by fire.”

Sima Xuanji lazily waved a hand.

“They should happen to run into Ye Anping and his group anyway, so there won't be any problems.”

Sima Xuanji narrowed her eyes and smiled. After relaxing for a moment, she gathered herself, sprang up from the couch with a nimble kip-up, and walked over to a large sand-table map nearby.

However, she soon discovered that the sand table had been built rather tall. Even standing on tiptoe, she couldn't properly see over it.

Her brows immediately furrowed.

“Who made this sand table?”

“Uh... Elder Lei did.”

“Oh...”

Sima Xuanji pouted.

Then she simply floated into the air above the table and looked down at the exquisitely crafted miniature landscape of the Eastern Region.

“It's about time. I should set out as well.”

She paused briefly before giving another order.

“Have Master Qi and the Big Fox come see me. I have something to discuss with them.”

“Yes, understood.”

...

Meanwhile, at a subsidiary peak of the Heavenly Demon Sect

Under dark clouds and howling winds, a tall redwood tower blazed brightly with lamplight.

Within the building, the Heavenly Demon Sect's Grand Elder, He Buqun, stood leaning over a massive sand-table map while listening to reports from disciples dispatched as scouts throughout the Eastern Region.

In the mere few months since the righteous cultivators had entered the Eastern Region, the demonic sects outside the Blood River had been defeated one after another and driven steadily backward.

The Ghost Spirit Sect had faced the Queen of the Frigid Heaven Kingdom head-on.

However, after losing Donghuang and with Gui Muqi already carrying old injuries, they could only hold out for two months before being forced from Ghost Fiend Valley by the Queen herself and her Snowcloak Guards.

No one knew where they had fled afterward.

As for the Pleasure Sect and the Poison Gu Sect, both of their Void Return Realm cultivators had died at the hands of the Dao Ancestor.

Their internal structures had already descended into chaos.

The righteous cultivators of the Southern and Western Regions swept through both sects with virtually no resistance.

All remaining survivors had fled to the Heavenly Demon Sect for refuge.

The disparity in military strength was certainly one reason for the demonic cultivators' retreat.

But strength alone could not explain how the righteous factions had crossed the Blood River after only a few months.

During the previous war between the righteous and demonic factions, it had taken the righteous side more than one hundred and fifty years just to reach the Blood River.

After finally crossing, they were counterattacked by the Heavenly Demon Sect and ultimately forced to abandon the campaign and withdraw from the Eastern Region.

But now?

A few months?

He Buqun suspected there was a major traitor among the demonic cultivators—someone constantly feeding information to the righteous side.

The problem was:

Who?

No matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't figure it out.

Who could possibly possess such comprehensive intelligence, enough to continuously inform the righteous cultivators of every significant movement made by the demonic factions?

Even he, the Grand Elder of the Heavenly Demon Sect, didn't necessarily have access to information that detailed.

What puzzled him even more was that all of the spies the demonic side had planted among the righteous cultivators had been uprooted over a month ago.

Not a single one remained.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

A hurried set of footsteps echoed through the hall.

One of the He family's servants rushed inside, his face filled with excitement.

“Reporting to Master! The Eldest Young Mistress has returned!”

He Buqun frowned and narrowed his eyes.

“Who?”

The servant immediately turned pale under that gaze.

Lowering his head in terror, he hastily corrected himself.

“The Eldest Young Maste—”

Swish—

Before he could finish speaking, a streak of blood-red light flashed across his neck.

His head separated cleanly from his body and fell to the floor.

He Buqun's expression darkened.

Turning toward the attendant bookboys standing nearby, he ordered coldly:

“Drag him to the alchemy chamber and refine him into a Blood Pill.”

He pointed at the corpse.

“Let this be a lesson for anyone who misspeaks.”

“Yes, Grand Elder.”

The two attendants trembled violently.

One picked up the severed head while the other hoisted the body, and the pair hurried out of the room.

Just as they left, a tall and slender figure, nearly seven feet in height, stepped through the doorway carrying a severed head of her own.

Her expression remained unchanged as she glanced briefly at the servant who had just been executed.

Sharp eyebrows.

Star-like eyes.

A gaze as cold and piercing as a blade.

This person was He Buqun's "son"—

He Qingjiao, a mid-stage Nascent Soul cultivator.

Because the secret techniques of the He family could only be cultivated by males, He Buqun had originally intended to turn her into a pill the moment she was born.

Unfortunately for him, her natural talent had been far too extraordinary.

Compared to He Buqun's other two sons, He Jiming and He Jifeng, He Qingjiao was like heaven compared to earth.

The difference between them was immense.

As a result, He Buqun had no choice but to keep her alive. However, he gave her a male name and ordered her to present herself as a man in public.

Walking into the room, He Qingjiao casually tossed the severed head she was carrying onto He Buqun's desk, her face filled with disdain.

“Father, your son has returned.”

“Mhm...”

He Buqun lowered his gaze to inspect the head.

Recognizing it as the Sect Master of the Northern Abyss Sect, he immediately stroked his beard and nodded with satisfaction.

“With merely late-stage Nascent Soul cultivation, you were able to effortlessly kill a Divine Transformation cultivator.”

“Qingjiao, you're far superior to those two worthless younger brothers of yours.”

“Heh... Thank you for the praise, Father.”

He Qingjiao gave a faint sneer.

“If there's nothing else, your son will return to his room to cultivate.”

“Wait.”

Just as He Qingjiao turned to leave, she stopped and slowly turned back around.

Looking thoroughly bored, she walked back toward the desk.

“Is there finally news about Junior Sister Gu?”

“...Junior Sister Gu?”

He Buqun frowned.

“You still call her Junior Sister?”

“She betrayed the sect and colluded with the righteous cultivators. She ceased being your Junior Sister long ago.”

He Qingjiao narrowed her eyes slightly.

“Father, I've said this many times already.”

“I understand Junior Sister Gu's character.”

“I do not believe she would betray us and defect to the righteous path.”

“But Jiming died by her hand.”

He Buqun's tone became heavier.

“That was your third younger brother.”

“My third brother spent his days provoking her.”

He Qingjiao's expression remained cold.

“If he was killed, then he brought it upon himself.”

“If the only reason Junior Sister Gu has been branded a traitor is because she killed him, then Father, forgive me, but I cannot accept that conclusion.”

“...”

“Besides...”

A sharp glint appeared in He Qingjiao's eyes.

“I examined He Jiming's corpse.”

“He died from gu poison.”

“That doesn't resemble Junior Sister Gu's methods at all.”

“If she had been the one to kill him, he would have been hacked into pieces.”

“Instead, his upper body exploded while the lower half remained intact.”

“That isn't how she fights.”

Her gaze became increasingly piercing.

She stared directly at He Buqun, almost as though she were interrogating him.

Faced with that look, He Buqun remained silent for a moment.

Finally, he decided not to conceal the truth any longer.

He spoke bluntly:

“Qingjiao, then let me tell you the truth.”

He Buqun looked at her and spoke plainly.

“Gu Mingxin never colluded with the righteous cultivators. The charge of treason was something I placed on her myself.”

“But He Jiming was indeed killed by her.”

He Qingjiao appeared completely unsurprised, as if she had already known the answer and had merely been waiting for her father to admit it.

Her expression did not change in the slightest.

She simply asked:

“Why?”

“Because as long as Gu Mingxin remained in the Heavenly Demon Sect, you would never be accepted as a personal disciple by the Exalted Warden Yama.”

“Heh... unnecessary.”

He Qingjiao lifted her chin and looked down at her father.

“Within the Heavenly Demon Sect, she is the only person I acknowledge.”

“I had originally planned to wait until after she formed her Nascent Soul and then fight her properly.”

“As for the position of the Exalted Warden Yama personal disciple, I could have simply killed her during our sword duel and taken it myself.”

“Qingjiao, I know your temperament.”

He Buqun sighed.

“If you truly can't find an opponent, perhaps you should go challenge some righteous cultivators instead.”

“Heh~ righteous cultivators?”

He Qingjiao let out a cold laugh and glanced at the severed head on the table.

“This Northern Abyss Sect Master was a Divine Transformation cultivator.”

“In front of me, he lasted only one hundred and twenty exchanges before I severed his divine consciousness.”

“Qingjiao, don't be too arrogant.”

He Qingjiao spread her hands.

“I'm merely stating facts.”

“Then why don't you go straight to the Profound Star Sect and kill that old hag, Moon Dan Master?”

“Once I reach Divine Transformation myself in a few years, I might actually give it a try.”

“Hmph,” He Buqun snorted.

In his eyes, this daughter of his was utterly ignorant of the vastness of heaven and earth.

Still, he said nothing further.

Instead, he retrieved a scroll from nearby and tossed it over.

“Here.”

“Bring me the heads of these two girls.”

He Qingjiao opened the scroll.

Inside were two somewhat crude portraits.

One appeared entirely ordinary, the other seemed to have a pair of dragon horns growing from her head.

Curious, she asked:

“Who are they?”

“The one with horns is the Young Mistress of the Profound Star Sect.”

“The other is called Liang Xiaoxue.”

“A while ago, the two of them, together with four or five disciples from the Profound Heart Sect, wiped out all of the elders of the Profound Nether Sect.”

“According to intelligence reports, the spiritual sword in Liang Xiaoxue's possession is the spirit sword once wielded by Immortal Sword Yun.”

“She is also the inheritor of Yun Tianmi's legacy.”

“Immortal Sword Yun?”

He Qingjiao raised an eyebrow.

“Isn't that the castrated sect master from the Shadowmoon Sword Sect?”

“I heard he personally conquered Heavenly Sorrow City not long ago.”

“I had originally wanted to challenge him myself.”

“Heh...”

He Buqun shook his head.

“You look down on everyone.”

“One day that's going to cost you dearly.”

“Heh...” He Qingjiao curled her lips.

“Well, they certainly sound impressive.”

“The question is whether they're genuinely strong, or merely famous.”

She clasped her fists toward He Buqun in a perfunctory salute.

Then she stored the scroll in her storage bag, turned around, and walked out of the hall.

As she was leaving, He Buqun suddenly remembered something and called after her:

“Qingjiao! Go to the Heavenly Demon Hall and inform the Ancestor that you killed Chen Mingfeng!”

“...”

No reply came.

He Buqun smacked his lips and let out a weary sigh.

But he didn't pursue the matter further.

Instead, he lowered his head once more and returned to contemplating the state of the war.

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/u/0/folders/1PdkaxAXCm0CjLL3M58xxLd1KyiUxEjjh>