

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

Volume 7 Chapter 109 / Chapter 554: Before the Final Battle

Yiiing—

The fox's cry faded into the distance, and once again the howling snowstorm became the ruler of this world.

Whoosh... Whoosh...

Ye Anping had been hit hard by his junior sister's headbutt. He stared blankly at the snow-filled sky for a while before trying to sit up. Just then, a pair of icy little hands suddenly pulled open his robe and trousers and slipped inside.

?!!

Startled, he jolted upright, quickly grabbed his junior sister's wrist, and pulled her hand out of his clothes.

"Junior Sister, what are you doing?"

Pei Lengxue looked even more startled than he was. Shrinking back slightly, she replied, "I was checking to see if Senior Brother was hurt..."

"I'm fine... Let Senior Brother get up first. Yudie and Ah Gu are still underneath us..."

Pei Lengxue tilted her head to look, only then noticing that Gu Mingxin was lying at the very bottom, face-down on the ground, while Feng Yudie had cushioned Ye Anping's back with her own chest.

Seeing Pei Lengxue look over, Feng Yudie flashed a goofy grin, baring her teeth.

"Hehe..."

"Oh."

Pei Lengxue acknowledged with a nod and helped her senior brother to his feet. But the moment Feng Yudie stood up, Pei Lengxue suddenly reached out, grabbed both of Feng Yudie's cheeks, and pulled hard.

"Y-yaaah... Junior Sister Pei..."

"You dummy!! Why didn't you protect my Senior Brother better?! It was so dangerous just now!"

Although Feng Yudie didn't seem to mind, Ye Anping sighed and gently patted Pei Lengxue on the head.

"Junior Sister, Yudie already saved my life once back at the Heavenly Demon Sect. This time it was my own misjudgment... I failed to notice that Gu Yan still had Hu Yulan's felt cloak on him. Otherwise, I wouldn't have rushed in at that critical moment."

Pei Lengxue lowered her eyes and thought quietly for a moment before finally letting go of Feng Yudie's cheeks. She then gently rubbed them instead.

Squish...

"Sorry, Dummy. And... thank you, Dummy, for saving my Senior Brother."

"Ah..." Feng Yudie scratched the back of her head awkwardly, smiling sheepishly. "Hehe..."

Crack—

The sound of a bone snapping back into place interrupted them.

Gu Mingxin climbed to her feet, supported her left arm with her right hand, and gave it a forceful jerk, popping her dislocated shoulder back into place. She looked at Pei Lengxue with obvious resentment glowing in her crimson eyes.

But when she noticed the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword still planted in the ground nearby, its blade skewering the heart of her former master and adoptive father, she merely pouted, folded her arms, and turned her head away.

"Hmph~~ Junior Sister Pei, you sure showed up at the perfect time. Couldn't you have come a little earlier? While the white idiot and I were fighting the demonic cultivators at the Heavenly Demon Sect, where were you?"

Pei Lengxue puffed out her cheeks.

"I was killing demonic cultivators too..."

"Don't tell me you got held up by a few Nascent Soul cultivators? The white idiot and I killed the Heavenly Demon Sect's Grand Elder—a late Divine Transformation cultivator."

"Mmm... I didn't run into any Divine Transformation cultivators, but... I killed lots of them too."

Listening to the childish bickering that sounded more like two seven-year-olds arguing, Ye Anping sighed softly and decided not to interfere. Instead, he walked over and pulled the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword from the ground.

The heart impaled on the blade had already been frozen solid by the Profound Ice Sword Body. He carefully removed Gu Yan's heart from the sword.

At that moment, Xiao Yunluo descended from the sky.

Landing beside her was Zhuang Hu, who had been chasing after Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo the entire time.

At the moment, Zhuang Hu looked absurdly wealthy. Six or seven fine-looking swords were strapped across his back, while each hand carried an overstuffed burlap sack.

Ye Anping couldn't help staring.

"Big Brother Zhuang... What's all this?"

"Mhm."

Maintaining his usual expressionless face, Zhuang Hu glanced at Pei Lengxue, who was still being verbally overwhelmed by Gu Mingxin despite trying to argue back.

"Ask your junior sister."

"Huh?"

"Starting from the Heavenly Demon Sect's northern gate, she fought her way in alone with nothing but her sword, cutting down nearly a thousand demonic cultivators along the way. These are the storage bags she took from them."

As soon as Zhuang Hu said that, both Gu Mingxin—who had been proudly showing off that she had killed He Buqun—and Ye Anping froze, turning to look at Pei Lengxue, whose white robes were still spotless.

Killing over a thousand demonic cultivators single-handedly was something everyone present could probably accomplish if those cultivators weren't particularly strong.

But killing over a thousand of them without getting a single drop of blood on your clothes was another matter entirely.

Ye Anping couldn't help imagining the scene.

His junior sister had probably charged forward all alone with her sword, asking every demonic cultivator she encountered:

"Have you seen my Senior Brother?"

If the answer was, "What senior brother?"—or if they didn't answer at all—their body and soul were separated instantly.

...That was just a little terrifying.

Seeing her senior brother staring at her, Pei Lengxue thought she'd done something wrong. She lowered her head and spoke softly.

"It's because Senior Brother wouldn't take me with him... If anything happened to you... I wouldn't be able to keep living either."

"..."

Ye Anping shook his head helplessly.

Perhaps this really was his fault.

He had raised his junior sister into someone like this. If he'd encouraged her to make more friends when she was younger, perhaps she wouldn't have grown into someone whose entire world revolved around him.

Still...

There was plenty of time ahead. They could work on it slowly.

Rumble... Rumble...

The sound of wheelchair wheels rolling over the ground came from nearby.

Things had been so urgent earlier that Ye Anping hadn't paid any attention to Mo Chiling. After Feng Yudie, Gu Mingxin, and he himself had jumped down, Mo Chiling had simply fallen from a thousand-zhang height in her wheelchair, only managing to stop herself safely before landing by using spiritual energy.

Hearing the familiar sound of the wheelchair, Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo instinctively turned toward Mo Chiling.

The moment they saw her sitting in the very wheelchair they themselves had once occupied, their brows twisted in unison.

"Senior Brother, why have you picked up another girl again?"

"Anping, how could you..."

?

Ye Anping blinked in surprise.

Seeing the obvious dissatisfaction in their eyes, he immediately looked rather embarrassed.

Mo Chiling, however, merely covered her mouth and laughed.

"Miss Pei Lengxue, Young Mistress Xiao, this is our first meeting. My name is Mo Chiling. Young Master Ye and I are merely acquaintances who've only met a few times, so please don't misunderstand."

"Besides..."

She looked down at her own body and smiled faintly.

"With a body like mine... even if I wanted to devote myself to Young Master Ye, he'd probably dislike me."

"Wouldn't you agree, Young Master Ye?"

"Hehe~"

"..."

"Mmm..."

Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo frowned and looked back at Ye Anping again, their expressions full of suspicion.

Ye Anping shot Mo Chiling an exasperated look.

Now wasn't the time to talk about this.

"I'll explain everything after we get back. Right now, what's important is—"

Before he could finish, someone interrupted him once again.

This time it was the clear voice of a young man, carrying the distinctive accent of the Southern Region.

"Hoh~~ Women fighting over a man, eh... Kid Ye, you've really racked up quite the karmic debt! Hahahaha!"

No one had noticed anyone nearby.

The sudden shout startled everyone, and they all turned toward the source.

On a snow-covered cliff not far away stood a half-transparent young man. Tilting his head back, he took a swig from the jade gourd in his hand while gazing into the distance, where the ice dragon and the Moon Spirit continued clashing high in the sky.

Mo Chiling narrowed her eyes.

The moment she saw the young man's profile, her eyes widened.

"You are..."

"Little Mo..."

Yun Tianmi turned to look at her.

"The last time I saw you, you were just a little bean sprout. And now look at you..."

"Tsk, tsk..."

Mo Chiling knew the Immortal Yun Jian?

Hearing this, Ye Anping felt somewhat puzzled.

This was another piece of the story he hadn't known.

Though, considering their ages, it wasn't impossible.

It seemed he had triggered another hidden conversation, much like what had happened before Nangong Cheng's death in the Central Region.

That said...

When making his original plans, he hadn't taken the Immortal Yun Jian into account.

But if the Sword Immortal were willing to help, things would undoubtedly become much easier.

After thinking for a moment, Ye Anping stepped forward and respectfully cupped his fists.

"Master—"

Before he could continue, Yun Tianmi seemed to read his mind and interrupted him.

"I'm nothing more than a lingering remnant of a soul now. I can't help with a damn thing, so forget it."

"I'd still like to stick around a little longer."

"I see..."

Ye Anping didn't press the matter.

"Then this disciple won't insist."

"Heh..."

Yun Tianmi turned to glance at the group of young women behind him and smacked his lips.

"Damn it... If my useless son had been even half as capable as you, I wouldn't have had to leave a fragment of my soul inside this sword."

"I'd have reincarnated long ago and been enjoying my next life already."

"..."

Ye Anping had no response. He simply lowered his head in silence.

Boom—

Suddenly, a brilliant white light burst through the heavens a thousand li away, dazzling everyone present and forcing them to squint and turn their heads aside. Moments later, a violent snowstorm swept over them, bending the dead trees around them nearly to the ground.

Once the light faded, Ye Anping looked once more toward the two figures still locked in fierce combat high above the distant horizon.

"Master, what do you think..."

"Thirty-seventy." Yun Tianmi shrugged. "Old Lady Sima gets thirty; Old Lady Sun gets seventy."

"Old Lady Sima isn't good at fighting head-on. All of her techniques are the sneaky, underhanded kind. Against someone like Old Lady Sun—a physical cultivator—or someone like me, a sword cultivator... she's basically a toddler fighting his father."

Ye Anping couldn't help but wince at Yun Tianmi's analogy.

He looked like a refined young scholar, yet everything that came out of his mouth sounded like it belonged to a rough, hairy old brute.

Yun Jiujiu must have inherited that across generations...

Still, what Yun Tianmi said was more or less what he had been thinking.

"Your assessment is about the same as mine, Master."

Yun Tianmi glanced sideways at him, his previously carefree expression becoming serious.

One reason he'd appeared was to watch Sima Xuanji and Sun Juehu tear each other apart over a man.

The other was to see what plan his disciple had prepared.

After all, Ye Anping and Pei Lengxue were his direct disciples. At a critical moment like this, it was only natural for a master to offer a few words of guidance.

But seeing the calm, unruffled look in Ye Anping's eyes, Yun Tianmi realized he might have worried unnecessarily.

The disciple he'd accepted was remarkably capable.

"Heh... Judging by that look on your face, you've already got a plan?"

"Yes."

Ye Anping raised Gu Yan's heart in his left hand.

"Yudie."

"Coming!"

Feng Yudie hurried over. She stretched her neck to look at Yun Tianmi, curled her lips in obvious disdain, then turned back.

"Anping, what is it?"

"Channel your spring-aspect spiritual energy into this heart."

"Huh? Oh."

Though she didn't understand why, she did as instructed.

Taking a deep breath, she placed both hands over the rock-hard frozen heart resting in Ye Anping's palm.

Warm spring-aspect spiritual energy, as gentle as a spring breeze, stirred her silver hair as it flowed behind her before pouring into the heart's left ventricle.

The wound where the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword had pierced it healed instantly.

Though no blood flowed through it, the heart began beating once more.

Thump... Thump...

Watching this, even Yun Tianmi was astonished.

In his era, people had known of the Spring Aspect, but he had never personally witnessed its power.

He had never imagined that the legendary power symbolizing rebirth could actually restore life to a heart.

"Holy..."

Yun Tianmi exclaimed in surprise.

"Now *that's* quite a miraculous ability. Little Feng, why don't you try that spiritual energy on me? Maybe I'll come back to life too."

Ye Anping glanced at him.

"Master, your ashes have already become fertilizer for a tree. If the Spring Aspect were used on you, you'd probably ascend straight to Buddhahood."

"At this point, you're basically just a wandering ghost."

Yun Tianmi shot him a glare and smacked him on the back of the head.

Smack!

"Damn brat! Is that any way to talk to your master?"

Ye Anping answered expressionlessly, "You were the one calling my wife master 'Old Lady Sima.'"

"You little..."

Yun Tianmi rolled his eyes.

"Forget it."

He looked back at the heart floating above Ye Anping's palm and chuckled.

"Old Gu... You escaped me back then."

"But in the end, you still died because of me."

"Heh. Honestly, you'd have been better off not running. At least your death would've been quicker."

"He died at the hands of my junior sister and Hu Mu. That has nothing to do with you."

"I say, Kid Ye..."

"Is this because I insulted Moon Dan Master once? Are you really going to keep picking fights with your master over that?"

"Who's more important, your master or the Moon Dan Master?"

"If you were still alive, then naturally you'd be more important."

"But... you're already dead."

"Enough, enough."

Yun Tianmi rolled his eyes again.

"Shut up."

He tilted back his jade wine gourd and took a long drink.

Ye Anping ignored him after that.

Focusing his mind, he began refining the beating heart in his hand into a soul artifact.

Before his death, Gu Yan had laid countless formations throughout a thousand-li radius.

Now that he had fallen, those formations had become ownerless, lying dormant throughout the mountains like countless buried landmines.

In other words, all Ye Anping needed to do was use Gu Yan's baleful aura to activate them.

This was exactly how things had happened in the original game.

After Gu Mingxin's death, Feng Yudie had used Gu Yan's corpse, exhausting every last bit of her spiritual energy to activate the formations Gu Yan had hidden around the Heavenly Demon Sect.

In a single stroke, she annihilated all of the participating demonic cultivators and, at the same time, decided the outcome of the battle in Sima Xuanji's favor.

One reason Feng Yudie had been able to do that was because of the Mysterious Yin Art.

Originally, the Mysterious Yin Art was an inner cultivation technique designed to help Feng Yudie better control Old Jiu's soul techniques. At its core, it was a method for controlling and commanding souls.

However, after returning from Donghuang and learning of Gu Mingxin's defection, Ye Anping had stopped focusing on searching for the remaining fragments of the Mysterious Yin Art.

After all, with Gu Mingxin by their side, there was no longer much need for Feng Yudie to cultivate it.

Besides, she had never been particularly interested in practicing it anyway. Every time she trained, he had to stand over her and supervise.

This was all he could do.

The rest would depend on Xuanji's own fists.

"Mingxin, Yunluo, come here. I have something I need the two of you to do."

"Okay~~"

"Ah, alright."

Hearing that her name hadn't been called, Pei Lengxue immediately looked dissatisfied.

"Senior Brother, what about me?"

"You're coming with me."

"Okay!!!"

Seeing that there was nothing for him to do, Zhuang Hu turned around without another word and prepared to leave.

Just as he was about to go, Ye Anping quickly called out,

"Big Brother Zhuang!"

Zhuang Hu turned back with an expression full of resentment.

"..."

"Please help escort Senior Mo somewhere safe. Just don't touch her body. She's covered in extremely potent poison—you'll die from even the slightest contact."

Hearing that, Zhuang Hu glanced at Mo Chiling, sighed helplessly, and descended again, walking over toward her.

Unsure how she ought to address him, Mo Chiling noticed that Ye Anping kept calling him "Big Brother Zhuang," so she lowered her head respectfully and said, "Thank you, Big Brother Zhuang."

Hearing someone who's at least five times his age call him "Big Brother," Zhuang Hu's body stiffened.

He clearly froze for a moment.

Then several black lines seemed to appear across his face in exasperation.

Walking over to Mo Chiling, he took hold of the wheelchair's handles, stepped onto his flying sword, lifted the wheelchair along with her, and flew back toward the Heavenly Demon Sect.

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Link for character illustration:

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