

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

Volume 7 Chapter 99 / Chapter 544: Senior Brother, Strike East While Attacking West

Crack—!

Dark storm clouds pressed down over the Hundred-Mile Demon Mountains. Blood-red lightning connected heaven and earth, illuminating the five-sided watchtower perched on the cliff of a side peak of the Heavenly Demon Sect. Standing by the window was an old man, his weathered face briefly lit by the crimson flash.

He Buqun gazed into the distant mountains. His eyes remained sharp, but the hair he usually kept meticulously groomed now hung in disarray behind him. Even the robes of the Grand Elder that he wore were wrinkled and unkempt.

He Qingjiao was dead.

To be precise, he had been dead for at least half a month.

Yet until the Heavenly Demon Sect disciple had just entered to report the news, He Buqun had known nothing about it.

To drive Gu Mingxin away, he had treated his own third son, He Jiming, as a disposable pawn and killed him with his own hands...

Earlier, when the Grand Elder of the Ghost Spirit Sect claimed to have captured Gu Mingxin, He Buqun had sent his second son, He Jifeng, to retrieve her. He never returned...

And now, the last of his children, He Qingjiao, was dead as well.

He Buqun took a deep breath, turned to the Heavenly Demon Sect disciple kneeling on one knee behind him, and asked calmly,

"Is this true?"

"It is, Grand Elder. This disciple heard it from a junior brother who was fortunate enough to escape Moonfall Gorge. Senior Brother He fought a Nascent Soul cultivator from the Profound Star Sect for several hours before ultimately falling... I also went to verify it myself. I found a grave nearby in the mountains, with this stuck into it."

Lowering his head respectfully, the disciple removed He Qingjiao's spiritual sword from his storage bag and presented it with both hands.

Upon seeing the sword, He Buqun walked over from the window. Grasping the hilt, he lifted it and examined the chips along the blade.

The next instant, the warmth that had lingered in his blood-red eyes vanished, replaced by overwhelming killing intent.

He Buqun seized the disciple by the face. With the slightest exertion of force—

Crack!

Before the disciple even had time to react, his skull was crushed beneath five fingers, exploding into a spray of blood and brains.

"RAAAH—!"

He hurled the corpse into a nearby wooden chair before grinding his teeth and glaring toward the map of the Eastern Region hanging on the wall.

The last time the righteous sects invaded the Eastern Region, how many years had it taken them? How great had the cost been before they barely managed to reach the Blood River?

And this time?

Just a little over half a year.

How was that possible?!

He Buqun shut his eyes and let out a heavy breath. After a moment of thought, something seemed to strike him. He abruptly turned toward the desk piled high with jade slips.

Those jade slips were all messages sent by the various demon sects.

Although He Buqun still found it hard to believe, the righteous sects' offensive had been abnormal from the very beginning. There was now only one explanation for how they had crossed the Blood River so quickly.

Every one of those reports was false.

Someone had impersonated the sect masters of the Eastern Region's demon sects, as well as the spies those sects had planted within the righteous sects, sending him jade slips whose contents had all been deliberately altered.

If that were true, then from the moment the righteous sects invaded the Eastern Region, every demon sect there had effectively become blind.

But...

He Buqun casually picked up one of the jade slips and studied it.

He could say with certainty that the jade slips themselves were genuine.

Every single one carried the unique baleful spiritual aura of its respective sect master, and each had indeed been delivered by members of those demon sects.

If there was any deception, it lay only in the contents.

In other words, someone had taken control of nearly every communication channel among the Eastern Region's demon sects, using a mixture of truth and lies to toy with every demonic cultivator like monkeys in the palm of their hand.

He Buqun clenched his jaw.

He could not think of who this person might be. But if such a person truly existed, then they had to be a demonic cultivator intimately familiar with every sect in the Eastern Region.

Gu Mingxin?

Unlikely.

Her cultivation talent was extraordinary, but she lacked the capability to completely blockade the flow of information across the entire Eastern Region.

He Buqun searched his memory for anyone capable of accomplishing such a feat. Then his expression froze slightly, and he murmured a single phrase:

"...Heavenly Demon Scriptures."

The moment those three words left his lips, a chilling gust of wind suddenly swept in through the window, carrying with it the thick scent of blood and filling the entire room.

He Buqun suddenly froze. His face immediately turned pale. Without daring to look up, he quickly turned around and dropped to one knee.

"My respects, Your Excellency."

A middle-aged man wearing a white mask was already seated in a tea chair inside the room.

Gu Yan rested his cheek against one hand, looking sideways at the red-haired old man before him. His eyes were filled with disappointment as he softly called,

"He Buqun..."

"This disciple knows his crime," He Buqun hurriedly replied. Swallowing hard, he immediately tried to explain himself. "This disciple truly never expected that someone among the demonic cultivators could intercept the communications of every sect in the Eastern Region. Otherwise—"

"Heh..."

He laughed?

Hearing that disdainful chuckle, He Buqun was momentarily stunned. He dared not raise his head and instead lowered it even further.

"During the last righteous campaign against the demonic path, the countless demonic cultivators of the Eastern Region resisted for several hundred years. Yet the righteous cultivators still crossed the Blood River, forcing this Venerable One to intervene personally before they could be driven back."

"This time..."

"It has taken less than a year."

"..."

"Divine Transformation cultivators and Nascent Soul cultivators slaughter one another in battle. Yet before a Void Return cultivator, they are no more than children playing at fighting." His voice remained calm. "Tell me... why do you think I founded the Heavenly Demon Sect? And why do you think I bother looking after children like you?"

He Buqun felt his nerves tighten to the breaking point.

He understood exactly what Gu Yan meant.

At their core, righteous sects and demonic sects were fundamentally different.

The masters of righteous sects were usually free-spirited. They founded sects either to leave their names in history or because they genuinely wished to pass on their teachings.

But the masters of demonic sects had only one reason for establishing a sect.

To reach an even higher realm of cultivation.

Whether disciples or elders, everyone within the sect was merely a tool to help the sect master achieve that goal.

And since they were only tools, the moment they became obsolete or useless, they would be discarded—or melted down and remade into new tools.

Within the Heavenly Demon Sect, any demonic cultivator unable to prove their worth would be thrown into the alchemy furnace and refined into Blood Pills, becoming cultivation resources for others.

He Buqun himself was no different.

He had never truly regarded He Jiming or his other children as sons. From beginning to end, they had been nothing more than stepping stones for his own ascent.

Now that Gu Yan had come personally, it could only mean one thing.

In Gu Yan's eyes, he had become useless.

He Buqun clenched his teeth.

He wanted to defend himself, but he knew there was no point.

No matter what he said now, only a single fate awaited him.

Death.

...

Gu Yan let out another cold chuckle.

"Heh... Nothing more to say?"

After a long silence, He Buqun finally gritted his teeth and raised his head.

"This disciple requests permission to enter the Heavenly Demon Blood Pool. With the little Divine Transformation cultivation I have left, I will offer myself to nourish Your Excellency. But I beg you to spare my life a little longer. This disciple has already discovered Gu Mingxin's whereabouts. Once I capture her and bring her back, it will not be too late for me to enter the Blood Pool!"

Gu Yan narrowed his eyes slightly before slowly rising to his feet.

"Very well."

"I shall wait."

As he spoke, his figure gradually dissolved into a pool of blood, which seeped across the floor before disappearing entirely.

The sight left He Buqun standing there in stunned silence.

As impossible as it seemed, he had actually sensed a trace of... warmth from Gu Yan just now.

Thinking back to Gu Yan's tone, He Buqun gradually realized that Gu Yan had actually been in an unusually good mood.

Perhaps it was precisely because of that good mood that his life had been spared.

Only after Gu Yan's aura had completely vanished did He Buqun dare stand up. Walking to the window, he gazed at the blood-colored clouds covering the sky.

He had no idea why Gu Yan had been in such high spirits.

But at least he had escaped death for now.

Earlier, he had claimed to know Gu Mingxin's whereabouts.

In truth, that had been nothing but a desperate lie to save his own life.

How could he possibly know where Gu Mingxin was hiding?

But the words had already been spoken.

The next time he stood before Gu Yan, if he failed to bring Gu Mingxin with him...

There would be no next life for him.

"Haa..."

He Buqun let out a long, heavy breath.

At that very moment, a deep, ancient bell tolled across the heavens, its echoes rolling endlessly through the Ghoststone Hanging Mountains before his eyes.

Dong—!!!

Dong—!!!

Dong...

He Buqun stared toward the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak in utter disbelief.

If that bell had sounded, then it could only mean one thing.

The righteous cultivators had already arrived at the gates of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

Because the flow of information had been manipulated from the very beginning, He Buqun still believed that the righteous forces of the Three Regions were fighting near the Blood River. He had never imagined that they had already penetrated deep into the heartland of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

However, after hearing the alarm bell, he finally understood why Gu Yan had been in such a good mood.

Most likely, the Sect Master of the Profound Star Sect had delivered himself right to Gu Yan's doorstep.

The Heavenly Demon Sect was, after all, Gu Yan's home territory.

Although the righteous leaders were all Void Return cultivators on the same level as him, if Gu Yan held the advantage of terrain, then even if the sect masters of the Taibai Sect, Frigid Heaven Kingdom, Wu Nian Sect, and the Overclear Sect joined forces, the odds would still be no better than fifty-fifty.

After all, Gu Yan, the Warden Yama of the Heavenly Demon Sect, was one of the very few demonic cultivators in the past ten thousand years whose Dao centered on formation arts.

Moreover, Taibai Sect's Zu Yuan had lost his cultivation, and the Overclear Sect's master, Nangong Cheng, had been slain by Hu Mu.

If the Sect Master of the Profound Star Sect had truly come here, there was no doubt that she had walked straight into her own grave.

But...

Would the Moon Dan Master really come to the Heavenly Demon Sect knowing she had no chance of winning?

He Buqun glanced toward the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak. After pondering for a moment, his body transformed into a streak of blood-red light and shot out through the window, flying directly toward the main peak.

...

Meanwhile, at the foot of the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak...

Rows of pavilions and houses lined the streets in orderly fashion. Countless inner disciples of the Heavenly Demon Sect stared blankly toward the Heavenly Demon Hall atop the mountain, all puzzled by the bell that had just echoed throughout the sect.

Beside an old well that had long since fallen into disuse, two disciples leaned against the stone rim, taking a short break.

"What's going on? I've been in the Heavenly Demon Sect for over fifty years, and this is the first time I've ever heard the Heavenly Demon Hall's bell ring."

"No idea. We'll just wait for the elders to tell us."

"Come to think of it... which elders are even still in the sect? Didn't Elder Mu and the others all leave to deal with the righteous cultivators?"

"Grand Elder He is still here. I think Elder Chen from the Insect Hall is as well... Not sure about anyone else..."

...

Just then, both of them caught sight of something white in the corner of their vision.

Startled, they turned to look.

From the old well—abandoned for decades—a young woman with long silver hair slowly poked her head out.

Clinging to the edge of the well with both hands, the silver-haired girl blinked at the two Heavenly Demon Sect disciples, both merely Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Then she looked back down into the well.

The shaft was roughly one hundred and twenty feet deep.

At the bottom, Ye Anping, dressed in a dark blue night-raid outfit, silently looked upward.

His gaze happened to fall beneath Feng Yudie's skirt as she climbed, though his expression remained perfectly calm.

Seeing her peek above the rim before looking back down at him, he asked, "Anyone up there? If there is, just kill them."

Feng Yudie nodded and flashed him a V-sign with her fingers before flipping herself out of the well.

Ye Anping waited below for a moment, silently counting in his head.

Three.

Two.

One.

As soon as he finished counting, Feng Yudie's head popped back over the edge of the well.

This time, however, there was a streak of blood at her temple.

She nodded at Ye Anping, indicating that everything had been taken care of.

"Mhm."

Ye Anping returned the nod. Raising the lantern in his hand slightly, he turned around.

Behind him stood Gu Mingxin, pushing Mo Chiling's wheelchair as they waited.

Looking at the two women, Ye Anping reminded them once more,

"For the time being, no spiritual sense and no spiritual energy. We're directly beneath the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak now. I don't know whether the Moon Dan Master has managed to lure Gu Yan away. If he hasn't, and we're discovered, everything we've done will be wasted. Understood?"

Mo Chiling puffed out her cheeks and complained, "Young Master Ye, I'm not stupid..."

"I was talking to Ah Gu."

"...?"

Gu Mingxin blinked in surprise.

For some reason, she felt as though Sister Mo had just indirectly called her stupid.

Immediately pouting in displeasure, she shot Mo Chiling a sidelong glance before replying in an exaggeratedly obedient tone,

"Okaaay~~"

"Now then, let me repeat this one more time. The moment we confirm that Gu Yan has left the Heavenly Demon Sect, we move immediately. Just as I told you and Feng Yudie before—we'll split up. I'll take Senior Mo to the forbidden grounds, while you and Feng Yudie draw the attention of the other elders inside the sect."

"Ye Anping, you've told me that at least ten times on the way here~ I'm not deaf~~"

"Haa..." Ye Anping let out a long sigh. "The plan is one thing. What I mean is, I won't have the attention to watch over you later. Don't start fighting with Yudie. The two of you are going up against a late Divine Transformation stage cultivator, along with who knows how many Heavenly Demon Sect elders above the Nascent Soul realm..."

"I know~ I know~"

Seeing Gu Mingxin's carefree attitude, Ye Anping genuinely couldn't put his mind at ease.

Perhaps sensing his concern, Xue'e, who was perched atop Gu Mingxin's head, quickly reassured him.

「Ye Anping, don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Mingxin for you.」

Xue'e's words eased Ye Anping somewhat.

However, when he glanced at Xiaotian, who was now sitting on his own shoulder, he immediately tensed up again.

"Xiaotian, you too. Just remember the scar over your left eye..."

『Ah... I know.』

Xiaotian reached up to touch it left eyebrow and nodded with pursed lips.

Only then did Ye Anping turn back to Mo Chiling.

"I'll go up first... Ah Gu, carry Senior Mo and her wheelchair up afterward. Be careful not to touch her body."

Mo Chiling blinked blankly as she stared at Ye Anping's right shoulder.

Just now she had heard him talking to "Xiaotian" while facing his shoulder.

Could there really be something perched there that she simply couldn't see?

After hesitating for a moment, she asked, "Young Master Ye."

"What is it?"

"What color are my panties right now?"

"...?"

Ye Anping looked utterly bewildered, unable to fathom why she would suddenly ask such a question.

Xiaotian, however, paused for a moment before immediately leaping down from Ye Anping's shoulder. It floated over, peeked beneath Mo Chiling's skirt, then turned back and announced,

『Black thong!』

Ye Anping twitched the corner of his mouth before answering,

"...White?"

"You guessed wrong."

"And why exactly are you asking something like that, Senior Mo?"

Mo Chiling covered her mouth with a smile.

"I heard you talking about Xiaotian, so I wondered if you might have it peek under my skirt and tell you what color my underwear is. If that were the case, my opinion of you would plummet~"

"..."

She chuckled softly.

"Just kidding. I was only trying to lighten the mood."

She then smiled warmly.

"All right, let's head up... Ah Gu, I'll be in your care."

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Link for character illustration:

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