

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

Volume 7 Chapter 84 / Chapter 529: Righteous and Demonic, A Chaotic Battle

BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!

Thunderous explosions and blazing firelight covered the sky and obscured the moon.

Although the disciples aboard the Sky Cloud Peak spirit ships panicked at first, they quickly regained their composure after Zhuang Hu's amplified command echoed across the fleet.

Releasing their spiritual energy, they formed a large spirit-barrier formation with Xiao Yunluo as its central core, only then were the shockwaves of demonic energy that had been rocking the spirit ships completely shut out.

Hovering above the seven spirit ships, Xiao Yunluo gazed solemnly at the continuous flashes of fire around her with her pale violet eyes. As an Azure Dragon, her spiritual energy was virtually inexhaustible.

Most of these demonic arts were being cast by Core Formation demonic cultivators.

Although she had been caught off guard by the initial assault, the defensive formation was now complete. These lesser spells were no longer a threat. Even by herself, she was confident she could use her spiritual energy to withstand several days of bombardment from the demonic cultivators.

Xiao Yunluo pursed her lips, feeling a little proud.

Over the past few years, she had worked hard to improve her spirit-control techniques. She really had become stronger.

"Hehe~ Lengxue, once the demonic cultivators finish their spell barrage, you can lead the Sky Cloud Peak disciples and—"

Just as Xiao Yunluo was giving Pei Lengxue instructions, the latter, who had only just landed on the deck, suddenly shouted:

"Yunluo!! Watch out!!!"

"Huh?"

BOOM!!

A deafening explosion shook the heavens.

Xiao Yunluo felt as though her spirit barrier had been struck by a falling star. She staggered and turned to look.

A point of crimson light had stained the countless layers of spiritual barriers that she and the Sky Cloud Peak disciples had erected together using her Azure Dragon spiritual energy.

In the blink of an eye, an arrow infused with overwhelming blood energy pierced through dozens of layers of barriers and shot straight toward Xiao Yunluo's face.

Her eyes widened in shock.

Only now did she recognize the arrow—it was nearly identical to the spiritual treasure of Chen Mingfeng, Sect Master of the Northern Abyss Sect, except that it was now shrouded in dense demonic energy.

The arrow moved far too quickly for her to react.

Before she could even cry out, the arrowhead had already reached a distance of less than a foot from her forehead.

The protective talisman that Sima Xuanji had placed on her immediately erupted with golden light from her chest.

But in the very next moment, a slender pale hand seized the black-feathered arrow aimed at her forehead.

Pei Lengxue grabbed the shaft, gritting her teeth so hard they cracked audibly.

Then she pulled with all her strength in the opposite direction.

"Haaaahhhh!!!"

The arrow instantly became a streak of light as she hurled it away.

It shot downward into the forest beneath the spirit ships and exploded in a burst of black flames, blasting a gigantic crater nearly a hundred feet in radius into the dense black woods.

BOOM!!

Xiao Yunluo was completely dumbfounded.

Lengxue had caught an arrow fired from the spiritual treasure of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator with her bare hand... and then thrown it back.

Granted, the force had shredded the sleeve on Pei Lengxue's right arm, exposing her pale skin. A few cuts had appeared on her arm, and she was breathing heavily.

But still...

"Lengxue... you..."

Pei Lengxue turned around, glaring fiercely as she asked with concern: "Yunluo, are you alright?!"

"I-I'm fine..."

Xiao Yunluo was startled by that look.

She could tell Lengxue was furious.

Quickly regaining her senses, she prepared to continue directing the Sky Cloud Peak disciples.

However, at almost the same moment, cries erupted from below:

"The demonic cultivators are charging in!!"

"Stay calm."

Standing on the deck, Zhuang Hu let out a long breath and looked toward the distant mountain range, beyond which countless demonic cultivators were rushing forward in trails of crimson light.

Immediately, he amplified his voice once more:

"Sky Cloud Peak disciples, hear my command! Deploy from the port and starboard sides! Form a single line! Once they close in, surround them directly!"

"YES!!"

. . .

Several thousand zhang away, at the bow of the leading flying vessel of the Heavenly Demon Sect, He Qingjiao slowly lowered the longbow in her hands.

A trace of surprise and delight appeared in her eyes.

The longbow in He Qingjiao's hands was a spiritual treasure she had obtained from the Sect Master of the Profound Nether Sect, called Xuanyuan.

After spending some time refining it with demonic energy, it had become her weapon.

Although it was nowhere near as powerful as when wielded by the Profound Nether Sect Master, the spirit-feather arrows it fired were still far beyond what an ordinary Nascent Soul cultivator could withstand.

Previously, when He Buqun had spoken about the abilities of Profound Star Sect's Xiao Yunluo and Liang Xiaoxue, He Qingjiao had paid little attention. She had merely intended to use the two of them as targets to test out her newly acquired bow.

The first shot had been a probe—she had only drawn the bow halfway.

The second shot had been fired with the bow fully drawn.

Yet that Liang Xiaoxue had caught the arrow with her bare hand and thrown it away.

"...Looks like the reputation isn't undeserved after all. Heh."

He Qingjiao glanced at the spirit bow in her hands.

Perhaps because she had not fully refined it yet, the two shots had already left cracks running along the bow's limbs. If she tried to draw it again, the bow would likely shatter.

Behind her, Yue Wuming could not hide the shock in his eyes.

It wasn't only because of He Qingjiao's two arrows.

It was also because of Pei Lengxue catching the arrow barehanded and Xiao Yunluo's Azure Dragon spiritual energy.

He was merely an outer elder of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

How often did someone like him get to witness a scene like this?

"Young Master He... may I ask..."

"Launch a frontal assault."

Yue Wuming's face twitched.

We're going to end up as cannon fodder...

Sweat formed on his brow, but he had the feeling that if he refused, He Qingjiao might split him in half with a single sword strike.

With no other choice, he nodded to several trusted subordinates behind him.

"Frontal assault."

"...Understood."

Immediately, war drums thundered.

The disciples aboard all ten Heavenly Demon Sect flying vessels transformed into a vast swarm of black shadows, rising from the decks on flying swords and charging at high speed toward the distant spirit ships of the Profound Star Sect.

At the same time, the Profound Star Sect disciples flew out from both sides of their spirit ships, forming a single line.

Countless spiritual techniques materialized above their heads as they returned the earlier barrage of demonic arts in kind.

Between righteous and demonic, the dark clouds overhead were stirred by spiritual energy and demonic energy, forming a gigantic blizzard-like vortex.

On one side, blood-red corruption stained the heavens.

On the other, spiritual radiance covered the sky.

The two forces collided in the very center of the storm's eye.

Then heaven and earth seemed to shatter.

BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!

Golden lightning, icy rain, scorching winds, and raging snow intertwined.

The clash of swords, furious roars, and the explosive bursts of spiritual and demonic energies echoed through the skies and across the wilderness.

Following Zhuang Hu's earlier instructions, Pei Lengxue did not charge recklessly ahead by herself.

Instead, she deliberately slowed her pace so that the Profound Star Sect disciples behind her could keep up.

With the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword in hand, every swing of her frost-covered blade swept across the necks of several Heavenly Demon Sect disciples.

Meanwhile, Xiao Yunluo remained in the rear, sparing no effort in casting lightning techniques to aid Sky Cloud Peak disciples who accidentally found themselves outnumbered.

Zhuang Hu still stood upon the spirit ship, his gaze cold as he observed the entire battlefield.

Calmly and methodically, he directed the Sky Cloud Peak disciples in constructing an encirclement net.

In his eyes, these demonic cultivators were nothing more than a mob.

They understood neither formations nor battlefield tactics.

It was as though they had no commanding general whatsoever.

Each fought independently, treating the battle like individual duels between cultivators.

They were practically throwing themselves to their deaths.

Although the sounds of battle shook the heavens, the situation was completely one-sided.

Less than a quarter of an hour after the battle began, only fifty or sixty Profound Star Sect disciples had been wounded and forced to withdraw to the rear.

Meanwhile, more than half of the charging demonic cultivators had already been killed or injured.

"Are they being used as expendable pawns?" Zhuang Hu muttered to himself as he considered what scheme the demonic cultivators might be plotting.

Then, in the very next moment, a dense streak of blood-red light tore through the storm of wind and snow.

SWISH—!

The instant the crimson light passed by them, seven or eight Profound Star Sect disciples exploded into chunks of flesh in midair.

They didn't even have time to scream.

Seeing the blood-red streak heading straight for Pei Lengxue, Zhuang Hu immediately shouted:

"Pei girl! Watch out behind you!!"

"Hm?"

Pei Lengxue had been facing another direction and had just cut down several more insignificant demonic cultivators.

The moment she heard Zhuang Hu warning, her eyes sharpened.

She spun around and raised the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword horizontally before her chest.

Clang—!

Ding—!

A shrill sword cry erupted into a burst of blood-red light.

The shockwave produced by the collision of their swords alone sent the few Profound Star Sect disciples following Pei Lengxue flying backward.

In an instant, amidst the chaotic battlefield of immortals and demons, a domain of sword intent was formed—one that only the two of them could enter.

"Liang Xiaoxue?"

"..."

Pei Lengxue stared at the unfamiliar face before her.

Without hesitation, she forced aside her opponent's spiritual sword and immediately changed her sword stance, unleashing more than a dozen streaks of spiritual light.

He Qingjiao's eyes darted up, down, left, and right several times within a single breath.

Then she raised her sword and severed every one of Pei Lengxue's sword strikes in half.

"It's rare to see a righteous cultivator with sword techniques this refined..."

"Hmph!"

Pei Lengxue puffed out her cheeks slightly.

She could already tell defeating this person would take some effort.

She quickly recalled the various powerful demonic cultivators her senior brother had warned her about, but still couldn't identify the woman before her.

Her senior brother had prepared information packets on every formidable demonic cultivator she and Xiao Yunluo might encounter, but since she didn't know who this person was, she couldn't exploit any known weaknesses.

Still, that was fine.

Judging from the strength her opponent had displayed so far, Pei Lengxue didn't think she would lose.

At this moment, neither woman had eyes for anyone else.

Suspended in midair, they fought purely through the sword arts they had cultivated.

Several Profound Star Sect disciples saw the battle and attempted to come help.

Yet the moment they entered within a hundred feet of the two women, Pei Lengxue sharply shouted:

"Don't come any closer!!"

Unfortunately, only the Profound Star Sect disciples received the warning.

Several Core Formation disciples from the Heavenly Demon Sect approached intending to assist He Qingjiao.

The instant they entered the hundred-foot radius around the duelists, they were crushed into dust by an invisible wave of sword intent.

Meanwhile, Yue Wuming, who had charged in alongside He Qingjiao, seized an opportunity.

Slipping into Pei Lengxue's blind spot from behind, he clasped his hands together and condensed a demonic spell, preparing a sneak attack.

But Xiao Yunluo noticed immediately.

She responded with a thunder spell and shouted:

"Not a chance!!"

"Tch..."

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Countless icy-blue sword energies collided with blood-red energy in midair.

Yet neither of the two fighters at the center suffered even the slightest injury.

Pei Lengxue's expression remained calm as still water.

He Qingjiao's was no different.

There were no psychological tricks or taunts between them.

Instead, their spiritual swords served as their voices, and their sword techniques as their language.

Amidst the chaos of war, they conducted a debate whose conclusion could only be the death of one participant.

Strong.

That was the sincere judgment each woman gave the other.

At least for He Qingjiao, throughout her centuries of life, this was the first cultivator she had ever met who could match her swordsmanship so evenly.

Not even Ah Gu had managed that.

For years she had waited.

Waited for Ah Gu to reach her level so they could finally have a true sword duel.

She had always believed only a fully matured Ah Gu could satisfy her.

But now...

Clang! Clang!

"LIANG XIAOXUE!!!"

"Stop yelling! Hmph!"

Clang! Clang! Clang!

As sword light flashed back and forth, Pei Lengxue kept an eye on the junior brothers and sisters of her sect fighting demonic cultivators nearby.

The woman before her seemed like a complete madwoman—a rabid dog who cared nothing for the lives of her own allies.

Pei Lengxue could unleash her full strength.

But if she did, she would inevitably injure nearby Sky Cloud Peak disciples.

However, Zhuang Hu, who was directing the battle from the rear, appeared to notice her hesitation.

Immediately, he shouted:

"Everyone near Pei girl, fall back at once!!!"

BOOM—!!

The words had barely left his mouth when a bolt of blood-colored lightning crashed down from directly above him.

The explosion temporarily deafened him.

Crouching down, he turned and looked.

Yue Wuming had apparently realized Zhuang Hu was directing the battlefield and had decided to eliminate him first.

Xiao Yunluo also found Yue Wuming as annoying as a buzzing fly.

A duel between spell cultivators was fundamentally a contest of whose spiritual sea was larger.

The first to exhaust their spiritual energy lost.

She naturally had no fear of losing to Yue Wuming.

But instantly draining the spiritual sea of a mid-stage Nascent Soul cultivator was practically impossible.

At last, her patience ran out.

Without another word, Xiao Yunluo directly pulled a spiritual sword from her storage bag.

Abandoning spellcasting entirely, she dove from the sky straight at Yue Wuming.

"DIE FOR ME!!!"

"What?! Gah—!!"

Slash—!

Caught completely off guard by Xiao Yunluo suddenly drawing a sword and charging him, Yue Wuming had his right arm severed by the strike.

However, a Nascent Soul cultivator would not be rendered helpless by the loss of a single arm.

He immediately retreated at high speed, repeatedly using demonic arts to keep his distance and kite Xiao Yunluo.

What had originally been a one-sided battle gradually turned into a stalemate after He Qingjiao, Yue Wuming, and several other Nascent Soul cultivators joined the battlefield.

At the rear, Zhuang Hu frowned slightly.

He could tell things could not continue like this, yet he couldn't think of any move capable of breaking the deadlock immediately.

Although he had ordered the disciples around Pei Lengxue to withdraw, those Sky Cloud Peak disciples were now being counterattacked by the demonic cultivators and had no chance to disengage.

More importantly, he had never expected the Heavenly Demon Sect to produce a Nascent Soul cultivator capable of matching his sixth brother's junior sister blow for blow.

But at that very moment—

RUMBLE—RUMBLE—

A massive tremor shook the earth.

The sound overwhelmed the sword cries and explosions of spiritual and demonic energy filling the skies.

To the southeast, several thousand zhang away from the battlefield, a towering mountain suddenly exploded without warning, shattering into countless flying rocks.

Along with the tremor came an incomparably dense aura of blood-drenched demonic energy.

Zhuang Hu's eyes widened.

His first thought was that a Divine Transformation Realm demonic cultivator had arrived.

But in the next instant, the fierce battle between Pei Lengxue and He Qingjiao came to an abrupt halt.

Forcing Pei Lengxue back with a single sword strike, He Qingjiao stared toward the collapsing mountain with wide eyes.

"Ah Gu?"

She had recognized that familiar blood-demonic aura.

In this entire world, only her Junior Sister Gu possessed blood energy that dense.

Almost instantly, He Qingjiao lost all interest in fighting Pei Lengxue.

Turning into a streak of crimson light, she shot toward the shattered mountain.

Seeing her leave, Pei Lengxue immediately raised her sword to pursue.

"Trying to run?!"

But Zhuang Hu's voice stopped her from behind.

"Pei girl! Don't chase her! It's a good thing that she's leaving. Deal with these demonic cultivators first!"

"..."

Pei Lengxue took a deep breath.

Looking around at her fellow disciples still locked in fierce combat with the Heavenly Demon Sect cultivators, she forcibly suppressed her frustration.

Then she turned and headed straight for Yue Wuming, who was still fighting Xiao Yunluo.

When Yue Wuming saw He Qingjiao turn around and fly away, he was completely stunned.

"Young Master He?!"

He Qingjiao left?!

He just left?!

Why?!

Wasn't the battle going well?!

Why did he suddenly leave?!

He left an old mid-stage Nascent Soul cultivator like me alone to deal with an Azure Dragon and that freakishly terrifying sword cultivator girl?!

"Young Master He!!! You—!!! Where are you going?! Wait for this old man—!"

Yue Wuming immediately tried to chase after him.

Unfortunately, Xiao Yunluo and Pei Lengxue had no intention of allowing that.

The instant his attention wavered and he exposed an opening, the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword and a cyan-glowing spiritual sword wielded by Xiao Yunluo swept across his body from opposite directions.

Within a few breaths, Yue Wuming, his Nascent Soul, and his inner core were all reduced to scattered chunks of flesh.

Pei Lengxue relaxed slightly and looked toward the remaining Heavenly Demon Sect disciples.

"Yunluo! I'll deal with the ones trying to escape! The rest are yours!"

"I know!"

The two nodded at one another.

Then they split apart.

One returned to the skies, clasping her hands together to summon heavenly thunder from above.

The other tightened her grip on her spiritual sword, transforming into a streak of icy-blue light.

Together with the Profound Star Sect disciples launching a counterattack under Zhuang Hu's command, she charged toward the remaining Heavenly Demon Sect demonic cultivators.

BOOM—!

Dozens of heavenly lightning bolts crashed down from the sky.

Accompanied by an icy-blue figure and hundreds of Profound Star Sect disciples, they transformed into a gigantic tiger whose eyes glowed with freezing blue light and whose body was infused with golden thunder, devouring all the Heavenly Demon Sect disciples before it.

Meanwhile, over a thousand zhang away, beneath the ruins of the collapsed mountain, a young man wearing a bamboo hat had already set out a banquet table.

On the simple wooden table sat a single wine jug and two jade cups.

Standing alone beside the table, Ye Anping looked toward the distant battlefield and couldn't help feeling somewhat awestruck.

It seemed that, without realizing it, he had raised his junior sister into a monster.

"Sigh..."

After letting out a long sigh, Ye Anping lowered a hand to adjust the brim of his hat.

He would soon be heading to the Heavenly Demon Sect to stir up trouble.

Naturally, the more allies he had, the better.

With that in mind, he wanted to see whether he could recruit He Qingjiao to his side.

Just moments ago, he had instructed Xue'e to summon Ah Mang, who promptly smashed into a nearby mountain and brought it crashing down.

The goal was simply to create enough commotion to draw He Qingjiao here so they could have a conversation.

After all, the person He Qingjiao cared about most was Ah Gu.

BOOM—!!

A streak of crimson light slammed down from the sky, kicking up clouds of dust.

Holding a spiritual sword in hand, He Qingjiao took several steps forward.

She glanced around cautiously.

Seeing a lone figure in a bamboo hat waiting beside a prepared wine table as though he had been expecting her all along, she frowned slightly and a trace of vigilance appeared in her eyes.

Ye Anping smiled.

Lifting the brim of his hat, he greeted her:

"Miss He, it's our first meeting..."

A hint of coldness appeared in Ye Anping's eyes, though the smile on his lips remained.

Tilting his head back slightly, he continued:

"I won't waste time with formalities."

"To put it simply: if Miss He is willing to pledge her allegiance to me, then I shall graciously overlook the capital offense of you injuring my junior sister and spare you the punishment of death by a thousand cuts."

"What do you think, Miss He?"

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Link for character illustration:

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