

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

Volume 7 Chapter 106 / Chapter 551: Yudie, What About the Child?

Thunder rumbled beneath dark storm clouds. Smoke from battle shrouded the mountain ranges stretching hundreds of miles, while countless flashes of spiritual techniques and fiendish arts illuminated the heavens.

Disciples from the various righteous sects of the Western Region were locked in fierce combat with the Heavenly Demon Sect throughout the northwestern mountains of the sect's territory. Within only a few hours, the techniques unleashed by countless Nascent Soul and Divine Transformation cultivators had reshaped the mountains and valleys themselves.

Above a dead forest near the ground, five cultivators clad in dark robes relentlessly pursued a woman in purple wielding a profound ice spiritual sword, bombarding her with ghostly demonic techniques.

Yet the purple-robed woman moved like a phantom. Every time a spell was about to strike, she would abruptly change direction at the last possible instant, narrowly evading it with astonishing agility.

The five pursuers were all Nascent Soul demonic cultivators. Seeing that the woman never fought back and simply led them on a chase, they gradually sensed that something was amiss.

Just as they realized they had likely fallen into a trap, five talismans suddenly shot out from the dead forest below, exploding in front of them and enveloping them in a dense cloud of smoke.

The next moment, a petite woman with a pair of deer antlers growing from her head emerged from the forest. Forming hand seals with both hands, she summoned countless chains from her storage bag, binding the five cultivators in midair.

"Lengxue!!"

After Xiao Yunluo shouted, the purple-robed woman who had been fleeing instantly turned back.

The Snow Qiong of Myriad Spirits Sword in her hand erupted with frigid spiritual energy. Transforming into a streak of icy-blue light, she shot into the cloud of smoke suspended in midair, pierced through it, and landed in the forest on the other side.

Clang!

Pei Lengxue flicked the blood from her icy spiritual sword. At the same moment, five severed heads fell from the sky, landing several feet behind her with dull thuds.

Without even sparing them a glance, she casually took out several corpse-burning talismans from her storage bag and tossed them over. Flames immediately engulfed the bodies within the dead forest.

Then she raised her head and scanned the battlefield, searching among the Heavenly Demon Sect cultivators fighting the disciples of the Profound Star Sect for her next target.

About ten miles away, atop a cliff, several Profound Star Sect disciples had been surrounded by demonic cultivators and were struggling desperately.

Without a second thought, she frowned and said, "Yunluo, let's go. Next group."

"Huh?" Xiao Yunluo froze for a moment before hurriedly grabbing her by the shoulder. "L-Lengxue... Why don't you rest for a while? Big Brother Zhuang and I can handle this one..."

Pei Lengxue pursed her lips and replied calmly,

"It's fine. I'm not tired."

"That's not the point..." Xiao Yunluo glanced worriedly at the sword clenched tightly in Pei Lengxue's hand. "Lengxue, you've already killed fifteen Nascent Soul demonic cultivators in just a few hours..."

Crunch...

The sound of someone stepping on a broken branch came from nearby.

Zhuang Hu, who had thrown the talismans that concealed the five cultivators' vision moments earlier, stepped out from the shadows of the forest and continued where Xiao Yunluo left off.

"Miss Pei, you should listen to Young Mistress Xiao and take a short break."

"I'm really not tired..."

"I know you're not." Zhuang Hu glanced at the five demonic cultivators burning in spiritual flames nearby. "Didn't Old Six ever tell you? Killing too many people in a short period can taint your mind with bloodlust. Especially here in the Eastern Region."

Xiao Yunluo quickly nodded in agreement.

"Exactly. I've heard that after the last war between the righteous and demonic, quite a few cultivators who returned alive to the Western Region developed a condition where they'd go mad if they didn't kill other cultivators. This is the heartland of the Heavenly Demon Sect, where demonic miasma is especially dense... Be careful of your heart demon."

Pei Lengxue puffed out her cheeks and muttered, "But... I miss Senior Brother."

Hearing that, Xiao Yunluo sighed helplessly.

She wanted to find Ye Anping just as much.

But setting aside the fact that neither of them knew the details of Ye Anping's plan...

For their safety, her mother had specifically arranged for the two of them to accompany Elder Lei and the others in launching the frontal assault against the Heavenly Demon Sect's main forces from the northwest.

At this very moment, her mother was most likely already battling the Heavenly Demon Sect's Master on the southern front of the sect's territory.

Battles between Void Return cultivators were on an entirely different level. If Nascent Soul or Divine Transformation cultivators got too close, a single stray attack could easily kill them.

Xiao Yunluo understood exactly what Pei Lengxue was thinking: kill all the Heavenly Demon Sect cultivators as quickly as possible, then head south to find Ye Anping. But...

"Lengxue, listen to me! Even if we went over there, we still..."

Pei Lengxue glanced at the Snow Qiong of Myriad Spirits Sword in her hand and said, "Senior Brother's sword is still with me. What if he's in danger? I have to go protect him."

"He'll be fine... That dummy is with him, isn't she? She has a golden dragon. It'll definitely keep Anping safe. Don't overthink—"

Before Xiao Yunluo could finish, a violent tremor erupted beneath their feet, coming from the direction of Heavenly Demon Valley. The ground shook so violently that loose stones bounced into the air, and mountainsides collapsed in great swaths.

Rumble—!

All three hurriedly took a step forward to steady themselves before instinctively turning toward Heavenly Demon Valley.

Thick black smoke billowed out of the valley like the prelude to a volcanic eruption. It rose straight into the sky, gathering into an enormous mass of purple clouds above the entire Heavenly Demon Sect.

Then a gust of wind swept past.

Even from hundreds of miles away, they could smell an overwhelming stench of blood that made their stomachs churn.

None of them knew what had happened, but judging by the spectacle, it was undoubtedly something catastrophic.

After a moment's consideration, Zhuang Hu spoke. Although Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo were both peerless prodigies whom ordinary cultivators could not threaten even without detailed intelligence, this phenomenon looked far too ominous.

"Miss Pei, Young Mistress Xiao. We don't know what's causing this. I think we'd better withdraw to the immortal ship behind Elder Lei's position and determine what that purple cloud actually is before—"

Before he could finish, Pei Lengxue frowned and interrupted him.

"Big Brother Zhuang, you and Yunluo help the Profound Star Sect disciples. I'm going ahead! I can feel that my Senior Brother is hurt!"

"Hurt...?"

Xiao Yunluo had no idea where that intuition came from.

Before she could speak, Pei Lengxue leaped onto her flying sword, raised the Snow Qiong of Myriad Spirits Sword, and shot straight toward Heavenly Demon Valley.

Several Heavenly Demon Sect disciples spotted her and immediately turned to intercept.

But the instant their blood-red flying swords collided with Pei Lengxue's icy-blue sword light, they were extinguished on contact, failing to delay her even for a single heartbeat.

"Hiss..."

Watching Pei Lengxue charge ahead, Xiao Yunluo inhaled sharply before immediately taking to the air with a flight technique.

"Big Brother Zhuang! Don't follow us! I'll go with Lengxue!"

Boom!

With an explosive roar, Xiao Yunluo sped after Pei Lengxue, leaving Zhuang Hu standing alone in the dead forest, the corners of his eyes twitching as he watched the two disappear into the distance.

He pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Old Six... you're paying me extra for this..."

Then he hurriedly mounted his flying sword and gave chase.

...

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Bzzzz...

His consciousness gradually returned.

A shrill ringing filled Ye Anping's ears.

His entire body felt as though it had been torn apart, and a burning pain seared across his back. After thinking for a moment, he finally remembered...

Earlier, to protect Mo Chiling and Feng Yudie, he had used his own body as a shield.

Just then, through the ringing in his ears, he heard the soft sound of someone sobbing.

Ye Anping slowly opened his eyes.

Through his blurred vision, he saw a silver-haired girl sitting beside him in a duck-legged posture, crying so hard that tears and snot covered her face.

"Waaah... Anping... waaah..."

Xiaotian and Xue'e were beside her. One was staring intently at Ye Anping's face, while the other was trying to comfort Feng Yudie.

『Yudie, why are you crying?! Anping's fine! I checked him... Don't worry...』

"B-But..."

Ye Anping realized that this was probably the first time he had ever seen Feng Yudie cry this hard.

For some reason, his heart ached for her.

Her beautiful golden eyes, usually so bright and lively, had become swollen and red from crying.

Seeing Ye Anping open his eyes, Xue'e visibly relaxed and quickly called out,

「Ye Anping is awake!!」

"!!!"

The moment Feng Yudie heard that, she stopped crying. She rubbed her eyes, saw Ye Anping looking at her, and without a word threw herself into his arms, hugging him tightly.

"Anping!! I thought you were never going to wake up!!"

"Haa..."

Ye Anping let out a long breath. Slowly raising a hand, he gently brushed the tears from the corners of her eyes.

"Why are you crying? It's not like I've never been injured before. I've never seen you cry like this."

"That was before... But what about the baby? If you never woke up, the baby wouldn't have a father. And when we get back, Junior Sister Pei and the others would definitely beat me to death..."

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Ye Anping froze.

"...What baby?"

"Huh? Doesn't dual cultivation mean you'll have a baby? We already cultivated together, didn't we?"

"..."

Ye Anping opened his mouth to speak, then stopped. He glanced sideways at Xiaotian, his mind suddenly going completely blank.

The higher a cultivator's realm, the lower the chance of conceiving a child. His own parents had both been Core Formation cultivators, and it had taken them several hundred years before they finally had him.

Now both he and Feng Yudie were Nascent Soul cultivators.

How could they possibly get lucky from a single attempt—especially their very first one?

Still...

As unlikely as it seemed, Xiaotian was a variable who could defy common sense.

Could it be...

Seeing Ye Anping look at her, Xiaotian blinked before hurriedly waving both hands.

『I don't know either!』

Ye Anping fell silent for a moment. Then he gently pinched Feng Yudie's cheek and propped himself into a sitting position.

"Yudie... Dual cultivation doesn't necessarily mean you'll have a baby."

"Hm?"

"I'll explain it to you later. First... how long was I unconscious?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

"I see..."

Ye Anping let out a sigh of relief.

He looked up at the mass of purple clouds overhead before suddenly remembering Mo Chiling. He quickly turned his head to look around.

Mo Chiling was lying beside him, her vacant eyes fixed on the purple cloud overhead. She seemed completely lost in thought, as though her mind had drifted thousands of miles away.

After hesitating for a moment, Ye Anping called out, "Senior Mo?"

"Ah... y-yes..."

Startled, Mo Chiling slowly turned toward him.

"Young Master Ye... you're awake? How are your injuries?"

"What are you thinking about?"

"It's just..."

Mo Chiling gently pursed her lips and reached her right hand toward the sky, as though trying to grasp something that wasn't there.

"It all feels so unreal... I never imagined breaking the Heavenly Demon Blood Pool would be this... easy."

She gazed at the purple clouds overhead—a symbol of their success—and narrowed her eyes slightly.

"I spent a thousand years preparing for this. Now it's finally done."

"I should feel happy."

"But instead... I just feel lost."

"I don't know what I'm supposed to do next."

"I avenged my senior brother."

"I survived."

"And then..."

She bit her lower lip.

Her vision gradually blurred, and she couldn't help sniffing.

She had imagined countless terrible scenarios.

Yet she had never imagined things would go so smoothly.

Not only had they succeeded, but she, Little Gu, Fairy Feng, and Young Master Ye had all survived.

"Young Master Ye..."

"It's not over yet."

Ye Anping interrupted her softly and turned to look toward the southern reaches of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

At that very moment, amid the rolling crimson sea of clouds, a sliver of silver-white emerged, piercing through the clouds.

A tremendous shockwave followed, sweeping across thousands of miles and instantly scattering the heavy cloud cover that had hidden the sun and moon over this land for countless years.

The silver crescent finally revealed its true form—

A full moon so enormous that it seemed capable of standing shoulder to shoulder with the heavens themselves.

It was the first time Ye Anping had ever seen a moon of such unimaginable size.

By his rough estimate, Xuanji had likely dragged the moon's surface to within only tens of thousands of feet above the ground.

Then...

The earth quaked.

Mountains crumbled.

Rivers split apart.

In an instant, the countless peaks throughout the Heavenly Demon Sect shattered into fragments, as though lifted by some invisible force, and began rising into the sky.

Rumble—!

Ye Anping finally let out a deep breath.

He had done everything he needed to do.

What remained... was up to Xuanji.

As for what he needed to do next...

"Sun Juehu."

Ye Anping murmured the name under his breath. Supporting himself as he stood up, he took a spare wheelchair out of his storage bag.

"Senior Mo, let's go. We still have things to do."

Although Mo Chiling had already decided she wouldn't be surprised by anything after seeing Ye Anping produce the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal, she still couldn't help staring at him in disbelief when he pulled out a wheelchair.

What kind of normal cultivator carries a wheelchair around in a storage bag, where every inch of space is precious?!

"Young Master Ye... you..."

"Hm?"

Ye Anping glanced at the wheelchair and smiled helplessly.

Actually, the wheelchair hadn't been prepared for Mo Chiling.

He had bought it for Ah Gu and Feng Yudie earlier, thinking that it might come in handy someday, so he had simply left it in his storage bag.

In the end, neither Feng Yudie nor Ah Gu had needed it.

He himself had nearly become its first user instead.

"It's always better to be fully prepared, isn't it?"

"..."

Mo Chiling was left speechless.

Supporting herself with one hand, she slowly shifted into the wheelchair and sat down.

Taking a deep breath, Ye Anping said, "Xue'e, take us to Ah Gu. Then we'll go see Gu Yan one last time... After all, he *is* Ah Gu's adoptive father."

「Yes」

Ye Anping then looked at Feng Yudie and gave her a nod before preparing to step onto his flying sword and head toward the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak, which had now collapsed into ruins.

However, just then, Feng Yudie looked at him timidly and softly called, "...Ye Ziqing?"

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In an instant, Ye Anping whipped his head back around, his face filled with alarm. He frowned and inhaled sharply.

"Hiss..."

"Anping... In that illusion earlier... I saw you..."

Before she could continue, Ye Anping flicked her lightly on the forehead.

Holding a finger to his lips, he smiled.

"How about we keep what happened between us back then our little secret? I haven't even told my junior sister about it."

"I'm the only one who knows?!"

Ye Anping shrugged and nodded.

"Mm."

Feng Yudie's eyes rolled playfully for a moment before she broke into a bright smile.

"Hehe~ okay!!!"

Meanwhile, Xue'e and Xiaotian were both completely bewildered.

The two little spirits tilted their heads, unable to make sense of the cryptic exchange.

『Anping, what's 'Ye Ziqing'? Who's Ye Ziqing?』

Ye Anping replied with a question of his own.

"What Ye Ziqing? Xiaotian, what are you talking about?"

『But Yudie just called you—』

Ye Anping ignored it.

He hoisted the wheelchair—with Mo Chiling still sitting in it—onto his shoulders, stepped onto his flying sword, and said,

"Senior Mo, hold on tight."

Then he looked at Feng Yudie.

"Yudie, let's go find Ah Gu."

"Okay!!"

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Link for character illustration:

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