

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

Volume 7 Chapter 85 / Chapter 530: Senior Brother Closed His Eyes

There were countless kinds of cultivation furnaces, but among them, the dual-cultivation furnace was the most common and thus the most widely known among cultivators.

Many cultivators born into great clans, lacking talent or possessing deficiencies in various aspects, would seek out a handsome man or beautiful woman with excellent aptitude. Through the art of balancing yin and yang, they would absorb that person's spiritual energy and cultivation for themselves.

Although ten thousand years ago an Immortal Emperor had established heavenly laws explicitly forbidding the practice of using people as cultivation furnaces, it remained one of the easiest ways for naturally deficient cultivators to break through bottlenecks and advance their realms.

As a result, even today, the abduction of young men and women to serve as furnaces was still common within the cultivation world. It was simply disguised under the veneer of forced marriages and political unions.

This was true even among righteous cultivators; among demonic cultivators, it was even more commonplace.

Gu Mingxin's beauty ranked among the finest in the demonic path. Ever since Warden Yama found her and brought her back to the Heavenly Demon Sect as a child, numerous demonic clans had set their sights on her.

The Mei Clan of the Pleasure Sect, the Xuanyuan Clan of the Netherbone Sect, and even the He Clan of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

To those demonic cultivators, the young Gu Mingxin was a once-in-a-thousand-years furnace. Everyone wanted to seize her before Gu Yan had fully taken notice of her and before she had grown strong enough to protect herself.

He Buqun had even ordered his fourth son, He Mi, to lure and abduct Gu Mingxin.

But every one of them failed.

The Xuanyuan Clan was wiped out by a wandering demonic cultivator.

He Mi died after encountering a seventh-rank evil beast.

And none of this had been done by Gu Mingxin or Xue'e and the others.

In fact, even Xue'e never knew that during the years between Gu Mingxin's arrival at the Heavenly Demon Sect and her reaching the Core Formation Realm at fourteen years old—when she finally gained the strength to protect herself—there had been someone watching over her from the shadows, beyond everyone's sight.

That person was He Qingjiao.

When the Xuanyuan Clan's patriarch set his sights on Gu Mingxin, He Qingjiao disguised herself as a rogue cultivator and exterminated the Xuanyuan Clan of the Netherbone Sect.

When He Mi acted on He Buqun's orders and attempted to abduct Gu Mingxin, He Qingjiao secretly lured a seventh-rank evil beast and sent her own fourth younger brother into its jaws.

...

BOOM—!!

Several thousand zhang away, a Heavenly Demon Sect flying vessel was pierced through by Xiao Yunluo's heavenly lightning technique. It plummeted into the black forest below, exploding in a flash of white light so brilliant that it turned night into day.

That flash illuminated two figures facing one another across a stone table beside a pile of rubble.

He Qingjiao calmly watched Ye Anping from ten feet away, yet an inexplicable sense of incongruity stirred within her.

It was as if this man did not belong to this world at all.

As though he were someone from beyond it.

The spiritual sword in her hand shifted slightly, hinting at an intention to strike.

Yet Ye Anping simply reversed his grip on Bai Yue, resting the blade behind his shoulder. He showed no desire to fight. Spreading his left hand, he continued:

"Miss He, why go this far? You possess neither loyalty to Warden Yama nor devotion to the Heavenly Demon Sect. Even He Buqun is little more than a

stranger to you. So why stand against me? Why help the Heavenly Demon Sect oppose the righteous cultivators?"

"..."

Seeing that she remained silent, Ye Anping shrugged and smiled.

"It's because of Ah Gu, isn't it? Come to think of it, for Ah Gu's sake, you were even willing to personally send your own fourth brother to his death."

At those words, He Qingjiao finally spoke.

"Who told you that?"

The source of the strange feeling she had sensed from him became clear.

This man knew her.

"Does it matter?" Ye Anping extended a hand toward her. "Miss He, we can be friends."

"..."

"Warden Yama brought Ah Gu back in the first place because of the Heavenly Demon Scriptures and her unique physique. She is the cultivation furnace he has been raising for himself. My goal is to kill him."

"I know," He Qingjiao interrupted with a frown. "I can't kill Warden Yama."

"I can."

"Do you expect me to thank you for that?"

He Qingjiao tilted her head slightly upward. A murderous glint flashed through her eyes as she asked:

“Where is Ah Gu? She was the one who brought this mountain down just now.”

“Miss He, why are you so stubborn?” Ye Anping scratched his head. “You just want to wait until Ah Gu catches up to you so you can kill her, don't you? Once Warden Yama is dead, I'll give you that chance.”

“I'll ask one more time.” He Qingjiao voice grew colder. “Where... is... Ah Gu...?”

“...You really don't trust me, huh?”

The moment the words left his mouth—

Whoosh—

Without the slightest warning, He Qingjiao moved.

The ten-foot distance between them might as well not have existed. By the time Ye Anping saw her sword, the spiritual blade had already reached his throat.

Yet he made no move to defend himself.

Bai Yue, resting behind his back, did not shift even slightly.

Seeing the calm, expressionless look on Ye Anping's face, He Qingjiao felt an overwhelming sense of frustration, as though she were being treated

like a monkey for someone else's amusement. Tightening her grip on the hilt, she drove the sword harder toward his throat.

But at that very instant, two figures—one black, one white—sprang out from behind Ye Anping and landed on either side of him.

A blood-red spiritual sword and a jet-black spiritual sword crossed together, blocking the tip of He Qingjiao's blade.

BOOM—

The shockwave blasted away the surrounding dust, and countless cracks spread across the ground.

He Qingjiao was not surprised.

The moment she saw Ye Anping's expression earlier, she had guessed he had prepared a backup plan.

But when she recognized one of the people who had intercepted her strike—

Gu Mingxin.

For the first time, her normally cold face visibly changed.

“Ah Gu... you...”

Gu Mingxin's eyes widened, and a grin spread across her face.

“Senior Brother He, long time no see!”

Because Feng Yudie's sword was crossed behind Gu Mingxin's, she wasted no time. With Gu Mingxin holding off He Qingjiao, Feng Yudie immediately withdrew her sword and swept it sideways.

A golden sword aura shot straight toward He Qingjiao's neck.

Noticing the attack, He Qingjiao instinctively intended to block it with her baleful energy. But to her surprise, the white-haired girl's sword seemed capable of cutting through that energy itself.

Moreover, the sword was incredibly fast—fast enough to rival the girl who wielded that ice sword.

Without hesitation, He Qingjiao withdrew her own sword and bent backward in a deep arch, narrowly avoiding the strike while preparing a counterattack.

Yet almost at the same moment, Gu Mingxin's spiritual sword had already arrived at her waist.

Realizing she could no longer dodge, He Qingjiao clenched her teeth.

Her left hand flickered.

In an instant, she pulled a jade bowl from her storage bag.

Clink—

The jade bowl collided with the blood-red sword and shattered into countless fragments.

An ocean-like torrent of baleful energy erupted from the fragments, swallowing everything within a hundred-foot radius before exploding upward in a pillar of crimson light that pierced the heavens.

BOOM—!!!

But in the very next moment, a golden radiance intercepted the blood-red pillar, cutting it off before it could reach the clouds.

The six-colored formation flags buried throughout the area slowly rose into the air.

Connected by threads of six different colors, they traced a perfect hexagon around the mountain, forming a spiritual domain.

As the dust gradually settled, what emerged was a perfectly hexagonal crater a hundred feet across, as though carved out by some colossal blade.

Standing atop a pile of shattered rock at one of the six corners, Ye Anping raised his left hand in a sword gesture before his chest and lightly called out:

“Formation, stabilize!”

The six formation flags suspended above the corners crashed down simultaneously, planting themselves atop elevated platforms.

Walls of spiritual energy immediately rose between them, transforming the fifteen-acre crater into a prison from which entry was possible—but escape was not.

Using her spiritual sword as a cane, He Qingjiao knelt on one knee at the center of the crater.

She lifted her head and surveyed her surroundings.

At once, she understood.

This was likely the kind of formation from which escape was impossible unless one killed the formation's creator.

Yet she merely sneered.

“Heh...”

Rising to her feet, she swung her spiritual sword to her right side.

Her gaze briefly passed over the white-haired girl standing at one corner.

Then her eyes settled on Gu Mingxin.

A trace of killing intent surfaced within them.

“Ah Gu...”

“Senior Brother He—oh, no, Senior Sister He. Let me introduce you. This young master is Ye Anping, my Dao companion.”

Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes and smiled.

“You were just trying to kill him, weren't you?”

“ ... ”

“Though even if you weren't trying to kill him, I'd still have to cut you down. After all, you're one of that old man He Buqun's people...”

Ye Anping glanced at her and sighed.

“Miss He, I'll give you one more chance... Why go this far? Put down your sword, and I guarantee—”

Before he could finish speaking, He Qingjiao raised her spiritual sword and directly slashed out a blood-red sword aura at him, effectively shutting him up.

Left with no other choice, Ye Anping blocked it with Bai Yue.

Clang—

At that very instant, Gu Mingxin's eyes widened.

In a flash, she appeared at He Qingjiao's side.

“Who told you that you could move?!!”

Clang—

Their swords collided.

Yet as He Qingjiao looked at Gu Mingxin, there wasn't the slightest emotional fluctuation on her face. It was as though she were merely dealing with an ordinary cultivator who happened to be her enemy.

Waves of baleful light erupted around them.

In the span of merely three breaths, their swords exchanged more than a dozen shrieking clashes.

Watching from nearby, Feng Yudie had already gotten a rough understanding of both their sword styles. She turned toward Ye Anping, and after receiving a nod from him, immediately lowered her body and charged into the fight.

“Black Idiot!!”

Feng Yudie looked at Gu Mingxin with obvious disdain.

“You fight your fight. I'll support you—”

“Who asked for your help?! Get out of the way!!”

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The sword duel, which had previously followed a discernible rhythm, instantly descended into complete chaos the moment Feng Yudie joined in.

He Qingjiao, who had been handling things comfortably before, couldn't help but break into a cold sweat.

She could block Ah Gu's sword with her own, but the white-haired girl's sword could only be avoided through movement and footwork.

Even so, there was no fear or panic on her face despite being pushed into such an awkward position.

Instead, the corners of her lips curled upward, as though she were enjoying herself.

“Tch—White Idiot!”

Gu Mingxin wasn't used to fighting alongside others either. She had been holding back slightly because of Ye Anping's presence, but watching Feng Yudie dart all over the place finally made her lose her temper.

Whoosh—

Her blood-red spiritual sword suddenly swept toward the back of Feng Yudie's neck.

At the very moment it would have connected, Feng Yudie instinctively ducked her head.

A small lock of silver hair was sliced away.

However, He Qingjiao—whose movements had been obstructed by Feng Yudie—didn't have time to react.

The blood-red sword slid into her shoulder.

Forced backward, she immediately retreated.

Yet Feng Yudie intercepted her footing and opened a cut across her calf.

“Hiss—”

He Qingjiao sucked in a breath of pain.

She instantly withdrew several dozen zhang, planting her spiritual sword into the ground and using it to steady herself in a crouch.

Feng Yudie rubbed the back of her head where a tuft of hair had been cut off and glared over.

“You black-hearted woman! You stubborn loudmouth!!”

Gu Mingxin glared back and cursed:

“White Idiot, do you have a death wish?! You blocked my sword! Who told you to come over here?!”

“Young Master Ye told me to help you!!”

“Who asked for your help?!”

...

Watching from a short distance away as the two seemed on the verge of fighting each other instead, Ye Anping felt utterly exhausted.

He let out a long sigh.

Xiaotian and Xue'e, who had been sitting on his shoulders the entire time, also wore expressions filled with indescribable mixed emotions.

『Sigh...』

「Sigh...」

『Hey, Black idiot, what are you sighing for?!』

「What's it to you if I sigh?」

Ye Anping shot both of them a glance.

But the next moment, his attention was drawn away by a sudden burst of laughter.

“Hehehe... Hahaha... Hahahaha...”

Limping on her injured right leg, He Qingjiao threw back her head and laughed.

The expression on her face became increasingly twisted.

Then she looked toward Gu Mingxin and pointed her sword at her.

“Ah Gu...”

“You've made some friends, haven't you?”

The moment those words left her mouth, Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin—who had been glaring at each other just moments before—both turned toward her simultaneously.

In perfect unison, they declared:

“Who's friends with this White Idiot—”

“Who's friends with this Black Idiot—”

At that very moment, a voice suddenly rang out from the distance, causing both Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin to stiffen.

“—It really is Senior Brother! Senior Brother!!!”

The four people inside the formation almost simultaneously looked up.

Pei Lengxue, Xiao Yunluo, and Zhuang Hu had already arrived overhead.

Behind them were more than a hundred disciples of the Profound Star Sect, all standing upon flying swords and dressed in the sect's light-purple robes.

Ignoring the other two entirely, Pei Lengxue dove straight into the formation.

Originally, she had intended to throw herself directly into her senior brother's arms. But upon seeing that Gu Mingxin and He Qingjiao—the woman she had fought earlier—were also present, she assumed her senior brother and Feng Yudie were still dealing with them.

Suppressing the urge to act spoiled, she landed in front of Ye Anping instead.

Whoosh—

With a sweep of the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword, Pei Lengxue glanced briefly at the things sitting on Ye Anping's shoulders, but said nothing about them.

Instead, she frowned and asked:

“Senior Brother, who do I cut down first?”

“ ... ”

Ye Anping said nothing.

He stepped forward and gently patted her head before turning once more toward the solitary figure of He Qingjiao.

At this point, there was no longer any need for him to speak.

The question had already been asked by the Profound Star Sect disciples surrounding the formation from above.

How it would be answered depended entirely on He Qingjiao's choice.

Life or death.

Yet He Qingjiao merely swept her gaze across the encirclement overhead.

Then she tightened her grip on her spiritual sword, turned toward Ye Anping, and took a step in his direction.

“Young Master, I still do not know your—”

Ye Anping answered before she could finish.

“—Ye Anping.”

“I see... Then, Young Master Ye...”

He Qingjiao drew in a deep breath.

Her eyes widened.

“Please die!!”

Ye Anping nodded.

“Mm.”

Then he simply closed his eyes.

He emptied his thoughts and chose not to watch.

Boom—Boom—

The roar of spiritual and baleful energies crashed into his ears.

But it held no meaning.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The harsh ringing of swords colliding echoed all around him.

That too held no meaning.

“Don’t even think about hurting my Senior Brother!”

Clang—

At one point, Ye Anping could feel that He Qingjiao’s sword had come within mere inches of his throat.

Yet he still did not open his eyes.

Sword winds brushed across his face.

Tempestuous gales raged around him.

But every storm eventually came to an end.

Slash—

Only when complete silence had returned did Ye Anping slowly open his tightly shut eyes.

He Qingjiao now lay in a pool of blood.

A blood-red spiritual sword had pierced straight through her chest.

Yet she had not died with her eyes open in resentment.

Her eyes were gently closed.

There was not the slightest trace of regret upon her face.

Her expression was calm, peaceful as still water.

Nearby, Pei Lengxue looked at Gu Mingxin with a hint of confusion.

She had assumed Gu Mingxin was allied with this woman.

Yet in the end, it had been Gu Mingxin's sword that pierced through He Qingjiao's heart and destroyed her Nascent Soul.

Ye Anping slowly walked forward.

As he passed Pei Lengxue, he gently patted her head.

Then he stopped beside He Qingjiao's body.

His lips moved slightly, as though speaking.

But no sound emerged.

Silently, he took out a high-grade fire talisman from his storage bag and placed it upon He Qingjiao's chest.

Amid the faint flames that rose from it, he once again witnessed the disappearance of a single drop within the vast ocean of existence.

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Link for character illustration:

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