

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

Volume 7 Chapter 73 / Chapter 518: Senior Brother, the Immortal-Eroding Demon

Rumble rumble rumble—

The aftershocks from the battle between two Divine Transformation Realm cultivators beyond the heavenly chasm shook the entirety of Heavenly Sorrow City. The streets flickered between light and darkness under the radiance of spiritual techniques blazing across the sky outside the city.

The rogue demonic cultivators on the streets—who had previously believed that Heavenly Sorrow City could never possibly fall—changed their minds after the golden dragon appeared in the southern sky. With a few people stirring panic, the whole city descended into chaos.

Ye Anping stood atop his flying sword, clutching his abdomen as his calm gaze swept across the demonic cultivators fleeing in every direction through the streets. At the same time, he sent his spiritual sense inward to examine his injuries:

“Three broken ribs, most of the meridians in my abdomen shattered... The Nascent Soul and Golden Core are still fine...”

At this moment, he could already imagine that once everything was over, he would probably end up bedridden for at least ten days to half a month.

In fact, right now he wanted nothing more than to find a corner, collapse onto the ground, and sleep.

After all, he had already explained the plan in great detail to Yun Jiujiu, Gu Mingxin, and Feng Yudie. As long as they followed it, nothing should go wrong.

But whether it was because his protective instincts were too strong, or because he simply didn't trust Gu Mingxin and Yun Jiujiu, Ye Anping was terrified that if he wasn't personally there, the two of them would somehow create trouble—or accidentally get themselves killed.

“Haa...”

Closing his eyes, he let out a long breath. Then he pulled a bitter medicinal pill from his storage bag and tossed it into his mouth, using the overwhelming bitterness to force away the drowsiness clouding his mind.

And at that very moment, a seven-story pavilion not far ahead creaked loudly as it tilted sideways.

Craaaash—!

It collapsed directly onto several neighboring buildings, crushing them apart and kicking up a sky full of dust.

The next instant, a small golden figure burst through the smoke and debris, her back scraping violently across the street as she tumbled several times before barely managing to stop herself.

“Fuck!!!”

Yun Jiujiu flipped to her feet, spat out a broken tooth, and glared furiously at the deep trench her body had carved through the street.

Without hesitation, she gripped her gigantic sword with both hands and planted it before herself.

A black-clothed cultivator wearing a demon-faced mask emerged from the dust immediately after her, his spiritual sword crashing straight against the broad surface of her greatsword.

Clang—!

Sparks exploded everywhere as a shockwave blasted away all the surrounding dust.

Yun Jiujiu gritted her teeth with difficulty before suddenly twisting her body and hoisting up her giant sword with a furious roar:

“Damn it!! I’m going all out with you!!”

Holding the massive sword vertically overhead, she swung it down directly toward the masked cultivator’s face.

This strike used nearly every ounce of Yun Jiujiu’s strength—so much force that even the air trembled and wailed. But unfortunately, her opponent was no ordinary cultivator either. With a single sidestep, he effortlessly avoided the blow.

The giant sword engraved with golden patterns smashed into the ground.

BOOM—!!

A crack spread outward from the sword tip like branching tree roots, extending all the way to the far end of the street thousands of feet away.

Hundreds of buildings along its path collapsed into rubble, burying demonic cultivators who hadn't even had time to react.

Even the black-clothed cultivator was visibly shocked by Yun Jiujiu's terrifying strength, astonishment flashing briefly through his eyes. Immediately, he raised his sword and took advantage of the opening created by her overextended attack, thrusting toward her face.

After unleashing that strike, Yun Jiujiu had no follow-up at all. The excessive force meant she couldn't pull her spiritual sword back in time. Watching the enemy blade stab toward her, she had no way to avoid it completely and could only grit her teeth while twisting her body aside, trying her best to keep the strike from hitting a vital point.

"Fuck!!"

Just as the man's spiritual sword was about to slash into Yun Jiujiu's shoulder, a silver-white flying sword shot down from above, intercepting the attack halfway through its momentum.

Clang—!

Realizing another expert had intervened, the black-clothed cultivator instinctively glanced upward toward Ye Anping, who stood atop his flying sword in the sky.

But due to that single moment of distraction, by the time he shifted his attention back to Yun Jiujiu, a small delicate fist had already arrived beside his cheek.

"To hell with you!!"

BOOM—!!

The seemingly harmless little fist struck the demon-faced mask on his face—and the mask exploded apart instantly.

With a crisp crack, the black-clothed cultivator's head spun around his neck more than ten times before tearing free completely and flying into the air, scattering blood everywhere like heavenly maidens tossing flowers.

Yun Jiujiu didn't hesitate either. She immediately followed up with a sweeping kick, sending the headless body flying straight into the ruins of a nearby tavern.

BOOM—!

“Huff... huff... huff...”

Yun Jiujiu panted heavily. Looking at the spiritual sword planted beside her—the one that had blocked the fatal strike for her—she quickly looked up into the sky.

Seeing Ye Anping hovering above on his flying sword, her eyes lit up with joy and she waved enthusiastically at him.

“Brother-in-law!!! Thanks!!”

“... ..”

Ye Anping gave no response. Seeing that there were no further problems, he simply continued guiding the flying sword beneath his feet, turning into a streak of green light as he sped toward the City Lord's Manor.

Seeing that her brother-in-law didn't even acknowledge her, Yun Jiujiu suddenly felt a little awkward. The smile on her face immediately turned stiff, and the hand she had raised slowly lowered again.

Still, she didn't think too much about it. Pulling her giant sword from the ground and resting it on her shoulder, she bent forward and dashed toward the next location her brother-in-law had assigned her.

... ..

Rumble rumble rumble—

Behind him, Yun Jiujiu's thunderous footsteps kicked up waves of dust and sent the corpses of demonic cultivators flying into the air along the street.

Ye Anping glanced back once before withdrawing his attention and looking upward toward the enormous serpent eye in the sky, which had already gathered an immense amount of baleful energy. Quietly, he calculated the timing in his mind.

The Blood Sea Mourning Formation was a spell formation created from the accumulated baleful energy of heaven and earth. Because Heavenly Sorrow City itself had been built atop the central node of a spiritual vein in the eastern region, with four subsidiary veins connected around it—in other words, that giant serpent eye was currently gathering the baleful energy of four entire spiritual veins.

Back when Nangong Cheng had led the cultivators of the Overclear Sect to besiege Heavenly Sorrow City, he had underestimated the power of this formation and taken its attack head-on by himself. Though he managed to

withstand it, he had been severely wounded and forced to retreat, spending several months recovering afterward.

Now, even if the one controlling the formation core was not Gong Yue but Gong Yimo instead, once the formation unleashed its attack and it struck the immortal boats of the sword sect disciples beyond the heavenly chasm, the casualties would certainly be catastrophic.

At this moment, the baleful energy surrounding the enormous serpent eye had already condensed into blood-red strands as fine as hair.

According to Ye Anping's plan, Gu Mingxin should have already killed the four Nascent Soul demonic cultivators within the City Lord's Manor, along with Gong Yimo himself.

Yet in his eyes, the City Lord's Manor still looked exactly the same as when he had left earlier—without the slightest change.

A bad feeling inevitably arose in Ye Anping's heart.

Gu Mingxin had probably run into trouble.

Those four Nascent Soul demonic cultivators shouldn't have been enough to trouble Gu Mingxin. Ye Anping knew Ah Gu's strength very clearly, so the only possible variable was Gong Yimo.

To be honest, Ye Anping himself had no clear understanding of Gong Yimo's true strength.

There had never been such a character in the game. Almost all of Ye Anping's information about him had come from overhearing discussions

between Mo Chiling and the demonic cultivators within the city. He only knew that Gong Yimo possessed exceptional fortune, had obtained many opportunities throughout the eastern region, and possessed remarkably high talent.

However, from their earlier interactions, Gong Yimo had seemed like nothing more than a useless playboy with little actual strength, someone who shouldn't have posed any threat at all.

But now, it seemed highly likely that Ye Anping had underestimated him.

Could it be that he was actually capable of fighting Gu Mingxin evenly?

The more Ye Anping thought about it, the tighter his brows furrowed. Gritting his teeth, he accelerated the flying sword beneath his feet once more, shooting straight over the walls of the City Lord's Manor and diving toward the plaza of the heavenly pavilion.

... ..

—Meanwhile, above the plaza before the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion.

Shhk—!

A blood-red spiritual sword pierced straight through the chest of a Nascent Soul cultivator like a needle passing through cloth, pinning him directly to the ground.

Gu Mingxin calmly swept her gaze across the corpses scattered around the formation platform, all marked with formation patterns. Then she smiled at

Gong Yimo, who still sat cross-legged at the center of the formation, and said with a grin:

“Little Brother Gong, you’re the only one left~”

Because he needed to maintain the formation, Gong Yimo didn’t dare move away from the formation core. Looking at Gu Mingxin—whose body was stained with blood while still wearing Gong Tianchan’s face—his eyes still held a trace of confusion.

“Who exactly are you?”

Gu Mingxin had gotten a little tired after dealing with the four demonic cultivators. Stretching her shoulders casually, she smiled and tore off the mask covering her face, revealing her true appearance.

The instant Gong Yimo saw her face, he recognized her identity. Yet instead of panicking, his expression relaxed somewhat.

Lowering his eyes in thought for a moment, he said:

“So that’s it, Young Mistress Gu. No wonder I thought you looked somewhat familiar from the beginning. You disguised yourself as Fellow Daoist Liang’s cauldron and infiltrated Heavenly Sorrow City just to help the righteous cultivators breach the city?”

“That also explains why Fellow Daoist Liang didn’t notice anything. After all, who could possibly imagine that the former young mistress of the Heavenly Demon Sect would willingly pretend to be the cauldron of some wandering Nascent Soul cultivator just to help righteous cultivators... Heh~”

?

Beside Gu Mingxin, Xue'e—who had been observing the surroundings—froze for a moment after hearing those words.

It sounded like this guy still believed that “Liang Daliu” was on his side.

「What the hell is he talking about...」

Even Gu Mingxin was briefly stunned before bursting into laughter.

“You really are clever~ I’ve rested enough. Time for you to hit the road, hehe~”

A bell-like laugh escaped her lips. She wiped the bloodstains from her face, then in a single step rushed into the formation patterns below. Within the span of a breath, she arrived directly beside Gong Yimo.

Her blood-red spiritual sword traced a crescent arc straight toward the side of his neck.

Whoosh—!

Xue'e stared closely at the strike Gu Mingxin unleashed and immediately felt that Gong Yimo had no chance of surviving.

Seeing no change whatsoever in Gong Yimo's expression, Gu Mingxin also assumed he simply hadn't reacted in time, inwardly lamenting that the task Ye Anping had given her was far too easy.

However, the seemingly blank-faced Gong Yimo suddenly rolled his eyes sharply at the exact instant the blood-red spiritual sword was about to touch his neck.

CLANG—!!

Shhhk—!!

Following the sound of metal striking metal, several streaks of black light instantly burst outward from Gong Yimo's chest, expanding in all directions and shredding apart the remains of the four Nascent Soul cultivators Gu Mingxin had killed earlier.

Gu Mingxin reacted extremely quickly. The instant she heard the metallic clash and sensed something wrong, she retreated over thirty feet in a flash.

Her feet skidded backward until she slammed against a railing at the edge of the formation platform, barely managing to stop herself.

Xue'e panicked as well. It hurried over, raising its fingers into a sword seal before its chest, preparing to summon Ah Mang to protect Mingxin.

But Ah Mang was one of their trump cards.

Ye Anping had specifically instructed them to avoid destroying the formation core if possible—and once Ah Mang appeared, the formation core would immediately shatter.

Gu Mingxin glanced at her wrist—only to see a ring of blood slowly appear around it.

Then her entire left hand detached at the wrist, hanging by threads of flesh before dropping to the ground with a wet splatter of blood.

Her brows furrowed slightly. She immediately drew the severed hand back and reattached it. The relaxed ease she had displayed earlier completely vanished as she looked back toward Gong Yimo.

The face was still his.

The body was still his.

But the aura Gong Yimo now exuded while holding that blade called “Demonic Slayer” was no longer the same Gong Yimo Gu Mingxin had seen before.

“A Blood-Fiend Physique... a demonic cultivator...”

The deep, hoarse voice emerging from Gong Yimo’s mouth sent chills down the spine.

As he stared at Gu Mingxin, terrifying killing intent burst from his eyes, so oppressive that even Gu Mingxin unconsciously shifted a step to the side.

「What is going on...」

Xue’e naturally noticed the change in Gong Yimo as well. Its eyes darted around before finally settling on the hilt of the Demonic Slayer.

There, a sharp spike from the sword hilt had pierced straight through Gong Yimo’s palm.

She immediately realized what was happening.

「Mingxin!! It's a spirit-invocation technique—Fuji divination!!」

“Fuji...”

Hearing the term, Gu Mingxin instantly understood.

Gong Yimo had most likely summoned the sword spirit residing within the spiritual sword, allowing it to temporarily possess his body.

In other words, the one standing before her right now was the master of Demonic Slayer from a thousand years ago, the immortal cultivator named Shen Xin, whose name alone had once terrified every demonic cultivator in the eastern region.

“Tch...”

Gong Yimo slightly raised the pitch-black spiritual sword in his hand and said:

“This one has slain several Heavenly Calamities before. I do not mind slaying one more. The demonic cultivators of the eastern region should have been exterminated long ago...”

The moment those words left his mouth, the black spiritual sword in his hand swept horizontally.

A dark streak of spiritual light reached Gu Mingxin in an instant, causing her crimson eyes to widen slightly. She hurriedly twisted aside to evade it before taking another step into the formation patterns below.

In an instant, the red and black spiritual swords around them transformed into countless streaks of flowing light.

Several guards from the City Lord's Manor, who had rushed over after hearing the commotion and had only just stepped into the corridor, were caught in the aftermath of the clash and blown apart into chunks of flesh.

Seeing Mingxin actually being suppressed, Xue'e immediately stopped hesitating and shouted:

「Ah Mang!!」

“No need!! I can handle him!!”

「But Mingxin—」

Shhk shhk shhk—!

Violent winds moved with the swords, while shrill sword cries rang endlessly like torrential rain without even the briefest pause.

Yet during this blindingly fast exchange of sword strikes, wounds continuously appeared across Gu Mingxin's arms and neck.

Although her Blood-Fiend Physique made such injuries far from fatal, after only five breaths she finally exposed an opening.

Gong Yimo seized her wrist and, with a single slash, severed her arm before forcing her backward.

Gu Mingxin reversed her grip with her remaining left hand and stabbed her sword into the ground to steady herself. Frowning, she looked at Gong Yimo, who was now still holding her severed right arm.

Without hesitation, she recalled her spiritual sword into her soul realm before instantly summoning it again into the palm of her detached right hand over thirty feet away.

Shhk—!

Possessed by Shen Xin, Gong Yimo clearly hadn't anticipated such a bizarre technique. Unable to dodge in time, one of his ears was sliced clean off by the blood-red spiritual sword.

Immediately afterward, a hysterical scream burst from Gong Yimo's mouth:

“AAAAAAHHHH—!! My ear!! It hurts so much!!”

Watching him behave like a madman—as though two souls were fighting within the same body—Gu Mingxin immediately stepped forward again, reattaching her arm by forcefully pressing it back onto her shoulder.

Then she raised her sword and slashed horizontally once more.

However, the twisted expression on Gong Yimo's face instantly returned to that same emotionless calmness from before.

Effortlessly, he blocked her spiritual sword.

CLANG—!

“It's only one ear. You can't even endure that much?”

“Tch.”

Gu Mingxin's expression visibly darkened.

She knew her swordsmanship simply couldn't compete with Shen Xin's. Quickly retreating once more to the edge of the formation platform, she used baleful energy to heal the wounds on her shoulder.

Gong Yimo looked at her, impatience now obvious in his eyes.

"This ends now."

Then he stepped forward.

In an instant, his figure split into eight separate images, surrounding Gu Mingxin from every direction.

Her crimson eyes rapidly shifted back and forth.

Originally, Gu Mingxin had assumed Gong Yimo wouldn't dare leave the formation core. But now, faced with this unknown sword technique, she found herself utterly unable to predict its attacks and could only rely on instinct to defend herself.

Clang clang clang—!

Her crimson spiritual sword spun around her body, accurately blocking six of the flashing shadows.

But there were still two remaining attacks she could no longer stop—one aimed at her right leg, the other at her throat.

Out of options, she could only shout:

"Xue'e!!!"

Xue'e reacted instantly. Raising its finger, it prepared to summon Ah Mang to block the strike for Mingxin.

Before Xue'e could act, however, a black shadow descended from above and landed directly beside Gu Mingxin. Raising two spiritual swords, the newcomer frowned and intercepted the remaining two streaks of sword light.

It was Ye Anping.

With one arm, he wrapped around Gu Mingxin's waist, pulled her away from the spot, and tossed her off the formation platform. Then, carrying his spiritual sword behind him, he stared toward Gong Yimo at the center of the formation with tightly furrowed brows.

Seeing this unexpected arrival, confusion briefly appeared in Gong Yimo's eyes.

"Fellow Daoist Liang?"

But almost immediately, the presence of Shen Xin resurfaced, and his tone changed.

"You are a righteous cultivator. Why would you save a demonic cultivator?"

Hearing that, Ye Anping suddenly understood what had happened.

At once, he raised his hands respectfully and stepped forward.

"This junior, Ye Anping, greets Sword Immortal Shen."

“Hm?” Gong Yimo’s brows lifted slightly, and a faint bitter smile appeared on his face. “I never would have imagined that after so many years, there would still be juniors among the righteous path who remember Shen.”

“When the righteous sects failed in their invasion of the eastern region and retreated, everyone believed Sword Immortal Shen had died amidst the demonic cultivators’ counterattack. Who could have thought...”

“Who could have thought that Shen fought his way out from among twelve Divine Transformation cultivators?” Gong Yimo interrupted himself with a cold laugh. “The price was that all three hundred seventy-one disciples of the Moon Spirit Sect who followed me were slaughtered by demonic cultivators.”

“For the next thousand years, Shen remained within the eastern region, hunting demonic cultivators day and night without pause...”

“Yet even in death, I failed to exterminate all the filth of the eastern region.”

Ye Anping inhaled slowly.

If he could talk his way through this, then there was no need to fight.

In the game, Shen Xin had appeared only as a figure from the playable character dream—a side character unrelated to the main storyline. If players obtained his sword, he would appear in dreams and teach several unique sword techniques.

And now that Shen Xin could possess Gong Yimo’s body, that all but confirmed his identity as the amnesiac Wandering Exile.

According to the game's lore, the amnesiac Wandering Exiles were a man punished in the immortal realm and exiled into the mortal world. Even if they died, they would simply reincarnate.

That setting had originally existed to justify why players could revive endlessly.

If the amnesiac Wandering Exile truly existed in this world, then perhaps reincarnation truly existed as well.

Ye Anping lowered his gaze in thought for a moment before quickly throwing the idea aside.

Whether reincarnation existed or not was irrelevant right now.

What mattered was that he had to kill Gong Yimo and seize control of the main formation core.

Otherwise, the Shadowmoon Sword Sect would suffer catastrophic losses.

"Sword Immortal Shen," Ye Anping said, "if you truly hate demonic cultivators so deeply, then why would you entrust your spiritual sword to the body you now occupy?"

"Him? Heh..." Gong Yimo sneered lightly. "This brat is weak-willed. I was trapped within that cave estate and unable to leave to continue slaying demons. He happened to enter, so I merely borrowed his hand..."

"Then why not hand your spiritual sword to me instead?" Ye Anping proposed. "Allow this junior to help you fulfill your great ambition of exterminating demons."

“Heh... Yet you look more like a traitor to the righteous path.” Gong Yimo’s gaze shifted toward Gu Mingxin behind Ye Anping. “Why did you save that Heavenly Calamity just now?”

Ye Anping glanced sideways toward Gu Mingxin before answering calmly:

“She is useful to me.”

“Using a Heavenly Calamity as a chess piece?” Gong Yimo laughed coldly. “Those who once sought to use Heavenly Calamity and Heavenly Chosen as pawns were almost all destroyed by the backlash of fate itself, dying miserable deaths.”

“What confidence does a mere junior like you have to claim she is under your control?!”

“ ”

Hearing that, Ye Anping immediately understood that a battle was unavoidable.

Letting out a quiet breath, he tilted his head slightly toward Gu Mingxin.

“Ah Gu, don’t come over. Stay hidden below the platform.”

Gu Mingxin raised a brow with a relaxed expression.

“Ye Anping~ I’m fine. I was only letting him have his way earlier—”

“Stay hidden!!”

Gu Mingxin pouted slightly.

She believed that if even she couldn't defeat Shen Xin, then Ye Anping stood even less of a chance.

But at the same time, she absolutely did not want Ye Anping dying at the hands of this ancient sword cultivator whose grave grass was probably already hundreds of feet tall.

Immediately tightening her grip on her spiritual sword, she said:

“Xue’e, in a moment—”

Ye Anping sharply cut her off.

“—No need!”

Xue’e looked back and forth between the two of them, its face filled with worry.

「Ye Anping, don't push yourself too hard. This person...」

“Mm...”

Ye Anping calmed his breathing, rotated the spiritual sword in his hand, and loosened his wrist.

Shen Xin's sword techniques were extraordinarily strange. For ordinary people encountering them for the first time, death was almost guaranteed.

But there was one crucial detail—

None of Shen Xin's sword techniques were unavoidable.

If one's reactions were fast enough, it was even possible to emerge completely unharmed. Back in the game, there had even been an achievement related to sparring with him without taking a single hit.

Ye Anping sank his spiritual sense inward.

In an instant, his five senses slowed to a crawl. All color faded from the world before his eyes as he recalled every move pattern he had once memorized, simulating the entire battle sequence within his mind.

“Shen Xin” watched emotionlessly as Ye Anping lowered himself into the opening stance of the Sword Inquiry Art. For a brief moment, confusion flickered through his eyes.

Something about that posture overlapped with the memory of Immortal Yun Jian in his mind.

But he quickly regained his composure and laid the pitch-black spiritual sword horizontally across his arms.

“Shen does not slay righteous cultivators. But since you insist on protecting that Heavenly Calamity, then you too have become someone Shen must kill.”

Rumble—!!

A deep peal of thunder echoed through the dark clouds overhead, almost like the signal for both men to begin drawing their swords.

“Shen Xin” casually swung his first strike.

Instantly, three pitch-black shadows materialized around Ye Anping out of thin air. Simultaneously, they attacked from three directions with three completely different sword forms—thrust, cleave, and rising slash.

CLANG—!

Yet Ye Anping didn't even look.

Without turning his head, he raised his sword to block the frontal shadow's blade while simultaneously lowering his body forward, narrowly evading the two shadows attacking from behind him.

Shhk—!

Golden sword light flashed.

One shadow was cut cleanly in half at the waist, dissolving into black ink that splattered onto the ground before sinking into it.

A trace of astonishment surfaced within Shen Xin.

It felt as though Ye Anping had completely seen through his sword techniques.

But he dismissed it as coincidence.

His feet shifted slightly, and he unleashed two more slashes.

The number and speed of the shadows instantly doubled.

Six shadows surrounded Ye Anping from every direction just as he took two steps forward, yet the result remained exactly the same.

Ye Anping merely paused for a single step before using an unbelievably precise angle to block one sword and evade the remaining five.

Shen Xin frowned.

“Are you a disciple of the Moon Spirit Sect?”

At the same time, he swung out three more arcs of black sword light, doubling the number of shadows once again.

This time, Ye Anping twisted his body a fraction too slowly.

A bloody slash tore open across the fresh clothes he had just changed into.

He staggered back two steps, but after regaining his footing, he once again advanced toward Shen Xin.

Jumping meant certain death.

Almost every spell technique would simply be cut apart by Shen Xin's sword.

The only possible path to victory was a single sword strike at close range.

“The Moon Spirit Sect of the southern region dissolved several hundred years ago,” Ye Anping said calmly while advancing. “Nowadays, no one remains who can use your sword techniques anymore, Sword Immortal Shen.”

“Is that so?” Shen Xin narrowed his eyes. “Then this is merely coincidence?”

“You could say that.” Ye Anping smiled faintly. “By coincidence I descended into this world. By coincidence I met the current Heavenly Chosen and Heavenly Calamity. And by coincidence I now stand before you, crossing swords with you.”

Whoosh whoosh—!

Clang clang clang—!

Watching Ye Anping’s movements—which seemed to completely perceive through every one of his sword techniques—Shen Xin couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

To think the righteous path had produced such an outstanding junior.

The sternness on his face eased slightly.

But the sword in his hand did not.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh—!

After the pitch-black spiritual sword traced a curved arc through the air, the shadows across the stone tiles instantly connected together into a dense black net.

Like a fishing net cast over prey, it completely enveloped Ye Anping.

Seeing this, Gu Mingxin immediately felt that Ye Anping had no way to evade it. She hurriedly stepped forward, intending to interfere—

But just as she moved, several streaks of golden spiritual light suddenly burst from within the ink-black net surrounding him.

Shhk—!

Ye Anping rushed out with sword in hand.

At the same time, dark streaks sliced across both his shoulders, carving deep wounds all the way to the bone.

And with that final step, he arrived directly before “Shen Xin.”

Raising his spiritual sword, Ye Anping slashed horizontally.

Shen Xin naturally lifted his black spiritual sword vertically to block.

Yet Ye Anping’s sword light simply swept straight across the surface of the black blade itself.

“Immortal Yun Jian’s...”

Shen Xin glanced sideways at the spiritual sword in Ye Anping’s hand before letting out a cold laugh.

Then the expression on his face suddenly twisted viciously.

A line of blood split downward from Gong Yimo’s right shoulder, nearly cleaving half his body apart.

It seemed Shen Xin had already known he was about to be struck, so he abandoned Gong Yimo’s body and retreated back into the black spiritual sword at the final moment.

“It’s over, Sword Immortal Shen.”

“AAAAAAHHHHH—!!”

Gong Yimo's screams echoed endlessly.

Without hesitation, Ye Anping thrust his sword straight into the location of Gong Yimo's golden core, pinning him directly to the center of the formation beneath their feet.

Blood vessels bulged through Gong Yimo's eyes as he stared at Ye Anping, who now stood over him with sword in hand.

Then, as though he had suddenly remembered something, he shouted:

"Weren't you already dead?!"

Ye Anping frowned slightly.

Only then did he notice his own reflection in the pool of blood nearby.

Apparently during Shen Xin's sword techniques earlier, the mask bearing Kong Huayuan's face had already been torn apart.

""

Ye Anping hesitated for a brief instant.

Seeing Gong Yimo still trying to speak, he immediately slashed another sword across his chest, splitting his Nascent Soul in half.

Then, moving with extreme speed, he pulled out a talisman and cremated Gong Yimo's corpse on the spot into ash before using a wind talisman to scatter the remains completely.

"Haa..."

<+>

Link for character illustration:

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