

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

Volume 7 Chapter 17 / Chapter 462: Senior Brother, Fate Made Complete as Six

Amid the slanting clouds and fierce winds, disheveled silver hair flowed like a waterfall, whipping about behind her.

Feng Yudie closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She thrust the spiritual sword in her hand into the muddy soil of the flower field before her, took a hair tie out of her storage bag, gathered her loose hair, and bound it into a single ponytail. At the same time, she spoke to Zu Lingzhi behind her:

“Go to the Heavenly Pavilion and protect Young Master Ye.”

“Ah, Fairy Feng, I can help—”

Before Zu Lingzhi could finish, Feng Yudie’s brows knitted together and she barked sternly:

“—Go to the Heavenly Pavilion!!”

Zu Lingzhi immediately flinched, lowered her head, cheeks flushed red, and nodded quickly.

“F-Fairy Feng, then please be careful. That person’s sword techniques are very strong, and she also has a huge black python...”

“I know.”

“ ”

Zu Lingzhi fell silent for a moment. After glancing at Gu Mingxin, who stood ten zhang away with sword in hand, she stepped onto her flying sword and turned toward the White Jade Capital.

Once Zu Lingzhi had flown far away, Feng Yudie raised her spiritual sword and pointed it straight at Gu Mingxin's face.

"I won't allow you to interfere with Young Master Ye's tribulation!"

"Hoo..." Gu Mingxin saw the hostility in Feng Yudie's eyes and pursed her lips slightly. "Why would I interfere with *my* Ye Anping forming his Nascent Soul? I love him too much to do that, how could I possibly disrupt him?"

Gu Mingxin lifted her index finger slightly.

Immediately, the ground in the spirit flower field stirred. Just like before, the black python poked its enormous head out of the earth, then—like spitting phlegm—coughed up a round object from its mouth.

Reduced by digestion to nothing but a head, Chong Touzi rolled *gulu gulu* to Gu Mingxin's feet. She kicked it up like a cuju ball and caught it in her left hand.

"Here. I killed him. He wanted to interfere with Ye Anping's tribulation."

Feng Yudie's brows twitched slightly.

"... .."

At this moment, Xue'e floated down from the sky and landed in front of Feng Yudie, waving its hands as it tried to persuade her:

「Feng Yudie! Mingxin really has nothing to do with those Poison Gu Sect cultivators. She just wants to see Ye Anping. You don't need to stop us.」

Feng Yudie's brows tightened slightly. Looking at the demonic cultivator's head in Gu Mingxin's hand, she didn't dare relax her guard in the slightest. After thinking for a moment, she said:

“Then bind yourself. I'll stay here with you and wait until Young Master Ye finishes his tribulation and comes over.”

Gu Mingxin lifted her chin slightly and tossed Chong Touzi's head aside.

“Idiot, aren't you misunderstanding something?”

Feng Yudie immediately became alert, gripping her spiritual sword tightly.

Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes and looked at her askance.

“I'm explaining all this to you only because I have no interest in fighting a defeated opponent like you. And besides, if you died here, Ye Anping would be angry. I don't want to make him angry.”

“ ”

“Ye Anping is truly gentle. Even though you're so useless, he never abandoned you, on the contrary, he's repeatedly gone to great lengths to save you. Do you know how jealous that makes me? He should have been mine.”

Sensing that its Mingxin's mood was turning bad, Xue'e, who stood between the two of them, hurriedly spoke up to interrupt:

「Hey!! Mingxin, stop talking!! Let me explain this to her—」

Then Xue'e quickly turned to Feng Yudie with an earnest expression, spreading her hands as she explained:

「Feng Yudie, Mingxin and I really don't mean to harm Ye Anping this time. We truly are just passing through—」

“—Xue'e,” Gu Mingxin said coolly, “what's the point of playing the lute to a fool? Do you think a fool can understand?”

「Mingxin!」 Xue'e frowned and shot Gu Mingxin a glare. 「Stop talking!」

Gu Mingxin shrugged slightly, ignoring it, and continued:

“Even though you're all by Ye Anping's side, when he's undergoing his tribulation, you still let a Grand Elder of the Poison Gu Sect reach this place. Can you really protect him? I was the one who killed this Chong Touzi you know. His gu formation was no joke, if you hadn't noticed it, Ye Anping would've been in danger...”

Seeing Feng Yudie's grip on her sword tightening more and more, cold sweat instantly broke out on Xue'e's forehead. It hurried back and kicked Gu Mingxin squarely on the forehead.

「Mingxin!! Don't say another word!!」

Gu Mingxin pursed her lips and swatted it away.

“I'm saying this because I *want* this idiotic woman to know that she's not worthy of standing by Ye Anping's side. By the way, where's that Liang

Xiaoxue? Compared to you, I'd much rather fight her again. Last time there was some useless trash dragging me down—”

Before she could finish—

Clang—!

A white line sliced several zhang across the spirit flower field, sending snow-white petals flying everywhere.

Gu Mingxin's reaction was astonishingly fast. The casual stance with her hands spread open vanished instantly. Her left hand closed around the blood-red spiritual sword, drawing a diagonal arc of sword light before her.

Bang—!

Brilliant sparks exploded in those crimson eyes. The corner of her mouth curled upward, a trace of wild exhilaration appearing in her gaze as she burst into laughter.

“HAHAHAHA—You overestimate yourself!!”

“Gu Mingxin, I—” Feng Yudie ground her teeth, pressing her sword against Gu Mingxin's blade. Taking a deep breath, she glared furiously and cursed, “Go to hell!!”

Clang clang clang—!

Two figures—one in white, one in black—darted about, trailing streaks of sword light that collided into a chaotic torrent.

Snow-white spirit flowers were shredded into countless fragments by the sword winds, swirling around the two like falling snow, dancing at their sides.

Floating in place, Xue'e suddenly felt utterly exhausted, but there was nothing it could do now.

—Why are they fighting?! Why are they fighting?! It's just Ye Anping! Can't this be talked out calmly?! Why does everything have to end in killing?!

Its eyes followed the two afterimages weaving through the flower field. It froze for a moment, then suddenly remembered something:

—Wait... where's the golden idiot?

「—？」

Startled, it seemed to sense something and hurriedly looked down at the soil directly beneath it.

And in the very next instant, a tiny golden figure burst straight up through the earth, phasing out of the soil. With an uppercut, it slammed squarely into Xue'e's chin.

「Ah—!!」

『Hah—! Sneak attack!?

Xue'e was sent spinning straight upward. After Xiaotian took a deep breath, it planted itself midair in a horse stance, held its breath, gathered its qi, and stomped hard. Its body streaked upward as a vertical beam of golden light,

and a flying knee smashed into Xue'e's belly, folding it in half and kicking it even higher into the sky.

「Ugh—!!」

Xue'e's eyes nearly popped out, but it quickly recovered, veins bulging on its forehead.

「 You golden idiot!!!」

Xue'e raised its left hand and punched Xiaotian in the chest to force it back, then reached behind it, drew out the wooden sword strapped to its back, and charged forward, hacking straight down at the top of Xiaotian's head.

『Ah!! Oww!!』

Caught completely off guard, Xiaotian was struck so hard that it bowed deeply on the spot. When it had just lifted its head, the second strike landed on its forehead, smashing it straight down toward the ground.

「Huff... huff...」

Xue'e took two heavy breaths, glanced at Xiaotian, then flicked its gaze toward Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin as they continued to weave through the flower field.

Suddenly—

Rumble—!

After a peal of thunder, a streak of white light appeared within the pitch-black tribulation clouds above the Heavenly Pavilion.

It raised its head and took a look, realizing that Ye Anping's first Nascent Soul tribulation lightning was about to descend. After hesitating for a moment, it immediately turned and flew toward the Heavenly Pavilion.

Right now, only Ye Anping could persuade the two people dueling with swords in the flower fields to stop.

Lying in the flower field after being beaten down, Xiaotian rubbed its head. Seeing Xue'e fly straight toward the Heavenly Pavilion, its eyes widened and it sprang up from the ground at once.

『Hey, you pitch-black thing—stop right there!!!』

... ..

Rumble—

Within the tribulation clouds, lightning flashed and thunder roared.

In front of the small pavilion inside the Heavenly Pavilion's cave abode, a Spirit-Gathering Grand Formation had already been set up all around. Placed within it were Heavenly Origin meditation cushions that Zhuang Hu had once taken from the secret treasury of Nangong Cheng back during the days of the Overclear Sect.

After consuming twenty-two types of immortal-grade pills, Ye Anping sat cross-legged at this spot, planting the spiritual root given to him by Zu Yuan into his own meridians—almost rebuilding his meridian system from scratch.

Planting another person's spiritual root was like transplanting someone else's organs. The body would inevitably reject it to some extent, let alone a spiritual root belonging to a Void Return Realm cultivator who had lived for more than twenty thousand years.

Originally, Ye Anping had planned to return to the Profound Star Sect after obtaining Zu Yuan's spiritual root, find a geomantically favorable place, and transplant it slowly.

But now, with the Taibai Sect under invasion by demonic cultivators, the sect's grand formation could block the strong but not the weak.

Demonic cultivators at the Nascent Soul realm and above couldn't enter—but those at the Core Formation realm, as well as certain cultivators proficient in return-to-origin techniques, could move in and out freely.

While such people posed no threat to the Taibai Sect's elders and high-level disciples, the sect's many Qi Refining— and Foundation Establishment realm disciples had no way to withstand them.

What's more, the attackers were gu cultivators, whose gu arts were especially troublesome in assaults on mountains or cities.

When Zu Yuan departed, he handed the sect master's token to Ye Anping precisely so that Ye Anping could temporarily look after the Taibai Sect in his stead, minimizing the casualties among its disciples as much as possible.

Yet whether by the meddling of heaven's will or sheer bad luck, no sooner had Zu Yuan left than Ye Anping's Nascent Soul tribulation clouds had already formed.

At this point, he had no strength left to worry about what was happening outside the Heavenly Pavilion. He could only hope that his Junior Sister and the others would be able to protect White Jade Capital during his Nascent Soul formation. Otherwise, if a demonic cultivator were to break into the Heavenly Pavilion, he would certainly perish beneath the Nascent Soul tribulation lightning.

"Hoo..."

Ye Anping let out a long breath, slowly opened his eyes, and looked up at the tribulation clouds overhead. After a moment of silence, he said:

"Sixty percent."

The first bolt of the Nascent Soul tribulation was the hardest to endure.

As long as one survived the first bolt, success was basically assured.

Yet throughout history, nearly ninety-nine percent of late-stage Core Formation cultivators had been reduced to dust by that very first Nascent Soul lightning.

He had already prepared everything he possibly could.

Fate stood at six parts, the remaining four would be left to luck.

"I've heard that beginners always have good luck in gambling. I wonder if that's true? This is my first time betting on luck, after all... hehe."

Ye Anping exhaled softly, pressed his palms together, and poured all the spiritual energy in his body into every inch of his blood vessels. In an instant, threads of azure light bloomed across his entire body.

Inside the Heavenly Pavilion's cave abode, wisps of spiritual energy—like fireflies—slowly drifted upward, gathering toward the tribulation clouds above his head.

The originally chaotic, formless clouds instantly spiraled inward, collapsing into a massive vortex.

Fierce winds rose, silver serpents of lightning danced wildly.

And at that very moment, two tiny figures—one black, one gold—leapt into the boundary of the cave abode.

『Hey, you pitch-black thing!! You—』

?

Ye Anping shifted his gaze and saw Xue'e flying ahead with a sword in hand, while Xiaotian chased madly after it. His eyelid twitched—but he quickly regained his composure and closed his eyes again.

He couldn't afford to let his attention waver now, the slightest distraction would mean certain death.

Xue'e, flying in, glanced up at the sky and saw that the tribulation lightning was about to fall. It immediately slammed on the brakes, then turned around and swung the wooden sword in its hand.

Crack—

Xiaotian hadn't expected it to stop. It crashed headfirst into Xue'e's wooden sword. Xue'e then twisted in midair, lifted it leg, and brought it down in a sharp kick to Xiaotian's back, smashing it straight into the ground.

Thud—

Xue'e rushed over at once, stepped on Xiaotian's back, raised it wooden sword, and started hammering it against the back of Xiaotian's head.

Bang bang bang bang—

「You golden idiot, shut up!! Don't disturb him while he's facing the tribulation, the lightning is about to fall!!!!」

『Ugh—』

Only then did Xiaotian realize what was happening and hurriedly covered its mouth.

But Xue'e still stomped its face straight into the dirt with one foot.

Crackle—

At that moment, a white flash burst forth from the center of the tribulation clouds.

Boom—

A thunderclap roared down, its sound like a dragon's roar echoing across ten thousand miles.

Golden lightning descended from the heavens, engulfing Ye Anping completely.

A few breaths later, it vanished without a trace, leaving behind only scorched ground—and a lone young man who looked as though he had just stepped out of a sauna in the dead of winter.

Billowing white steam poured out from every pore of Ye Anping's body. The Profound Star Sect robes he had been wearing were now nowhere to be seen.

Watching him, Xue'e couldn't help holding its breath, pressing its lips tightly together.

Even now, it couldn't tell whether it had succeeded or not. If Ye Anping hadn't endured it, then what sat there would merely be a corpse cooked through by heavenly lightning.

『Anping!! Ah—』

「Shut up!!」

Xue'e brought its sword down on the back of Xiaotian's head again, then lifted its gaze to continue watching Ye Anping.

Just like that, after about ten breaths, Ye Anping's expression shifted. His eyelids trembled slightly, and at last he opened his eyes, revealing a pair of warm, luminous deep-violet pupils, clear and piercing.

“Hah—”

His lips parted as he exhaled a breath of spiritual mist tinged with golden metal energy. A strange expression slowly spread across his face—an odd mixture of disbelief and wild joy.

Fate had been six parts.

And now, it seemed he had indeed drawn that “six.”

The tribulation clouds above, as if satisfied, slowly spun apart and faded away, dispersing into nothingness. The cave abode returned once more to the clear skies that had greeted Ye Anping when he first entered.

The tension in Ye Anping’s shoulders gradually eased, as though he had finally let out a breath he’d been holding. But when he caught sight of Xue’e standing there with her foot planted on Xiaotian, his expression immediately returned to its usual calm, still as an ancient well.

“Why are you here?”

Xiaotian hurriedly stretched a hand toward Ye Anping, putting on a pitiful, teary-eyed expression, and cried out:

『Anping!! It bullied me!! Oww—』

But before it could finish, Xue’e brought its sword down on the back of its head again.

「You golden idiot!! Shut up!!」

Xue’e shot Xiaotian a glare, then came back to her senses and said:

「Ye Anping! Come with me!! Mingxin is fighting with your white idiot, hurry up and go talk them down.」

“ ”

Ye Anping hadn't expected Gu Mingxin to show up at the Taibai Sect, and for a moment he was a little stunned. After thinking it over, he braced himself on his knees and stood up.

One thing at a time, then.

However, he seemed not to notice that the tribulation clouds had blasted all his clothes away. As he stood up, Xue'e—still stepping on Xiaotian's back—couldn't help letting it gaze drift upward. Its eyes widened slightly, and a faint blush appeared on her cheeks.

「Uh, Ye Anping... your clothes... ah—!」

But in that brief lapse, Xiaotian seized the opportunity. With a spinning kick, it lashed out and booted Xue'e squarely in the butt, then flipped upright, clenched both fists, and launched upward with rapid punches.

『Ora!!』

「Ah—! You golden idiot!! Are you sick or something?!」

However, Xiaotian's flurry of punches didn't even make it to the fourth strike before Xue'e blocked them with her wooden sword and then brought it down on Xiaotian's forehead with a backhanded chop.

Bang—

Like striking a wooden fish, Xue'e kept hammering away at its skull.

[You golden idiot!! Settle down already!!]

Bang bang bang bang—

But the very next moment, both of them were seized by Ye Anping, who had already changed into a spare set of Profound Star Sect robes.

Xiaotian spotted an opening and hurled a flying kick toward Xue'e's head, which Ye Anping was holding in his left hand.

『Hmph!! Black bastard, it's my turn—huh?!』

Then it, too, was grabbed—this time by Ye Anping's right hand.

Looking at the two little figures—one black, one gold—held at his sides, Ye Anping let out a long, earnest sigh, and then simply flew straight toward the exit of the cave abode, carrying them along.

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Link for character illustration:

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