

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

Volume 7 Chapter 71 / Chapter 516: Heavenly Sorrow, War Begins

A towering pillar of blood-red light shot upward from the City Lord's Manor at the center of Heavenly Sorrow City, piercing into the sky before dispersing across the thousand-foot heavens. Immediately afterward, streams of baleful light rose from every corner of the city, merging into a massive spiritual barrier that sealed the entirety of Heavenly Sorrow City beneath it, transforming the city into an abyss from which none could escape.

On the plaza outside the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion, Gong Yimo sat cross-legged at the center of an incomparably complex formation diagram. His eyes were closed, his hands forming seals as he activated the formation, while six Nascent Soul cultivators from Heavenly Sorrow City guarded him from all sides.

City Lord Gong Yue wore a long robe reinforced with pieces of armor, a black war spear resting against his arm. Standing outside the formation, he watched his adopted son with visible satisfaction in his eyes.

Truthfully, the safest strategy now would have been for him to personally act as the formation core and defend Heavenly Sorrow City from within. With the city's defenses, it would be practically laughable for the Shadowmoon Sword Sect and Yun Tianchong to think they could breach it.

However, just as Liang Daliu, the newest member he had brought into the Gong Clan, had advised earlier—If he remained inside Heavenly Sorrow

City and simply held the city for seven or eight days, waiting for nearby demonic sect disciples to arrive as reinforcements, then the Shadowmoon Sword Sect would have absolutely no chance of victory.

But the price would be that the Gong Clan could not monopolize the spoils gained from destroying the Shadowmoon Sword Sect. Moreover, the other demonic sects of the eastern region would see Gong Yue as nothing more than a turtle with a hard shell—someone who did not even dare confront Yun Tianchong directly.

After all, while Immortal Yun Jian had once split the four regions with a single sword strike and struck fear into the eastern region's demonic cultivators, everyone across the Five Regions knew that his only son, Yun Tianchong, was merely a useless fool who relied on his father's legacy to reach late-stage Divine Transformation.

Whether for profit or reputation, personally leading Heavenly Sorrow City into battle was the optimal choice.

Besides, even if he truly could not withstand Yun Tianchong's sword intent and technique, the Heavenly Sorrow City still possessed the "Blood Sea Mourning Formation" as a final trump card.

Just as Gong Yue was considering these matters, eight spiritual swords suddenly streaked across the southern horizon with dragon-like roars, tearing through the dark clouds above Heavenly Sorrow City and slamming directly into the spiritual barrier protecting the city.

BOOM—!!!

Following the violent tremor and explosive impact came Yun Tianchong's furious roar, amplified through spiritual power:

——“GONG YUE, GET YOUR ASS OUT OF THAT TURTLE SHELL OF YOURS!!!”

Gong Yue turned toward the direction of the voice and cast a farsight technique, bypassing the city's buildings to peer beyond the ravine. There he saw Yun Tianchong standing alone before dozens of Sword Sect immortal boats, his body enveloped in golden spiritual energy.

Yet Gong Yue merely sneered coldly.

“Heh~”

Then, facing the twelve-plus Nascent Soul demonic cultivators standing behind him, his gaze slowly sweeping across each of them, he spoke with casual calmness:

“Follow this lord out of the city and slaughter those pigs!”

“““Yes!!”””

The dozen Nascent Soul cultivators cupped their hands in acknowledgment before each raising their magical tools.

At once, countless ink-black figures rose from every corner of the city on flying swords, pouring outward beyond the walls. Gong Yue and his twelve trusted subordinates likewise mounted their flying swords, forming ranks as they charged toward the Shadowmoon Sword Sect beyond the ravine.

After Gong Yue departed, Gong Yimo—still seated at the center of the formation—revealed a faintly playful smile. Forming another hand seal, he declared:

“Activate the formation!”

At his command, the six Nascent Soul cultivators protecting him simultaneously transferred their baleful energy into his body, allowing him to guide it upward into the sky.

Streams of dense baleful energy gathered around Gong Yimo before soaring thousands of feet into the heavens. In mere moments, they formed a colossal serpent eye as large as the moon itself, coldly gazing down upon all things below.

At almost the exact moment the serpent eye appeared, a flying sword came speeding over from the direction of the Princess Manor.

The six Nascent Soul cultivators surrounding Gong Yimo immediately frowned and grew wary. But once they saw that the one arriving on the flying sword was ‘Gong Tianchan’, they quickly relaxed again.

Ye Anping held Gu Mingxin around the waist as the two of them acted like a pair of newly enamored lovers. Landing before the grand formation, Ye Anping’s gaze slowly swept across the six people surrounding Gong Yimo, a trace of vigilance appearing in his eyes as he considered which one he should eliminate first once the fighting began.

Seeing them arrive, Gong Yimo raised a brow and greeted them:

“Elder Sister, instead of enjoying springtime pleasures with Fellow Daoist Liang, what brings you here?”

Though Gu Mingxin was pretending to be Gong Tianchan, she looked almost perfectly in character as she swept her gaze across the seven men with a wicked grin.

“I wanted to as well~ Unfortunately... Fellow Daoist Liang simply can’t endure all the torment your elder sister puts him through, so he insisted on coming over to see whether there was anything he could help with.”

?

Ye Anping froze for a moment at her words and turned to look at her. Seeing Gu Mingxin shooting him a teasing glance, the corners of his eyes twitched slightly. Still, he ignored her and merely forced out a bitter smile.

“Since I’ve already joined the Gong Clan, if I were to spend a time like this indulging in pleasure with Lady Gong instead of standing guard here, it would truly be hard to justify.”

Gong Yimo lifted a brow and smiled, not particularly surprised.

“Fellow Daoist Liang needn’t concern himself so much. But since you’re already here, then you may serve as this young master’s protector.”

“As Young Master Gong commands.”

Ye Anping cupped his hands politely. Then, just like the six cultivators beside him, he took out a spiritual sword from his storage bag and stepped onto the formation platform.

Naturally, Gu Mingxin followed behind him. The instant the two of them stepped onto the platform and came close enough to the six cultivators, Gu Mingxin immediately revealed a look as though she could hardly wait to show off for Ye Anping and prepared to directly slaughter all six of them.

But Ye Anping instantly stopped her with a gesture.

These six were not enemies Gu Mingxin could eliminate within a single breath. Even if they currently had no guard against the two of them, the moment the first person died, the remaining five would instantly react.

The ideal situation would have been for Gong Yimo to be surrounded only by weaklings.

But clearly, that was not the case.

Which meant they could only proceed with Ye Anping's backup plan.

Ye Anping gave Gu Mingxin a look, signaling her to wait a little longer. Then he calmly sat down cross-legged, laying Bai Yue flat across his knees as he looked toward the direction outside the southern part of the city.

His deep violet eyes remained calm and unfathomable, reflecting the countless lights of Heavenly Sorrow City below, as well as the overwhelming spiritual radiance produced where Yun Tianchong's sword techniques collided with Gong Yue's baleful techniques outside the city.

Golden lightning serpents danced through the layered clouds at the horizon while spells and sword light twisted and surged across the sky.

Rumble—

Wild winds swept across his face, causing Ye Anping's black hair to drift lightly in the air.

Ye Anping slowly closed his eyes and quietly waited for the right moment.

And after waiting for no more than the time it takes an incense stick to burn—

ROAR—!!

A dragon's roar suddenly echoed throughout the entirety of Heavenly Sorrow City.

Everyone present except Ye Anping and Gu Mingxin was shaken by the roar and instinctively turned toward its source.

There, in the direction of Heavenly Sorrow City's southern gate, a golden dragon hundreds of feet long soared upward into the sky. Leaping like a divine beast, it slammed violently into the spiritual barrier surrounding Heavenly Sorrow City.

With just a single strike, a crack spread across the city-protecting barrier.

Ye Anping slowly let out a breath. Looking at the six stunned cultivators, his eyes narrowed slightly as he murmured softly:

“The Immortal Emperor Dragon Body?”

One of the Nascent Soul demonic cultivators beside him heard the murmur and could not help asking:

“Fellow Daoist Liang recognizes that golden dragon?”

“I’ve heard a little about it.”

Ye Anping replied casually with a sidelong glance. After thinking briefly, he stood up and faced Gong Yimo, pointing toward two of the cultivators beside him.

“Young Master Gong, I request permission—could these two seniors accompany Liang to investigate?”

At Ye Anping’s request, the two men immediately exchanged glances before refusing on the spot.

“Fellow Daoist Liang, we were ordered by City Lord Gong to protect the Young Master here. We absolutely cannot leave even a single step.”

Ye Anping fell silent for a moment, then nodded as though reluctantly accepting it.

“Then Liang will go investigate alone...”

At the same time, however, he gave a subtle look to Xue’e, who was still perched on his shoulder.

Xue’e instantly understood what he meant and immediately urged its Mingxin:

「Mingxin, hurry and help him out here.」

Gu Mingxin pressed her lips together slightly before smiling.

“You two just go with my husband. I’ll watch over things here in your place. If Father asks later, just say this young lady ordered you to go.”

Gong Yimo looked at Gu Mingxin wearing his elder sister's face, then glanced toward the golden dragon still wreaking havoc in the southern part of the city. In the end, he chose not to object.

"Elder Yue, Elder Sikong, the two of you may accompany Fellow Daoist Liang to investigate. Father has already led our forces out of the city to battle the Shadowmoon Sword Sect. Right now, the Heavenly Sorrow City is under the authority of my elder sister and myself. Go."

The two elders still looked somewhat hesitant, but with both Gong Yimo and "Gong Tianchan" having spoken, they no longer refused and cupped their hands respectfully.

"As you command."

Ye Anping shot Gu Mingxin a glance, signaling her to seize the right opportunity to strike. Then he nodded slightly and gestured outward.

"Two seniors, this way please."

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About a quarter of an hour earlier.

On the main street of the southern district, the demonic cultivators within the city continued indulging themselves as usual. Laughter and cheerful chatter flowed endlessly from the taverns lining both sides of the road. Though they discussed the Sword Sect outside the city, none of them showed the slightest sense of tension, as if the matter had nothing to do with them.

At the entrance of a dark alley beside the street, Feng Yudie stood dressed in white, silver hair flowing behind her as she cautiously peeked out, quietly observing the demonic cultivator disciples coming and going along the street.

Suddenly, a giant serpent eye manifested in the sky above.

Xiaotian looked upward and murmured:

『Yudie, that's the formation sign Anping mentioned before. He said once the serpent eye appears, we can move out.』

“Mhm!”

Feng Yudie nodded. Pulling both her head and Xiaotian—who was lying atop it—back into the alley, she took out several medicinal pills Ye Anping had prepared for her and tossed them into her mouth before drawing her spiritual sword into her right hand.

Ye Anping had said to use the serpent eye as the signal.

She and Yun Jiujiu would split up. Feng Yudie would go open the city gates, while Yun Jiujiu would head to the locations Ye Anping had previously shown her and begin smashing, burning, and killing.

Feng Yudie lightly pressed a hand against her chest and let out a soft breath.

Then, alone, she stepped out from the alley into the center of the street and stopped, facing toward Heavenly Sorrow City's southern gate.

The demonic cultivators who noticed her were initially puzzled, but most paid her little mind. They merely glanced at her once before continuing on their way.

Feng Yudie slowly looked around.

Then she gently raised her left hand and removed the mask covering her face, revealing her original delicate features.

In that instant, it was as though a single drop of white ink had fallen onto a sheet of black paper.

Amid the dense demonic aura filling the streets, the spring-aspect immortal spiritual aura unique to Feng Yudie instantly spread into the spiritual senses of every demonic cultivator present.

The entire street fell silent in an instant.

Pedestrians stopped mid-step. The conversations inside the taverns abruptly ceased. Even the wine cups lifted halfway by the drinkers froze motionless in the air.

Feng Yudie slowly swept her gaze from left to right, her golden eyes narrowing slightly.

Xiaotian, who had previously been keeping its eyes closed while using spiritual sense to inspect the surrounding demonic cultivators, now opened its eyes as well and frowned while pointing toward one cultivator not far ahead.

「Yudie, deal with that one first. He's late Core Formation stage.」

Feng Yudie followed the direction Xiaotian pointed toward and met the gaze of the late Core Formation demonic cultivator.

The demonic cultivator frowned slightly.

Feng Yudie, however, flashed a toothy grin.

“Hehe~”

The next instant, she tightened her grip on the spiritual sword in her hand, her body transforming into a streak of golden light.

Shhk—

Like a blade slicing through tofu, the spiritual sword flashed directly through the core at the cultivator’s chest.

Feng Yudie landed behind him and flicked the blood from her sword. The demonic cultivator split cleanly into two halves in utter confusion, his core shattered as he died on the spot.

Whoosh—

The moment the other demonic cultivators on the street reacted, all of them widened their eyes and instinctively stepped backward.

Yet Feng Yudie merely flicked the filthy blood from her spiritual sword with calm ease and softly called out:

“Xiaotian, next one.”

「Twenty feet ahead—the two female demonic cultivators standing in front of that magical tool shop.」

The instant Xiaotian finished speaking, those two women suffered the same fate as the previous man. Golden light flashed past them in an instant, slicing apart the cores within their abdomens.

Only after the third death did the surrounding demonic cultivators finally snap back to their senses and summon their magical tools.

But most of the Foundation Establishment cultivators could not even clearly see Feng Yudie's figure. Talismans, magical tools, and spiritual swords instantly erupted into chaos, while screams rang endlessly through the street.

Feng Yudie pressed her lips together slightly, but she had no intention of slaughtering those low-level demonic cultivators.

The entire time, she remained perfectly focused, following Xiaotian's guidance with precision and striking only at those with higher cultivation or powerful tools and spiritual swords.

The street stretched for a full thousand zhang, yet she traversed the entire distance in less than the time it takes an incense stick to burn.

And by the time Feng Yudie reached the gates of Heavenly Sorrow City, the street behind her had already descended into utter chaos. The low-level demonic cultivators—either out of terror or complete panic—had begun hurling spells wildly without even distinguishing friend from foe.

Feng Yudie shook out her silver hair, untouched by a single drop of filthy blood, and raised her head toward the enormous city gates standing open before her.

But at that very moment, Xiaotian suddenly warned her from atop her head:

「Yudie, left rear!」

Clang—

The instant she heard it, Feng Yudie turned and raised her sword to block.

A red-haired Nascent Soul cultivator had somehow already slipped to her side, yet the moment his strike was stopped, surprise appeared in his eyes.

With only a single clash, Feng Yudie could already tell that this man was entirely different from the fodder she had casually cut down earlier—he was not someone she could defeat in just a few swings.

Her golden eyes narrowed slightly.

Then she raised her left hand into a sword-finger seal before her chest and called out:

“Old Jiu!!”

“Hm?”

The Nascent Soul cultivator had not even reacted yet before a dragon’s roar shook the air around him.

Then, a golden dragon suddenly manifested beneath his feet and swallowed him whole. Without even managing to let out a scream, his Nascent Soul shattered and he perished instantly.

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Link for character illustration:

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