

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

Volume 7 Chapter 105 / Chapter 550: Senior Brother, Break the Blood

At the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea of blood, countless ribbons danced through the air, weaving several layers of nets that intercepted the endless blood spikes raining down from above.

Whoosh—! Buzz!!

Sitting in her wheelchair, Mo Chiling fixed her gaze on the humanoid figure formed entirely from blood floating not far ahead. Seizing an opening, she lashed out with one of her ribbons.

Her feather ribbon was a Heaven-rank magical tool—soft as silk, yet sharp enough to cleave mountains.

The ribbon swept cleanly through the blood figure, splitting it in half from the center of its forehead.

But the creature was made entirely of blood. In the blink of an eye, the two halves merged back together.

"Tch..."

Mo Chiling clicked her tongue and glanced at the floating sphere of blood beside her, where Ye Anping and Feng Yudie were trapped.

It had been nearly three hours since Feng Yudie had rushed over and thrown herself into the blood sphere.

Right now, all Mo Chiling could do was hope that the two of them would emerge before her spiritual energy was exhausted. Otherwise, everything they had done would have been for nothing.

"Young Master Ye, this isn't what you told me it would be like! Haaah!!"

Her blood-red ribbons once again sliced through the blood spirit's body.

The attack did nothing more than interrupt its control over the blood spikes for a single breath.

The next moment, blood from the pool below surged upward to replenish its body, as though the supply were endless, before launching another assault toward Mo Chiling.

Above the battle, Xiaotian floated in the air, clutching the Heavenly Dao Scriptures.

Seeing that Yudie still hadn't managed to bring Anping out of the illusion—and that Mo Chiling was visibly reaching her limit—it grew increasingly anxious.

The Heavenly Dao Scriptures contained no information about the "blood man."

However, it did describe something very similar.

Like Xiaotian itself, the blood figure was likely a kind of artifact spirit—the Blood Spirit of this cavern's blood pool.

Although it currently appeared mindless, functioning like a puppet, it was fundamentally an immortal existence.

There were likely only two ways to destroy it:

Kill the master of this sea of blood—Warden Yama, or destroy the entire blood pool.

But even knowing the methods was useless.

As for the first option, that was impossible to consider.

As for the second...

Xiaotian had just scanned the entire cavern with its spiritual sense and discovered that the blood pool below covered nearly a thousand mu (roughly 165 acres / 67 hectares), and its depth was immeasurable.

Even dozens of Divine Transformation cultivators working together would find it nearly impossible to destroy such a massive blood pool.

Besides, the Blood Spirit's body was made entirely of liquid blood.

Swords and blades had virtually no effect on it, while Old Jiu was still too badly injured to appear.

Gripping the pages of the Heavenly Dao Scriptures, Xiaotian watched as the Blood Spirit continuously manipulated baleful techniques to interfere with reality.

For the first time, it felt that life was profoundly unfair.

Both of them were artifact spirits.

It was even the spirit of an immortal artifact—its rank was unquestionably higher than that of the Blood Spirit.

So why couldn't it manipulate the world's spiritual energy as freely as the Blood Spirit?

Why couldn't it condense spiritual energy into blades and actually help?

After training so hard for so long...

Even if it threw a punch with all its strength...

...it probably couldn't even snap a tree branch.

『Ugh...』

Biting its lip, Xiaotian finally gave up thinking.

There was nothing it could do anyway.

With a forceful step against the air, it clenched its tiny fist and charged straight at the Blood Spirit.

『Yaaahhh!!』

Its little golden fist flew forward with surprising momentum.

But when it struck the Blood Spirit's face, it was as though it had hit nothing at all.

Not even the outline of the blood composing its body rippled in the slightest.

At that very moment, a black figure shot through the entrance of the cavern.

Xue'e, wooden sword in hand, took one look at the chaotic scene and immediately rushed to Xiaotian's side.

Grabbing it by the back of the neck, it barked,

「You golden idiot!! What are you doing? Where are Ye Anping and that white idiot?!」

『Ah— Blackie— They're—』

Seeing Xiaotian panic so badly that it could barely speak, Xue'e gave up questioning it.

It turned toward Mo Chiling and the floating sphere of blood nearby.

After quickly assessing the situation, it immediately realized that Ye Anping and Feng Yudie were trapped inside the blood sphere.

No wonder the golden idiot was so desperate.

Artifact spirits like them simply couldn't be of any help in a situation like this.

「...Haa...」

Xue'e let out a long breath.

Then, without another word, it reached beneath its skirt and pulled out another wooden sword.

It tossed it toward Xiaotian.

Xiaotian nearly fumbled the catch, juggling it several times before finally hugging the wooden sword tightly against its chest.

It stared blankly at the sword, completely unable to understand what Xue'e meant.

Xue'e didn't bother explaining. Instead, it pointed its wooden sword at the Blood Spirit below and shouted,

「Hit it!」

『Huh?』

Without waiting for Xiaotian to respond, Xue'e raised its wooden sword and smacked it straight on the Blood Spirit's forehead.

Bong—

The moment the wooden sword struck, the Blood Spirit's forehead caved in, ripples spreading across it like waves on water.

Its hand, which had been directing the blood spikes toward Mo Chiling, suddenly froze, as if it were confused.

「What are you standing there for? Hit it!!」 Xue'e shouted again before swinging its wooden sword with even greater force.

Smack!

The Blood Spirit's head bent sharply from the impact, as though struck by a heavy object. It quickly returned to normal, its eyes sweeping its surroundings in bewilderment.

Seeing that it actually worked, Xiaotian stopped hesitating.

Gripping the wooden sword Xue'e had given it, it dove toward the Blood Spirit.

The tiny golden and black pair looked like miniature reflections of Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin, imitating the sword techniques of their respective masters.

Though they couldn't channel spiritual energy as their masters could, every blow they landed struck the Blood Spirit with genuine force.

『Yaaahhh!!』

「Haaahhh!!」

The countless blood spikes hanging in the sky came to an abrupt halt.

Caught between attacks from both sides, the Blood Spirit staggered back and forth under their relentless beating.

To Mo Chiling, who stood guard beside the blood sphere and couldn't even see the two little artifact spirits, what was happening made absolutely no sense.

Confusion flashed across her face.

But she quickly regained her composure.

Whatever was happening, this was her chance to recover.

Using her spiritual energy to propel her wheelchair, she hurried toward the blood sphere.

Grasping her feather ribbon tightly, she thrust it toward the sphere.

However, its surface wasn't nearly as soft as it looked.

Clang!

The ribbon scraped against the blood, producing the shrill sound of metal striking metal.

"Young Master Ye!!!"

Crack—

The instant she called out, a crack suddenly appeared across the blood sphere.

Golden light burst from within.

The sphere exploded apart.

A snow-white figure shot out.

Feng Yudie immediately turned around, thrust her hand back into the remaining blood, grabbed Ye Anping's wrist, and, gritting her teeth, pulled him out with all her strength.

"Yaaah!!!"

Ye Anping looked as though he had lost consciousness.

Dragged directly into Feng Yudie's embrace, his chin rested on her shoulder.

Like someone who had nearly drowned, he suddenly coughed violently, spitting out the blood from the pool that had filled his throat.

"Cough... Cough..."

He wiped the corner of his mouth, slowly opened his eyes with a frown, and looked at the stunned Mo Chiling beside him.

A bitter smile appeared on his face.

"...Sorry."

He then straightened himself, stepping out of Feng Yudie's embrace before turning toward the Blood Spirit hovering in midair.

When he saw Xiaotian and Xue'e each wildly hacking at the Blood Spirit's head with wooden swords, he froze for a moment.

But he quickly came back to himself.

Ignoring them, he reached into his storage bag and took out the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal.

"Senior Mo..."

Mo Chiling's eyes widened slightly as she saw the imperial seal in his hand.

To be honest, she had almost grown used to it.

At this point, no matter what treasure Ye Anping pulled out, she wouldn't be surprised anymore.

But this wasn't the Central Region.

Although the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal was a sacred magical tool, it couldn't completely suppress Warden Yama's Heavenly Demon Blood Pool.

At best, it could buy them only a single instant.

Thinking this, Mo Chiling took a deep breath.

She gripped her feather ribbon in her right hand.

Then...

Slash!

She cut deeply into her own left arm.

Dark, poisonous blood sprayed into the air.

Wrapping the ribbon around her right hand, she extended her left arm toward Ye Anping.

Ye Anping didn't hesitate.

Using his spiritual energy, he lifted the arm that had been saturated with poison for a hundred years.

Then he looked toward the Blood Spirit, still being chased around and beaten by Xiaotian and Xue'e.

In a calm voice, he ordered, "Yudie, protect me."

He emptied his mind.

Then poured his spiritual energy into the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal.

Golden spiritual essence condensed before him into a single drop of liquid.

It fell onto the carving of the Nine Dragons atop the imperial seal.

Drip

The soft sound of a single droplet drowned out every other noise within the cavern.

Ye Anping had originally intended to break the illusion by himself, have Mo Chiling cover him, and only then activate the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal.

He hadn't expected the illusion to trap him for so long.

In the end, he had underestimated the demonic baleful aura of the Heavenly Demon Blood Pool.

"Haa..."

He slowly exhaled.

Nine golden dragon phantoms surged out from the imperial seal in his hands.

Their dragon roars shook the entire cavern.

Even the calm sea of blood below began to boil under the overwhelming dragon aura.

Splash—

An invisible barrier covering the blood pool shattered instantly.

The second restriction sealing the blood pool had been broken.

The Blood Spirit, which had been standing there in confusion, wondering who had been hitting it, finally showed the first trace of emotion in its

crimson eyes when it saw the nine golden dragons descending from above the cliff.

Its body dissolved into blood.

Then, in an instant, it split into nine identical Blood Spirits.

Xiaotian and Xue'e, who had been chasing it around and beating it, froze in place.

『Huh? Blackie—』

「Tch—Forget it! We'll each pick one and keep hitting them!!」

The next moment—

BOOM—!!

A shriek powerful enough to rupture eardrums erupted from the blood pool.

Gigantic blood pythons—looking like relatives of Ah Mang—rose from the sea of blood.

At the simultaneous command of the nine Blood Spirits, they charged toward the cliff where Ye Anping and the others stood.

In the blink of an eye, the nine blood pythons clamped their jaws around the necks of the nine golden dragons.

Then the nine became eighteen.

Opening their enormous maws, they lunged toward Ye Anping's group.

Standing before Ye Anping, Feng Yudie instinctively took a step back at the terrifying sight.

But when she looked over her shoulder and saw Ye Anping still completely focused on controlling the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal, she immediately steadied herself.

With both hands forming seals, she condensed the spring-aspect spiritual energy into layer after layer of golden spiritual barriers, stacking them together until all three of them were enclosed within.

Boom!

The blood pythons pressed their foreheads against the barriers from every direction.

The protective walls rapidly shrank inward under the overwhelming pressure.

Feng Yudie's expression changed.

She knew she couldn't hold them back.

For a moment, she wondered whether she should grab Ye Anping and Mo Chiling and flee first.

But when she saw Ye Anping's calm, composed face, she suddenly regained her resolve.

She stopped thinking about escape.

While keeping part of his spiritual sense outside, Ye Anping watched one of the blood pythons.

He waited until it opened its mouth once more.

Then, using his spiritual energy, he lifted Mo Chiling's severed arm, still dripping with poisonous blood, and deliberately sent it straight into the python's mouth.

The nine Blood Spirits floating overhead still radiated murderous intent, yet there wasn't the slightest spark of intelligence in their eyes.

Looking at one of them, Ye Anping murmured,

"A Blood Spirit that has existed for millions of years, and yet it still doesn't know what fear is?"

"Compared to Xiaotian and Xue'e, you're far inferior."

Then he silently began counting.

Ten...

Nine...

Eight...

Seven...

Feng Yudie struggled desperately to hold back the nine blood pythons.

The immense drain on her spiritual energy caused blood to begin trickling from her nose.

Watching the nine enormous heads continue forcing their way through her collapsing barriers, she finally cried out,

"I can't hold on any longer!! Haaahhh!!"

Beside her, Mo Chiling, clutching her severed arm, clenched her teeth.

She had already made up her mind.

She was going to leap into one of the blood pythons' mouths herself.

That had been her original plan all along.

If the blood pythons devoured her, then even if the blood pool wasn't completely destroyed, it would at least be crippled.

Earlier, however, Ye Anping had told her that Gu Mingxin still needed a companion.

That was why she had agreed to wait.

But now...

Feng Yudie was clearly reaching her limit.

Soon enough, the nine blood pythons would swallow her anyway.

If that happened, Ye Anping and Feng Yudie would also be dragged into their jaws.

"..."

Biting her lip, Mo Chiling forced herself to stand from her wheelchair with every ounce of strength she had left.

But before she could take even a single step, Ye Anping, who had been completely focused on wielding the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal while sharing Feng Yudie's burden, suddenly reached out and grabbed her shoulder.

The Purple Spirit Willow Poison spread from his fingertips.

His bloodstained right hand gradually turned the same deep violet as his eyes.

"Young Master Ye, I—"

"Anping!!!"

Feng Yudie's scream interrupted Mo Chiling.

At that exact moment, the golden spiritual barriers shattered.

They dissolved into countless specks of golden light.

With nothing left to block them, the nine blood pythons surged forward, their massive bodies generating violent gusts of wind.

In almost an instant, their enormous jaws were only a few feet away from the three of them.

Feng Yudie's eyes widened.

Without hesitation, she turned and threw herself around Ye Anping, trying to shield him within her embrace.

"ANPING!!!"

Ye Anping frowned and shouted, "Break!"

The imperial seal in his hand erupted with a circular wave of golden light.

The golden radiance swept across the bodies of the nine blood fiends.

In an instant, their enormous forms crumbled into ashes, which were blown back into the blood pool.

Immediately afterward, Ye Anping wrapped his left arm around Feng Yudie's waist.

With his right arm, he pulled Mo Chiling into his embrace as well.

Turning around, he dashed toward the entrance of the cavern with both women.

"Let's go!!"

The nine Blood Spirits floating in the air—aside from the two still being chased around and beaten by Xue'e and Xiaotian—the remaining seven watched Ye Anping's group attempting to escape.

A hint of confusion appeared in their eyes.

They possessed no intelligence.

They merely followed the orders left behind by their master:

Eliminate any intruders who attempted to enter this place.

At first, the Blood Spirits had considered the two Nascent Soul cultivators who entered to be no threat.

They trapped the young man in an illusion.

Then the silver-haired woman rushed in after him.

They were briefly surprised when they sensed the Spring Aspect within her, but seeing her recklessly throw herself into the illusion as well, they paid her no further attention.

After that, the young man broke free from the illusion and used a magical tool they had never seen before to shatter the second seal on the blood pool.

And just moments ago...

Watching the magical tool in his hands instantly annihilate all of the blood pythons, they finally felt the faintest trace of danger.

But only that.

Nothing more.

A single drop of blood from the pool could become another blood python.

Being able to effortlessly destroy nine blood pythons while only at the early Nascent Soul Realm was indeed impressive.

But...

So what?

They did not believe they could lose.

Still, the words the young man had spoken lingered in their minds.

What did he mean by "fear"?

They fell into contemplation.

Yet that did not mean they intended to let the three of them escape.

The seven remaining Blood Spirits simultaneously raised their right hands.

Before each palm, blood condensed into a crimson arrow.

They aimed at the backs of Ye Anping and the others as they fled.

Seeing this, Xiaotian and Xue'e immediately turned around and rushed toward them.

『Blackie!!』

「I know!!!」

The tiny golden and black pair gripped their wooden swords and transformed into two streaks of light invisible to ordinary eyes.

They slammed directly into the foreheads of two of the Blood Spirits, interrupting their baleful techniques.

But the remaining five did not hesitate in the slightest.

The blood arrows before their palms erupted with overwhelming baleful energy.

They shot toward the backs of Ye Anping's neck and his companions at blinding speed.

But at that very instant—

Boom!!

Every Blood Spirit suspended in the air exploded simultaneously.

Their bodies—and the baleful techniques they had just unleashed—burst apart into showers of blood.

Nine blossoms of crimson exploded across the sky of the cavern.

In the final instant before the last Blood Spirit dispersed...

It witnessed one final scene.

The blood pool, which should have remained a searing crimson, suddenly revealed a streak of deep violet.

The purple spread like a living parasite.

Within only a few breaths, it devoured every trace of scarlet throughout the entire cavern.

Everything became purple.

Hummm...

Just before stepping out of the cavern, Ye Anping glanced back once.

Then he hunched his body forward.

Spreading out his spiritual energy, he wrapped both himself and the two girls in his arms with it.

Using his own body as a shield, he held them tightly against his chest.

BOOM—!!!

All he heard was an earth-shattering explosion erupt behind him.

The next instant, darkness swallowed everything before his eyes, and his consciousness sank into the deepest depths of his soul.

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Link for character illustration:

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