

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

Volume 7 Chapter 15 / Chapter 460: Ah Gu — Infiltration

Dark clouds, thick as ink, blanketed the sky as violent winds surged above the Taibai River.

A streak of golden light shot across the river's surface. A lurking flood dragon had only just poked its head out before the light had already vanished thousands of zhang away.

Zu Yuan moved through the air above the river, thoughts drifting back to that rather audacious youth from moments earlier. He couldn't help but let out a series of long laughs.

"Heh... hahaha..."

Over the course of his life, he had seen no shortage of people who proclaimed themselves "*chosen by the heaven.*"

But in the end, how many of them—after glimpsing even a sliver of heavenly secrets—had truly comprehended the profound and elusive truths of this world?

—Nangong Cheng gained an opportunity from a Golden Dragon in his youth. The Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal acknowledged him as its master, and he proclaimed himself "*Chosen by the Heaven.*" And yet—how did he end up?

—Yun Tianmi, born with a Sword-Heart Physique, split the mountains and rivers of the Four Regions with nothing but the sword in his hand. He too called himself “*Chosen by Heaven.*” And what became of him in the end?

... ..

And just moments ago, that youth named Ye Anping had stood before him, likewise proclaiming himself “*Chosen by Heaven.*”

In Zu Yuan’s view, it was nothing but *bullshit*.

And yet, Ye Anping had told him a joke, one so absurd that it left him unable to suppress his laughter.

—That wretched Xuanji girl was his Dao companion.

Ever since Sima Xuanji reached the Void Return realm, she had never stopped needling him with thinly veiled mockery. Thousands of years ago, she had even blown up the dragon vein beside Taibai Sect, forcing him to relocate the entire sect a hundred li away.

Now, just imagining the Moon Dan Master being restrained beneath a mere Core Formation cultivator filled him with indescribable delight, like watching a brat finally suffer the consequences of their own mischief.

“Hahahahaha—”

His laughter carried on the wind, free and unrestrained, hearty and cathartic.

Ye Anping had said that Spring Aspect's spiritual energy could not help him break through and ascend, and that the Void Return realm was the end of his path.

Did he believe it?

Yes, he did.

After twenty thousand years of cultivation, how far he could go on the immortal path was something he understood better than anyone.

Thousands of years ago, he had already contemplated his own ending, even prepared himself to accept the outcome of never ascending.

But only when that ending truly drew close did he realize that he was not as open-minded and detached as he had once believed in his youth.

—I cultivated for twenty thousand years, only to fall at the final step before the door. Then were those twenty thousand years not all in vain?

And so, he activated the Immortal Summoning Decree, hoping to take one last gamble, to seek a chance to defy fate.

When he heard Sun Juehu speak through the decree, he was genuinely moved. After the gathering dispersed, he summoned Cao Yan'er and sent her to the Profound Star Sect to invite that "Ye Anping" over.

At first, he had thought that the Moon Dan Master would certainly protect Ye Anping and would never allow him to fall so easily into his hands.

Yet everything proceeded with astonishing smoothness.

In just a few months, Ye Anping stood before him.

Since Ye Anping was a disciple of the Hundred Lotus Sect, when Zu Yuan first heard that Ye Anping had arrived, he even suspected he was dreaming. He immediately had an elder bring Ye Anping before him, intending to seize his Spring Aspect Spirit through a soul-draining technique.

But once Ye Anping stood before him—once he saw those dual spiritual roots, and the Nine Dragons Heavenly Seal and Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword in his hands—Zu Yuan suddenly understood that he could not commit such a cruel act.

He was a cultivator of the Immortal Path.

How could he kill an outstanding junior?

How could he kill a fellow Daoist who could make him laugh so freely with nothing more than a joke?

As for whether those twenty thousand years had been in vain—

At this very moment, as the mountains and rivers of the Southern Region streamed past behind him like a rolling curtain, the answer was clear:

They had not!!

Those who came before planted the trees; those who came after rest in their shade.

He was the one who had planted those trees.

For twenty thousand years of cultivation, he had guarded the mountains and rivers of the Southern Region for twenty thousand years.

—That was enough!!

Zu Yuan's body shone with golden light as he sped straight toward the rolling waves of ink-black clouds pressing in from ahead. Suddenly, he came to a halt, raised his hand to gently stroke his beard, and summoned a palm-sized yin–yang spirit talisman. Channeling spiritual power into it to amplify his voice, he shouted:

“You two juniors!! Do not run wild in *my* Southern Region!!”

Golden spiritual energy surged outward from his body, instantly dispersing the surrounding layers of cloud.

In the next moment, two figures—one black, one violet—appeared before and behind Zu Yuan, trapping him between them.

“Well well~ such a fiery temper for an old man?”

A sultry voice drifted from behind him. The Pleasure Sect's sect master, Mei Yunlu, lay sideways in midair as if she had just woken from sleep, blood-red venomous snakes coiled around her body.

Zu Yuan cast her a sidelong glance, then looked to the figure before him.

Beneath filthy tangled hair, six snake-like pupils were crammed into the upper half of an already narrow face. From the lips on the lower half, a forked tongue flicked in and out.

“Hiss—hiss—”

“Tsk tsk, Old Zu. Two against one—and you’re an old one at that. Even this little lady would feel bad striking you. People might say we’re bullying an old man. Why didn’t that monk from Wu Nian Sect come along? I was hoping to break his celibacy precept.”

Zu Yuan let out a cold laugh and raised the yin–yang jade in his hand.

“I alone am more than enough!”

“Then let this little lady see whether your old staff is still stiff... hehehe... hihihhi...”

Mei Yunlu narrowed her eyes at Zu Yuan’s lower robes, her index finger hooking slightly. Accompanied by bell-like yet eerie laughter, she dissolved into a mass of pink spiritual mist that spread out, enveloping everything within a hundred li...

... ..

Slash—!

The sound of blades cutting into flesh rang out, fresh blood blooming like red spider lilies.

Along the mountain path of one of Taibai Sect’s side peaks, the pulped remains of gu insects smeared the ground all the way up to the gates of the summit courtyard. Countless Taibai Sect disciples in black-and-white Dao robes once more stood shoulder to shoulder, holding the line against the surging tide of demonic cultivators.

Zu Lingzhi flew in on her sword from the central peak. After landing in the courtyard and seeing the wounded disciples all around, hatred clenched her teeth, but she quickly came back to herself and hurried into the main hall above.

“Elder Cao!!”

At that moment, Cao Yan’er was seated cross-legged together with another Nascent Soul realm Taibai Sect elder before a floating spirit pearl, using their spiritual power to maintain the side peak’s grand formation node.

Hearing Zu Lingzhi’s voice, Cao Yan’er immediately turned and shouted:

“Lingzhi, what are you doing here? Go back to the central peak. With Elder Chen and me holding the line, these Core Formation and Nascent Soul demonic cultivators won’t be able to break through.”

“...Where is Great-Grandfather?”

“Didn’t you hear what Young Master Ye said earlier? He has already gone to confront the sect masters of the Poison Gu Sect and the Pleasure Sect. This time, nearly all of the high-ranking members of those two sects have come. The Grand Elder and the others have also gone to deal with the Divine Transformation old monsters. Otherwise, if those Divine Transformation cultivators entered Taibai Sect and started fighting here, the low-ranking disciples would be dragged into it.”

Zu Lingzhi bit her lip, showing she understood, and asked:

“Then what should I do now...?”

“Go back to the central peak. Young Master Ye is forming his Nascent Soul right now. Since the Poison Gu and Pleasure Sects dared to attack, one of their objectives is likely him—someone is definitely targeting him. Go and protect him!”

Zu Lingzhi hesitated for a moment, wanting to ask about what Ye Anping had said earlier—that *Zu Yuan’s lifespan was nearly exhausted*. But before she could speak, Elder Cao cut her off directly:

“Don’t think about anything else right now. The demonic cultivators have attacked, our task is to hold them back and endure until the Sect Master returns. Once he does, every problem will resolve itself.”

Boom—!

The explosive roar of a fire-element spell came from outside the hall, jolting Zu Lingzhi out of her daze. She quickly stood up, summoned her spiritual sword, and rushed out. After helping the Taibai Sect disciples guarding the courtyard fend off several gu insects, she mounted her sword and flew toward the thundercloud mass above the central peak.

... ..

Midway up the Central Peak—

“Move faster! Get all the pills to the White Jade Capital!”

Tap tap tap—

On the street, a Taibai Sect elder at the Nascent Soul realm was directing Foundation Establishment disciples to carry crate after crate of antidote pills out of the storehouse.

Everyone's face was tense with urgency as they hurried back and forth through the buildings.

However, among them, one Taibai Sect disciple with loose black hair stopped in her tracks, lifting her head to stare blankly at the Nascent Soul tribulation clouds gathering above the White Jade Capital, her soul seemingly elsewhere.

Noticing her, the elder frowned and barked sharply:

“Hey! You there, girl—what are you spacing out for?! Don't you want to live? Hurry up and move!”

Gu Mingxin snapped back to her senses, gave a slight nod in apology, then continued carrying the crate along with the other disciples toward the White Jade Capital up the street.

Perched on her shoulder, Xue'e had one leg crossed over the other, scanning their surroundings.

「The demonic cultivators are attacking so fiercely, and Ye Anping just happens to be forming his Nascent Soul, don't you think that's a little too coincidental?」

“So impressive...”

「Huh?」 Xue'e froze for a moment and turned to look at Gu Mingxin's face. Seeing her wearing a spring-breeze smile and a lovestruck expression, it let out a helpless sigh. 「Sigh...」

“Xue'e, did you hear Ye Anping giving orders to the Taibai Sect just now? He was so cool...”

「I heard...」

“And he even formed his Nascent Soul faster than me...”

「I saw...」

Xue'e replied perfunctorily. Seeing that no one nearby was paying attention, it hurriedly called out:

「Mingxin, turn into the alley ahead!」

Gu Mingxin came back to herself, hugged the crate, and slipped into a narrow alley up ahead amid the chaos. She leaned against the wall, holding her breath, waiting until the elder and the group of Foundation Establishment disciples had gone far away.

Tap tap tap—

The footsteps gradually faded, and before long the entire street was completely deserted.

The Taibai Sect disciples had reacted swiftly. After Ye Anping's earlier command, they had all gathered around their respective elders and rushed to the formation nodes of each peak's main hall, using the nodes as

defensive bulwarks to confront the invading demonic cultivators from the Poison Gu Sect and the Pleasure Sect.

Seeing that there was no one left on the street, Xue'e quickly said:

「Mingxin, let's first take a detour to help Mo Chiling get the Taibai Spirit Dew. After that, we'll look for an opportunity to go see Ye Anping at the Heavenly Pavilion.」

Gu Mingxin had no objections. She leapt onto the roof of a nearby house in one step and, following Xue'e's guidance, quietly headed toward the spirit garden of the Taibai Sect's central peak.

After crossing about a dozen streets, she finally saw it—a cluster of courtyard compounds planted with spiritual vegetation. In the center of each courtyard was roughly an acre of spirit fields, growing all kinds of spiritual plants.

She scanned the area and looked at Xue'e beside her.

“Hm?”

Xue'e paused, then raised a hand and pointed to one of the courtyards.

「There.」

Gu Mingxin nodded and quickly headed into the courtyard Xue'e had indicated.

Roughly because of the demonic cultivator invasion, the disciples who had been in the courtyard had left in great haste and forgotten to activate the

restriction. When Gu Mingxin reached the gate and gave it an experimental push, the courtyard door swung inward.

She walked alone into the courtyard. Seeing that only about a dozen white flowers—whose names she didn't recognize—had been planted in the spirit field, she thought they looked rather pretty. Casually, she plucked one and tucked it behind her ear.

“Xue’e, how do I look?”

「Mingxin, could you not be so leisurely? The demonic cultivators have already fought their way into the Taibai Sect...」

“What does that have to do with me? I’m just here to find Ye Anping, and while I’m at it, help Senior Sister Mo get that... Taibai Dew or whatever.”

「Sigh...」 Xue’e let out a soft sigh. 「Mingxin, just use a pill bottle to collect the dew from these flowers. Taibai Spirit Dew is an immortal-grade healing treasure, once you take it, seal it immediately with spiritual energy, or its medicinal effect will be lost.」

“Oka~y.”

Gu Mingxin pursed her lips in reply. Then she took out an empty pill bottle with her left hand and began collecting the transparent dewdrops clinging to the white petals.

However, just as she was collecting dew from the fifth plant, Xue’e—who had been keeping watch above—suddenly cried out in alarm:

「Mingxin! Someone’s coming!」

“Hm?”

Gu Mingxin lazily raised an eyebrow, brushed aside the hair by her ear, and looked toward the courtyard gate.

Tap... tap...

After a series of drawn-out footsteps, a gaunt man dressed like a beggar walked in from outside the courtyard. Beneath his filthy, tangled hair, his pair of compound eyes rolled around a few times before reflecting the sight of Gu Mingxin crouched among the flowers, picking them.

Gu Mingxin looked at the man and slightly lifted her brow.

“A mid-stage Nascent Soul realm Gu cultivator... and he looks badly injured too—”

Before she could finish speaking, the soil beneath the white flowers suddenly bulged upward.

Bang—!

A slug covered in countless sharp teeth burst out of the ground, lunging straight at Gu Mingxin’s face. She casually flicked her sleeve, sending it crashing into a nearby wall, where it turned into a lump of bloody paste.

“... ..”

Gu Mingxin stood up and smiled with narrowed eyes.

“If I remember correctly... you’re a Grand Elder of the Poison Gu Sect, Chong Touzi, right?”

Ka-ka-ka...

A grinding sound of teeth came from the gaunt man's mouth. Chong Touzi's compound eyes widened slightly as he stared at Gu Mingxin's face for a moment before slowly speaking:

"You are...?"

Whoosh—

A blood-red spiritual sword manifested from the palm of Gu Mingxin's left hand.

She raised that hand slightly and pointed toward the Heavenly Pavilion of White Jade Capital, saying:

"He's forming his Nascent Soul. Don't disturb him, alri—"

Before the sentence ended, Gu Mingxin vanished from Chong Touzi's sight.

In the very next instant, the final word she hadn't finished reached his ears:

"—ght?"

She exhaled the last word softly, twisting her body as she raised the spiritual sword in her hand and slashed toward the back of Chong Touzi's neck, instantly making cold sweat bead across his face.

Slash—

The blood-red spiritual sword swept across his neck, yet Gu Mingxin immediately felt that something was off. The sensation wasn't that of cutting a Nascent Soul cultivator, it felt soft and limp, like slicing through a fish.

Her eyes narrowed slightly. Only then did she see that the cut surface between Chong Touzi's head and neck was covered in white viscous slime, still connecting to the upper half of his head.

The head and neck, which had been severed, fused back together in the next moment.

Gu Mingxin frowned faintly and clicked her tongue.

"Tch. Gu cultivators... so disgusting."

Chong Touzi's head suddenly twisted a full one hundred and eighty degrees, facing Gu Mingxin behind him. His compound eyes bulged hideously.

"Young Mistress Gu!!! So the rumors of you becoming an immortal cultivator were true?! Taibai Sect disciple?! Hahahaha! Warden Yama has been waiting eagerly for you to return!!!!"

"?"

Gu Mingxin froze for a beat. Only then did she remember that she was wearing the Taibai Sect disciple's uniform, but she didn't bother to explain.

After all, Chong Touzi was as good as dead.

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Link for character illustration:

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