

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

Volume 7 Chapter 82 / Chapter 527: Ah Gu, Sister Mi

At the edge of the Blood River in the Eastern Region, Moonfall Gorge.

Whooooosh— Whooooosh—

Between the uneven canyon walls, human-powered bellows emitted deep, dragon-like breaths, pumping baleful spiritual energy into a gigantic pill furnace suspended high in the air by massive iron chains.

The noise they produced was so loud that it could be heard clearly even outside the gorge.

Inside a watchtower atop a mountain peak outside the canyon, seven outer disciples of the Heavenly Demon Sect sat around an iron pot hanging over a stove, simmering the bones of a demonic beast they had recently hunted in the wilderness.

Clink, clink...

“Come, Senior Brother! Let me offer you a drink.”

“You're too polite, Junior Brother...”

The sounds of toasting and clashing cups continued without end.

“By the way, did any of you see him? Young Master He, who arrived here a few days ago?”

“What about him?”

“The blood aura around him was terrifying. I've been fasting for a year already, but when he walked past me, I was so scared I nearly pissed myself.”

“Is it really that exaggerated? Though I did hear that Young Master He recently led several hundred Heavenly Demon Sect disciples and wiped out the Northern Abyss Sect. Is that true?”

“Hard to say. But if Young Master He has come all the way here, that's definitely not a good sign.”

“How so?”

“Think about it. The Heavenly Demon Sect is already stretched thin trying to hold off righteous cultivators from the west, north, and south. If the Grand Elder still chose this moment to send Young Master He to Moonfall Gorge, doesn't that mean the righteous sects are planning to attack us here?”

One of them immediately waved his hand dismissively.

“Even if the righteous cultivators are winning everywhere, there's no way they'd target Moonfall Gorge. This place has no spiritual veins, no resources, and isn't even an important strategic pass. The only thing here is that blood-pill furnace. What would they gain from attacking Moonfall Gorge?”

“Then why would the Grand Elder send Young Master He here?”

The question silenced everyone.

And at that very moment, the faint ringing of metal bells drifted into the tower.

Since nobody was speaking, every person present heard it clearly.

Ding-ling-ling~~

Ding-ling-ling~~

“Bells?”

One of the disciples stood up and walked toward the window, following the source of the sound.

However, he had barely taken a single step.

Shing—

A flash of silver swept across the back of his neck.

The Heavenly Demon Sect disciple who had just been drinking and joking with him suddenly had a sword in his hand.

The remaining five disciples froze in shock.

Staring at him in disbelief, they shouted:

“Hey! What are you doing?!”

“You bastard— Aaagh!!”

The only answer they received was a bloodstained blade.

Shing—

After only a few flashes of sword light, the seven disciples who had been drinking and eating together moments ago were reduced to a single survivor.

“Heh...”

The man sneered at the corpses of his fellow disciples.

Then he tossed his sword aside, walked to the tower window, unlatched it, stepped back ten paces, and cupped his fists respectfully.

In the next instant, four figures—two men and two women—climbed through the window.

Ye Anping swept a glance across the six headless Heavenly Demon Sect corpses scattered around the room.

Then he looked at the surviving disciple bowing before him.

He said nothing.

One of the travelers accompanying Ye Anping—a Core Formation demonic cultivator wearing a ghost-faced mask—stepped forward.

Taking a pouch of spirit stones from his storage bag, he tossed it to the disciple and said coldly:

“The payment we agreed upon.”

“Many thanks. Then this junior will take his leave.”

The Heavenly Demon Sect disciple weighed the pouch in his hand, nodded with a sinister grin, and turned toward the stairs, preparing to leave the tower.

However, the moment he turned around, the masked Core Formation demonic cultivator accompanying Ye Anping suddenly drew his sword.

Slash—

With a single strike, he split the man in half from the crown of his head all the way down to his groin.

The corpse collapsed into a pool of blood.

The cultivator then calmly stepped forward, picked up the spirit-stone pouch that had fallen into the gore, shook the blood from it, and returned it to his storage bag.

Seeing this scene, Ye Anping showed little reaction. However, behind him, Gu Mingxin raised an eyebrow in surprise, while Feng Yudie frowned in confusion.

The masked man glanced around the room before turning and bowing respectfully to Ye Anping.

“Young Master Ye, this is as far as I can escort you. Moonfall Gorge isn't an important location, so the Heart-Devouring Palace hasn't placed any spies here. From this point onward, you'll have to rely on yourselves.”

Ye Anping returned the bow.

“Understood. Thank you for your assistance.”

The masked man nodded, walked directly to the window, climbed out, and leapt into the storm. Within moments, he vanished into the heavy snowfall, his presence disappearing completely.

After he left, Feng Yudie looked around at the corpses scattered throughout the tower and asked:

“Young Master Ye, wasn't that person one of theirs? He just killed him like that?”

Smiling, Ye Anping brushed the snow from Feng Yudie's clothes and explained:

“That man was most likely someone the Heart-Devouring Palace had bribed with spirit stones. He was completely untrustworthy. Rather than letting him leave with the money, it's safer to bury him and eliminate any future risk.”

He shrugged lightly.

“Mo Chiling has spent the last several hundred years living in constant fear. If Warden Yama ever discovered she was still alive, she'd have no chance of surviving.”

“...That's pretty ruthless.”

Ye Anping smiled.

Without further comment, he scattered a handful of talismans. Flames immediately engulfed the seven demonic cultivator corpses, reducing them to ashes.

Afterward, he walked over to the stove and began roasting a chicken.

Once Gu Mingxin had shut the window, she padded over quietly and asked:

“So, Ye Anping~ Are we doing the same thing as last time? I'll pretend to be your wife, and that idiot'll be your cultivation furnace as we sneak inside and cause trouble?”

?

Feng Yudie blinked.

Then she immediately walked over and demanded:

“Who are you calling a cultivation furnace?!”

“You, obviously~”

Gu Mingxin smirked disdainfully.

Clearly anticipating another opportunity to play the role of Ye Anping's wife, she stared at him expectantly, blinking her eyes.

Looking at her expression, Ye Anping immediately understood that she had become far too fond of their previous role-playing antics.

Before Feng Yudie could start arguing, he cut in:

“No need. Moonfall Gorge doesn't have any major defensive formations. Once my Junior Sister and the others arrive, we'll simply attack from the rear.”

“Tch...”

Gu Mingxin pouted in disappointment.

“What's wrong? Are you afraid of me now? Is that why you don't want me pretending to be your wife anymore?~”

Ye Anping merely glanced at her and ignored the question entirely.

Instead, he motioned for Feng Yudie to sit beside him.

Handing her the roasting chicken, he said:

“Ah Gu, He Qingjiao was your senior sister.”

“I wasn't close to her~ We've only met once or twice.”

Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes.

“What? Are you worried I won't be able to kill her?”

She wrapped her chest around Ye Anping's arm and smiled.

“If there's someone you want dead, I'll help you kill them.”

The smile gradually grew colder.

“Besides... she's one of He Buqun's people.”

“I intend to wipe out the entire He Clan.”

Seeing the killing intent erupting in her eyes, Ye Anping looked thoughtful.

“Is that so?”

“Hm? Isn't it?”

Seeing Gu Mingxin pressed so closely against *her* Ye Anping, Feng Yudie immediately squeezed over as well.

She even tugged him slightly toward her side.

That naturally earned another glance from Ye Anping.

Watching Feng Yudie's pouting face and knitted brows, he shook his head helplessly.

Choosing not to intervene in their rivalry, he called out:

“Xue'e... Xiaotian...”

Xue'e poked its head out from Gu Mingxin's forehead.

「Ye Anping, what do you need m—」

Before it could finish speaking, Xiaotian suddenly burst out from Ye Anping's forehead.

With a flying kick, it launched itself directly toward Xue'e's nose.

However, Xue'e reacted quickly and immediately retreated back into Gu Mingxin's forehead.

As a result—

BAM!

Xiaotian's kick landed squarely in the center of Gu Mingxin's forehead instead.

“ ... ”

Gu Mingxin crossed her eyes slightly to stare at it.

She looked distinctly displeased.

But before Xiaotian could even react, Xue'e suddenly emerged from the back of Gu Mingxin's head.

Executing a sneak attack worthy of an ambush master, it smacked Xiaotian from behind and slammed it into the floor.

THUD!

『Yowww!!』 Xiaotian cried out.

Ye Anping looked at the two tiny spirits and felt a wave of exhaustion. Shaking his head, he stopped them.

“Enough, stop fooling around.”

Xue'e immediately halted the wooden sword it was about to bring down on Xiaotian, who was crouched on the ground holding its head.

「It started it first!!」

Xiaotian pouted miserably.

『But you were the one who tore down my house first...』

“Both of you sneak into Moonfall Gorge and map out the positions of all the disciples inside. The more detailed, the better.”

『Okay...』

「Got it.」

. . .

Deep Within Moonfall Gorge

Snowflakes drifted upon the surface of an icy spring.

The surroundings were shrouded in darkness, illuminated only by the distant glow of the massive pill furnace hanging above Moonfall Gorge.

He Qingjiao lay floating upon the surface of the freezing spring, her eyes closed.

The baleful-energy-infused water gnawed at her bones, yet her expression remained peaceful, as though she were asleep.

Suddenly, footsteps approached.

“Young Master He... Elder Yue wishes to report something to you.”

A maid with empty eye sockets walked to the edge of the spring and spoke softly.

Only after a long while did He Qingjiao slowly open her eyes.

She walked from the center of the spring to the shore and took out a chest-binding cloth.

As she wrapped it tightly around herself, her two large, full breasts were compressed into a nearly flat chest.

After changing into a man's robe and strapping a sword to her back, she approached the maid, ready to follow her.

However, after taking only a single step, she suddenly remembered something.

Turning around, she looked back toward the icy spring and used her spiritual energy to retrieve a scroll that had been floating in the water.

The painting was mounted on fine silk.

As He Qingjiao gazed at the person depicted on it, the corners of her eyes softened.

Half of the coldness on her face melted away, revealing an expression that was equal parts tenderness and murderous obsession.

Her gaze gradually became distorted.

Murmuring softly, she said:

“Ah Gu... where are you now?”

The blind maid, who had walked some distance ahead before noticing He Qingjiao had stopped, paused and called out in confusion:

“Young Master He?”

He Qingjiao immediately lowered her voice back into its masculine register and nodded.

“Mm...”

Following the maid, she ascended along a wooden walkway built against the cliffside.

Before long, they arrived at a five-story pavilion.

Without knocking, He Qingjiao pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Sweeping her gaze across the main hall, she saw a Nascent Soul elder of the Heavenly Demon Sect's outer branch standing with several Core Formation disciples around a large map, apparently discussing defensive measures.

Earlier, the Heavenly Demon Sect had received intelligence that Xiao Yunluo of the Profound Star Sect had crossed the Blood River with roughly seven hundred disciples from Sky Cloud Peak and was heading directly toward Moonfall Gorge.

Since He Buqun had ordered her to kill Xiao Yunluo and the woman traveling alongside her, Liang Xiaoxue, she had come here as well.

The Nascent Soul elder immediately broke into a cold sweat upon seeing her enter.

“Young Master He, have you been resting well these past few days?”

“What did you summon me for?”

“Uh...”

Elder Yue hesitated before pointing at a location on the map.

“According to reports from my disciples, six medium-sized Profound Star Sect spirit vassals have already crossed Ming Mountain. They're now less than a thousand li from Moonfall Gorge.”

He paused.

“So I wished to ask what Young Master He's plans might be...”

“Plans?”

He Qingjiao's expression remained indifferent.

“The task I received from the Grand Elder is to eliminate the Profound Star Sect's Young Mistress and the Liang Xiaoxue accompanying her.”

“Everything else is none of my concern.”

“That is your responsibility, Elder Yue.”

Elder Yue inhaled deeply and hurriedly explained:

“...Moonfall Gorge was originally nothing more than one of the Heavenly Demon Sect's pill-refining sites. There are only six or seven hundred Core Formation disciples stationed here.”

“Aren't there only seven hundred Profound Star Sect disciples as well?”

“But...”

“If I kill Young Mistress Xiao and Liang Xiaoxue, you still can't handle the remaining Profound Star Sect disciples?”

A trace of disdain appeared in He Qingjiao's eyes as she looked down at him arrogantly.

“Elder Yue, the Heavenly Demon Sect does not raise useless people. In my eyes, you're no different from a rat.”

Elder Yue didn't dare show any temper.

He had heard countless stories about He Qingjiao's talent and knew how she had recently led only a few hundred disciples to annihilate the entire Northern Abyss Sect.

“Young Master He, when Grand Elder He informed us that you would be coming, I assumed you would arrive with inner-sect disciples from the Heavenly Demon Sect. Who could have expected that you would come alone...”

“And?”

“Young Master He, not everyone is like you—someone who can ignore cultivation realms and kill righteous cultivators far above their own level.”

Hearing that, He Qingjiao raised an eyebrow and unexpectedly revealed a faintly bitter smile.

“Heh... that's true.”

“Not everyone is like me... or Junior Sister Gu...”

“Gu...”

The moment Elder Yue heard the name, he froze.

The news of Gu Mingxin's defection to the righteous side had long since spread throughout the Heavenly Demon Sect.

In the past, people respectfully addressed her as "Young Mistress Gu" or "Senior Sister Gu."

Now, however, everyone avoided even mentioning her name.

After Gu Mingxin's betrayal, the Exalted Warden Yama had purged the sect once again.

Anyone who still referred to her as "Senior Sister" or "Young Mistress" was thrown into the pill furnaces and used as cultivation material for new disciples.

He Qingjiao narrowed her eyes.

"Gu... what?"

"Th-this..."

Cold sweat poured down Elder Yue's face.

"Young Master He, please don't make things difficult for this old man. I truly dare not continue... The Exalted Warden Yama has already made an example of people within the sect."

"Heh."

He Qingjiao let out a cold laugh.

Clearly, she found Elder Yue utterly boring.

Still, she didn't pursue the matter further.

"Take your men out of the gorge and engage the Profound Star Sect head-on."

"Huh?"

“You were just asking for my opinion, weren't you?”

“This is my opinion.”

Elder Yue wiped the sweat from his forehead and cautiously asked:

“Young Master He, wouldn't it be better to defend the gorge? The Heavenly Demon Sect may still send more elders and disciples as reinforcements...”

“The sect's elders and inner-sect disciples are occupied holding back the cultivators crossing the river from the north, south, and southwest.”

“They don't have time.”

“The Profound Star Sect's Young Mistress brought only a little over seven hundred people.”

“I alone am sufficient.”

“But...”

“If you ask for my opinion and then refuse to follow it, why bother asking me in the first place?”

“ ... ”

Elder Yue was immediately rendered speechless.

He glanced at the dozen or so trusted subordinates standing nearby, all of whom barely dared breathe in He Qingjiao's presence.

After hesitating for a moment, he finally gritted his teeth and nodded.

“Understood.”

“We will follow Young Master He's arrangements.”

“This old man will gather the disciples in the valley at once.”

“Heh. That's more like it.”

With a cold snort, He Qingjiao turned and walked away.

The moment she stepped out of the pavilion and closed the door behind her, several Core Formation disciples who had been forcing themselves to stay composed suddenly felt their legs go weak.

They grabbed onto the edges of nearby tables and crouched down.

“Elder Yue... that blood aura around her is terrifying...”

“Haaa...”

Elder Yue exhaled heavily through his nose.

“Let me make one thing clear in advance.”

“Once the battle begins, stay as far away from her as possible.”

“The farther, the better.”

“She doesn't distinguish between friend and foe.”

“If you're standing in the path of her sword...”

His expression turned grim.

“Even this old man would be split in half.”

“Ah... y-yes.”

“Enough.”

Elder Yue waved his hand.

“Ring the bell and assemble the disciples.”

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Link for character illustration:

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