

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

Volume 7 Chapter 90 / Chapter 535: Heavenly Demon — The Final Act Begins

A blood-red crescent moon hung high in the sky.

Beneath the city gate, whose plaque bore the three vermilion-engraved characters "Immortal-Slaying City," countless corpses of demonic cultivators lay scattered across the ground. Many Profound Star Sect Foundation Establishment disciples, their faces covered with cloth masks, were piling the bodies together and reducing them to ashes with fire talismans.

"Hurry it up! Burn all these demonic cultivators. As for the Gu cultivators' corpses, throw them into the pit outside the city. The Core Formation seniors will deal with them. Be careful of any Gu insects pretending to be dead!"

"Yes, sir!"

...

Among demonic cultivators, there was an old saying:

"To the west lies Immortal-Slaying; to the south, Heavenly Sorrow; to the north, Spirit Prison."

A thousand years ago, when the righteous sects invaded the Eastern Region, Heavenly Sorrow City, defended by only a few thousand demonic

cultivators, had withstood the siege of Nangong Cheng and the tens of thousands of the Overclear Sect cultivators under his command.

As for Immortal-Slaying City, it had dealt an even heavier blow.

Back then, the renowned Immortal Yun Jian, who had cut his way north through the Southern Region all the way to this city, led nearly thirty thousand righteous cultivators. Yet at Immortal-Slaying City, they suffered devastating losses. Half of his army was wiped out, and Yun Jian himself had his Void Spirit wounded by the city's sword formation.

After the righteous sects were defeated at Immortal-Slaying City, the demonic cultivators seized the opportunity to counterattack, ultimately driving the immortal forces completely out of the Eastern Region once again.

It could be said that the turning point of the last great war between the righteous and demonic factions had occurred in this very city.

This time, however, Lei Wanjun, together with Hu Mu and three other subordinates, led roughly ten thousand righteous cultivators and captured the city in only twenty-five days. The gates were breached, and every demonic cultivator within was slain.

Now, the streets have already been cleared.

After the battle, righteous cultivators raised their cups, chatting and laughing as they celebrated their hard-won victory.

Since members of the demon race were also among the allied forces, cheerful animal cries echoed throughout the alleys.

"Meow~~"

"Moo~~"

Yet amid the city's jubilant celebrations, one young woman with black-and-white hair walked alone through the streets, her lonely figure completely at odds with the festive atmosphere.

"Sigh..."

Sima Xuanji carried a small paper umbrella over her shoulder as she strolled slowly down the middle of the street.

Every five steps she sighed.

Every ten steps she shook her head.

She looked like a delicate young lady mourning the passing of spring.

If one were to ask why she looked so melancholy after such a glorious victory—

"The itch is unbearable! The itch is unbearable!" Ah Ying clicked its tongue and declared.

Sima Xuanji glanced sideways at the parrot perched on her shoulder.

"Do you really think I'd become some lovesick young maiden, feeling lonely merely because I haven't seen my beloved for a few months?"

"Right, right! Right, right!"

The parrot nodded repeatedly before tilting its head.

"Lovesick old granny? Lovesick old la—Gah! Just kidding! Just kidding!"

"..."

Displaying the magnanimity expected of an adult, Sima Xuanji merely plucked a few feathers from the parrot before letting it go.

She raised her head to gaze at the crimson crescent moon, stained blood-red by the baleful aura permeating the Eastern Region.

At that moment, however, her attention was drawn to a young couple dressed in Profound Star Sect robes.

They appeared to be Dao companions.

The man was at the Core Formation realm, while the woman was only at Foundation Establishment.

Holding her hand, the man spoke with a troubled expression.

"Ah Ling... I heard from the seniors that after Immortal-Slaying City comes the Heavenly Demon Sect. I don't even know whether I'll come back alive..."

The woman gently pressed a finger against his lips.

"Don't say such unlucky things."

Then she softly rubbed her stomach.

"It's already been two months..."

"Huh?! What do you mean...?"

"I'm pregnant."

"After we destroy the Heavenly Demon Sect, let's ask Elder Liu for some leave. We'll find a beautiful cave abode somewhere in the Western Region and spend a year or two there recovering..."

"Hehe..."

The man's eyes widened with joy.

"Alright! I promise!"

...

Watching the young couple whisper sweetly to each other, a trace of envy appeared in Sima Xuanji's yin-and-yang-colored eyes.

She sighed once more.

"Sigh..."

Just as they had said...

The Heavenly Demon Sect was next.

A life-and-death battle between her and Warden Yama was all but inevitable.

And the one she had to face wasn't just Warden Yama.

There was also that old woman, Sun Juehu.

This entire campaign to eradicate the demonic cultivators in the Eastern Region had, from the very beginning, been a trap that Sun Juehu had laid specifically for her.

Even without thinking too hard, it was obvious that if the righteous sects truly succeeded—as Ye Anping had once predicted—in destroying both the Heavenly Demon Sect and Warden Yama, Sun Juehu would immediately turn her spear around and come after Sima Xuanji to avenge her father's death.

In the past, she wouldn't have paid it any mind, much less attended such a "Hongmen Banquet"—a feast laid as a trap.

But...

Ye Anping had told her, "*It'll be fine.*"

So she had left the Western Region and come to this godforsaken place.

Sima Xuanji withdrew her gaze from the young couple and continued walking slowly down the street with her head lowered. Looking ahead, she found herself feeling an inexplicable sense of unease.

Back in the Western Region, her Starshaping Art allowed her to perceive everything happening within its borders.

Here, however, the baleful aura of the Eastern Region completely suppressed her divination abilities, reducing her to little more than a deaf and blind girl.

Everything that had once been *known* had become *unknown*.

Jingle... jingle...

The ankle bells on her feet chimed softly with every step.

Looking down at her embroidered shoes, Sima Xuanji quietly counted her footsteps.

"One... two... three..."

When she reached her one-thousand-two-hundredth step, two familiar voices drifted toward her from ahead, prompting her to look up once again.

Standing outside what had once been the City Lord's Manor of Immortal-Slaying City were Ye Ao, dressed in the robes of the Hundred Lotus Sect Sect Master, and Kong Yulan.

The two paced back and forth before the entrance, their faces carrying equal parts worry and impatience.

Kong Yulan sighed.

"Why hasn't anyone come out yet? We've already been waiting for nearly an hour."

Ye Ao shook his head.

"Elder Lei has countless matters to deal with every day. He's obviously busy right now. How could he possibly have time to receive us?"

"But... Ping'er is engaged to that girl Xiao. No matter what, we're still..."

"Ai! Yulan." Ye Ao waved his hand. "Family matters are small; the war between righteous and demons is what truly matters. Let's just wait. Once Elder Lei finishes his work, he'll definitely let us in."

...

Hearing their conversation, Sima Xuanji couldn't help feeling somewhat surprised.

She clearly remembered that when they had departed from the Profound Star Sect, she had instructed Qiu Shuirou to send a jade slip to the Hundred Lotus Sect, informing them that there was no need to accompany the righteous sects of the Western Region into the Eastern Region.

After all, casualties were inevitable in a war like this.

Although the Hundred Lotus Sect had grown considerably over the past few years—recruiting many new disciples and expanding its territory—aside from the people who had originally come from the Xingtian Division, the sect still consisted mostly of low-level Qi Refinement and Foundation Establishment cultivators. There were only a handful of Core Formation elders.

With cultivation levels like theirs, they would struggle not only against the demonic cultivators of the Eastern Region—even the region's pervasive baleful aura might be more than they could endure.

More importantly...

Here in the Eastern Region, she herself was practically deaf and blind.

She couldn't open her Heavenly Eye.

If Ye Ao or Kong Yulan happened to encounter some powerful demonic cultivator and something unfortunate happened to them... how would she ever face her Dao companion afterward?

Pursing her lips, Sima Xuanji walked over to them.

She tilted the small paper umbrella resting on her shoulder slightly upward, adopting the demeanor of a refined young lady, and politely greeted them.

"Sect Master Ye, Madam Kong... what brings the two of you here?"

The sudden, cool voice of a young girl speaking from behind startled both Ye Ao and Kong Yulan so badly that they nearly jumped.

Turning around in alarm, they stared at Sima Xuanji.

After studying her distinctive yin-and-yang-colored eyes for a moment, Ye Ao finally remembered.

Several years ago, when he and Kong Yulan had visited the Profound Star Sect to see the newly admitted Ye Anping, it had been this very girl who had guided them.

"Hm? You're... Miss Xuanji? You've already reached the Core Formation realm?"

"I'm honored that Sect Master Ye still remembers me."

Sima Xuanji smiled with narrowed eyes and gave a graceful bow.

"If I remember correctly... the Profound Star Sect previously sent a jade slip informing the Hundred Lotus Sect that there was no need to join the campaign against the demonic cultivators in the Eastern Region. Yet Sect Master Ye, you..."

"Ah..."

Ye Ao scratched the back of his head and laughed awkwardly.

"Well... it would've been rather embarrassing not to come."

"If we stayed behind while everyone else came to slay the demonic cultivators and uphold the righteous path, people would definitely say we were afraid of death. They'd also think Ping'er got us special treatment because of his connections. That wouldn't look good at all."

"I see..."

"So no matter what, as the Sect Master, I had to come personally."

Ye Ao stroked his beard proudly.

"When we attacked Immortal-Slaying City, my wife and I personally killed six Core Formation demonic cultivators between us."

"Hahaha..."

Hearing that, Sima Xuanji couldn't help feeling a lingering sense of fear.

Although Lei Wanjun had successfully captured Immortal-Slaying City, and the city had conveniently fallen into internal chaos during the siege as though Heaven itself were aiding them, the twenty-five-day battle had still

claimed the lives of countless righteous cultivators and members of the demon race.

She hadn't known at all that Ye Ao and Kong Yulan had been there...

If the two of them had died during the battle for Immortal-Slaying City, their remains might never even have been found.

After choosing her words carefully, Sima Xuanji tried to persuade them.

"Next comes the Heavenly Demon Sect. The fighting there will certainly be even fiercer. Sect Master Ye, Madam Kong, you really shouldn't remain here. It would be best to return to Donghuang as soon as possible and head back to the Western Region. Anping is the fiancé of the Profound Star Sect's Young Mistress. If anything were to happen to the two of you..."

Ye Ao laughed heartily and waved his hand dismissively.

"It's fine, it's fine. Ping'er and Miss Pei are both still here in the Eastern Region. It wouldn't look right if we elders hid safely behind everyone else."

Ye Ao failed to notice it, but Kong Yulan's eyes suddenly lit up.

She immediately shoved Ye Ao aside, reached out, grabbed Sima Xuanji's hand, and leaned in close.

"...?"

Sima Xuanji instinctively leaned back in confusion.

"Madam Kong...?"

"Miss Xuanji..." Kong Yulan asked with a teasing smile, "when you mentioned Ping'er just now... didn't you call him 'Anping'? Hmm?~"

"..."

Sima Xuanji blinked in surprise.

Meanwhile, the smile on Kong Yulan's face only grew wider.

Beside them, Ye Ao broke out in a cold sweat.

"Yulan... you..."

"You be quiet. Let me ask."

She shot him a glare before turning back to Sima Xuanji.

"Could it be... that Miss Xuanji has also fallen for my Ping'er?"

"Yulan, this..."

"Oh, what's the big deal?" Kong Yulan said with a grin. "Didn't Elder Wang once say that Ping'er's yang energy is unusually abundant? Besides, Miss Xiao—Miss Xuanji's elder sister—is already engaged to Ping'er. If Miss Xuanji married into the family as well, wouldn't that be double happiness?"

Sima Xuanji looked visibly embarrassed and turned her gaze away.

"Madam Kong, that's..."

But Kong Yulan interrupted her again.

"It's alright. As long as Miss Xuanji likes Ping'er, that's enough. If you're worried Anping won't agree, don't be. Afterward, I'll talk to him myself as his mother. I'll make absolutely sure he says yes."

Sima Xuanji hesitated for a moment.

Then, finding the whole situation unexpectedly amusing, she lowered her head shyly, a faint blush appearing on her cheeks.

"Then... this humble girl shall thank Madam Kong in advance."

Left standing to one side, Ye Ao and Ah Ying, who had remained silent throughout the entire exchange, wore almost identical expressions.

A complicated mixture of emotions crossed both their faces.

Ye Ao looked at Sima Xuanji and couldn't help thinking that his son's romantic luck was becoming rather excessive.

Not only were there countless admirers, each one seemed more outstanding than the last, every one of them the treasured daughter of some prominent family.

Still, he hadn't come here to find yet another daughter-in-law for his son.

"Ahem..."

Ye Ao cleared his throat, interrupting the two women.

"Miss Xuanji, actually, we came here because we wanted to ask about Ping'er. It's already been several months without any news from him. As his parents, we're naturally worried. I was wondering if..."

"Oh, so that's what this is about."

Sima Xuanji smiled gently.

"Anping is carrying out my master's orders. He's infiltrated the Heavenly Demon Sect as part of a covert operation. Sect Master Ye, you needn't worry. He's perfectly safe."

"I see..."

Ye Ao visibly relaxed.

"Then I can finally rest easy. The Eastern Region is crawling with demonic cultivators. Even though Ping'er is very capable... still..."

He sighed before clasping his hands respectfully.

"Thank you for telling us, Miss Xuanji."

"You're welcome."

Sima Xuanji nodded.

"Once everything in the Eastern Region has been settled, I'll personally pay a visit to the Hundred Lotus Sect. In the meantime, Sect Master Ye and Madam Kong should return to Donghuang and wait safely for good news."

"I won't keep you any longer. I still have important matters to report to Elder Lei."

Ye Ao said nothing more.

He cupped his fists in farewell and watched as Sima Xuanji walked through the gates of the former City Lord's Manor beneath her paper umbrella.

After exchanging a few quiet words with Kong Yulan, the couple departed together.

Only after entering the manor alone and confirming the two had left did Sima Xuanji allow herself a mischievous smile.

"Hehe~~"

"Double happiness. Double happiness," Ah Ying chirped happily.

Still in high spirits, Sima Xuanji affectionately rubbed the parrot's head and rewarded it with several grains of spirit rice.

Moments later, however, she composed herself once more.

From her storage bag, she retrieved the ceremonial robes and flowing shoulder sash that marked her status as Sect Master, draped them neatly over her shoulders, and strode toward the City Lord's main hall.

Inside the main hall, all of the Profound Star Sect elders had gathered around a large sand table, discussing the route for their upcoming assault on the Heavenly Demon Sect.

The instant the soft jingle of ankle bells sounded from the entrance, Lei Wanjun, Master Qi, and everyone else immediately fell silent and bowed deeply.

"Your disciples pay their respects to the Sect Master."

"Rise," Sima Xuanji answered calmly.

She walked to the sand table, only to discover that it was a little too tall for her. Standing on her tiptoes for a moment, she shot Lei Wanjun a displeased glance before simply using a levitation spell to float into the air.

Reaching into her storage bag, she took out a sword-shaped command token and planted it firmly into the miniature model of the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak.

"Send word to every sect in the Western Region."

"In seven days, we march against the Heavenly Demon Sect."

"Yes, Sect Master!"

Meanwhile, a thousand li away...

Seven flying arks traveled through the sky in a formation of three and four, concealed within the sea of clouds as they cruised a thousand feet above the earth.

Inside one of the cabins, all was quiet.

The room was filled with the lingering fragrance of women.

Ye Anping lay sprawled on the bed in the shape of a starfish.

Compared to three days ago, his normally handsome face looked noticeably paler.

Staring blankly at the ceiling carved with stars and moons, he found himself worrying about what his future life might look like.

He glanced to either side.

His junior sister and Xiao Yunluo were both using his shoulders as pillows. Smiles of complete satisfaction rested on their sleeping faces.

"...Finally..."

"...I can get some rest..."

Ye Anping let out a long breath.

Slowly emptying his mind, he tried to fall asleep.

Unfortunately...

His body felt sticky.

His junior sister and Yunluo were both radiating heat like little furnaces, clinging tightly to him.

There was simply no way he could sleep.

After opening and closing his eyes several times in vain, Ye Anping finally held his breath, opened them once more, and decided to go outside for some fresh air.

Carefully, he slid his completely numb arms out from beneath their necks.

Then he quietly climbed out of bed from Xiao Yunluo's side, tiptoed out of the room carrying a fresh set of clothes, and changed into them in the corridor.

Leaning against the wall with obvious fatigue, he slowly made his way down the passage toward the deck.

As he passed Feng Yudie's room—

"Young Master Ye..."

"Young Master Ye..."

"...?"

Wait... could it be...?

Those two soft murmurs instantly jolted the drowsiness from Ye Anping's mind.

He had already walked past the door.

Yet after hearing those whispers, he instinctively took a deep breath, backed up several steps, narrowed his eyes, and carefully pushed the door open just a crack to peek inside.

As it turned out, he had completely misunderstood.

Feng Yudie was lying curled up on the bed, bundled into a little ball like a baby.

She was sucking both of her thumbs in her sleep, apparently dreaming about who knew what.

Ye Anping inexplicably let out a sigh of relief.

Closing the door again, he continued toward the deck.

The icy wind at this thousand-foot altitude gradually blew away the lingering romantic thoughts in his mind.

Walking to the bow, he gazed toward the dark sea of clouds stretching across the horizon.

Before long, however, a flying sword descended from the neighboring flying ark.

Zhuang Hu stepped off, holding a jade slip in one hand.

He looked around, noticed his Sixth Brother standing alone at the bow enjoying the wind, and paused briefly.

Then he let out a cold snort and walked over.

"Hmph... Sixth Brother."

"...Mm."

Without any further small talk, Zhuang Hu tossed the jade slip into Ye Anping's hands.

"The Profound Star Sect has issued an official order."

"In seven days, we will attack the Heavenly Demon Sect."

"Seven days..."

Ye Anping patted his cheeks to wake himself up, accepted the jade slip, and read its contents.

His brows furrowed slightly.

"That's a little sooner than I expected."

"Is that a problem?"

"Nothing major."

Ye Anping looked back toward the cabin.

Originally, he had intended to lecture Xiao Yunluo afterward, but it seemed that would have to wait until everything was over.

Turning back, he said, "Big Brother Zhuang, when my junior sister and Yunluo wake up, please tell them this."

"I'm taking Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin ahead to the Heavenly Demon Sect."

"Tell them to return to the Moon Dan Master's side and continue advancing with the Profound Star Sect disciples."

"They don't need to come looking for me specifically."

Zhuang Hu rolled his eyes.

"You tell them yourself."

Ye Anping sighed.

"Fine..."

"Then I'll leave them a letter."

"Big Brother Zhuang, please pass it on for me."

"I'm going to rest for an hour, take a bath, and then I'll leave."

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Link for character illustration:

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