

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

Volume 7 Chapter 107 / Chapter 552: Xuanji, Moonlight

A short while earlier—

Crack—!

A small, pale hand formed a hand seal, summoning thunder from the highest heavens. With a sweep of a jet-black fox tail, mountains and rivers transformed into towering tidal waves.

Arcs of lightning scattered across the sky, carrying with them the enormous head of a black mist fox. It opened its jaws ferociously, as though it intended to swallow heaven and earth whole.

Screeeeech—!!!

The fox's cry shook the surrounding wilderness.

Yet Gu Yan, standing before this overwhelming torrent of spiritual energy, remained as calm and expressionless as ever.

Despite being besieged by Sima Xuanji and Hu Mu working together, the Heavenly Demon Sect Master's robes remained spotless—not even a single wrinkle marred them.

With his left hand behind his back, Gu Yan raised his right hand before his chest and casually formed a hand seal.

"Moon Dan Master... the more I watch you, the less I understand."

Crack—

With a sound like shattered crystal, the beast spirit formed from Hu Mu's demonic aura instantly broke apart into countless fragments.

Columns of blood erupted from the earth below, transforming into blood-red eels that swam through the air around Gu Yan. In the blink of an eye, they wrapped themselves around Hu Mu, binding her inside a cocoon of blood.

Screeeeech—!!!

Seeing Hu Mu captured by the blood fiends, Sima Xuanji clenched her fists and immediately prepared to rescue her.

But the instant her attention shifted, a bloody hand landed on her shoulder.

Gu Yan's voice sounded directly behind her.

"Moon Dan Master... you're nothing like the woman I remember."

Sima Xuanji's yin-yang eyes widened slightly.

She immediately spun around, but before she could circulate her spiritual energy—

Clatter!

The blood eels swimming around them suddenly transformed into iron chains forged from blood itself.

They wrapped tightly around her wrists, ankles, neck, and waist.

Then they pulled taut.

With overwhelming force, they sought to tear her body apart limb from limb.

"Tch—"

This was one of Gu Yan's Blood Punishment techniques.

Although fundamentally an array formation, it could be activated like a spell, requiring no advance setup.

An ordinary Divine Transformation cultivator ensnared by these chains would be ripped into strips of flesh within three breaths.

Even Sima Xuanji's Void Return-forged body of golden scales and jade bones groaned under the strain.

Crack... crack...

Her bones emitted painful creaking sounds as the chains continued to pull.

Gu Yan's true body descended from above, stopping about thirty feet in front of her.

Behind the mask, his crimson eyes stared fixedly into Sima Xuanji's.

After a moment of silence, he said, "In my memory, you were never a reckless fool like Yun Tianmi."

"So I'm curious."

"What could possibly make someone as afraid of death as you willingly step into the Eastern Region and confront me face-to-face?"

"Have you simply lived long enough that you've grown tired of life?"

"Heh..."

Sima Xuanji gritted her teeth and glared back at him.

Her gaze remained resolute.

She had no intention of answering.

Instead, she glanced toward the Heavenly Demon Sect.

In her heart, she could only hope that Ye Anping would move a little faster.

Her Dao title was Moon Dan Master.

The moon itself was her Void Spirit.

It was also her Golden Core.

Where moonlight could not reach, she was effectively a cultivator without a Golden Core.

Although the spiritual sea within her body still allowed her to cast immortal techniques far beyond the reach of ordinary cultivators, against another Void Return expert, ordinary spells were almost meaningless.

She *could* summon the moon through the demonic clouds overhead, allowing its light to shine upon her.

But, as she had explained before—

The moon itself was her Void Spirit.

To bring it down was to expose her Void Spirit directly before Gu Yan.

Gu Yan specialized in formation arrays.

And this was his territory.

The moment she summoned her Void Spirit, Gu Yan would need only a single strike to shatter it.

If that happened...

She would die.

"Tch..."

"Heh..."

Seeing Sima Xuanji in such a miserable state while still carrying herself as though victory were assured irritated Gu Yan.

His crimson eyes narrowed.

Clatter—

The blood chains binding Sima Xuanji suddenly tightened once more.

This time, even she couldn't suppress a cry of pain.

"Ah!"

"That's actually quite a pleasant sound."

A smile curled across Gu Yan's lips.

It quickly faded.

He turned to look toward a bald monk sitting cross-legged atop a distant mountain nearly a thousand miles away.

In truth, he had noticed long ago that Wu Sun and the now powerless Zu Yuan had been watching from there.

Originally, he had assumed the monk was the trump card Sima Xuanji had prepared.

Yet the bald monk from the Wu Nian Sect had shown absolutely no intention of intervening.

To be honest, Gu Yan had never fought him before.

He had never even seen the monk fight.

All he knew was that, like himself, the monk specialized in formation arts.

"Zhiming..."

"If you don't make your move soon, Moon Dan Master will perish by my hand."

"Heh..."

His amused voice traveled effortlessly across a thousand miles, reaching Wu Sun's ears as he sat meditating atop the mountain.

Yet the old monk did not move in the slightest.

Standing beside him, Zu Yuan found himself in a difficult position.

Seeing Sima Xuanji suspended in such a miserable state was, admittedly, a little satisfying—like watching a troublesome child finally get disciplined.

But amusement was one thing.

He had no desire to see Sima Xuanji die at Gu Yan's hands.

"Hey, Bald Monk... you're not going to help?"

"..."

Wu Sun pressed his palms together and replied in an exceptionally calm tone,

"This humble monk... cannot defeat him."

Zu Yuan was left speechless.

"..."

It was an honest answer.

Even if Zu Yuan still had his cultivation, the combined strength of himself, Wu Sun, Sima Xuanji, and Hu Mu would still have less than a twenty percent chance of defeating Gu Yan.

Every cultivation path had its strengths and weaknesses.

For formation cultivators, their greatest advantage was that on their own territory they were virtually unbeatable against opponents of the same realm.

And Gu Yan was already a Void Return cultivator whose cultivation stood at the very peak of the Five Regions.

Still, there was one thing Zu Yuan couldn't understand.

The plan to attack the Heavenly Demon Sect had been devised by Sima Xuanji herself.

She couldn't possibly have been unaware of how powerful Gu Yan was within the Heavenly Demon Sect.

Zu Yuan had assumed she possessed some hidden trump card.

But now...

Even Zu Lingzhi, standing beside him, could see that the Moon Dan Master had fallen into a hopeless situation.

Grabbing Zu Yuan's sleeve tightly, she cried, "Grandmaster! W-What do we do?!"

Ye Anping surfaced in Zu Yuan's mind.

Yet he couldn't understand how a mere Nascent Soul cultivator could possibly turn the tide under these circumstances.

Still...

Whether he understood it or not, Ye Anping had inherited his spiritual root.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Zu Yuan patted Zu Lingzhi gently on the head.

"Haa... That old lady isn't dead yet..."

...

...

Hovering before Sima Xuanji, Gu Yan waited for Wu Sun to intervene.

When the old monk remained perfectly still and ignored him completely, Gu Yan slowly shook his head before turning back toward the struggling Sima Xuanji.

"Moon Dan Master... you've truly disappointed me."

He had come here fully prepared to fight Moon Dan Master for ten days and ten nights if necessary.

Yet after only a few hours—before he had even used his full strength—the battle was already ending.

For a thousand years, he had searched for the Heavenly Demon Scriptures for the sole purpose of killing the Moon Dan Master.

To kill her, he had refined countless disciples whom he had once cherished into cultivation resources.

And now...

It felt as though someone were telling him all of that effort had been meaningless.

Disappointing.

Utterly disappointing.

Gu Yan narrowed his eyes at the gritting Sima Xuanji.

Veins bulged across his face as the anger he had been suppressing finally surfaced.

He slowly raised his right hand.

"Die."

The single word escaped his lips like a whisper.

He clenched his fist.

Instantly, an enormous pillar of blood erupted from the earth's veins, swallowing Sima Xuanji whole.

The torrent then condensed into the shape of a gigantic beast's stomach, beginning to digest everything trapped within.

This technique was one of the supreme arts of Gu Yan's Blood Punishment.

Much like Hu Mu's devouring tail, it could consume a cultivator and convert them directly into nourishment for its user.

Gu Yan had never devoured a Void Return cultivator before.

He estimated it would likely take several years to completely digest Sima Xuanji into blood.

But he wasn't in any hurry.

As long as she had been swallowed, his path toward breaking to the next realm was already set.

As for that giant fox...

Gu Yan glanced at the constantly writhing cocoon of blood nearby.

Hu Mu was clearly still struggling to break free.

Screeeeech—!

A ferocious fox's head burst through the blood-soaked cocoon, baring bloodstained fangs as it roared,

"Gu Yan!!!"

"Fox..."

"There has never been any grudge between us."

"Why go this far?"

Gu Yan remained expressionless.

He raised his right hand, intending to turn Hu Mu into nourishment just as he had Sima Xuanji.

But at that very instant—

Slash!

An arc of icy-blue light tore across the northern sky, carrying with it an overwhelming blizzard.

A nine-foot ice spear, wrapped in earth and mountain debris, crashed toward Gu Yan like a collapsing mountain and a raging sea.

BOOM—!!

In an instant, a wall of flowing blood condensed before him, stopping the spear's tip just three feet from his face.

Gu Yan narrowed his eyes.

The dullness within them gave way to renewed interest.

"Oh! What an unexpected guest..."

"Sun Juehu."

"Hah—!"

Surrounded by the aura of a furious tiger, Sun Juehu swept her profound ice spear across the battlefield.

A boundless torrent of frost and snow surged toward Gu Yan's chest.

Yet Gu Yan was merely pushed back a hundred yards before casually waving his hand.

The fiendish blood engulfed every trace of the ice and snow, swallowing it completely.

Sun Juehu twirled her spear before casting a sidelong glance at the grotesque, blood-soaked stomach imprisoning Sima Xuanji.

She bit her lip slightly.

She had originally planned to wait until Sima Xuanji had defeated Gu Yan before making her move. She had been hiding nearby, watching the battle unfold, never expecting that it would be Sima Xuanji who would be driven into a corner.

Sima Xuanji could only die by her hand!

But that would have to wait.

Although Sun Juehu hated Sima Xuanji, she knew that was merely a personal grudge.

The feud between the righteous sects and the demonic cultivators, however, was a far greater one.

If Sima Xuanji died here at Gu Yan's hands, then the righteous factions would be finished.

Glowering at the blood-formed stomach, Sun Juehu shouted, "Moon Dan Master!!! Stop hiding in there and playing dead!!!"

Gurgle... gurgle...

The surface of the bloody stomach rippled slightly, but showed no sign of breaking apart.

Gu Yan casually dusted off his robes and smiled at Sun Juehu.

"Come to think of it, doesn't Your Majesty bear a grudge against Moon Dan Master? I happened to take the trouble of avenging you. Yet instead of thanking me, you point your weapon at me. That hardly seems reasonable... Heh~"

"Who asked you to?!"

With a sweep of her spear, Sun Juehu generated a blade of wind that carved a trench hundreds of feet long across the mountains below.

Gu Yan, however, was now treating the battle as entertainment. A grin spread across his face.

"Since Your Majesty seems so fond of that old woman, how about I prepare a private room for the two of you in my Blood Pool?"

Whoosh—!!!

The raging wind abruptly ceased for a brief instant.

Then a pillar of fiendish crimson light erupted into the sky, shooting toward Sun Juehu.

She spun her spear, the weapon twisting like a soaring dragon.

Almost instantly, she became a streak of icy-blue light.

A tidal wave of frost surged from the sea of clouds, freezing every stream of blood it touched into crimson pillars of ice.

Even the air itself liquefied under the extreme cold, filling the battlefield with dense icy mist.

A thousand miles away, Zu Yuan and Zu Lingzhi, sheltered within Wu Sun's formation, merely inhaled a single breath before feeling their throats freeze.

They hurriedly pulled cold-resistant face coverings from their storage bags and crouched behind Wu Sun, using his eight-foot-tall body as a shield against the freezing winds.

Chatter... chatter...

Even Wu Sun's teeth began to chatter.

The few remaining hairs of his eyebrows were instantly coated in frost.

"Hiss... Amitabha..."

Zu Yuan immediately shouted, "To hell with your 'Amitabha'! Bald Monk, maybe you can endure this, but my great-granddaughter and I can't! Hurry up and activate a fire formation!"

Boom! Boom!

Sun Juehu and Gu Yan collided again and again in the sky, each clash sending arcs of light flashing across the heavens.

Yet from beginning to end, Gu Yan never regarded her as a true threat.

It was as though he were teasing a dragon.

He himself became the Dragon Pearl, while Sun Juehu's ice-dragon spear chased him in vain.

After all, he knew that he might never again, for tens of thousands of years, have another chance to fight an opponent of the same realm.

If he was going to enjoy himself, it had to be now.

"Hehahahahaha—!!"

Clang!

Sun Juehu drove her spear against the bloody arm blocking Gu Yan's path and roared,

"You're laughing?!"

"So what if I am?" Gu Yan replied without the slightest concern. "What can you accomplish by yourself?"

He even found time to shout toward Wu Sun in the distance.

"Monk of the Wu Nian Sect! Still not making your move?! Do you think my Heavenly Demon Fiendland is some martial arena for your immortal sects? Must you all come one at a time?! Hahahaha~!"

"Haaah—!!!"

Gu Yan's expression suddenly sharpened.

"Your Majesty... calm yourse—"

"What?!"

The instant Sun Juehu shouted, the surrounding pillars of blood transformed into flexible crimson whips.

They slammed into the shaft of her spear simultaneously before splitting into countless blood-red tendrils that lashed at her from every direction.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Explosions echoed continuously through the air.

The protective frost surrounding Sun Juehu was battered apart into clouds of icy mist, forming a snow-white cloud around her.

She was clearly beginning to struggle.

Grinding her teeth, she looked toward the blood stomach imprisoning Sima Xuanji and shouted once more,

"Moon Dan Master!!! Get out here and help me!!!"

Screeeeech—!

Black mist once again condensed into a massive whip.

Accompanied by Hu Mu's furious cry, it lashed toward Gu Yan from behind.

But Gu Yan merely glanced over his shoulder before casually raising a hand and blocking it.

"Fox... wouldn't it be wiser to use this chance to escape?"

Screeeeech—!!!

However, at the exact moment those words left his mouth...

Gu Yan suddenly felt a violent spasm in his chest.

His eyes widened.

A pain he had not experienced in a very long time surged upward from deep within his abdomen.

Bang—!

The streams of blood surrounding him exploded into countless droplets, raining down over a hundred-mile radius in a shower of blood.

Sun Juehu had still been racking her brain for a way to counterattack.

Seeing the blood claws rushing toward her suddenly explode apart, she froze in confusion.

Cough—!

Gu Yan suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood.

His face filled with horror as he turned toward the Heavenly Demon Sect behind him, disbelief written all over his expression.

Boom—!

A pillar of crimson light shot from within the Heavenly Demon Sect into the heavens.

At the same moment, the blood stomach imprisoning Sima Xuanji instantly collapsed.

Sima Xuanji slowly opened her yin-yang eyes.

She glanced toward the Heavenly Demon Sect, pressed her lips together, then raised her right hand toward the sky.

The full moon that had long been waiting above descended through the clouds like a falling meteor.

Silvery moonlight poured over her flowing black-and-white hair, making it shimmer brilliantly.

She deliberately rose a little higher into the air, looked down at the blood-spitting Gu Yan, and said with a youthful, almost childish voice,

"Gu Yan, as you yourself said... if I hadn't come here prepared, why would I have challenged you?"

"..."

"Even for a Void Return cultivator, life and death are decided in but an instant."

Sima Xuanji glanced at Sun Juehu, who stood nearby with her spear in hand.

With a wave of her arm, a Yin-Yang Jade Disc rose behind her head.

Then she softly continued, "Just like the words I said to you when we first met..."

"Die."

Hummm—

Moonlight descended like a heavenly catastrophe, shattering mountains and rivers.

A brilliant radiance, like the birth of a new sun, illuminated the Eastern Region—a land that had been shrouded in perpetual clouds throughout every season.

When the light finally faded...

Gu Yan was gone.

No trace of him remained.

Sima Xuanji exhaled a mist of spiritual energy and muttered, "How disappointing..."

She then turned toward Sun Juehu, who had already redirected her spear toward her.

Her expression grew serious.

Sun Juehu tossed her hair behind her shoulder and gripped her spear tightly.

"Sister Sima is truly impressive."

"Or perhaps... Young Master Ye is the truly impressive one?"

"...Sun Juehu."

Sima Xuanji frowned slightly.

"Can't we just—"

"—No!"

Sun Juehu's eyes sharpened.

In an instant, she appeared before Sima Xuanji and thrust her spirit spear straight toward her chest.

Boom—!

Once again, spiritual light erupted across the land, illuminating the battlefield.

Nearby, Hu Mu had already returned to his human form.

Watching Sun Juehu and Sima Xuanji doing their duel, he closed his eyes and slowly calmed his thoughts.

He had no intention of involving himself.

The feud between those two grandmas had nothing to do with him.

He had only agreed to help Sima Xuanji kill Gu Yan.

Besides...

Gu Yan wasn't completely dead yet.

"...Yulan..."

Hu Mu murmured softly, sniffing the air.

Then he transformed once more into a mass of black mist and sped toward the Heavenly Demon Sect.

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Link for character illustration:

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