

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

Volume 7 Chapter 102 / Chapter 547: Ah Gu, Butt in the Air

The golden dragon's whiskers curled slightly, its eyes shining with brilliant golden light. Its radiance illuminated the hundred-li mountain domain of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

The blood python flicked its tongue, its vertical pupils bursting with murderous intent as it looked down from the top of the food chain at the tiny human cultivator below—one not even worth wedging between its teeth.

Then—

BOOM—!!

A thousand li away, the clashing spells of two Void Return cultivators lit up the faces of the three people confronting each other atop the mountain peak.

The earth trembled, and fierce winds swept across the summit.

Gu Mingxin's and Feng Yudie's long hair billowed behind them.

He Buqun panted heavily, baleful aura flickering around him. Looking at the two opponents standing to his east and west, he formed a series of hand seals. In a single breath, he recreated the spirit barrier that Old Jiu had shattered with a sweep of its tail, encasing himself within it.

He was a spell cultivator, so naturally his physical body could not compare to that of a physical cultivator or a sword cultivator.

That did not mean, however, that any random weapon could cut his flesh. With the physique of a late Divine Transformation stage cultivator, even without using spiritual energy, he could easily withstand the full-powered strike of a Nascent Soul cultivator.

And yet—

He Buqun glanced sideways at the sword wound on his shoulder that reached all the way to his lung.

A wound that should have stopped bleeding long ago was still pouring fresh crimson blood, staining his rust-gold Grand Elder robe with a vivid streak of red.

"Tch—"

He spat out a mouthful of blood and turned to face Feng Yudie, who stood twenty zhang away with her sword in hand. His blood-red eyes brimmed with killing intent.

Seeing him face her, Feng Yudie instinctively became more cautious. She took half a step back with her right foot and raised her spiritual sword into a defensive stance.

He Buqun narrowed his eyes before glaring up at the Immortal Emperor Golden Dragon overhead.

When facing two sword cultivators, a spell cultivator should naturally make use of his advantage—create distance and bombard them with spells until they exhausted their spiritual energy.

There was no doubt that if he managed to pull away, sooner or later the silver-haired girl and Gu Mingxin would collapse at his feet no matter how fiercely they swung their swords.

But now, with two colossal beasts occupying the sky, flying up would only get him swatted back down by the blood python and the golden dragon.

As for killing the two beasts first?

He Buqun knew better than to entertain that thought.

The blood python and golden dragon were sacred beasts left behind by mighty experts from the Ancient Age. Although their current power was limited by Gu Mingxin's and the silver-haired girl's cultivation, preventing them from overturning heaven and earth with a single breath as in the legends, they were still far beyond the ability of a late Divine Transformation stage spell cultivator to slay.

The conclusion was simple...

Stay on the ground.

Kill the silver-haired girl first.

Then deal with Gu Mingxin.

For demonic cultivators, the Immortal Emperor's spiritual energy was practically their natural nemesis.

Once both girls were dead, the blood python and golden dragon would lose the physical vessels through which they manifested and would naturally dissipate.

"Haa..."

As He Buqun exhaled, silence engulfed the mountain peak.

The wind ceased.

It was as though the entire world had frozen in that instant.

Bzzz—

Feng Yudie could tell He Buqun was about to make his move. She immediately adjusted the angle of her spiritual sword.

The next moment—

CRACK—

A streak of blood-red lightning burst from the dark clouds above, crashing down between Ah Mang and Old Jiu and splitting the "contest" between them.

Standing atop Old Jiu's forehead, Xiaotian noticed the movement and clasped its hands together before its chest.

『Blackie!!!』

「I know!!!」

Xue'e replied with a frown, also bringing its hands together as it channeled spiritual energy into their respective sacred beasts.

ROAR—!!

The dragon's and python's roars merged into one as they opened their jaws one after another and lunged toward He Buqun below.

BOOM—!!

Shockwaves exploded from the two beasts' massive bodies.

But He Buqun merely flicked his sleeve.

Two iron collars shot out from his storage bag, flying onto the beasts' necks before rapidly tightening.

High-grade Beast Suppression Collars.

Though they could not completely restrain sacred spirits like Old Jiu or demonic spirits like Ah Mang, they were more than enough to interrupt their attack.

Realizing that He Buqun's true target was Feng Yudie, Xiaotian immediately shouted,

『Yudie!! He's coming!!!』

Feng Yudie had been prepared for some time already.

Even so, she had still underestimated the physical prowess of a late Divine Transformation stage cultivator.

She couldn't even see He Buqun move.

By the time she realized it, he was already standing before her.

A flash of azure steel.

By the time Feng Yudie caught sight of the blade, its edge was already nearly touching her waist. Before it even made contact, the sword's pressure had already sliced a small tear into her clothes.

Yet although she hadn't seen the attack, her body's instincts reacted far faster than her conscious mind.

Clang—

She hadn't even had time to react before her body moved on its own. Her arms and legs acted instinctively, raising the spiritual sword Shen Xin had given her to block the incoming azure blade.

Screech—

Steel scraped against steel, sending brilliant sparks of spiritual light flying. The grating sound seemed to pierce straight into her bones.

"Hng—"

"Haah!!"

With a single strike, He Buqun knocked Feng Yudie's feet off the ground. The instant she was sent flying, he raised two fingers like a sword. Guided by his baleful aura, the azure sword shot toward her chest.

Feng Yudie's instincts took over once again.

While still flying backward, she brought her spiritual sword across her chest.

Clang—

The collision rang out as a force seemingly weighing ten thousand jin surged from her right hand into her bones.

Her right arm felt as though the bones were about to shatter. Even though she had used techniques to disperse the impact, He Buqun's azure sword did not slow down in the slightest. It continued driving her backward like an arrow loosed from a bow, hurling her toward the edge of the cliff.

The pressure wave generated by her flight alone gouged a trench several zhang wide across the ground.

"Hng—"

Feng Yudie gritted her teeth, intending to twist her body aside.

But the moment she rotated her sword, He Buqun manipulated the flying blade with his spiritual sense, altering its trajectory by the slightest angle.

The azure sword, which had been pressing against her blade, slid off its edge and redirected straight toward the bridge of her nose.

"Not good!!"

Feng Yudie immediately realized her mistake.

Against a late Divine Transformation stage cultivator, a single mistake was enough to cost her life.

In that instant, everything before her eyes slowed.

Her thoughts seemed to transcend the laws of heaven and earth as countless images flashed through her mind.

Young Master Ye!

Almost instinctively, she thought that Ye Anping would come to save her.

No matter how many mistakes she made, Young Master Ye always—

She unconsciously relaxed.

But just as quickly, she cast that thought aside.

When she had left the Profound Star Sect with Ye Anping, she had made up her mind.

She wanted to become someone like Junior Sister Pei—someone who could protect Ye Anping, rather than someone who was always protected by him.

Golden light flickered within her eyes.

She opened her mouth.

In a single instant, she gathered every last trace of spiritual energy in her body into it.

Then—

Crunch!

She bit down hard on the tip of the azure sword.

Her feet dug deeply into the earth, sliding backward over a hundred zhang before she finally threw back her head and stopped herself through sheer physical strength.

He Buqun remained where he stood.

Watching the silver-haired girl halt with her head tilted back as drops of blood trickled down through the silver hair behind her head, he couldn't help but sneer.

He had assumed that strike would have pierced straight through her skull.

Even for a Nascent Soul cultivator, having a hole punched through the head by a sword should have meant certain death.

Yet in the very next moment—

Still clenching the azure sword between her teeth, Feng Yudie slowly straightened up.

Brilliant golden light shone from her eyes.

She spat the sword out onto the ground beside her.

"..."

For a brief moment, even He Buqun was stunned.

It was the first time he had ever seen someone catch his flying sword with nothing but their teeth.

Still, it was only momentary surprise.

She might have managed it once, but he refused to believe she could do it again.

With a wave of his hand, dozens of azure swords flew out from his storage bag. His baleful aura condensed into countless ghostly hands, each gripping one of the blades.

But at that very moment—

"Grand Elder He, did you forget I'm still here?!" Gu Mingxin's voice came from behind him.

He Buqun glanced over his shoulder.

Boom!

A crimson spiritual sword slammed directly into the spirit barrier behind him.

Although it cracked the barrier slightly, it failed to break through.

"Heh..."

Seeing that He Buqun didn't even consider her a threat, anger flared in Gu Mingxin's eyes.

Her crimson spiritual sword danced like scattered flower petals, releasing dozens of streaks of blood-red light in the blink of an eye.

Boom!

This time, the crimson sword succeeded in piercing the barrier.

But it stopped only ten cun (about 33 cm) from the back of He Buqun's neck, unable to advance even another fraction.

The barrier regenerated instantly, trapping the sword in midair.

Gu Mingxin could neither pull it free nor drive it any deeper.

「Mingxin! Above you!!」 Xue'e's warning rang out suddenly.

As Gu Mingxin struggled to pull out her sword, He Buqun subtly flicked a finger hidden within his sleeve.

The azure swords he had previously released descended from above, hurtling straight toward Gu Mingxin's head.

"Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!!"

“Damn it—”

Left with no other choice, Gu Mingxin released her spiritual sword and twisted aside to evade the attack. But just like Feng Yudie moments earlier, the flying azure swords were simply too fast. There was no way she could block them all.

As one of the blades came hurtling toward her shoulder, Gu Mingxin steeled herself to be skewered from head to toe.

It didn't matter much anyway.

With her Blood Fiend Body, even if He Buqun's swords chopped her into pieces, as long as her Nascent Soul and Golden Core remained intact, she would survive.

Just then, a white blur suddenly entered her field of vision.

A jet-black spiritual sword swept out in a graceful arc.

Clang!

Feng Yudie flashed in front of Gu Mingxin, using a sword technique to cut apart every spiritual sword flying toward her.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

“Since you've both come together, then die together!”

Whoosh!

He Buqun's eyes widened slightly.

The azure swords suspended in midair instantly multiplied into dozens more.

Seeing that she couldn't block them all, Feng Yudie immediately lifted her right leg and spun around, delivering a powerful kick straight into Gu Mingxin's stomach.

“Blackie—this one's returned to you!!!”

“Blegh—”

Boom!

Gu Mingxin folded over from the impact and shot backward like a cannonball. She skipped across the ground like a stone over water, bouncing dozens of times before finally slamming into a massive boulder at the edge of the cliff.

Leaning against the rock, she bared her crimson-stained teeth and glared furiously at Feng Yudie.

“You white idiot!!!”

『Yudie, get back!!!』

A dragon's roar echoed across the mountain.

He Buqun glanced upward and couldn't help clicking his tongue.

In less than five breaths, the blood python and the golden dragon had already broken free from the Beast Suppression Collars that had cost him hundreds of thousands of spirit stones.

It was a painful loss.

But only a financial one.

Boom!

Old Jiu opened its enormous maw and slammed headfirst into He Buqun's spirit barrier, sending a cloud of dust soaring into the sky.

By then, Feng Yudie had retreated to stand in front of Gu Mingxin.

With her back to Gu Mingxin, she swung her sword down to her right side, taking a protective stance.

“Gu Mingxin. Let's work together.”

Gu Mingxin blinked.

“What?”

Whoosh!

A blood-colored spike suddenly shot out of the dust cloud.

Feng Yudie raised her sword and released a streak of golden light, shattering it in a single slash.

Watching Old Jiu keep He Buqun occupied, Feng Yudie pursed her lips.

“Anping once told me... if you want two people who are like fire and water to get along, then either let them enjoy something wonderful together... or have them fight a common enemy together.”

“...”

“Anping had me come with you to fight He Buqun... so it was probably the second one.”

She stole a glance at Gu Mingxin, who was still leaning against the rock.

“Blackie... I don't know why, but I really, really hate you! But... for Young Master Ye's sake, I'm willing to put up with it. You don't have any friends, right? Then... I'll be your friend.”

“Ughhh...”

The absurd declaration instantly wiped away Gu Mingxin's tension.

Goosebumps spread all over her back, and she shivered involuntarily. Her face scrunched up into an expression of utter disbelief.

Friends?

Just how childish did someone have to be to say a word like that out loud—and with such complete sincerity?

Wasn't that unbearably embarrassing?

It was so awkward it could tear a hole through heaven and earth.

「Golden Dummy! Tell your dragon to fall back and rest! Ah Mang, you're up!!!」

『Okay!!! Old Jiu, retreat!!!』

ROAR—!

Boom!

The gale unleashed by the dragon's roar whipped Feng Yudie's and Gu Mingxin's hair and sleeves into the air.

Looking at Feng Yudie's profile, Gu Mingxin suddenly noticed a faint blush spreading across her cheeks.

So... she wasn't as fearless as she looked.

The white idiot *did* realize how embarrassingly cringeworthy what she'd just said was...

“How old are you? Aren't you embarrassed? 'Friends'? Ugh...”

“You think I wanted to say it?!!”

Gu Mingxin shot her a sidelong glance before climbing to her feet.

She clenched her fist.

A flash of crimson light appeared as the scarlet spiritual sword, which had been trapped inside He Buqun's spirit barrier, disappeared into her Soul Realm before reappearing in her hand.

“Hm? Wasn't your sword stuck?”

“My natal spiritual sword. Convenient, isn't it?”

Gu Mingxin let out a cold laugh and lowered the sword to her right side.

Her gaze fixed on the battlefield a hundred zhang away, where He Buqun stood surrounded by dense fiendish techniques while Ah Mang, with large patches of scales already torn from its jaws and body, continued the assault.

After a moment's thought, she said, “White idiot... if we drag this out, we'll lose.”

“I'm not an idiot. I know.”

“One decisive strike. Help me cut open that old bastard's spirit barrier.”

“And then?”

“We'll worry about that afterward!”

Gu Mingxin shouted, then lifted her head toward Xue'e, who stood atop Ah Mang's head.

Xue'e directed Ah Mang in its battle against He Buqun. Catching a glimpse of the two girls recovering—and understanding the meaning behind Mingxin's look—it immediately formed a sword gesture before its chest.

「Ah Mang, hold him down!!」

Hiss—!!

Ah Mang gave a slight nod.

It clamped its jaws around He Buqun's spirit barrier below, then twisted its colossal body.

Rumble—

Its massive belly scraped against the mountainside, making the earth shake violently.

Within only a few breaths, like a python coiling around its prey, Ah Mang wound itself into layer after layer of coils, wrapping He Buqun completely beneath its enormous body.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Several blood-red beams suddenly burst through its body from within.

The immense serpent shuddered.

「Ah Mang, hang in there!!! Mingxin!! It's ready!!」

Seeing the opportunity, Gu Mingxin drew a deep breath.

“White idiot. Follow me!”

With that, she stomped off the ground and shot forward as a black blur toward the serpent's body.

Feng Yudie was still wondering what she intended to do.

The next instant, she watched Gu Mingxin mercilessly slash open Ah Mang's body with her sword before plunging headfirst inside—with Feng Yudie following behind.

...

Meanwhile—

Enveloped tightly within the serpent god's crushing coils, He Buqun saw nothing but darkness.

His hands continued forming seals as blood spikes materialized one after another, blasting into the serpent flesh wrapped around his spirit barrier.

Yet Ah Mang was a spirit beast born of Blood Fiend energy.

Escaping so easily was impossible.

Without stopping his fiendish techniques, He Buqun continued thinking.

What is Gu Mingxin trying to accomplish by having this blood python bind me?

Buying time?

Planning another sneak attack with that silver-haired girl like before?

Or trying to escape?

“Heh... cheap tricks.”

He Buqun sneered.

The first time, he had been caught off guard because he hadn't known Gu Mingxin had someone capable of effortlessly cutting through his spirit barrier.

But there was no way he would fall for the same trick twice.

A battle between Divine Transformation cultivators normally lasted at least three days unless something extraordinary happened.

Even fighting against the blood python and the golden dragon, by his own estimation, the spiritual sea within him contained enough power to keep going for another month.

Could those two Nascent Soul girls possibly survive against him for a month?

Absolutely impossible.

He Buqun laughed mockingly.

“Little Gu girl!! Trying to run away? Shall I generously let you have a one-hour head start?!!”

The instant those words left his mouth—

Slash!

The sound of flesh being cut echoed through the darkness.

He Buqun froze for a moment.

Instinctively, he looked down at his own body, thinking a sword had somehow struck him.

But when he looked up, he discovered that Gu Mingxin had instead driven her own spiritual sword into Ah Mang's abdomen, carving open a bloody passage through the serpent's body.

“He Buqun!!!!”

“Crazy woman.”

He Buqun narrowed his eyes and cursed.

He couldn't make any sense of her decision to cut open her own blood python.

Fine.

She had used the opening to get close to him.

But then what?

Then—

Several arcs of golden sword light swept out from behind Gu Mingxin, crashing directly into the spirit barrier before her.

“Heh...”

Now He Buqun understood.

Her entire plan had been to shield the silver-haired girl while she broke through his spirit barrier.

But so what?

Useless. Useless. Useless. Completely useless!!

A cold smile spread across his face.

Ignoring the crimson spiritual sword Gu Mingxin swung toward his neck, he simply raised his right hand and seized her by the throat.

Slash!

The crimson blade sank deep into He Buqun's shoulder.

But once it struck bone, it could advance no farther.

“Ghk—”

With her throat crushed in his grip, Gu Mingxin coughed up a mouthful of blood.

She had intended to spray it into He Buqun's eyes, but before the blood could reach him, a layer of fiendish energy blocked it completely.

“Trying to blind me so that silver-haired girl can strike?”

He Buqun let out a cold laugh.

His eyes shifted toward Gu Mingxin's waist.

Just as he had expected, the moment he grabbed Gu Mingxin by the throat, the silver-haired girl had already slipped in close beside him.

The jet-black spiritual sword in her hand shone once again with brilliant golden light.

“How boring,” He Buqun spoke with calm disdain.

His fingers pierced the skin of Gu Mingxin's neck. Then, with a flick of his arm, he dragged her directly into Feng Yudie's line of attack, intending to use Gu Mingxin as a human shield.

In his mind, the outcome was obvious.

The moment the silver-haired girl saw Gu Mingxin in the way, she would immediately halt her sword.

Then he would seize the opportunity, grab one by the throat with each hand, and finish them both.

What he never expected was—

“HAHAHAHAHAHA—!!” A hoarse, manic laugh erupted from Gu Mingxin.

She immediately let go of her spiritual sword and wrapped both arms tightly around He Buqun's shoulders, pulling her face close to his.

“He Buqun!! It's time for you to hit the road!!”

The words had barely left her mouth—

Slash!

The sound of a blade cutting through flesh rang out.

Feng Yudie's spiritual sword drove in from the side of He Buqun's protruding belly.

“YAAAH—!!!”

With a fierce cry, she swung the blade in a brilliant golden arc.

The sword sliced clean through both He Buqun and Gu Mingxin, severing them both at the waist in a single stroke.

Whoosh!

Rumble—

Ah Mang, which had been tightly coiled around the three of them, finally reached its limit.

The enormous serpent slowly loosened its coils.

Reflected in He Buqun's eyes was Gu Mingxin's face—

Blood streamed from all seven of her facial orifices, yet the corners of her mouth were twisted into a smile of utter, unhinged madness.

Suddenly, a surge of liquid rose in his chest.

He spat out a massive mouthful of blood.

“Y-You!!!!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHA—!”

An overwhelming tide of fiendish energy erupted from He Buqun's chest.

The winds howled once more.

A pillar of blood-red light shot upward from the summit of the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak like an arrow piercing the clouds, blasting straight into the heavens.

The explosion was so immense that it tore nearly half of the mountain peak into the sky, hurling it tens of thousands of feet into the air.

BOOM—!!!

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Link for character illustration:

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