

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

Volume 7 Chapter 108 / Chapter 553: Death

The silver moon and freezing frost blanketed the dark Heavenly Demon Mountain Range.

A thousand miles away, towering bursts of spiritual light illuminated heaven and earth in alternating flashes. Directionless snow was swept into spiraling vortexes by the raging wind, forming blade-like currents that sliced through every inch of forest and grassland.

"Gu Yan——!!!!"

A black-furred fox, cloaked in pitch-black demonic aura, raced through the sky tens of thousands of feet above the ground. Guided by its extraordinary sense of smell, it followed the lingering scent of blood, tracking Gu Yan's presence.

Its vertical pupils burned with murderous intent, as though it wished to skin every living creature alive.

An ordinary wolf hidden in the dark forest could smell prey from five thousand feet away.

A mid-stage Void Return fox demon like Hu Mu, however, needed only to know a target's scent to accurately track every movement within a radius of several hundred miles.

And yet...

Boom—!

The flashes produced by Sima Xuanji's Moon Void Spirit clashing with Sun Juehu's frost-covered dragon spear continued to explode in the distance, relentlessly assaulting Hu Mu's already hyper-sensitive senses.

Moreover, this was Gu Yan's home territory.

As a formation cultivator, Gu Yan had laid tens of thousands of formations throughout a thousand-mile radius.

The countless formation auras, along with innumerable similar scents, constantly interfered with Hu Mu's divine sense and spiritual perception.

Screeeech—!!

His fox's cry rippled across the heavens.

In an instant, the shockwave shattered the souls of ordinary demonic beasts hiding in the forests below.

Night crows perched upon withered branches had both their eyes and beaks burst open by the force, tumbling from the trees onto the snow-covered ground, staining the white mountainside crimson.

Hu Mu didn't know exactly where Gu Yan was hiding, but he was certain that Gu Yan was concealed somewhere among the nearly one hundred mountain peaks beneath him.

His lips parted slightly.

Black mist poured from between his teeth.

With a single sweep of his dark fox tail, a streak of black light flashed across the heavens.

Boom—!

In an instant, the "acne" upon Mother Earth's skin was swallowed whole by Hu Mu's tail.

A thousand-foot mountain was severed cleanly at its waist, revealing a mirror-smooth cross section.

Only one thought remained in Hu Mu's mind.

If he couldn't determine which mountain Gu Yan was hiding inside, then he would simply swallow every inch of land within a hundred miles.

Screeeeech—

...

Leaning against a cliff within a dense forest of withered black trees, Gu Yan was surrounded by the thick scent of blood.

"Urgh... *cough... cough...*"

Supporting himself against a dead tree with one hand pressed to his abdomen, Gu Yan suddenly vomited a large pool of black blood.

The crimson eyes behind the openings of his mask no longer held their former composure.

His entire body was torn open with wounds.

Even the black robes of the Heavenly Demon Sect Master had lost all of their former dignity and majesty.

His Void Spirit had been shattered.

Then Moon Dan Master's Moon Void Spirit had struck his divine consciousness directly.

Had he not reacted quickly enough to sacrifice his natal treasure at the critical moment, he would already have dissolved into a puddle of blood and died.

Although he had barely escaped from Moon Dan Master, his natal treasure was destroyed.

His Void Spirit had suffered catastrophic damage.

And a fox continued to pursue him relentlessly.

Whether he would survive at all remained uncertain.

Screeeeech—

The piercing cry of the fox echoed from the sky behind him, rattling his eardrums.

Grinding his teeth, Gu Yan glanced back before pushing himself toward the cliff face.

He had to stabilize his injuries first.

This was the heartland of the Heavenly Demon Sect.

Within a thousand miles were tens of thousands of hidden formation sanctuaries that he had personally established.

As long as he could hide inside one of them and recover for several days...

He didn't need to regain enough strength to fight back.

He only needed enough demonic energy to escape.

Once he fled eastward, Moon Dan Master would have little chance of finding him again anytime soon.

"Open!"

Stopping before the cliff, Gu Yan swept his right hand horizontally, releasing a streak of crimson light.

Accompanied by the spoken incantation, the stone wall before him rumbled inward like a massive door, revealing a dark passage descending into the earth.

He hurried inside and immediately reactivated the barrier.

Rumble... Thud

The stone door sealed itself shut.

The howling winds outside vanished, leaving the tunnel so quiet that even a falling pin could be heard.

Then, one after another, dim yellow oil lamps lining both sides of the passage flickered to life.

The ancient underground corridor became illuminated by wavering light and shadow.

"Haa..."

Gu Yan exhaled softly.

Supporting himself against the wall, he limped down the stone staircase.

Tap... tap...

His footsteps became the only sound echoing through the corridor.

Thanks to the silence, Gu Yan finally had enough concentration to think about what Moon Dan Master had actually done.

The Heavenly Demon Blood Pool had been destroyed.

That much was an undeniable fact.

But no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't understand how anyone could have silently broken his Void Spirit within the span of only a few hours.

After considering every possibility, only one explanation remained.

The owner of the Heavenly Dao Scriptures... or the owner of the Heavenly Demon Scriptures.

According to legend, those two immortal books recorded everything that existed beneath heaven.

The reason Gu Yan had searched for the Heavenly Demon Scriptures was to obtain, through that volume, the means to acquire the one thing that Moon Dan Master—and every righteous cultivator in the world—feared most.

Yet now...

It seemed that someone else had used that same scripture to discover the weakness of his Void Spirit instead.

Who was it?

And how had they done it?

The more Gu Yan thought about it, the more questions arose.

Even he himself had no idea how anyone could destroy his Void Spirit within the span of just a few hours...

"*Cough... cough...* For now, I should first condense my energy and heal my injuries. Once I've shaken off that fox... *cough...*"

Putting those thoughts aside, Gu Yan continued deeper into the cave, supporting himself against the wall.

However, after descending roughly three hundred steps, his gaze fell upon a fresh set of wheel tracks and the footprints of three people on the ground.

?

This formation sanctuary had supposedly remained untouched for centuries.

Why were there footprints here?

Then he heard the voices of two women chatting below.

"Hey, Black idiot, didn't they attach your waist crooked? It looks a little off."

"It was only stitched back together temporarily. It's good enough that they managed to reattach it. After I twist around a little it'll straighten itself out...

Ye Anping~~ Help me twist it back, hehe~"

Then came the deeply exasperated muttering of a young man.

"*Sigh*... How about I just cut it off again and reattach it properly?"

"Eww~ Ye Anping, you're so mean~~"

...

?

Ye Anping?

Gu Yan frowned slightly.

He vaguely remembered hearing that name before.

Wasn't he the young master of some insignificant third-rate sect in the Western Region?

His brow furrowed even deeper.

Why would someone he had never even cared to remember appear here?

And one of the women's voices...

It sounded somewhat like that of his adopted daughter, Gu Mingxin.

Yet...

Listening more carefully, it was different.

The Gu Mingxin he remembered always spoke in a gloomy, lifeless tone.

She had never sounded as bright and flirtatious as the voice he had just heard.

He extended his divine sense.

The four people below were all merely early Nascent Soul cultivators.

His guard immediately dropped.

Even severely injured as he was, four Nascent Soul cultivators posed no threat whatsoever.

If anything, he happened to be in need of human pills to aid his recovery.

Tap... Tap...

Grinding his teeth, Gu Yan straightened his back and continued another twenty steps.

The corridor suddenly opened into a larger stone chamber.

At the center of the room stood a massive pill cauldron burning with crimson flames.

It was the formation core of this sanctuary.

Nearby, a black-haired woman lay face down on an old wooden bed while a silver-haired girl carefully applied a jade-like medicinal ointment to her lower back.

In front of the cauldron sat a black-clothed youth who appeared no older than seventeen, cross-legged as he quietly cultivated.

Beside him stood a wheelchair.

A woman covered in bandages, her left arm drenched in blood, sat in it, silently watching the young man's face.

Gu Yan was already standing at the entrance.

Yet...

It was as though none of the four had noticed him at all.

They completely ignored his existence.

A wave of humiliation instantly surged through him.

For thousands of years as the Sect Master of the Heavenly Demon Sect, no one who saw him had ever dared do anything other than bow in reverence.

Yet these four insignificant Nascent Soul cultivators actually...

At that thought, Gu Yan looked once more at the black-haired woman lying on the wooden bed.

Only then did he recognize her.

Gu Mingxin.

"...Mingxin."

His hoarse, weakened voice echoed through the stone chamber.

Both Gu Mingxin and Feng Yudie froze before turning toward him.

Ye Anping also slowly guided the flowing spring-aspect spiritual energy throughout his body back into his dantian.

Then he gradually opened his eyes and looked toward the entrance.

Silence.

For a single instant, everything was still.

Then—

A gleam appeared in Gu Mingxin's crimson eyes.

For reasons she herself couldn't explain, seeing Gu Yan covered in wounds, dressed in tattered robes, she simply couldn't hold it in any longer.

She burst into laughter.

"Hehehehe! Master!! Hahaha! What happened to you? How did you end up looking like this?!"

Crunch!

Gu Yan clenched his teeth.

Murderous intent exploded from his eyes.

But before he could react, a shrill scream cut through the chamber, instantly silencing Gu Mingxin's laughter.

"GU YAN——!!!"

The furious cry reverberated through the room.

Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin both jumped in fright and turned toward its source.

Mo Chiling—who throughout their journey had maintained the composed, refined demeanor of a noble lady—now looked completely different.

The eyes beneath her bandaged forehead were bloodshot.

With her remaining right hand, she clenched her fist so tightly that her fingernails pierced her palm, dark purple blood dripping from the wound.

Gripping the arms of the wheelchair, she struggled with all her strength to stand.

She nearly toppled straight out of it.

Ye Anping immediately caught her with spiritual energy, gently pressing her back into the wheelchair.

"Gu Yan!!! My elder brother's death—!!!"

"—Senior Mo."

Ye Anping's calm voice interrupted and steadied her.

Then, bracing himself against his knee, he slowly stood up.

"Warden Yama."

"...Mo..."

Gu Yan never even spared Ye Anping a glance.

His eyes remained fixed on Mo Chiling, who was glaring at him like an enraged tiger.

After a long silence...

Recognition finally dawned on him.

"...Chiling?"

He sounded almost as though he had suddenly realized something.

Ye Anping let out a faint sigh.

"Warden Yama, as the saying goes, *the one who tied the knot must be the one to untie it*. I thought that if Senior Mo did not witness your death with her own eyes, she would carry that regret for the rest of her life. So... we've been waiting for you here."

Only then did the crimson eyes behind Gu Yan's mask settle upon Ye Anping.

A trace of amusement appeared in them.

"Ye Anping."

"Mm. It is an honor that someone of Warden Yama's stature still remembers this junior's name before his death." Ye Anping nodded.

With a flick of his finger, he took a luminous jade wine cup from his storage bag, poured a cup of crimson wine into it, and, with a sweep of his sleeve, floated it gently before Gu Yan.

He inclined his head.

"Now, the only question is whether Warden Yama wishes to die with dignity... or would prefer that I help you achieve that dignity."

Gu Yan lowered his gaze to the wine cup hovering before him.

Within the scarlet wine, faint ripples of violet shimmered.

He did not know what that hint of purple was.

But at that moment, realization dawned upon him.

This...

This was probably how these people had silently destroyed his Void Spirit.

He himself was a demonic cultivator.

Ordinary poison meant nothing to him.

Yet among the countless spiritual poisons under heaven, who could say that none existed capable of damaging his Void Spirit?

Most likely, one of the people before him possessed either the Heavenly Demon Scriptures or the Heavenly Dao Scriptures.

"Poisoned wine?"

Ye Anping nodded.

Standing with his hands clasped behind his back, he carefully watched Gu Yan's expression while secretly signaling Feng Yudie and Xiaotian with his fingers behind him.

"Mm. One cup... and a dignified end."

Truthfully, the safest solution would have been to expose their location.

After all, there was still that enraged giant fox in the sky swallowing mountains.

Letting the fox devour Gu Yan would have solved everything.

However, Ye Anping still intended to use Gu Yan's Golden Cicada Shell to help Xuanji deal with Sun Juehu.

Naturally, the more intact Gu Yan's corpse remained, the better.

If the giant fox swallowed him, he certainly wouldn't remain whole.

"Warden Yama, I still have important uses for your remains. If you're willing to preserve a little dignity yourself, then after everything is over, I'll even erect a gravestone for you in Heavenly Demon Valley."

"That way, whenever future generations come here, they'll still bow before your memorial."

The moment those words were spoken—

Xiaotian and Xue'e floating nearby both stared at Ye Anping speechlessly.

Earlier, Ye Anping had said it would be best to persuade Gu Yan into choosing a dignified death himself.

But this...

「Ye Anping... this is what you call persuasion? Look at the veins popping out on Old Gu's neck! I lived in the Heavenly Demon Sect with Mingxin for so many years, and this is the angriest I've ever seen him!」

『Mm-hmm!』

Ye Anping merely shrugged with a smile.

"Warden Yama, for all your status as a supreme expert..."

"Setting your cultivation aside..."

"How are you any different from an ordinary, destitute cultivator in your current condition?"

"..."

"Whether it's you, Sun Juehu, or the Moon Dan Master..."

"You're all human."

"You've simply lived longer... and stronger than the other."

"When you're wounded, you cough blood."

"When you're struck, you feel pain."

"And when you're killed, you die."

"Why not learn something from the Dao Ancestor?"

"Everything outside oneself is fleeting."

"Rather than pursuing immortality or demonhood, wouldn't it be better to have a good beginning and a good ending?"

"..."

"In fact, even someone like Senior Mo, who hates you so deeply..."

"If she saw you sincerely turn back, she might even forgive you and call you 'Master' once more."

"Perhaps even *Dad*."

Mo Chiling shot Ye Anping a sidelong glare and immediately replied through gritted teeth,

"Young Master Ye... even if it is your request..."

"I could never..."

Hearing her undermine his act, Ye Anping clicked his tongue and tried to persuade her.

"Come on, at least give His Excellency some face. Without a little face, how can he leave with dignity?"

"Enough!!!"

Gu Yan's furious roar echoed throughout the chamber.

A crack suddenly appeared across Gu Yan's mask.

The mask split apart and fell to the ground, revealing his right eye—a deep sword scar running through it.

That scar had been left centuries ago by Yun Tianmi's Snow Qiong of Myriad Spirits Sword.

During the past thousand years, he had suffered only two humiliations.

The first had been when Moon Dan Master and Immortal Yun Jian joined forces and carved that scar into his forehead.

The second was now.

To be humiliated to such an extent by a mere handful of early Nascent Soul cultivators...

He seized the wine cup Ye Anping had offered.

His right hand curled into a claw.

A torrent of fiendish energy exploded from his body, staining the once-pristine jade cup blood-red.

Then, with a simple flick of his finger—

Hummm—

The jade cup shattered into countless razor-sharp fragments, shooting straight toward Ye Anping's eyes.

Almost instantly, Gu Mingxin and Feng Yudie, who had been lying beside the wooden couch, widened their eyes. In a flash, they became two phantom-like figures—one black, one white—and appeared beside Ye Anping, drawing their swords to intercept every single jade shard.

Gu Yan narrowed his eyes and looked at Gu Mingxin, who now stood before him with her sword raised.

"Mingxin... I was the one who picked you up from a pool of blood all those years ago..."

Gu Mingxin leaned against Ye Anping's shoulder and replied, "Master, you taught me yourself that demonic cultivators should follow their hearts and that the strong are supreme."

"This disciple already belongs to Anping~"

"And Anping is obviously stronger than you."

?

Ye Anping shot her a resentful glance, but still stepped forward, wrapping one arm around each girl's waist while simultaneously lifting Mo Chiling's wheelchair with spiritual energy.

"Warden Yama, it seems you've made your choice."

"Whether one is a Void Return cultivator or merely a Qi Refining cultivator... life and death are only separated by a single thin line, aren't they?"

Gu Yan raised a clawed hand.

He had no desire to listen to Ye Anping's irritating mouth any longer.

Even gravely wounded as he was, four Nascent Soul cultivators still—

At that very moment, however, the alchemy cauldron in the center of the stone chamber flared with spiritual fire.

A beam of golden light descended, accompanied by the roar of a dragon.

ROAR—

Xiaotian formed a sword seal with it fingers and summoned a fragment of Old Jiu, wrapping Ye Anping and the others in its protection.

Gu Yan's eyes widened slightly.

The next instant, his vision was engulfed in blood-red light.

BOOM—

A pillar of spiritual radiance erupted from the chamber, blasting straight upward.

The thousand-foot mountain above them exploded into countless fragments that were hurled tens of thousands of feet into the sky.

Not far away, Hu Mu was still devouring nearby mountains with his tail.

His expression sharpened.

He sensed the soaring beam almost immediately, transformed into a black shadow, and in the blink of an eye arrived above the shattered mountain, now buried in dust and debris.

SKREEEE—!!!

The enormous fox head formed from the black mist behind him instantly expanded until it rivaled a mountain range in size, swallowing the entire mountain in a single bite.

A streak of golden light shot out from the fox's mouth toward him.

Hu Mu narrowed his eyes.

Recognizing Feng Yudie and the others, he immediately looked away and let out a furious roar.

SKREEEE—!!!!

Caught between the fox's jaws, Gu Yan desperately released all the fiendish energy remaining in his body, forcing the fox's mouth apart.

The two looked almost like old rivals locked in a contest of strength.

"RAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Ye Anping arrived beside Hu Mu and cupped his fists.

"Senior Hu Mu, please leave as much of the body intact as possible!"

Hu Mu merely glanced at him.

He had no intention of worrying about whether Gu Yan's corpse remained whole.

His mate, Hu Yulan, had died without even a body left behind.

To this day, not even a single strand of her fur—

Then his gaze suddenly caught the white fox-fur trim sewn into the edge of Gu Yan's robe.

“ ... ”

SKREEEEEEEE—!!!!

In an instant, Hu Mu's eyes turned almost blood-red.

His furious cry alone generated a violent shockwave that blasted Ye Anping and the others away.

Only then did Ye Anping notice the strip of white beast fur decorating Gu Yan's robe.

He sucked in a sharp breath.

"Damn— this is bad!"

He absolutely could not let Hu Mu swallow Gu Yan whole.

At the very least, they needed to preserve a piece of flesh.

Otherwise Xuanji's plan would be in serious trouble.

Unfortunately, Hu Mu was no longer capable of listening to reason.

Without hesitation, Ye Anping summoned Bai Yue, twisted around in midair, and dove straight toward Gu Yan below.

No matter what, before Gu Yan disappeared forever into the fox's jaws, he had to cut off at least one piece of his flesh.

"Huh? Anping!!"

Seeing him charge downward, Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin were both startled.

Without hesitation, they immediately followed him.

Xiaotian and Xue'e panicked.

This was practically the same as jumping straight into the crater of an erupting volcano.

『Ah?! Anping! Yudie! Don't go—』

「Tsk— you golden idiot!」

「Huh?」

Xiaotian turned around to see Xue'e already charging toward Hu Mu overhead with its wooden sword in hand.

It hurriedly drew its own wooden sword and chased after it.

The tiny black and golden girls flew above Hu Mu's head and repeatedly jabbed the insides of his enormous fox ears with their wooden swords.

Hu Mu's ears twitched from the ticklish sensation.

But he paid them absolutely no attention.

SKREEEE—!!!

Below, Gu Yan watched the fox's jaws descend relentlessly.

He knew he was unlikely to survive.

Yet when he saw that brat called Ye Anping actually daring to charge toward him at a moment like this...

His eyes widened.

Then he burst into wild laughter.

"Hahahahahahaha—!"

Ye Anping narrowed his eyes.

Gripping his spiritual sword tightly, he executed the Sword Inquiry Technique, slashing vertically and horizontally to produce a cross-shaped wave of sword energy that slammed into Gu Yan's protective barrier.

Then he pressed forward with all his strength, driving the sword onward.

However, Gu Yan's expression suddenly grew solemn. He voluntarily withdrew the fiendish energy protecting his body.

"Weren't you going to build me a gravestone? Then... come with me."

"Tch..."

Clang! Clang!

Two sharp metallic rings followed in quick succession as Gu Mingxin's and Feng Yudie's spiritual swords struck Gu Yan's spiritual barrier.

The giant fox's mist-formed jaws were closing rapidly.

The three swords continued pressing against Gu Yan's protective barrier, inching ever closer to his neck. But at this rate, they would still be half a heartbeat too slow.

Even if they managed to cut off a piece of Gu Yan's flesh, the three of them would inevitably be swallowed by the fox's bloody maw as well.

The slightest mistake would ruin everything.

Ye Anping's eyes narrowed.

His mind raced, desperately searching for a solution.

Just as he came up with one—just as he was about to twist his sword and change the angle of his strike—

"Senior Brother!!!"

A young woman's shout rushed in from the distance.

Its owner arrived even faster than her voice.

An ice-blue spiritual sword shot in from the opposite direction.

In an instant, it pierced through Gu Yan's protective barrier, stabbed into his back, drove his heart clean through his chest, and then split his body in two.

Gu Yan turned his head.

The moment he recognized the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword—Yun Tianmi's sword—his eyes flew wide open.

"Yun Tian—"

Crunch!

Before he could finish saying "—mi," the upper and lower jaws of Hu Mu's fox spirit snapped shut, swallowing both Gu Yan and his final words.

Pei Lengxue, still gripping Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword, slammed headfirst into her senior brother's chest.

The impact knocked Ye Anping—along with Gu Mingxin and Feng Yudie behind him—clear of the fox's mouth just before it closed completely.

"Urgh—"

Ye Anping immediately felt several ribs crack from the collision.

But when he saw Gu Yan's heart still skewered on Snow Qiong's blade like meat on a skewer, a relieved smile appeared on his face.

He simply let himself relax.

Boom!

The four of them crashed to the ground in a streak of light.

Thanks to Gu Mingxin and Feng Yudie cushioning his fall, Ye Anping suffered little more than a few broken ribs.

After taking a moment to recover, he slowly sat up.

Pei Lengxue also climbed to her feet, rubbing the large bump now swelling on her forehead.

"Senior Brother!! I came to protect you!!"

"...Uh..."

Ye Anping found himself completely speechless.

After a long silence, he simply flopped backward onto Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin, who were lying beneath him.

Meanwhile, Hu Mu withdrew his fox spirit back into his tail.

Floating alone in the sky, he gritted his teeth as he looked down at the devastated battlefield.

His normally expressionless, fierce face twitched.

It looked as though he was on the verge of tears.

"Hu Yulan..."

"Sniff..."

Foxes only choose one mate in their entire lives.

Even someone like Hu Mu had never allowed another vixen to stay by his side after Hu Yulan disappeared.

"Sniff..."

Whether it was weeping, or simply the sorrowful cry of a fox longing for his beloved, It was impossible to tell.

At that moment, Xiao Yunluo, who had been chasing after Pei Lengxue, finally arrived overhead, panting heavily.

She stared at the scene of utter devastation below and took several moments to catch her breath.

Just as she spotted Ye Anping lying in the forest and was about to descend—

Pop~

A little fox head suddenly poked out of her storage bag.

"Master~~~~"

Xiao Yunluo had no idea Xue Tianqiao had been hiding inside her storage bag.

She shrieked in fright, flailing wildly in midair.

"Eeeek—AAAAHHHH!!!"

Then again, could a storage bag even hold living creatures?

It was supposed to contain nothing but empty void.

Shouldn't she have suffocated—or frozen to death—in there?!

Xue Tianqiao paid Xiao Yunluo no attention.

She squeezed herself out of the storage bag and immediately pounced toward the still-dazed Hu Mu.

The moment Hu Mu saw her, he jumped in surprise.

He hurriedly turned his face away, hiding his reddened vertical pupils so she wouldn't see them.

Xue Tianqiao landed on his shoulder, climbed onto his head, lay atop it, and asked, "Master, were you crying because you got beaten up?"

"..."

"What's wrong?"

"Tch. Shut up, little vixen."

"Okay, male fox!!"

Hu Mu ground his teeth in irritation.

Yet he also looked utterly helpless.

His shoulders slowly slumped.

He reached up, gathered Xue Tianqiao into his arms, and gently stroked her head.

Finally, he glanced toward Xiao Yunluo, Ye Anping, and the others.

Seeing that none of them had died, he transformed into a cloud of black mist and flew toward the Heavenly Demon Sect.

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Link for character illustration:

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