

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

Volume 7 Chapter 100 / Chapter 545: Heavenly Demon, the Void Spirit Illusion Realm

*Whoosh—Whoosh—*

Dark clouds blanketed the sky as fierce winds whipped through the mountains, driving snow like countless razor-sharp blades across heaven and earth.

Three figures—two tall and one short—walked across the snow-covered mountain peak. Their footprints remained visible for barely ten breaths before fresh snow buried them completely.

At the front walked Wu Sun, the Sect Master of the Wu Nian Sect. One hand rested before his chest while the other slowly rolled a string of prayer beads. His polished bald head gleamed like a lantern, illuminating the snowy path for the two people behind him.

Half a step behind him walked Zu Yuan.

Although he had lost all his cultivation, he still wore the robes of the Taibai Sect Master. Sheltered within Wu Sun's spiritual barrier, he followed closely behind.

Watching the monk stride barefoot through the snow in the dead of winter, Zu Yuan couldn't help raising his voice with a grin.

"Zhiming! Aren't your feet cold?! Such a blizzard, and you still won't wear shoes!"

Wu Sun glanced sideways at him, looking faintly aggrieved. He stopped turning his prayer beads and pressed his palms together.

"Benefactor Zu... you should not have come."

"And why shouldn't I?"

Zu Yuan stroked his beard, smiling broadly.

"I may have lost my cultivation and divine abilities, but I was once the founder of the Taibai Sect. If I don't personally witness that white-haired brat making a fool of herself, I'll die with regrets! Hahaha~~"

"..."

"Besides," Zu Yuan added as he walked over and patted Wu Sun on the shoulder, "aren't you here? I trust you can keep this old man alive through whatever catastrophe awaits."

Wu Sun glanced at him before letting out a quiet sigh.

"Speaking of which... this humble monk heard that a batch of thousand-year Hundred Spirit Flowers in the Taibai Sect is about to bloom..."

"Oh?" Zu Yuan clicked his tongue. "Now that's asking for a hefty price."

He deliberately stepped several paces away with a look of disdain.

"I thought wealth was nothing more than worldly attachment. And here you are charging me?"

"This humble monk does not take payment. I merely accept alms."

After a moment of silence, Zu Yuan waved his hand.

"Fine. If we make it back alive, I'll have those little brats in the Taibai Sect send you a hundred stalks."

"Amitabha..."

Zu Yuan shook his head before glancing to his side.

Zu Lingzhi was walking timidly beside him, clutching tightly at his sleeve. Her face was visibly tense, and every now and then she secretly stole a glance at the shining back of Wu Sun's bald head.

Seeing how nervous she was, Zu Yuan reached over and lightly flicked her forehead.

"Lingzhi, what are you afraid of? That monk has the gentlest temper imaginable. Go ahead and kick him once—I guarantee he won't say a single word."

Zu Lingzhi froze before hurriedly shrinking back and shaking her head as fast as she could.

"Hm? N-No way..."

Zu Yuan could only laugh helplessly.

"Haha... You couldn't hold your own back in the Taibai Sect, but the moment you're outside, you become all timid. What a sheltered little girl."

The three of them eventually arrived at the edge of a sheer cliff atop the mountain.

Facing the northeast through the blizzard, they could clearly see a baleful crimson light piercing through the haze above the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak, illuminating everything for hundreds of miles around.

Zu Yuan stroked his long beard and said,

"Lingzhi, watch carefully. If you miss this, you may never witness such a sight again."

"...Yes."

Just as Zu Lingzhi answered in confusion, the howling wind crashing against Wu Sun's spiritual barrier suddenly stopped.

The countless snowflakes suspended throughout the sky froze in place, no longer drifting downward.

In the span of a single breath, the entire world became utterly silent.

Zu Lingzhi could even hear the faint hiss of her own breathing.

An instinctive fear of the unknown surged through her heart.

She hurriedly gripped Zu Yuan's sleeve tighter, looking anxiously around.

"Grandmaster... what's happening?"

Zu Yuan did not answer.

He merely raised a finger and pointed ahead.

Zu Lingzhi followed his gesture and narrowed her eyes.

At first glance, she saw nothing.

But after employing a long-distance vision technique to extend her sight over a thousand li...

She finally saw it.

Suspended between the blood-red storm clouds and the earth—a woman clad in robes adorned with brilliant feathers, faint starlike radiance shimmering around her.

She looked so ethereal, so dreamlike, that merely gazing upon her made Zu Lingzhi unconsciously whisper, "An... immortal?"

Zu Yuan glanced sideways at her.

Although the distance was far too great for him to see clearly, he could easily guess whom she had spotted.

He laughed.

"Not an immortal."

"Just an old cow who likes to eat young grass."

The very instant those words left his mouth, the woman in Zu Lingzhi's vision slowly turned her head.

Her eyes, containing the balance of yin and yang themselves, met Zu Lingzhi's gaze across a thousand li.

...

Floating between heaven and earth, Sima Xuanji looked back toward the three figures standing atop the distant mountain.

A faint puff of white mist escaped her lips.

She then withdrew her gaze, fixed her eyes upon the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak in the distance, and slowly raised her right hand.

A single snowflake drifted to a stop before her palm, hovering silently in the air.

Sima Xuanji's yin-yang eyes remained fixed on the snowflake hovering in her palm for a long moment.

Then, all at once, she turned her gaze straight ahead.

A streak of crimson baleful energy appeared out of thin air, gradually taking the shape of a vaguely defined blood-red gateway.

*Step*

A boot embroidered with the Heavenly Demon totem emerged from the gate.

The next moment, a man wearing a silver mask stepped through.

Gu Yan walked out of the blood gate and came to a stop upon a pool of blood suspended in midair. Through the eyeholes of his mask, his scarlet eyes reflected Sima Xuanji standing a hundred zhang away.

His eyes were filled with unconcealed delight.

"Moon Dan Master... It has been a long time."

Gu Yan lowered his head slightly and asked in an unusually slow, smiling voice,

"What is it? Old friends meet again, yet you won't even greet me?"

"I've rather missed hearing your voice."

Sima Xuanji averted her gaze and clicked her tongue.

"Tch."

The corners of Gu Yan's brows lifted slightly beneath his mask.

He opened his mouth to speak again, but the instant he did, the Sima Xuanji standing before him vanished without a trace.

"Hm?"

Frowning slightly, he turned to look behind him.

There, a delicate, flawless hand was already extended, its palm hovering only inches from his forehead.

Sima Xuanji hung upside down behind him.

Her yin-yang eyes narrowed slightly as her cherry lips parted.

"Die."

*SHING—!!*

The wind and snow, frozen only moments before, suddenly surged back into motion.

Then a deafening explosion erupted, as though heaven itself had collapsed.

...

*BOOM—!!!*

A bolt of lightning brilliant enough to blind anyone who looked directly at it erupted two thousand li to the southwest.

Immediately afterward, the earth convulsed.

Mountains shattered.

*Rumble—!*

The busy streets of the Heavenly Demon Sect split apart instantly as countless fissures several feet wide tore through the ground.

Many disciples didn't even have time to react before they plunged straight into the abyss below.

Hidden inside a disciple's courtyard at the end of one of the streets, Ye Anping grabbed onto a wooden pillar to barely keep himself standing.

Squinting toward the dazzling golden light in the southwest, he instantly understood.

Sima Xuanji had begun fighting Gu Yan.

There was no longer any reason to wait.

He immediately turned to the three people behind him.

"I'll take Senior Mo to the Heavenly Demon Forbidden Grounds. Yudie, Ah Gu—you two head for the Heavenly Demon Hall at the summit."



"Xiaotian, Xue'e, stay with them."

Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin had likewise been stunned by Sima Xuanji's overwhelming lightning technique.

Only after hearing Ye Anping call out did they finally snap back to their senses.

"Okay!"

"Mhm!"

The two exchanged a glance.

Immediately, both summoned their flying swords into their hands, kicked open the courtyard gate, and charged into the street.

The Heavenly Demon Sect disciples outside were already in complete chaos because of the earthquake.

Still, several of them noticed Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin rushing out of the courtyard.

Before any of them could react, Feng Yudie flashed forward.

A single sword slash sent several heads flying into the air.

She shouted, "Black!! Stay behind me!!!"

Gu Mingxin immediately shouted back, "No, *you* stay behind me!!!"

...

In an instant, screams filled the entire street.

The two women sprinted forward almost at full speed, cutting their way from the southern end of the street all the way to the north.

Every Heavenly Demon Sect disciple they passed fell beneath their swords like rows of ripe grain before a harvest.

Each slash scattered crimson "grains" high into the air.

After the two disappeared into the distance, Ye Anping finally pushed Mo Chiling's wheelchair out through the courtyard gate as casually as if they were taking an evening stroll.

By now, Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin were long gone.

The street had fallen silent.

All that remained were hundreds of Foundation Establishment disciples lying in pieces across the ground, cleanly severed by the two women's blades.

Ye Anping looked over the gruesome scene and sighed softly.

"Haa..."

Hearing him sigh, Mo Chiling looked up at his chin with amused curiosity.

"Now it's just this little lady and Young Master Ye alone."

"No matter what beastly things you decided to do to me now, no one would ever know."

"...Senior Mo, you're still in the mood to joke?"

Mo Chiling simply tilted her head with narrowed eyes, smiling without answering.

At that moment, the world-illuminating lightning in the southwest finally began to fade.

In its place—Hundreds of pillars of blood erupted from every direction, shooting skyward.

Immense baleful energy burst from beneath the earth, instantly filling the air with the pungent metallic stench of blood.

Even Ye Anping couldn't help feeling uncomfortable.

"Gu Yan's aura really reeks."

"I agree."

Ye Anping grabbed both wheels of Mo Chiling's wheelchair and effortlessly lifted it over his head.

Summoning his flying sword, he stepped onto it. No longer bothering to conceal his aura, he shot up from the middle of the street and sped toward the rear of the Heavenly Demon Sect's main peak.

Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin's primary objective was to hold back He Buqun and nearly every Heavenly Demon Sect disciple still inside the sect.

As such, they did not head directly for the Heavenly Demon Hall atop the main peak.

Instead, they caused as much destruction as possible along the way.

The greater the commotion, the better.

After Ye Anping and Mo Chiling took to the air, they saw disciples from the surrounding side peaks rushing toward the main peak after sensing that something had happened.

Most of them, however, were drawn toward the chaos Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin were creating.

Their own route was practically unobstructed.

In less than a quarter of an hour, Ye Anping arrived, riding his flying sword, before a cave hidden behind the main peak—a place normally forbidden to all disciples and elders alike.

A barrier sealed the cave entrance.

Before they had even landed, however, Mo Chiling took a blood-red token from her storage bag and tossed it toward the entrance.

The first layer of the restriction immediately dissolved.

It was the identity token she had carried back when she had still been Gu Yan's personal disciple.

Ye Anping had long known she possessed it and that it could bypass the outermost restriction, so he showed no surprise.

Mo Chiling, on the other hand, looked faintly disappointed.

"Young Master Ye... aren't you going to ask me anything?"

"I already knew about the identity token from when you were Gu Yan's direct disciple."

"..."

Mo Chiling pursed her lips, left speechless, as he pushed her wheelchair slowly into the cave.

The interior was nothing like it appeared from outside.

The instant the two of them crossed the dim boundary at the cave's entrance, the entire world around them twisted and distorted.

When their vision cleared again, they found themselves standing atop a sheer cliff.

Ye Anping pushed Mo Chiling to the cliff's narrow tip and looked out into the distance.

What lay before them resembled hell itself.

Two boundless seas of blood occupied this world—one suspended in the heavens above, the other spread across the earth below.

Gigantic pillars of blood connected the two.

Apart from the twin blood seas and the crimson pillars linking them together, everything else was shattered.

The landscape resembled a desolate shoreline after the tide had died away, or an ancient sacrificial ground abandoned by primordial gods.

A wind carrying the stench of blood blew from the crimson sea, stirring the hair across Ye Anping's forehead.

He let out a long breath.

Taking his spirit sword from his storage bag, he flicked it into his hand.

Closing his eyes briefly, he steadied his breathing before raising the blade.

"Young Master Ye..."

"...Hm?"

"Although I think you probably already know..."

Mo Chiling's expression filled with concern.

After thinking it over, however, she decided there was no point in saying anything more and simply fell silent.

Seeing her reaction, Ye Anping looked once more into the hellish abyss below the cliff.

He drew another deep breath.

Then he raised his sword.

Gathering all the spiritual energy within his body, he slashed horizontally.

A streak of golden sword energy shot forward, only to collide with an invisible wall.

*Bzzz—!*

A low resonance echoed directly into his consciousness.

The blood sea below surged violently.

A pillar of blood rose upward, gradually taking the shape of a human figure.

Within it opened a pair of eyes, glowing with crimson spiritual light.

Ye Anping stared directly into those blood-red eyes.

The very next instant, his five senses were stripped away.

His vision became absolute darkness.

Silence swallowed every sound.

Yet because he had known this would happen beforehand, his mind remained perfectly calm.

This was one of Gu Yan's Void Spirit defenses.

Anyone who stood before the Blood Pool would inevitably be observed by it.

And in turn, it would draw out the deepest fear hidden within that person's heart, trapping them inside an illusion.

At least, that was how it worked in the game.

When Feng Yudie had confronted the Blood Pool in the game, what she saw was the one thing she least wished to witness—

Xiao Yunluo's tragic death.

She had not known at the time that the Blood Pool induced hallucinations.

She had nearly accepted the illusion as reality and become forever lost within it.

In the end, Xiao Yunluo had been the one to drag her back out.

Ye Anping had no idea what illusion awaited him, but he didn't need to think very hard.

It would almost certainly have something to do with his junior sister.

Still, he had already prepared himself mentally.

He refused to believe that a mere illusion could truly trap him.

"Haa..."

Ye Anping exhaled softly.

Then, his hearing returned.

*Drip...*

*Drip...*

*Whirr...*

Whirring?

It sounded like... gears?

Ye Anping frowned slightly.

He couldn't imagine what gears had to do with his junior sister.



At that moment, a brilliant light finally appeared within the endless darkness.

It was so dazzling that he instinctively shut his eyes.

When he slowly opened them again, the scene before him made his pupils contract violently.

"!! What?! This is..."

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Link for character illustration:

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