

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

Volume 7 Chapter 16 / Chapter 461: The Protagonist Accepts the Challenge

Dark clouds pressed down on the mountaintops, close enough to touch. Above the twelve peaks of the Taibai Sect, pillars of spiritual light rose into the sky, like jade columns propping up a firmament on the verge of collapse.

Gales howled as spiritual energy surged, rumbling thunderously across the four wilds.

A flying sword bathed in golden radiance came from the direction of a side peak.

Standing atop the sword, Zu Lingzhi looked at the densely gathered tribulation clouds above the Heavenly Pavilion, her thoughts growing more and more chaotic.

She couldn't figure out the objective of the demonic cultivators.

The Poison Gu Sect and the Pleasure Sect had come in force, and at first glance it seemed they intended to break through the Taibai Sect's grand formation with a surprise assault.

But along the way, most of the demonic cultivators she saw were only at the Foundation Establishment or Core Formation realm. Even Nascent Soul cultivators numbered only a handful.

There was no denying that the demonic cultivators had indeed caught the Taibai Sect off guard. Moreover, most of them were gu cultivators who hid in the shadows, directing their nurtured gu insects to attack the mountains. The low-ranking disciples of the Taibai Sect would likely suffer significant casualties.

But this was far from enough to shake the sect's foundations, let alone threaten its elders.

In other words, this group was merely a feint.

The demonic cultivators definitely had another objective.

Was it Ye Anping?

Or perhaps...

Zu Lingzhi narrowed her eyes at the Nascent Soul tribulation clouds above the Heavenly Pavilion. After hesitating for a moment, a sudden question occurred to her:

— Why would Great-Grandfather hand the sect master's token to Ye Anping?

That token was the symbol of the Taibai Sect's sect master, a legacy artifact that, since ancient times, had only ever been passed down by the sect master himself. How could it be given to an outsider like Ye Anping?

And coupled with what Ye Anping had said earlier, that her great-grandfather's lifespan was nearing its end...

“ ”

Rumble—!

Within the tribulation clouds reflected in Zu Lingzhi's eyes, lightning writhed and spread like serpents. A terrible premonition immediately arose in her heart:

— Her great-grandfather had gone into battle against the sect masters of the Gu Poison and Pleasure Sects with the resolve to die.

“Great-Grandfather... No, I can't help him. Focus on what's in front of me... focus on what's in front of me.”

Zu Lingzhi realized that even if she understood everything, she couldn't change anything. She quickly shook her head, clearing her thoughts.

Earlier, Elder Cao had instructed her to protect Ye Anping while he underwent his tribulation.

So she just needed to go over there and stand guard.

But then again...

“Why does he *have* to undergo his Nascent Soul tribulation at a time like this?! This is so annoying—!!”

Zu Lingzhi cursed loudly at the tribulation clouds above the central peak, but her voice was swallowed by the thunderous roar of spells echoing across the twelve peaks of the Taibai Sect.

Rumble—!

The golden flying sword cut through wind and waves, soon arriving above the Medicine Hall halfway up the central peak.

The Medicine Hall was already deserted. Most of the elders had likely taken disciples with them to move the valuable pills to the summit's White Jade Capital, preparing to rely on it to resist the invading demonic cultivators and gu insects.

Standing on her flying sword, Zu Lingzhi scanned the area, searching for any low-ranking Taibai Sect disciples who might have been left behind.

However, when her gaze reached the spirit flower fields behind the Medicine Hall—

Boom—!

A gigantic gu centipede, hundreds of feet long, burst out of the soil in the flower field. Yet as several streaks of blood-red sword light swept past, it instantly dissolved into wisps of black mist and scattered away.

Zu Lingzhi realized that someone seemed to be fighting the demonic cultivators. She immediately tightened her grip on the spiritual sword in her hand, stepped on her flying sword, and flew toward the flower fields.

... ..

Whoosh—!

A blood-red spiritual sword swept across the gaunt man's chest. Blood sprayed everywhere, leaving crimson droplets like dew on the snow-white petals of the surrounding spirit flowers.

Gu Mingxin reversed her grip with her left hand, instantly changing her sword path. After slashing diagonally through Chong Touzi's chest, she followed up with a horizontal cut, slicing him cleanly in half at the waist.

However, in the very next moment, Chong Touzi's body—now split into four pieces—was tugged and pulled together by strands of white, viscous fluid, reassembling itself into its original form.

Ever since they encountered each other in that courtyard filled with blooming Taibai spirit flowers, an incense stick's worth of time had already passed.

Gu Mingxin was starting to feel impatient.

She possessed the Blood-Fiend Physique, which made her immune to all gu poisons—and gu poison happened to be the strongest weapon of gu cultivators. As things stood, Chong Touzi could only command armored, fanged gu insects, relying on the most primitive methods of biting and tearing to deal with her.

Even though she was wielding her sword with her left hand, a Nascent Soul realm gu cultivator still posed no real threat to her.

But the same was true in reverse.

During this short span of time, she had already dismembered Chong Touzi dozens of times. Yet every single time she cut him apart, his body would stitch itself back together.

If this dragged on, ten days and ten nights still wouldn't be enough to finish it.

Whoosh, whoosh—!

After shattering yet another scorpion-like gu insect with a few sword strikes, Gu Mingxin retreated several zhang. She held her spiritual sword in a reverse grip behind her back, her crimson eyes narrowing slightly as she let out a long breath.

“Hoo...”

Seeing Gu Mingxin stop, Chong Touzi—panting heavily—also steadied his breathing and said with a grin:

“Young Mistress Gu, if we keep fighting like this, it’ll never end!!! I still have a mission to carry out. Since we’re both disciples of the demonic path, how about we negotiate?”

Gu Mingxin twisted her neck, as if she had merely been playing around just now. Then she raised the sword in her left hand, weighing it lightly, and said:

“Let’s hear it.”

“...Young Mistress Gu, my task is to take advantage of the chaos and abduct the Young Master of the Hundred Lotus Sect. If you don’t pursue me, I’ll pretend I never saw you. How about that?”

Hearing this, Gu Mingxin froze for a moment.

She had thought Chong Touzi was here to deal with the Taibai Sect, but she hadn’t expected the Poison Gu Sect’s leader to send him to capture Ye Anping.

For a moment, she couldn't help but burst out laughing.

“Pfft—”

“Why is the Young Mistress Gu laughing?”

“That Six-Eyed Poison Gu Sect bastard sent *you* to capture Ye Anping?
Has he eaten too many bugs and let them chew his brain to mush?”

Gu Mingxin wore a ferocious grin, eyes wide as she laughed wildly.

“Ahahahaha... You—someone who even struggles this much just to deal
with *me*—where do you get the confidence to go after *him*?!
Ahahaha—you're killing me here~~ Ahahaha!”

“... ..”

But suddenly, the laughter came to an abrupt stop.

Gu Mingxin swung the spiritual sword in her hand to her left side. As if
changing faces, the feral smile vanished instantly. She lifted her chin and
looked down at him sidelong.

“I've had my fun. Xue'e.”

Xue'e: 「...?」

Chong Touzi narrowed his eyes, sensing danger. The right hand he had
hidden behind his back clenched into a fist, crushing a finger-length gu
insect.

In an instant, the soil in the flower field churned violently. Eight earthworms, each nearly ten feet long, burst from the ground and charged toward Gu Mingxin from eight different directions.

At the same time, Xue'e, who had been floating above the two of them all along, sitting cross-legged and circulating its spiritual energy, raised a small finger and pointed at Chong Touzi below. In a soft voice, it called out:

「A-Mang, swallow him...」

However, just as Xue'e finished speaking—

—“Junior Sister, don't panic!! I'm here to help you!!!”

A clear, feminine shout rang out from the air behind Gu Mingxin. Eight spiritual swords, carrying tremendous momentum, shot down from above, flying straight toward the eight earthworms and pinning them from midair into the muddy flower field.

Arriving atop her flying sword, Zu Lingzhi formed a sword sign before her chest and called out loudly:

“Summon!!”

Boom—!

Eight bolts of lightning descended from the heavens, striking the hilts of the eight spiritual swords in an instant, reducing those “earthworms” to dust.

Zu Lingzhi leapt off her flying sword in a single step, landing in front of Gu Mingxin and placing herself between her and Chong Touzi. She turned her

head, glanced at the bewildered look on Gu Mingxin's face, and said sternly:

“Junior Sister, go recover your spiritual energy first. I'll handle—”

But before Zu Lingzhi could finish her sentence, four long, sharp fangs suddenly thrust up from the soil around Chong Touzi's feet.

Seeing this, Chong Touzi immediately sensed something amiss beneath him—but by the time he reacted, it was already too late.

Snap—!!

The black python lurking underground snapped its jaws shut. The gaping maw closed like an iron maiden, swallowing Chong Touzi whole along with several dozen feet' worth of spirit flowers around him.

The violent gust of wind created by the closing jaws blew apart Zu Lingzhi's double-ring hair bun.

Staring at the snake head that had suddenly devoured that Nascent Soul demonic cultivator, Zu Lingzhi was completely stunned.

But recalling what she had just seen, she suddenly realized something—

The “Junior Sister” she had just rescued had been holding a blood-colored spiritual sword.

Crimson spiritual swords were extremely rare, most of them nurtured with blood.

Orthodox cultivators would never use such a weapon.

Zu Lingzhi's gaze sharpened. She immediately turned around and swung the spiritual sword in her hand toward her back.

Clang—!

Sparks burst apart.

Gu Mingxin raised the spiritual sword in her left hand and blocked the strike. She leaned in close to Zu Lingzhi's face, a trace of hostility showing in her eyes, and asked:

"Do you know Ye Anping? Are you close with him?"

At this moment, Xue'e floated down as well, waving her hand to send A-Mang back underground. She sized up Zu Lingzhi and said:

「Mingxin, she probably thought you were a Taibai Sect disciple and came to help. Ye Anping shouldn't know we're here.」

"So that's how it is..." Gu Mingxin looked momentarily disappointed, but then smiled with narrowed eyes. "Thanks for the help, Senior Sister. I came to find Ye Anping. I have nothing to do with those gu cultivators—"

Whoosh—!

A streak of silver sword light flashed past, slicing off a small lock of hair beside Gu Mingxin's ear.

Zu Lingzhi sprang back, stepped onto her flying sword, and rose into the air. While remaining wary of the black python that had just poked its head out of the ground, she also unleashed spiritual sword strikes and spells down at Gu Mingxin.

“What is wrong with this person?!!”

Boom—!

... ..

On the streets of White Jade Capital atop the central peak, Taibai Sect disciples rushed back and forth—some supporting the wounded to places of rest, others distributing pills to counter gu poison. Chaos reigned everywhere.

Yet in the middle of the street, Feng Yudie stood there blankly amid the bustling crowd, woodenly lifting her head to stare at the sky above.

Silver strands of hair swayed gently in the wind.

In Feng Yudie’s golden pupils, the densely gathered ink-black tribulation clouds overhead were reflected, her eyes filled with boundless worry.

“Young Master Ye...”

Perched atop Feng Yudie’s head, Xiaotian looked at her anxious expression, reached out to pat her forehead, and comforted her:

『Yudie, it’s going to be fine. Anping came to the Taibai Sect precisely to form his Nascent Soul. He planned everything in advance.』

“...Mm.”

Feng Yudie nodded and came back to her senses. Seeing that Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo had already walked far ahead, she hurriedly prepared to chase after them. But just as she took a step forward, her chest

suddenly tightened sharply. Her eyes widened as she quickly turned to look westward and asked:

“Xiaotian...”

The usually lazy Xiaotian seemed to sense it as well—the aura of the Heavenly Demon Scriptures. It immediately stood up and clenched its fist.

『Yeah, Yudie. It’s that pitch-black bitch!』

With Xiaotian confirming her suspicion, Feng Yudie couldn’t help but lift her gaze once more to the tribulation clouds in the sky.

Young Master Ye was about to face the first bolt of his Nascent Soul tribulation lightning, yet Gu Mingxin had appeared at this exact moment...

A sense of foreboding suddenly welled up in her heart.

Feng Yudie gently bit her lower lip. Watching Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo head toward the Heavenly Pavilion, she hesitated for a moment—then decisively turned around, summoned her flying sword, stepped onto it, and shot straight toward the west.

“She can’t be allowed to reach Young Master Ye... otherwise—”

Just as she lifted off the ground, Xiao Yunluo, who had been walking ahead, suddenly turned back. Seeing Feng Yudie flying away on her sword, she was instantly baffled and shouted:

“Yudie!! Where are you going?!”

“Senior Sister Xiao, don’t worry about me! Just help guard the Heavenly Pavilion for Young Master Ye!!”

Watching Feng Yudie fly off without even turning her head, straight toward the outside of White Jade Capital, Xiao Yunluo hesitated, then turned to Pei Lengxue and asked:

“Lengxue, should we follow?”

Pei Lengxue hesitated for a moment and took out her small notebook, flipping through it.

Before going to meet Ancestor Yuan, Ye Anping had prepared many contingency packets for her, detailing responses to almost every conceivable situation.

Yet among them, there was no entry for “Yudie suddenly running off.”

Pei Lengxue lowered her eyes in thought for a while, then pursed her lips and said:

“Senior Brother said before that if he were to undergo tribulation while demonic cultivators attacked the Taibai Sect, I must guard the front of the Heavenly Pavilion. There would definitely be demonic cultivators sneaking in to interfere with his tribulation.”

“Ah... yeah.”

Xiao Yunluo hesitated briefly, then said nothing more, continuing with Pei Lengxue toward the Heavenly Pavilion of the Taibai Sect.

... ..

Rumble—!

Lightning scattered through the dark clouds. A golden flying sword rose from within White Jade Capital, tearing through the air and clouds as it flew straight toward the medicinal fields halfway up the mountain.

Standing atop the flying sword, Feng Yudie's silver-white hair streamed straight back in the fierce wind.

She gripped the spiritual sword she had borrowed from Xiao Yunluo, feeling a trace of nervousness in her heart.

During the two previous encounters with Gu Mingxin in the northern and central regions, had Ye Anping not foreseen everything in advance, she would likely already be dead by Gu Mingxin's blade.

She didn't want to face Gu Mingxin.

But this time, she had no choice.

Earlier in the side hall, Junior Sister Pei had already said it.

When Young Master Ye formed his Nascent Soul, demonic cultivators would definitely take advantage of the opening and threaten him. They needed to set up formations around the Heavenly Pavilion and at least hold out until he passed the first bolt of Nascent Soul tribulation lightning.

Before, it had always been Young Master Ye protecting her, and now...

—No one is allowed to interfere with Young Master Ye's Nascent Soul formation!!

Feng Yudie took a deep breath, tightened her grip on the spiritual sword, and urged the flying sword beneath her feet to accelerate. In just a moment, she arrived above the medicinal fields halfway up the mountain.

Just as Feng Yudie scanned the surroundings, searching for Gu Mingxin's figure—

Boom—!

A bolt of lightning descended from the heavens, crashing straight down into the flower fields on the other side of the mountain.

“Huh?”

Feng Yudie froze for an instant and immediately flew over on her sword. As soon as she cleared the mountain ridge ahead, she saw the blood-red spiritual sword in Gu Mingxin's left hand already at Zu Lingzhi's throat.

—“I already told you, I have nothing to do with those gu cultivators!”

—“Hiss—”

Feng Yudie's eyes widened slightly. She instantly raised her spiritual sword, stepped hard on her flying sword, and used the momentum to lunge forward, leaving a streak of white light across the air.

Seeing the blood-red blade mere inches from her neck, Zu Lingzhi held her breath, desperately arching backward to evade—but realized she couldn't escape. She involuntarily squeezed her eyes shut and screamed:

“Ah—!!”

But instead, a crisp clang of metal rang out. Zu Lingzhi felt as if someone had wrapped their arms around her, and she landed steadily in the flower field.

She slowly opened her eyes. What she saw was a delicate face framed by flowing silver hair, and a pair of golden eyes fixed resolutely ahead.

Zu Lingzhi immediately felt as though her cheeks were burning. She couldn't help pressing her lips together, averting her gaze, and murmuring softly:

“Ah... Fairy Feng... th-thank you.”

Feng Yudie spared a moment to look at Zu Lingzhi, whom she was carrying in a princess hold. Seeing that she was unharmed, she set her down, then stepped forward and flicked her spiritual sword to her side.

Rumble—!

A bolt of lightning tore through the roiling sea of clouds, illuminating two figures standing on opposite sides of the snow-white flower field—one clad in black, the other in white.

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Link for character illustration:

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