

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

Volume 7 Chapter 18 / Chapter 463: You've Gone Too Far!

Ink-black tribulation clouds churned thickly overhead, making it impossible to tell whether it was day or night.

On the mu-long plaza before the Heavenly Pavilion above the White Jade Capital, the ground was already carpeted with corpses. Countless Poison Gu Sect cultivators and gu insects had been crushed into minced flesh and scattered everywhere. Even in such an open space, a rotting, foul stench hung heavy in the air.

Clang—!

A shrill sword cry rang out, piercing the heavens.

An ice-blue sword light burst forth from the spiritual sword in Pei Lengxue's hand. The instant it was swung, it split into ten streams, yet all converged on the waist and abdomen of a female cultivator wearing an insect-faced mask.

Pei Lengxue's gaze remained calm. She quickly flung out a talisman, igniting the demonic cultivator in front of her, but in the very next moment, two gu insects with beetle-like carapaces tore through the white jade paving stones and surged up from the ground behind her.

“Tch—”

“Lengxue!!”

High above, Xiao Yunluo—standing on a flying sword and gripping a bell-type magical tool—hurriedly shook the golden bell in her hand.

Ding-ling-ling—

Along with the chime of the bell, two bolts of heavenly lightning descended from the sky, instantly reducing the two gu insects behind Pei Lengxue to ash. But Pei Lengxue had no spare attention to offer thanks.

While she was locked in combat with that female Gu cultivator at mid-stage Nascent Soul realm, several Core Formation disciples of the Poison Gu Sect had already pressed close to the pair of black-and-white double doors of the Heavenly Pavilion.

Pei Lengxue wiped a smear of blood from her face with her left hand. Like rouge, it spread across her cheek. She then raised her sword and thrust it into the plaza's center, carving out a line of frost, and in the blink of an eye, she appeared behind those Poison Gu Sect disciples.

They didn't even have time to react before she lifted her leg and sent them flying with a whipping kick.

Whoosh—

The spiritual sword flicked to the right, and the blood on its blade splashed onto the ground, painting a crimson line.

“Hah...”

After exhaling, Pei Lengxue immediately took a pill from her storage bag, tossed it into her mouth, bit down, and swallowed. Then she looked down

from above at the female Gu cultivator she had just chopped into ten pieces—only to see that the upper body, split apart like flower petals, wriggled and began to fuse back together.

A rare trace of irritation surfaced in her eyes.

She couldn't help recalling the Nascent Soul Gu cultivator she and Xiao Yunluo had dealt with earlier in the northern region.

In terms of strength, whether it was the woman before her now or that Jiang Mojiao back then, neither even reached half of Gu Mingxin's level. They posed no real threat to her.

Yet she couldn't kill them.

Her Senior Brother was in the midst of tribulation, and the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword was with him. With only late-stage Core Formation cultivation, killing a Nascent Soul Gu cultivator was simply too troublesome.

What was more, she still had to guard against the endless swarm of ant-like gu insects and Core Formation demonic cultivators continuously pouring toward the Heavenly Pavilion.

Ding, ding—

A bit farther away, the inner disciples stationed here by a Taibai Sect elder were also entangled in combat with the demonic cultivators trying to break into the pavilion. Xiao Yunluo hovered above on her flying sword, using spells to strike at the demonic cultivator disciples flying up from the mountains below.

Before long, the female Gu cultivator's body and clothing restored themselves once more. She raised her head, looked at Pei Lengxue standing guard before the doors, and said coldly,

"I never expected that a mere late-stage Core Formation cultivator could hold this one back for nearly half an hour..."

Then she lifted her foot again and took another step forward.

Pei Lengxue's eyes flew wide with rage. "I won't let you take another step forward!"

She tightened her grip on the spiritual sword in her hand, preparing to cut that female Gu cultivator into broccoli once again.

"Hiss..."

A stream of spiritual energy cold enough to freeze the moisture in the air escaped from between Pei Lengxue's lips.

And in that very instant—

BOOM—!

Thunder roared like a dragon's cry, resounding across the land.

Golden lightning crashed down above the Taibai Heavenly Pavilion, shaking the earth like a turning earth-dragon and making the entirety of White Jade Capital tremble.

Thud, thud, thud...

The female Gu cultivator, who had just lifted her foot to step forward, froze at the sight, amazement appearing on her face.

The sounds of slaughter and wailing, the lament of blades and swords—after the peal of that dragon thunder, all of it vanished.

The entire plaza fell instantly silent, so quiet one could hear a pin drop.

Xiao Yunluo in the air above, the Taibai Sect disciples and Poison Gu Sect disciples farther away, even the gu insects controlled by the Nascent Soul Gu cultivator—all of them held their breath and, without prior agreement, turned their gazes toward the Heavenly Pavilion.

The Taibai Sect disciples currently inside the pavilion had come at the elders' orders to guard Ye Anping during his tribulation, yet many of them were, in truth, rather unwilling.

They didn't know why their master had given the sect leader's token to Ye Anping, but to them, Ye Anping was ultimately still an outsider.

Now that demonic cultivators had invaded the Taibai Sect, an outsider was forming his Nascent Soul within the sect—and not only that, people had been specially assigned to protect him?

The first bolt of tribulation lightning had already fallen, and Ye Anping's life and death were, in a sense, already decided.

But until the doors of the Heavenly Pavilion opened, no one could know whether he lived or died.

If Ye Anping were to perish directly beneath the tribulation lightning, then what meaning was there in their standing guard here for so long?

The demonic cultivators present, however, thought the opposite.

If Ye Anping died beneath the tribulation lightning, then their mission would be considered complete.

The purpose of their roughly hundred-strong force was to take advantage of the chaos to kill Ye Anping, then bring his corpse back to the Poison Gu Sect to be raised as a corpse gu.

One could say that Ye Anping's life or death tugged at the heartstrings of every cultivator present.

Yet there was one person whose expression remained exactly as it always was.

Pei Lengxue stood with sword in hand before the doors of the Heavenly Pavilion, showing not the slightest emotional fluctuation despite the descent of the tribulation lightning.

To her, Senior Brother could not possibly fail.

If one were to ask her, *what if*?

She would answer immediately: there is no *what if*.

Rumble—

Accompanied by the grinding sound of interlocking gears, the two black-and-white doors of the Heavenly Pavilion—smeared with

bloodstains—slowly parted. White mist from the inner grotto-world poured out through the crack like flowing water, washing over Pei Lengxue's ankles.

Step, step—

A long boot emerged from the white mist. Ye Anping, clad in a brand-new pale violet robe, stepped out from within the pavilion. Beneath his bangs, his clear, deep-violet eyes swept coldly over the corpses of the demonic cultivators below and the female Gu cultivator at their head.

Ye Anping released Xue'e from his left hand. With a flip of his palm, the ice-blue spiritual sword flew out from his storage bag and landed in his grasp.

"Junior Sister..."

Just those two words were enough. Pei Lengxue immediately understood, stepped back, leaned against her Senior Brother's back, raised her sword, and brushed the blade with her left hand, her eyes fixed unblinking on the female Gu cultivator.

At the same time, Ye Anping released Xiaotian, set the spiritual sword upright before his brow, and drew his right hand's sword fingers upward along the blade.

The female Gu cultivator stared intently at the spiritual sword in Ye Anping's hand, intending to discern its true nature—but in the very next moment, the figures of Senior Brother and junior sister vanished from her sight.

Two spiritual swords struck from nowhere. By the time they revealed themselves, they had already arrived—one in front and one behind—at her neck.

Whoosh—

Two ice-blue sword lights collided at the center of her throat like a pair of scissors.

Clink—

A sheet of frost spread from top to bottom across her entire body. By the time the female Gu cultivator realized something was wrong, her Nascent Soul had already been sealed inside her body by the cold ice of the sword, unable to escape.

Her head flew into the air—only to be blasted straight down into the ground by a bolt of lightning called forth by Xiao Yunluo above.

Crack, crack, crack—

In the vacant compound eyes of the nearby gu insects, the image of their master's demise was reflected. Their mandibles chattered uncontrollably, and then they burrowed into the ground and fled.

The demonic cultivators who had been fighting the Taibai Sect disciples saw their elder fall to a single strike. Panic immediately spread through their ranks. They forced back the Taibai Sect disciples facing them, mounted their flying swords, and fled one after another.

Ye Anping's successful tribulation crossing greatly boosted the morale of the nearby Taibai Sect disciples. Seeing the demonic cultivators retreat, they immediately took to their swords in pursuit.

Ye Anping swept his gaze over the scene but said nothing. These remnants had already lost their will to fight, letting the Taibai Sect disciples chase them down was enough.

He glanced at Xiaotian and Xue'e, who were still glaring at each other as if about to start fighting at any moment. With a helpless sigh, he handed over the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword.

"Junior Sister, you and Yunluo head back to the White Jade Capital first. Help the Taibai Sect disciples clean up the remaining demonic cultivators on the main peak. I—"

"—Young Master Ye!!"

Before he could finish, a flying sword wrapped in golden light streaked toward them at high speed.

Zu Lingzhi stepped down beside Ye Anping. Seeing that he had safely passed the first Nascent Soul tribulation, she felt a bit relieved, but only a bit...

"Young Master Ye, Fairy Feng has gotten into a fight with a demonic cultivator. You—"

"—I know. I was just about to head over. Daoist Zu, please go with my Junior Sister first and help clear out the demonic cultivators in White Jade Capital."

Ye Anping nodded to Pei Lengxue, then transformed into a streak of golden light and flew toward the mountainside of the main peak.

Above, Xiao Yunluo blasted two fleeing demonic cultivators out of the sky with lightning before descending as well. Seeing Ye Anping suddenly leave, she looked puzzled.

“Lengxue, what is Anping going to do?”

“Go fish out that idiot,” Pei Lengxue said, pursing her lips slightly. “Senior Brother told us to help the disciples in the White Jade Capital first. Let’s go!”

“Okay.”

...

Clink—

Clink, clink...

In a field of flowers, snow-white petals danced through the air. One black figure and one white figure wove through the blossoms like specters, sword lights scattering in all directions like shooting stars.

Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin wielded their swords in silence. At this moment, all of their attention was fixed on each other’s movements; neither dared allow even the slightest distraction.

There was no overwhelming spiritual radiance bursting across the sky like fireworks, no world-shaking dao formations that toppled mountains and

inverted heaven and earth. There was only sword light moving faster than afterimages, and the brilliant sparks scraped forth when steel met steel.

Clink, clink—

Neither of them was the type of sword cultivator who shouted while swinging their blade. One followed the Immortal Dao, the other the Demonic Dao, yet their sword arts came from the same source—conquering the world through finesse and precision.

In the blink of an eye, both had already forgotten the purpose that brought them here. Now, the only thought in their minds was to tear the other's head from her neck.

Feng Yudie's golden spiritual eyes were calm to an extreme.

Feng Yudie watched as the blood-red spiritual sword swept in toward her flank. Twisting her body, she narrowly avoided it. She then raised her own spiritual sword and made a horizontal slash to mislead Gu Mingxin—only to switch midway into a forward thrust. Even so, Gu Mingxin tore through the move, bracing her sword crosswise before her chest to block it.

Clang—!

Sparks flew.

It was at that very moment that a bolt of golden lightning descended from the densely gathered tribulation clouds above the Heavenly Pavilion.

Boom—

The thunderous crash was like a wake-up call, jolting both women as if from a dream.

Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin kicked toward each other at the same time. Their feet met, soles colliding, and they leveraged the force from the impact to retreat backward. Each drove their spiritual sword into the ground, carving two five-zhang-long sword trenches through the spirit field.

—Young Master Ye is undergoing tribulation.

—Ye Anping is undergoing tribulation!

Gazing at the tribulation clouds gradually dispersing above the Heavenly Pavilion, Gu Mingxin's eyes narrowed slightly, revealing boundless admiration. On the other side, Feng Yudie clutched her collar and held her breath.

It was as if she heard her heart demon whisper again. Her pearly teeth bit lightly into her lower lip as she murmured,

“Young Master Ye...”

“As expected of my Ye Anping.”

Hearing the inexplicably delighted tone in Gu Mingxin's voice, Feng Yudie's brows twisted at once. She tightened her grip on the spiritual sword and looked at her.

“Young Master Ye... Young Master Ye is not yours!!!”

“Then is he yours? Do you really think you're worthy?” Gu Mingxin tilted her head back, eyes half-lidded as she looked askance at Feng Yudie. Then

she lifted her right arm—missing its palm. “I’m fighting you with only my left hand holding the sword, and even so you can’t gain the upper hand.”

“ ”

“With skills like yours, you’re passable compared to ordinary cultivators. But who do you think my Ye Anping is? Once he has me, why would he ever need trash like you? I really can’t figure it out, why does Ye Anping insist on protecting you so much?”

A trace of mockery curled at the corners of Gu Mingxin’s mouth.

“Whenever something happens, all you do is cry ‘Young Master Ye~~ Young Master Ye~~.’ Don’t you look just like a little child who got beaten up outside and then bawls in the street, crying for mommy and daddy?”

“I...” Feng Yudie bit her lip lightly. “I...”

“You what? You can’t even refute me. If Ye Anping hadn’t protected you back then in the northern region, you would’ve died long ago in the boundless snow of the Frigid Heaven Kingdom. I’m jealous! Why did *you* get to meet someone like that before me? Why? Ye Anping is mine!”

“Young Master Ye...” Feng Yudie took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and shouted, “Young Master Ye is not yours!! He’s... he’s mine!!!”

—“Mine...”

—“Mine...”

The howls echoed across the flower field.

Feng Yudie bit her lip again and said, “He’s very good to me!! He’s saved me so many times, cooked me roasted chicken, helped me earn spirit stones, guided my cultivation, practiced swordplay with me... I didn’t know before that my master had lied to me, so I always thought Young Master Ye was something bad. But now I know!! Young Master Ye is a good thing!! He’s kind! Handsome! Always three steps ahead, gentle with others, and he’s taught me so much... I...”

Feng Yudie tightened her grip on the sword in her hand, feeling that her words were starting to come out jumbled. She couldn’t quite explain what she was thinking anymore, but one thing was beyond doubt.

“Young Master Ye is *my* Young Master Ye.”

The corner of Gu Mingxin’s eye twitched slightly, and killing intent surged up in her heart once more.

Just as she had admitted earlier—she was truly, unbearably jealous of this white idiot!

The fingers of her left hand clenched around the blood-red spiritual sword, making it creak and crack.

“White idiot—”

And just as Gu Mingxin was about to charge forward again, a streak of golden light suddenly flew over from the direction of the Heavenly Pavilion. Immediately afterward, Xue’e’s voice rang out from above:

「Mingxin!!! Ye Anping is here!!!」

Whoosh—

The golden light flashed, and Ye Anping landed between the two of them. Looking at the snow-spirit flower field that had been turned into utter chaos by their sword duel, he suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of fatigue.

He glanced at Feng Yudie to the side and saw tears shimmering in her eyes. Afraid she might rush him like last time—and that he'd have to shout "roasted chicken!" again—he hurriedly raised a hand to stop her, then turned his head toward Gu Mingxin.

"Young Mistress Gu—"

However, just as Ye Anping turned to look at Gu Mingxin—

Boom—

With a deafening blast, Gu Mingxin stomped and shattered the ground. In a single instant, she appeared right in front of him. Her crimson eyes widened slightly as she leaned forward and sealed his lips with her own, cutting off whatever he was about to say.

"Mm?!"

Xiaotian, who had been standing on Ye Anping's right shoulder, saw this and instantly widened its eyes. It raised its fist and swung it straight at Gu Mingxin's face:

『Ah?!—Ow!!』

But before the punch could land, Xue'e struck it on the back of the head from behind with its wooden sword, knocking it down.

Xue'e rubbed its nose with its left hand and spat lightly at Xiaotian, who was now sprawled at Ye Anping's feet.

「Hmph—ptui—」

Standing five zhang away, Feng Yudie froze completely. The spiritual sword clenched in her hand slipped free with a *thud*, falling into the muddy ground by her feet.

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Link for character illustration:

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