

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

### Volume 7 Chapter 78 / Chapter 523: Junior Sister Is Puffing Her Cheeks in Anger

One month later.

Eastern Region, western bank of the Blood River, Dry Valley.

Above the silent valley hung a blood-red moon. A gentle breeze swept through the vegetation below, causing the grass and leaves to rustle softly.

Standing atop the mountain peak was a sinister palace, narrow at the top and broad at the bottom, with blind banners made of human skin hanging all around it.

This palace was called the Upper Demon Palace. It was where the Profound Nether Sect usually held banquets and discussed major sect affairs. Numerous restrictions and formations surrounded it, making it essentially the heart of the sect.

The Profound Nether Sect was not considered a major sect, but it was certainly not small either.

Its sect master, Zhou Minghe, was a late-stage Nascent Soul sword cultivator. The sect also possessed more than twenty Nascent Soul elders and seven thousand disciples. Occupying the easily defended and difficult-to-attack terrain of Dry Valley, it was regarded by the righteous sects as a particularly troublesome entrenched stronghold.

Ordinarily, destroying the Profound Nether Sect would require at least two Divine Transformation realm cultivators leading several thousand righteous sect disciples from the western region in order to guarantee complete success.

However—

*Whoosh—*

An icy-blue streak of spiritual light shot out from the Upper Demon Palace, shattering the valley's silence. Like a knife slicing through tofu, it cleanly severed a solitary five-thousand-foot mountain at its waist.

The mountain peak slid downward along the path of the sword light. Amid thunderous rumbling, rocks and soil exploded outward while smoke and dust swept high into the sky.

Then, for the first time in thousands of years, snow fell upon the Profound Nether Sect.

Under the night sky, the snowflakes drifted down like gray-black ash, soon blanketing over half the valley.

Inside the great hall of the Upper Demon Palace, the once-sealed roof had been completely opened. Looking up, one could directly see the moon overhead. Fine snow slowly drifted into the hall and settled atop the head of a young woman wearing the purple sect robes of the Profound Star Sect.

*Thud—*

Before her, the corpse of a man missing his upper body suddenly collapsed to the floor.

Pei Lengxue puffed out her cheeks slightly and flicked the remaining blood from the blade of the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword in her hand before shifting her gaze toward a middle-aged man slumped on the ground.

That middle-aged man was Zhou Minghe, Sect Master of the Profound Nether Sect.

Even now, Zhou Minghe still had not recovered from the catastrophe that had descended upon his sect today. He simply could not understand it.

How could a mere early-stage Nascent Soul girl single-handedly slaughter seventeen Nascent Soul elders of the Profound Nether Sect, carve her way from the sect gates all the way here, and then split his sect's Grand Elder in half with one sword strike?

Admittedly, he acknowledged that he had indeed underestimated her at first.

When he learned that only seven righteous cultivators had invaded the Profound Nether Sect, he had not even activated the sect's grand formation. He had assumed seven righteous cultivators could accomplish nothing, especially when only two of them were Nascent Soul cultivators.

But after realizing the danger, he had immediately gathered every elder in the sect to surround and kill them.

So why... why had this girl still managed to reach the Upper Demon Palace?

Pei Lengxue looked at him expressionlessly. Within her orange-colored eyes, there was not even the slightest trace of hostility. It was as though, to her, killing demonic cultivators was merely routine work.

*Step—*

Seeing her walk toward him, Zhou Minghe gritted his teeth slightly and flicked his sleeve.

Blood-colored spiritual energy instantly condensed into a dharma sword and shot straight toward Pei Lengxue's forehead. Yet Pei Lengxue merely raised the spiritual sword in her hand and casually swung out an icy-blue sword light.

*Slash—*

The sword light split the dharma sword cleanly in two, along with Zhou Minghe's left shoulder.

*“Hiss—”*

Zhou Minghe gritted his teeth and endured the agonizing pain. Watching Pei Lengxue calmly approach step by step, his heart gradually sank as he secretly condensed baleful energy at the fingertips of his right hand.

As long as the girl took two more steps, she would enter the killing formation of the Upper Demon Palace.

However, just as he prepared to activate the formation, Pei Lengxue suddenly halted the right foot that was about to step into the formation's range, then withdrew it.

Zhou Minghe's eyes widened instantly, though he quickly calmed himself and said:

"I never expected the righteous sects of the western region to produce a monster like you!"

"I'm not a monster..."

Pei Lengxue frowned and softly answered him. Then she took out a small notebook from her storage bag and flipped through it, her gaze scanning back and forth across the pages.

Seeing the little notebook she had suddenly produced, confusion deepened in Zhou Minghe's eyes.

"What are you looking at?"

"Mm... you kept staring at my feet just now, so there's probably a formation there."

Pei Lengxue said calmly. Then, as if suddenly realizing something, she added:

"Senior Brother wrote about it for me before... the Ghost Domain Heart-Slaying Formation... Even though you're a sword cultivator, it seems you also know ghost cultivator possession techniques, so I shouldn't get too close to you..."

"....."

Ignoring the stunned Zhou Minghe, Pei Lengxue breathed out a puff of white mist and shook the falling snow from her head. Then she reversed

her grip on the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword like she was holding a spear.

*Whoosh—*

As Pei Lengxue raised her hand, the Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword instantly transformed into an icy-blue streak, piercing straight through Zhou Minghe's chest and pinning him to the ground before instantly freezing him into a humanoid ice sculpture.

Zhou Minghe did not even have time to react. His eyes remained open in death as the ice engulfed him, and he silently perished on the spot.

Xiao Yunluo, Zhuang Hu, and four inner disciples of the Profound Star Sect had just finished dealing with the dozens of Core Formation disciples of the Profound Nether Sect below the mountain and hurried over to assist.

However, after everyone descended from their flying swords and saw the Upper Demon Palace littered with the dismembered remains of demonic cultivators while Pei Lengxue alone stood there, they all instinctively held their breath and swallowed nervously.

Those inner disciples had never witnessed such a scene before. Seeing Martial Aunt Pei standing expressionlessly amidst piles of corpses without a single stain of blood on her body filled them only with fear.

"She did all this herself? That many Nascent Soul cultivators..."

"Well, who else could it've been? We really got lucky... following Martial Aunt Pei around only means helping her pitch tents and stuff... I heard

Junior Brother Liu's group encountered some demonic cultivators before. Not a single one of them came back..."

Hearing their whispered conversation, Zhuang Hu lightly coughed once, causing the two disciples to hurriedly shut their mouths and stop talking.

After a moment of silence, Xiao Yunluo also quickly walked over. Seeing two bloody wounds on Pei Lengxue's shoulder and ankle, she hurriedly took out bandages and began wrapping them around her.

"Lengxue, didn't we agree to wait until we arrived before dealing with the Profound Nether Sect Master together? Why did you rush in alone again?"

"It's okay, I could handle it. Yunluo, look—I solved it, didn't I?"

"It's not that..." Xiao Yunluo sighed helplessly while tying off the bandage around her shoulder. Then she glanced at the demonic cultivator corpses that looked as though they had been vented upon and asked, "Lengxue... are you angry?"

Pei Lengxue blankly shook her head.

"No~"

"You are angry."

Pei Lengxue turned her gaze away and answered while puffing up her cheeks:

"I'm not."

"Sigh..."

Xiao Yunluo could not help sighing again.

Ever since the Profound Star Sect occupied Donghuang, the western region disciples, demon clans, and the Xing Tian Division had split into small squads and advanced into the eastern region. Their main objective was reconnaissance and gathering intelligence on demonic cultivators, while also conducting guerrilla harassment against the eastern region's demonic sects.

She, Pei Lengxue, Zhuang Hu, and the four inner disciples of the Profound Star Sect were one such squad.

Originally, their mission had mainly been intelligence gathering. However, with Pei Lengxue leading them, it had become a case of “whoever blocks us dies, whether gods or buddhas.” They had slaughtered their way from Donghuang all the way to the borders of the Blood River.

Although they had not encountered any Divine Transformation demonic cultivators along the way, with only seven people they had already wiped out nearly four hundred demonic cultivators of varying cultivation levels. And now they had even taken down the Profound Nether Sect—a sect that ordinarily would have required Elder Lei leading a large force to conquer.

Logically speaking, Pei Lengxue's killing intent should not have been this heavy.

However, during a rest a few nights ago, Xiao Yunluo had overheard her muttering about “Senior Brother.” Combining that with everything they had experienced over the past few months, she gradually came to understand.

Pei Lengxue was most likely furious because Ye Anping had not taken her along and had instead brought Feng Yudie. As a result, she had simply started treating demonic cultivators like punching bags.

“Lengxue, how about we head back to the immortal boat and rest for ten days or half a month first? At the rate you’re going, something bad is bound to happen sooner or later. The eastern region is full of dangers. How can you drag Zhuang Hu and me straight into a demonic sect just because you’re in a bad mood?”

Pei Lengxue pouted and glanced at Zhou Minghe’s corpse.

“I wouldn’t take you somewhere truly dangerous. Since Senior Brother isn’t here, I’ve only been picking soft persimmons to kill.”

?

A sect with more than twenty Nascent Soul cultivators—soft persimmons?

For a moment, Xiao Yunluo had no idea what would even qualify as a “hard persimmon” in Pei Lengxue’s eyes. At that moment, Zhuang Hu also walked over and tried to persuade her:

“Pei Girl, the other Profound Star Sect disciples are still fighting demonic cultivators three thousand li west of the Blood River, yet the seven of us have already charged all the way to the riverbank. If the demonic cultivators discover our location and surround us, no one will be able to rush over and help.”

“Oh... if even Big Brother Zhuang says so, then should we head back for a while?”

“Mm. My storage bag and those of these little Profound Star Sect disciples are already full too. We should return and clear them out.”

Pei Lengxue nodded, glanced at the scattered corpses around her, and took out a stack of talismans from her storage bag. Like a celestial maiden scattering flowers, she tossed them outward before boarding a flying sword together with the others.

“Mm... Junior Sister Chen, Junior Brother Liu, we’re heading back for a while.”

“Yes, Martial Aunt Pei.”

*Boom—*

As a gigantic fireball engulfed the Upper Demon Palace, seven flying swords shot out from within and soared into the thousand-foot-high sky.

Pei Lengxue looked back at her handiwork, pouted slightly, then raised her head to look at the moon overhead as she muttered:

“What’s that stupid Senior Brother doing now... Didn’t we agree to meet in the eastern region? Why hasn’t he come yet... And that dummy too...”

“Lengxue, let’s go! In a bit the Profound Nether Sect disciples will surround us.”

“Okay.”

...

Several days later.

After more than a month of cleanup by the Sword Sect disciples, the demonic cultivators within Heavenly Sorrow City had finally been completely eradicated. Upon hearing the news, righteous cultivators gradually arrived from Seven Star Pass, setting up stalls along the streets to sell pills and magical tools.

Because spiritual veins surrounded Heavenly Sorrow City, the righteous sects of the southern region also began mining spirit stones and constructing large-scale mining sites.

However, none of that messy business had anything to do with Ye Anping.

For more than a month, Ye Anping basically stayed inside the Blood Prison Residence every day. During the day, he accompanied Feng Yudie in sword practice and spiritual energy cultivation, cooked roasted chicken for her, or took Gu Mingxin strolling through the streets so she could get used to the bustle of righteous cultivator marketplaces.

And at night, after finishing the Sword Sect's internal affairs, Yun Yiyi would usually bring over some wine and dishes, asking Ye Anping to help relieve the exhaustion from handling sect affairs. Naturally, Ye Anping had become her personal massage tool.

...

The night was hazy, and dazzling lantern lights shone outside the window.

Moonlight poured through the windowsill, falling upon Ye Anping and Yun Yiyi, who were currently sitting face-to-face while embracing each other.

*Chu~~*

Yun Yiyi wrapped both arms around Ye Anping's neck and gazed hazily into his charming deep-purple eyes beneath the moonlight as she asked sweetly:

"Anping, are you leaving tomorrow already? Mm~"

"Mm. The righteous sects of the southern region have basically finished clearing out the demonic sects south of the Blood River. I also need to cross the river and head toward the Heavenly Demon Sect first... After resting here for over a month, I've almost forgotten that the war between the righteous and the demonic is still ongoing."

"I see..."

Yun Yiyi immediately looked somewhat dejected. Lowering her head, she pouted slightly.

Seeing her like this, Ye Anping could only shrug helplessly. He pinched Yun Yiyi's nose lightly and said:

"I've already spent over a month acting as your pretty boy, and you still come over every single night... Isn't that enough?"

"How could it be enough? Back then, you were always together with Junior Sister Pei and the others, but me... every time I wanted to see you, I had to wait forever. And whenever we met, you'd only stay a few days before leaving again... I just feel like this month passed way too quickly. Sigh..."

"Once things in the eastern region are over, how about moving into the Hundred Lotus Sect for a few years?"

“...Mm~”

Yun Yiyi lowered her gaze shyly, her cheeks flushed red as she glanced downward beneath herself before answering:

“Anping, you really seem like a demonic cultivator now~ ruining girls every day...”

“You’re the one who comes over every day asking me to warm your bed. It’s not like I can just kick you out.”

“Pervert.”

“I’m not perverted...”

At this point, Ye Anping chuckled softly and kissed Yun Yiyi on her fair shoulder.

However, at that very moment—

—“Ye Anping~ is this... really all you’ve got? Mmm~~”

Gu Mingxin’s sleep-talking drifted into their ears, causing both Ye Anping and Yun Yiyi to turn and look. They saw her lying sprawled on the inner side of the bed, completely unconscious, her body occasionally twitching.

Before Yun Yiyi had arrived today, Gu Mingxin had once again come over and aggressively pushed herself onto him...

And so things had ended up like this.

After Yun Yiyi entered, she had not paid much attention to the twitching girl either. She simply shoved Gu Mingxin aside, threw a blanket over her, and left her there.

Looking at Gu Mingxin's current state, Yun Yiyi pursed her lips slightly and asked:

"Anping, she actually is..."

"She's the adopted daughter of the Heavenly Demon Sect Master. All she thinks about all day is flipping me over, and I can't beat her..."

"A demonic cultivator, huh... then what are you going to do with her afterward? Marry her too?"

"Whether I marry her or not can wait. But after everything is settled, she'll most likely end up living in the Hundred Lotus Sect as well..."

"I see..."

Yun Yiyi quietly pondered for a while. Previously, she had privately tried speaking with Gu Mingxin, but the feeling Gu Mingxin gave her was terrifying—as though if she took one step closer, Gu Mingxin would immediately draw her sword and cut her down.

Yet now, seeing Gu Mingxin collapsed in a bed like this, she suddenly wondered whether the woman was actually the type who looked strong on the outside but weak on the inside.

At that moment, the cry of an eagle came from outside the window.

A black-feathered messenger hawk poked its head through the half-open flower window.

Seeing the hawk, Yun Yiyi raised her brows.

“It’s Mansion Master Li’s spiritual pet... mm~”

*Chu~~*

Yun Yiyi quickly climbed off Ye Anping, crawled over Gu Mingxin’s back, removed the jade slip tied to the hawk’s leg, then released it and scanned the message with her spiritual sense.

Ye Anping also moved beside her and asked:

“What is it?”

“It’s news about Junior Sister Pei and Young Mistress Xiao. They...” Yun Yiyi frowned, as though she suspected she had read it wrong, and slowly read word by word, “Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo, together with Zhuang Hu and four Profound Star Sect disciples, fought their way from Donghuang all the way to the Profound Nether Sect beside the Blood River.”

Hearing this, Ye Anping could not help but furrow his brows as well.

The Profound Nether Sect counted as a significant side branch force in the eastern region. In his memory, Sect Master Zhou Minghe had been quite difficult to deal with. After all, he was essentially a dungeon boss guarding a checkpoint.

“Something happened?”

“No... Mansion Master Li says the seven of them slaughtered the entire Profound Nether Sect... Even Elder Lei of the Profound Star Sect was utterly shocked.”

“.....”

Hearing this, Ye Anping immediately fell silent.

Even if it was only a second-rate demonic sect, for merely seven people to wipe out an entire sect...

“...Haaah....”

Ye Anping took the jade slip and scanned it with his spiritual sense himself. Instantly, his brows knitted tightly together as he sensed that something was wrong.

Although his Junior Sister accomplishing such a feat truly made him, as her Senior Brother, feel gratified, under the current circumstances, becoming famous did not necessarily mean wealth and glory.

Back then, Immortal Yun Jian had also been like his Junior Sister—leading barely more than a dozen people while cutting through the demonic domain like an unstoppable force, slaying anything in his path. In the end, he had even split the four regions apart with a single sword strike, shaking both righteous and demonic cultivators alike.

It was precisely because of that feat that Immortal Yun Jian became known throughout both the righteous and demonic paths.

However, it was also exactly because his fame grew too great that he eventually attracted the joint pursuit of countless demonic cultivators and ultimately fell.

Once this news reached the ears of the Heavenly Demon Sect, they would inevitably dispatch large numbers of cultivators to investigate his Junior Sister's whereabouts, lure her group into traps, and surround and kill them.

For the righteous sects, this was good news.

After all, the appearance of someone comparable to Immortal Yun Jian would undoubtedly cause the morale of righteous sect disciples to skyrocket.

But for him, as her Senior Brother, it was bad news.

His Junior Sister's cultivation and sword techniques were exceptional, but in the end she was still inexperienced in the ways of the world. He truly worried that Pei Lengxue might one day fall victim to a scheme...

Still, before leaving, he had specifically entrusted Xuanji with watching over his Junior Sister, so there probably should not be any problems.

It was just...

From the contents of this report, Ye Anping could vaguely sense that many of Junior Sister's actions resembled someone venting her anger...

Was it because he had brought Feng Yudie with him but had not taken her along?

"Mm..."

Seeing the worried look on Ye Anping's face, Yun Yiyi asked:

"Worried?"

"A little, but there shouldn't be any major problems. I was planning to meet up with them later anyway." Ye Anping slowly nodded and said, "In any case, one step at a time. I have to leave tomorrow."

Yun Yiyi nodded, then climbed back over and sat down on top of him again.

"Anping, tonight you can hold back less. Since you're leaving tomorrow, I only need to handle internal affairs afterward anyway... I've already prepared the wheelchair."

"Don't... that's not really a good idea."

"Yes!" Yun Yiyi pouted slightly and raised her hand to pinch Ye Anping's chin. "I said it already! I want to use the wheelchair!"

"Sigh..." Ye Anping lowered his gaze and shook his head helplessly before burying his face against her chest. "Then I'll do as you wish..."

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Link for character illustration:

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