

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

Volume 7 Chapter 74 / Chapter 519: Senior Brother, Let's Settle This

Ye Anping stood at the center of the formation platform, gripping a bloodstained spiritual sword as he looked at the gradually dispersing remains of Gong Yimo beneath his feet. His eyes carried a trace of emptiness.

—“Weren’t you already dead?!”

Gong Yimo’s final words echoed repeatedly in his mind.

To the amnesiac Wandering Exile, had he already died long ago?

Though the amnesiac Wandering Exile had been cast down to the mortal realm, they were still true immortals in the end—cultivators who had trained for tens of millions of years and ascended to the immortal realm through their own tribulations.

Even after falling into mortality and becoming imprisoned within flesh, losing memories of their past, at the brink of death and before reincarnation, they could briefly return to their immortal forms and use an immortal’s awareness to observe the entirety of their life’s reincarnation cycle.

This was a kind of immortal manifestation.

Sima Xuanji’s Starshaping Art could not calculate his fate path, which Ye Anping could understand. After all, Xuanji was only a half-immortal.

Predicting the future was already beyond the capabilities of ordinary mortals.

That was why Xuanji referred to people like him—those who could not be divined—as “Reverse Stars.”

But true immortals were supposed to be omniscient and omnipotent. Like a player sitting before a computer looking at the “NPCs” inside a game, they were equivalent to the sole god of a world, capable of altering everything within it however they wished.

If even a true immortal doubted his existence, then what exactly was he in relation to this world?

Could this world merely be an advanced game with slightly higher freedom?

Junior Sister, Xiao Yunluo, Feng Yudie, Yun Yiyi... were they all just insignificant bundles of data inside a game?

“Hiss—”

Suddenly, an intense pain shot from his shoulder into his bones and then into his consciousness.

Ye Anping glanced sideways and saw black pus already spreading from the wound on his shoulder, where the “Demonic Slayer” had accidentally cut him moments earlier. It appeared demonic miasma had entered his body.

The pain pulled him back from his doubts about the world.

At the very least, pain felt real.

For an ordinary immortal cultivator, a wound like this would already be beyond saving.

Ye Anping knew that very well, yet he did not panic in the slightest, because...

Later, he could just have Yudie take a huge bite out of him...

No, wait.

Ye Anping quickly corrected himself.

As long as Yudie was by his side, this injury was nothing to fear.

What troubled him more was this “Demonic Slayer”...

He looked toward the Demonic Slayer lying on the ground, now completely stripped of its former brilliance. A trace of helplessness appeared in his eyes.

A cultivator who had devoted his entire life to exterminating demonic cultivators had, in the final moment, fallen into demonic corruption because of killing demonic cultivators.

Wuuu—!!

At that moment, a shrill cry like the wailing of an infant spread across the sky above.

With Gong Yimo dead, the Blood Sea Mourning Formation had lost its core formation eye. The gigantic serpent eye formed from the earth-vein demonic energy drawn forth by the formation began to melt apart, gradually

turning into something like a rotten blood-red grape that stained the heavens crimson.

At the same time, a streak of golden sword intent shot over from the southern gate of the city, heading directly toward the serpent eye.

Swish—

The sword pierced straight into the pupil, causing the infant-like wailing to become even sharper and more piercing.

Crimson blood erupted outward like a fountain.

Ye Anping could tell that Yun Tianchong outside the city had likely noticed what happened here, and thus threw a sword over in an attempt to take advantage of the situation and destroy the Blood Sea Mourning Formation in one strike.

Now that the core formation eye was gone, this sword would indeed shatter the grand formation of Heavenly Sorrow City in only a few more moments.

But...

Waste not, want not.

Although the Blood Sea Mourning Formation required twelve Nascent Soul cultivators working together to establish it, the other eleven likely had not yet learned of Gong Yimo's death.

In other words, if he replaced Gong Yimo as the core formation eye right now, the remaining eleven Nascent Soul elders would continue maintaining the formation without interruption.

Ye Anping took a deep breath, sheathed his spiritual sword, then sat cross-legged directly atop the ashes Gong Yimo had not yet fully scattered away. Forming hand seals, he said:

“Xue’e, help me.”

「Ah…」

Hearing Ye Anping call out to her, Xue’e finally snapped out of the daze caused by the earlier conversation between him and Shen Xin. It glanced at Gu Mingxin beside her, whose eyes were full of hearts as she stared at Ye Anping, and simply ignored her. In a flash, Xue’e darted over to Ye Anping’s side.

「Ye Anping, you want to use this formation?」

“Return the favor in kind. Let Gong Yue have a taste of the power of his own formation. Isn’t that fitting?”

Xue’e nodded quickly. It immediately pulled the Heavenly Demon Scripture from beneath its skirt, flipped to the page recording the “Blood Sea Mourning Formation,” and, acting like a human bookshelf, held the tome open in front of Ye Anping.

「Mingxin, stop acting lovestruck already! Hurry over and help! Send your baleful energy into the formation platform.」

“Coming~~”

...

Meanwhile, outside the Heavenly Sorrow Chasm.

Of the Sword Sect's immortal boats lined across the sky, two had already burst into roaring flames under the relentless assault of countless demonic cultivators.

Around the immortal boats, Sword Sect disciples either flew through the air or rode atop flying swords, clashing wildly both in the skies and across the wasteland against the demonic cultivators Gong Yue had brought from Heavenly Sorrow City. Everywhere, spiritual techniques exploded into blazing fire and frozen crystal, while the cries of colliding blades echoed endlessly.

About twenty li away from the battlefield, among a cluster of sandstone formations, Yun Yiyi concealed her striking golden hair beneath a bamboo hat. Using a farsight spell, she observed the battle raging overhead, her brows tightly furrowed.

Even before coming here, she already knew that even if the Sword Sect committed its full strength, it would still be impossible to break open the gates of Heavenly Sorrow City.

Originally, she had believed the forces keeping the Shadowmoon Sword Sect outside the city would be the city gates themselves and Heavenly Sorrow City's Blood Sea Mourning Formation.

But what she saw now was completely different.

Gong Yue alone, leading twelve Nascent Soul cultivators and nearly a thousand Core Formation demonic cultivators, had already completely halted the Sword Sect's advance.

Because of their methods of cultivation, demonic cultivators were mostly people who had clawed their way through mountains of flesh and blood. In contrast, aside from the elders and a handful of disciples who had fought demonic cultivators before, the fiercest battles most Sword Sect disciples had experienced were merely hunting demonic beasts in the Southern Region or sparring with fellow disciples.

The difference in combat experience was worlds apart.

Even when cultivation levels were similar, it generally took two righteous cultivators working together just to barely kill a single demonic cultivator.

Watching one Sword Sect disciple after another get shot down from the sky by flying swords, Yun Yiyi tightened her grip on her sleeve. She knew that if this continued, the Shadowmoon Sword Sect would face only one outcome—total annihilation.

At her side, Elder Tianxing wore an equally troubled expression. Under Yun Tianchong's orders, he was supposed to escort Yun Yiyi safely back to Seven Star Pass. In truth, he had not even wanted to bring her this close to the battlefield.

But seeing the scale of the battle before them, he had no choice but to speak.

"Miss, please retreat with this old man to Seven Star Pass. This place is far too dangerous..."

"It's fine."

“Miss, please don’t be stubborn... The Sword Sect is already suffering this calamity. If anything happens to you, then the sect truly will be doomed. Third Young Mistress alone cannot—”

“—I said it’s fine.” Yun Yiyi frowned as she interrupted him, clutching the collar of her robe tightly. “Anping is inside the city. He has a way.”

Hearing this, Elder Tianxing was slightly startled.

“Young Master Ye... is inside the city? Why did you not mention this earlier to the Sect Master and me?”

Yun Yiyi let out a sigh.

“Jiujiu’s hair and identity token were delivered by him. He was probably trying to provoke my father into leading the Sword Sect to attack Heavenly Sorrow City, so I kept it hidden all this time. After all, if it’s him, then he definitely has a solution.”

Listening to Yun Yiyi’s reply, Elder Tianxing’s brows lowered slightly. After a moment of silence, he asked in return:

“With all due respect,” Elder Tianxing said bluntly, “although Young Master Ye is indeed exceptionally talented and resourceful, there is no way he alone can reverse such an overwhelming disadvantage. Miss, by withholding this information, are you saying you placed the survival of the entire Shadowmoon Sword Sect upon a single person? The war between righteous and the demonic is no child’s play... How could you...”

Yun Yiyi replied sternly:

“I know very well that war is no game. Trusting him is only one part of it. He is one of my grandfather, Immortal Yun Jian’s direct disciples. Once I marry him, he will also become the next Sect Master of the Sword Sect.”

“Besides, keeping silent brings more advantages than disadvantages.”

“Even if the Sword Sect is completely wiped out in this battle, it would still serve to inspire the Southern Region’s righteous cultivators, whose morale has already weakened due to the Dao Ancestor’s return to mortality. Without the Dao Ancestor, the Southern Region needs a guardian sect like the Profound Star Sect of the Western Region.”

Elder Tianxing: “But—”

Whoosh—!!

BOOM—!!

Eight streaks of sword light collided with spear aura shaped like a giant serpent high in the sky, detonating into a flash that turned heaven and earth white.

Elder Tianxing immediately waved his horsetail whisk, forming a spiritual barrier around himself and Yun Yiyi, sparing them from the aftershocks of the Divine Transformation battle.

Yun Yiyi staggered a step forward with her right foot and coughed lightly. Struggling, she lifted her head toward the heavens. Seeing Yun Tianchong and Gong Yue finally clash head-on after their prolonged battle, her eyes widened instantly.

The pitch-black spear in Gong Yue's hand had pierced straight through her father's abdomen.

Even if it had not struck his vital foundation, a wound like that was still potentially fatal in a battle between Divine Transformation cultivators.

Yun Yiyi drew in a deep breath and unconsciously tightened her grip on Yun Jiujiu's identity jade token.

At this point, the only thing she could do was pray that her future husband would hurry.

...

"RAAAH—!! Hiss—dammit!!! Again with the kidney?! You demonic bastards got a grudge against my kidneys or what?!!"

Yun Tianchong coughed out a mouthful of blood as he looked at the spear piercing through the right side of his waist. Blood vessels filled his golden eyes, but he did not hesitate for even a moment. He immediately grabbed the shaft of Gong Yue's spear.

The seven flying swords formed from his sword-intent divine art instantly shot toward Gong Yue's back from point-blank range.

However—

Clang—!

They were completely blocked by Gong Yue's protective spiritual barrier.

Looking at the bloodstain spreading across Yun Tianchong's golden robes, the mockery on Gong Yue's face deepened.

"Sect Master Yun, I've long heard that you are the shame of Divine Transformation immortal cultivators. Now that we've crossed hands, the rumors truly do not disappoint! Hahaha~ A battle between late-stage Divine Transformation cultivators, yet in less than three hours, this old man has already broken through your protective divine sense."

"The hell would you know?!" Yun Tianchong roared angrily. "Look at that damn eyeball above your city!!!"

"Hm?!"

Only then did Gong Yue notice that Yun Tianchong's eight sword-intent divine swords had been reduced to seven.

As for the eighth sword—

Wuuu—!!

The wailing cry of an infant echoed throughout the wasteland.

Gong Yue hurriedly turned his head and saw that the serpent-eye demonic manifestation formed by the Blood Sea Mourning Formation had been pierced directly through the pupil by a sword of sword intent, blood spraying outward from the wound.

He clicked his tongue in annoyance.

At that moment, he also realized that something had most likely happened inside the city.

But he had no attention to spare for it now.

The instant Gong Yue turned to look toward Heavenly Sorrow City, Yun Tianchong seized the opening. Raising the spiritual sword in his right hand, he slashed horizontally with the Sword Inquiry Art.

Riiip—!

The spiritual sword collided against Gong Yue's protective divine sense, releasing a shrill screech of steel that made one's teeth ache.

Though the strike failed to injure Gong Yue himself, it still blasted him backward over a hundred zhang and, in passing, sliced apart a Nascent Soul demonic cultivator who had been fighting one of the Sword Sect elders.

Yun Tianchong rubbed his kidney area and spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Ptooey—”

Gong Yue lowered his spear and glared down at Yun Tianchong from above before asking in return:

“So what if you broke the guardian formation of my Heavenly Sorrow Overclear Sect?” Gong Yue sneered. “Now that this old man has shattered your protective divine sense, how much longer can you last against me? Even without the Blood Sea Mourning Formation, I can still personally kill you, the disgrace of Divine Transformation cultivators.”

Yun Tianchong wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and let out a cold laugh.

“Heh...”

Yet at that very moment, beneath the serpent eye that should have been pierced open by Yun Tianchong’s technique, a dense blood-red radiance suddenly rose upward.

Boom—!

The bloody light shot straight into the underside of the serpent eye. In an instant, it forced the sword of sword intent out from the pupil, and the wound began visibly healing before the naked eye.

Seeing this, Yun Tianchong clenched his teeth tightly.

A moment ago, he had sensed that something seemed wrong with the Blood Sea Mourning Formation, so he willingly took Gong Yue’s spear strike in exchange for destroying Heavenly Sorrow City’s grand formation. That way, even if the Sword Sect were annihilated, Gong Yue would lose the protection of the city formation once the Taibai Sect arrived afterward.

But now, why had it suddenly...

Gong Yue also did not know what had happened inside the city, but he assumed his outstanding adopted son had probably already dealt with the problem. Immediately, he burst into loud laughter.

“Hehehe~ Hahaha— Sect Master Yun, it seems your death will be for nothing after all...”

“ ... ”

“Perfect timing. This old man has played around enough already.”

With a flick of his long spear, Gong Yue instantly transformed into a dark-purple arc of light, retreating another three hundred zhang before raising the spear toward the heavens and summoning crimson thunderclouds with baleful energy.

The moment Yun Tianchong saw this stance, he realized Gong Yue intended to activate the Heavenly Sorrow guardian formation. Panic immediately flashed across his face.

“Don’t even think about it!!”

His eight sword-intent divine swords manifested once more, transforming into eight streaks of azure light that shot directly toward Gong Yue’s chest.

However, every single one was blocked dozens of feet away by a protective spiritual barrier.

The surviving Nascent Soul demonic cultivators also gathered behind Gong Yue one after another, joining forces to establish a defensive formation, seemingly unwilling to continue direct combat with the Sword Sect.

Realizing the situation had turned dire, Yun Tianchong immediately shouted:

“Sword Sect disciples, hear my command!! Form the Nine Spiritual Sword Formation!!”

At his order, the Sword Sect disciples and elders who had still been locked in combat with the Core Formation demonic cultivators rapidly disengaged from their opponents and gathered behind Yun Tianchong.

Using their spiritual swords as formation anchors, they pooled their spiritual energy together and spread it outward.

A massive formation diagram appeared in midair.

Golden spiritual radiance instantly illuminated the wasteland—previously darkened by smoke and black clouds—until it became dazzling white.

Layer after layer of shields formed from spiritual energy stacked before Yun Tianchong, enveloping every surviving Sword Sect disciple within their protection.

Yet in response, Gong Yue only sneered disdainfully.

“Back then, even Nangong Cheng and tens of thousands of Overclear Sect disciples failed to completely withstand this demonic formation, forged from four spiritual veins combined. Sect Master Yun, with your little eggshell... are you perhaps looking down on Nangong Cheng?”

Naturally, Yun Tianchong knew that although the Nine Spiritual Sword Formation was the Sword Sect’s defensive grand formation, it was nowhere near comparable to Nangong Cheng and tens of thousands of Overclear Sect disciples.

But if he failed to answer back, morale would collapse. And if morale collapsed, they might not even survive the first impact.

The Sword Sect’s assault on Heavenly Sorrow City had always been an act of self-sacrifice for the greater good. He never expected to return alive.

But if he died here without even heavily wounding Gong Yue, then he truly could not accept it.

“Damn it, my old man was Immortal Yun Jian!! What the hell is Nangong Cheng compared to him?!”

“Heh~”

Gong Yue pointed the spear in his hand toward Yun Tianchong, signaling Gong Yimo inside the city to make his move.

In an instant, within the vertical pupil of the serpent eye, a mass of demonic radiance condensed at its center before transforming into a pitch-black feathered arrow that swallowed every trace of light within a hundred-li radius.

The light emitted by flames could dispel darkness.

But this feathered arrow was like black fire itself—radiating black light, dragging everything along its path into utter chaos.

Yun Tianchong felt as though everything before his eyes had turned into nothingness, but he did not freeze.

Immediately, he moved his sword-intent divine technique in front of the Nine Spiritual Sword Formation. At worst, he would permanently lose one of his divine techniques.

As long as he could withstand this strike, he would still have a chance to kill Gong Yue.

“RAAAHHHHHH—!!”

Yun Tianchong could not help but roar aloud, trying to overcome the fear of facing certain death head-on.

Time itself seemed to stretch several times over in that instant. It felt to him as though he had been struck by Grandma Sima Illumination divine technique, and for a moment, he even thought the old woman had arrived to help them.

Yet after waiting for a long while, he still did not feel the oppressive force of the Blood Sea Mourning Formation strike him.

Yun Tianchong was confused.

The Sword Sect elders behind him, who had been prepared to die, as well as the gathered disciples, were equally bewildered.

In the next moment, the black radiance gradually dispersed, and everyone finally saw the wasteland outside the Heavenly Sorrow Chasm once more.

But unlike before, all the sand stretching from in front of them to the entrance of the chasm had completely melted into molten glass.

And the thousand or so demonic cultivators who had been confronting them moments earlier had simply vanished, as though evaporated from existence.

???

The battlefield fell silent in an instant.

Only the bubbling sounds of boiling molten glass remained.

Yun Tianchong had absolutely no idea what had happened until he spotted Gong Yue's upper body floating above the sea of molten glass—his lower half completely gone.

Gong Yue stared toward Heavenly Sorrow City in utter disbelief.

The demonic technique that should have struck the Shadowmoon Sword Sect...

Why had it hit their own side instead?!

Someone had replaced his adopted son and taken control of the formation core?

Impossible!!

The core formation eye of the Blood Sea Mourning Formation was a secret inheritance. In his entire lifetime, he had passed it down to Gong Yimo alone. Though some people in the past had deduced portions of the formation diagram, he had personally exterminated every single one of them.

In other words, even if Gong Yimo had been killed, there should have been absolutely no one else capable of controlling Heavenly Sorrow City's grand formation.

That left only one answer.

His adopted son had betrayed him...

But why?

Gong Yue's eyes widened as he roared through gritted teeth:

“Yi— Yimo!!!!”

Whoosh! Whoosh—

But before he could finish speaking, eight sword-intent divine swords descended from the sky and pierced straight through him.

In a single instant, the already defenseless Gong Yue was shredded into fragments and completely buried beneath the scorching shore of molten glass.

Although Yun Tianchong had no idea what exactly had happened, one fact remained—

Gong Yue was dead.

The Sword Sect had won?

Had infighting broken out among the demonic cultivators? Or had the attack simply misfired?

At this moment, the Sword Sect's Grand Elder stepped forward and asked in confusion:

“Sect Master... this is...”

“ ... ”

Yun Tianchong opened his mouth as if to say something, but ultimately swallowed the words back down.

Taking a deep breath, he decided that no matter what, this was a good thing.

Now all he needed to do was spend some time breaking through the gates of Heavenly Sorrow City, storm the city itself, and find that elder surnamed Liang so the man could be buried alongside his second daughter!!

“All disciples, hear my command!! Follow this Sect Master and breach the city!!”

After issuing the order once more, Yun Tianchong took the lead, recalling his eight sword-intent divine swords to guard his body as he transformed into a streak of golden light and sped toward the gates of Heavenly Sorrow City.

However...

Originally, Yun Tianchong had assumed that even without Gong Yue, breaking the restrictions sealing Heavenly Sorrow City's gates would still take at least a day or two of constant assault.

But when Yun Tianchong arrived before the city gates, he was stunned once again.

The southern gate of Heavenly Sorrow City looked as though it were playing the “Empty Fort Strategy.” The gates stood wide open, while the gate tower itself had completely vanished, as though something had sliced it clean off. Corpses of Heavenly Sorrow City guards were piled high along both sides of the wall, and the entire entrance was so silent it sent chills down one's spine.

“ ... ”

When the Sword Sect elders and disciples behind him finally caught up and witnessed the scene, they assumed Yun Tianchong had silently broken through Heavenly Sorrow City's gates within the time of a single incense stick. Their admiration for their sect master rose immediately.

Only the Grand Elder felt something was off.

The restrictions on Heavenly Sorrow City's gates were incredibly sturdy. Even a late-stage Divine Transformation cultivator would never be able to break them without causing earth-shaking commotion.

Yet they had only been following for about the time it took an incense stick to burn, and they had not heard any battle at all.

Still, the Grand Elder could not help asking:

“Sect Master... did you do this?”

“ ... ”

Yun Tianchong hesitated, unsure how to answer. The scene before him felt deeply unsettling.

Even if this situation favored the Sword Sect, with the gates standing open like this, he could not help but suspect it was some kind of trap. For a moment, he did not even dare to enter.

After remaining silent for a while, Yun Tianchong closed his eyes and let out a long breath.

“Elder Hu, kill every demonic cultivator inside the city. Leave not a single one alive!”

“...Understood.”

Though he hesitated briefly, Yun Tianchong still leapt into the city, arriving upon the thousand-zhang-long stone avenue that connected the southern district directly to the City Lord’s Manor.

At this moment, many of the demonic cultivators inside still had not regained their senses. They stared blankly as a Divine Transformation righteous cultivator descended onto the street, eight flying swords circling around him while he held a golden spiritual sword in hand.

Yun Tianchong swept his gaze across them and noticed many children barely reaching his waist in height.

Under such circumstances, the children reacted the fastest.

The instant they realized he was a righteous cultivator, they screamed in terror and fled toward the alleyways.

Yun Tianchong ignored the scattered demonic rogue cultivators entirely. Instead, he rushed forward, grabbed one of the fleeing children by the shoulder, and lifted him into the air.

“Ahhh!! Waaaahhh!! Mom!! Mom!!”

Frowning, Yun Tianchong demanded:

“Where is the newly arrived Elder Liang of Heavenly Sorrow City?!!”

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Link for character illustration:

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