

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

Volume 7 Chapter 66 / Chapter 511: Senior Brother, Furious Beyond Measure

The disturbance from earlier on the street did not cause much of a commotion. Before long, the passersby dispersed and returned to searching for entertainment within the city.

As Gong Yimo led Ye Anping toward the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion, he noticed Ye Anping vigilantly scanning the pedestrians along both sides of the street and reassured him:

“Fellow Daoist Liang, there’s really no need to be so cautious. Given the current situation between the righteous and demonic factions, having two or three righteous cultivators sneak in isn’t such a big deal.”

“Capturing and interrogating spies is originally part of the Blood Prison Elder’s duties. Since City Lord Gong entrusted me with the position of ‘Blood Prison Elder,’ I naturally cannot betray City Lord Gong’s trust in me.”

Gong Yimo smiled. After thinking for a moment, he curiously asked:

“Speaking of which, how did Fellow Daoist Liang identify those three? Gong truly didn’t notice anything.”

Ye Anping came up with an excuse in an instant.

“Liang had already been thinking that since the Sword Sect’s Second Young Mistress was captured, the Sword Sect would surely send people to rescue her eventually. That’s why I deliberately led her through the streets

today. When those three saw the Sword Sect's Second Young Mistress, the expressions in their eyes changed. Liang merely tested them a bit, and sure enough... hehe..."

Gong Yimo raised his brows and nodded, finding the tactic rather clever.

"Fellow Daoist Liang's strategy was quite ingenious."

"Young Master Gong flatters me. It was only a small trick. Honestly speaking, it's more that those three righteous cultivators were too impatient. The moment Liang drew his sword, they exposed themselves. Once Liang returns and finishes soul-searching them, I'll refine the three into Blood Fiend Pills and send them to Young Master Gong."

"Then Gong will thank Fellow Daoist Liang in advance."

"Young Master Gong has already provided Liang with a place to stay, so naturally Liang should return the favor."

...

Following the main street for about two quarters of an hour, the two arrived at the City Lord's Manor just before the sun completely set.

After presenting their identity tokens, they passed through without obstruction. Along the way, Gong Yimo enthusiastically introduced the various demonic spirit plants growing within the manor gardens.

Before long, they were standing before the entrance of a fifteen-story heavenly tower bearing the plaque "Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion."

Ye Anping looked up toward the top of the tower and deliberately exclaimed in admiration:

“When I first entered the city earlier, it didn’t seem like much. But now that I’m standing close, this palace truly is magnificent.”

“Really? I think it’s fairly ordinary. Probably because Gong has lived here too long and become used to it.”

Gong Yimo also unconsciously looked up toward the highest floor of the heavenly tower.

Seeing that Gong Yimo was no longer looking at him, Ye Anping seized the opportunity to quietly unseal a small glazed bottle hidden in his sleeve. He dipped a finger into it and dispersed some of the liquid around himself using his spiritual energy.

At the same time, he hid the mysterious jade Sima Xuanji had given him—used for concealing aura—inside his collar, doing everything possible to prepare thoroughly.

And just as he finished these actions, a seductive fragrance suddenly drifted into his nose.

The moment Ye Anping smelled it, he immediately realized Gong Tianchan had arrived. Pretending not to understand, he touched the tip of his nose and asked:

“Why is there suddenly a fragrance in the air?”

Gong Yimo looked puzzled.

“There is?”

Tap tap—

Two light footsteps sounded from behind.

Just as Ye Anping was about to turn around, a black-haired young woman suddenly wrapped herself around his arm. Her orange eyes narrowed slightly as she tilted her head and looked at his profile flirtatiously.

It was Pei Lengxue’s face.

The instant he saw her, Ye Anping’s pupils involuntarily contracted slightly, though he steadied himself again within a breath.

“Senior Gong?”

Using Pei Lengxue’s face, Gong Tianchan revealed a teasing smile that instantly stirred an inexplicable surge of anger within Ye Anping, though he forcibly suppressed it.

Playing up his lustful persona, he pretended to lose control for a moment, glancing at Gong Tianchan’s slightly open collar before hurriedly pulling his gaze away.

“Senior Gong should stop teasing me...”

Naturally, Gong Tianchan noticed his lecherous gaze, yet she seemed quite pleased. She hugged his arm even tighter and laughed softly.

“Lord Liang is rather shy... If I hadn’t seen how you toyed with that Sword Sect girl before, I would’ve thought you were still a virgin.”

“...”

Gong Yimo, standing nearby, glanced at her and helped Ye Anping push her away.

“Elder Sister, stop teasing Fellow Daoist Liang. Fellow Daoist Liang has basically no resistance to your charm arts.”

“Hehe~ Lord Liang, Father has been waiting for you for quite some time. Come upstairs.”

“Mm...”

Ye Anping withdrew his gaze and said nothing further. With Gong Tianchan still clinging to his right arm, he followed Gong Yimo into the heavenly tower. Riding atop a floating stone staircase, they slowly ascended toward the highest floor.

Standing upon the floating stair, Ye Anping occasionally stole glances at Gong Tianchan, whose chest deliberately rubbed against his arm as though trying to stir his lust. A fresh wave of killing intent rose within him.

Gong Tianchan had transformed herself into the appearance of the person most important to him in this life, while acting in such a seductive and coquettish manner.

Although he knew it was fake, and Gong Tianchan herself had no idea what form she appeared as in his eyes—the act still felt like a desecration of his Junior Sister.

It had touched one of his absolute bottom lines.

Ye Anping felt that it had been a very long time since someone had provoked such fury in him. Yet he also knew what he needed to do right now, so he forcibly suppressed it for the time being.

Meanwhile, seeing Ye Anping constantly sneaking looks at her, Gong Tianchan assumed he was nearly unable to endure himself anymore. In a seductive tone, she asked:

“Speaking of which, Lord Liang, whose appearance do I currently have in your eyes?”

Ye Anping cast another fake glance at her and smiled.

“The appearance of Senior Mei Yunlu, the Pleasure Sect Master with whom Liang once shared a night of passion.”

“What—? No wonder Lord Liang looked so startled when he first saw me.”

The moment those words came out, Gong Tianchan’s eyes widened in disbelief. Even Gong Yimo beside them could not help turning back to stare at him.

“Fellow Daoist Liang and Ancestor Mei... shared a night together?”

“Liang once happened to receive Senior Mei’s favor and spent a night in pleasure with her. Though that was many years ago.”

“Fellow Daoist Liang truly hides his depths well.”

Gong Yimo looked utterly astonished. But considering Ye Anping’s previous methods, sword techniques, and what he had done to the Yun family’s

Second Young Mistress, now combined with him casually mentioning the name “Mei Yunlu,” it strangely all seemed plausible.

He had long felt that this “Liang Daliu” did not resemble an ordinary rogue cultivator at all, but rather some young master from a powerful clan who had run away to make his own name in the world.

Naturally, Gong Tianchan became even more delighted. If she used her charm arts on “Liang Daliu” a few more times, this man would become completely unable to leave her side—and this toy of hers was extraordinarily capable.

“No wonder Father thinks so highly of Fellow Daoist Liang.”

“Hehe...”

As Ye Anping continued spinning convincing lies, the floating stone carrying the three of them finally came to a stop.

Ahead lay an enormous palace hall, far larger inside than it appeared from outside. The floor was paved with polished reflective stone, and all around were decorative vases and ornaments carved from human bones and skin.

Gong Yue sat upon a blood-jade chair. The desk before him was piled with sword-message reports sent from all across the eastern region.

When he saw Ye Anping arrive, he narrowed his eyes and carefully sized him up from head to toe before smiling warmly and gesturing toward a seat.

“You’ve arrived. Sit first. Tianchan, pour Fellow Daoist Liang a cup of tea.”

“Many thanks, City Lord Gong.”

Ye Anping cupped his hands politely and sat with proper etiquette in one of the guest chairs below. Gong Tianchan also withdrew her charm technique and quickly poured him a steaming cup of crimson-red tea.

Gong Yue stared fixedly at him and smiled.

“Yimo has been praising you in my ear these past days without stop. Naturally, I also wished to meet you. Consider this cup of tea a welcoming gift.”

Though Ye Anping did not raise his head to look directly at him, he could clearly feel the sharpness of Gong Yue’s gaze.

Looking at the tea Gong Tianchan had poured for him, he immediately spotted a dormant parasitic insect resting within the cup.

A Heart-Eater Gu.

In other words, the moment he drank this tea, his life would be entirely in Gong Yue’s hands.

If Gong Yue wished, he could awaken the gu insect instantly and have it devour Ye Anping’s Nascent Soul and body from the inside out. Afterward, he could even refine the insect into a supplement pill and consume it himself.

Gong Yue truly was an old fox.

However, back when he and Junior Sister had endured gu-feasts and trained through deadly poisons, it had been precisely to prepare for

situations like this—times when they might be forced to consume something dangerous.

Moreover, Gong Yue had not even bothered using a concealment technique to hide the gu insect. He had simply placed it openly before him.

In other words, once he drank this tea, he might as well change his surname to Gong.

Ye Anping picked up the teacup and deliberately pretended to hesitate for a while. Showing no hesitation at all would have looked too intentional. He even took a deep breath and cautiously glanced at Gong Yue's expression.

Only after seeing Gong Yue's brows lower slightly did he finally raise the cup and drink it all in one gulp. Then he cupped the empty cup in both hands and displayed it toward Gong Yue, showing that he had indeed swallowed it.

"Many thanks to Senior Gong for bestowing this opportunity."

"Good!" Gong Yue nodded in satisfaction, stroking his beard. "Liang Boy, it's not that this venerable doesn't trust you. It's simply that you've only been in Heavenly Sorrow City for a few days. Given the current state between the righteous and demonic factions, this venerable naturally has to remain cautious."

"This junior understands."

"After you've stayed in Heavenly Sorrow City for a few years, this venerable will remove the Heart-Eater Gu for you."

“Yes.”

Ye Anping bowed respectfully, while the corners of his lips subtly curved upward.

At this moment, he had already obtained everything he needed for this scheme.

Now all he had to do was quietly wait for Yun Tianchong to lead the Sword Sect into battle—and then the killing formation could begin.

Gong Yue stroked his beard again.

“Liang Boy, let me hear your thoughts on something.”

“Please speak, Senior Gong.”

“The Southern Region Sword Sect is now less than three thousand li from Heavenly Sorrow City. Yun Tianchong has brought the entire sect’s elders and disciples with him. How do you think Heavenly Sorrow City should respond?”

Ye Anping lowered his eyes as though thinking for a moment before smiling.

“I imagine the matter involving the Sword Sect’s Second Young Mistress has enraged Yun Tianchong. This expedition by the Sword Sect is nothing more than moths flying into flame—not worth fearing. However, we should be wary that this may be the righteous cultivator diversion tactic...”

“What diversion tactic?”

“The Southern Region righteous sects may be using the Sword Sect as bait, drawing the Charming Spirit Sect, Pleasure Sect, and the Seven Demon Sect from around Heavenly Sorrow City into a joint siege. Then, while those sects are occupied, the remaining righteous sects of the Southern Region could launch surprise attacks from all directions. At that point, the Charming Spirit Sect and the others would have no way to guard against it.”

Gong Yue nodded in satisfaction, then knocked lightly on Gong Yimo’s shoulder.

“Yimo, learn from this. Liang Boy saw through the righteous sects’ intentions at a glance, while you were just urging me to lead Heavenly Sorrow City’s forces out to meet the enemy directly.”

Gong Yimo shrugged helplessly and spread his hands with a grin.

“But I still think it’d be pretty good for Father to go out and slaughter the righteous cultivators.”

“And why would it be good?”

Gong Yimo froze for a moment.

“Uh...”

At this moment, Ye Anping smoothly continued the conversation.

“What Young Master Gong said is actually not without merit.”

Gong Yue looked back toward Ye Anping and raised his brows.

“Explain.”

“If this junior’s guess is correct, City Lord Gong plans to remain stationed in Heavenly Sorrow City, waiting for the demonic cultivators from the Seven Demon Sect, Pleasure Sect, and the others to arrive before jointly annihilating the Shadowmoon Sword Sect. Correct?”

“Correct.”

“But if that happens, then afterward the spoils of war will have to be shared with those demonic sects. The Shadowmoon Sword Sect itself is nothing to fear. And right now, we still hold the Sword Sect’s Second Young Mistress as a hostage. If City Lord Gong destroys the Sword Sect before the other demonic sects arrive, then all of the Sword Sect’s resources would naturally belong exclusively to the Gong family of Heavenly Sorrow City.”

Gong Yimo found the reasoning quite convincing and hurriedly chimed in:

“Right, right, right! That’s exactly what I was thinking too.”

Seeing the way his adopted son was acting, Gong Yue immediately shook his head helplessly. Still, after stroking his beard and thinking for a moment, he asked:

“Liang Boy, continue.”

Ye Anping pretended to ponder for a bit before respectfully continuing:

“This junior has heard that the Heavenly Sorrow Guardian Formation can both attack and defend, and that it is among the highest-grade formations of the eastern region’s fiend arrays.”

“Hehe~ indeed...” Gong Yue stroked his beard proudly. “this venerable spent a thousand years perfecting this formation art. Within the eastern region, none can compare to it. It once even held off Nangong Cheng and tens of thousands of Overclear Sect cultivators for several months...”

“In that case, City Lord Gong may as well leave the city and engage the Sword Sect directly, luring them into Heavenly Sorrow Gorge. Then, activate the formation and coordinate with it to jointly strike down Yun Tianchong. Once Yun Tianchong dies, the remaining Sword Sect disciples will amount to nothing more than a mob.”

Hearing this, Gong Yue narrowed his eyes.

“If this venerable leaves the city, who will control the main formation core?”

Ye Anping glanced toward Gong Tianchan beside him.

“How about entrusting it to Miss Gong? ...Though she may not be able to bring out the formation’s full potential, using it to kill Yun Tianchong should still be like using an ox-cleaving blade to slaughter a chicken.”

“Hehe...”

Gong Yue stroked his beard and smiled. He had originally assumed that, having only just entered the Gong family’s circle, Ye Anping might try to persuade him to hand over control of the main formation core to him instead. But hearing him suggest Gong Tianchan instead only reinforced the impression of his “lustfulness.”

Most likely, this Liang Boy simply wanted to please his daughter.

Hearing this, Gong Tianchan immediately became delighted and hurriedly volunteered herself.

“Father, let your daughter handle it.”

“...”

Gong Yue remained silent for a moment before shifting his gaze back to Gong Yimo and sighing.

“Very well. We’ll do it that way. Yimo, when the time comes, you and the city’s elders will form the grand array and assist this venerable in slaughtering the righteous cultivators.”

“Sounds good!”

“And as for you, Liang Boy...”

“Yes, this junior is here.”

“You needn’t participate in this matter. Consider it a gift from this venerable. Yimo says you enjoy beautiful women, so let Tianchan accompany you these next few days. Go on.”

Ye Anping had already expected this outcome. Gong Yue would never allow someone who had only recently arrived in Heavenly Sorrow City to touch the grand formation.

But he had already obtained what he wanted, so he said nothing further. Instead, he deliberately put on an overwhelmed expression and cupped his hands.

“Many thanks.”

Although Gong Tianchan felt somewhat disappointed at not being entrusted with a major responsibility, she was not in a hurry. The fact that Ye Anping had spoken up for her earlier already proved that she had successfully captured the favor of the man her father valued.

Thus, she smiled and bowed.

“Alright then, Father. I’ll listen to you.”

Then she directly turned and wrapped herself around Ye Anping’s arm, pulling him toward the exit.

Naturally, Ye Anping also pretended to be delighted, allowing her to cling to his arm as they walked outside.

The Sword Sect was now only three thousand li away from Heavenly Sorrow City. In roughly three to five days, they would arrive at the city gates.

And since Gong Yue had specifically said for Gong Tianchan to accompany him during these next few days, it meant he would no longer summon her elsewhere.

In other words, it was time to switch people.

Just like before in Donghuang, while the human-skin mask could not fool one’s biological parents, deceiving ordinary elders was entirely possible.

Ye Anping glanced sideways at Gong Tianchan clinging to his arm. Seeing that she had once again used her charm arts to assume the appearance of his Junior Sister, his brows twitched slightly before he quickly looked away.

“Lord Liang, shall we head to this concubine’s cave residence now?”

“I’d be delighted to accompany you... hehe...”

...

The floating stone platform carried the two of them downward.

Only after they had left did Gong Yue speak again.

“Yimo, get closer to that Liang Boy. You can learn quite a bit from him. That boy is sharp...”

“Already learned plenty.” Gong Yimo shrugged and grinned. “On the way here earlier, Fellow Daoist Liang even captured three righteous cultivators who had snuck into the city and sent them back to Blood Prison Residence to be refined into Blood Pills.”

“Oh?”

“And during our chat just now, he mentioned that he once spent a night with Ancestor Mei of the Pleasure Sect... Plus, he’s already trained that Sword Sect Second Young Mistress into complete obedience.”

“I see...” Gong Yue raised his brows slightly in surprise, though he soon relaxed. “No wonder... That dense blood-fiend aura on him is not something ordinary demonic cultivators could refine. He might even

possess a Blood-Fiend Physique. Ah well, since he has already consumed the Heart-Eater Gu, there's nothing to worry about."

Then he beckoned Gong Yimo over.

"Come here. Father will explain the guardian formation to you."

"Yes."

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Link for character illustration:

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