

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

### Volume 7 Chapter 70 / Chapter 515: Ah Gu, Super Tough

The moon had already sunk behind the mountains, yet the sun had still not risen.

Across the vast wilderness, ink-black storm clouds blotted out the stars and moon, pressing down so heavily it felt suffocating.

Dozens of immortal boats wrapped in profound spirit armor floated in orderly formation above the dark clouds, tearing through the sky toward the northwest.

On the observation platform of the leading immortal boat, Yun Tianchong stood dressed in a gold-and-white dao robe. A spiritual sword case engraved with the Yun Clan totem rested on his back. Gazing toward the tiny glow flickering within the distant canyon like a firefly, the twin-plum blossom tattoo between his brows gradually emitted spiritual radiance.

“Sect Master...”

Hearing the call from behind him, Yun Tianchong withdrew his gaze and turned around.

Elder Tianxing stood before him together with Yun Yiyi and roughly twenty Core Formation disciples. Aside from Yun Yiyi, everyone else currently stood solemnly with hands cupped in salute.

Back when Zhuang Yan of the Sword Sect had revived Yun Kunwu, Elder Tianxing had exhausted the very foundation of his cultivation in a full-force

strike to destroy Yun Kunwu. Though he still retained Nascent Soul cultivation now, his strength was far from what it once had been.

Because of this, Yun Tianchong had arranged for him to remain at Yun Yiyi's side, together with those twenty or so disciples, to protect his eldest daughter.

"Tianxing, I'll leave Yiyi in your care. If the situation turns bad, don't hesitate and immediately take her back to Seven Star Pass."

"This disciple understands."

Watching her father's unusually spirited demeanor, Yun Yiyi felt rather emotional inside. If Ye Anping had never come to the Sword Sect back then, her old man would probably still be the same broken wreck he used to be.

Although she knew that with Ye Anping in Heavenly Sorrow City, nothing unexpected should happen, after hesitating for a moment, Yun Yiyi still stepped forward and took out a jade pendant from her storage bag.

"Father."

Only after staring at her movement for a long while did Yun Tianchong finally react. He slightly bent one knee and crouched down, allowing Yun Yiyi to place the pendant around his neck.

"Come back alive..."

Yun Yiyi narrowed her eyes into a smile, then stepped back beside Elder Tianxing and gave him a slight nod.

Elder Tianxing understood immediately. After cupping his hands once more toward Yun Tianchong, he waved his sleeve, bringing Yun Yiyi and the surrounding Sword Sect disciples with him as they transformed into streaks of golden light and flew toward the immortal boat at the rear of the fleet.

Yun Tianchong remained dazed for quite some time. Walking to the edge of the observation platform, he watched the immortal boat carrying Yun Yiyi turn around and head in the opposite direction.

A trace of relief unconsciously appeared on his face.

Raising his hand, he gently grasped the safety pendant Yun Yiyi had just placed around his neck, warmth filling his eyes.

He himself understood that he had treated Yun Yiyi and her sisters terribly in the past, causing all three daughters to deeply resent him as a father.

And after Yun Jiujiu kicked him that day, he had always wanted to make amends and repair the relationship between them.

Unfortunately, while ruining something was easy, repairing it was difficult.

For all these years, he had mostly been met with cold indifference despite his efforts.

Yet now, after receiving Yun Yiyi's safety pendant, he suddenly felt as though a lifelong wish had finally been fulfilled—as if there was nothing left binding his heart anymore.

Yun Tianchong took a deep breath. Forming a sword seal with his fingers, he rose from the observation platform into the air and summoned a spiritual sword wrapped in golden spiritual radiance into his right hand.

Turning around, he faced the armored immortal boats bearing the Sword Sect banners.

His golden eyes swept across every elder standing in formation upon the decks, and every single disciple as well.

Then, amplifying his voice with spiritual energy so that it rang clearly in everyone's ears, he declared:

“The sword once divided the four regions, its northern reach ending at the Three Rivers—such was the might of your ancestor, Immortal Yun Jian, who shook the Heavenly Domain in ages past. Yet now that old dog Gong Yue of Heavenly Sorrow City thinks that without Immortal Yun Jian, our Sword Sect has become mere fish meat waiting to be butchered. He killed this sect master's daughter and wounded the future of our Sword Sect. Tell me, disciples—can this be tolerated?!”

“““NO!! NO!! NO!!””””

Thousands of disciples roared in unison, their voices thunderous enough to shake the heavens and echo for a hundred li.

Yun Tianchong turned and raised his spiritual sword, pointing it directly toward Heavenly Sorrow City as he shouted:

“Then let those eastern-region fiends see what fate awaits anyone who dares provoke the Shadowmoon Sword Sect of the southern region! Disciples, heed my command—form ranks and slaughter the demons!!!”

...

Meanwhile, inside the Princess Manor of Heavenly Sorrow City—

Within the rear sleeping chambers, the doors and windows were tightly shut.

The brazier fueled by firestones had long since gone cold, leaving the silent room tinged with a faint chill.

Within the bed curtains, Ye Anping leaned against the pillow. The girl resting in his arms with her head against his chest had shed the blood-fiend ferocity she usually could never conceal, now sleeping quietly with her eyes closed, still not awake.

Winter dawnlight filtered through the paper windows. At this point, Ye Anping could no longer clearly remember how many sunrises he had watched already.

Originally, he had only intended to teach Gu Mingxin a lesson so she would remember not to think about forcefully pushing him down again in the future.

But somehow, without realizing it, he had gradually become immersed in it himself, completely throwing the phrase “stop at the right moment” out of his mind, until he eventually became utterly unrestrained...

He couldn't really remember the details anymore. He only vaguely recalled that Ah Gu had spent almost the entire time in a strange overlap between "consciousness" and "unconsciousness"—passing out for three breaths, opening her eyes to cry out once, then going limp again.

In the end, it was only after Ye Anping noticed her breathing had become weak that he finally snapped back to his senses and let her rest against his chest to recover.

As the sky gradually brightened, the morning bell of Heavenly Sorrow City echoed from outside the hall.

*Dong—*

Gu Mingxin's back suddenly tensed. She abruptly opened her eyes and straightened upright, instinctively blurting out:

"I'm sorr—mmph."

Then she reacted instantly and hurriedly covered her own mouth with a hand, as though her body itself had subconsciously spoken the words she wanted to say before she fainted last time.

Yet the overwhelming soreness throughout her body immediately caused the freshly straightened Gu Mingxin to collapse back onto Ye Anping's chest. Staring blankly upward, she looked at the handsome face and deep violet eyes so close before her.

Completely unlike Ye Anping's calm and unfathomable gaze, Gu Mingxin's crimson eyes were filled with a complicated mixture of disbelief and fear.

“You...”

Ye Anping merely smiled disdainfully, looking perfectly at ease as he lifted her chin with one hand.

“You’re awake?”

Gu Mingxin bit her lip tightly, immediately refusing to lose face as she forced herself into a “that’s all?” expression and nodded.

“Mhm, awake~”

“Then let’s continue.”

?!

Before Gu Mingxin could react, Ye Anping grabbed her shoulders and flipped their positions once more. This time, Gu Mingxin finally lost control and hurriedly cried out:

“No!!”

She immediately pushed desperately against Ye Anping’s chest and turned her head away. Unfortunately, she had no strength left at all, making the motion look more like a kitten kneading with its paws, which only made Ye Anping laugh helplessly.

Seeing her like this, Ye Anping no longer had any intention of continuing. He rolled off her and sat at the edge of the bed.

Gu Mingxin had already curled her toes tightly in anticipation, but when she saw Ye Anping simply get off the bed, she instantly regretted it. She

became convinced he had only been deliberately scaring her earlier—that he himself probably couldn’t keep going anymore either.

Curling her lips, she reverted back into her mischievous cat-like self and even reached out with her toes to scratch lightly at Ye Anping’s waist.

“Hm? Didn’t you say continue? Heh~”

Ye Anping turned his head to look at her infuriatingly provocative expression and felt speechless.

“You’re still pretending to be tough?”

With great effort, Gu Mingxin slowly sat herself up, placing her jade-like feet against Ye Anping’s back as she pursed her lips like a sulky cat.

“I’m not pretending. Doesn’t Ye Anping like those delicate girls who seem like they’d break at a touch? If I act a little weaker now, won’t you like me even more~? hehe~ continue then~”

Ye Anping sighed softly.

“Haa...”

“What? Can’t do it anymore? Hehe~”

Hearing that, the corners of Ye Anping’s eyes twitched slightly. He was someone personally certified by the Moon Dan Master herself, and for a moment an inexplicable urge to continue to teach her a lesson surged up inside him.

Still, he forcibly suppressed it.

There were priorities to consider. He could discipline Ah Gu anytime, but the matter of the Shadowmoon Sword Sect and Heavenly Sorrow City could not wait.

*Dong—*

The second morning bell of Heavenly Sorrow City rang into the room.

Ye Anping no longer paid attention to Gu Mingxin's teasing. Looking toward the window, he called out:

"Xue'e."

Two breaths later, Xue'e poked its head out from Ye Anping's forehead while clutching a small wooden hammer in its hand. Seeing Mingxin still stubbornly pretending to be tough, it sighed before tilting its head toward Ye Anping and asking:

「Ye Anping, did you call me just now?」

Ye Anping stared at the small wooden hammer in Xue'e's hand for a moment and immediately understood that it had spent the past two days busy smashing Xiaotian's home. But he wasn't in the mood to care, so he simply ignored it.

"Go out and take a look around. See if anything new is happening in the city, and while you're at it, go—"

Ye Anping had intended to send it out to investigate, but halfway through speaking, a third bell rang throughout the sleeping hall.

*Dong— dong— dong—*

This time, however, the bell was no longer calm and measured. It sounded urgent and tense.

Ye Anping instantly understood.

The Sword Sect had most likely arrived.

He slowly let out a breath, calming his emotions before standing up and taking an outer robe from his storage bag to drape over himself. Then he turned to glance at Gong Tianchan, who had been left off to the side for three whole days and nights, before looking toward the completely naked Gu Mingxin lying on the bed.

Gu Mingxin had been rubbing her rather swollen stomach when she noticed him looking over. She immediately raised her chin proudly with that same infuriatingly smug expression.

“Mhm~?”

Ye Anping felt mentally exhausted just looking at her, but he still ignored it. Directly taking out the clothes he had originally prepared for Feng Yudie from his storage bag, he sat back down beside the bed and grabbed Gu Mingxin by the ankle.

“Ah?”

Gu Mingxin was startled as well. She thought he really intended to continue again.

But after pulling her to the edge of the bed, Ye Anping simply said nothing and took out a handkerchief to clean up the cum that had bathed her body and then calmly began helping her get dressed.

Seeing that he was only dressing her, Gu Mingxin secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Pouting slightly, she glanced toward the window and asked:

“Ye Anping~ outside, is it...?”

“The Sword Sect has arrived.”

“Mhm...”

Because he used to help Junior Sister get dressed so often, it took Ye Anping less than the time for an incense stick to burn before he had Ah Gu cleaned up and dressed all soft and fragrant. Afterward, he took out a medicinal pill from his storage bag and forcibly shoved it into her mouth.

“Circulate your spiritual energy and recover quickly. I’m making the mask.”

After giving the brief order, Ye Anping’s gaze darkened slightly. Using spiritual energy, he lifted Gong Tianchan’s head into the air and took out a small knife while steadying his breathing.

“Xue’e, help me with this.”

After all, human-skin masks were ultimately a demonic cultivator technique. He had never personally made one before. However, when Gu Mingxin crafted Kong Huayuan’s mask last time, he had carefully observed the entire process. With Xue’e supervising beside him, even if he couldn’t make it perfectly, it would still definitely be usable.

Gong Tianchan's face only needed to fool a few Nascent Soul cultivators inside the City Lord's Manor. It didn't need to be convincing enough to deceive a Divine Transformation elder from the Ghost Spirit Sect like Ye Anping's own disguises had.

Xue'e naturally understood. It hurriedly stuffed the little wooden hammer back beneath its skirt, took out the Heavenly Demon Scriptures, flipped to the appropriate page, and floated over in front of Ye Anping while tugging it open.

「Anping, just follow what you see. It's not difficult.」

“Mm...”

Gu Mingxin also said nothing. Using her feet to pull her legs into a cross-legged position beside him, she closed her eyes and began circulating her spiritual energy to absorb the pill Ye Anping had just fed her.

Once she felt most of the soreness and weakness throughout her body had faded, Ye Anping had also finished making the mask.

Gu Mingxin pressed her lips together, suddenly feeling like she was back in fighting shape again. A teasing look appeared in her eyes as she asked:

“After the battle in a few days is over~ mm...”

“We'll talk about it later.”

Ye Anping felt mentally exhausted. He tossed the mask into her hands while putting on Kong Huayuan's mask himself. Then, supporting Gu

Mingxin as they stood up together, he quickly pushed open the doors of the sleeping hall and walked out into the courtyard.

*Rumble—*

Though it should have been sunrise, the sky was now covered in dark ink-colored storm clouds. Golden-red lightning flashed like swimming dragons through the clouds, releasing low thunderous growls.

Several servants from the Princess Manor happened to pass in front of the sleeping hall. Seeing Ye Anping and ‘Gong Tianchan’ emerge, they hurried over to bow.

“Son-in-law, Young Miss. The Shadowmoon Sword Sect has already arrived outside Heavenly Sorrow Ravine. Earlier, a city guard flew over on his sword to deliver a message—the City Lord said that Young Miss and the son-in-law do not need to go to the City Lord’s Manor.”

“Understood~”

Gu Mingxin slipped into character quickly. Pretending to be Gong Tianchan, she wrapped an arm around Ye Anping’s shoulder and said:

“Lord Liang, then shall we go back inside and continue?”

Xue’e and Ye Anping almost simultaneously glanced sideways at her, though neither spoke.

Gu Mingxin gave a playful smile before replying to the maid:

“Just joking. With the Sword Sect at the city gates, how could I possibly not go? You may leave now. Lord Liang and I will head to the City Lord’s Manor immediately.”

“...Yes.”

The maid didn’t dare say anything further. She nodded and hurried away.

Only after watching her leave did Ye Anping finally speak:

“Ah Gu.”

“Mhm~?”

“I’ll make this clear first. If you keep acting like this again... then next time, even if you were begging for mercy and apologizing over-and-over again like just now, I would still continue.”

Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes into a smile, though a trace of fear also surfaced within her crimson gaze.

“Relax, Ye Anping~ I’m far more useful than that silly white-haired fool~ ...Come on~ I’ll go kill some demonic cultivators for you, hehe—”

Ye Anping didn’t reply. Summoning his flying sword, he wrapped an arm around Gu Mingxin’s waist and brought her onto it with him. Then the two shot up from the rear of the Princess Manor and flew toward the twelve-story Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion in the northern part of the city.

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Note:

Man, Gu Mingxin is fearless, she kept stroking the fire. „☹☹☹“

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Link for character illustration:

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