

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

Volume 7 Chapter 77 / Chapter 522: Senior Brother, Stay With Yudie

In the blink of an eye, the rising sun had already climbed to directly overhead.

After Yun Yiyi left, Ye Anping lay on the bed and rested with his eyes closed for a while before getting up, changing into the ceremonial robes of the Young Master of the Hundred Lotus Sect and walking out of the sleeping hall.

Perhaps because the demonic cultivators within the city had all been purged, the baleful black clouds that had long hung above Heavenly Sorrow City had now given way to blue skies and white clouds.

Though the garden outside the sleeping hall still bore traces of the looting and destruction caused by the servants of the Blood Prison Residence, leaving it somewhat damaged and quiet, it nevertheless felt peaceful as usual. One could vaguely see butterflies fluttering among the flowers and winter bees gathering nectar.

Wanting to clear his mind, Ye Anping planned to stroll through the garden before heading to find Yun Tianchong to discuss the Demonic Slayer sword.

However, just as he stepped down from the stairs outside the hall, Feng Yudie's voice came from behind him:

“Young Master Ye~~”

Following the sound, Ye Anping looked up toward the roof behind him.

Feng Yudie was currently sprawled atop the roof of the sleeping hall, poking her head out over the eaves with a silly grin on her face. Then she directly flipped down from the roof, slipped to his side in a single step, hugged his arm, and used herself as a walking cane as she asked with concern:

“How are your injuries? Do you need me to transfer some spiritual energy to you again?”

“No need. We’re going to stay in the Heavenly Sorrow City for another ten days to half a month. I’ll recover slowly.”

“Oh... then is it okay if I hold onto you like this?”

“...It’s not like you can’t.”

“Hehe~”

Ye Anping shrugged and said nothing more, allowing her to cling to his arm as they walked together along the garden path toward the guest quarters of Blood Prison Residence.

Feng Yudie was dressed in white today, and her silver hair looked as though it had been specially styled. A faint layer of rouge dusted her face. Walking beside him along the garden path, her face carried a soft smile the entire time. She didn’t say anything, looking exactly like a young girl enjoying precious alone time with the one she loved.

This quiet, gentle side of her unexpectedly relaxed Ye Anping as well. He even thought about rewarding her with a roasted chicken later.

However, after they had only walked about thirty steps down the path, one sentence from Feng Yudie suddenly made him stop breathing for a moment:

“Young Master Ye, were you and Miss Yun dual cultivating all night yesterday?”

?!

Ye Anping’s footsteps halted. He stiffly turned his head to look at her and saw that although Feng Yudie still wore the same smile, two faint blushes had appeared on her cheeks. Instantly, an inexplicable sense of guilt welled up inside him.

After pondering for a moment, he slowly answered:

“No...”

“Then why did I hear Miss Yun saying things like... ‘Anping, does it feel good when I twist like this? Do you want to rub these? Junior Sister Pei and Young Mistress Xiao’s wasn’t as big as mine... hehe~’”

“.....”

Back then, this was a girl who thought babies were delivered by immortal cranes. Yet now, she was saying things like this right to his face.

Ye Anping instantly became so embarrassed his toes nearly dug a hole through the soles of his shoes. The guilt in his heart deepened further, and he subconsciously turned his gaze away, not knowing how to answer.

But seeing that Ye Anping seemed embarrassed, Feng Yudie narrowed her eyes and smiled before softly asking:

“Was it the ‘Immortal Riding the Stubborn Donkey’? I saw it in Senior Sister Xiao’s book... this one...”

As if afraid Ye Anping wouldn’t be embarrassed enough, Feng Yudie even pulled out the book Erotic Art of the Immortal Palace – Deluxe Edition from her storage bag, flipped to a certain page, pointed at the two indecently entangled little figures on it, and asked:

“Was it this one?”

“.....”

Ye Anping felt like his jaw no longer belonged to him. Taking a deep breath, he hurriedly snatched the book away, condensed a small flame in his palm, and instantly burned the book into ashes.

“Ah?!”

“Yudie, it’s enough for you to read that book once. Have you been reading it every day?”

Feeling that it was a waste, Feng Yudie puffed out her lips and said:

“Wasn’t it Young Master Ye who told me to study? How could I learn it after reading it only once...”

“That doesn’t mean I told you to read it every day. Also, were you secretly listening the whole night yesterday?”

“Young Master Ye, you told me to wait outside. I was worried you might need my spiritual energy, so I kept squatting on the rooftop. That Gu-surnamed bitch ran off halfway through though...”

“What about Xiaotian?”

“It and that pitch-black thing fought who-knows-where. I haven’t seen either of them come back since last night.”

“I see...”

Ye Anping did not continue the topic. Spotting a rare spiritual flower ahead, he used the opportunity to change the subject. He directly led Feng Yudie over, plucked the flower, and tucked it into her hair by her ear.

“That silver spiritual flower is pretty rare. Here.”

“Hm? Hehe~ thank you, Young Master Ye.”

...

Like a pair of young dao companions admiring flowers together, Ye Anping led Feng Yudie through the rear gardens of Blood Prison Residence. Before long, they arrived before a frozen lotus pond.

Because it was winter, there were neither fish nor lotus flowers in the pond. However, beneath the nearby pavilion, Yun Tianchong sat in a wheelchair, apparently discussing something with Yun Jiujiu.

Yun Tianchong's brows were tightly furrowed, his expression extremely serious, while Yun Jiujiu's face was filled with impatience.

"I already said it, I don't feel that way about him! Are you done nagging me already?!"

After noticing Ye Anping and Feng Yudie approaching, Yun Tianchong glanced at them, raised a fist to his mouth, and coughed twice.

"Ahem—ahem—"

Yun Jiujiu turned her head and looked behind her. Upon seeing Ye Anping and Feng Yudie who's hugging his arm, she hurriedly stood up.

"I'm gonna go check on my Sword Wine Peak disciples."

Then she fled in a puff of smoke, jogging off in the opposite direction from where Ye Anping and the others had come.

Watching the appearance of his second daughter, Yun Tianchong immediately let out a heartfelt sigh.

"Sigh... and she still says she doesn't mean anything by it... Tch, that troublesome girl."

Walking beneath the pavilion, Ye Anping asked somewhat curiously:

"Sect Master Yun, what's wrong with Jiujiu?"

"Nothing much..."

Yun Tianchong glanced at the smiling Feng Yudie beside him, froze for a moment, and dark lines immediately spread across his forehead again.

Feng Yudie was the adopted daughter of Tai Xu, and in the past Tai Xu had, more or less, been his dao companion.

Although Feng Yudie herself would probably never acknowledge it, from that relationship alone, she could also be considered his adopted daughter.

Now Yun Yiyi has been swept away by Ye Anping. Judging from Yun Jiujiu's current state, she probably would not be far behind. And Feng Yudie and Ye Anping had already shared hardships together for so many years...

On top of that, Ye Anping had even obtained his father's Snow Qiong of the Myriad Spirits Sword...

This brat Ye Anping was practically plucking wool from the Yun family nonstop...

Naturally, Yun Tianchong felt somewhat displeased. However, Ye Anping was not the type to simply take from the Yun family and ignore them afterward.

Regarding the incident at Heavenly Sorrow City, Yun Tianchong had originally come prepared to die. If not for Ye Anping, then by now both he and the Sword Sect disciples he had brought would probably have been buried beneath the wastelands outside Heavenly Sorrow City by Gong Yue.

After remaining silent for a while, Yun Tianchong braced himself against the wheelchair and reluctantly stood up. Then he respectfully cupped his hands and bowed.

“Young Master Ye, please accept a bow from Yun. If not for you, then since yesterday the Sword Sect would likely already have been recorded in the history books.”

“You praise me too highly, Sect Master Yun. I already have a marriage agreement with Yiyi, so the Sword Sect can be considered my future in-laws. Naturally, I should help.”

“Heh... what are your plans from here on?”

“We’ll rest in Heavenly Sorrow City for a while. Once the cultivators from the southern, western, and northern regions cross the Blood River of the Eastern Region, we’ll depart for the Heavenly Demon Sect.”

Ye Anping sat down on a stone bench, had Feng Yudie wait by his side, and then said:

“Sect Master Yun, there are actually two things I’d like to ask of you.”

“Speak freely.”

“The first matter is this: I ask Sect Master Yun to take all the credit for conquering Heavenly Sorrow City upon yourself. After the Taibai Sect returns from destroying the Pleasure Sect, simply say that you killed Gong Yue and effortlessly captured Heavenly Sorrow City. Do not mention me.”

“What?”

Yun Tianchong seemed not to understand. His brows furrowed slightly as he looked at Ye Anping in disbelief.

“Why? The Sword Sect breached the city entirely because of you. Once word of this spreads, your reputation among the cultivators of the southern region will certainly soar. Countless cultivators in this world all wish to rise to prominence during great events. Yet now that this fame is already in your hands, you’re just giving it to me?”

“The southern region’s righteous sects lost their Dao Ancestor. They’re already like a flock of dragons without a head. Right now, what they need most is a leader.”

“Then shouldn’t you accept this achievement even more? Wouldn’t it be better for you to lead the southern region’s righteous sects in attacking the Heavenly Demon Sect in the future?”

“I know my own limits. I don’t have the charisma to lead thousands across a river into battle.” Ye Anping shrugged slightly and glanced at the nearby Feng Yudie. “If it’s coming up with strategies, I can do that. If it’s infiltrating enemy camps, I can do that too. But if you want me to lead countless cultivators in a charge... that’s beyond me.”

“.....”

Yun Tianchong sized up Ye Anping’s appearance and understood what he meant.

In terms of martial talent and intelligence, few righteous sect cultivators could compare to him. But when it came to the commanding aura needed to awe and inspire others, even his own daughter Jiu’er surpassed him.

Though Yun Jiujiu was reckless, her voice was loud and her temperament fiery. During fierce battles against demonic cultivators, once she shouted, nearly every righteous sect disciple following her would instinctively focus on her.

“So... you want me to...”

“Mhm.”

Ye Anping nodded.

“After the southern region lost its Dao Ancestor, it lost its pillar. Once news of the battle at Heavenly Sorrow City spreads, the Shadowmoon Sword Sect will naturally gain the admiration of cultivators from every sect in the southern region. Sect Master Yun, your former reputation among southern cultivators as the ‘shame of the Divine Transformation realm,’ ‘morally corrupt,’ and ‘a man who only knows how to toy with women’ will probably improve somewhat as well.”

“After hearing about the battle of Heavenly Sorrow City, the southern cultivators will probably think something like—‘So that Yun Tianchong isn’t entirely just someone raised by the treasures his father left behind. He actually does have some ability...’”

The more Yun Tianchong listened, the harsher the words sounded to his ears, though inwardly he admitted they were true.

If this had been the old him, then hearing Ye Anping talk about him like this would have made him draw his sword and cripple the boy without another word.

But ever since emerging from seclusion and seeing how the Sword Sect had nearly been wiped out because of Yun Kunwu, he had been constantly reflecting on himself.

“Your words really sting, brat...”

“Hehe, bitter medicine cures illness.” Ye Anping smiled. “Who knows? A few hundred years from now, maybe the Shadowmoon Sword Sect will replace the Taibai Sect and become one of the great sects of the southern region.”

“Then I’ll gladly accept the blessing.”

Feeling that his chances of breaking into the Void Return realm were slim, Yun Tianchong asked again:

“And the second matter?”

Ye Anping nodded, took out the Demonic Slayer from his storage bag, and placed it on the stone table before him.

“I wonder whether Sect Master Yun’s sword intent divine technique could remove the baleful spirit from this sword—”

Before he could finish speaking, Yun Tianchong directly reached out and pulled away the spirit-forged cloth wrapped around the sword, startling Ye Anping into hurriedly trying to stop him.

“Wait!!”

“What?”

“This sword has the effect of a spirit medium... Sect Master Yun, please be careful...”

Yun Tianchong raised an eyebrow. With a wave of his hand, he used spiritual energy to completely unwrap the cloth around Demonic Slayer. Upon seeing the pitch-black blade, a trace of surprise appeared in his eyes.

“The sword of the former Sect Master of the Moon Spirit Sect? Hoh...”

“After Sword Immortal Shen was trapped in the eastern region back then, he wasn’t killed in the siege. Instead, he remained in the eastern region constantly slaying demons, until he himself became corroded by demonic miasma...”

“Heh... rather ironic. The one who slew demons ultimately became a demon himself.”

Yun Tianchong shook his head with a bitter smile. After hesitating for a moment, he directly reached out and grasped the hilt of Demonic Slayer.

In an instant, a surge of baleful aura spread out from the sword body. At the side, Feng Yudie hurriedly drew out Bai Yue, which Ye Anping had entrusted to her, pulled Ye Anping to his feet, and shielded him behind her.

“Young Master Ye, what is this thing...”

“Be careful.”

Yun Tianchong frowned and gritted his teeth.

“Haah!!”

At once, the massive baleful aura condensed within the pavilion into a human form, transforming into a man whose height and appearance resembled Ye Anping, though his gaze was incomparably cold.

Yun Tianchong glanced sideways at him and crooked his mouth into a grin.

“Sect Master Shen, long time no see.”

Shen Xin glanced at Yun Tianchong, then looked toward Ye Anping and Feng Yudie. Closing his eyes, he let out a long breath.

“Heh... this Nascent Soul brat—is he your son?”

“He’s my son-in-law.”

“Your son-in-law, and you passed the Sword Sect’s Sword Inquiry Art to him?”

“My old man taught him. Has nothing to do with me.”

“No wonder...”

Shen Xin furrowed his brows and once again looked toward Ye Anping behind Feng Yudie’s protection, while Feng Yudie narrowed her golden eyes, beads of cold sweat appearing on her forehead.

The feeling Shen Xin gave Feng Yudie was very similar to the Yun Kunwu she had encountered back in the Sword Sect’s forbidden grounds.

After remaining silent for a while, Yun Tianchong smiled and said:

“You’re already this old. Why are you still staying inside a sword? Can’t let it go?”

“.....Ye Anping.”

“What instructions does Sword Immortal Shen have?”

“How long has it been?”

“...Two thousand and seventy-two years, if this junior has calculated correctly.”

“I see...”

Shen Xin fell silent for a moment before looking back at Yun Tianchong.

“Then do it.”

Yun Tianchong also let out a sigh of relief. Immediately forming hand seals, he condensed eight dharma swords with his divine technique, and in an instant they pierced straight through Shen Xin’s chest.

Whoosh—

Even though the eight dharma swords pierced through his chest, Shen Xin’s expression did not change in the slightest.

He quietly stared into Ye Anping’s deep violet eyes as his figure gradually distorted and faded away. Without leaving behind even a single final word, he vanished beneath the pavilion.

And the pitch-black Demonic Slayer, stained dark by over a thousand years of baleful aura, gradually shed its inky blackness along with his disappearance, transforming into a completely snow-white spiritual sword.

The sword fell from midair onto the stone table, directly slicing the table into two halves.

Yun Tianchong grabbed the hilt, lifted the sword, and tossed it toward Ye Anping.

After catching it and inspecting the blade, Ye Anping cupped his hands in thanks.

“Sect Master Yun, many thanks.”

“It’s nothing worth mentioning.”

“Then this junior will not disturb Sect Master Yun’s rest any longer. I’ll take my leave first.”

After storing away the spiritual sword, Ye Anping bowed once more, then pulled Feng Yudie along as they headed back toward the garden.

“Yudie, this sword is for you, return Bai Yue to me. That’s the sword Senior Sister Bai forged for me.”

“Thank you, Young Master Ye!”

“Heh... alright, I’ll go get you some roasted chicken. Come on, let’s head to the kitchen.”

“Okay, hehe~”

...

Watching the two leave while chatting and laughing together, Yun Tianchong wore a depressed expression, feeling as though Ye Anping had

used him as a convenient tool for flirting with girls. But very quickly, he let it go.

He deserved it.

“Sigh...”

Letting out a sigh, he pushed his wheelchair forward and headed toward the streets outside Blood Prison Residence.

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Link for character illustration:

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