

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

Volume 7 Chapter 79 / Chapter 524: Jiujiu, Let's Talk About It Later!

Chirp chirp...

The birds outside the bedchamber sang melodiously, while a faint floral fragrance drifted through the gaps in the window and into the curtains.

Gu Mingxin lay quietly on the bed. The thin blanket was pulled up to her collarbone. After a night's rest, the blush on her cheeks had faded, though her long black hair remained a tangled mess spread across the pillow.

“Anping~ I can do it myself... Go wash up first.”

“It's not like I'm in a hurry. It's fine... I'll help you.”

...

The soft conversation drifted into her ears. Gu Mingxin slowly opened her eyes and stared at the carved wooden ceiling above the bed for a moment before turning toward the source of the voices.

Ye Anping was kneeling on one knee in front of a wheelchair. Holding a pair of thigh-high cotton stockings, he carefully pulled them over Yun Yiyi's feet. His expression carried both helplessness and amusement.

After helping Yun Yiyi put on her shoes and draping a wool blanket over her legs, he pushed her to the dressing table and picked up a comb to tame her somewhat messy golden hair.

Hearing movement from the bed, Ye Anping glanced back.

The moment she noticed his gaze, Gu Mingxin immediately adopted a composed, seductive posture. Turning onto her side and propping up her cheek, she threw him a flirtatious wink, as if asking:

Ye Anping, is this all you've got?

The infuriating expression made the corners of Ye Anping's eyes twitch. He simply ignored her. Taking a fresh set of clothes from his storage bag, he tossed them over.

“Ah Gu, get dressed. We need to get moving.”

Catching the clothes, Gu Mingxin tried moving her legs.

She couldn't muster any strength at all.

After a moment of silence, she asked, “You'll help her get dressed, but not me?”

“Heh~ Aren't you still feeling pretty satisfied with yourself? Yiyi's cultivation is low, and she's physically delicate. You can't compare with her. Naturally, I need to take better care of her. Dress yourself.”

Gu Mingxin pouted slightly and shot him a sharp look.

“Well, that's true. With just this little blonde girl, how could she possibly handle you?”

For some reason, Yun Yiyi felt irritated hearing that. She was about to fire back, but after seeing Ye Anping shake his head, she held herself back.

After securing Yun Yiyi's hair with a jade hairpin, Ye Anping pushed her wheelchair toward the door and left a final remark:

“Hurry up and get dressed. I'll wait at the front gate. We need to depart.”

With that, he wheeled Yun Yiyi out of the room and thoughtfully closed the door behind them.

The moment they were gone, Gu Mingxin immediately seemed to deflate. Failing to support herself properly, she collapsed back onto the bed.

She tried moving her legs again.

Not even a little.

“Ugh~~~ They're so sore...”

At that moment, Xue'e emerged from her forehead. Like a little adult, it looked at Gu Mingxin sprawled on the bed and repeatedly shook its head with a sigh.

「Sigh... Mingxin, you really brought this on yourself...」

“What do you mean I brought it on myself?”

「If you'd acted a little softer, Ye Anping would've been much gentler with you. He might've even helped you get dressed just like he did for that girl. You're the one insisting on being stubborn. Admitting defeat won't kill you.」

“Defeat? It's just a little soreness in my legs... That girl is the one stuck in a wheelchair. I'll recover after resting for a bit.”

Xue'e had long grown accustomed to Mingxin's stubborn pride and stopped trying to persuade her.

Landing on the bed, it struggled to pick up the clothes Ye Anping had thrown over and waddled toward Gu Mingxin.

「Alright, turn over. I'll help you get dressed」

“Who wants your help? You can barely carry the clothes. I'll do it myself later.”

「Turn over!」

“...”

. . .

Rumble, rumble...

In the garden, the wooden wheels of the wheelchair rolled over the gravel path.

Ye Anping pushed Yun Yiyi forward. Worried that the bumps might make her uncomfortable, he deliberately slowed his pace. The two strolled leisurely along the flower-lined path, allowing the refreshing fragrance to wash away the lingering effects of the indescribable seductive incense still clouding their minds.

“Anping, the baleful aura near the Blood River is much heavier than it is here. And with the current situation, you'll need to be careful after you get there.”

“Don't worry. I have my own plans.”

“Is there anything I can do to help? Should I send an immortal vessel to take you near the Blood River?”

“No need. An immortal vessel is too conspicuous. If I travel by one, the demonic sects on the other side of the Blood River will learn about it long before I arrive.”

Yun Yiyi lowered her eyes sadly and sighed.

“If only I had talent as good as Sister Pei's. Then I'd be able to stay by your side and help you all the time.”

“How come you're getting sentimental all of a sudden?” Ye Anping rubbed her head. “Even if you had the same talent as my Junior Sister, I still wouldn't take you with me. The Blood River is a place where survival is one chance in ten. Just stay safely in the rear. I don't want you pulling a stunt like Jiujiu's either...”

“Speaking of which... has Jiujiu come looking for you during this past month?”

“No. Whenever she comes by, it's usually to drink with Feng Yudie. Every time I go over, she leaves. I guess she's just been busy with matters of the Sword Sect? After all, she's the Sword Sect's Second Young Mistress.”

“I see...”

Yun Yiyi nodded thoughtfully and said nothing more.

Yet she could vaguely sense that her second sister had changed somewhat.

In fact, she had previously taken the time to visit Yun Jiujiu, hoping to bring her together with Ye Anping so they could have a proper conversation. But every time she brought up the subject, Yun Jiujiu would find an excuse to refuse. Either she needed to discipline the disciples of Sword Wine Peak, or some elder was supposedly looking for her.

In short, judging from her second sister's behavior, she clearly didn't want to see Ye Anping.

As Yun Yiyi pondered the matter, Ye Anping pushed her wheelchair around a corner. Ahead, beneath a leafless apricot tree, Yun Jiujiu and Feng Yudie were sitting together, drinking wine and playing Go.

Apparently hearing the rumbling sound of the wheelchair, Yun Jiujiu glanced in their direction. The moment she saw Ye Anping, she immediately sprang to her feet.

“Damn it, I've got something urgent to do! I'm leaving!”

“Huh?”

Feng Yudie had been focused on the Go board, but when she looked up, Yun Jiujiu had already turned around and was sprinting away down the nearby corridor.

Ye Anping was puzzled. He wasn't blind—he had clearly noticed that whenever Yun Jiujiu saw him lately, she would run away.

Instinctively, he wondered if he had been too rough on her during those acupuncture treatments before...

Pushing Yun Yiyi forward, he walked over and asked,

“Yudie, what's wrong with Jiujiu?”

“Huh? Young Master Ye, you're up... She said she had something urgent and left.”

“I see.”

The tuft of hair atop Feng Yudie's head swayed from side to side as she cautiously glanced at Yun Yiyi sitting in the wheelchair.

“Miss Yun, why are you in a wheelchair again? Weren't you fine yesterday?”

Looking at Feng Yudie's innocent expression, Yun Yiyi thought for a moment before covering her mouth and laughing.

“Pfft—Miss Feng has been with Anping for so long. Don't tell me you still don't know how fierce he is in that regard? Once he lets himself go, there's not a single girl in the world who could withstand him...”

Feng Yudie shrank back slightly.

“I've never dual-cultivated with Young Master Ye... hehe...”

“Hm? You haven't?”

Yun Yiyi was somewhat surprised. She tilted her head back and looked up at Ye Anping behind her.

“I thought Miss Feng had been by Anping's side for a very long time. I assumed you two had already—”

“—Ahem.”

Ye Anping immediately coughed, interrupting their conversation.

“Yudie, go pack your things. We'll be leaving Heavenly Sorrow City shortly and heading directly toward the Heavenly Demon Sect.”

“...Okay.”

Feng Yudie gave Ye Anping's trousers a thoughtful glance before agreeing and turning to head back to her room to pack.

After taking a few steps, however, she seemed to remember something. Returning to the table where the Go pieces were laid out, she picked up an exquisitely wrapped red sandalwood box.

“Oh right! Young Master Ye, Jiujiu asked me to give this to you.”

“Hm?”

Ye Anping accepted it and removed the wrapping.

Inside the red sandalwood box sat a small sealed wine jar. Delicate twin-sword motifs had been carved onto its surface.

If he remembered correctly, this should be wine personally brewed by Yun Jiujiu.

In the game, during the Shadowmoon Sword Sect side quest, after triggering Yun Jiujiu's love-letter event, she would hand over her

homemade wine to the player before dying in battle. It served as proof that her affection level had been completely maxed out.

The wine's effects were rather ordinary. Most players chose to sell it to merchants, since it could fetch fifty thousand spirit stones—a considerable amount in the early stages of the game.

So then...

Had he, through a bizarre series of accidents, managed to "needle" Yun Jiujiu's affection all the way to maximum?

"... .."

Ye Anping revealed a somewhat helpless smile. He did not refuse the gift, instead storing the wine in his storage bag.

"Yiyi, later on, tell Jiujiu this for me: I don't drink alcohol, but I've accepted the gift."

Yun Yiyi naturally understood the significance of the wine.

Her second sister treasured the wine she brewed herself. She had never given it to anyone, nor even allowed others to take a sip. The meaning behind gifting it was self-evident.

But hearing Ye Anping's response, she also understood that it was, in all likelihood, a rejection.

"Won't you at least consider it?"

"No need. I've always thought of her as my little sister-in-law."

“Alright, I'll pass the message along.”

Yun Yiyi sighed softly.

She didn't mind the situation herself, but since Ye Anping wasn't willing, she wouldn't press the matter. At most, she would have a proper talk with Yun Jiujiu later.

Just then, a series of heavy footsteps echoed from the entrance of the garden.

“Hehehe~~ Just as I expected.”

The aged voice caused Ye Anping to look over in surprise.

An elderly man with graying temples and a long white beard entered the garden, accompanied by several disciples of the Taibai Sect.

Yun Yiyi sensed that the old man was merely an ordinary mortal. However, the disciples accompanying him were all Nascent Soul inner disciples. She was puzzled for a moment until Ye Anping immediately rose and bowed respectfully.

“This junior greets the Dao Ancestor.”

Only then did she realize who the old man was.

“Greetings, Tianyun Daoxian...”

“Hehe~ what Tianyun Daoxian? Nowadays, I'm nothing more than a frail old man.”

Zu Yuan waved his hand dismissively and mocked himself.

He glanced over Yun Yiyi and Feng Yudie. Seeing Yun Yiyi sitting in a wheelchair with a somewhat pale complexion, he instantly understood exactly how she had ended up in that state.

Smiling knowingly, he waved his hand.

“Boy Ye, care to have a chat?”

“Of course... Yudie, take Yiyi to the rear hall first.”

Feng Yudie nodded. Taking hold of the wheelchair, she pushed Yun Yiyi away down a nearby corridor.

Zu Yuan likewise instructed the Taibai Sect disciples accompanying him to withdraw outside the garden.

The old man and the young man sat across from one another at a stone table beneath the tree.

Unsure why Zu Yuan had personally come here, Ye Anping respectfully asked after taking his seat,

“Dao Ancestor, you're now living as a mortal. The baleful energy in the Eastern Region is extremely dense... Isn't it dangerous for you to come here?”

“I've lived for over ten thousand years, after all. This little bit of baleful energy can't trouble me.”

Zu Yuan stroked his beard and chuckled.

“When I heard that Yun Tianchong led the Sword Sect and captured Heavenly Sorrow City in a single day, I wondered where he got such ability from.”

He looked directly at Ye Anping.

“But then I found out you were here. That explains everything.”

“Uh... this junior didn't really do much.”

“If you didn't do much, do you think Yun Tianchong and a few thousand Sword Sect disciples could have taken the Heavenly Sorrow City?”

“...”

Ye Anping wasn't used to being praised so highly. Feeling somewhat embarrassed, he clasped his hands and poured the old man a cup of tea.

“Then what brings the Dao Ancestor to Heavenly Sorrow City?”

“Beyond the Blood River lies the Heavenly Demon Sect. Once the Heavenly Demon Sect falls, this war will finally come to an end.”

Zu Yuan took a sip of tea.

“No matter what, I was once the Sect Master of the Taibai Sect. How could I not come witness the outcome with my own eyes?”

“I see...”

“Besides, I also wanted to see how you're doing.”

A meaningful smile appeared on his face.

“Sun Juehu harbors ill intentions, you know. You're aware of the relationship between her and your Dao companion, aren't you?”

After a brief moment of thought, Ye Anping nodded.

“Of course. I already have a plan.”

“Good. As long as you have a plan.”

Zu Yuan leaned back slightly.

“If there's anything you need from the Taibai Sect, don't hesitate to ask. You inherited my spiritual root. In a sense, you're my successor.”

“Although I can't make you the Young Sect Master of Taibai Sect, if you speak up, the sect will do everything in its power to help.”

“I don't require anything, but I sincerely appreciate the Dao Ancestor's kindness.”

“Hehehe~~”

Zu Yuan laughed.

“I'm still looking forward to seeing that little grandma stuck in a wheelchair someday. So don't go dying halfway through, boy.”

“...This junior will do his best.”

“Then I'll be waiting to see it.”

The old man smiled broadly.

“Come, play a game of Go with me.”

Ye Anping nodded with a smile and began arranging the pieces on the board before them.

“It would be my honor.”

...

The rising sunlight gradually climbed from the eastern horizon until it stood high overhead in the sky.

Ye Anping played a game of Go with Zu Yuan in the garden of the Blood Prison Residence. By the time the match ended, Gu Mingxin and Feng Yudie had finished preparing their belongings, so there was no reason to linger any longer.

Taking advantage of the noon hour, the three of them exited through the front gate of the Blood Prison Residence. Then, together, they summoned their flying swords and stepped onto them.

“Then this junior shall take his leave. Dao Ancestor, please take care. Yiyi as well.”

“Mhm.”

“Anping, be careful on the road...”

After exchanging a few final words with those who had come to see them off, Ye Anping glanced at the sky. Then he, Feng Yudie, and Gu Mingxin transformed into three streaks of azure light that rose from Heavenly Sorrow City. After making a sharp turn, they sped directly toward the northwest.

What Ye Anping didn't notice was that, across the street from the Blood Prison Residence, at the entrance of a narrow alley—

Yun Jiujiu was peeking around a wall.

She kept watching him and the others the entire time. Only after the three sword-riders disappeared into the clouds did she finally let out a troubled sigh.

“Damn it... sigh...”

She lifted the wine gourd hanging at her waist and took a swig, then wiped her mouth and turned around, intending to head back to the City Lord's Manor.

But the moment she took a step, the familiar rumbling sound of wheelchair wheels approached from behind.

Rumble... rumble...

Yun Yiyi rolled up in her wheelchair, wearing a mischievous grin.

“Jiujiu... do you have feelings for Anping?”

Yun Jiujiu froze for a moment before immediately snapping back, “Feelings my ass! He's my brother-in-law!”

Then, noticing Yun Yiyi sitting in the wheelchair, she frowned and smacked her lips.

“Seriously, is Brother-in-law really that much of a man? You've basically been sleeping with him every day this past month, right?”

“...Anping simply has an excess of yang energy. It's basically a medical condition.”

Yun Yiyi shrugged lightly.

“He asked me to pass along a message. He doesn't drink alcohol, but he accepted the wine you gave him.”

Yun Jiujiu furrowed her brows, but she immediately understood what the message really meant.

“Damn it, why make it sound so roundabout? If he doesn't like me, then he doesn't like me. Why phrase it like that...?”

“Still, if Anping were willing to accept you, I honestly wouldn't mind.”

Yun Yiyi smiled.

“If nothing else, you could always become my dowry maid and marry into the family together with me.”

“Huh?! Who the hell wants to be your dowry maid?! Get lost!”

“With that personality of yours, if you don't go as part of the dowry, you'll never get married at all.”

Yun Jiujiu rolled her eyes and started walking away.

“Then I won't get married! So what? What's the big deal?”

Sighing, Yun Yiyi wheeled herself after her.

“If you don't get married, how are you going to continue the family line? What if Anping and I don't have any descendants? At the very least, you and Yun Xi would need to have children. Otherwise, the Yun family line will end with us. Great-Grandfather's legacy still needs to be passed on...”

“...Sis, why are you nagging like an old woman? What's the rush?”

Yun Jiujiu waved her hand dismissively.

“I can still live for several thousand years. Sooner or later I'll meet someone who catches my eye the same way Brother-in-law does.”

“So you really do like Anping after all...”

“Hiss—Sis, did you just trick me into admitting that?!”

“Mhm~”

Yun Yiyi shrugged smugly as she rolled alongside her.

“Then what if thousands of years pass and you still don't meet anyone you like?”

“Future problems can wait for the future... Worst case scenario...”

“...Worst case scenario?”

“Worst case, I'll just borrow Brother-in-law's little bird and have a child.”

“?”

“Sis, if you keep talking about this, I'm seriously going to beat you up!”

Yun Jiujiu pointed threateningly at her.

“Brother-in-law and the others have already left. We need to prepare to cross the river too. Where's Dad?”

“...Sigh... He's probably helping the Taibai Sect attack the Pleasure Sect right now.”

After a brief pause, Yun Yiyi tilted her head.

“By the way... *borrow Brother-in-law's little bird?* Who taught you to say it like that?”

“Heh. Not telling you!”

Yun Jiujiu stuck out her tongue mischievously.

“Bleh~”

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Link for character illustration:

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