

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

Volume 7 Chapter 68 / Chapter 513: Jiujiu, Annoyed!

Late into the night beneath the moon, the servants of the Blood Prison Residence had already returned to their rooms to sleep. Only a few night-watch maids still wandered the corridors carrying lanterns.

Under a small pavilion in the garden outside the bedchambers, Yun Jiujiu sat at a stone table wearing white robes, a collar and shackles around her neck and ankles, barefoot, taking small sips from the little jade gourd that held the last of her wine.

Her face was practically covered with the words “irritated” and “anxious.”

Earlier that day, after she and Feng Yudie had brought the three Sword Sect disciples back to the Blood Prison Residence, they worried that handling the matter poorly might expose Ye Anping’s identity. So they had directly thrown the three into the prison cells behind the residence and instructed the demonic cultivators in the manor that:

“Lord Liang will personally interrogate them later tonight.”

At the time, aside from the one who had been pierced through the chest by Ye Anping’s sword and was somewhat more seriously injured, the other two had merely been unconscious. Nothing appeared especially wrong, so she and Feng Yudie had not paid much attention.

But for some unknown reason, when Feng Yudie went to check on them just now, she discovered that not only were the three still unconscious,

black blood foam was also leaking from their mouths as though they had been poisoned. Their lives already seemed beyond saving.

Yun Jiujiu knew absolutely nothing about medicine and could not help at all.

Feng Yudie knew a little, but after examining them, she too could only shake her head and admit she had no idea what was happening.

The three were currently prisoners, so naturally they could not call over demonic medical cultivators to treat them. And none of the medicinal pills they had worked in the slightest.

Yun Jiujiu shook her foot restlessly, glancing around anxiously like a young wife waiting for her husband to return safely from war. Even the wine in her jade gourd now tasted bitter and impossible to swallow.

She understood the importance of priorities.

The fact that her brother-in-law still had not returned meant he was clearly tied up with something important.

If rescuing those three exposed her brother-in-law's identity, the losses would far outweigh the gains.

But understanding something and emotionally accepting it were two entirely different matters.

Watching disciples who had once drunk and laughed beside her slowly die for such an absurd reason naturally left her feeling terrible.

"Damn it, why isn't Brother-in-law back yet?! This is driving me crazy..."

Yun Jiujiu muttered unconsciously. Just as she looked around again, as though the heavens had heard her complaint, a black shadow suddenly slipped over the rear wall of the Blood Prison Residence and landed atop the roof. Upon spotting her, the figure immediately jumped down.

Since “Liang Daliu” was supposedly spending the night indulging in romance with Gong Tianchan, Ye Anping feared exposing flaws in his cover. Thus, on his way back, he had deliberately avoided populated areas and taken a large detour before finally returning to the Blood Prison Residence.

The moment Yun Jiujiu saw Ye Anping return, the tightly furrowed brows on her face instantly relaxed. Dragging the hundred-pound shackles on her feet, she hurried over toward him.

Clank clank...

“Bro—!! Mmph—”

Ye Anping reacted swiftly. Before she could even shout the first full word, he flashed before her and covered her mouth. Then he shot Xiaotian a look, signaling it to keep watch around them, before frowning and scolding softly:

“How many times have I told you already? Why are you shouting so loudly? Afraid the servants in the manor won’t hear? There are quite a few spies from Gong Yimo and Gong Yue inside this Blood Prison Residence.”

『Anping, most of the servants are already asleep. Nobody heard.』

“Mmph... mm...”

Yun Jiujiu looked meekly up at her brother-in-law, who stood half a head taller than her, and nodded slightly.

Only after glancing around to confirm the surroundings were safe did Ye Anping finally release her mouth.

“Did anything happen while I was gone? Where’s Yudie?”

“Ah— Brother-in-law, when Yudie and I brought Hu Feng and the others back this afternoon, they were completely fine. But then just now they suddenly started coughing up black blood. I didn’t dare call anyone over, and none of the pills worked...”

“Coughing black blood?”

Ye Anping frowned at once, momentarily puzzled and unable to figure out what had happened.

The reason he had snuck back specifically was because he feared something unexpected might happen on Feng Yudie and Yun Jiujiu’s side.

And sure enough, something *had* gone wrong.

No matter what, righteous sect disciples should still be saved if possible.

And if they could not be saved, then at the very least, they should be allowed a peaceful death.

“Brother-in-law, you can save them, right?”

“Hard to say. Prepare for the worst. Are there guards watching the prison in the back?”

“Nope. Earlier, Yudie secretly gave the two guards watching those demonic cultivators two jugs of drugged wine. They’re sleeping like dead pigs right now.”

“Alright... I’ll go take a look.”

Yun Jiujiu nodded, then instinctively wrapped her arms around Ye Anping’s arm. The gesture made him stop after only one step, and he turned to look at her.

?

“What now?”

It had only been an unconscious reaction from Yun Jiujiu. Once she realized what she’d done, she slowly let go. Under the pale moonlight, her round face turned visibly flustered. After a moment of silence, she awkwardly explained:

“...Wasn’t I supposed to pretend to be your cauldron, brother-in-law?”

“No one’s watching right now.”

“Oh...”

Ye Anping didn’t pay it much mind. He quickly walked out through the moon-shaped gate of the garden and took an unpatrolled side path around to the rear prison entrance of the Blood Prison Residence, where criminal cultivators were held.

At a small square table by the entrance, the two Foundation Establishment guards had already been knocked out by the drugged wine, drooling all over the tabletop in their sleep.

Ye Anping glanced at them, then hurried past with Yun Jiujiu, pushing open the stone door and descending through the underground passage.

The corridor lined with stone steps stretched endlessly into darkness. Spirit lamps hanging on both walls flickered with dim bluish flames like ghost fire.

After passing thirteen barred prison cells along the corridor, the two finally arrived at the interrogation chamber at the very end, sealed behind an iron door covered in restrictions.

The moment Ye Anping pushed the door open, a burst of golden spiritual light spilled out from inside.

Feng Yudie was currently sitting cross-legged in the center of the chamber. In front of her hung the three Sword Sect disciples, chained to wooden racks. It looked like she was using her spring-aspect spiritual energy to keep them alive.

“Yudie.”

“Young Master Ye, you’re here.”

Hearing Ye Anping’s voice, Feng Yudie immediately turned around in delight, but Ye Anping raised a hand to stop her.

The three disciples looked like corpses at this point—their faces deathly pale, eye sockets sunken, black blood foam continuously dribbling from the corners of their mouths.

Ye Anping stepped forward and grabbed one of their wrists, releasing a trace of spiritual sense to examine him. Meanwhile, Xiaotian suddenly dove headfirst into the navel of another female cultivator nearby, hanging from her stomach and wiggling around.

Yun Jiujiu stepped forward expectantly, staring at her brother-in-law with anxious eyes, not daring to interrupt. Only after Ye Anping opened his eyes did she hurriedly ask:

“Brother-in-law, can these three be saved?”

“The baleful energy has entered their cores...”

Yun Jiujiu blinked blankly.

“Huh?”

Ye Anping’s expression darkened. Hesitating, he reached toward the storage bag at his waist, intending to take out a short sword and give the three a swift end.

If they could explain how they ended up like this, there might still have been hope. But now the three were unconscious, and his examination still hadn’t revealed the cause of their condition. Blind treatment would only worsen things, and there wasn’t enough time to investigate carefully. It would be kinder to let them die peacefully and spare them more suffering.

Glancing at Yun Jiujiu and Feng Yudie, Ye Anping fell silent for a moment, preparing to ask them to wait outside first.

But then came a soft *pop*.

Xiaotian pulled his head out of the female cultivator's navel, looking disgusted as he said:

『Anping, looks like they ate demonic cultivator flesh and got infected by the baleful energy because of it. But they haven't fully digested it yet—they probably only ate it this morning.』

Feng Yudie still couldn't process what she'd heard.

“Huh?”

But Ye Anping immediately understood.

These three had probably eaten the flesh of a demonic cultivator in order to infiltrate Heavenly Sorrow City. No wonder the city guards had allowed them inside.

They had never planned on leaving Heavenly Sorrow City alive...

“There's still hope.”

“Really?!”

Yun Jiujiu's eyes instantly lit up, filled with admiration, leaving Ye Anping momentarily unsure how to respond.

Ye Anping always felt that Yun Jiujiu had become a little less crude after being lectured by him. He shook his head slightly and said:

“Yudie, take them down and lay them flat on the ground...”

“Okay!”

Since they had only eaten the demonic cultivator’s flesh this morning, things were much easier to handle.

The baleful energy inside the three of them was currently similar to when he and Junior Sister had consumed poisonous gu insects in childhood. As long as the source of the baleful energy—the demonic cultivator flesh—was removed, and the remaining baleful energy inside their meridians and golden cores was cleansed, surviving shouldn’t be a problem. As for their future cultivation, that would depend on their own fate.

Ye Anping sat cross-legged on the ground and closed his eyes to gather his spiritual energy, channeling them to the sword fingers of his right hand. Suddenly, he recalled the days when he and Junior Sister sweetly fed poisonous gu insects to each other.

He actually missed those times quite a bit.

When Junior Sister ate them, he would tie her to a chair, pry open her mouth, and stuff the little creatures inside. And when it was his turn, Junior Sister would tie him up too, then force the living little things down his throat.

Even though the insects they ate had already been detoxified once, the two of them had still nearly died several times from the poison of those tiny creatures.

The technique of using spiritual energy as a blade to cleanse meridians was something he had developed back then.

Although the baleful energy inside these three was far more severe, he himself was now already a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Ye Anping steadied his mind and focused completely on controlling his spiritual energy as it traveled through the meridians of the three Sword Sect disciples before him. Soon, accompanied by three retching sounds, the rotten flesh they had swallowed was forced back out through their mouths.

Seeing sweat bead across Ye Anping's forehead, Feng Yudie stayed silent. After thinking for a moment, she simply knelt beside him and used her sleeve to wipe away his sweat.

“Hehe~”

Watching the two of them, Yun Jiujiu felt strangely conflicted.

On one hand, Yudie and her brother-in-law really did look well-matched together. But on the other hand, her brother-in-law...

Damn it, the guy could do everything. He was smart, strong in a fight, and also her grandfather's direct disciple. She'd even heard from her older sister that his skills in bed were also...

How could a person like this even exist? Did her brother-in-law seriously not have any flaws at all?

As she stared at Ye Anping's side profile and let her thoughts wander, Yun Jiujiu's expressions changed every few breaths like flipping masks. Feng Yudie, who was wiping Ye Anping's sweat nearby, looked utterly confused and had no idea what Yun Jiujiu was doing, though she didn't dare speak and interrupt Ye Anping.

The silence inside the interrogation chamber lasted for about half an hour before it was finally broken by a sigh from Ye Anping.

“Haa...”

He withdrew his spiritual energy and opened his eyes, revealing a deeply exhausted expression.

Back when he had cleansed the gu poison from both Junior Sister’s and his own meridians, they had only been at the Body Tempering and Qi Refining realm. Cleaning the meridians of three Core Formation cultivators consumed far more effort than Ye Anping had expected.

Just as he tried to stand up, his vision suddenly darkened. Losing his balance, he tilted toward Yun Jiujiu’s side.

Seeing this, Yun Jiujiu immediately prepared to catch him, but before he could fall onto her, Feng Yudie on the other side hurriedly wrapped an arm around Ye Anping’s waist and pulled him toward herself.

“Young Master Ye?!”

“It’s nothing. I just overexerted myself mentally...”

After disciplining Ah Gu earlier and now cleansing the baleful energy from three Golden Core cultivators, this was far more exhausting than spending a night with Xuanji. After all, the youthful grandma actually took care of him and gave him time to rest and recover after each round.

Leaning against Feng Yudie’s chest as he sat back down, Ye Anping took four pills from his storage bag. He swallowed one himself and had Yun

Jiujiu feed one each to the three disciples. Afterward, he began circulating his qi to recover.

Then Ye Anping smilingly added:

“Jiujiu, these three pills and the consultation fee are going on your tab.”

“...Oh.”

As Yun Jiujiu moved over to feed the three disciples their pills, she glanced at the two currently leaning against each other. Her brows furrowed slightly. In the end, deciding that what she couldn't see wouldn't bother her, she simply looked away.

Pinching open the mouths of the three disciples from Sword Wine Peak, she shoved the pills down their throats, then shared some of her spiritual energy with them.

With the aid of the high-grade medicinal pills, one of them quickly opened his eyes. The moment he saw the Second Young Mistress kneeling beside him with a collar around her neck, he reacted violently, springing upright and shouting hoarsely:

“You fucking dare—”

Since Ye Anping had removed his human-skin mask back when he punished Ah Gu, he wasn't wearing it now. The disciple sat up and, upon seeing Ye Anping's handsome face, found it vaguely familiar.

But in the very next instant—

Bang—!

Yun Jiujiu smacked the back of his head with a heavy slap.

“Hu Feng!! This is your damn lifesaver!! And you’re cursing at him— Why aren’t you kowtowing and thanking Young Master Ye?!”

“Ah...” Hu Feng looked utterly dumbfounded. Turning to glance at Yun Jiujiu behind him, he clearly hadn’t processed the situation at all.

“Huh? What?...”

Seeing someone had awakened, Ye Anping slowly opened his eyes as well. He couldn’t help but sigh inwardly that all the disciples of Sword Wine Peak seemed carved from the exact same mold as Yun Jiujiu.

“I am the Young Master of the Hundred Lotus Sect, Ye Anping.”

“Ah— Eldest Young Mistress’s husband? Why are you—? Where is this?”

“Heavenly Sorrow City, Blood Prison Residence, Blood Prison. I’m currently using the alias Liang Daliu. As for everything else, let the Second Young Mistress explain.” Ye Anping answered calmly before standing up.

“I’ll head back and rest first. Jiujiu, take care of them.”

Yun Jiujiu obediently nodded.

“Ah, okay.”

Ye Anping stood up and glanced at her before turning to leave. Feng Yudie looked back and forth for a moment, then naturally hurried after him and wrapped herself around his right arm.

Watching the two leave the interrogation chamber together, Yun Jiujiu tugged at the collar around her neck and stood up.

“Anyway, I got captured. Young Master happened to be here too, so he rescued me. What about you guys? Why’d you come?”

“We... we came to save you, Sister Jiujiu! We killed a demonic cultivator outside the city, then each cut off a piece of its flesh and swallowed it so we’d be infected with baleful energy and could sneak into the city to find a chance to rescue you.”

As Hu Feng spoke, seeing that their boss lady was completely fine and unharmed, he suddenly became emotional beyond belief.

“Sister Jiujiu, it’s really great that you’re okay!!! Eldest Miss already issued your obituary saying you died at the hands of a demonic cultivator. But once we found out you were still alive, we immediately wanted to— Ahh— Sister Jiujiu—”

Yun Jiujiu rolled her eyes and kicked him right in the face.

“Aiya~ would you stop already? Crying like some damn woman.”

Then she sat down cross-legged and glanced at the other two.

“Recover properly and focus on healing. Once you’re better, go kowtow fifty times to Young Master Ye. If not for him, I’d be burning incense for the three of you next year.”

“Ah... yes.” Hu Feng shrank back a little, finally calming down somewhat. “So Eldest Young Mistress’s husband was here all along. Even Eldest Miss

didn't know. Eldest Young Mistress's husband really is incredible—he even became an elder...”

Hearing him repeatedly call Ye Anping “Eldest Young Mistress’s husband,” Yun Jiujiu inexplicably grew furious. Unable to hold back, she punched him again.

“Damn it, why do you keep calling him ‘Eldest Young Mistress’s husband’? Is Yun Yiyi your mother or something?!”

“Huh? But isn’t Young Master Ye exactly that...?”

Yun Jiujiu clicked her tongue, crossed her arms over her chest, and cursed:

“...To hell with you! Shut your mouth and focus on recovering!!”

“O— okay!”

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Note:

The game's original main antagonist has been defeated.

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Link for character illustration:

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