

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

Volume 7 Chapter 97 / Chapter 542: Senior Brother, The Rice Jar Is Empty

『Hmph, hmph! Just look at my Yudie! She's amazing! She actually wore Anping out.』

「Why are *you* acting so smug? You're not the one who wore him out—
Ouch!!! Hiss! You—golden—idiot!! You're doing it again?!」

『Hehe~~ A sneak attack never misses, dummy.』

「I don't think I've smacked your head hard enough yet!!」

...

Some time later, the sounds of their bickering drifted through the wooden walls of the room.

Ye Anping slowly opened his eyes, squinting slightly.

His mind was completely blank.

Something was pressing against his face.

Turning his head, he found a snow-white jade foot planted squarely on his left cheek.

The owner of that foot still had her lower body on the bed, but her upper body had toppled completely over the edge.

That was...

Ye Anping blinked in confusion.

Then he noticed that his right shoulder felt warm and slightly damp.

He turned his head the other way.

Feng Yudie was sleeping soundly, drool trickling from the corner of her mouth as she rested her face against his shoulder.

Her slightly parted lips opened and closed gently with her slow, even breathing.

She looked exactly like she usually did after stuffing herself with roasted chicken—utterly content and sleeping blissfully.

Since Feng Yudie was on this side...

The identity of the person hanging halfway off the bed hardly needed explaining.

Ye Anping let out a quiet sigh.

Careful not to wake either of them, he gently lifted Gu Mingxin's foot off his face, then slowly pulled his thoroughly numb right arm out from beneath Feng Yudie before carefully climbing off the bed from the foot of it.

The instant his feet touched the floor, however, a wave of soreness shot through his body.

He nearly groaned.

His legs almost gave out beneath him, and he nearly pitched face-first onto the ground.

Fortunately, his reflexes were still quick enough.

He hurriedly grabbed one of the bedposts, barely managing to support himself.

"..."

Bent over like an eighty-year-old man, Ye Anping rubbed his aching lower back.

Then he turned to look at Feng Yudie, who was sleeping with a sweet smile on her face.

Fragments of blurry memories from earlier gradually resurfaced in his mind...

At first, he'd been able to hold out fairly well.

Gu Mingxin's interruptions had even given him occasional chances to catch his breath and recover some stamina.

But after they had switched places only a handful of times...

Gu Mingxin had been completely unable to continue.

Feng Yudie, on the other hand, seemed to have discovered the trick.

It had felt as though he were swimming in a raging sea.

One wave after another.

Every time he barely managed to break the surface for a breath, another enormous wave immediately crashed down, dragging him back under.

Wave after wave.

Without giving him even the briefest moment to rest.

Still...

Ye Anping figured he had brought it upon himself.

Feng Yudie had asked him countless times along the way,

"Anping... are you feeling uncomfortable? Should I stop?"

And every single time, his answer had been almost identical.

"No need. If you like it, then keep going."

Each time, Feng Yudie had smiled happily and chosen to continue.

Ye Anping suddenly felt that, in front of Feng Yudie, he wasn't much different from how Gu Mingxin behaved in front of him.

But as the future husband responsible for satisfying so many girls, how could he possibly admit defeat?

That said...

Feng Yudie truly was a genius.

Her ability to learn new things surpassed everyone else's.

His junior sister and the others had taken countless attempts before finally figuring out where his weaknesses lay.

But this girl?

She had already pinpointed every one of them the very first time.

Perhaps...

That was simply what it meant to be the protagonist.

If you couldn't defeat her in the first encounter, the one who ended up finished would be yourself.

Looking at Feng Yudie sleeping peacefully with such a happy expression, Ye Anping couldn't help but smile helplessly.

There was simply nothing he could do about her.

Shaking his head, he supported his aching lower back and slowly made his way out of the pavilion.

He took a fresh set of clothes from his storage bag, got dressed, and walked into the garden.

「Golden idiot!!! Get back here!!!」

『No way!! Sneak attack!!』

The little golden and little black spirits chased and fought each other high in the sky as usual.

Oddly enough, it looked rather harmonious.

Ye Anping glanced at them but couldn't be bothered to interfere.

He popped a medicinal pill into his mouth, took out a meditation cushion, sat down cross-legged among the rare spiritual flowers and herbs planted

throughout the garden, and began circulating his spiritual energy to nurse his severely overworked lower back.

Once the Heavenly Demon Sect affair is over, I'd better find a way to expand the family's rice jar...

The house already had Xuanji, whose appetite was enormous.

Now there was another airhead whose appetite was even bigger than hers.

As the family's primary "pillar of support," he couldn't very well let the girls in his household go hungry, could he?

He vaguely remembered that the Pleasure Sect possessed a cultivation technique that could... "expand the rice jar."

...

After taking three high-grade medicinal pills and circulating his energy for about another half hour, Ye Anping finally felt somewhat recovered.

He withdrew his spiritual energy, opened his eyes, and looked up at the enormous luminous pearl hanging from the ceiling of the cavern.

Thinking that he should ask Mo Chiling about something, he left the residence by himself.

Outside the house lay the rest of Mo Chiling's cave estate—a dozen or so pavilions and towers ascending the mountainside one after another.

Unlike when he had first arrived, however, there were now many more cultivators walking through the streets, busily transporting various spiritual herbs and magical tools.

Ye Anping paid them little attention.

Following the upward path, he made his way on foot to the tallest tower at the highest point of the cave dwelling.

Standing guard outside the entrance were two Core Formation demonic cultivators wearing ghost-faced masks.

As Ye Anping approached, they cupped their fists in greeting.

"The Palace Mistress is currently offering sacrifices. If Young Master Ye enters, please tread lightly."

"Offering sacrifices..." Ye Anping paused for a moment. "Should I wait outside, then?"

"That won't be necessary. The Palace Mistress specifically instructed us that if Young Master Ye arrives, no matter what she is doing, you are to be allowed inside immediately."

"..."

Ye Anping nodded without another word.

Returning the greeting, he stepped through the barrier surrounding the tower and quietly pushed open the ground-floor door.

The first floor served as a reception hall.

It was completely empty.

Although bright spirit-stone lamps illuminated the room, it somehow still felt strangely vacant.

Following the staircase tucked into one corner, he admired the famous paintings and fine porcelain in Mo Chiling's collection as he ascended to the second floor.

The moment he reached the landing, he saw Mo Chiling kneeling before a memorial shrine.

Her eyes were closed.

She held a spiritual sword horizontally in both hands as she quietly spoke toward the memorial tablets.

"Brother... after waiting twelve hundred years, your little sister has finally obtained the chance to avenge you."

"In two days' time, I will cut off that old man Gu Yan's head and place it before you, so that you, Father, Mother, and the rest of our family may finally receive the justice you deserve."

Ye Anping quietly approached, intending not to interrupt.

However, the instant Mo Chiling heard his footsteps, she suddenly turned around in alarm.

"Who's there?!"

Upon seeing that it was Ye Anping, she immediately patted her chest in relief.

"Oh... Young Master Ye. Appearing behind me without a sound nearly scared me to death."

"...Wasn't it you who instructed the guards to let me come straight in?"

"I did." Mo Chiling pouted slightly before teasing him with a smile.

"But you slipped in so silently, Young Master Ye, like some flower thief sneaking into a young lady's bedroom. Isn't that frightening? For a moment I thought someone had come with improper intentions toward me..."

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Ye Anping looked at her speechlessly.

Your entire body is saturated with Purple Spirit Willow poison. What flower thief with any desire to keep living would dare enter your bedroom?

Seeing him momentarily at a loss for words, Mo Chiling covered her mouth and laughed softly.

"Has Young Master Ye been enjoying his stay these past nine days?"

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Nine days?

Hearing that number, Ye Anping instinctively assumed she was teasing him again.

Although he had remained inside the cavern the whole time, without any sense of day or night, he was certain that at most two or three days had passed.

How could it possibly...

"Hm?" Seeing him freeze again, Mo Chiling raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"Could it be that Young Master Ye became so absorbed in your nights with Sister Gu and Fairy Feng that you lost track of time?"

Ye Anping couldn't help inhaling sharply.

Dual cultivation really does make one lose all sense of time...

"Of course not. I was keeping track."

"Hehe~"

Mo Chiling narrowed her eyes mischievously.

The moment she smiled, Ye Anping immediately realized he'd been tricked again.

"In truth, it's only been seven days."

"..."

"I never imagined Young Master Ye could have such an unreliable side."

"I've often heard Sister Gu praise you—calling you unfathomably clever, almost demonically intelligent, someone who could foresee the future itself."

"But even heroes cannot escape the snare of beautiful women."

Ye Anping awkwardly pursed his lips.

In the end, he simply admitted defeat.

"...My apologies."

"Why apologize?" Mo Chiling smiled.

"I wanted Young Master Ye to relax and enjoy yourself."

She tilted her head playfully before turning sideways and slowly crawling toward the wooden wheelchair beside her.

Seeing this, Ye Anping hesitated briefly.

Figuring it should be fine, he stepped forward and reached out to help her into the chair.

The instant Mo Chiling saw him extending his hand toward her, however, her pupils shrank in alarm.

"Young Master Ye!!"

"Don't touch me!!"

She frantically waved her hands and shrank backward.

"..."

Ye Anping wasn't startled in the slightest.

Ignoring her protests, he walked over, gently lifted her off the floor in both arms, and carefully placed her into the wheelchair.

"W-What?!"

Seeing that he had actually touched her, Mo Chiling's eyes widened in shock.

"Young Master Ye... you know perfectly well that I..."

"I know." Ye Anping gave a slight shrug as he looked down at the crook of his arm and the palm that had just touched the bandages wrapped around Mo Chiling's body. "But just touching you for a moment isn't enough. This small amount of Purple Spirit Willow poison isn't sufficient to harm me."

"..."

Mo Chiling stared at him in utter disbelief and hurriedly looked at the palm of his hand.

She had spent centuries tempering her body with poison.

Even if an ordinary cultivator merely brushed against her through the bandages, their skin would begin to rot almost instantly. The poison would seep into the marrow of their bones—at best damaging the foundation of their cultivation, and at worst killing them on the spot.

Yet on Ye Anping's palm, only a few raised veins and faint violet blotches had appeared.

Within moments, even those purple marks visibly faded away.

Mo Chiling was both astonished and delighted.

Ever since she had begun refining poison into her body all those years ago, no one had dared touch her with their bare hands.

Ye Anping was the first.

"...Young Master Ye has broadened my horizons once again."

"Heh..."

Ye Anping maintained a calm expression, though inwardly he was sweating.

The game had never actually demonstrated just how terrifying Mo Chiling's poison truly was, so he hadn't been completely certain.

Still, he had figured that with Feng Yudie's spring-aspect spiritual energy still lingering within him—and considering that, during his childhood training, both he and his junior sister had deliberately cultivated resistance to Purple Spirit Willow poison—it should be safe enough to carry her into the wheelchair.

Fortunately, Feng Yudie's spring-aspect spiritual energy really had been there.

The instant he touched Mo Chiling, he immediately sensed the spring-aspect energy within his meridians springing into action.

In other words, had it not been for Feng Yudie's spring-aspect spirit, he might genuinely have been poisoned just now.

"So..." Ye Anping continued, "have you considered what we discussed before?"

"You mean accompanying you to the Hundred Lotus Sect?"

"Yes."

"Mingxin needs a friend."

Originally, Mo Chiling had still intended to refuse.

After refining poison into her body, she could no longer make physical contact with anyone.

And once Gu Yan was dead and her vengeance fulfilled, she no longer had any reason to continue living.

But...

Ye Anping had just carried her into her wheelchair.

That single, simple act completely overturned every excuse she had prepared.

Looking quietly at him for a long while, she finally answered,

"We'll talk about what comes afterward... afterward."

"Whether Gu Yan lives or dies hasn't been decided yet."

"...Then I'll wait for your answer."

Ye Anping didn't press the matter any further.

Instead, he looked toward the large map of the Eastern Region hanging on the wall, covered in markings, and asked,

"Has anything changed over these past seven days?"

"No."

"Everything has gone smoothly."

"The Profound Star Sect moved faster than expected."

"They originally estimated ten days, but today—the seventh day—Moon Dan Master Moon-Occupying Floating Stone is already only about three thousand li away from the Heavenly Demon Sect."

Ye Anping calculated for a moment.

"Then... roughly two more days."

"Yes."

"Then I'd better head back and make my own preparations."

"I'll come again tomorrow night."

Mo Chiling covered her mouth and laughed.

"It's already nighttime outside."

"...Then the morning after tomorrow."

Ye Anping answered somewhat awkwardly.

After giving her another nod of farewell, he turned and walked toward the staircase.

Watching his departing figure, Mo Chiling slowly let out a long breath.

She gently raised a hand and touched the shoulder where his palm had rested moments before.

Lowering her gaze, she turned once more toward the memorial shrine.

"Brother..."

"They say people are reincarnated."

"Could Young Master Ye... actually be your reincarnation?"

"Is that why... you don't want me to throw away my life for the sake of the you from your previous lifetime?"

...

After leaving Mo Chiling's tower, Ye Anping didn't wander anywhere else.

He headed straight back to the residence where they had spent the past seven days.

He intended to take a bath, properly circulate his spiritual energy until he had fully recovered, and wake Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin while he was at it.

If his predictions were correct, once the Profound Star Sect arrived, even if they secretly infiltrated the Heavenly Demon Sect through the hidden passage at the rear, there was no way they could avoid He Buqun.

His two sons might be incompetent, but He Buqun himself certainly wasn't.

Even with Old Jiu and Ah Mang assisting them, three cultivators at the early Nascent Soul stage had virtually no chance of killing a cultivator at the late Divine Transformation stage in a direct confrontation.

The only option would be for Gu and Feng Yudie to keep him occupied.

If either of them wasn't in peak condition, the entire plan could fall apart.

As for the other elders of the Heavenly Demon Sect...

They would have to be dealt with by the sect masters and elders of the Profound Star Sect and the various sects of the Western Region.

If nothing unexpected happened, Lei Wanjun would likely face Qu Tianhe and Chen Shigui, and Qin Ruyi would likely face off against the Peak Master of Blood Demon Peak.

As Ye Anping mentally matched names to their likely opponents, he unknowingly made his way back to the window of the pavilion where Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin were staying.

The sounds coming from inside snapped him back to reality.

"Huh? Blackie, where did my Young Master Ye go?!"

"Hiss— Stop pulling my chest! How would I know?! Maybe he couldn't take it anymore and went off to hide somewhere. Hmph~"

"Huh? Wasn't this your butt?"

Smack!

"Hiss— White fool!! Are you tired of living?! If I had any strength left, I'd chop you to pieces!!"

"Hehe~~"

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Ye Anping stood outside the door, frozen for quite a while.

It sounded like they were both awake.

And somehow, after everything they'd been through together, they now sounded more like two sisters playfully bickering than sworn rivals.

He sighed helplessly before stepping out from beside the doorframe and calling,

"Yudie."

Feng Yudie, who had been pinching Gu Mingxin's breast, immediately stopped the moment she heard his voice.

Turning around, her eyes lit up.

Without even caring whether she was dressed, she sprang off the bed and ran over.

"Young Master Ye, where did you go?! Are we going to continue our dual cultivation? I still want to—"

Ye Anping quickly raised a hand and lightly tapped her on the head.

"That's enough for now."

"The two of you should go rest and circulate your energy."

"In two days, we'll be entering the Heavenly Demon Sect."

"There are some things I need to go over with both of you."

"Oh, Okay!!"

Seeing that Ye Anping had returned, Gu Mingxin immediately put on an air as though nothing had happened.

She gracefully rose from the bedside, pursed her lips, and sauntered over with the smooth, elegant gait of a cat.

"Ye Anping~ don't tell me you were frightened off after what the white fool and I did to you?"

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Ye Anping rolled his eyes at her.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled two blankets from his storage bag and draped one over each of them.

"Go wash up."

"Then go meditate and recover."

"Don't make me say it a third time."

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Link for character illustration:

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