

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

Volume 7 Chapter 65 / Chapter 510: Yiyi, the Suspected Brother-in-Law...

Knock knock—

Two knocks sounded at the door.

Yun Yiyi, who had been daydreaming moments ago, instantly snapped back to reality. Subconsciously, she hid the short golden spiritual sword behind her back, tidied the hair by her ears, and softly replied:

“Come in.”

The one who entered was Yun Tianchong. He wore a luxurious robe embroidered with golden threads, yet despite the splendid attire, his face carried a bitter expression. Seeing his eldest daughter still helping him come up with plans only made him feel even guiltier.

Back then, he had never properly taken care of Yun Yiyi and the others. Now that he had finally intended to make up for it, Yun Jiujiu had already met with disaster.

“...Sigh....”

After letting out a gloomy sigh, Yun Tianchong walked to the desk and sat down. From his sleeve, he took out a piece of red silk cloth and placed it on the corner of the table.

“Yi'er, here.”

Yun Yiyi looked somewhat puzzled. She stepped forward, picked up the silk cloth, and unfolded it. On it were embroidered her birth details, while below was stamped the sect master's seal of the Shadowmoon Sword Sect.

For the young master or young mistress of a sect to marry someone, the traditional six rites had to be observed.

The marriage agreement personally written by her father was one of those rites. With the sect seal stamped by Yun Tianchong, she and Ye Anping could officially marry. Otherwise, it would merely count as eloping.

Though that was the logic...

"A marriage agreement? Even without this, I'd still marry Anping."

"That's different." Yun Tianchong slightly raised his head. "Without this, he can't enter our Yun family genealogy."

Yun Yiyi narrowed her eyes and replied disdainfully:

"You dare refuse to let Anping into the Yun family register? Aren't you afraid Grandpa Yun will come haunt your dreams?"

Yun Tianchong froze for a moment, then sighed again. He grabbed Yun Yiyi's hand, pulled her in front of him, and gently held her shoulders.

"Yi'er, what I mean is—you should return to the Sword Sect now. There's no need to follow your father any farther. This time... I don't even know if I'll make it back alive..."

"We haven't even reached Heavenly Sorrow City yet, and you're already scared?"

“You think your father is afraid of that surnamed Gong?” Yun Tianchong shook his head. “What I’m afraid of is something happening to you. Jiu’er is already... If something happens to you too, how could I explain it to your grandfather? How could I explain it to that brat Ye Anping?”

“...”

Yun Tianchong’s face was full of regret. He glanced at the map Ye Anping had sent over hanging on the wall and sighed.

“Your father knows his limits. Even if the Sword Sect goes all out, capturing the Heavenly Sorrow City within seven days is practically impossible. Once the battle begins, I probably won’t even be able to protect myself, much less spare the attention to protect you.”

“I don’t need your protection.”

Hearing her father’s words, Yun Yiyi hesitated over whether she should tell him about Ye Anping’s situation in Heavenly Sorrow City. In the end, however, she decided not to.

She merely took out the golden short sword she had hidden behind her back.

“Dad, this just arrived from the Sword Sect disciples stationed in Heavenly Sorrow City.”

“Hm?”

Yun Tianchong took the short sword. Seeing that it was a secret report, he immediately examined it with his spiritual sense.

Yun Yiyi rested her chin in her hand and curiously watched her father's reaction, wondering whether he would figure out it was Ye Anping.

And just as she had expected, after barely two breaths, Yun Tianchong's pupils contracted. In a fit of rage, he instantly crushed the golden spirit short sword in his hand into scattered spiritual light.

His reaction was almost identical to Yun Yiyi's earlier. But recalling what had happened to his Jiu'er, a sharp pain surged through his chest, causing him to clutch at it.

"Damn it!! That bastard Liang actually turned Jiu'er into..."

This surnamed Liang has already turned your Yiyi into...

Yun Yiyi suddenly had the urge to add that line, but she held it back.

However, hearing her father bring it up a second time made her suddenly realize a major problem.

According to the intelligence report, Jiujiu had become the "meat puppet" of the newly arrived Elder Liang.

For Ye Anping to infiltrate Heavenly Sorrow City and become one of its "elders," he must have either accomplished some great feat or caught the city lord's favor. Naturally, people would constantly test and scrutinize him.

Under those circumstances, how exactly was Ye Anping supposed to convince the demonic cultivators that her second sister had become his meat puppet?

Acting?

However, she knew her second sister's acting skills very well. Expecting Yun Jiujiu to fool demonic cultivators through acting alone was basically impossible.

In other words, there was a very high chance the fake act had become real...

The more Yun Yiyi thought about it, the tighter her brows furrowed. She could understand why things might have developed that way. After all, in a situation like that, it was probably the best method to protect Yun Jiujiu.

But...

What if her husband became her brother-in-law instead?

Was she really going to have to share Anping with Jiujiu in the future?

Yun Yiyi shook her head and stopped thinking about it. Once everything was over, she would talk privately with Jiujiu first. If it really came down to it...

"Forget it... Dad, I'll stay in the rear when the time comes, so you don't need to worry about me. If the situation goes bad, I'll lead the remaining Sword Sect disciples back to Seven Star Pass."

"Ah..." Yun Tianchong snapped back to his senses and hurriedly objected, "Yi'er, you should turn around and head back to Seven Star Pass right now—"

Yun Yiyi turned around and began preparing tea, calmly replying:

“The Sword Sect disciples are full of fighting spirit right now. All of them want revenge for Jiujiu. Morale is at its peak. If I leave halfway through, it’ll only pour cold water on them and invite suspicion. If the disciples realize this mission may be a one-way trip, everything will fall into chaos.”

“But...”

Yun Yiyi bluntly interrupted him:

“Relax. Even if you end up without a corpse left behind, Dad, I still won’t die. And even if something does happen, Anping will come save me.”

Hearing that, Yun Tianchong felt like his daughter had already become Ye Anping’s love slave, so he gave up persuading her. He merely instructed:

“Then, Yi’er, when the time comes, stay five hundred li away from Heavenly Sorrow City. I’ll leave you an immortal ark and thirty Core Formation disciples. The moment anything feels wrong, leave immediately. This time, you have to listen to your father.”

“Mm.”

...

As dusk fell, the streets were crowded with people. Male and female demonic cultivators wandered the heavenly streets arm in arm, and the entire area reeked of wine and lust.

Ye Anping, dressed in a black robe, walked boldly down the middle of the street with Yun Jiujiu and Feng Yudie beside him, pretending to be an idle demonic cultivator heading to a pleasure house to enjoy music.

As usual, Feng Yudie wore her face armor and held Ye Anping's right hand while walking at his side.

Meanwhile, Yun Jiujiu was currently dressed up as a delicate young girl. A collar hung around her neck, connected to Ye Anping's left hand by a chain.

The three of them now looked exactly like a young couple taking their pet dog out for a walk.

Yun Jiujiu felt utterly humiliated as she noticed the demonic cultivators on both sides of the street casting glances at her. In her entire life, she had never suffered such disgrace before—being led through the streets by a collar...

“Brother-in-law, why the hell are you dragging me around...”

Ye Anping glanced sideways at her and gestured with his chin toward a seven-story tower not far ahead.

“I’m showing you the place you’ll be causing trouble at later. That’s the Seven Demon Pavilion, one of the smaller formation cores within the Heavenly Sorrow Overclear Sect’s Guardian Formation. See those two demonic cultivators wearing sabers by the entrance?”

“Yeah...”

“The shorter one is a spell cultivator. No matter what happens after you go in, deal with him first. Once he’s dead, the remaining demonic cultivators won’t be difficult for you to handle.”

“...Okay.”

Yun Jiujiu nodded obediently, then twisted her brows and quietly complained:

“Brother-in-law, you dragged me out to parade through the streets just to show me this...?”

“...”

Ye Anping helplessly shrugged.

He genuinely couldn't stop worrying about Yun Jiujiu.

If it were Feng Yudie or Gu Mingxin, he could simply point at the map and explain things once, and they would immediately understand what to do.

But Yun Jiujiu...

Given her personality, Ye Anping felt that if he relied only on maps and verbal explanations, she might very well end up at the wrong location—or kill the wrong person.

Once the Shadowmoon Sword Sect arrived, Ye Anping, Gu Mingxin, and Feng Yudie would all have their own tasks to handle. There would be no way for any of them to keep an eye on Yun Jiujiu.

“It's not that I don't trust you...”

“Brother-in-law, you could've just explained it to me verbally.” Yun Jiujiu glanced again at the demonic cultivators secretly staring at her and quietly complained, “Damn it, with you doing this, I'll never be able to get married in the future...”

As if you could've gotten married before...

Of course, Ye Anping didn't actually say that out loud.

Looking at the demonic cultivators on both sides of the street sneaking peeks at Yun Jiujiu, he understood that this really was humiliating for her, so he softly comforted her:

“Brother-in-law promises you this: every demonic cultivator in Heavenly Sorrow City will die.”

Yun Jiujiu glanced at Feng Yudie, who was holding her brother-in-law's hand, pursed her lips slightly, but said nothing more. She obediently continued listening to Ye Anping's instructions.

Thus, Ye Anping led the two girls through winding streets, pretending to stroll around casually, while in reality he was circling several formation cores of the grand array, explaining to Yun Jiujiu in as much detail as possible what she needed to do afterward.

What restrictions were present, and how to break them.

What magical tools the guarding demonic cultivators used and what to watch out for.

Which enemy needed to be dealt with first.

Ye Anping arranged absolutely everything for her clearly and meticulously, leaving her practically no room for improvisation.

As he kept explaining along the way, Yun Jiujiu suddenly cursed out of nowhere:

“Damn it, Yun Yiyi...”

Hearing that, Ye Anping turned back to look at her and asked:

“Why are you cursing your sister?”

Yun Jiujiu had been walking slightly behind him, staring at his profile for quite a while. When he questioned her, she quickly looked away and replied:

“...Mind your own damn business.”

“Did you remember what I just said?”

“I remembered.”

“Repeat it back to me.”

Yun Jiujiu pouted like a student reciting a lesson in class and answered:

“First go to the Seven Demon Pavilion, kill that spell cultivator, slaughter all the demonic cultivators inside, destroy the tower, and then—”

At that moment, Ye Anping suddenly glanced behind her. Immediately afterward, he sharply yanked the chain tighter, causing Yun Jiujiu to stumble and nearly fall to the ground.

“Ah!! You—”

Before Yun Jiujiu could finish, Gong Yimo’s voice sounded from behind them. She instantly shut her mouth and obediently lowered her head, standing beside Ye Anping.

“Fellow Daoist Liang, enjoying yourself, I see.”

“Greetings, Young Master Gong.” Ye Anping cupped his hands in greeting, putting on a flattering smile. “I just brought this girl out for a walk. If she stays cooped up indoors too long, she’ll start stinking.”

Gong Yimo glanced at Yun Jiujiu. Seeing her lower her head timidly in fear, he laughed.

“Fellow Daoist Liang really does like this girl. You still haven’t gotten tired of her yet?”

“Hehe~ Such a fine cauldron furnace must naturally be treasured with care.”

Gong Yimo smiled, snapped shut the folding fan in his hand, and said:

“My father mentioned earlier that he wants to meet you. The Sword Sect’s flying ships are already less than three thousand li from Heavenly Sorrow City, and he wants to hear your thoughts. Come with me in a bit.”

Ye Anping pretended to be startled and somewhat apprehensive.

“Senior Gong wants to hear my opinion?”

“My father used to be an independent cultivator himself, so he values Fellow Daoist Liang quite highly. He’s even considering marrying Tianchan to you.”

“What?”

Ye Anping deliberately put on a look of delighted surprise, though he quickly suppressed it and cupped his hands respectfully.

“This... I am truly overwhelmed by such favor.”

“Oh, spare me.” Gong Yimo smirked. “That night your eyes were practically glued to my sister’s chest.”

Gong Yimo waved his hand and laughed as he stepped forward. Though Feng Yudie was unwilling, she still decisively moved aside and let him throw an arm over Ye Anping’s shoulders.

“When the time comes, if you like her, just say it directly. We demonic cultivators don’t bother with all those formalities.”

“Hehe~”

Ye Anping chuckled lightly without replying and simply allowed himself to be dragged along toward the direction of the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion.

The four of them strolled leisurely through the streets. Gong Yimo chatted idly with him, bragging about what opportunities and inheritances he had obtained in various places in the past.

Yun Jiujiu, meanwhile, was still being led along by the chain, her eyes fixed fiercely on the back of Gong Yimo’s neck with enough killing intent to slice him into pieces.

However, after walking through two streets, a group of three people drinking tea at a roadside stall suddenly caught Ye Anping’s attention.

Their gazes were different from the earlier demonic cultivators who had looked at Yun Jiujiu with amusement.

The eyes of these three clearly carried hostility.

The moment Ye Anping noticed them, Xiaotian also flew out from his forehead and pointed toward the three people, hurriedly shouting as though trying to claim credit:

『Anping, those three are orthodox cultivator disciples...』

With Xiaotian's words, Ye Anping became certain. These three were most likely disciples of the Sword Sect.

He immediately stopped walking and stretched out an arm to stop Gong Yimo.

Gong Yimo looked puzzled.

“Hm? What's wrong, Fellow Daoist Liang?”

“...”

Without saying a word, Ye Anping flipped his hand and drew his spiritual sword from his storage bag, raising it to point directly at the three cultivators who had somehow disguised themselves with a layer of demonic aura.

“Looks like the disciples guarding Heavenly Sorrow City's gates were dozing off.”

The three Sword Sect disciples hidden among the crowd were instantly shocked when they saw Ye Anping point his sword at them. But they did not remain frozen in place waiting to be captured.

Crash—

One of them kicked up the table in front of him, sending it flying toward Ye Anping and Gong Yimo.

Ye Anping frowned slightly. Pulling Gong Yimo behind him with one arm, he slashed the incoming table apart with his sword.

But behind the shattered table was the furious face of a female cultivator, looking as though she wanted to carve flesh from his bones.

Swish—

A golden arc of spiritual light slashed straight toward Ye Anping's neck, only for him to casually raise his sword and block it.

“Quick! Senior Brother!!”

The female cultivator who had locked Ye Anping's right-hand sword in place shouted loudly and pressed her body forward with all her strength, trying to restrain his movements.

Another person immediately took advantage of the opening and rushed directly between the chain in Ye Anping's left hand and Yun Jiujiu, swinging his sword down at the iron chain.

Clang—

Sparks flew everywhere.

The refined iron chain instantly shattered apart.

“Second Young Mistress!! Hurry!!”

The disciple who had severed the chain immediately grabbed Yun Jiujiu’s arm, trying to drag her toward the city gates.

However, Yun Jiujiu’s mind completely stalled.

She froze on the spot, utterly at a loss.

And because of that, the Sword Sect disciple who failed to pull her away was also stunned.

“Second Young Mistress?”

“...”

In those mere three breaths of time, Ye Anping lifted his leg and kicked the female cultivator in the abdomen, then smashed the hilt of his sword against the back of her neck.

With a single strike, her eyes rolled back and she collapsed to the ground before him.

Seeing Ye Anping move, Feng Yudie also hurriedly snapped back to attention. Summoning her spiritual sword, she flashed forward and instantly subdued the Sword Sect disciple who had cut the chain.

There was still one remaining disciple, who had originally planned to attack from another direction. But after seeing his senior brother and senior sister captured so easily, he immediately turned around to flee.

If he had charged forward, Ye Anping could at least have ensured his survival.

But now that he was fleeing...

Death would be almost impossible to avoid afterward.

“Tch...”

Gong Yimo, standing behind Ye Anping, watched the last disciple preparing to flee and smiled.

“Fellow Daoist Liang, leave the last one to—”

“There’s no need for Young Master Gong to personally deal with such small fry.”

Ye Anping hooked the spiritual sword of the fallen female cultivator up with the tip of his foot, then shot Xiaotian a glance: Don’t kill him.

Xiaotian immediately understood and grabbed the sword hilt.

『Got it!!』

At once, Ye Anping struck the sword hilt with his palm.

The spiritual sword instantly shot through the air like an arrow released from a bow, chasing after the fleeing Sword Sect disciple.

“Ah?!”

The disciple looked back in panic and hurriedly raised his sword to block. But after Xiaotian grabbed the hilt, she slightly adjusted the sword's direction, aiming the blade toward a particular spot on his chest.

Swish—

The disciple had no idea why the sword suddenly changed direction. Misjudging it for an instant, he was pierced straight through the chest and nailed to the street.

Beside Ye Anping, Gong Yimo raised his brows slightly.

“Fellow Daoist Liang's sword control techniques are impressive.”

Ye Anping smiled smugly.

“A pity it didn't directly hit his golden core, hehe...”

“But then again...”

Gong Yimo turned to look at Yun Jiujiu. He had clearly seen earlier that she had made no attempt to flee. His brows twitched slightly before he burst into laughter.

“...Fellow Daoist Liang has trained this little girl quite well, huh? She didn't even try to run.”

“Hehe~ This little girl can't leave Liang anymore.”

Ye Anping glanced at him before walking over to the Sword Sect disciple being restrained by Feng Yudie.

The disciple stared at Yun Jiujiu in utter disbelief and shouted through gritted teeth:

“Second Young Mistress!! You...”

Yun Jiujiu recognized him as a disciple from her Sword Wine Peak. Her lips parted slightly, but before she could speak, Ye Anping directly wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her to his side, signaling for her to stay silent.

“Your Second Young Mistress already belongs to me now, hehe~”

“You!! I’ll fucking—”

The disciple ground his teeth in fury, just about to curse him out, when Ye Anping suddenly called:

“Xiaodie.”

Feng Yudie froze for a moment, then quickly struck the disciple on the back of the neck with a palm, knocking him unconscious.

Only then did Ye Anping quietly let out a breath of relief. Releasing Yun Jiujiu’s waist, he ordered:

“Xiaodie, escort these three back to Blood Prison Residence. I’ll personally interrogate them later.”

“Yes...”

Then he turned to Yun Jiujiu with the grin of a perfect villain.

“Second Young Mistress, you should head back to the residence and wait for me as well...”

Yun Jiujiu swallowed nervously and nodded.

“Yes... Lord Liang.”

After arranging everything, Ye Anping turned once more to Gong Yimo and cupped his hands politely.

“My apologies for startling Young Master Gong. Let us continue to the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion. Liang will deal with these three later.”

Gong Yimo shrugged and said nothing further, merely nodding.

“Please.”

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Link for character illustration:

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