

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

### Volume 7 Chapter 63 / Chapter 508: Ah Gu, Taking Advantage of the Situation

The spiritual candle in the room had burned out, leaving only the bright moonlight slipping through the cracks of the window to illuminate a small patch of space.

A cold wind drifted in, stirring silver strands of hair—and also rousing Ye Anping's completely relaxed consciousness.

He heard a steady breathing sound by his ear.

Slowly opening his eyes, he saw the silver-haired beauty curled tightly in his arms. Her expression was peaceful, her silvery brows trembling slightly, making Ye Anping unconsciously curl his lips into a faint smile.

But the moment he realized his heart was stirring, he immediately stiffened his expression and carefully rolled over, trying not to wake Feng Yudie, lying flat as he stared at the ceiling.

However, the instant he turned over, he saw—right beside his shoulder—Yun Jiujiu lying there as well, staring at the ceiling with wide, bloodshot eyes.

After locking eyes with Yun Jiujiu for a moment, Ye Anping asked awkwardly:

“How long was I asleep?”

Yun Jiujiu replied softly:

“Less than half an hour.”

Judging from her state, it seemed she had been afraid of waking him and Feng Yudie, so she hadn't dared to move or make a sound—just lying there, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Now that Ye Anping was awake, Yun Jiujiu slightly propped herself up, glanced at Feng Yudie resting on his shoulder, fell silent for a moment, then said:

“Brother-in-law, that one without a ‘bird’ really likes you.”

“I can tell.”

“And you? Do you like that one without a ‘bird’?”

“I can't very well like one with a ‘bird,’ can I...?”

“?”

Yun Jiujiu blinked, fell silent again, and turned her gaze back to the ceiling.

Ye Anping also went quiet for a moment. He turned his head to look at Feng Yudie, who was sleeping soundly on his shoulder, his eyes lowering as if deep in thought. After a while, he softly said to Yun Jiujiu:

“I'm going out to get some air... and take care of something.”

“Huh?”

Ye Anping carefully slid his arm out from under Feng Yudie's cheek and quickly sat up.

Though Feng Yudie wasn't conscious, she seemed to sense her Young Master Ye leaving. She immediately reached out to grab again—and Ye Anping smoothly pushed Yun Jiujiu into her place.

Yun Jiujiu was stunned:

“?”

Feng Yudie groped Yun Jiujiu's chest and simply rested her head on her shoulder, mumbling in her sleep:

“Hehe... Young Master Ye... got you...”

“???”

Yun Jiujiu froze, the corner of her eye twitching as she stared at Feng Yudie—who was now drooling slightly from her dream. Black lines seemed to streak down her forehead as her fists clenched with cracking sounds.

Ye Anping quickly raised a finger to his lips, making a threatening “needle-pricking” gesture:

“Shh—let her rest a bit. She just exhausted too much spiritual energy.”

Under the threat of her brother-in-law's needles, Yun Jiujiu let out a lifeless sigh. Her clenched fists loosened as she watched Ye Anping carefully step over Feng Yudie, get off the bed, and tiptoe out of the chamber.

Outside the bedroom, it was quiet and cold. Most of the servants in Blood Prison Residence had already dozed off, leaving only a few spirit-stone lanterns swaying under the night sky.

Ye Anping looked up toward the towering Pavilion of Sorrow in the northern part of the city. Then he walked alone along the corridor, found a random pavilion, and sat down, letting the cold night wind mixed with demonic aura cool his still-burning body.

To be honest, if Yun Jiujiu hadn't been there just now, he probably would have already...

But then again...

Ye Anping lowered his head and gently touched the spot on his chest where Feng Yudie had rubbed earlier, suddenly feeling that the flutter in his heart had not yet subsided.

"...Sigh..."

His sigh stirred a faint breeze.

Suddenly, a sound of footsteps came from outside the pavilion, entering his ears.

He paused slightly, instantly becoming alert as he turned his head to look behind him.

But the moment he turned—

*Thud—*

A shadow suddenly rushed forward and slammed straight into his arms, knocking him down to the ground.

Fresh from a bath, Gu Mingxin dragged along her damp, disheveled long hair. With both hands pressed against his chest, she then proudly lifted her chin, flicking her bangs aside.

Her crimson eyes shimmered with spiritual light. Pouting into a small inverted triangle, Gu Mingxin looked down at Ye Anping beneath her with displeasure and said:

“Ye Anping~ I’m angry.”

“ . . . . . ”

Ye Anping tried to move his hand, but Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes and immediately leaned down, pinning his wrist to the ground. The force was so great that his bones let out faint creaking sounds.

“Hiss—”

Seeing her expression, Ye Anping understood that what he had feared most had finally happened.

Although he was now a Nascent Soul cultivator and had inherited the Dao Ancestor’s spiritual roots—making him far stronger than before—he could handle someone like Gong Yimo, but against Feng Yudie or Gu Mingxin, if they got serious, he stood no chance.

That was also why he had wanted to avoid contact with Gu Mingxin.

Feng Yudie wouldn't dare act like this, but if Gu Mingxin chose to force the issue, and his junior sister wasn't by his side, he had practically no way to resist.

"Ah Gu, calm down..."

"I am very calm." Gu Mingxin narrowed her eyes and leaned closer until their noses touched, whispering, "Ye Anping, I'm not like that silly girl who can wait forever. My patience has already been worn away by you. And just now, you actually held that silly girl and slept behind my back..."

"... .."

Ye Anping pushed slightly, but being pinned from below, with Gu Mingxin locking him tightly with both hands and legs, he couldn't move at all.

"Ah Gu... can you let go first? Let's talk this through..."

"No!" Gu Mingxin pouted and said with narrowed eyes, "If I let go, you'll definitely pull out something to tie me up again..."

She glanced at the storage bag at his waist, then lightly exhaled a breath of spiritual energy, sending the bag flying onto the roof of the corridor nearby.

Gu Mingxin widened her crimson eyes and smiled charmingly:

"Break and rebuild—right? Is dual cultivation with me really that difficult? I was originally hoping you'd take the initiative, but it's been so long and you've shown no interest. Ye Anping, I love you so much... hehe~"

"... .."

“You see, I helped you kill so many demonic cultivators in Donghuang, and even helped you disguise yourself as one. I’m already your person, yet you won’t even dual cultivate with me... how can that be acceptable?”

“... ..”

“I’ll just do it myself~ hehe~~”

Gu Mingxin raised her hand and took out a pair of handcuffs from her storage bag, locking Ye Anping’s hands to the ground. Then her hand slowly moved to his collar, her fingers tracing downward along the faint line of his chest.

Ye Anping looked at her, his expression unchanged. After a moment of silence, he simply relaxed completely.

Seeing him give up resisting, Gu Mingxin’s smile deepened. She lowered her head and bit onto his lips, while her black robe slipped off with a slight tremor, draping over his knees.

...

Meanwhile, at the top floor of the Pavilion of Sorrow.

After leaving Blood Prison Residence, Gong Yimo and Gong Tianchan returned directly to their father’s pavilion. Xiaotian and Xue’e floated above them, secretly eavesdropping on their conversation.

Gong Yue sat behind his desk. Seeing them return so quickly, he asked curiously:

“Yimo, Tianchan, how is that Liang Daliu?”

Gong Tianchan smiled, glancing at her sworn younger brother, and replied:

“No problem, he’s especially lustful. When your daughter went over just now, he couldn’t take his eyes off her. I only needed to use a bit of charm technique to completely captivate his mind.”

Gong Yimo, standing to the side, glanced at her elder sister and smiled:

“Father, Fellow Daoist Liang is definitely not a spy from the righteous sects. When we went over, he had that Second Young Mistress of the Sword Sect crying her eyes out, there was snot and tears everywhere, and the bed was a complete mess...”

After hearing from Gong Tianchan that her charm techniques worked very effectively on Liang Daliu, Gong Yue had already relaxed. After all, no matter what Liang Daliu’s true intentions were, as long as his daughter’s charm techniques worked on him, there was no need to worry about him betraying the Heavenly Sorrow City.

The more lustful a person was, the more easily their mind could be influenced by charm techniques.

For such people, charm techniques were like an addictive drug—once Liang Daliu had a taste of his daughter, there would be no way he could leave her again.

“In that case, Tianchan, Liang Daliu will surely be of great use in the future. You know what to do, right?”

“Of course I do. Since Father values him so much... in a few days, I’ll invite him to my residence and spend a few intimate days with him. That will be enough to completely secure him.”

“Very well. Then tonight...”

“I understand.”

Gong Tianchan nodded with a smile, then shot a glare at Gong Yimo before directly loosening her belt and walking toward her father.

“Then this son will take his leave and go rest.”

“Mm...” Gong Yue pulled Gong Tianchan onto his lap as he waved his hand. “Yimo, don’t just think about having fun, focus on your cultivation.”

“Yes...”

Gong Yimo was already used to such scenes. He cupped his hands in salute and withdrew from the pavilion.

Xue’e and Xiaotian, who had followed them in to eavesdrop, turned pale at the sight. They didn’t want to stay even a moment longer and immediately phased through the wall, flying out to report back to Ye Anping.

By the time they arrived above Blood Prison Residence, the lights in the rear sleeping quarters had already gone out.

The two little ones descended from the air, flying straight toward the chambers. But just as they had dropped a certain distance, a series of strange sounds suddenly came from the garden:

“Mm~~ mm...”

“... ..”

“Mm~~ so this is how it feels. No wonder those senior sisters and junior sisters in the Heavenly Demon Sect all keep a dozen male companions each. Why didn’t I experience this earlier~ mm~~”

Xiaotian immediately looked disgusted, assuming it was some servants sneaking around in the garden, and cursed:

『Filthy demonic cultivators.』

However, Xue’e froze, feeling that the voice sounded a bit like its Mingxin:

『I’ll go take a look. You go to the chamber and tell Ye Anping first.』

『No need for you to remind me! Hmph!』

Xiaotian snorted coldly and, without another word, dove straight through the wall into the sleeping chamber, while Xue’e turned and flew toward Gu Mingxin.

But the moment Xiaotian entered the room and saw what was on the bed, it was completely stunned.

Yun Jiujiu was lying there staring at the ceiling with a lifeless expression, while Feng Yudie rested her head on Yun Jiujiu’s shoulder. Though asleep, she was kneading her chest.

『Hiss—』

Xiaotian had no idea what was going on. From the scene, it almost looked like Feng Yudie and Yun Jiujiu had somehow spent the night together, and its eyes nearly popped out in shock. It immediately flew down and delivered a flying kick straight into Feng Yudie's face.

『Ahhh!! Yudie!! What are you doing!!!』

Feng Yudie's body trembled from the kick. Still groggy, she pushed herself up against Yun Jiujiu's chest, looked around, and upon meeting Yun Jiujiu's gaze, she frowned:

“Jiujiu...”

“Mm...” Yun Jiujiu rolled her eyes and, twitching at the corners, asked:

“You bird-less idiot, does my chest feel that good to touch?”

Feng Yudie froze for a moment, then hurriedly withdrew her hand. She quickly looked around and asked:

“Where's Young Master Ye?!”

“He went out to get some air. Told you to rest properly.”

“Oh...”

Feng Yudie didn't think much of it, but upon hearing this, Xiaotian's eyes widened. It suddenly recalled the sounds of pleasure from the garden earlier and immediately grabbed Feng Yudie's ear, shouting:

『Yudie, come with me, quick!!!』

Feng Yudie turned her head in confusion. “Huh? Where to?”

Yun Jiujiu looked puzzled. “Who are you talking to?”

Xiaotian stomped anxiously. 『Stop asking! Just come with me! Hurry!!』

Seeing how urgent it was, Feng Yudie assumed something had happened to Ye Anping. Without bothering with Yun Jiujiu, she flipped over, slipped her jade-like feet into her long boots, and rushed out of the hall following Xiaotian.

Left alone in the chamber, Yun Jiujiu frowned slightly. Looking at the door Feng Yudie had forgotten to close, she somehow felt a chill. Turning over, she pulled the blanket over herself and curled into a ball.

“Damn it... why the hell is my sister so damn lucky?!”

...

*Tap tap tap—*

Feng Yudie adjusted her clothes as she ran toward the garden with Xiaotian. Xiaotian didn’t have time to explain and only said:

『Yudie, get your sword ready! The moment you see them, strike!』

Feng Yudie did as told, waving her hand to summon her spiritual sword from her storage bag and gripping it tightly.

The two hurried along the corridor into the garden—only to find Ye Anping and Gu Mingxin calmly sitting under a pavilion, drinking tea. Feng Yudie finally slowed her steps.

Ye Anping seemed somewhat annoyed, but when he saw Feng Yudie rushing over with a sword in hand, he let out a long sigh.

“Young Master Ye...”

Walking under the pavilion, Feng Yudie noticed Gu Mingxin’s flushed face and immediately frowned, questioning:

“What did you do to Young Master Ye?!”

Gu Mingxin looked disdainful, though her voice trembled slightly:

“Drinking tea. What else?”

Hearing that, Feng Yudie turned to Xiaotian, who seemed a bit hesitant, unsure whether to reveal what it had heard earlier.

At that moment, Ye Anping spoke. After glancing at Feng Yudie, he poured a cup of tea into an empty teacup beside him:

“Yudie, come have some tea.”

“... ..”

Feng Yudie nodded, but after taking a step, she suddenly paused and asked:

“Young Master Ye... you called me...”

Ye Anping averted his gaze slightly and said:

“Yudie. Is that not okay?”

“Ah— hehe, it’s okay!!”

Feng Yudie's golden eyes lit up instantly. She happily ran into the pavilion, sat beside the table, and even nudged her stone stool closer to Ye Anping.

Ye Anping fell silent for a moment and shot Gu Mingxin a glare. But Gu Mingxin only smiled playfully and said:

“Ye Anping, what's wrong?”

“... ..” Ye Anping rolled his eyes at her, then asked, “Yudie, want some roasted chicken? I'll make it for you.”

“Yes!!”

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Link for character illustration:

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