

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

Volume 7 Chapter 89 / Chapter 534: Imperial Uncle, Let Us Stand Together

Inside the quiet cabin, a bright spirit-stone lamp illuminated a desk piled high with scrolls and jade slips.

Zhuang Hu, dressed in the robes of a Hundred Lotus Sect elder, held a brand-new jade slip in his hand. His expression was solemn, as though troubled by something. After pondering for quite a while, he finally engraved a message onto the jade slip with his divine sense:

"Zilan'er, I have been following Fairy Pei and Young Master Xiao across the southern campaign, slaying demons and seeking immortality. There is no need to worry about me. How has Tong been lately? Has the Hundred Lotus Sect encountered any troubles? Has Atin been behaving?"

After writing this far, Zhuang Hu suddenly stopped. He shook his head with a sigh and tossed the jade slip aside.

"No, no... Sigh..."

He reached into his storage bag and carefully took out a rolled-up portrait. Gently unrolling it, he gazed at it under the warm glow of the spirit lamp.

Before long, the icy expression that normally never left his face gradually melted away. A faint blush appeared on his cheeks.

The corners of Zhuang Hu's lips unconsciously curled upward. He gently brushed the painted woman's face with his fingertips and chuckled softly.

"Heh..."

The next moment, however, two knocks at the door shattered his smile.

With astonishing speed, Zhuang Hu hurriedly rolled up the painting and stuffed it back into his storage bag. He immediately restored his usual stone-faced expression, casually grabbed a dossier from the side, spread it open before him, and pretended to be busy.

"Come in."

Creak—

The door opened halfway as Ye Anping walked in carrying half of a steaming roasted chicken.

Seeing Zhuang Hu sitting alone behind the desk, buried in official documents, Ye Anping couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

Their victory at Moonfall Gorge had left an enormous amount of cleanup work to handle.

Normally, Xiao Yunluo and Pei Lengxue would share part of the burden, but for the past three days, all matters concerning the seven Profound Star Sect flying ships had been dumped entirely onto Zhuang Hu.

While Ye Anping had been roasting chicken for Feng Yudie, using one of Xiao Yunluo's books as firewood, Feng Yudie had mentioned Zhuang Hu's situation. So he decided to bring half a roasted chicken over to reward his diligent Big Brother Zhuang.

The moment Zhuang Hu saw Ye Anping carrying the roasted chicken inside, however, his face immediately darkened.

Before Ye Anping could even speak, Zhuang Hu crooked his mouth into a sarcastic grin.

"What is it? Sixth Brother, you've already finished doting on your four wives, and now you've come to dote on me too?"

"?"

Hearing the heavy resentment in Zhuang Hu's tone, Ye Anping gave an awkward smile. Using spiritual energy, he pulled over a stool and sat down across the desk, placing the roasted chicken between them.

"Big Brother Zhuang, your Sixth Brother hasn't forgotten about you. I specially roasted half a chicken just for you. This was slow-roasted over a gentle fire using books that my wife had treasured for years as firewood... Give it a try?"

"...?"

Zhuang Hu had no idea what he was talking about. He rolled his eyes.

"No kindness comes without ulterior motives."

"I'm hardly some thief or schemer," Ye Anping replied with a grin. "I genuinely thought you've been working hard lately and wanted to reward you."

Zhuang Hu let out a cold snort. Looking at the half roasted chicken, he scoffed.

"Hmph. You think half a chicken is enough to buy me off?"

"Of course not." Ye Anping smiled. "Considering you've been following my junior sister and Yunluo around, I'm sure you've received quite a few kickbacks. I simply promise not to report you to the Profound Star Sect Treasury."

"..."

Zhuang Hu's eyelids twitched violently.

In the end, he merely shook his head in surrender, rested his chin on both hands, and looked at Ye Anping.

"Sixth Brother..."

"Hm?"

"I asked you this before, but I want to ask again..."

"Where do you get all this information from?"

In fact, when Ye Anping had first left the Profound Star Sect together with Feng Yudie, he had already given Zhuang Hu a jade slip.

That jade slip contained the names of numerous locations throughout the Eastern Region, along with the names of many demonic cultivators. Ye Anping had instructed him that, after accompanying the Profound Star Sect into the Eastern Region, he should stay by Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo's side as an adviser, helping them avoid the many strange and dangerous places scattered across the Eastern Region.

For example, about 1,200 li beyond Donghuang, just after entering the Eastern Region, there was a place called Hundred Herbs Cave. Inside lurked a sentient baleful spirit herb that used cultivators as hosts to propagate itself. An Elder named Elder Qiu from the Spirit Beast Sect, a man weighing over two hundred jin, had once led a dozen disciples there. When they returned, every one of them had been reduced to little more than skin and bones.

In fact, Pei Lengxue and Xiao Yunluo had originally planned to go there. But after reading the warning on Ye Anping's jade slip advising them to avoid the area, Zhuang Hu replanned their route. Thanks to that, the two women had carved their way through the Eastern Region with barely any difficulty.

Ye Anping raised an eyebrow slightly before smiling and holding up a finger.

"Heaven's secrets aren't meant to be revealed."

"Heh..."

Zhuang Hu shook his head faintly.

Choosing Ye Anping as my sworn brother really was the right decision. Following him all these years has brought me nothing but good fortune...

Second Brother and the others didn't die in vain.

Ye Anping shrugged casually. His eyes suddenly caught the corner of a crimson jade slip protruding from beneath the stack of dossiers on the desk, and his eyebrows lifted.

"Oh?"

"Hm?"

Following his gaze, Zhuang Hu immediately looked flustered and hurriedly shoved the crimson jade slip farther beneath the documents.

The color of a jade slip often carried meaning. Crimson jade slips were generally used for correspondence between men and women whose relationship was... difficult to define.

Ye Anping arched an eyebrow.

"Sent by Elder Tong?"

Zhuang Hu remained expressionless.

"...If you have something to say, say it. Otherwise, take your roasted chicken and leave. I still have official business to handle."

"Alright, alright."

Ye Anping laughed and shrugged.

He had no interest in gossiping about Zhuang Hu's relationship with Tong Zilan. His expression immediately turned serious as he asked solemnly,

"Where have the righteous sects of the Three Regions advanced to?"

Zhuang Hu turned toward the map of the Eastern Region hanging on the wall. Taking three daggers from his sleeve, he stabbed them into three different locations on the map.

"The Southern Region, led by Yun Tianchong, crossed the Dark Head Valley along the lower reaches of the Blood River five days ago. By now they should have occupied Dark Head City. They're only thirteen thousand li from the Heavenly Demon Sect.

"As for the force led by the Profound Star Sect, Elder Lei is about twenty-five hundred li north of our current position. Yesterday he sent a jade slip saying they'd already exterminated the remaining demonic cultivators that escaped from the Poison Gu Sect and are currently stationed in Immortal-Slaying City.

"As for the Frigid Heaven Kingdom of the Northern Region, they entered the Eastern Region through Mist Mountain, where the upper reaches of the Blood River meet the Northern Region, and then marched straight toward the Ghost Spirit Sect. I heard Sun Juehu fought Gui Muqi for about a month. The Ghost Spirit Sect's disciples were completely wiped out, but Gui Muqi himself escaped. As for where he is now, I haven't received any reports."

Ye Anping silently studied the map of the Eastern Region for a moment before speaking.

"As for Gui Muqi, there's no need to worry too much. He was already carrying old injuries. Besides, a ghost cultivator facing someone like Sun Juehu—a body cultivator—in a direct fight... even if he escaped, he's probably half dead by now. Most likely he's hiding somewhere deep in the mountains recovering. Once we've dealt with the Heavenly Demon Sect, we can search for him at our leisure... Sigh..."

"So," Zhuang Hu asked, "what exactly are you planning to do now? Kill a Void Return cultivator with your Nascent Soul cultivation?"

"Big Brother Zhuang gives me far too much credit." Ye Anping shook his head helplessly. "Kings fight kings, generals fight generals, soldiers fight soldiers. At most, I'm only a general... serving under the Profound Star Sect Moon Dan Master."

"Oh?" Zhuang Hu raised an eyebrow. "I'd thought my Sixth Brother had his sights set on the throne of the Immortal Emperor—that you intended to unify the Four Regions and proclaim yourself king. I was even hoping I'd be granted the title of Marquis Immortal. What a pity."

"Stop flattering me. I know my own limits."

Ye Anping lowered his eyes in silence for a while. Suddenly, he recalled the phrase he had often repeated as a child and smiled.

"I'm just cannon fodder from a third-rate sect..."

Zhuang Hu shot him a sidelong glance and replied in his usual indifferent tone,

"Cannon fodder? More like the King of the Harem."

"...?"

Ye Anping froze for a moment, the corner of his eye twitching.

He waved a hand, steering the conversation back on topic.

"Big Brother Zhuang, in a few days I'll be heading to the Heavenly Demon Sect. You, my junior sister, and Yunluo should go directly and rendezvous with Elder Lei. After that, we'll launch the siege against the Heavenly Demon Sect."

"A direct frontal assault?"

"It's the only option. The outcome of this battle depends entirely on Warden Yama and Moon Dan Master. In other words, no matter how many demonic cultivators the righteous sect disciples kill, it won't change the result. The Heavenly Demon Sect is Warden Yama's home ground. If Moon Dan Master is defeated, then every remaining righteous cultivator will be nothing more than fish on the chopping block before him."

"Heh..." Zhuang Hu let out a cold laugh. "In that case, why not just have the Moon Dan Master go out and duel Warden Yama directly? That would spare all the disciples from needless casualties."

"Foundation Establishment cultivators give their lives to pave the way for Core Formation cultivators. Core Formation cultivators, in turn, sacrifice themselves to clear the path for Nascent Soul cultivators. In the end, victory or defeat is decided by those at the very top—the Void Return cultivators. We low-level cultivators are merely chess pieces in the hands of the Void Return experts. But even the Void Return cultivators are, in truth, only pieces on the board of the Heavenly Dao and the Demonic Dao."

Hearing those words, Zhuang Hu couldn't help but knit his brows deeply.

Seeing that, Ye Anping said nothing more. He had already conveyed everything that needed to be said. Rising to his feet, he picked up the roasted chicken from the table.

"My junior sister will probably wake up soon. I should head back."

Just as Ye Anping had taken a couple of steps toward the door with the roasted chicken, Zhuang Hu suddenly called after him.

"Sixth Brother."

"Hm?"

"Leave the roasted chicken."

Ye Anping paused, then grinned mischievously.

"...Didn't you say you didn't want it?"

"Heh. How could your big brother refuse a gesture of kindness from his sixth brother?"

Chuckling, Ye Anping walked back over and placed the half roasted chicken on the desk before leaving the room. Returning to the deck, he stepped onto his flying sword and flew back to the flying ship where his junior sister and Xiao Yunluo were staying.

Worried that his junior sister might wake up, discover he was gone, and start searching everywhere for him, he hurried across the deck as soon as he landed. He dashed into the cabin, like a husband sneaking home late at night, arrived outside her room, quietly pushed the door open just a crack, and slipped inside.

However...

The moment he entered, the sight on the bed left him frozen in the doorway.

Xiao Yunluo was clinging to his junior sister, crying her eyes out as though pouring out her grievances. The dragon horns on her forehead were pressing into Pei Lengxue's face.

"Waaah... Lengxue... Anping... Anping not only refuses to sleep with me, he even burned the books I'd collected for years..."

Ye Anping's mind completely stalled.

He looked at Xiao Yunluo's tear-reddened eyes, then at his junior sister's expressionless face, now indented by two little dimples where the dragon horns were pressing against her cheeks. His lips moved, but not a single word came out.

After quite a while, Pei Lengxue gently stroked the back of Xiao Yunluo's head and looked toward him.

"Senior Brother..."

"...Yes?"

"Why are you bullying Yunluo?"

"I..." Ye Anping took a deep breath, walked over to the bedside, and gently patted Xiao Yunluo on the head. "I just wanted her to spend less time reading those... elegant books..."

Before he could finish, Pei Lengxue grabbed his wrist, turned around, and shoved him down onto the bed.

"Yunluo, I'll hold Senior Brother down. You can..."

"...???"

A row of question marks practically appeared over Ye Anping's head.

If it weren't fundamentally impossible, he would have suspected that Xiao Yunluo had somehow brainwashed his junior sister.

He turned to look at Xiao Yunluo, whose eyes had been red with tears just moments ago.

Yet it was as though she and Pei Lengxue had planned this all along. In an instant, Xiao Yunluo had already slipped out of her clothes and hopped lightly onto the bed.

"Anping... Lengxue already agreed, so don't blame me! Ah—"

Ye Anping took a sharp breath and instinctively squeezed his legs together.

"Hiss..."

Pei Lengxue glanced back, pursed her lips, and continued,

"Senior Brother... I think Yunluo has a point."

"What point?"

"Your yang energy is so abundant... I can't handle it by myself. So... having two people is better."

Ye Anping inhaled sharply again and shouted,

"Yunluo, what exactly have you been telling my junior sister—"

Before he could finish, Pei Lengxue sealed his mouth with a kiss.

In the end, one person alone could not withstand the surging waves—but with two rowing together, even the fiercest storm could be weathered.

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Link for character illustration:

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