

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

Volume 7 Chapter 76 / Chapter 52: Senior Brother, A Nighttime Talk

After a long while, moonlight filtered through the cracks in the windows, casting a silvery-white glow across the quiet sleeping hall like ambient lighting.

Draped in a long robe, Ye Anping braced both hands against the table in the room as he looked over the map of the Eastern Region spread before him, carefully listening while Yun Yiyi reported on the current deployment of the Southern Region's righteous sects, along with the news she had received over these recent days from both the western and northern fronts.

To the south of the Eastern Region, there were roughly one hundred and twenty-two demonic sects in total. Most, however, were insignificant minor sects, with only seven truly worth noting—the foremost among them being the Pleasure Sect.

The Shadowmoon Sword Sect's assault on Heavenly Sorrow City had been massive in scale. Yun Tianchong had practically brought every cultivator above the Core Formation realm from the entire sect. The other demonic sects would certainly have immediately dispatched reinforcements toward Heavenly Sorrow City, leaving their own rear territories empty.

At this moment, the Southern Region righteous sects led by Taibai Sect and Wu Nian Sect had most likely already split their forces and moved into the rear territories of those seven demonic sects.

Divided armies against divided armies—it should originally have been an even fight.

But...

“Yiyi, afterward, have Elder Hu lead three hundred Core Formation disciples to reinforce the Southern Region’s Taihua Sect in their surprise attack on Charming Spirit Sect. As for the Pleasure Sect, leave that for the Taibai Sect to handle themselves. The slightly troublesome one is Seven Demon Sect. Once Sect Master Yun’s injuries recover a bit more, have him bring disciples over there to assist.”

Pointing at the markings on the map, Ye Anping explained the future arrangements to Yun Yiyi.

Yun Yiyi listened quite attentively.

But honestly speaking, even if Ye Anping had not said any of this, she would still have made those arrangements herself.

The demonic cultivators could never have anticipated that the Shadowmoon Sword Sect would conquer Heavenly Sorrow City in only a single day. Furthermore, the Southern Region righteous sects had already used the spy list Ye Anping sent earlier to root out all the demonic infiltrators hidden within their sects.

At this point, the movements of the righteous sects had become completely obscured in fog to the demonic cultivators.

Meanwhile, thanks to the information Ye Anping previously provided, the righteous sects understood the movements of the demonic cultivators

perfectly—and the demonic cultivators still had no idea their every secret had already been exposed.

With such an enormous information gap, taking the territory south of the Blood River in the Eastern Region was only a matter of time.

Watching Ye Anping explain these common tactical principles in exhaustive detail as though she were some clueless little fool, Yun Yiyi puffed out her cheeks and finally could not help interrupting him.

“Anping.”

Ye Anping paused and raised his head, looking somewhat puzzled.

“What’s wrong? Did I say something incorrect?”

“It’s not that there’s anything wrong.” Yun Yiyi moved closer to his side, tilted her head, and looked at him with furrowed brows. “Anping, are you mistaking me for Jiujiu?”

“Uh...”

“I’m a girl who’s read thousands of books. Even if you didn’t say all this, I would’ve arranged it afterward anyway. Right now, what you should be doing is properly recovering from your injuries. Honestly, I’ve never seen anyone like you.”

Ye Anping blinked in confusion.

“Someone like me?”

Yun Yiyi raised an index finger and spun it in a circle as she said:

“After conquering a city, a commanding general should naturally indulge themselves a little. It’s written in the books—one thousand years ago, after the Southern Region’s Baiyun Sect Master spent three bitter months destroying the Eastern Region’s Gu-Feeding Sect, he immediately held a victory banquet and spent seven days and seven nights in spring revelry with thirteen beauties.”

“...”

Ye Anping fell silent for a moment. Somehow, he felt like she was hinting at something. Wearing a troubled smile, he asked in return:

“I’m not that kind of person anyway.”

“My point is, you should rest properly.” Yun Yiyi pouted and sighed softly. “You were gathering intelligence on spies in the Eastern Region before, and you even sent me maps. It must’ve taken a lot of effort. Aren’t you tired...?”

As she spoke, Yun Yiyi deliberately pinched the wound on his shoulder, making Ye Anping suck in a breath from the pain.

“Hiss—”

“See? You’re still injured, yet you keep worrying about this and that. For the next few days, you shouldn’t think about anything at all—just rest properly. I’ll handle the sword sect’s matters, so stop concerning yourself with them.”

“Yes, yes, yes... Then has there been any news from Profound Star Sect?”

Yun Yiyi puffed out her cheeks and frowned in complaint.

“You’re still asking!”

“...I’ve been away for so long. I’m still worried about Yunluo and my junior sister.”

“They’re fine. A few days ago, Mansion Master Li also sent word that ever since Donghuang fell, the righteous sects of the Western Region have joined forces with the demon clans and already wiped out twenty-seven demonic sects in the west of the Eastern Region. Even the Gu Poison Sect was forced to abandon their mountain and flee toward the Heavenly Demon Sect...”

“I see...”

Ye Anping rested his chin on his hand in thought, but Yun Yiyi immediately grabbed his shoulders and half-pushed, half-herded him toward the bed.

“Enough already!! If you’re injured, then you should lie in bed and rest properly! I won’t even send disciples over these next few days—I’ll personally take care of you.”

Faced with such an unusually forceful Yun Yiyi, Ye Anping simply stopped resisting. He removed the robe draped over his shoulders and obediently lay down on the bed that Yun Yiyi had just straightened out for him.

For some reason, Ye Anping had the vague expectation that Yun Yiyi would immediately take off her clothes and squeeze in beside him, and strangely enough, he even felt a bit anticipatory.

However, after covering him properly with the blanket, Yun Yiyi merely turned around and walked toward the door.

“Anping, rest well. I’ll come see you again later.”

Ye Anping froze for a moment. Only then did he suddenly realize the expectation he had unconsciously harbored just now, causing a bitter smile to spread across his face.

It seemed that after all the time he had spent fooling around with Ah Gu and pretending to be a demonic cultivator these past days, he had unknowingly immersed himself too deeply into the role and picked up some rather bad habits.

Still, since Yun Yiyi apparently had no such intentions, he naturally would not say anything more.

Ye Anping withdrew his gaze toward the ceiling, let out a slight breath, and nodded.

“Sigh... Mm.”

“What are you sighing for? Tell me, Anping—were you expecting something?”

“...Nope.”

Yun Yiyi covered her mouth and giggled softly.

“I was only going to fix the door.”

Ye Anping suddenly felt as though he had been baited into something and promptly shut his mouth again, turning to look toward Yun Yiyi.

He saw her take out a stone slab from her storage bag and directly seal off the double doors of the sleeping hall that Yun Tianchong had smashed apart earlier. Then she turned around, loosened her waistband, and walked

back toward the bed with catlike steps, removing pieces of clothing one by one as she came.

By the time she reached the bedside, Yun Yiyi had already let down the golden hair previously tied behind her head, and only a gold-threaded dudou remained on her body.

Ye Anping was silent for a while before saying:

“Didn’t you say I should properly rest while recovering from my injuries?”

“Yes~” Yun Yiyi narrowed her eyes into a smile. “You just lie there and rest properly. I’ll do the work myself, so you don’t end up making me wheelchair-bound again.~ Besides, I should repay you for saving my little sister too~”

“What repayment? You’re already engaged to me.”

“But we haven’t officially married yet, have we?”

Rustle rustle...

The blanket that had originally covered Ye Anping was now draped over Yun Yiyi’s shoulders instead. Sitting atop him in a duck-legged posture, she tossed her moonlit golden hair behind her back and straightened her waist. Seeing that Ye Anping showed no resistance whatsoever, she finally began cautiously moving in a slow rhythm...

Creak~~ Creak~~

...

...

An hour later.

The commotion outside from the sword sect disciples slaughtering demonic cultivators had quieted considerably, while inside, the creaking of the fragile bedboards gradually faded into the lingering night beneath the waning moon.

The two figures on the bed were covered beneath a red blanket, only their lower legs extending from underneath.

A pair of jade-like white feet lightly rubbed against the instep of a somewhat larger right foot.

Yun Yiyi's body was already drenched in sweat, and she lay sideways beside Ye Anping, her breathing still slightly uneven.

Seeing that Ye Anping beside her still looked perfectly calm, his breathing steady with only a faint flush on his cheeks, Yun Yiyi immediately pouted and sighed helplessly.

"Anping, were you a bull in your previous life or something?"

?

Ye Anping wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her a little closer to his side.

"It's just because I picked the wrong cultivation technique when I was little. Elder Wang from Profound Star Sect once said that I'd need to find a dao companion at least one major realm above me."

“That certainly seems true.” Yun Yiyi relaxed slightly, calming her uneven breathing. After hesitating for a moment, she asked, “Anping, what do you think of Jiujiu?”

“What do you mean?”

Yun Yiyi narrowed her eyes and probed cautiously:

“Mmm... when Jiujiu was pretending to be your cauldron, didn’t anything happen between the two of you—”

Before she could finish, Ye Anping flicked her forehead.

“She’s my sister-in-law. Pretending to be a cauldron was a helpless measure. I had to bring Senior Sister Feng and Gu Mingxin in with me, and to gain Gong Yue’s trust, I had no choice but to act like a lustful man. To protect her, I could only let her play the role of my cauldron.”

“I see...”

Yun Yiyi pursed her lips thoughtfully for a while before speaking again.

“I actually wouldn’t mind. If you liked her, then when I marry into your family later, I could let Jiujiu come along as my accompanying maid.”

“...”

“I mean, ours is considered a marriage alliance between the Hundred Lotus Sect and Shadowmoon Sword Sect. When two cultivation families form an alliance through marriage, it’s common for the bride’s younger sister to accompany her as part of the dowry—basically as a backup. That way, if

something happens to me, or if I can't bear children, there'd still be someone else."

Ye Anping fell silent for quite a while after hearing this. Then he raised his hand and flicked her forehead again.

"That's how political marriages work. The purpose is to strengthen relations between two clans, which is why they marry one sister along with another. But Yiyi, do you really think the reason I agreed to marry you was simply to improve relations between the Hundred Lotus Sect and the Shadowmoon Sword sect? What are you even thinking?"

"I was just saying..."

"You're testing me, aren't you?" Ye Anping shook his head slightly. "There's nothing between me and Jiujiu. I treat her as my little sister-in-law, and she calls me brother-in-law. That's all our relationship is. And honestly speaking, our personalities don't match at all. She probably thinks I'm just some 'sissy bastard.'"

"That's true..." Yun Yiyi sighed deeply. "Jiujiu's personality really isn't very good. Her mother used to be a dancer, drifting around places like Donghuang, and when she was little, my father never really disciplined her. That's how she ended up like this."

"Mm..."

"As her older sister, I really should help find her a dao companion someday, but..."

"But?"

Yun Yiyi recalled past events, and a trace of bitterness appeared on her face.

“Jiujiu actually used to have a fiancé—the young sect master of Southern Region’s Hundred Birds Sword Sect. Back then, the sword sect suffered an epidemic and urgently needed pills to save people, so they went to Hundred Birds Sword Sect for help. The condition they gave was that either I or Yun Jiujiu had to marry into their sect. After the elders discussed it for a long time, they had no choice but to agree.”

There had indeed been rumors about this in the game, though the details were never explained. Only the result was known—namely, that the marriage never happened.

Ye Anping nodded and asked:

“And then?”

“When Jiujiu found out, she waited for Young Master Zhou of Hundred Birds Sword Sect to arrive. The moment they met, she kicked his bird straight up into his stomach and beat him so badly he was seriously injured... After Young Master Zhou went back, he cried and begged his parents not to let Yun Jiujiu marry into the sect. The whole affair caused a huge commotion before eventually being dropped altogether. Elder Tianxing later told me he’d actually expected Yun Jiujiu to do exactly that, which was why he agreed to the engagement in the first place.”

“Sounds like her style.” Ye Anping shrugged slightly. “That settles it then. I definitely don’t want her beating me half to death.”

“You can’t beat her? I don’t believe that for a second.”

Ye Anping answered immediately: “I can’t.”

“...”

Yun Yiyi looked at him with obvious suspicion. In the end, she merely shook her head slightly and said:

“It’s just that, with the way she is, she’ll probably never find a dao companion in the future. And Yun Xi too—her personality is fine, but that luck of hers... sigh~ I swear, if she ever gets married, there’ll probably be two funeral banquets on the wedding day.”

Seeing that Yun Yiyi genuinely seemed worried about her two younger sisters, Ye Anping originally wanted to comfort her, but he honestly did not know what to say.

Even if the matter were handed to him, he would not have any solution either.

“Stop thinking about it and get some proper rest. Once the sword sect disciples finish purging the demonic cultivators from Heavenly Sorrow City tomorrow morning, you’ll have a mountain of things to deal with. Sleep for a while.”

“Mm... I’ve rested enough, let’s continue.”

“?”

“Hehe~ It’s rare for Junior Sister Pei and Young Mistress Xiao not to be around. Right now, you belong to me alone, and I don’t want to leave any regrets.”

Yun Yiyi smiled, flipped herself over, and once again climbed atop Ye Anping’s stomach.

Ye Anping hesitated briefly. Worried she might tire herself out, he decided he should move instead, but just as he raised his hands, Yun Yiyi frowned and pressed both his wrists firmly against the bedboards.

“I said it already! You’re injured, so recover properly. I’ll do it myself!”

“...Fine.”

“Hmph~”

...

...

The creaking sounds that had faded into the moonlit night rose once more, accompanied by soft murmurs and delicate cries.

This time, however, they continued all the way until dawn.

After the sound of a bell rang out, the sect banner bearing the sword sect’s emblem slowly rose above the Sorrowful Heaven Pavilion in the City Lord’s Manor, fluttering in the dawn breeze.

Only after hearing the bell did Yun Yiyi finally straighten herself from atop him. She turned over and sat at the bedside, casually wiping herself down.

“Anping, I’m going to check on the sword sect disciples. Stay here and recover properly, understand?”

“Want me to go with you?”

“No need. I’m just going to arrange the matters that come next. I’ll come back later to take care of you.”

“Okay.”

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Link for character illustration:

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