

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

Volume 7 Chapter 96 / Chapter 541: Senior Brother, The Way of Yin and Yang

Splash... splash...

In the steaming open-air spirit spring, ripples spread across the water as a misty veil of vapor draped over the pool, concealing the lovely black-haired, crimson-eyed girl within.

Gu Mingxin lounged lazily in the water, pursing her lips like a cat. Her eyes had narrowed into contented slits.

Normally, the murderous aura that constantly surrounded her, along with her slightly pale and eerie complexion, had made her seem almost frightening. But under the soothing nourishment of the Wood-element spiritual energy, her skin gradually regained a healthy flush.

Soaking in a Wood-element spirit spring during the bitter cold of winter truly made one never want to leave the water.

Still, remaining in such pure Wood-element spiritual energy for too long would eventually make one's skin peel.

Besides, she was still looking forward to seeing that silly white fool embarrass herself in front of her.

Just like back in the Northern Region, when Feng Yudie had cried while crossing swords with her, only to be completely overwhelmed and left in a pitiful, helpless state...

Gu Mingxin herself couldn't quite explain why.

Back when she was in the Heavenly Demon Sect, there had been countless disciples who lost to her sword, suffered endless humiliation, and wept as they begged for mercy.

Take He Jiming, for example. In front of Warden Yama and the assembled elders of the Heavenly Demon Sect, despite being an entire cultivation realm above her, he'd had the tendons in his limbs severed by her and ended up sprawled before her feet like a pile of mud, sobbing and pleading for his life.

Defeating people like that never stirred even the slightest emotion within her.

But Feng Yudie was different.

Watching her suffer setbacks brought Gu Mingxin a deep sense of delight that spread from the inside out, coursing through her entire body.

At that moment, merely imagining Feng Yudie's tear-filled eyes and disheveled appearance after being thoroughly "handled" by Ye Anping sent a pleasant shiver through her whole body. The blush on her cheeks, already tinted rosy by the Wood-element spring, deepened even further. The corners of her lips curled upward into the satisfied smile of a cat.

"Hehe~"

What an utterly delightful scene that would be.

She counted the time on her fingers.

Feng Yudie had already been inside for an hour.

By now, she was probably close to reaching her limit.

Gu Mingxin slowly rose from the pool, pushing aside the rippling water as she stepped onto the shore. She shook loose her bundled-up black hair, scattering it behind her, then, still dripping with water from head to toe, pushed open the wooden door of the spirit spring and entered the corridor.

"Hmm~ Hmm~"

Her smooth jade feet left damp footprints across the wooden floor as she skipped happily from room to room along the hallway, almost as if dancing by herself.

But as soon as she rounded the next corner, her cheerful steps came to an abrupt halt.

Ahead, hanging side by side out of the window of one of the pavilion rooms, were two tiny bottoms—one black, one golden.

"?"

Xue'e and Xiaotian had their upper bodies inside the room and their lower halves dangling outside the window. Seeing them hanging there in the middle of the night was rather startling.

Gu Mingxin stared at them for a while before walking up behind them. She grabbed each by the back of their little dresses and yanked them out through the window.

Startled, Xue'e and Xiaotian reacted like children caught secretly reading forbidden books at night by their mother. Their little hair tufts stood straight up, and both flushed bright red.

『Huh?!』

「Ah!」

Gu Mingxin glanced at the two of them. Noticing that tears still shimmered at the corners of Xiaotian's eyes, her good mood immediately faded, and the smile on her face slowly disappeared.

She looked toward the window and discovered that the room had been sealed with a barrier that prevented outside observation.

Ignoring the two little spirits, she forcefully extended her spiritual sense through the restriction.

Because of the barrier, she couldn't hear what was happening inside, nor could she see very clearly.

Still, she vaguely caught sight of a pair of fair feet suspended in the air, toes pointed outward as the legs remained tightly arched. The delicate toes curled and uncurled without pause...

"Hmph."

Looks like she'd underestimated that white fool...

Still, she couldn't possibly hold out much longer.

Gu Mingxin let out a cold snort. Deciding she might as well wait a little longer before going inside, she turned and continued down the corridor. Reaching an open space in the pavilion's rear garden, she summoned her crimson spiritual sword and, wearing nothing at all, began practicing her sword techniques.

After watching Gu Mingxin walk away, Xiaotian sniffled before suddenly turning toward Xue'e with tears welling up in its eyes.

『Blackie!! Waaaah—!』

「Huh? What's with you? You're crying your eyes out...」

『Finally... finally... my Yudie and Anping have finally... Waaaah—!』

Seeing this, Xue'e could only sigh helplessly.

They were both the artifact spirits of the Heavenly Scriptures.

How had this golden fool managed to become so utterly hopeless?

Still, Xue'e could more or less guess the reason.

The golden fool had probably spent all this time trying to play matchmaker for the white fool and Ye Anping. But because it was such an airhead, it had never succeeded.

Given that, crying this hard was... understandable, at least.

Xue'e shook its head slightly and reached out to pat Xiaotian on the head, trying to comfort it.

『Why are you crying? You're the spirit of the Heavenly Dao Scriptures, after all...』

But the instant its hand touched Xiaotian's head—

Uppercut!!

Bang!

Without the slightest warning, Xiaotian's gleaming golden fist shot upward and slammed squarely into Xue'e's chin.

「Gahhh!!」

The punch launched Xue'e several feet straight into the air. It hurriedly stabilized itself, took a deep breath through its nose, widened its eyes, and looked down.

Strangely enough, although Xiaotian's right hand was still clenched into a fist, its face remained covered in tears and snot, crying just as hard as before.

"You golden idiot!! Are you sick in the head?! I was trying to comfort you! Tch!"

Xue'e spat to the side, drew its sword, and dove straight down. Pinning Xiaotian to the ground, it began furiously knocking the back of its head with the hilt.

Bang! Bang! Bang...

Xiaotian quickly curled up, sticking its rear into the air while shielding its head, but the tears and snot continued to flow unabated.

『Waaah... My Yudie and Anping finally... waaah... Blackie...』

「If Feng Yudie and Ye Anping finally got together, why are you punching *me?!*」

『I couldn't help it...』

Xue'e froze for a moment, the corner of its eye twitching. The sword in its right hand suddenly sped up.

「Oh? You *couldn't help it*, huh?!」

Ratatatatata!!

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Meanwhile, inside the pavilion room.

The doors and windows were tightly shut, and not a single lamp or candle illuminated the interior.

Chu~ Chu~

In the pitch-black room, where one should have been unable to see anything without using a vision-enhancing spell, Ye Anping found Feng Yudie's face inexplicably clear before his eyes.

Her silver-white hair cascaded over the floor like a waterfall, as though it emitted a faint glow of its own, softly illuminating both her and him as they were reflected in her pair of clear golden eyes.

Feng Yudie gazed at him without blinking.

Her pupils trembled ever so slightly.

She neither spoke nor made any real sound, save for an occasional soft moan or a silly little giggle, leaving Ye Anping feeling both helpless and concerned.

"If you're uncomfortable..."

"Mmm..." Feng Yudie gently shook her head. "It feels strange... but I really like it. Hehe~ If I'd known it would be like this..."

"It's not too late. We still have thousands of years ahead of us..."

"Mmm... Hehe..."

Ye Anping narrowed his eyes slightly, affection showing in his expression. He slowed his pace as much as possible, lowered his head, and kissed her once more.

Both of them closed their eyes almost simultaneously, quietly savoring the warmth of each other's breath.

Before long, however, Ye Anping sensed that something was wrong.

His body felt far heavier than usual.

He remembered that back aboard the immortal ship, when he had been "besieged" by his junior sister and Yunluo, he'd eventually felt this kind of exhaustion as well—but that had only happened after the third day.

This time, after carrying Feng Yudie into the room, by his reckoning only about fifteen minutes had passed.

Yet his body already felt as though he had been plowing fields for five straight days, and even his breathing had become difficult to steady.

"Huff... Huff..."

Noticing that Ye Anping's breathing was growing increasingly labored, as though he had become exhausted, Feng Yudie's brows knitted together in concern.

"Anping... are you tired?"

To be honest, Ye Anping truly felt as though he was on the verge of being unable to move.

But seeing the worry overflowing from those golden eyes so close to his own, he simply couldn't bring himself to admit it.

Forcing a smile, he wiped the sweat from his cheek, held his breath, and deliberately steadied both his breathing and his voice.

"How could I be? Yudie... are you underestimating me?"

Feng Yudie pursed her lips.

"Mmm... But I can hear you..."

"Just your imagination."

Ye Anping quickly cut her off.

At that moment, though, his body genuinely refused to move any farther.

An idea suddenly struck him.

"How about... we switch positions?"

"Mhm! Okay!"

Rustle... rustle...

The two rolled over together, exchanging positions.

This finally gave Ye Anping a brief chance to relax.

Taking advantage of the moment, he directed his spiritual sense inward to inspect his own body and discover why he had become so exhausted.

The instant his consciousness entered his body, he discovered that every one of his meridians had already been filled with the vibrant spiritual energy of spring—a life-giving aura that symbolized renewal.

It was as though all the blood in his body had been replaced, new blood completely flushing out the old.

The Heavenly Dao spiritual energy that had accumulated when he formed his Nascent Soul had been entirely supplanted by Feng Yudie's spring-aspect spiritual energy.

This had a direct consequence.

All of the flaws left behind from Ye Anping's childhood cultivation of the Nine Yang Heart Art had been completely repaired by Feng Yudie's spring-aspect spiritual energy.

Spring-aspect spiritual energy was, by nature, a manifestation of the Great Dao itself.

Every cultivation manual in the world, on the other hand, was merely a method of cultivation passed down and refined through generations of cultivators.

Every technique had its flaws.

Spring-aspect spiritual energy did not.

One of the inherent defects of the Nine Yang Heart Art was its excessive abundance of yang energy.

Now that Feng Yudie had filled in that flaw, the old saying—

"There are only exhausted oxen; the fields are never overworked."

—was finally proven true in Ye Anping's case.

"Hiss—"

Ye Anping sharply sucked in a breath.

He immediately tried to vent the spring-aspect spiritual energy from his body, but the spiritual roots he possessed had only been borrowed. They simply couldn't compare to Feng Yudie's innate purity.

Although they were both at the Nascent Soul realm, if one compared only the amount of spiritual energy contained within their dantians, Feng Yudie possessed several times as much as he did.

Not to mention, she carried the bloodline of the Immorta Emperor.

Following the little illustrations she'd seen in Xiao Yunluo's book, Feng Yudie continued moving as she remembered.

But seeing that Ye Anping was obviously becoming uncomfortable, she immediately stopped.

"Anping... are you really okay?"

Hearing her question, Ye Anping once again held his breath, forced a smile onto his face, and carefully controlled his expression.

"I'm fine... Relax a little."

"Okay! Hehe... Mmm~~"

"..."

Ye Anping didn't dare say another word.

He immediately devoted his entire spiritual sense to his meridians, continuously guiding the incoming spring-aspect spiritual energy back out of his body.

...

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No one knew how much time had passed when—

A streak of crimson light suddenly sliced straight through the wall of the room.

Boom!

The pavilion's wooden door instantly exploded into countless splinters.

Feng Yudie shrank her neck in fright and hurriedly turned toward the sound.

That single movement caused Ye Anping to grit his teeth as one of his hands rose involuntarily to cover his forehead.

The glow of the luminous pearl suspended above the cave residence spilled into the room, illuminating the two figures on the bed.

Gu Mingxin stood in the doorway, crimson spiritual sword in hand, staring at Feng Yudie and Ye Anping in utter disbelief.

This was already the sixth time she had come back to check.

Ye Anping and Feng Yudie might not have realized it, but an entire day and night had already passed.

She had been waiting outside, expecting Feng Yudie to eventually be overwhelmed by Ye Anping so she could come in and enjoy the embarrassing sight.

But after waiting for a full day and night, there hadn't been the slightest commotion inside.

She simply couldn't sit still any longer.

"...White fool."

Feng Yudie frowned and immediately gathered Ye Anping into her arms protectively before glaring at Gu Mingxin.

"Blackie, what are you trying to do?"

Gu Mingxin had initially been puzzled.

But seeing Ye Anping's visibly exhausted appearance, her brows furrowed. After a moment's hesitation, she put away her spiritual sword into her soul realm and slowly walked to the bedside, lifting her chin.

Seeing her approach, Feng Yudie hugged Ye Anping even tighter, wrapping both arms firmly around his waist just like his junior sister always did.

After silently looking down for a moment, Gu Mingxin smiled.

"Ye Anping, back in Heavenly Sorrow City you had no problem tormenting me so thoroughly. Why can't you manage it now?"

"..."

Ye Anping looked at her speechlessly.

Thanks to Gu Mingxin's sudden interruption, he had finally managed to expel all of the spring-aspect spiritual energy from his body.

Taking a deep breath, he suddenly reached out, grabbed Gu Mingxin by the wrist, and pulled her onto the bed.

"Why don't you try it yourself?"

Gu Mingxin jumped in surprise.

"Huh?"

Ye Anping turned to Feng Yudie.

"Yudie, wait a moment. Let me teach this stubborn, sharp-tongued girl a lesson first."

Feng Yudie blinked in surprise before immediately nodding.

"Oh! Okay!"

Her expression practically said:

You interrupted my dual cultivation with Anping. Let's see how Anping teaches you a lesson!

Gu Mingxin, however, looked completely confident.

Seeing how worn out Ye Anping had seemed just moments ago, she thought this was finally her chance to turn the tables.

Taking the initiative, she pounced on him.

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Link for character illustration:

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