

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

Volume 7 Chapter 95 / Chapter 540: Yudie, The Cold Spring Where the Phoenix Sings

Splash...

A frigid spirit spring lay quietly within the sealed stone chamber. The pure Water spiritual energy filling the pool had coated all four stone walls with a layer of crystal-like frost.

「So you tried to ambush me?!」

『Glu... Wuaaah—!』

「You think you can hit me?!」

『Ugh... glug glug...』

「An uppercut, huh?!」

Xiaotian lay sprawled across the pebble-lined edge of the icy pool.

Standing beside it, Xue'e grabbed the back of its neck like a bully picking on the weak. Every time it barked out another accusation, it shoved Xiaotian's head beneath the water, forcing it to gulp down another mouthful of the spirit spring.

As a spirit artifact, Xiaotian didn't need to breathe like a human, but having such concentrated Water spiritual energy rush into its nose was still extremely unpleasant.

『Glug glug glug glug...』

Xiaotian desperately waved its arms and struggled.

Unfortunately, it was lying face down while Xue'e remained standing.

Planting one foot firmly on the back of its head, Xue'e kept it pinned underwater until bubbles continuously rose to the surface. Before long, Xiaotian's consciousness faded, and it slumped motionless at the pool's edge.

「Hmph!」

Seeing that the golden idiot had been knocked unconscious by choking on spiritual energy, Xue'e still wasn't satisfied.

It gave it a kick in the rear, sending it tumbling straight into the cold spring.

Then it folded its arms, glanced around the chamber, hesitated for a moment, took a few steps back, and dove gracefully into the water.

Plop~~

「Ahh~~ Water spiritual energy...」

Xue'e surfaced, happily pursing her lips.

It glanced at the unconscious golden fool floating nearby and decided not to bother with it, leisurely swimming around the pool instead.

It hadn't been enjoying itself for long when footsteps echoed from the chamber entrance.

The wooden door creaked open.

Startled, Xue'e immediately ducked beneath the water, dragging Xiaotian down with it to hide as well.

. . .

Wearing a bathrobe, Ye Anping looked at the cold mist drifting over the spring.

For some reason, it reminded him of the first time he and his junior sister had trained by soaking in icy water.

He possessed Water and Wood spiritual roots.

His junior sister possessed an exceptionally pure Water spiritual root.

Since the Hundred Lotus Sect had no spirit springs, he had waited until the coldest part of winter and taken the five-year-old Pei Lengxue to the frozen lake behind the sect.

After chopping a hole through the ice with a pickaxe, he hugged his little junior sister and jumped in with her.

He had assumed that, since they had already strengthened their bodies through cultivation, they'd be fine.

Instead...

Both of them froze solid.

They couldn't even climb back out.

They ended up completely encased in ice, only a step away from reincarnating.

Fortunately, Xiao Die noticed they had disappeared and brought his father to rescue them, only then were the two of them dug out of the ice.

Ever since that incident, whenever he and his junior sister soaked in freezing pools, they always took turns—one staying outside while the other cultivated inside—so that if one froze over, the other could pull them out.

Ye Anping smiled helplessly and shook away the memory.

Walking to the edge of the spring, he crouched down and tested the icy water with one hand.

Then he removed his bathrobe, took a deep breath, and stepped into the freezing spring—a pool cold enough to instantly turn any living creature into a block of ice.

"Haa..."

Splash... splash...

The Water spiritual energy parted around the well-defined muscles of his abdomen.

After giving himself a moment to adjust, Ye Anping lowered his entire body into the water.

Leaning against the edge of the pool, he emptied his mind and quietly allowed the Water spiritual energy to seep through his skin into his dantian.

Satisfied, he exhaled a cloud of white mist.

"Haaah~~~"

Yet perhaps because he had finally relaxed, or perhaps because it had been so long since he'd truly had a chance to rest, not long after entering meditation, the image of a silver-haired girl inevitably resurfaced in his thoughts.

When he had accidentally seen her earlier, he hadn't felt much of anything.

But now...

For some reason, Feng Yudie's figure kept replaying in his mind.

In the steaming Wood-element spirit spring...

Her long silver hair cascaded straight down, the ends gently curling as they floated upon the water's surface.

Surrounded by drifting white mist, she appeared half-hidden, half-revealed.

Despite eating greasy roasted chicken every day, her slender waist remained firm.

Her shoulders were as smooth and fair as polished jade...

And—

Smack!

At that moment, Ye Anping suddenly realized something was wrong with the direction of his thoughts.

He slapped himself on the forehead, forcibly suppressing the heat rising within him.

A wry smile appeared on his face as, through the dense spiritual mist floating over the water, he found himself staring awkwardly at his own reflection.

"Heh..."

He couldn't help asking himself:

Was he really lusting after Feng Yudie's body?

"Maybe... I really am..."

He let out a long sigh.

And perhaps...

It wasn't merely physical attraction.

Thinking back over all the years since he first met Feng Yudie and the countless journeys they had shared, Ye Anping suddenly realized something he had never consciously noticed before.

From the very beginning, without even realizing it himself, he had always been protecting Feng Yudie.

Back then, after Feng Yudie had been gravely wounded by Wu You, Ye Anping had only thought that he couldn't let her die, so he brought her back to the Hundred Lotus Sect to save her.

But in reality, perhaps from that very moment, without realizing it, he had already fallen under Feng Yudie's influence.

Later, at the Sword Sect, when he and Feng Yudie went to rescue Yun Jiujiu and Yun Yiyi, and he detonated the Demonic Core furnace with the Water Spirit Pearl, he had instinctively pulled Feng Yudie into his arms to shield her...

In the Frigid Heaven Kingdom of the Northern Region, when the Nascent Soul cultivator named Jiang Mojiao self-destructed, he had also instinctively caught Feng Yudie in midair and ended up buried beneath the mountain together with her...

Even though Feng Yudie possessed the Spring Aspect spiritual energy and was never truly in danger, why had he thrown himself in front of her every single time?

Come to think of it... Most of the serious injuries he had suffered over the years had probably been from protecting Feng Yudie from something.

"Hmm..."

Could it be...

Could that damned Heavenly Dao simply want me to protect Feng Yudie—the Heavenly Chosen?

Then again...

Just what exactly are the Heavenly Dao... and the Heavenly Demons?

As Ye Anping's thoughts wandered, a stream of bubbles suddenly surfaced a short distance in front of him.

Blub... blub... blub...

Apparently Xue'e had lost its grip, allowing Xiaotian to float helplessly to the surface.

Seeing Xiaotian floating there like it was half-dead, Ye Anping blinked.

Holding his breath, he immediately submerged his head beneath the water.

Although a thick layer of spiritual mist covered the surface, the water beneath was crystal clear.

Xue'e was pinching its nose shut, wearing an expression of utter panic—as though it had just seen the legendary Sea-Supporting Purple-Gold Pillar. It remained frozen underwater until its eyes met Ye Anping's.

The next instant, it lost her breath.

Glug!

Its cheeks puffed out as air escaped from its mouth, and it frantically kicked upward toward the surface.

「Hah!! Cough, cough, cough—!」

"..."

Ye Anping looked at it speechlessly before lowering his gaze.

A trace of surprise crossed his face.

He hadn't even noticed that the "Purple-Gold Pillar" had already "supported the sea."

How had...

Not dwelling on it, he resurfaced, narrowed his eyes slightly, and stared at the coughing Xue'e.

"When did you two get here?"

「Uh...」

Xue'e shrank its neck, its face flushed bright red.

「We've... been here the whole time...」

It seemed tempted to sneak another glance downward, its eyes wandering toward the water below.

That only earned it a look of complete exasperation from Ye Anping.

"You're the spirit of the Heavenly Demon Scriptures. Why are *you* blushing? It's not like you've never seen one before."

「But... I've never seen one this clearly...」

It pouted.

「Last time, when you and Mingxin were cultivating together, I honestly stayed outside guarding the door.」

"Didn't you see plenty back when you were in the Heavenly Demon Sect?"

「Those weren't as...」

Xue'e bit it lip.

Looking like an embarrassingly shy little girl, it hesitated before asking curiously,

「Can I touch it?」

"...No."

「Oh...」

It nodded sadly.

「Then I'll write it down in the Heavenly Demon Scriptures...」

Without another word, Xue'e pulled the Heavenly Demon Scriptures out from beneath its little skirt.

Before it could write anything, however, Ye Anping immediately snatched the book away, tossed it to one side, and glared at it.

"..."

Meeting his gaze, Xue'e finally came back to its senses.

It patted its cheeks and nodded sheepishly.

「Hehe... I... I was just startled, that's all.」

"..."

Ye Anping sighed helplessly.

Glancing at Xiaotian, who was drifting farther and farther away, he reached over, scooped it up, and placed it on his shoulder before relaxing once more.

"If you're going to soak, then just soak quietly. Otherwise, get out."

「Okay...」

Licking its lips, Xue'e slowly paddled over and climbed onto Ye Anping's shoulder as well.

Grabbing Xiaotian by one leg, it tossed the unconscious little fellow onto the shore before obediently leaning against the pebbled edge of the pool and quietly enjoying the bath.

Ye Anping merely glanced at the two of them before closing his eyes once more.

His thoughts returned to the "Purple-Gold Pillar" that had already "supported the sea."

Right...

I think I was just thinking about Feng Yudie...

Come to think of it...

Back aboard the immortal ship, Xiao Yunluo had deliberately brought Feng Yudie to his room...

Clearly with ulterior motives...

Taking advantage of the fact that there was nothing much to do over the next ten days, Ye Anping thought that perhaps he should go and ask her about it later...

"Phew..."

He let out a long breath, then decided against it.

Some things were better left to happen naturally.

Besides, Gu Mingxin was here as well. If anything happened, she would definitely come over to "snatch a share of the meat."

Better to wait until everything concerning the Heavenly Demon Sect was over.

Once they returned to the Hundred Lotus Sect, he would take Feng Yudie to the grave of Tai Xu and finally give her an answer to the confession she had made back then.

Come to think of it...

It had been Feng Yudie who once mentioned the legend of the crane delivering children.

Perhaps when the time came, he could borrow his father's prized crane—the one worth 880,000 spirit stones—to make the occasion a little more impressive.

I wonder if Yudie would like that...

Thinking about it, Ye Anping suddenly felt as though he had become a young boy experiencing first love.

A self-deprecating smile unconsciously appeared on his face.

"Forget it... I'll think about it later."

He emptied his mind once more, rested the back of his head against the smooth pebbles at the edge of the pool, and closed his eyes.

No longer dwelling on those thoughts, he quietly allowed the spiritual energy within the spring to continue cleansing his meridians.

Drip... drip...

The stone chamber fell silent.

The mist rising from the icy spring condensed upon the stalactites overhead before slowly gathering into droplets that fell back into the water.

Creak...

After a while, the wooden door to the chamber opened.

Soft footsteps echoed closer and closer before stopping directly behind Ye Anping.

Hearing the sound, Ye Anping instinctively assumed it was probably Gu Mingxin again.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked over his shoulder.

Instead, what greeted him was a snow-white figure.

Feng Yudie stood behind him, both hands clutching the towel wrapped around her body.

Her face was flushed a deep red.

When she saw him looking over, her gaze immediately wandered elsewhere.

"Young Master Ye... um..."

"Would it be okay if... we soaked together?"

"Hehe..."

Seeing how shy she looked, Ye Anping inexplicably found himself tensing up as well.

Unsure how to respond, he simply nodded.

"Ah... sure."

Seeing him agree, Feng Yudie smiled happily, her shoulders shrinking bashfully.

She walked to the edge of the spring and cautiously dipped a toe into the water.

Splash...

The Water-element spirit spring was naturally freezing.

Even someone like Feng Yudie found it painfully cold.

She pursed her lips.

After glancing once at Ye Anping, she took a deep breath and decisively slipped into the pool.

Shivering from the cold, she slowly leaned against his shoulder while deliberately looking off in another direction.

Feeling her trembling through the contact of their shoulders, Ye Anping sighed helplessly.

He reached up, grabbed Xue'e—who was still sitting on his shoulder—and tossed her aside before saying,

"Most cultivators aren't used to the Water-element spirit spring."

"If it's too cold, you should go to the one next door..."

"It's okay."

"I'll get used to it."

"Hehe..."

"Ah... okay."

Ye Anping responded awkwardly before calming himself.

Silently, he repeated the decision he had just made.

—Wait until we're back in the Western Region...

—Wait until we're back in the Western Region...

—Wait...

"Young Master Ye."

Feng Yudie turned her head to look at him.

"Your face is red."

"Is it?"

Tilting her head, she gathered her silver hair into a loose bun behind her head and asked quietly, "Could it be..."

"Young Master Ye, are you embarrassed?"

Ye Anping had no answer.

Looking away, he admitted, "...Yeah."

"I suppose I am."

"Then..."

Feng Yudie hesitated for a moment before asking softly, "Would you like to cultivate together with me?"

"..."

Drip... drip...

Silence once again filled the stone chamber.

Only the steady sound of water dripping from the ceiling remained.

Feng Yudie waited for a long time.

When Ye Anping still didn't nod, she grew noticeably embarrassed.

Quickly trying to change the subject, she said, "Come to think of it, Young Master Ye, you—"

However, before she could finish speaking, Ye Anping took a deep breath.

He reached out, pulled her gently by the shoulder into his embrace, and, without another word, kissed Feng Yudie's lips.

—Wait until we're back in the Western Region...

—I can't wait anymore!!

Although Feng Yudie was startled at first, she quickly understood.

So this is the "foreplay" Senior Sister Xiao wrote about...

Completely relaxing, she returned the kiss.

The kiss did not last long.

Not long after Feng Yudie closed her eyes, their lips slowly parted, lingering for a brief moment before separating.

Ye Anping let out a soft breath.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he lifted her onto the edge of the pool and looked up at her.

"Yudie... I was planning to wait until everything with the Heavenly Demon Sect was over, then take you to your master's grave before saying this."

"Hm?"

Not quite understanding, Feng Yudie hesitantly cupped his face with both hands.

"Young Master Ye... are you planning to cultivate together with me in front of my master's grave?"

"...No."

Feng Yudie smiled, her face glowing crimson.

"Can we do it now instead?"

"I want to cultivate together with you right now, Young Master Ye!"

Looking at her blushing face, Ye Anping fell silent for a moment.

Then he leaned forward and gently kissed her smooth, flawless navel.

"Ah— Young Master Ye— that tickles!"

"Call me Anping."

"Mm... Anping..."

"...Mmm..."

Relaxing completely, Ye Anping allowed Feng Yudie to cradle his head in her arms as she hugged him close.

A soft, muffled sigh escaped her lips, breaking the silence of the stone chamber.

Together with the gentle splashing of the spring, ripples spread across the otherwise tranquil icy pool.

. . .

Lying on the shore nearby, Xiaotian slowly regained consciousness.

Hearing the sounds behind it, it turned around for a look.

The instant it saw what was happening, its eyes widened in disbelief.

『Huh?!!』

Thunk!

The very first syllable had barely left its mouth when Xue'e's wooden sword struck the back of its head.

One clean blow knocked it unconscious again.

The interruption caused the two of them to pause and glance over.

"Young Master Ye... Anping..."

"Put your arms around my neck."

"I'll carry you back to the room."

"Okay~~ Hehe~~"

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Link for character illustration:

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