

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

Volume 7 Chapter 64 / Chapter 509: Senior Brother, Heartfelt Connection

The night wind rustled gently, making the firewood crackle nonstop.

Ye Anping crouched outside the pavilion by a newly lit fire, carefully roasting a marinated chicken on a wooden skewer, fully focused as he prepared it for Feng Yudie.

Under the pavilion, Feng Yudie and Gu Mingxin sat across from each other at the stone table. Golden eyes and crimson eyes met in a straight line, yet neither of them spoke.

Xiaotian floated slightly above, feeling conflicted.

Even without witnessing what had happened earlier between Ye Anping and Gu Mingxin, it could tell what happened from the faint trembling of Gu Mingxin's legs beneath the table.

If Feng Yudie had arrived before things were already done, it might have been fine.

But now... it looked like everything had already happened.

If it told Feng Yudie now, she would most likely cry her heart out—she might even develop a heart demon again. After all, in her mind, it's as if that Young Master Ye would rather dual cultivate with Gu Mingxin than with her...

But if it didn't say anything, how many times would Feng Yudie be "cut off" in the future without even knowing?

Xiaotian bit its lip slightly, glanced at Ye Anping's back, and decided to wait and ask him privately before deciding whether to tell Feng Yudie.

As for now...

Xiaotian pulled out a roll of bandages from her skirt, glaring at Xue'e floating beside Gu Mingxin, and began wrapping them around her hands.

『... ...』

「？」

Xue'e noticed her actions and paused briefly before reaching for the small wooden sword behind its back.

The next moment—

『You little dark thing!!!』

「Tch—」

Bang bang—

A flash of golden light shot forward, crashing into Xue'e, which quickly raised its wooden sword to block. After a few exchanges, the two little ones chased and fought their way up into the sky above Blood Prison Residence.

By this time, Ye Anping had finished roasting the chicken. Carrying a plate, he returned to the pavilion and sat between the two, placing the roasted chicken in the center of the table.

At the sight of the roasted chicken made by Young Master Ye, Feng Yudie's eyes lit up. She reached out to grab it, but noticed that Gu Mingxin across from her was also reaching for it. Her brows immediately furrowed as she prepared to slap Gu Mingxin's hand away.

But before she could act, Ye Anping raised his hand and smacked the back of Gu Mingxin's hand.

Smack—

Ye Anping looked at her coldly and said:

"That's for Yudie, not for you."

Hearing this, Feng Yudie almost thought she was dreaming. She immediately lifted her chin proudly and shot Gu Mingxin a smug look, as if saying: *Young Master Ye treats me much better than you!*

Facing her display, Gu Mingxin fell silent for a moment, then pretended to look envious and said in a slightly aggrieved tone:

"Ye Anping, can't you share some of the affection you give that silly girl with me? What's so good about her anyway..."

Feng Yudie frowned and retorted:

"In your dreams."

Gu Mingxin made a pitiful face, chuckled lightly, and seeing that Ye Anping still seemed somewhat displeased with her earlier actions, she supported herself on the table and stood up:

“Sigh... I’m so envious~ I’m a bit *tired* too, so I’ll head back to my room. We’ll continue building our ‘relationship’ another day, hehe~”

Deliberately leaving that remark behind, Gu Mingxin turned and walked away with an inward-stepping gait, limping slightly as she headed toward the corridor, disappearing around the corner shortly after.

Feng Yudie found it a bit strange and asked:

“Young Master Ye, what’s wrong with her?”

“...We sparred a bit. She suffered some internal injuries,” Ye Anping replied casually, pushing the roasted chicken closer to her and quickly changing the subject. “Eat, or it’ll get cold.”

“Mm... okay, hehe~”

Feng Yudie narrowed her eyes and smiled. Although she found it a bit strange that Young Master Ye had suddenly started treating her so well, her heart felt warm and fluttering—so whatever the reason, it didn’t matter anymore...

She picked up the roasted chicken. Originally, she intended to devour it in big bites like before, but thinking that once she finished eating, Young Master Ye would probably urge her to go back and rest, she instead switched to small bites, chewing slowly.

Above Blood Prison Residence, Xiaotian and Xue'e had turned into streaks of golden and black light, crashing into each other again and again.

Ye Anping glanced at them but paid no attention, quietly sitting beside Feng Yudie as she ate, his gaze lingering on her profile.

He hadn't meant to stare, but before he knew it, he was lost in thought—until Feng Yudie's ears gradually turned red, making him snap back to his senses and avert his gaze.

Noticing his unusual behavior, Feng Yudie swallowed her bite of chicken and asked:

“Young Master Ye, why are you suddenly being so nice to me...”

“... ..”

Tilting her head with a squinting smile, she joked:

“Could it be... you've fallen for me?”

Ye Anping looked away and replied softly:

“Maybe. I just feel like treating you better.”

Feng Yudie thought she had misheard and widened her eyes:

“Really?!”

Ye Anping avoided her gaze again:

“I said maybe.”

“But even a ‘maybe’ means we’ve taken a big step closer to becoming Dao companions, right? Hehe~”

Ye Anping let out a breath through his nose and lightly tapped her forehead:

“If you acted a bit more proper, you’d actually be quite cute.”

“Hehe~” Feng Yudie giggled foolishly, lowering her head and rolling her eyes playfully. “Got it. From now on, I’ll always be this cute in front of you~”

“Who calls themselves cute?”

Feng Yudie grinned, baring her teeth. “Hehe~”

“ ”

“Young Master Ye, if I had realized these feelings earlier, do you think you would have...”

“Don’t think too much. There’s no such thing as regret medicine in this world.”

For some reason, Ye Anping felt unusually relaxed, his shoulders easing slightly.

Just then, a streak of golden light shot in from beside one of the pavilion’s pillars and slammed straight into the roasted chicken, making the whole thing tremble.

Xiaotian, bruised and battered, leaned against the chicken's rear end, looking like it was about to cry. Its lips were swollen enough to nearly cover its nose. Xue'e also flew in at that moment.

It was panting heavily. After glaring at Xiaotian, it looked at Ye Anping with a face full of guilt, flew up to him, and said timidly:

「Ye Anping, I apologize on Mingxin's behalf. I'll definitely knock some sense into her later and give her a proper scolding. Please don't take it to heart. With Mingxin's personality... I promise something like that won't happen again.」

“...Mm.”

After seeing Ye Anping nod, Xue'e lowered its head, bowed, then glanced at Xiaotian and gave it another smack on the forehead with its wooden sword before hurriedly flying off toward Gu Mingxin's room.

Watching it leave, Ye Anping looked back at Xiaotian, who was still leaning against the chicken, and helplessly helped it up with his fingers.

Xiaotian looked utterly wronged, its face covered in bruises. It glanced at Feng Yudie, then lowered its head weakly:

『Anping... I'm useless. I can't do anything right...』

“Alright.”

Ye Anping gently rubbed its head with his finger in comfort. Meanwhile, Feng Yudie watched Xue'e fly away and couldn't help asking:

“Young Master Ye, what was that dark one apologizing to you for?”

Ye Anping fell silent for a moment, then replied:

“...Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Really, nothing.”

Ye Anping was actually a bit worried. If Feng Yudie found out what Gu Mingxin had done to him, would she imitate her and just push him down as well?

As he had said before—if Feng Yudie really decided to force things, he could only lie there and take it.

After a moment of silence, he asked:

“Yudie, is there anything you want right now? I’ll do my best to grant you one wish.”

“Huh?!”

Hearing this, Xiaotian froze for a moment. It almost blurted out “dual cultivation,” but after a second thought, held back and left the choice to Feng Yudie, instead signaling her with its eyes: *Yudie! This is a golden opportunity!*

Feng Yudie seemed to understand Xiaotian’s hint. After a brief pause, she asked:

“Anything is okay?”

Ye Anping lowered his gaze and thought for a moment. Figuring he might as well use this chance to make things clear, he nodded:

“Mm. As long as it’s something I can do, I’ll do it.”

“Then...” Feng Yudie scratched her cheek and asked, “Can I lean on your shoulder right now?”

Ye Anping had expected her to ask him to become her Dao companion or to dual cultivate with her. Hearing this instead, he was slightly surprised and asked:

“I said anything, and you’re not going to ask me to become your Dao companion?”

“Mm... I do want that.”

Feng Yudie smiled a bit foolishly, then shifted her stool closer and leaned her cheek against his shoulder:

“But I still want to wait until you truly like me before becoming Dao companions. Doing it like that now would feel kind of strange... hehe.”

“... ..”

Ye Anping couldn’t help but smile helplessly. Letting out a quiet sigh of relief, he shook his head slightly, feeling that this girl was unexpectedly stirring his heart.

Seeing his expression, Feng Yudie narrowed her eyes, pressed closer against his shoulder, then tore off a chicken leg and brought it to his mouth:

“Young Master Ye, want a drumstick?”

“Mm.”

Ye Anping didn’t refuse and took a bite.

Xiaotian, watching the two leaning against each other while sharing roasted chicken, stood there in a daze for quite a while. The gloom in its heart slowly began to dissipate.

Hmph! That Gu Mingxin and Ye Anping aren’t true love! Look at my Yudie—this is what real love looks like! Hmph!

Xiaotian tactfully stopped disturbing them. It floated up to the pavilion’s eaves, pulled out the Heavenly Dao Scripture from beneath its skirt, sat cross-legged, and continued reciting from where it had left off.

...

The next morning, at dawn.

Outside the gates of Heavenly Sorrow City, in a small marketplace, people came and went beneath a tea stall. Everywhere were wandering demonic cultivators from nearby areas seeking refuge.

At a table in the corner, four cultivators were chatting about the Sword Sect’s Second Young Mistress:

“I heard that after being captured by that new Elder Liang in Heavenly Sorrow City, the Second Young Mistress has been tied up in a room and tormented every day. It’s been seven or eight days already, hasn’t it?”

“Of course. I heard from friends in the city that Elder Liang is a complete lecher who loves to toy with women. That Second Young Mistress has probably already been ruined.”

“Not necessarily. She’s still an excellent cultivation vessel, and given her status as the Sword Sect Young Mistress, there’s no way they’d just play her to death...”

...

Crack—

As they spoke and laughed, three cultivators at a nearby table—who had been eating noodles—suddenly snapped their chopsticks in unison. Startled, the group turned to look at them.

The three cultivators glared at them, then stood up, tossed down a few spirit stones, and quickly left the tea stall. They headed into a quiet alley with few passersby.

“The Second Young Mistress is still alive. Send word to the Sect Master first. After that, we’ll see if there’s a chance to sneak in and rescue her...”

Another disciple hesitated for a moment. Recalling what those demonic cultivators had just said, he asked:

“Yes, Senior Brother. But how should we send this message? If we report it truthfully...”

“Use the Sword Sect’s secret order. Send it directly to the Eldest Young Mistress and Sect Master Yun.”

“Yes...”

The man nodded in acknowledgment. Taking out a golden short sword from his storage bag, he inscribed the message onto it with his spiritual sense. With a flick of his hand, the golden spirit sword concealed its form, shot into the air, and flew toward the southeast.

In just three hours, the short sword crossed roughly three thousand li of the Eastern Region’s miasma-filled mountains and rivers, landing on a large flying vessel that was traveling at full speed. It pierced through a paper window and shot straight into a room.

Inside, Yun Yiyi stood with a troubled expression, staring at the map Ye Anping had given her, trying to devise a strategy to attack the city.

At this moment, the Sword Sect had already mobilized all disciples and elders at the Core Formation realm and above—three thousand seventy-five people in total. Even the sect’s hidden reserves of magical tools and array treasures had all been brought out.

It could be said that regardless of victory or defeat, the Shadowmoon Sword Sect had poured out nearly all the resources it had accumulated over the years.

However, with just over three thousand people, attempting to break through Heavenly Sorrow City—which had stood firm in the Eastern Region for a thousand years and had once withstood nearly a month of assault from the Overclear Sect led by Nangong Cheng—was still an almost hopeless endeavor.

“Pleasure Sect, Meiling Sect, Seven Demon Sect...”

Yun Yiyi looked at the demonic sects surrounding Heavenly Sorrow City, her brows tightening further.

With the entire Sword Sect mobilized, it was nearly impossible to conceal their movements. Once Heavenly Sorrow City learned of their approach, the surrounding demonic sects would surely mobilize in full force to encircle and suppress them.

By her estimation, they had at most seven days to break the city.

If they failed within those seven days, once the cultivators from the three demonic sects arrived, their chances of victory would drop to zero.

Yun Yiyi grew increasingly anxious, even blurting out her sect’s hometown slang—something rare for her:

“That reckless old man!!! Damn it—what the hell!!!”

But even though the Sword Sect faced near-certain doom, just as her father had said—

Their movements had already drawn the attention of nearly all the demonic sects in the southern part of the Eastern Region. Meanwhile, the other righteous sects in the Southern Region now had the map Ye Anping had provided, and all demonic spies within their ranks had been eliminated.

In other words, while the Shadowmoon Sword Sect drew away the demonic cultivators’ attention, the other righteous sects of the Southern Region could use a “lure the tiger away from the mountain” strategy to seize almost

all the second-rate demonic sects in the southern Eastern Region in one decisive move.

For the past few days, Yun Yiyi had been racking her brain, trying to find a way to preserve the Shadowmoon Sword Sect.

The only solution was to break the city within seven days.

But seven days...

Her husband could last longer than seven days in bed—how could they possibly break Heavenly Sorrow City in just seven days?!

Whoosh—

As the Sword Sect drew closer and closer to Heavenly Sorrow City, Yun Yiyi began to feel somewhat resigned. She sat back in her chair, covering her forehead and shaking her head:

“Anping... where are you...”

At that moment, the golden spirit sword pierced through the window and stabbed into her desk.

Thud—

Seeing that it was a secret report sent back by a Sword Sect disciple, Yun Yiyi took a deep breath, picked it up, and examined it with her spiritual sense.

Seeing the message describing how miserably Yun Jiujiu had been treated—reduced to nothing more than meat on the chopping block by a

“newly arrived” demonic cultivator surnamed Liang—Yun Yiyi immediately felt a surge of nausea, as if bile were rising in her throat.

With just a brief imagination of the scene, her chest tightened painfully.

Her second sister—who always spoke in their hometown dialect and looked like a little girl barely twelve or thirteen—had actually ended up suffering like this...

Unable to hold back, Yun Yiyi flung the golden spirit sword away.

Clang—

“...Jiujiu.”

But suddenly, as if she had realized something, her eyes widened. She hurried over and picked up the golden short sword again.

“A newly arrived... surnamed Liang...”

Maybe it was just a coincidence, but Yun Yiyi clearly remembered that Ye Anping himself had used the alias “Liang Xiaoliu” more than once.

Gripping the short sword, Yun Yiyi fell silent for a long time. Her expression wavered between joy and sorrow, yet suddenly, the heavy pressure that had been weighing on her heart for the past half month since Yun Jiujiu’s incident vanished without a trace.

“Anping... as expected, you...”

She turned once more to look at the map hanging on the wall, her brows gradually relaxing.

Although she couldn't figure out exactly what Ye Anping intended to do, deep down she had no doubt—once he arrived, everything would be resolved.

“Haa...”

Yun Yiyi took a deep breath, calming herself and beginning to think about how she should coordinate with Ye Anping.

He hadn't sent any message telling her what to do...

But he had sent Yun Jiujiu's hair and identity token...

“Anping must have calculated that once Father received Jiujiu's hair, he would definitely lead the entire sect to Heavenly Sorrow City... So... does that mean I don't need to do anything?”

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Link for character illustration:

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