

## The Order 10051

Chapter: 10051

“However, it’s already late today, and it would be impolite to invite him abruptly. How about this, tomorrow morning, this old servant will personally go to the West City. If Mr. Mo is free, I’ll invite him to the manor to discuss the classics with Miss, what do you say?”

His words offered a concrete and reasonable solution, both responding to Yu Ranran’s request and buying himself time.

Yu Ranran stared at Chen Ping for a few seconds, then suddenly smiled, a smile as bright as spring sunshine, yet it sent a chill down Chen Ping’s spine.

“Alright, then let’s do as Uncle Fei says, we’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

Yu Ranran put away the jade slip, seemingly giving up on pressing the matter, but then asked casually, “By the way, Uncle Fei, Father seemed to have asked about the maintenance of the Fallen Soul Slope formation this morning. Have you dealt with it? Father seems to be paying extra attention to that area lately.”

Falling Soul Slope! \*Soul Refining Crystal!\*

Chen Ping’s heart skipped a beat.

This was definitely a deliberate test!

Did Yu Ranran know something?

Or was it just a coincidence?

He forced himself to remain calm, responding with the expected reaction of Fei Qing: “Reporting to Miss, this old servant has personally checked the array at Fallen Soul Slope; it’s functioning normally.”

“Soul refining...the related matters have also been arranged properly, please rest assured, City Lord.”

He almost mentioned the Soul Refining Crystal, but quickly corrected himself, appearing even more cautious.

Yu Ranran nodded, asking no further questions.

“Then, Uncle Fei, you’re busy. I won’t disturb your rest any longer. I’ll be waiting for your good news tomorrow!”

She waved her hand, then, with her maid, turned and gracefully left, leaving behind a faint fragrance.

Only after Yu Ranran’s figure disappeared at the end of the flower path did Chen Ping secretly breathe a sigh of relief, a fine layer of sweat breaking out on his back.

This Yu Ranran truly lives up to her reputation; she’s sharp-witted, eloquent, and constantly probing, ready to seize any weakness if one isn’t careful!

The conversation just now, seemingly ordinary, was actually incredibly dangerous. Although he managed to weather the storm for now, Yu Ranran has clearly become suspicious.

Tomorrow’s appointment will likely be an even greater test, or... a trap.

He can no longer continue to play along with her under the guise of Fei Qing; it’s too easy to expose himself.

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and he quickly devised a new plan.

Since Yu Ranran is so obsessed with ancient texts and ancient secret techniques, and Fei Qing happens to know a master who has studied these topics...

Why not have that master personally take the stage?

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A bolder, even somewhat erotic and dramatic plan gradually took shape in his mind.

Approach Yu Ranran, gain her favor and trust, and then through her, contact Yu Wuji to investigate the Soul Refining Crystal and the secrets of the Divine Race!

This was far more meaningful than simply impersonating Fei Qing and then targeting Yu Ranran.

The risks might be greater, but the rewards would be higher if successful, and it would give him more control!

A faint smile played on Chen Ping's lips.

With his charm, he could easily win Yu Ranran's heart the moment they met.

Once he had Yu Ranran under his spell, becoming the son-in-law of the Jade Immortal Mansion, how could he possibly fail to get close to Yu Wuji?

Chen Ping was absolutely confident that Yu Ranran would willingly offer herself to him.

That was charm...

However, before that, Chen Ping needed to deal with Mr. Mo from the Western City and find a way to get him to leave for a while.

Then he would have Fei Qing find an excuse to leave the Jade Immortal Mansion, so that even if Yu Ranran had any suspicions, she wouldn't have any proof!

After leaving Yu Ranran's sight, he didn't return directly to Qingxin Pavilion, but instead turned and headed towards a relatively secluded small garden at the boundary between the inner and outer mansions.

He needed to contact Lianxing as soon as possible.

In a corner of the garden stood an inconspicuous ancient locust tree, its trunk hollow.

Chen Ping quickly traced several peculiar symbols with his fingers in a hidden spot on the inside of the trunk.

This was the emergency contact code he and Lianxing had agreed upon beforehand, indicating that urgent assistance was needed.

Beside the code, he left information that Lianxing could recognize: "West City, Mr. Mo, leave immediately, without a trace."

Having done all this, he straightened his robes, regained Fei Qing's slightly gloomy expression, and walked towards the welcoming courtyard!

This was where Yu Xian Mansion entertained guests!

Chen Ping gave a few instructions to the guards and then left!

Back at Qingxin Pavilion, two restrained guards stood like wooden stakes in the courtyard.

Chen Ping glanced at them, his eyes cold.

These two could not be allowed to live any longer.

Although they were under control, they remained a threat, and as time passed, Ming Li's mind-controlling spell and chaotic restrictions might gradually weaken or be discovered.

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"Follow me to the study," Chen Ping instructed the two guards, his voice calm and indifferent.

The two guards silently followed.

Deep within the Qingxin Pavilion, in Fei Qing's private study, protected by multiple isolation arrays.

Chen Ping closed the heavy stone door, activating all the silence and isolation restrictions.

Only three people remained in the study.

Chen Ping turned to the two guards, whose eyes were slightly vacant, and sighed softly: "You have followed Fei Qing for many years, and you have done your duty. Unfortunately, it is fate."

As he finished speaking, his eyes suddenly sharpened, his fingers forming a sword, and two chaotic gray lights, more condensed and purer than before, pierced the two guards' brows like lightning!

There were no screams, no struggles.

The two guards shuddered simultaneously, the last glimmer of light in their eyes vanishing completely.

Then, their entire bodies, starting from the inside out, dissolved silently into the finest gray dust, like a pencil drawing erased by an eraser, fluttering to the ground, obliterating even their clothes and belongings.

These two potential problems were completely resolved.

Afterwards, Chen Ping summoned a steward, gave him some instructions, and then dismissed him.

But after he left, Chen Ping closed his eyes, and light and shadow flowed around him. His figure, face, and aura began to rapidly change.

His tall figure slightly adjusted, returning to its original balanced and upright posture.

His gaunt and sinister face receded like ripples, revealing Chen Ping's original youthful, handsome, and sharply defined features.

His dark blue brocade robe also transformed into an ordinary moon-white long gown in a soft glow, of exquisite quality yet understated.

In a few breaths, Fei Qing vanished, and standing in the study was Chen Ping again, his eyes deep and calm.

He stretched his neck, savoring the ease of returning to his original form.

Imitating someone else, especially a cunning character like Fei Qing, required constant mental vigilance.

Next, he would change his identity and re-enter the Jade Immortal Mansion.

Chen Ping pondered for a moment, then walked to a bookshelf on one side of the study.

Based on Fei Qing's memories, he skillfully moved several heavy books aside, revealing a hidden recess in the wall behind them.

Inside were several spare guest elder tokens, of lower authority but sufficient for passage through certain areas of the inner mansion, along with some blank talismans and disguise materials.

These were some backup plans Fei Qing had prepared for himself.

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Chen Ping took out a cyan guest elder token, along with some blank talismans and disguise materials.

He hung the token at his waist, then, facing a large water mirror in the study, began to subtly refine his appearance.

It wasn't a drastic change, but rather a softening of his existing handsome features, reducing some of his sharpness and adding a touch of scholarly refinement.

His skin tone was adjusted to be slightly lighter, as if he rarely saw sunlight due to years of studying classical texts.

His eyebrows were trimmed to be thinner and longer, and the sharpness in his eyes was deliberately toned down, replaced by a gentle, peaceful, and inquisitive light.

Soon, a refined and elegant young cultivator appeared in the mirror, around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, the kind of scholar engrossed in ancient texts, seemingly unaware of worldly affairs.

Chen Ping nodded in satisfaction.

This image should meet Yu Ranran's expectations of a learned person, and being young and handsome, he would more easily win the young lady's favor.

He checked himself one last time, confirming that he had left no trace related to his previous actions.

Then, he walked to the window on the other side of the study.

There was a hidden passage leading to a secluded path behind Qingxin Pavilion, a route rarely known to others, used by Fei Qing for private meetings or confidential matters.

Pushing open the window, Chen Ping emerged like a falling leaf, his figure blending into the night. He followed the path silently, leaving the Qingxin Pavilion area unnoticed.

He didn't go far, but instead took a long detour, arriving at the outer perimeter of the reception courtyard of Yuxian Mansion, a place specifically for receiving visiting guests.

It was late at night. There were guards at the entrance of the courtyard, but the security was much looser than in the inner core area of the mansion.

Chen Ping straightened his clothes, his face showing a mixture of initial arrogance and curiosity, and slowly walked towards the courtyard gate.

"Halt! Who goes there? Do you have any identification?" the guard stopped him.

Chen Ping remained calm and composed, taking out his guest elder token and saying gently, "My name is Chen Ping. I have been invited by Chief Steward Fei Qing to stay temporarily at the manor to assist with some ancient book verification matters."

His voice was clear and pleasant, carrying an air of convincing composure.

The guard took the token, checked it, and, after assessing Chen Ping's outstanding demeanor and cultivation, softened his tone considerably: "So it's Mr. Chen. The Chief Steward has already instructed that you be assigned room number three (甲字三). Please follow me."

Chen Ping had already spoken to the guard beforehand, so there wouldn't be any problems!

Chen Ping smiled and nodded: "Thank you for your trouble."

Thus, Chen Ping, as a guest elder, openly and legitimately moved into the welcoming courtyard of the Jade Immortal Manor.

The room he chose was tranquil and secluded, suitable for quiet cultivation and research, and also consistent with the persona he had cultivated.

Upon entering the room, Chen Ping checked his surroundings again to ensure safety before sitting cross-legged and beginning to regulate his breathing. Simultaneously, his mind raced, rapidly rehearsing the meeting scene and various possible scenarios for the next day.

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The night was deep. Outside an elegant courtyard in the western district of Jade Immortal City.

A ghostly figure appeared silently—it was Lian Xing, sent by Chen Ping.

She had changed into night clothes, completely concealing her aura, her sharp gaze scanning her surroundings.

According to the coded message and intelligence left by Chen Ping, the Mr. Mo, who was knowledgeable in ancient texts, lived here.

Chen Ping instructed her to eliminate this man, but not kill him, as Mr. Mo had no grudge against Chen Ping.

Lian Xing did not rashly enter.

She first carefully surveyed the outer perimeter of Tingyu Pavilion, confirming that there was only a faint aura, approximately at the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, inside, and no powerful protective array.

She took out a thin bamboo tube and gently blew out a wisp of colorless and odorless smoke, which drifted into the room through the cracks in the door and window.

This was her secret-made sleeping potion, capable of inducing a deep, dreamless sleep, extremely effective against low-level cultivators.

After waiting a moment, Lianxing slipped over the wall like a cat and silently entered the main house.

On the bed, an elderly man with white hair and beard, and a gaunt face, was fast asleep—it was Mr. Mo.

Lianxing placed the sleeping Mr. Mo into a specially made storage bag that could isolate his presence, cleaned up the scene, erased all traces of her presence, and quietly left.

According to her plan, she smuggled Mr. Mo out of the heavily guarded Jade Immortal City that very night and took him to a secluded cave hundreds of miles outside the city.

Having done all this, Lianxing breathed a sigh of relief and quickly returned to her secret location to await Chen Ping's next instructions.

...

The next day, the sky was clear and bright.

Yu Ranran arrived at Qingxin Pavilion early as expected. Today, she wore a light green dress that accentuated her fair skin.

Her hair was meticulously styled, adorned with a trembling pearl hairpin, giving her a fresh and charming appearance, tinged with anticipation.

However, she waited for a long time in the outer hall of Qingxin Pavilion, but Fei Qing did not emerge. Only an ordinary steward nervously served tea.

"Where is Uncle Fei? Hasn't he gotten up yet?" Yu Ranran asked impatiently.

“Reporting...Reporting to Miss,”

the steward’s forehead was sweating, “The Grand Steward...the Grand Steward hurriedly left the manor last night, saying...saying he had urgent official business requiring him to leave for several days.”

“Before leaving, he specifically instructed that he had invited a scholar with extensive knowledge of ancient scriptures for Miss, who is currently waiting at the Yingbin Villa. The Grand Steward told you to go directly there.”

“Left? Several days?”

Yu Ranran frowned slightly.

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Fei Qing promised yesterday to invite Mr. Mo today, so why did he suddenly leave?

And even brought someone else directly?

This behavior is quite unlike Fei Qing’s usual meticulous style; it seems rather rushed.

Could it be... that his suspicions were made by her probing yesterday?

Or is there truly an urgent matter?

Yu Ranran’s doubts remained, but she was even more curious about the gentleman he had invited.

While Fei Qing was suspicious, perhaps the person he brought truly possessed some skill?

“Lead the way,” Yu Ranran stood up, deciding to see for herself.

The Welcoming Courtyard.

Chen Ping had already risen and was brewing tea at a stone table beside a clump of green bamboo in the courtyard.

Morning light filtered through the bamboo leaves, illuminating his moon-white robe and his focused, serene profile. The fragrant tea, mingled with the fresh scent of bamboo leaves, created a tranquil and elegant atmosphere.

As Yu Ranran entered the welcoming courtyard led by the steward, this was the scene that greeted her.

Her steps unconsciously softened.

The young man sitting in the bamboo shadows and morning light was tall and upright, with a gentle and refined demeanor. His profile was handsome, and his expression was focused and serene—completely different from the stereotypical image of an old, pedantic scholar she had imagined.

Seemingly sensing someone's arrival, Chen Ping looked up, his gaze turning towards the courtyard gate.

Their eyes met.

Yu Ranran felt a slight flutter in her heart.

His eyes were clear and deep, like an autumn lake, calm and still, yet seemingly capable of reflecting the depths of one's soul.

His gaze was open and gentle, carrying a hint of inquiry, lacking the usual astonishment or fawning one might show a man upon seeing her.

“Are you Miss Yu?”

Chen Ping put down his tea set, stood up, and bowed with elegant and natural movements. “I am Chen Ping. I have been entrusted by Chief Steward Fei Qing to wait here. The Chief Steward said that Miss Yu

possesses considerable insight into ancient texts and scriptures, and has encountered some difficulties, thus requesting that I come to discuss them with her.”

His voice was clear and gentle, his pace unhurried and pleasant to the ear.

Yu Ranran snapped out of her reverie and quickly returned the greeting, a faint smile unconsciously appearing on her face. “Greetings, Mr. Chen. Uncle Fei is quite swift; he only mentioned it yesterday, and you’ve already invited me today. But I wonder if you and Mr. Mo from Xicheng…”

“Mr. Mo is an old acquaintance of mine, a man of profound learning, from whom I often seek his guidance.”

Chen Ping smiled slightly, responding with ease. “However, Mr. Mo went traveling to visit friends a month ago, and his return is uncertain. Chief Steward Fei knows I’ve recently been traveling nearby and have some knowledge of ancient star power and ley lines, hence my presumptuous invitation. I hope you will forgive any intrusion, Miss.”

His explanation was reasonable, and his attitude neither servile nor arrogant.

Yu Ranran’s doubts lessened somewhat.

It seemed Fei Qing had genuinely gone to invite Mr. Mo, only to find him unavailable, and thus temporarily sought out this Mr. Chen.

This Mr. Chen possessed an extraordinary bearing and spoke with refined elegance; he didn’t seem like a charlatan.

“Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. It’s my honor to receive your guidance.”

Yu Ranran said, walking to the stone table and sitting down. She naturally placed the jade slip containing ancient texts on it. “Yesterday, Uncle Fei and I discussed this passage. The phrase ‘Tianxuan leads the stars, Dique opens and closes’ has remained a mystery to me. I wonder if you have any insights, sir?”

As she spoke, she carefully observed Chen Ping's expression and reaction.

Chen Ping picked up the jade slip, scanned it with his divine sense, and a thoughtful expression appeared on his face. After a moment, a hint of understanding and admiration flashed in his eyes.

"Young Miss is indeed exceptionally intelligent; she grasped the key point at a glance."

He set down the jade slip, his fingers lightly tracing lines on the stone table, using his spiritual power to outline a simple star map and earth vein lines. "This phrase is certainly not from ordinary feng shui formations. In my humble opinion, 'Tianxuan' doesn't simply refer to one of the seven stars of the Big Dipper; in this context, it likely refers to a specific 'traction node' or 'aperture' within the celestial energies."

"'Dique' is not simply a gap in the veins, but rather a 'gate' in the human body or earth corresponding to 'Tianxuan' in the heavens."

He explained profound concepts in simple terms, citing classical texts and combining them with several nearly lost ancient doctrines, making this obscure passage clear and logical.

He not only answered Yu Ranran's questions but also offered several possible cultivation or application theories, each substantial and thought-provoking.

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Yu Ranran initially approached the conversation with a somewhat skeptical attitude, but as she listened, her expression gradually became focused, then surprised, and finally, utterly filled with admiration and excitement!

This Mr. Chen's erudition and unique insights far exceeded her expectations!

Many points that had puzzled her were easily clarified with a simple touch from him. Some of his conjectures were completely unheard of, yet logically consistent, leaving her utterly astonished!

Unconsciously, the two talked from dawn until late morning.

The tea was changed several times, and the spiritual energy patterns on the stone table were replaced again and again.

Yu Ranran was completely immersed in this high-level academic discussion, her eyes growing brighter and her cheeks flushing slightly with excitement.

Looking at Chen Ping across from her, eloquent, intelligent, and exuding confidence and charm, the initial attraction she felt for him based on his appearance quickly intensified.

A complex mix of admiration, appreciation, and a subtle, almost budding, feeling had formed within her.

How long had it been? How long had it been since she'd encountered a peer with whom she could have such a deep conversation, someone whose knowledge truly impressed her?

The young talents in the manor were either obsequious, empty and dull, or, despite their high level of cultivation, utterly illiterate.

But this Mr. Chen was not only incredibly learned, but also...and so handsome.

Yu Ranran felt her heart race. Her gaze lingered on Chen Ping's slightly parted lips as he spoke, his long, clean fingers, and his long, thick eyelashes, slightly lowered as he listened intently...

"Young Miss? Young Miss?"

Chen Ping's gentle call startled her from her reverie.

"Ah? Oh! Mr. Chen, please continue, I'm listening!"

Yu Ranran hurriedly averted her gaze, two blushes rising on her face. She lowered her head somewhat embarrassedly, picking up her teacup as if to hide her embarrassment.

Chen Ping observed her subtle movements, understanding her intentions perfectly.

The plan was progressing even more smoothly than he had anticipated.

This young lady was not only intelligent, but also, in some ways, remarkably naive.

His displayed knowledge and demeanor had clearly succeeded in attracting her attention, even... winning her favor.

This was an excellent entry point.

But he had to strike the right balance.

He needed to maintain this attraction without appearing too eager or frivolous.

He had to act like a true, scholarly gentleman, occasionally revealing his appreciation for the intelligent woman—nothing more. “It’s getting late...”

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Chen Ping glanced at the sky and said considerately, “The profound meanings of these scriptures cannot be fully understood in a short time. If Miss is interested, I can stay in the manor for several days and am always ready to discuss them. But I wonder if that would be a disturbance?”

“Not at all! Not at all!”

Yu Ranran blurted out, then realized she had been too hasty. Her face flushed even more, and her voice lowered, “What I meant was... Mr. Chen is extremely knowledgeable. I would be honored to receive your guidance.”

“I’ll have someone arrange it for you right away. You can stay in the manor as long as you wish!”

“By the way, does Mr. Chen have any requirements for his accommodations? While the Yingbin Villa is quiet, it’s rather simple. Perhaps...”

She had already begun to subconsciously consider Chen Ping’s needs.

Chen Ping smiled inwardly, but his expression remained gentle and humble: “Thank you for your kindness, Miss. The environment here is elegant and suits my taste perfectly; there’s no need to trouble yourself further. However...”

He hesitated slightly, then said, “It’s just that Chief Steward Fei left in a hurry, without specifying when he would return.”

“I have been honored to be invited to the manor. Besides discussing scriptures with you, Miss, is there anything else I can assist you with?”

“If you have any questions about ancient texts, or matters concerning the collation and verification of the manor’s records, please feel free to give your instructions. I am willing to do my utmost.”

This was a well-chosen statement, both clearly stating his status as a guest and his willingness to help, while subtly probing for opportunities to access the more core collections or affairs of the Jade Immortal Manor.

Yu Ranran’s goodwill towards Chen Ping had grown considerably at this moment. Upon hearing this, she immediately said, “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind! Your willingness to stay and guide me is already a great help!”

“The library in the manor does indeed hold many ancient book fragments, some of which even my father may not fully understand. If you don’t mind the trouble, I can take you to the library another day; perhaps we can discover more!”

The library!

Chen Ping’s heart skipped a beat.

Perhaps there he could find clues about the Divine Race, Soul Refining Crystals, or the secrets of the Jade Immortal Mansion!

“In that case, I’ll trouble you, Miss.”

Chen Ping bowed in thanks, his smile gentle yet as warm as a spring breeze caressing Yu Ranran’s heart.

Looking at his smile, Yu Ranran felt overjoyed. Her previous doubts about Fei Qing had long since vanished.

Now, her mind was filled with this handsome and learned Mr. Chen, and the wonderful time she could spend discussing ancient books and wandering the sea of books with him in the future.

“Well... Mr. Chen, please rest. I’ll come back to consult you later.”

Yu Ranran stood up reluctantly, leaving Tingzhu Garden with several glances back.

As she stepped out of the courtyard, a smile she couldn’t hide still lingered on her face. She instructed her accompanying maid, “Go tell the manager of the reception courtyard that Mr. Chen is an important guest of mine. He must be treated with utmost care, and all expenses must be in the highest standard. No negligence is allowed!”

“Also, tell the library that I will be taking Mr. Chen to consult ancient texts in a few days. Have them prepare accordingly.”

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“Yes, Miss.”

The maid respectfully replied, secretly surprised. Her mistress seemed particularly attentive to this new gentleman.

Yu Ranran walked back briskly, pondering which difficult questions she should ask Mr. Chen next, and what clothes she should wear to see him...

Inside the courtyard, Chen Ping watched Yu Ranran leave, the gentle smile on his face slowly fading, replaced by a calm expression.

The first step—approaching the target and gaining favor—was done well.

Next, it was time to use this favor to gradually penetrate the core of the Jade Immortal Mansion, get closer to Yu Wuji, and investigate the Soul Refining Crystal and the secrets of the Divine Race.

He walked back to the stone table, picked up the slightly cooled tea, and took a small sip.

Yu Ranran left the welcoming courtyard with a heart full of joy and a hint of sweetness, even forgetting to delve into the strangeness of Fei Qing's hasty departure.

However, inside the Wuji Hall, the power center of the Jade Immortal Mansion, the atmosphere was completely different.

The hall was majestic, with black jade as its base and white jade as its pillars. The dome was inlaid with luminous pearls, emitting a soft yet cold light.

Deep within the hall, on a large throne carved from a single piece of meteorite iron, sat a middle-aged man dressed in a purple-gold dragon robe and wearing a jade crown.

He appeared to be around forty years old, with a square face, eyes that seemed to hold the movement of the sun, moon, and stars, a high-bridged nose, and tightly pursed lips, exuding an imposing aura.

His aura was deep and profound, as if he were one with the entire hall and even the ground beneath his feet, his breath subtly stirring the surrounding spiritual energy.

This was none other than Yu Wuji, the Lord of the Jade Immortal Palace, a top-tier expert at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

At this moment, he held a newly presented communication jade slip in his hand, his face so grim it was almost dripping with water.

The jade slip contained the joint investigation report from the Punishment Hall and the Inner Guard: the brothers Tu Gang and Tu Meng were confirmed missing; there were no signs of struggle or residual energy at the scene, as if they had vanished into thin air.

Preliminary investigation revealed that unidentified individuals had been inquiring about the Fallen Soul Slope incident and the whereabouts of the Tu brothers in the city recently.

Given the recent high-priced inquiries about the Fallen Soul Slope at the Zhiwen Pavilion, it's suspected to be targeted retaliation or a cover-up for the executions at Fallen Soul Slope. Furthermore, the perpetrator is highly skilled, employs bizarre methods, and is adept at concealment and destroying evidence.

“Useless! All useless!”

Yu Wuji's deep, furious roar echoed through the hall, making the air vibrate. “Two executioners of the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, in their own residence, just vanished without a trace?”

“You don't even know how they died? What use are you to me!”

The kneeling elders of the Execution Hall and the Inner Guard Commander below were trembling with fear, their heads bowed even lower, cold sweat soaking their backs.

“Investigate! Keep investigating! Expand the scope, screen everyone who recently entered the city, whose whereabouts are suspicious, and whose cultivation level is unknown!”

“At Fallen Soul Slope, increase manpower, raise the array alert level to the highest! Without my order, no one is allowed to approach within a hundred miles!”

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Yu Wuji issued a series of orders, his tone icy. "Also, strengthen the city defenses further, shut down all teleportation arrays, leaving only the emergency passages open, which I will personally oversee!"

"Yes! We obey the Lord's orders!" Everyone hurriedly responded.

"Where is Fei Qing? Have him come to see me!" Yu Wuji remembered this trusted steward in charge of internal affairs and prisons.

A steward cautiously stepped forward and reported, "Reporting to the Master, Chief Steward Fei... yesterday evening he said he had urgent personal business to attend to and needed to leave the manor for several days. He has already informed the elders on duty, and at this moment... he should no longer be in the manor."

"What?"

Yu Wuji's brows furrowed sharply. "He left the manor yesterday? Did he say what personal business it was? Where did he go? When will he return?"

"The Chief Steward only said it was urgent personal business, without specifying what it was or where he went. He only said he would return in three to five days, or at most half a month."

The steward answered with a forced smile.

Yu Wuji's brows furrowed even more deeply.

Fei Qing suddenly left the manor at this time?

Or at this crucial moment when he ordered increased security and the investigation into the disappearance of the Tu brothers?

A strange sense of unease, like a cold snake, crept into Yu Wuji's heart.

The Tu brothers were Fei Qing's confidants, specializing in handling the dirty work at Fallen Soul Slope.

They suddenly disappeared, and then Fei Qing left the manor on some business?

This is too much of a coincidence!

Could it be...that something happened to Fei Qing too?

Or...that he knew something, got scared, and ran away?

Or is this all part of a larger conspiracy targeting Fei Qing, or targeting the incident at Fallen Soul Slope?

Countless thoughts collided in Yu Wuji's mind.

He was inherently suspicious, and the fact that he could sit in the position of manor lord and control the vast Jade Immortal City showed that his cunning and ruthlessness far surpassed that of ordinary people.

"Pass down the order..."

Yu Wuji's voice returned to calm, but became even colder. "From this day forward, Yu Xian Manor is on maximum alert. The outside is relaxed, but the inside is tense. Strengthen checks at all gates. Without my warrant or the elders' joint approval, no stranger is allowed to set foot in the inner manor!"

"All guest retainers in the Yingbin Villa must have their identities and backgrounds re-verified and be placed under close surveillance! Also, send people to find out Fei Qing's exact whereabouts after leaving the manor. Find him alive or dead!"

"Furthermore..."