

The Order 10061

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He paused, a cold glint in his eyes, "Inform Miss to stay home for the time being. Without my permission, she is not allowed to move around freely, and she is absolutely forbidden from bringing any strangers into the inner manor!"

"Yes!" The crowd solemnly accepted the order and quickly withdrew to carry it out.

Inside the main hall, only Yu Wuji remained.

He slowly stood up, walked to the huge window, and looked down at the magnificent and heavily guarded Yu Xian Manor below.

"No matter who you are, daring to run wild in my Jade Immortal Mansion, harming my people, coveting my secrets..."

Yu Wuji muttered to himself, his eyes sharp as knives, "I will make sure you... never return!"

However, Yu Wuji's order seemed to have come a step too late.

Or rather, he underestimated his daughter's infatuation and overestimated her ability to carry out his orders.

...

Welcoming Courtyard, Room 3, Grade A.

Chen Ping was quietly meditating, digesting the lessons learned from his conversation with Yu Ranran that day, and planning his next move.

Suddenly, his brow twitched slightly. His divine sense detected someone rapidly approaching from outside the courtyard. The aura... it was Yu Ranran?

And it seemed she was alone?

Why was she here so late?

And her expression seemed somewhat... hurried and excited?

Chen Ping straightened his robes, his gentle and refined smile returning to his face, and got up to open the door.

“Mr. Chen!”

Yu Ranran stood outside the door, her cheeks slightly flushed, her breathing a little rapid, her eyes sparkling with excitement, and she held two new jade slips in her hand.

“I...I’ve found two more points of difficulty, and I’m so eager to learn that I couldn’t resist asking you, sir. I hope I haven’t disturbed your rest.”

She said she was asking for advice, but her eyes were fixed on Chen Ping, filled with undisguised admiration and affection.

Chen Ping stepped aside: “Please come in, Miss. Discussing scholarship is no disturbance.”

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Yu Ranran happily entered the room and naturally sat down at the table.

Chen Ping poured her a cup of tea.

“Mr. Chen, look here...”

Yu Ranran eagerly unfolded the jade slip, pointing to a section, “And here... I feel these two parts somehow echo yesterday’s ‘Tianxuan Guiding the Stars,’ but I can’t quite put my finger on it...”

Chen Ping took the jade slip, reading it carefully. After a moment, his eyes again revealed admiration: “Miss is indeed perceptive. These two parts seem independent, but they actually subtly align with the principle of ‘Three Powers Positioning, Star Aperture Resonance.’”

“If combined with what was said yesterday, perhaps we can deduce a secret method that uses specific celestial phenomena and times to activate earth vein nodes, temporarily opening or strengthening ‘Star Power Channels,’ for short-distance teleportation or condensing star power to temper the body...”

He once again demonstrated erudition and insight far exceeding Yu Ranran’s expectations.

He not only answered her questions but also connected several seemingly unrelated fragments of scripture, constructing an astonishing, logically complete framework of an ancient secret technique!

Yu Ranran listened with rapt attention, watching Chen Ping’s confident and composed demeanor as he spoke eloquently.

Watching him meticulously draw the exquisite star map and runes in the air with his spiritual power to clarify his explanation, her heart pounded faster, her cheeks burned hotter, and her eyes overflowed with admiration.

This man...how could he be so outstanding!

So captivating!

Unconsciously, the distance between them grew closer and closer.

The faint fragrance emanating from Yu Ranran wafted into Chen Ping's nostrils, and her focused and ardent gaze occasionally fell upon Chen Ping's profile and neck.

Chen Ping, as if sensing an opportunity, knew the time was right.

However, he maintained his gentlemanly demeanor, and after finishing his explanation, naturally released a slight distance.

Then, he picked up his teacup and said gently, "It's late, Miss. You should go back and rest early. These profound scriptures require slow digestion."

His thoughtfulness warmed Yu Ranran's heart, while simultaneously stirring a touch of reluctance.

"Mr. Chen..."

Yu Ranran bit her lip, mustered her courage, and looked at Chen Ping with bright eyes. "Tomorrow...tomorrow I'll take you to the library, okay?"

"There are many more precious ancient books there, many of which even my father hasn't fully understood. We can study them together and discover even more interesting things!"

The library!

Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat. This was the opportunity he had been dreaming of!

But a suitable hesitation appeared on his face: "The library? I've heard it's a very important place in the manor. As an outsider, I'm afraid..."

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"It's alright!"

Yu Ranran immediately said, "I'm the daughter of the manor lord. What's wrong with taking a friend to the library? The guards won't dare stop me!"

"Besides, Mr. Chen is so knowledgeable, he might even be able to help us sort out and correct some of the ancient books! Father would be happy to know!"

She spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world, completely disregarding her father's prohibitions and the rules of the manor.

At this moment, all she wanted was to be with the person she admired and share what she found most interesting.

Looking into Yu Ranran's innocent yet passionate eyes, Chen Ping knew that this intelligent girl, once she fell in love, was experiencing a rapid decline in reason and vigilance.

This was a golden opportunity for him.

He gave her a gentle and grateful smile: "In that case... I'll trouble you, Miss."

"It's a promise! I'll pick you up first thing tomorrow morning!"

Yu Ranran stood up happily, like a joyful little bird, "Mr. Chen, get some rest, see you tomorrow!"

She left reluctantly, turning back again and again until the courtyard gate closed, before skipping away with delight.

Chen Ping closed the door, his gentle smile gradually fading, his eyes becoming deep and thoughtful.

The plan was progressing as perfectly as expected.

The next morning, Yu Ranran arrived as promised.

She was clearly dressed up carefully today, wearing a pale yellow ruqun (a type of traditional Chinese dress) with a light gauze overlay, her hair meticulously styled and adorned with delicate beaded flowers, making her even more beautiful than the flowers themselves.

Seeing Chen Ping open the door, her eyes immediately curved into crescent moons.

“Mr. Chen, let’s go!”

The two walked side by side towards the library deep within the inner palace.

Along the way, they encountered several patrolling guards and stewards, who all bowed respectfully to Yu Ranran.

Although some doubts were visible in their eyes regarding Chen Ping beside her, seeing the young lady chatting and laughing intimately with him, no one dared to approach and question him.

Soon, a magnificent and ancient seven-story tower came into view.

The tower was constructed of unknown dark blue-green boulders, its surface engraved with countless profound runes, exuding an aura of antiquity and weight. The top of the tower was shrouded in a faint spiritual mist.

This was the library of the Jade Immortal Palace, housing countless cultivation manuals, historical secrets, and formulas for formations and pills—one of the important foundations of the Jade Immortal Palace’s heritage.

At the entrance of the tower, four guards with profound auras, at least at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, stood solemnly.

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Seeing Yu Ranran approach with a strange man, the leading gray-robed elder frowned slightly, stepped forward, and bowed, saying, “Young Miss.”

“Elder Wu...”

Yu Ranran was in a good mood, smiling brightly, “I brought Mr. Chen to the library to consult some ancient books. Mr. Chen is a guest elder invited by Uncle Fei; he is very knowledgeable and can help me with a few difficult questions.”

Elder Wu glanced at Chen Ping, his gaze sharp as a knife, and said in a deep voice, “Young Miss, the library is a very important place in the manor; only core members of the manor or...” Those holding special orders from the Lord of the Manor or the Elders’ Council are not allowed to enter. This Mr. Chen, though a guest elder, is...”

“But what?”

Yu Ranran’s smile vanished, her pretty face hardening. “I’m the Lord of the Manor’s daughter. Can’t I even bring a friend in to read a book? Do you think I would leak the Manor’s secrets?”

“Someone invited by Uncle Fei, could there be any problems? Elder Wu, are you questioning me, or Uncle Fei?”

She was already spoiled, and now, to protect Chen Ping, she adopted the airs of a young lady, her tone aggressive.

Elder Wu’s face stiffened. Although he held a high position, he dared not truly offend the Lord of the Manor’s beloved daughter.

Moreover, he had to give some face to Chief Steward Fei Qing.

“But the Lord of the Manor issued a strict order yesterday...”

“Young Miss, please calm down. That’s not what I meant.”

Elder Wu softened his tone. "It's just that the Lord of the Manor ordered yesterday that security be strengthened throughout the manor, especially the library, which requires strict control over entry and exit."

"If Young Miss wishes to bring people in, could I please inform the Lord of the Manor?"

"Inform what? My father is in seclusion cultivating. Do I have to disturb him for such a small matter?"

Yu Ranran was even more displeased. "I'll only be in for a short while, checking a few books. I'll take responsibility if anything happens! Get out of my way!"

With that, she actually grabbed Chen Ping's hand and tried to force her way in!

Chen Ping chuckled inwardly, but outwardly displayed a hint of embarrassment and apology.

He then nodded slightly to Elder Wu: "Elder Wu, I was merely assisting Miss Chen in examining some difficult ancient books at her invitation; I had no other intentions. If there are any issues, I can wait outside."

The more humble and understanding he appeared, the more Yu Ranran felt Elder Wu was unreasonable, and the more determined she became to take him inside.

"Mr. Chen, there's no need for that! I said we can go in, so we can go in!"

Yu Ranran glared at Elder Wu, and without further ado, pulled Chen Ping past the guards and directly into the library.

Elder Wu and the other guards exchanged glances, finally sighing, not daring to forcibly stop them.

They knew this young lady's temper; if they truly angered her, none of them would fare well.

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They could only hope the Lord of the Manor wouldn't blame them...

Entering the library, a rich aroma of books and a faint fragrance of spiritual wood wafted towards them.

The interior space was far more spacious than it appeared from the outside, clearly utilizing a spatial expansion array.

Rows of towering bookshelves, several meters high, stood neatly arranged, filled with all sorts of jade slips, silk scrolls, bone fragments, and metal tomes—a dazzling array, a vast and boundless collection.

A faint protective aura flowed between the bookshelves.

Yu Ranran, familiar with the layout, led Chen Ping directly to the third floor.

“This floor mainly houses ancient miscellaneous texts, geographical anecdotes, and secret histories. Most of the strange records about celestial phenomena and ley lines are on this floor.”

She began browsing with great interest, occasionally pulling out a jade slip and handing it to Chen Ping: “Mr. Chen, look at this... and this...”

While assisting her in her exploration, Chen Ping subtly extended his divine sense like the finest tentacles, cautiously scanning the surrounding bookshelves and texts.

He was searching for any records that might be related to “the Divine Race,” “Soul Refining Crystals,” “Soul Falling Slope,” or the secrets of the Jade Immortal Mansion.

Immersed in the world of ancient texts, time quietly slipped by.

Yu Ranran was frequently amazed by Chen Ping's profound knowledge, her admiration almost undisguised.

She moved closer and closer to Chen Ping, sometimes almost leaning into his arms to see his finger gestures more clearly. Strands of her hair occasionally brushed against the back of his hand, bringing a slight tickle and a sweet fragrance.

Chen Ping maintained his gentlemanly demeanor, gentle and polite.

But occasionally, when he glanced back at Yu Ranran, a perfectly timed hint of appreciation and tenderness would appear in his eyes, making Yu Ranran's heart flutter even more.

"Ugh, these gods, so annoying."

Upon seeing a certain book recording the conflicts between ancient races, Yu Ranran suddenly pouted and muttered a dissatisfied comment.

Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat, but his face remained impassive. He followed her words, asking, "Why do you say that, Miss? Aren't the Gods... supreme and invincible, ruling over the Thirteen Heavens?"

"Supreme and invincible!"

Yu Ranran pouted, seemingly having found someone to confide in. She lowered her voice and said, "They're just human cultivators with slightly better cultivation talent and earlier birth, yet they call themselves gods and look down on us cultivators."

"They lord it over us in our Azure Nether Immortal Continent, treating all the major families and sects as their vassals and servants! My father... my father has to be careful and obedient in their presence."

Her tone carried obvious dissatisfaction and a hint of resentment.

As a favored daughter of heaven, she also had her own pride, and she had long harbored resentment towards the Gods' arrogant and domineering attitude.

Chen Ping, with an expression of listening and understanding, asked softly, "Is the Divine Race's influence in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent so deeply entrenched? Do they... have a stronghold here?"

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Yu Ranran glanced around, making sure no one was watching, before leaning closer, almost whispering in Chen Ping's ear.

Then she whispered, "Of course they do. It's in a place at the border of the Eastern and Central Regions. I heard they built a magnificent Divine Punishment Hall there; it's one of their most important strongholds in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent of the Eastern Region."

"Five Divine Race Venerables reside inside, their strength unfathomable. They are specifically responsible for monitoring and coordinating the forces throughout the Eastern Region, regularly sending envoys to various sects and immortal cities to deliver so-called divine decrees and collect offerings... and, it seems, they also collect something very special."

"Something special?"

Chen Ping felt a chill run down his spine, but his face betrayed just the right amount of curiosity.

"Hmm..."

Yu Ranran frowned, trying to recall. "I don't know the specifics. Father forbids me from asking too much about the gods, saying it's no good to know too much."

"I've only vaguely heard Father and Uncle Fei mention it. It seems to be related to the treatment of some special prisoners, extracting some kind of... crystal? Anyway, it's very mysterious, and also... unsettling."

She seemed to recall some bad rumors and shuddered.

Chen Ping's heart sank.

Special prisoners...extracting crystals...Soul Refining Crystals!

As expected!

The Hall of Divine Punishment!

Five Venerable Ones of the God Clan!

This information is too important!

He wanted to ask for more details, but Yu Ranran shook her head: "That's all I know. Father strictly forbids anyone in the manor from discussing matters of the gods. Mr. Chen, let's not talk about this anymore, it's bad luck."

It seems Yu Wuji is very secretive about the gods, not even daring to reveal too much to his own daughter.

Chen Ping tactfully changed the subject, discussing another book on ancient formations with Yu Ranran.

Yu Ranran quickly became engrossed in the joy of her "academic exchange" with Chen Ping, forgetting her earlier unpleasantness.

Unbeknownst to them, dusk was falling outside the window, and the library was automatically illuminated by a soft, pearly light.

"Ah, it's so late."

Yu Ranran was startled, feeling a little embarrassed, but even more so, reluctant to leave.

Time spent with a loved one always flies by.

“Thank you so much for today, Miss, for broadening my horizons,” Chen Ping sincerely thanked her.

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“Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. I should be thanking you.”

Yu Ranran’s cheeks flushed slightly, her voice soft. “Discussing scholarship with you, sir, is the happiest time of my life.”

She looked up, her large, watery eyes gazing at Chen Ping, her gaze overflowing with affection.

In the dim light, her beautiful face gained an even more alluring, hazy quality. The library was silent, save for the soft breathing and heartbeats of the two of them.

The atmosphere became ambiguous and subtle.

Yu Ranran felt her heart pounding, an unprecedented surge of emotion welling up within her.

Looking at Chen Ping’s handsome face so close to hers, inhaling his clean, pleasant scent, her head felt hot.

She knew this was wrong, too fast, too unrestrained.

But... she couldn’t control herself.

This man was like a magnet, drawing her in irresistibly.

His knowledge, his demeanor, his gentleness—everything about him captivated her.

“Mr. Chen...”

Yu Ranran’s voice trembled slightly, tinged with shyness and longing, “I...I...”

Chen Ping looked at her dazed eyes and flushed cheeks, understanding dawning on him.

He knew the time had come.

He didn’t speak, but simply reached out and gently grasped Yu Ranran’s slightly cool hand.

Yu Ranran trembled, but didn’t pull away. Instead, like a startled fawn, she let out a soft “Mmm” and nestled into Chen Ping’s arms.

The warm, soft scent of a young girl filled his arms, and her delicate touch wafted over him.

Chen Ping could feel her slight trembling and her accelerated heartbeat.

He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, “Ranran, is it alright?”

That “Ranran” was like the final dam breaking, completely shattering Yu Ranran’s reason and reserve.

She closed her eyes, her eyelashes trembling, and gave an almost inaudible “Mmm,” her arms encircling Chen Ping’s neck.

Chen Ping no longer hesitated, lowering his head to kiss her delicate, moist lips.

Yu Ranran responded awkwardly, her body as soft as spring water, completely leaning against Chen Ping, letting him have his way. In the quiet third floor of the library, the soft glow of the pearl bathed two figures embracing.

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Long shadows cast by the bookshelves concealed this forbidden yet passionate scene.

Clothes gradually fell away, breaths grew heavier.

A clever and proud girl, in the instant she believed she had met true love, saw reason completely give way to surging emotions.

She willingly offered everything she held most precious to this man she had known for only two days, yet who had already captivated her.

She didn't know that this seemingly romantic encounter was, from the very beginning, a meticulously planned deception.

She was even less aware of the unpredictable turmoil her current surrender would bring to herself and to the entire Jade Immortal Mansion.

For Chen Ping, this was merely one of the necessary means to achieve his goals.

Lust and conspiracy intertwined in this moment. He had obtained the girl's body and soul, which also meant that the door to the Jade Immortal Mansion's most core secret had been pushed open a crack once more.

But when everything settles down and the lies are exposed, how will this girl, whose heart is now filled with sweetness and happiness, face the cruel truth?

The night deepens, and the erotic ambiance within the library finally fades.

Yu Ranran nestles in Chen Ping's arms, her face still flushed and a sweet, contented smile on her lips, her fingers unconsciously tracing circles on Chen Ping's chest.

"Chen Ping..."

She calls his name for the first time, her voice soft and sweet, "You'll always be with me, won't you?"

Chen Ping strokes her hair, his voice gentle: "As long as you don't mind."

"How could I mind you!"

Yu Ranran quickly looks up, gazing at him earnestly, "I love you so much! When my father comes out of seclusion, I'll tell him I want to marry you! He loves me so much, he'll definitely say yes!"

Chen Ping smiles, not replying, but simply holding her tighter, his gaze passing over her head, fixed on the deep night outside the window, deep and cold.

"Alright, I should go back now..."

Chen Ping gently kissed Yu Ranran and said.

"No, don't go to the Yingbin Villa anymore. Come stay with me. That way, we can stay together and discuss ancient texts anytime."

Yu Ranran said, blushing.

"Discuss ancient texts, or something else?"

Chen Ping smiled playfully and gently squeezed her chest.

Yu Ranran buried her head in Chen Ping's chest. Once a woman gives her virginity, she will be devoted to her first man.

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This was the conclusion Chen Ping had drawn from his journey through the mortal world, the secret realm, the celestial realm, and finally the heavenly realm!

With dozens of women, Chen Ping was quite experienced.

In the following days, Yu Ranran's residence became a tender haven for Chen Ping and her, a place where their love blossomed.

This exquisite and beautiful boudoir became their secret sanctuary for day and night, where they indulged in unrestrained pleasure.

Having just experienced lovemaking, and with their passion at its peak, Yu Ranran's obsession with Chen Ping reached the point of being inseparable from him.

She was captivated by Chen Ping's gentle guidance under his profound knowledge, and even more intoxicated by the ultimate pleasure of their spiritual and physical union—a thrill that sent shivers down her spine and a subtle resonance of their cultivation.

Chen Ping was not merely indulging in pleasure; he possessed the power of chaos and had a unique constitution.

Dual cultivation with Yu Ranran, a virgin with a naturally spiritual body who cultivated the orthodox Xuan Yin techniques of the Jade Immortal Palace, harmonized Yin and Yang, greatly benefiting him in solidifying his foundation and refining his magical power.

Meanwhile, under Chen Ping's deliberate guidance in the profound dual cultivation methods, Yu Ranran's cultivation progressed rapidly. She increasingly felt that Chen Ping was unfathomable and completely open with her, and her love for him burned like wildfire, uncontrollable.

The Jade Immortal Palace's abundant resources were also opened to Chen Ping.

Under the guise of helping Yu Ranran “identify ancient books” and “test ancient methods,” Chen Ping gained access to numerous precious spiritual herbs and materials, and even occasional access to some less core treasury texts.

However, he knew this seemingly idyllic infiltration couldn’t last.

Yu Wuji would eventually notice, and other forces within the manor might also become suspicious.

He needed to seize the time to improve his strength while simultaneously conducting a deeper investigation.

That day, after their intimate encounter, Yu Ranran lay languidly against Chen Ping’s chest, her fingertips tracing circles on his firm skin, her eyes filled with a hazy, contentment.

Chen Ping stroked her smooth back, seemingly casually saying, “Ranran, I’ve recently been studying an ancient secret technique that requires absolute silence and ample time. While this place is good, the presence of maids makes the spiritual energy slightly mixed.”

Yu Ranran immediately looked up, concerned, “Then what should we do? I’ll go tell Father to arrange the best secluded meditation room for you!”

Chen Ping shook his head, smiled slightly, and with a flick of his palm, a small tower exuding an ancient and profound aura appeared in his hand.

The tower was neither gold nor jade, but a dark gold color. Countless complex and obscure runes were engraved on its surface, faintly radiating an aura of majesty that suppressed the heavens—it was the Demon-Suppressing Tower!

Normally, Chen Ping wouldn’t display the Demon-Suppressing Tower to outsiders, but now Yu Ranran was his woman, not an outsider!

“This is...”

Yu Ranran's beautiful eyes widened. She could sense the extraordinary aura of this small tower; it was definitely not an ordinary item.

"This is a magical artifact I acquired by chance: the Demon-Suppressing Tower. It contains a universe within, and its time flows differently from the outside world," Chen Ping explained gently.

"One hundred days of cultivation inside the tower is equivalent to only one day outside. However, activating it requires considerable energy, and it shouldn't be known to outsiders."

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"Ranran, would you like to enter the tower with me to cultivate? This way, we'll have more time together and can comprehend those ancient texts and secret techniques more quickly."

One hundred days inside the tower, one day outside?!

Yu Ranran was utterly shocked!

Such a treasure involving the laws of time is a legendary existence even in the Thirteenth Heaven!

Chen Ping actually possessed it and was willing to share it with her!

Overwhelmed with joy and gratitude for being completely trusted, she was instantly overwhelmed.

She threw herself into Chen Ping's arms, her voice choked with emotion: "Chen Ping...you're so good to me! I...I'd do anything! Just to be with you!"

Chen Ping held her, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

Sharing the Demon-Suppressing Tower, while partly intended to accelerate Yu Ranran's cultivation and further bind her to him, was also, to some extent, a risky act of trust.

He needed Yu Ranran completely on his side, especially when facing Yu Wuji.

"This matter must be kept absolutely secret, not even from your father," Chen Ping solemnly instructed.

"I understand! This is a secret between the two of us!"

Yu Ranran nodded vigorously, her eyes filled with determination and sweetness.

That night, Chen Ping set up several layers of isolation barriers in his residence, then summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The tower grew rapidly in the wind, transforming into a giant tower three zhang tall, its base opening wide, emitting a hazy, clear light.

The two stepped inside hand in hand.

The tower was a world unto itself, not the cramped tower chambers one had imagined, but a vast, boundless void brimming with spiritual energy, with projections of the sun, moon, and stars, and nascent forms of mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas.

The spiritual energy here is far purer than outside, and it contains a unique rhythm that aids in comprehending the laws of nature.

"How wondrous..." Yu Ranran exclaimed in amazement, looking around with the curiosity of a little girl.

Chen Ping led her to a specially designated cultivation area beside the core altar.

He had used the power of chaos to create an environment perfectly suited for dual cultivation and seclusion.

Time here became cheap and generous.

Time flowed slowly within the tower.

Aside from necessary rest and tender moments, Chen Ping and Yu Ranran devoted almost all their time to cultivation.