

The Order 10071

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Chen Ping selected suitable methods from the various profound techniques he had personally gleaned from ancient texts, studying and practicing them together with Yu Ranran.

The method of dual cultivation was practiced to its extreme; yin and yang flowed, dragon and tiger intertwined, and their magical power, divine sense, and even their understanding of the Dao were merging and improving at an astonishing speed.

Yu Ranran, already exceptionally talented, saw her cultivation advance rapidly under the accelerated time of the Demon Suppression Tower and the guidance of her mentor Chen Ping. In a short time, she faintly touched the threshold of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, her aura becoming increasingly refined and pure.

Chen Ping's gains were even greater.

His primary cultivation, the Chaos Power, was all-encompassing, and under the tempering and fusion with Yu Ranran's Profound Yin Spiritual Power, it became even purer and more profound.

Most importantly, being with Yu Ranran allowed Chen Ping to utilize the various resources of the Jade Immortal Palace. Without these resources, such rapid cultivation would have been impossible.

Using this almost stolen time, he perfected his foundation at the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, naturally breaking through to the eighth rank, and continued his ascent to the peak of the eighth rank!

Feeling the surging, turbulent, and condensed Chaos Power within him, Chen Ping's eyes shone with a restrained divine light.

Although he was still some distance from Yu Wuji, a seventh-grade Immortal, in terms of cultivation level, he was confident that he could contend with, and even defeat, Yu Wuji, thanks to the supreme characteristics of Chaos Power and his rich combat experience!

Of course, all this rapid improvement was built upon the foundation of the long time spent inside the tower.

Outside, only two days had passed.

On the morning of the third day, Chen Ping and Yu Ranran emerged from the Demon-Suppressing Tower, radiant with vitality.

Their auras were connected, their eyes locked, like a pair of celestial lovers deeply in love, their restrained cultivation making them all the more unfathomable.

However, just as they stepped out of their residence, preparing to stroll in the garden, a cold, majestic aura, imbued with boundless rage, suddenly descended like a blizzard, enveloping the entire pavilion!

The air seemed to freeze instantly, and the maids prostrated themselves on the ground, trembling with fear.

At the entrance, Yu Wuji, clad in a purple-gold dragon robe, stood with his hands behind his back.

His face was ashen, his eyes flashing like lightning as he stared intently at Chen Ping and Yu Ranran, who stood side by side.

Especially when he saw his daughter, radiant and full of spring-like joy, so intimately embracing that strange man, the anger in his chest almost exploded!

He had received Elder Wu's report about Yu Ranran forcibly breaking into the library and bringing back a strange man.

And the news secretly reported by Yu Ranran's maid that Yu Ranran and Chen Ping were cultivating together every night!

The dignified young lady of the Jade Immortal Mansion, the apple of his eye, Yu Wuji's eye, had been so easily deceived and won over by a man of unknown origin who had only infiltrated the manor a few days ago, and even openly cohabiting with him!

This was an utter disgrace!

It had trampled on his, Yu Wuji's, reputation, and the rules of the Jade Immortal Mansion to nothing!

What horrified him even more was that, with his keen eyesight, how could he not see the change in his daughter's aura?

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That was clearly a sign of lost primordial yin and an abnormal leap in cultivation in a short period!

And that kid next to him... he's only an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal!

A Celestial Immortal reaching the thirteenth level?

What methods did he use? Who is he?!

"Father?!"

Yu Ranran was startled by her father's terrifyingly gloomy face and instinctively took a step forward, subtly shielding Chen Ping behind her.

This subtle movement stung Yu Wuji's eyes even more.

"Ranran," Yu Wuji's voice was icy cold, devoid of any warmth, but his gaze pierced Chen Ping like a sharp arrow, "Come here."

"Father, this is Mr. Chen Ping. Uncle Fei invited him to help me research ancient texts. He is very knowledgeable and has been a great help to me..."

Yu Ranran tried to explain, but her voice was weak.

“I told you to come here!”

Yu Wuji suddenly raised his voice, and the terrifying pressure of a seventh-grade Upper Immortal erupted, like a solid mountain, pressing down fiercely on Chen Ping! He wanted to teach this arrogant brat who dared to lay a hand on his daughter a lesson, preferably crushing him to his knees and vomiting blood!

However, the expected scene did not unfold.

Chen Ping stood rooted to the spot, his body not even swaying.

The oppressive aura that would terrify even ordinary third or fourth-grade Immortals vanished upon him like a stone thrown into the sea, merely causing the hem of his moon-white robe to flutter slightly.

He raised his head, calmly meeting Yu Wuji’s icy gaze, even offering a slight bow: “Junior Chen Ping greets Lord Yu.”

Neither servile nor arrogant, composed and self-assured.

Yu Wuji’s pupils contracted slightly.

This brat... is indeed extraordinary!

He can withstand my oppressive aura so effortlessly?

What is his cultivation level?

What cultivation technique does he practice?

“Father! What are you doing!”

Yu Ranran panicked. Sensing her father’s hostility and oppression towards Chen Ping, she was filled with anxiety and anger. She suddenly spread her arms, completely blocking Chen Ping’s path. “Chen Ping is my guest! You can’t treat him like this!”

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“Guest?”

Yu Wuji laughed angrily, pointing at Chen Ping, and said sharply, “A scoundrel of unknown origin, who faked his cultivation, used some unknown means to bewitch you, and even... even committed despicable acts, does he deserve to be a guest of my Jade Immortal Mansion?”

“Ranran, get out of the way! Today, your father will kill this lecherous scoundrel!”

Before his words finished, Yu Wuji had already made his move!

He had no intention of wasting words; he only wanted to eliminate this potential threat with swift and decisive action!

He simply pointed his fingers like a knife and slashed through the air!

A terrifying blade of light, condensed to its extreme, a dark golden hue with edges that seemed to tear through space, carrying a chilling killing intent capable of severing everything, instantly traversed several meters, aimed directly at Chen Ping’s face!

This attack was born of his true rage, containing the power of a seventh-grade Upper Immortal’s laws, its power astonishing!

“No!”

Yu Ranran let out a piercing scream. Without a second thought, she turned and lunged at Chen Ping, intending to shield him with her own body from the blade of light!

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

He hadn't expected Yu Wuji to be so decisive and ruthless, resorting to killing without a word.

In a flash, he grabbed the lunging Yu Ranran behind him with his left hand, and pointed with his right.

A chaotic gray light condensed at his fingertips. Without dodging or avoiding, he lightly touched the dark golden blade of light!

Swoosh!

There was no earth-shattering collision.

The dark golden blade light, powerful enough to cleave mountains, vanished the moment it touched the chaotic gray light, like ice and snow under the blazing sun.

It melted and annihilated at an astonishing speed, disappearing completely without a trace, not even causing a ripple of energy.

Yu Wuji's expression changed drastically!

Although he hadn't used his full strength in this attack, he had still employed seven-tenths of his power, yet it had been so easily neutralized by his opponent?!

What was that gray power...?

It could actually annihilate his Gengjin blade light?

Chen Ping slowly withdrew his finger, shielding the terrified and tearful Yu Ranran behind him. His gaze calmly met Yu Wuji's: "Lord Yu, my daughter and I are mutually in love. How can you accuse us of seduction and adultery?"

"Lord Yu, you take a life without even asking questions. That's far too domineering."

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"Mutual in love? Hahaha!"

Yu Wuji laughed angrily. "My daughter is young and naive, deceived by your sweet words!"

"You infiltrated my Jade Immortal Mansion, approaching Ranran. What are your intentions? Is Fei Qing's sudden departure also related to you? Speak!"

His mind raced, connecting Fei Qing's unusual disappearance, the mysterious deaths of the Tu brothers, and the mysterious appearance of Chen Ping.

A profound sense of conspiracy and impending danger enveloped him.

"Father! Chen Ping isn't a bad person! He's very good to me! He shares his most precious treasures with me! He truly cares for me!"

Yu Ranran cried out, gripping Chen Ping's arm tightly. "It was my own choice! If you want to kill him, kill me first!"

"You...you rebellious daughter!"

Yu Wuji trembled with rage. Seeing his daughter defy him so vehemently for a man, even threatening suicide, filled him with indescribable anger and disappointment.

But he only had this one daughter, whom he cherished dearly.

A murderous intent surged violently in Yu Wuji's eyes.

He stared intently at Chen Ping. This young man was too dangerous, too unpredictable; he had to be eliminated!

But his daughter...

Chen Ping sensed Yu Wuji's undisguised killing intent. He sneered inwardly, but sighed softly, saying to Yu Ranran, "Ranran, don't be like this. He is, after all, your father."

He then looked at Yu Wuji, his tone frank: "Lord Yu, I truly have a sincere heart for Miss."

"As for entering the manor, it was indeed at the invitation of Chief Steward Fei to assist Miss in studying ancient texts. I know nothing of why Chief Steward Fei left the manor."

"If Lord Yu suspects me, I am willing to leave temporarily and will never set foot in the Jade Immortal Manor again. I only beg Lord Yu not to blame Miss for this."

A strategic retreat.

Chen Ping knew that a direct confrontation with Yu Wuji at this moment was not the best strategy.

His main objectives were to uncover the secrets of the Divine Clan and seek revenge. Prematurely revealing his full strength and completely opposing the Jade Immortal Manor would increase the difficulty of subsequent actions.

Moreover, Yu Ranran, his protective talisman, was still of great use at the moment.

"Leave? Dream on!"

Yu Wuji roared, "Tell me your true identity and purpose! Otherwise, you won't leave Yu Xian Mansion alive today!"

He didn't believe Chen Ping's lies at all.

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"Father! If you dare touch Chen Ping, I'll die right here in front of you!"

Yu Ranran abruptly pulled out the hairpin from her hair, the sharp tip pressed against her snow-white neck, drawing a bead of blood.

Her eyes were resolute, filled with tears, "I mean what I say!"

"Ranran! You...you put the hairpin down!"

Yu Wuji was horrified. He could see the madness and seriousness in his daughter's eyes.

This foolish girl, blinded by love, was really capable of doing it!

The situation reached a stalemate.

Yu Wuji's chest heaved violently, his killing intent clashing fiercely with his worry for his daughter.

He stared intently at Chen Ping, then at his daughter who was threatening suicide. Finally, his overwhelming rage and murderous intent were forcibly suppressed by the glaring bead of blood on his daughter's neck.

"Fine...fine!"

Yu Wuji gritted his teeth, forcing out the words, "Boy, I don't care who you are or what your purpose is. For Ranran's sake, I'll spare your life today!"

His tone shifted, becoming icy cold: "However, from this day forward, you will stay here obediently. Without my permission, you are not to step out!"

"I will have people guarding you day and night! If I discover any wrongdoing on your part, or if Ranran suffers even the slightest harm...I will make you regret ever being born! I will extract your soul and refine it, condemning you to eternal damnation!"

This was already a huge concession, a helpless compromise.

He couldn't risk his daughter's life.

"Thank you, Lord of the Manor." Chen Ping bowed slightly, seemingly relieved.

Yu Ranran dropped her hairpin and threw herself into Chen Ping's arms, sobbing, both from lingering fear and out of sympathy for Chen Ping.

Yu Wuji watched the two embracing, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

Anger, disappointment, doubt, vigilance, and an indescribable unease.

This Chen Ping was like a poisonous thorn, piercing the Jade Immortal's Abode and his daughter's heart.

He coldly snorted, turned away, and vanished instantly.

But the chilling sense of surveillance lingered like an invisible shackle, enveloping Yu Ranran's chambers.

The crisis was temporarily averted, but a greater storm might be brewing.

Chen Ping gently patted Yu Ranran's back, comforting her, but his gaze went past her shoulder, fixed on the direction Yu Wuji had disappeared, cold and sharp.

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Household confinement?

Surveillance?

This gave him a relatively safe buffer period and an excellent excuse to stay here legitimately, by Yu Ranran's side, and continue his plans.

At this moment, several imposing, expressionless inner palace guards appeared outside the pavilion. All of them possessed cultivation levels above the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. They stood like statues guarding the various entrances and exits, strictly checking even the maids entering and leaving.

Inside the pavilion, however, the atmosphere was completely different from the tense atmosphere outside.

After the initial shock and grievance, Yu Ranran quickly immersed herself in Chen Ping's gentle comfort and the sweetness of their time alone.

In her view, although her father was angry, he had ultimately compromised and tacitly approved of Chen Ping's presence.

This strengthened her belief that as long as she and Chen Ping truly loved each other, her father would eventually accept them.

"Chen Ping, don't be afraid. With me here, Father wouldn't dare to really hurt you."

Yu Ranran nestled in Chen Ping's arms, her slender fingers gently smoothing his slightly furrowed brow, her eyes filled with heartache and determination. "Once Father's anger subsides, I'll go and beg him to formally acknowledge you. You're so outstanding; Father will definitely agree."

Chen Ping smiled inwardly, but outwardly showed deep emotion, squeezing her hand tightly: "I'm sorry you've suffered, Ranran. For me, you and your father..."

"Don't say that!"

Yu Ranran covered his mouth, her eyes sparkling. "For you, I'd do anything. And... Father... he's actually had a tough time these past few years."

"Every time those envoys from the Divine Race come, Father has to be careful in dealing with them. I can tell he's not happy."

She brought up the Divine Race again.

Chen Ping's heart stirred slightly, and he asked, "Are the Divine Race... really that terrifying? Even a power like the Jade Immortal Palace has to defer to them?"

Yu Ranran sighed, her eyes dimming slightly. "It's more than just deferring to them... Father is ostensibly the head of a palace, but in reality, he has to obey the Divine Race in many matters."

"Every time the Divine Race envoys come, they act superior, and Father and the other elders have to greet them respectfully."

"They demand tributes, issue orders, and if anyone disobeys, they unleash their wrath."

"I heard that in the past, several disobedient mid-level powers..." "The entire family was wiped out overnight by the cleansers sent by the gods, leaving no one alive. So... Father had no choice."

She pressed her cheek against Chen Ping's chest, her voice muffled: "Sometimes, I really wish Father could be like those legendary ancient powerhouses, free from anyone's control, completely at ease... But the gods are too strong."

"Just the four Venerables who oversee the Eastern Region's Divine Punishment Hall—I've heard they're all top-tier experts at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Together, they're invincible in the entire Azure Nether Immortal Continent. Father is just one person..."

Chen Ping gently patted her back, his eyes growing increasingly profound.

Seventh-rank Upper Immortal Realm, four of them... indeed, a suffocating force.

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But, not invincible.

With the power of chaos, coupled with his many trump cards and constantly improving strength, he might not be without a fighting chance.

Moreover, the stronger the enemy, the more important the secret discovered by Senior Mu Sha and his wife is, and the more this revenge must be taken!

For the next few days, Chen Ping appeared to be content staying in the Xiuge Pavilion, composing poems and painting with Yu Ranran, discussing ancient texts, and cultivating together. Occasionally, he would also use Yu Ranran to access some non-sensitive resources to further solidify and improve his cultivation.

The monitors sent by Yu Wuji didn't detect anything unusual; they only saw a young couple deeply in love, confined to their home, immersed in their tender embrace.

However, Yu Wuji himself was far from as calm as he appeared.

The secret chamber of the Wuji Palace.

Yu Wuji listened to the reports from several trusted elders below, his face ashen.

“Lord, we’ve utilized our networks across various immortal cities and sects to meticulously sift through nearly a century of ascension records and the files of native cultivators of the Thirteenth Heaven, but we haven’t found anyone named Chen Ping, with a cultivation level at the Celestial Immortal Realm, and matching our description.”

“It’s confirmed that this person is not a native cultivator of the Thirteenth Heaven. He most likely recently smuggled himself in from the lower realm through unconventional means.”

An elder in charge of intelligence spoke gravely.

“Smuggled in from the lower realm? How could a mere eighth-grade Celestial Immortal Realm youth break through so many barriers, deceive the patrolling envoys, and enter the Thirteenth Heaven?” another elder questioned.

“That’s precisely the suspicious point.”

The intelligence elder said, “Moreover, based on what Elder Wu saw that day, and our own secret observations, this youth’s true combat strength is definitely far beyond the Celestial Immortal Realm.”

“He could easily neutralize the Lord’s pressure, even effortlessly withstanding the Lord’s attack. His true strength is probably... no weaker than a sixth-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator!”

A hush fell over the secret chamber upon hearing this.

Geniuses who fight beyond their level aren’t unheard of, but to cross an entire major realm with such composure is simply unheard of!

“The cultivation technique he practices, and the power he wields, are also extremely strange.”

Another elder added, "Gray, filled with an aura of annihilation, as if capable of dissolving all things. We've consulted numerous ancient texts, but haven't found any records that perfectly match it. This young man must have a powerful backer, or perhaps he's obtained some kind of earth-shattering inheritance!"

Yu Wuji's fingers lightly tapped the cold star-meteorite armrest, producing a rhythmic tapping sound.

His eyes were deep, his thoughts churning.

A cultivator from the lower realm with a mysterious origin, bizarre strength, possessing immense treasures, and clearly approaching his daughter with ulterior motives...

Fei Qing's disappearance, the deaths of the Tu brothers, are likely all inextricably linked to this person.

Is he targeting the Jade Immortal Mansion?

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Or... the secret of Fallen Soul Slope?

Or perhaps, the Divine Race?

If it's the former, it's nothing more than a feud or a struggle for power.

If it's the latter two... then things are complicated.

Deep down, Yu Wuji truly harbored a deep-seated fear and... hidden resentment towards the Divine Race.

He painstakingly built up Jade Immortal City and cultivated his power, not to forever be someone else's lapdog, subservient to them, regularly paying tribute, and even having his most precious Soul Crystals taken away when disposing of prisoners on his own territory!

He had once harbored ambitions to break free from the Divine Race's control and truly become a regional overlord.

But the power of the Divine Race, like a sword hanging over his head, prevented him from making the slightest move.

He had personally witnessed the strength of those four Divine Race Venerables; they were unfathomable.

Compared to them, Jade Immortal City was like a firefly compared to the bright moon.

But now... this suddenly appearing Chen Ping was like a stone thrown into a stagnant pond, creating ripples.

His strange strength and potential revealed a glimmer of... uncertainty to Yu Wuji.

What if... what if this Chen Ping, or the force behind him, truly had the potential to oppose the Divine Race?

Even the slightest possibility would be worthwhile for Yu Wuji to... observe, and perhaps even... secretly give him a push?

This thought, once it arose, grew wildly in Yu Wuji's mind.

His convening of this core elders meeting was less about discussing how to deal with Chen Ping, and more about testing the attitudes of his trusted confidants and paving the way for his next possible choice.

"Gentlemen,"

Yu Wuji spoke slowly, his voice echoing in the secret chamber, "This matter will be put aside for now. Strengthen surveillance of the Xiuge Pavilion. As long as he doesn't harm Ranran and doesn't leave the Xiuge Pavilion, let him be. Right now, there is a more pressing matter."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: "The Divine Race envoy, as is customary, will arrive in three days to collect this season's offerings and Soul Crystals."

The mention of Soul Crystals caused several elders' expressions to become somewhat unnatural.

They all knew what those were, and they knew what their origin meant.

Although Fei Qing and the Tu brothers were carrying out the orders, the command ultimately came from the Lord of the Manor, and they were more or less aware of the situation.

"Lord of the Manor, regarding this Soul Crystal..." The elder in charge of the manor's treasury hesitated.

The newly acquired Soul Crystal from Fallen Soul Slope, numbered Jiayu 73, was still sealed in the secret vault.

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Yu Wuji's eyes flashed. After a moment of contemplation, he said, "When the envoy arrives, receive him with the highest honors. As for the Soul Crystal... explain that after the last collection, the formation experienced some fluctuations, causing the Soul Crystal to be unstable in its condensation, and its quality did not meet the requirements. It is currently being reinforced and refined, and its delivery needs to be postponed."

Postponed delivery?

The elders exchanged glances. This was unprecedented!

The Divine Race had strict time and quality requirements for the collection of Soul Crystals. Postponing delivery was tantamount to challenging the rules of the Divine Race!

Would the envoy let this go easily?

“Lord of the Manor, this... I’m afraid it will anger the envoy.”

An elder said worriedly.

“Enrage?”

Yu Wuji sneered. “In the past hundred years, has the quantity and quality of soul crystals offered by my Jade Immortal Mansion ever been lacking even a fraction?”

“An occasional accident, explained clearly, and compensated—does that mean they’ll destroy my Jade Immortal Mansion? Perfect, let’s use this opportunity to test their bottom line and reaction.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the crowd, his tone carrying a deeper meaning: “Furthermore, issue the order that when the envoy arrives in three days, the guards at the Xiuge Pavilion... can be slightly relaxed. Especially the patrols along the hidden paths leading to the treasury area; adjust the timing.”

Upon hearing this, the elders were first stunned, then suddenly understood, and then their expressions changed drastically!

The Mansion Master was... deliberately creating an opportunity for Chen Ping to contact the divine envoy?!

Even... condoning him to harm the envoy?

This was simply playing with fire!

No, this was dancing on the edge of a cliff!

If the Divine Race discovers that Jade Immortal Palace is intentionally condoning or even colluding with outsiders against the envoy, it will be a catastrophe!

“Palace Master, please reconsider!” several elders hurriedly advised.

“My mind is made up.”

Yu Wuji waved his hand, interrupting them, his face revealing a gambler’s ruthlessness and anticipation. “Extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures. Whether this Chen Ping is a jinx or a variable depends on how much trouble he can cause this time.”

“If he truly has the ability to severely injure or even kill that Divine Race envoy... perhaps, the future of my Jade Immortal Palace will be different.”

He looked towards the direction of the Xiu Pavilion, his eyes filled with complex and unfathomable emotions.

Daughter, this time, your father may be gambling with your beloved, and even the entire Jade Immortal Palace, in a colossal gamble.

Win, and the world will be yours; lose, and you will be doomed.

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...

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

The Jade Immortal Manor was brightly decorated, yet an unusual tension hung in the air.

The manor gates were wide open, and Yu Wuji, along with several core elders, stood solemnly outside, awaiting their arrival.

As the sun rose high in the sky, a clear, melodious cry of a phoenix echoed from the horizon.

A magnificent carriage, pulled by three snow-white, exceptionally swift jade phoenixes, and escorted by dozens of silver-armored, imposing divine guards, broke through the clouds and slowly descended before the Jade Immortal Manor.

The curtain was lifted, and a handsome young man in a moon-white, star-patterned robe, with a face that carried an air of arrogance and sinister cunning, stepped down.

He appeared to be only in his early twenties, yet his cultivation was a staggering sixth-grade Upper Immortal!

A faint halo of divine light surrounded him, his eyes sweeping over everyone before him as if they were mere ants.

This was Yun Ting, the divine envoy who had come to the Jade Immortal Palace to collect offerings.

“Welcome, Envoy Yun Ting.”

Yu Wuji stepped forward, cupped his hands in a respectful greeting.

Yun Ting gave a curt “hmm,” his gaze sweeping over Yu Wuji and the others without lingering. He walked straight into the palace, as if returning home.

“Lord Yu, my time is limited. Are the offerings and soul crystals ready?”

Yu Wuji quickly followed, forcing a smile, “The envoy has had a long journey. The offerings are already prepared, and a banquet has been set up in the manor to welcome the envoy. However, the soul crystals... encountered a small mishap.”

“Hmm?”

Yun Ting paused, turning to look at Yu Wuji, his eyes slightly cold. "A mishap?"

Yu Wuji looked troubled, explaining, "After the last collection, the array at Falling Soul Slope experienced a brief fluctuation for some reason, affecting the stability of the soul crystal's condensation."

"To ensure quality, we had to reinforce and refine it again, which will take several more days." "Only then can it be completely completed. I implore the envoy to grant me a few more days. Once the Soul Crystal's quality meets the standard, I will personally deliver it to the Hall of Divine Punishment and apologize to the Venerable One."

Yun Ting stared at Yu Wuji for a few seconds, then suddenly smiled, but his smile was devoid of any warmth: "Lord Yu, you have governed Jade Immortal City for many years, always with impeccable judgment. This time... it has surprised me."

"Very well, since there is a reason for this, a few more days will suffice. However, this banquet is cancelled; I have to go to the next place. After checking and handing over the offerings, I will depart immediately."

He seemed reasonable, but a barely perceptible hint of doubt and coldness flashed deep in his eyes.

He didn't entirely believe Yu Wuji's excuse.

But at this moment, on Jade Immortal Prefecture's territory, he didn't want to cause any further trouble.