

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 11: Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword[1,251 words]

Chapter 11: Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword

The servants and guards were shocked—this was the first time Bai Zihan had ever gone against his sister and won.

Not only that, his ability to twist the truth with such ease, turning black into white, was so terrifying that they couldn't help but shudder.

Once again, they realized—going against Bai Zihan was no different from courting death.

Even if you were the victim, even if you were wronged or even killed unjustly, Bai Zihan could twist the narrative and make you the villain instead.

Bai Xueqing kept her gaze fixed on Bai Zihan until he disappeared from sight.

She found that her brother had changed.

Same arrogance, same temperament. But something was different about the way he handled the situation.

Still, she didn't dwell on it for long.

Right now, she had more pressing matters to attend to. She needed to prepare for her departure to the Heaven Sword Sect.

Initially, she could afford to take her time, ensuring that the Heaven Sword Sect disciples were comfortable during their stay.

But after what had happened, she was certain they would want to leave as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan wasn't thinking much about what had transpired.

To him, this was just another consequence of his past actions catching up to him—except the other party had no idea who they were messing with.

[Ding! System Notification!]

[Congratulations! You have successfully defeated Shen Liang!]

[You have earned 1000 Points!]

[Congratulations! You have successfully defeated Yun Qingmei!]

[You have earned 1000 Points!]

[Congratulations! You have successfully defeated Fei Ling!]

[You have earned 1000 Points!]

...

(As expected!)

As long as he completely defeated someone in some form, the System would recognize it as a victory.

Considering that almost every disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect had a higher cultivation realm than him, it was no surprise that he was rewarded with so many points.

Bai Zihan let out a low chuckle.

"Not bad. Not bad at all!"

Shen Liang was nothing more than a minor villain, existing solely to elevate others.

Except this time, it wasn't a protagonist who benefited—it was him.

"Anyway, let's get back to business."

Bai Zihan didn't spare another thought for Shen Liang or what he might do next.

The only advantage Shen Liang had over him was his greater talent and higher cultivation level.

Apart from that, there was nothing he could do to retaliate.

His only backing was the Heaven Sword Sect, and given that I am Bai Xueqing's brother, they would do anything to me.

Between Shen Liang and Bai Xueqing, the Heaven Sword Sect would undoubtedly value the latter far more.

Not to mention, the Bai Clan wasn't an existence they could easily afford to offend.

Moreover, Bai Zihan was certain that in the coming days, he would easily surpass Shen Liang in terms of cultivation as well.

With that in mind, Bai Zihan made his way to the private training hall.

The private training hall was reserved exclusively for direct members of the Bai Clan.

The vast room was lined with reinforced stone walls engraved with complex formations to prevent damage from training accidents.

At its center, a large jade formation disc radiated a soft glow—the Gravity Training Array, designed to increase the user's body weight to temper their physique.

On one side, racks of weapons lined the walls, ranging from simple iron swords to high-quality spirit weapons that radiated an oppressive aura.

Rows of training dummies, reinforced with protective talismans, stood like silent sentinels, waiting to be struck.

And at the farthest end of the hall, a massive mural of a Bai Clan ancestor wielding a sword was etched into the wall—a testament to the generations of martial refinement within the Bai Clan.

Today, Bai Zihan will take his first step toward mastering one of those techniques.

He wasted no time.

Settling onto a jade meditation platform at the center of the room, he reached into his storage ring.

[Martial Arts Enlightenment Card]

Without hesitation, he activated it.

[Martial Arts Enlightenment Card (Active) – 1 Hour Remaining!]

A strange sensation washed over him.

His mind became sharper, clearer, as if a fog had been lifted.

Suddenly, he could see the essence of martial arts more vividly than ever before.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword... Let's begin!"

What he wanted to practice today was the Bai Clan's strongest Martial Art—the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword.

One of the three Heaven-Grade techniques of the Bai Clan, and it was considered one of the most powerful in the Heaven Desolate Empire.

Even within the Bai Clan, it was strictly restricted when passing down to the next generation.

Only those who made great contributions or were acknowledged as geniuses could learn it.

As the next clan leader, Bai Zihan had been required to learn it.

He was granted access to it the moment he broke through to the Qi Refining Stage.

But in the past, Bai Zihan had never cared to practice it.

With System Interface obstructing the demonstrations shown by his father, all he could do was struggle through half-baked attempts at practice.

Perhaps, if he had been a true genius, he might have figured something out by just reading Martial Art.

But as a third-rate villain? He had no such luck.

He had given up on Martial Arts altogether.

But this time, things were different.

He could clearly sense that his comprehension of the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword had improved drastically.

He reached for a lightweight longsword from the weapons rack, its blade shimmering under the spirit lamps' dim glow.

Stepping into the center of the room, he prepared to begin.

First Form: Flickering Shadow Step!

Bai Zihan dashed forward, his footwork light yet erratic, moving in sudden, unpredictable bursts.

The essence of this technique was misdirection—moving just fast enough to create afterimages, confusing his opponent's perception of his actual position.

At first, his movements were unrefined.

But with the Enlightenment Card's effect, he quickly adjusted.

His afterimages became clearer. His steps became faster!

Within fifteen minutes, he could leave behind three distinct afterimages.

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Not bad!"

But he wasn't done.

He shifted into the Second Form.

Second Form: Phantom Light Strike!

This form was the true heart of the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword.

It revolved around delivering a single, unpredictable strike from an untraceable angle.

The moment Bai Zihan moved, his shadow split into three, making it nearly impossible to tell from which direction his real sword was coming.

He slashed at a training dummy.

SHING!

A deep gash appeared across the dummy's torso.

If this had been a real opponent, they wouldn't have known what hit them.

He refined his execution, blending fake slashes with real strikes.

Within twenty-five minutes, he felt like he could properly utilize the Phantom Light Strike.

But now, it was time for the Third Form.

Third Form: Nine Shadows Flowing Light!

This was the technique's true killing move.

It combined the Flickering Shadow Step and Phantom Light Strike, allowing Bai Zihan to unleash multiple slashes in the blink of an eye.

He took a deep breath, fingers tightening around the hilt of his sword.

Then—

BOOM!

Bai Zihan exploded forward, his body flickering like a mirage.

His sword blurred as he struck once, twice, four times—by the time he stopped, the training dummy behind him collapsed into pieces, sliced apart from multiple angles.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly, lowering his sword.

One hour was up!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 12: Bai Clan Leader [1,022 words]

Chapter 12: Bai Clan Leader

"System!"

[Host Info]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 16

Cultivation Realm: Core Formation (Mid)

Constitution: None

Martial Arts: Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword (Minor Mastery)

He looked at his status and then shifted his focus to the Martial Arts section which until recently has none but now has changed.

Then—

He chuckled.

In just one hour, he had reached Minor Mastery in one of the Bai Clan's most advanced sword techniques.

If any of the Bai Clan members or even the Heaven Sword Sect disciples saw this, they'd probably spit blood.

However, he also knew that while this was a great achievement for him, in the grand scheme of things, it was probably not enough.

To put it in context, Bai Xueqing, who was also allowed to learn Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, had already achieved Greater Mastery over this martial art.

She might even achieve Perfection in Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword before turning 20.

That was talent!

Something he needed to surpass.

If even his sister was this talented, he was sure that her ex-fiancé would be even more talented and, in the coming years, perhaps wield powerful techniques at Full Mastery.

Compared to those monsters outside, his achievement might as well be non-existent.

Moreover, this achievement was mostly thanks to the Martial Arts Enlightenment Card, without that, who knows how many days or months it would have taken.

While that was the case, he also didn't forget that he was only just starting to cultivate properly.

After all, before reaching the top of the mountain, one must start from the bottom.

And it was already commendable that he has reached somewhere around the top of the mountain, albeit slower and behind everyone else.

"Let's practice more!"

Although the Martial Arts Enlightenment Card was used up, it didn't mean he couldn't train longer.

Moreover, his mind was still fresh from all the insights he had gained, making it a perfect opportunity to refine the technique further while everything was still fresh in his mind.

While Bai Zihan was training, his father, Bai Tianheng, was having a headache as he looked at the report in his hands.

"This brat! What trouble did he cause this time?"

Bai Tianheng muttered, referring to Bai Zihan.

Bai Tianheng could be said to be both blessed and cursed at the same time.

He had two children—one of them turned out to be heaven-blessed, a talent ranked number one in the Desolate Heaven Empire, and the greatest genius the Bai Clan had seen in a thousand years.

But on the other hand, his only son—the heir of the Bai Clan and the future clan leader—was the complete opposite.

Despite pouring countless resources into him, Bai Zihan's progress was disappointing to say the least.

To make matters worse, he wasn't just talentless but also lazy and constantly creating trouble everywhere.

Because of this, many elders had repeatedly come forward to complain and demanded that Bai Zihan be punished for the problems he caused.

A bigger issue was that some elders had even begun bringing up the topic of changing the heir of the Bai Clan, suggesting that someone else should take Bai Zihan's place.

Sigh!

Bai Tianheng couldn't help but think—if only Bai Xueqing had been born a male, then none of this would have been a problem.

It wasn't that he didn't love his daughter—he cherished her deeply—but because she was a woman, there was no way she could become the head of the Bai Clan.

After all, in the future, Bai Xueqing would inevitably marry and join her husband's family, no matter how talented she was.

Bai Tianheng looked at the recent report from his shadow guard detailing the conflict between Bai Zihan and Disciple of Heaven Sword Sect staying in Bai Clan.

Of course, he wasn't too worried about Heaven Sword Sect as this is just a minor problem which was between the children.

He would have come forward to handle the things if it turned serious but since Bai Xueqing already handled it, he has no intention to do so.

"At least he's training!"

Bai Tianheng muttered.

While most of the reports on Bai Zihan were as expected—him causing trouble—there was one surprising detail: he was cultivating and had gone to practice his Martial Arts.

This was rare, especially for him to do so on his own.

Bai Tianheng had forced Bai Zihan multiple times in the past and even been given severe punishment when he refused to train.

This was the first time he had taken the initiative to train.

This was the only good piece of news he had heard in a long time.

After all, he had to handle matters like those involving the Ye Family—Bai Xueqing's former fiancé's clan.

Although the status of the two clans was vastly different, they were once allies and had a good relationship.

Canceling an engagement that had been arranged by their ancestors—regardless of how logical the reason—would have a huge impact on their reputation and trust with other allies.

The Branch Family Elders would also not miss this chance to criticize him and Bai Xueqing, despite knowing that what they did was in the best interest of the clan.

Moreover, due to his wife taking the Dao Bone of one of the geniuses from the branch family, most branch families didn't have a good opinion of the main family, causing a crack in their relationship.

The only reason why there wasn't outright retaliation and chaos within the Bai Clan was because he, Bai Tianheng, was the strongest of his generation and had done a good job of making the clan stronger.

However, starting from the next generation, the head of the family might come from the Branch Family—unless Bai Zihan changes which seems impossible.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Clan Leader!"

Suddenly, one of the servants called out.

"The meeting is about to start!"

Sigh!

"I understand!"

He knew very well what topic those old geezers were going to bring up once again in the meeting.

But then —

He smirked.

"Time to reveal my trump card!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 13: The Heir's Fate Decided?[1,254 words]

Chapter 13: The Heir's Fate Decided?

"Clan Leader, are you serious?"

The Elders of the Bai Clan couldn't help but find what they had heard unbelievable.

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

Bai Tianheng responded arrogantly, his piercing gaze sweeping across the hall.

"..."

None of the elders truly believed that Patriarch Bai Tianheng would joke about such a matter, but what he had just said was difficult to accept.

"Clan Leader, did the Chu Clan Leader really agree to the marriage?"

An elder asked again, still in disbelief.

Bai Tianheng sighed, his patience wearing thin.

"How many times must I repeat myself before you understand? Yes, Chu Xing has accepted the proposal."

"Unbelievable!"

"Is there something wrong with Chu Xing? Why would he agree to marry his daughter to a waste like Bai Zihan?"

"This is great news! With this marriage, our alliance with the Chu Clan is as good as sealed."

...

A murmur spread among the elders. Some still refused to believe the news, while others were delighted by it.

This sudden announcement completely disrupted the original purpose of the meeting.

A few minutes ago, the elders had gathered with a singular goal—to convince Bai Tianheng to strip Bai Zihan of his status as heir and pass it to a more suitable candidate.

Of course, they knew Bai Tianheng would not agree so easily.

Thus, they had brought the Grand Elders.

The Grand Elders were from the previous generation.

Although they rarely interfered in clan affairs, choosing instead to focus on their cultivation, they would step in when necessary.

The elders had called upon the Grand Elders to exert pressure on Bai Tianheng, forcing him to name a new heir.

And the most favored candidate was Bai Jian, the son of Bai Feng.

Bai Feng, the younger brother of Bai Tianheng, had always harbored resentment for not becoming the Clan Leader himself.

Although he eventually accepted it due to Bai Tianheng's superior talent and leadership, he had never approved of Bai Zihan being the heir.

Instead, he firmly believed that his son, Bai Jian—who was more talented and far more disciplined—should inherit the position.

Many elders, including the Grand Elders, supported this notion.

Thus, when Bai Tianheng walked into the meeting hall with a smile on his face, the elders were confused.

They had expected Bai Tianheng to be in a sour mood, knowing full well what today's discussion was about.

Yet, instead of gloominess, he appeared rather pleased.

Many were puzzled by his smiling face, while others suspected it was intentional—meant to throw them off, knowing that he couldn't possibly change the outcome of today's meeting.

Bai Tianheng walked forward and took his seat at the head of the council hall, his hands resting casually on the armrests.

"Elders, Grand Elders," Bai Tianheng greeted, his voice steady and deep.

"I assume you all did not call me here simply to enjoy the morning."

The Grand Elders remained silent, watching with piercing eyes, allowing the current elders to speak first.

After all, their sole purpose was to decide the outcome and to deter Bai Tianheng from making any excuses.

If Bai Tianheng has a good enough reason why Bai Zihan should still remain the heir then they could also support Bai Tianheng.

Bai Feng, Bai Tianheng's younger brother, immediately stepped forward.

His blue robes swayed as he clasped his hands together.

"Clan Leader, we appreciate your time. However, this matter is urgent. We must discuss the future of the Bai Clan—specifically, the position of heir."

Bai Tianheng smirked slightly.

(Here it comes!)

Bai Feng continued despite feeling that there was something wrong with Bai Tianheng.

If it were other times, the topic itself would have made Bai Tianheng lose his cool and become defensive.

"I believe it is time for us to acknowledge what many have known for years—Bai Zihan is unfit to be the heir of the Bai Clan."

Some of the elders nodded in agreement, their faces serious.

Bai Tianheng remained silent, allowing Bai Feng to continue.

"Time and time again, Bai Zihan has shown himself to be lazy, arrogant, and completely unmotivated in cultivation."

Bai Feng's voice carried a sharp edge, clearly meant to provoke.

"The elders have personally seen his reckless behavior—wasting resources, getting into pointless conflicts, and making enemies out of valuable allies!"

He cast a glance around the hall, his voice growing louder.

"Just recently, he humiliated the Heaven Sword Sect's disciples, causing unnecessary friction with one of the most powerful sects in the empire! What if they take offense? What if this escalates?"

More elders nodded in agreement.

Although most of them did know that conflict between juniors would matter much but they had to agree that Bai Zihan unnecessary making trouble.

"Furthermore," Bai Feng continued, "his talent is abysmal. Even with our clan's best resources, he remains stuck at the Core Formation realm, while geniuses his age have already stepped into the Golden Core Realm!"

Some of the elders whispered among themselves.

"Indeed, compared to Bai Jian, Bai Zihan is too far behind..."

"He isn't interested in working hard either. He has ditched most of the class and even dared to argue with the teachers."

"We can't afford to let an incompetent person inherit the clan."

Bai Feng paused, letting the murmurs settle before delivering his final argument.

"For the good of the Bai Clan, I propose that Bai Zihan be stripped of his status as heir and that a more suitable candidate—one with true talent and discipline—be chosen in his place."

He turned his gaze toward a young man standing near the back—Bai Jian, his own son.

Bai Jian stepped forward, his expression humble yet confident.

Unlike Bai Zihan, Bai Jian was known for his diligence and talent. He was already at the Golden Core Realm, far ahead of Bai Zihan in cultivation.

Although it was enough to match Bai Xueqing who is already in the Nascent Soul Realm, he was indeed one of the most talented in Desolate Heaven Empire.

Many elders regarded him favorably.

"I second this motion!"

"I agree. Bai Zihan is unfit!"

"Bai Jian would make a much better heir."

...

The discussion quickly shifted in Bai Feng's favor, with multiple elders supporting the proposal.

It was clear that if things continued like this, Bai Zihan would lose his position as heir today.

But just as Bai Feng was about to press his advantage, Bai Tianheng raised a hand.

"Enough!"

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried absolute authority, and the entire hall fell silent.

Bai Tianheng leaned forward slightly, resting his elbows on the table. His gaze turned sharp, and his once amused expression vanished.

"You all gathered here to discuss my son's faults," Bai Tianheng said slowly. "But before we continue this discussion, I have some good news to share."

He let his words hang in the air, allowing the weight of his presence to settle over the room.

"News?"

Bai Feng frowned.

He was unhappy that Bai Tianheng was trying to change the topic when he was clearly at an advantage and was going to achieve his goal.

However, he still remained calm.

(No matter how much you delay, the heir would definitely change today!)

Bai Feng thought and didn't say much to Bai Tianheng tactic of changing topic and delaying the matter of changing heir.

Bai Tianheng smirked.

"Indeed. I am pleased to announce that the Bai Clan and the Chu Clan have agreed on a marriage between Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyuan!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 14: The Marriage Of Bai Zihan?[1,170 words]

Chapter 14: The Marriage Of Bai Zihan?

Bai Tianheng's announcement sent waves of shock through the Bai Clan's council hall.

Even the Grand Elders, who had initially been observing in silence, were now engaged in serious discussions among themselves.

The implications of this marriage alliance were immense.

Although the Bai Clan was one of the top three strongest clans in the Desolate Heaven Empire, its position was constantly challenged by the other two.

For years, these rival clans had been subtly working against the Bai Clan, perhaps even forming secret alliances to weaken its influence.

If the Bai Clan stood alone, it was only a matter of time before these forces would try to swallow them whole.

Thus, securing strong allies was not a luxury—it was a necessity.

The Chu Clan was the strongest force outside of the top three, sitting just beneath them.

If the Bai Clan was a mountain, the Chu Clan was a rising star—not yet at the peak but close enough to be feared.

Their businesses, trade routes, and number of experts were vast, making them one of the most influential factions in the empire.

More importantly, the daughters of the two clan leaders—Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyuan—had always been close. Some even said they were like sisters in all but blood.

For years, the Bai Clan had sought closer ties with the Chu Clan, but political differences had made such an alliance difficult.

Yet now?

With this marriage proposal, the strongest non-top-three force and the Bai Clan were one step closer to standing side by side.

Such an alliance could potentially rival even the other two strongest clans of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

It was an opportunity no one in the Bai Clan could afford to ignore.

Even those who disliked Bai Zihan had to admit—if this marriage went through, it would be an unparalleled strategic victory.

Despite their shock and excitement, the elders weren't completely at ease.

Bai Zihan, even with this proposed marriage, was still Bai Zihan—a young master known more for arrogance and troublemaking than for talent or ambition.

One of the elders, Elder Bai Mu, spoke cautiously.

"Clan Leader... while this is indeed a great opportunity, there is still a problem."

Bai Tianheng raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?"

Bai Mu hesitated, then spoke clearly.

"Even with this proposal, Bai Zihan himself has yet to prove his worth. If the Chu Clan finds him lacking, what's stopping them from retracting their agreement in the future?"

Some of the elders nodded in agreement, murmuring among themselves.

Even though Patriarch Chu Xing had accepted the proposal, nothing had been finalized yet.

If Bai Zihan remained the same as he was now, the Chu Clan could still find a way to break the engagement without damaging their reputation.

And if that happened, Bai Clan could find themselves in a bad position.

Bai Feng, who had been silent until now, suddenly smiled.

"Elder Bai Mu makes an excellent point," Bai Feng said, his voice calm but laced with hidden intent.

"Knowing Bai Zihan's behavior, he could very well ruin our relationship with the Chu Clan."

He glanced toward Bai Tianheng, feigning politeness.

"Surely, the Clan Leader understands this as well?"

Bai Tianheng's gaze darkened slightly.

This was Bai Feng's counterattack.

He had been backed into a corner earlier, but now, he was pushing back with logic.

It was true!

The Chu Clan had agreed, but if Bai Zihan caused trouble for them, the alliance could easily crumble.

Worse, if Bai Zihan embarrassed himself publicly, it could give the Chu Clan a reason to withdraw their support entirely.

The Bai Clan might be one of the top three clans, but that didn't mean they could force the Chu Clan into an alliance they didn't want.

The Grand Elders exchanged knowing glances.

This was the real issue at hand.

"So, how about this, Clan Leader?"

Bai Feng continued.

"Shouldn't we change the person who is going to marry Chu Ziyan? Only someone truly capable could make this marriage work!"

His meaning was clear—he was now trying to secure Chu Ziyan for his own son.

Bai Jian's eyes gleamed with excitement as he heard his father's words.

Chu Ziyan... Who in the empire didn't know of this fairy who could captivate men with a single glance?

Not to mention that with the Chu Clan's support, his own standing would rise significantly.

Even without her background, Bai Jian thought that her beauty and talent made her worthy of him.

Other elders shared the same sentiment.

They assumed that the Chu Clan likely sought an alliance with the Bai Clan itself, not Bai Zihan specifically.

If they could replace Bai Zihan with a more exceptional Bai Clan member, they wouldn't have to worry about the groom being unworthy of the bride.

Additionally, their original goal—removing Bai Zihan as heir—would also be accomplished.

"Yes! We need to choose a worthy groom for Chu Ziyan!"

"Bai Zihan will only embarrass us and ruin our relationship with the Chu Clan."

"We propose that Bai Zihan should not be the groom for Chu Ziyan!"

...

The elders immediately seized the opportunity.

Even the Grand Elders seemed deep in thought, likely considering the same thing.

Grand Elder Ren stepped forward to make a suggestion.

"Clan Leader, how about this? Bai Zihan can keep his title as heir, but we must change the groom for Chu Ziyan."

Grand Elder Ren knew that Bai Tianheng wouldn't easily agree to remove his son as the groom, but if they assured him that Bai Zihan could retain his status as heir, he might compromise.

After all, it was clear that the marriage alliance was arranged to solidify Bai Zihan's position as heir.

As long as they promised that the heir wouldn't change, Bai Tianheng might accept this demand.

"I support this as well!"

Bai Feng added, his voice carrying confidence.

In Bai Feng's mind, if his son could marry Chu Ziyan, it was worth far more than securing the heir position.

After all, an heir was only a temporary title—nothing was guaranteed until Bai Tianheng stepped down.

And with Bai Zihan's lack of talent, there was no way he could ever inherit the clan leadership in the long run.

Moreover, with Bai Jian's marriage to Chu Ziyan, he could influence the Chu Clan and eventually pressure Bai Tianheng to change the heir altogether.

By then, even the Grand Elders and other elders would likely support the decision.

"We also support this!"

With Bai Feng in the lead, others also nodded in agreement, showing that they were willing to let Bai Zihan keep his status as heir—as long as the groom was changed.

Bai Tianheng smirked as he observed their reactions.

He knew exactly what they were thinking.

He also knew that Bai Zihan would inevitably lose his position as heir if he lost the marriage alliance with the Chu Clan.

But Bai Tianheng wasn't worried.

"Sorry to disappoint you all but the Chu Clan has specifically requested my son, Bai Zihan!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 15: Engagement Decided! [1,263 words]

Chapter 15: Engagement Decided!

"The Chu Clan specifically requested... Bai Zihan?"

Bai Feng asked, dumbfounded.

It would be one thing if Bai Zihan was a genius or the certain heir to the Bai Clan leadership—but he was neither.

Not to mention his terrible personality and behavior, which had made him infamous throughout Desolate Heaven Empire.

"Clan Leader," Bai Feng said, keeping his tone respectful but pressing forward, "are you certain about this? Could it be that the Chu Clan merely sought an alliance with our Bai Clan and not Bai Zihan personally?"

Some elders nodded in agreement.

"The words came directly from Chu Xing himself," Bai Tianheng replied smoothly.

"Chu Ziyuan wants Bai Zihan!"

Bai Tianheng confirmed, making it clear that it wasn't just Chu Xing who conveyed this message—Chu Ziyuan herself had personally expressed her desire for Bai Zihan.

"How could that be?"

"Why would a peerless beauty and genius like Chu Ziyuan be interested in someone like Bai Zihan?"

"That's impossible!"

...

They found it hard to believe that someone like Chu Ziyang would be interested in Bai Zihan.

The only things he had going for him were his bloodline and appearance, but with Chu Ziyang's qualifications, she could easily have both of those and much more.

"Haha... my son indeed inherited my abilities. Don't you think so too?"

Bai Tianheng said, blowing his own horn.

Though it wasn't entirely false as he certainly charmed many girls when he was young.

The entire hall fell into silence, unsure how to respond to Bai Tianheng's words.

"Ahem! Anyway, if you don't believe me, you can ask the Chu Family Head yourself. In any case, this is great news for the Bai Clan, and I expect you all to prepare for it. In a few days, we will announce their engagement!"

Bai Tianheng declared after realizing the embarrassing comment he made.

"Understood!"

The elders replied immediately.

Although the meeting had taken an unexpected turn from its original purpose, looking at the bigger picture, this was indeed beneficial for the clan.

Even Bai Feng knew he shouldn't push for what he originally came for and bowed in agreement.

The only one whose emotions showed clear defiance was Bai Jian, his hand clenched in anger.

"Bai Zihan... you're always taking what should be mine!"

He muttered bitterly.

Meanwhile, Bai Tianheng, having dealt with the elders, now had one major concern.

(Now, how shall I break this news to Zihan'er?)

Knowing his son's personality, there was little to no chance that he would agree.

(Hmph! I'm doing this for his own good. If he disagrees, then I'll just have to knock some sense into him!)

Bai Zihan had finished his practice and was now waiting for his food.

"Luo Qing, is the food still not ready?"

Bai Zihan called out.

"Y-Young Master, the cook said he needs ten more minutes."

Luo Qing replied in a somewhat nervous tone.

She knew just how impatient Bai Zihan could be—his temper was infamous.

She was also a little confused.

Cultivator usually didn't eat normal food after reaching the Core Formation Stage and it was same for Bai Zihan.

Cultivators at that level primarily ate monster meat, which could aid in cultivation. But Bai Zihan had refused such meals.

The reason?

Unlike what he had read in novels, monster meat tasted almost completely bland—no matter what type of beast it came from.

However, most cultivators didn't care about taste; they cared only about cultivation.

Monster meat was rare, especially high-quality ones, so they consumed it regardless of its lack of flavor.

But Bai Zihan?

He wanted food that actually tasted good.

Luo Qing immediately informed the kitchen about Bai Zihan's request, which caused a commotion among the cooks.

The kitchen primarily served the Bai Clan's servants or those below the Core Formation Stage, occasionally preparing tea for guests.

They had almost been freed from Bai Zihan's torment when he advanced to Core Formation... but now, the devil had returned.

The Bai Clan's Head Chef, Chen Guang, was sweating bullets as he rushed to prepare a proper meal.

He knew that making Bai Zihan wait could make him angry—but serving him bad food would be even worse.

After all, the previous Head Chef had been fired because Bai Zihan found the salt in his dish to be slightly off.

Working for the Bai Clan was challenging, but it also came with rewards—three times the salary of even the Imperial Family.

That's why no servant wanted to risk angering Bai Zihan and getting fired.

Ten minutes later, the food was finally ready and served.

Although Bai Zihan was the only one eating, the amount of food could easily feed twenty people.

It was a feast fit for a king.

(Finally!)

It had been years since he had eaten anything other than pills and monster meat.

Bai Zihan looked at the extravagant meal before him.

Dozens of dishes, each meticulously prepared—roasted duck, fragrant jasmine rice, glazed honeyed vegetables, steamed river fish, and even rare delicacies that ordinary people could only dream of tasting.

It was practically a royal banquet.

Luo Qing and the other servants stood quietly, waiting for Bai Zihan's reaction, their expressions tense.

The Head Chef, Chen Guang, stood off to the side, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Although he had worked in the Bai Clan for years, nothing made him more nervous than serving Young Master Bai Zihan.

After all...

The previous Head Chef had been fired instantly just because Bai Zihan found the seasoning in his food unsatisfactory.

Chen Guang had taken over ever since and had never once been ordered to cook for Bai Zihan—until today.

Now, he could only pray that his meal was satisfactory.

Bai Zihan picked up his chopsticks, taking his time to examine the food before him.

The servants held their breath as he took the first bite.

The moment the food touched his tongue—

His expression stiffened slightly.

(...So plain.)

The food wasn't bad.

It was cooked perfectly, seasoned well, and made with the highest-quality ingredients.

But...

It lacked something.

(Compared to Earth... this is way too plain.)

Back on Earth, he had tasted a variety of rich, complex flavors—spicy, sweet, savory, umami, tangy.

But here?

Food was prepared solely for nourishment, not enjoyment.

It wasn't that the chefs were untalented—it was that this entire world lacked refined culinary traditions.

Cultivators didn't care about taste.

(That's so damn sad!)

Back on Earth, food was one of the greatest joys of his life.

To think that these lavish dishes, made from the finest ingredients, couldn't even compare to simple street food was a huge disappointment.

Bai Zihan sighed internally but didn't make a big deal out of it.

He continued eating at a normal pace, showing little expression.

However, to those around him—

His lack of visible enjoyment was a terrifying sign.

Chen Guang, who had been watching anxiously, felt his stomach drop.

Bai Zihan wasn't smiling.

He wasn't nodding in approval.

He wasn't saying anything.

He was just... eating.

No!

For a chef, this was a nightmare!

If the food was bad, Bai Zihan would yell or throw a tantrum.

If it was great, he might at least make a satisfied remark.

But this?

This silent disappointment was worse than anything.

Chen Guang's legs trembled as he imagined the worst possible outcome.

Was he about to be fired?

Beaten?

Banished from the Bai Clan and left to beg on the streets?!

He couldn't let that happen!

Chen Guang immediately dropped to his knees, bowing deeply.

"YOUNG MASTER BAI! PLEASE HAVE MERCY!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 16: A Taste of Divinity[1,725 words]

Chapter 16: A Taste of Divinity

"Cough—! What?!"

Bai Zihan, who had been casually eating, almost choked on his food.

The entire room froze as Chen Guang, the Bai Clan's esteemed Head Chef, suddenly fell to his knees, his forehead nearly smashing against the floor.

His voice was trembling, yet loud enough to echo through the dining hall.

"Young Master, please give me another chance!"

"I—I can fix this! Just give me a little more time!"

The servants gasped, their faces turning pale.

Bai Zihan blinked, his chopsticks paused in midair.

(What the hell is happening right now?)

Chen Guang was groveling as if his life depended on it.

The other kitchen staff were bowing deeply as well, some even trembling, their faces filled with fear and regret.

Bai Zihan slowly put his chopsticks down and rubbed his temples.

"...Why are you begging for your life?"

Chen Guang looked up, his face full of despair.

"B-Because Young Master... was not satisfied!"

Bai Zihan stared at him.

(...Are you out of your mind?!)

Though he found it ridiculous, he also understood why they were acting this way.

Previously, he had fired the former Head Chef over something as petty as slightly lacking salt—though, in truth, he had just been bored and wanted to make trouble.

Chen Guang clutched his chest dramatically, as though he had suffered a serious injury.

"Young Master! Please! Just give me one more chance to prove myself!"

"I—I will improve the flavors! I swear! I will recreate the most exquisite tastes this world has ever known!"

"I will use every ingredient available to mankind!"

"I will reinvent cultivator cuisine itself!"

"Please, have mercy!"

The kitchen staff nodded furiously, shouting in unison.

"PLEASE HAVE MERCY!"

Bai Zihan felt a massive headache coming on.

This situation was too ridiculous!

"...I wasn't even going to punish you."

The entire room fell into silence.

The kitchen staff froze in mid-grovel.

Even Luo Qing looked at Bai Zihan as if he had just said the most shocking thing imaginable.

Chen Guang's eyes widened in disbelief.

"...You weren't?"

Bai Zihan sighed.

"No. The food is fine."

Chen Guang's jaw dropped.

"...It is?"

"Yes!"

The kitchen staff exchanged confused glances.

For a moment, no one knew what to do.

This was Young Master Bai Zihan—the infamous troublemaker.

He had fired the previous Head Chef for a slightly off amount of salt.

He had once thrown an entire meal onto the floor because it didn't look appetizing.

Chen Guang's hands trembled.

"...T-Then, Young Master... why do you look so unsatisfied?"

Bai Zihan sighed again and looked at his plate.

"...It's just a bit plain, that's all!"

Bai Zihan thought back to the flavors of Earth.

"Plain?"

Chen Guang couldn't understand what Bai Zihan meant. The food here was exquisite, rivaling even royal banquets.

If this taste was plain, then perhaps every dish in this world might as well be plain.

Although Bai Zihan had assured them that he wasn't going to punish them, the Head Chef and the other kitchen staff couldn't help but feel nervous especially after this comment.

Bai Zihan stared at their anxious expressions and sighed again, resting his chin on his hand.

If this was the best food this world had to offer, then wouldn't that mean—

His love for food would be extinguished if this was all he had to eat?

(Is this really the best?)

Bai Zihan thought. He remembered that the food was more tolerable than this previously but he found it very lacking.

It must be because he now knows and remembers the taste of something far better. Like experiencing fine wine—once you've had it, it's hard to go back to plain water.

(What should I do?)

If this is all that the world has to offer, Bai Zihan thought that he could forget about food and focus on his cultivation.

Just then—

Thud!

A spark of realization ignited in his mind.

"You know what?"

Bai Zihan suddenly said, standing up.

"I'll cook it myself."

"..."

A long silence followed.

The servants froze, their eyes widening in horror.

The kitchen staff, who had just barely recovered from their panic, looked as if the sky had fallen.

Even Luo Qing, who rarely showed emotion, had a rare moment of disbelief.

"...Young Master," she said hesitantly.

"Are you saying... you will cook?"

Bai Zihan stretched lazily, a grin on his face.

"That's right!"

Chen Guang, who had just begun breathing normally again, felt his soul nearly leave his body.

"N-No, Young Master, you don't have to trouble yourself!"

How could he allow the esteemed heir of Bai Clan to do something like cooking?

The other kitchen staff quickly nodded, desperate to stop him.

"Yes, Young Master! Cooking is our job! We will improve the flavors—just tell us how you want it!"

Bai Zihan waved them off.

"Tch! I don't have time to waste on explaining myself. Don't waste my time."

Chen Guang grabbed his chest, looking like he was on the verge of a heart attack.

Young Master Bai Zihan... COOKING?!

This was a disaster waiting to happen!

This was madness!

Bai Zihan walked toward the Bai Clan's grand kitchen, the staff reluctantly following behind him.

Word of this strange event quickly spread.

By the time he reached the kitchen, there were already servants and guards peeking from a distance, whispering among themselves.

"Young Master Bai is going to... cook?"

"...Is this a punishment for the chefs?"

"Wait, is he actually serious?"

"I never thought I'd see the day..."

The kitchen staff, still terrified, hurried to prepare the station for Bai Zihan.

Chen Guang wrung his hands nervously as he watched Bai Zihan roll up his sleeves.

"...Young Master, have you... ever cooked before?"

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Of course!"

(This wasn't a lie!)

Back on Earth, Bai Zihan had lived alone for years.

If he didn't cook for himself, he would've starved.

His skills weren't professional, but he was more than decent.

And compared to this world's food?

(Heh, these people are in for a shock.)

He looked around the kitchen, scanning the available ingredients.

There were various types of meat, vegetables, grains, and spirit herbs.

However...

Bai Zihan scanned the kitchen, his brows furrowing.

(No proper seasonings, barely any variety... No wonder everything tastes so bland.)

His eyes landed on a few basic ingredients: spirit beast meat, some grains, a few spirit herbs, and—most importantly—oil. A slow grin spread across his face.

(Alright. If this world has never experienced real seasoning... then let's blow their minds.)

He grabbed a slab of spirit beast meat and quickly sliced it into bite-sized pieces.

Then, using the back of his knife, he began tenderizing it with sharp, precise movements, drawing curious glances from the kitchen staff.

"What is Young Master doing...?"

One of them whispered.

Others just shook their heads, not knowing just what kind of cooking Bai Zihan is doing.

Bai Zihan grabbed a few of the available herbs and crushed them in his palm.

They were mostly used for medicinal purposes, but if used right, they could add depth to flavor.

(If I mix these with salt and a little oil...)

He rubbed the crushed herbs onto the meat, making sure every piece was coated.

Then, he let it sit while he turned his attention to the grains—something similar to rice but less fragrant.

He quickly rinsed them before setting them in a pot to cook, adding just enough water to balance the texture.

Next, he turned to the oil. He poured a generous amount into the wok and let it heat up until it shimmered.

Then, he added the marinated meat.

SIZZLE—!

A rich aroma filled the air instantly.

The kitchen staff staggered back, their eyes wide as the scent wrapped around them. It was nothing like the plain roasted meats they were used to.

"T-The smell... what is that?!"

"Is Young Master refining a pill?!"

Bai Zihan smirked.

(They have no idea what's coming.)

As the meat cooked, he took a few of the stronger-smelling herbs and ground them into a paste using a stone mortar.

Mixing it with some oil and salt, he created a thick, fragrant sauce—something this world had likely never seen before.

Once the meat was perfectly seared—crispy on the edges, juicy on the inside—he tossed in the sauce, letting it coat every piece.

The moment the flavors combined, the fragrance intensified, making even the bystanders in the hallway inhale deeply.

"This... this is making me hungry just from the smell!"

"I've never smelled anything this good in my life...!"

Even Luo Qing had her gaze locked onto the sizzling pan, her mouth almost drooling.

Chen Guang, the Head Chef, was gripping the counter for support. His face was pale, his body trembling.

"This can't be real... It's just meat and herbs, but the aroma...!"

Finally, Bai Zihan plated the dish, pairing the richly glazed meat with the soft, steaming grains.

He stepped back, crossing his arms.

"Alright. Try it!"

No one moved at first.

Then, Chen Guang, swallowing hard, reached out and picked up a piece.

"Let me try first!"

The moment it entered his mouth—

BOOM!

It was like fireworks exploded on his tongue. The outer layer was slightly crisp, the inside tender and bursting with flavor.

The sauce, though simple, carried layers of taste—salty, rich, with an addictive depth he had never imagined possible.

Chen Guang's legs wobbled.

He covered his mouth, his eyes welling up with tears.

"Young Master..." His voice shook.

"...What... what is this...?!"

The servants watching from the sidelines exchanged nervous glances.

"Look at the Head Chef's face... Is it really that good?"

"I've never seen him react like this before. Could Young Master Bai's cooking truly be on another level?"

"If even the Head Chef is speechless, then—"

"I can't take it anymore! I need to taste it for myself!"

Just as the murmurs grew louder, the kitchen staff, unable to hold back their curiosity, scrambled to grab pieces for themselves.

The moment they tasted it, their reactions were almost identical.

"By the heavens... This is divine food!"

"How can something taste like this?!"

"Indeed, compared to Young Master's cooking, our food is shit!"

It was as if Bai Zihan had introduced an entirely new way of eating to their world.

Bai Zihan watched their reactions with a smug grin.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 17: God Of Cooking

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 17: God Of Cooking

Bai Zihan watched with amusement as the kitchen staff descended into utter chaos.

He then grabbed two plates—one for himself and one for Luo Qing.

As he turned, he saw Luo Qing staring at him.

She knew Bai Zihan better than anyone else present and was certain that he had never stepped into a kitchen before.

Heck! She was sure he didn't even know what the ingredients looked like or what they were for.

Even roasting a simple piece of meat should have been impossible for such a pampered lord.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Oie!"

Luo Qing's gaze snapped up to meet his.

He smirked and held out the plate toward her.

"Here. Try it!"

Luo Qing hesitated for a brief moment but then reached forward and took the plate.

Carefully, she picked up a piece of meat with her chopsticks and took a bite.

The moment it hit her tongue—

Her eyes widened slightly.

It was so flavorful, so different from anything she had ever eaten before.

"...It's good," Luo Qing said, feeling how unbelievable it was.

Not only could the young master cook, but his dish was far better than anything the Bai family's chefs had ever made.

"Hah! Of course it is!"

Bai Zihan said arrogantly.

He took a bite of his own meal, savoring the flavor.

(Yes! This is what I'm talking about!)

Although he wouldn't call this his best dish, lacking many ingredients to make it the same as the one on Earth.

Despite the lack of certain ingredients, the ingredients used were of premium quality, making it great.

Bai Zihan grinned to himself, pleased with his decision.

As he ate, he glanced back at the kitchen staff.

Most kitchen staff were frantically taking notes, trying to figure out what Bai Zihan had done differently.

The head chef, Chen Guang, was also one of them.

As someone who loved and took pride in cooking, he was always eager to learn. If someone was better, he would naturally try to learn from them.

However, knowing Bai Zihan's status, he couldn't possibly ask him to teach. His time was far too valuable.

But that didn't mean he couldn't analyze the dish the young master had made.

(Those ingredients... By themselves, they are considered unappetizing by most. But mix them together, and a unique flavor is born.)

Chen Guang thought as he noted down all the ingredients Bai Zihan had used.

Bai Zihan leaned back, tapping his chopsticks against his empty plate with a satisfied sigh.

Luo Qing, having finished her portion as well, looked satisfied.

But Bai Zihan noticed something.

Despite finishing her food, her fingers still lightly gripped her chopsticks.

(Hoh~? So, she wants more?)

Well, his stomach wasn't fully satisfied either.

Moreover, with a cultivator's body, eating even twenty pounds of food wouldn't be an issue.

Then he turned his attention to the still-kneeling Head Chef, Chen Guang, whose face was a complex mix of awe and determination.

"Well, Chef?"

Bai Zihan tapped his plate lightly.

"What do you think of my cooking?"

Chen Guang's body trembled.

Then—

With a deep breath, he slowly raised his head, his eyes full of respect and humility.

"Young Master... how?"

His voice was no longer desperate or panicked. Instead, it carried a genuine sense of wonder and disbelief.

"How did you—no, where did you learn to cook like this?"

His eyes narrowed slightly, scanning Bai Zihan as if he harbored secrets beyond comprehension.

"This technique... These unique yet harmonious flavors... It's unlike anything I have ever encountered."

Chen Guang bowed his head deeply.

"This dish... It has shown me flavors I never imagined possible."

"I have spent my entire life refining my craft, yet... I now realize that I have only been scratching the surface of what food can truly be."

He looked up, his eyes burning with passion.

"Young Master Bai! Please accept my utmost respect!"

Bai Zihan burst into laughter.

"Haha! Of course! Of course! This young master is amazing at everything!"

His arrogance was so thick that the servants had to resist the urge to roll their eyes.

But even they couldn't deny it—the dish Bai Zihan made was something out of this world.

He stood up, placing his plate down.

"This is just the beginning!"

He pointed a dramatic finger at the kitchen staff.

"Remember how I made this dish and try to recreate it!"

With Head Chef skill, Bai Zihan was certain that he could mimic his cooking in a few tries.

And it wasn't as if he had made a complex dish that required exceptional skill—he didn't have that himself.

All he needed was to understand the ingredients and how to combine them.

The chefs nodded furiously, some clutching their notebooks like they had just obtained sacred scripture.

Bai Zihan grinned, but then his expression turned serious.

He glanced at the various ingredients in the kitchen.

There was no flour and no proper seasoning, but he could work with that.

(Fine. I'll introduce them to a whole new world of food.)

"Listen up!"

Bai Zihan clapped his hands, gathering everyone's attention.

"I'm not done yet."

Bai Zihan cracked his knuckles.

"I'll show you a variety of dishes. Try to remember how I cook them!"

(If these people can learn to recreate these dishes, then I can eat them anytime I want in the future.)

With a smug grin, he turned back toward the kitchen.

"Alright! It's time to make fried chicken!"

By the time Bai Zihan was done, he had cooked nearly ten different dishes, and every single one was eaten clean.

He himself had likely consumed around ten pounds of food, yet his body felt no discomfort.

Indeed, it was good to have a cultivator's body.

The Head Chef and the kitchen staff were utterly bewildered, some even beginning to see Bai Zihan as a god of cooking.

Just as he finished his meal, a servant approached him with a message.

Bai Zihan didn't even need to hear the words—just by looking at the servant, he knew who the sender was.

This was the servant who exclusively served the head of the Bai Clan—his father.

"The Clan Leader is looking for you, young master!"

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 18: History With Chu Ziyang [1,809 words]

Chapter 18: History With Chu Ziyang

(Why did Father call for me?)

Bai Zihan wondered.

(Is it because of the Heaven Sword Sect disciple?)

That was the most recent problem he had caused, but he didn't think it could be that—it had already been mostly resolved.

Resolved in the sense that the Heaven Sword Sect couldn't do anything to him.

(Could it be something I did before that?)

If all the trouble he had caused were listed down, it probably wouldn't fit on a single sheet of paper.

"Well, we'll find out."

Whatever it was, he figured he could handle it.

When Bai Zihan arrived at the main hall, he found his father seated on the clan leader's throne, his usual serious expression in place.

Bai Zihan stepped forward lazily, his hands behind his head.

"You called for me, Father?"

Bai Tianheng looked at his son, his eyes unreadable.

For a moment, he said nothing.

Then—

Bai Tianheng tapped his fingers against the armrest of his chair.

"You are aware of the political situation within the clan, correct?"

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened slightly.

(Here we go. This is about my position as heir, isn't it?)

He leaned slightly to the side.

"More or less!"

Bai Zihan was well aware that the clan didn't want him as heir and sought to replace him.

Of course, he ignored those concerns and instead focused on bullying the other geniuses, including Bai Jian—the one most likely to take his place.

Bai Tianheng had warned Bai Zihan multiple times about his behavior and how it made his position as heir vulnerable though he didn't care.

Bai Tianheng leaned forward slightly, his piercing gaze locking onto his son.

"Then let me get straight to the point. You are to be engaged to Chu Ziyan of the Chu Clan."

Silence!

Bai Zihan's smirk froze.

"What?"

Bai Tianheng sat back, completely calm.

"The engagement will be officially announced in a few days. The Bai Clan and the Chu Clan have reached an agreement."

Bai Tianheng stated as if everything had already been decided.

Bai Zihan stared at him, his mind slowly processing the words.

He opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Then—

"...Pft—Hahaha!"

He burst out laughing.

Bai Tianheng remained expressionless.

Bai Zihan wiped a tear from the corner of his eye, shaking his head.

"You're joking, right?"

Silence!

Bai Zihan's laughter faded.

"... You're serious?"

Bai Tianheng nodded.

Bai Zihan's smirk disappeared entirely.

Chu Ziyan—the genius of the Chu Clan and one of the top beauties in the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

Others might see her as kind, talented, and fairy-like, but to Bai Zihan, she was nothing more than a bigger bully than himself.

With Chu Ziyan being Bai Xueqing's senior sister and close friend, there was no way he didn't meet her.

Bai Xueqing had brought Chu Ziyan home after getting a vacation from the Heaven Sword Sect, a year after she had entered the sect.

At the time, Bai Zihan was just nine years old, while Chu Ziyan was eleven.

Without Bai Xueqing around, Bai Zihan had been causing trouble left and right—there was no one to stop him.

So, when Bai Xueqing brought Chu Ziyan home, he thought she would be another easy target.

People in the Bai Clan couldn't go against him, and that was especially true for guests who feared the Bai Clan's power.

At the time, Bai Zihan was nine years old—a proud troublemaker without equal in the Bai Clan.

He ruled over the servants, bullied the younger generation, and even dared to play pranks on the elders.

No one could stop him, and even if they wanted to, they didn't dare.

Why?

Because he was the young master of the Bai Clan—the direct heir to one of the three most powerful clans in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Even if someone had the guts to punish him, his mother would protect him, while his father was too busy managing clan affairs to personally interfere unless things got out of hand.

With no one to discipline him, Bai Zihan did whatever he pleased.

And then... Chu Ziyan arrived.

It was one afternoon when Bai Zihan first laid eyes on her.

His sister, Bai Xueqing, had finally returned from the Heaven Sword Sect after a full year of training.

Normally, Bai Zihan would avoid his sister like the plague.

However, this time, she had brought someone with her.

She carried a wooden practice sword on her back, her posture firm and upright like a proper martial artist.

Even though she was young, her presence carried an air of confidence and authority that most people lacked.

This was Chu Ziyan—Bai Xueqing's close friend and fellow genius of the Heaven Sword Sect.

Bai Zihan watched them from afar, his interest piqued.

At that time, he had no idea who she was, nor did he care.

To him, she was just another guest, and guests were perfect targets for his pranks.

With a mischievous grin, Bai Zihan quickly formulated a plan.

Bai Zihan waited for the perfect moment.

That evening, Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyan were in the courtyard, training together while a few Bai Clan servants watched from the sidelines.

Seeing his sister occupied, Bai Zihan made his move.

He sneaked into Bai Xueqing's room and found her personal tea set—a gift from their father.

He carefully added a strange powder—a harmless but incredibly spicy herb that would set the drinker's mouth on fire.

(Heh! Let's see if that girl can handle it!)

Once the trap was set, he ordered a servant to deliver the tea to Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing.

Then, he hid nearby, eagerly waiting to witness Chu Ziyang's suffering.

The moment Chu Ziyang lifted the cup, Bai Zihan felt his excitement rise.

(Here it comes!)

She took a sip.

Then—

Nothing.

Chu Ziyang's expression didn't change at all.

(Huh?)

Bai Zihan watched, confused.

Didn't she taste it?

That spice was supposed to make people scream and cry!

Instead, Chu Ziyang simply placed the cup down calmly and continued speaking with Bai Xueqing.

She didn't even blink.

Bai Zihan felt something was wrong.

A moment later, Bai Xueqing also took a sip—

"!!!"

Bai Xueqing spat the tea out instantly, coughing violently.

"Who—?! Who put this in my tea?!"

Bai Zihan froze.

(Shit!)

Bai Xueqing immediately turned toward the nearest servant, her eyes burning with rage.

"Who made this tea?"

The terrified servant fell to his knees.

"I—I only delivered it! I don't know anything else!"

Chu Ziyang slowly turned her head.

Her red eyes locked onto the bushes where Bai Zihan was hiding.

For the first time, Bai Zihan felt a chill crawl up his spine.

"Come out!"

Her voice was calm and steady, but there was no room for argument.

Bai Zihan gulped.

But before he could even think of escaping—

A cold voice interrupted.

"He's over there."

It was Chu Ziyang.

Unlike Bai Xueqing, she didn't sound angry.

She sounded... interested.

Like a hunter that had just found its prey.

Bai Zihan knew that his sister was terrifying when she was mad.

But for some reason, Chu Ziyang's calm gaze scared him more.

Still, Bai Zihan wasn't the type to back down.

He stepped out boldly, putting on his most arrogant smirk.

"Tch, so what if I did it? I was just having some fun."

His tone was casual, but he made sure to look down on Chu Ziyang as he spoke.

After all, he was Bai Zihan—the feared and untouchable young master.

Who did this girl think she was to tattle on his location?

However—

He had made a mistake.

Chu Ziyan tilted her head slightly.

"Oh? Just fun?"

She slowly stood up, dusting off her sleeves.

"Hmph! Ziyan, you can take care of him," Bai Xueqing said as she left the place.

Bai Zihan suddenly felt danger despite his sister leaving.

But before he could react—

BAM!

Chi Ziyan's knuckle hit his head, almost breaking it apart.

"GAH!"

Bai Zihan rolled on the ground, his arms clutching his head as pain exploded through his body.

He coughed violently, barely able to process what just happened.

(Did she just... hit me?)

Before he could even stand up—

BAM!

Another hit—this time straight to his back, pinning him face-first into the dirt.

Bai Zihan gritted his teeth, his rage boiling over.

"You—! Do you know who I am?!"

Chu Ziyan gazed down at him.

"Who are you?"

She asked arrogantly.

"Hmph! Ignorant girl. I am the young master of the Bai Clan, destined to lead it one day!"

Bai Zihan boasted and waited for Chu Ziyan to realize her grave mistake and grovel before him.

However, what he expected didn't happen. She just kept looking at him.

"So?"

She said, her voice carrying zero respect, zero fear.

Chu Ziyan most likely knew who he was before he even introduced himself though she acted ignorant.

BAM!

Another hit on his head.

"Y-YOU! You will regret this!"

BAM!

"Regret, my a**! How dare a 9-year-old think he is invincible? Let this big sister teach you some lessons!"

She had no regard for Bai Zihan at all and continued beating him up.

Bai Zihan wasn't the one to back down easily and tried to threaten her in various way, only to end up getting more beaten up.

The servants watching the scene froze in horror.

Chu Ziyan had beaten up the Bai Clan's heir... in broad daylight!

But what can they do?

They were aware of Chu Ziyan's status, not to mention Bai Xueqing was supportive of Chu Ziyan when she said she would let Chu Ziyan handle Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan's hands clenched into fists.

No one had ever spoken to him like this.

No one had ever dared to lay a hand on him.

But this girl—this outsider—had just beaten him to the ground like he was nothing.

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his head, glaring at her with pure hatred.

"You—"

Chu Ziyan leaned down, her eyes boring into his.

"Hehe... It looks like my vacation at the Bai Clan won't be too boring."

Her voice was filled with amusement, as if she were looking at her new toy.

And indeed, for the next two weeks, during her entire stay at the Bai Clan, he was treated worse than a servant.

He had to bring tea and follow her orders otherwise more suffering awaited her.

Chu Ziyang treated him worse than his sister, and there was nothing he could do, as he soon found out that Chu Ziyang was the precious daughter of the Chu Clan—a clan the Bai Clan was trying to establish a good relationship with.

Of course, he tried to take revenge but always ended up getting his ass beaten by Chu Ziyang.

And now...

His father wanted him to marry that demon woman?!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 19: Trapped in an Engagement[988 words]

Chapter 19: Trapped in an Engagement

Impossible!!!

(There is no way I am going to marry her!)

Getting married off to her could get me killed faster than any other protagonist. And even if I survive, my life would be miserable.

Bai Tianheng watched him calmly, waiting for his response.

Bai Zihan clenched his jaw, his fingers twitching as memories of Chu Ziyang's tyranny resurfaced in his mind.

(And now... Father wants me to marry that demon woman?!)

He took a deep breath, forcing himself to remain calm.

Then, with a dry chuckle, he looked up at his father.

"Hah... Father, I think there's been some mistake."

Bai Tianheng raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? What mistake?"

Bai Zihan gestured at himself lazily.

"Me? Getting engaged? To Chu Ziyang?"

He leaned back and scoffed.

"Come on, Father. I know I've caused some trouble, but do I really deserve this level of punishment?"

Bai Tianheng's lips twitched slightly, but he didn't react to Bai Zihan's antics.

Instead, he said calmly, "What punishment? This is your blessing! With your personality and talent, how could you find a girl like Chu Ziyang?"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Blessing? Father, can I decline such a blessing?"

"Do you think you can?"

Bai Zihan scoffed.

Looking at his father, he knew that there was no chance he had any right to decline.

"Chu Ziyang is one of the strongest geniuses of her generation. Her talent is nearly on par with Bai Xueqing's, and she is the heir to the Chu Clan. This marriage will solidify our relationship with the Chu Clan and ensure that your position as heir remains unchallenged."

Bai Tianheng explained.

Bai Zihan's eyes twitched.

(What use is being the heir when all I see is a dead end for this clan?)

Perhaps not being the heir would guarantee that he wouldn't be killed alongside his clan.

Although, he knew that leaving the Bai Clan wasn't an option either.

"Father... I don't need a marriage to stay as heir."

Bai Zihan was confident that given enough time—perhaps six months or so—he could become the undisputed heir of the Bai Clan.

With his regained memories and the System on his side, he wasn't too worried that someone could replace him.

But would Bai Tianheng know that or believe in a son whose only talent was making trouble?

The answer was obvious.

"You do!"

Bai Tianheng answered with confidence.

He was certain that without Bai Zihan marrying Chu Ziyan, his position in the Bai Clan would vanish faster than light.

Bai Zihan frowned.

Although he was well aware that, given his past, there wasn't much proof to argue otherwise, he was a changed man—at least, he believed he was no longer the trash he used to be.

Bai Tianheng leaned forward slightly, his gaze sharp.

"The elders have already started making moves to replace you. Bai Jian is growing stronger every day, and without strong support, your position is not guaranteed."

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue.

"Tch! Even so, why her? Why Chu Ziyan of all people? What, was no one else available?"

"Hmph! No one is better than her. You should be thankful that the Chu Clan agreed to this."

Bai Zihan was in a big dilemma.

He knew that no matter what he said, his father was not going to change his mind.

(Damn me and my past behavior!)

If he had stayed quiet and behaved well, there might have been a chance that his father would listen to him.

But after everything he had done, there was nothing he could say to change his father's mind.

(Shit... What do I do now?)

He already had to worry about all the death flags set by his family, and now, there was this marriage with Chu Ziyan.

Bai Zihan couldn't help but think his future was full of suffering.

(Wait!)

Then—

A thought struck him.

(My words won't change my father's mind, but what if it was Chu Ziyang? She's probably being forced into this by her family too.)

His eyes narrowed slightly.

(If I take things too far, there's a high chance Chu Ziyang will object to this marriage. Unlike me, she's a genius and the darling of the Chu Clan. They will definitely listen to her. Hehe... I'm a genius!)

Making trouble and making people hate him was his specialty, and it felt like it was time to put that talent to the test.

"I'll agree, but I have to meet her first before the engagement."

Bai Zihan said.

Bai Tianheng's brow lifted.

"Oh?"

He didn't know what his son was planning, but he was confident that no matter what Bai Zihan did, the result wouldn't change.

"Why?"

"I haven't seen Chu Ziyang in years. We were kids back then. So I want to meet with her first before the engagement."

Bai Tianheng raised an eyebrow.

"Meet her? And then what?"

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Well, you can't have strangers engaged to each other, right? It's good for our relationship if we meet before the engagement. Don't you think so?"

Bai Tianheng's fingers tapped against the armrest.

For a brief moment, he was silent.

Then—

"Fine!"

Bai Tianheng agreed, seeing no issue with the request. It also seemed that by doing so, Bai Zihan would no longer protest his marriage to Chu Ziyang.

Bai Zihan blinked.

(That was easier than I expected...)

Bai Tianheng leaned forward slightly.

"You will meet Chu Ziyan. But make no mistake—this engagement is happening."

Bai Zihan crossed his arms and huffed.

Bai Tianheng smirked.

"And let me remind you, if you do anything to Chu Ziyan, I will personally deal with you. You'd better be on your best behavior. You hear me?"

"Sure, Father!"

Bai Zihan turned on his heel and walked toward the exit.

(Alright! Step one is complete. Now, I just need to figure out how to make her reject me. That should be easy, right?)

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 20: Chu Ziyan Arrives At Bai Clan! [1,188 words]

Chapter 20: Chu Ziyan Arrives At Bai Clan!

A sleek, luxurious flying ship glided through the skies, descending toward the Bai Clan's grand estate.

The vessel bore the insignia of the Chu Clan, one of the most powerful noble families in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Standing at the bow, Chu Ziyan gazed at the sprawling Bai Clan estate below, her red eyes calm yet slightly amused.

The wind tugged at her robes, and her long, jet-black hair fluttered behind her.

(It's been years since I was last here... and now, I'm returning as Bai Zihan's fiancée. Who would have thought?)

She smirked to herself.

Of all the possibilities, this was one she hadn't expected.

Her fingers traced the hilt of the sword at her waist as she recalled her first encounter with Bai Zihan.

A bratty nine-year-old with too much arrogance, too little self-awareness, and an annoying tendency to think he was invincible.

(Well, he was a good toy!)

A chuckle escaped her lips.

It had only taken a few hits to put him in his place.

She remembered how he had gone from an overconfident young master to a miserable little lackey, forced to serve her tea and follow her every order.

For two weeks, he had been her personal errand boy.

Even back then, she had been stronger than him—far stronger.

And now?

(I wonder... has he changed at all?)

Somehow, she doubted it.

She had seen many people like Bai Zihan in the Heaven Sword Sect—drunk on power that wasn't truly theirs—though he was the weakest of them all.

The ship landed smoothly in the Bai Clan's courtyard. Several Bai Clan elders and attendants were already waiting to receive her.

With graceful movements, Chu Ziyang stepped off the ship.

Her presence was commanding yet effortless—an undeniable aura of confidence and strength surrounded her.

The elders bowed respectfully.

"Lady Chu, we welcome you to the Bai Clan!"

She nodded in acknowledgment.

"I appreciate the hospitality."

A servant stepped forward.

"Lady Chu, we have prepared a residence for you during your stay. Would you like to rest first, or would you prefer to meet with the young master?"

She waved a hand dismissively.

"I'll rest later. For now, take me to Bai Xueqing."

The servant hesitated.

"Lady Xueqing is currently training. Would you still want to meet her?"

"Yes!"

The servant nodded and led the way.

Others weren't allowed to disturb Bai Xueqing during her training, but it was a different story if the person in question was Chu Ziyang.

Chu Ziyang arrived at the Bai Clan's sword training grounds, where Bai Xueqing, the Heaven Sword Sect's rising genius, was practicing her swordsmanship.

Each of Bai Xueqing's movements was sharp, precise, and deadly.

Her sword carved through the air with a sound akin to ripping silk, leaving faint traces of sword intent lingering in its wake.

Chu Ziyang watched for a moment before stepping forward.

"Still as sharp as ever, I see."

Bai Xueqing stopped mid-strike, her gaze shifting toward the familiar voice.

When she saw Chu Ziyang, a rare smile crossed her usually cold face.

"Ziyang!"

She sheathed her sword and walked over.

"I heard you were coming, but I wasn't expecting you to arrive so soon."

Chu Ziyang shrugged.

"Well, the elders in my clan want me to take care of my business with the Bai Clan as soon as possible."

The Bai Clan had a strong reason to align themselves with the Chu Clan, but the same was true for the Chu Clan—perhaps even more so.

Their competitors were receiving support from two of the other top three strongest clans, and their market share was shrinking.

So, they hoped that Chu Ziyang could finalize her engagement with Bai Zihan as soon as possible before the situation worsened.

Bai Xueqing's sharp eyes narrowed slightly.

"What business do you have?"

Bai Xueqing asked, confused.

She didn't think Chu Ziyan was mature enough to meddle in the affairs between the Chu and Bai Clans.

Even she wasn't qualified to do so.

Chu Ziyan smirked.

"What? You don't believe me?"

Bai Xueqing crossed her arms.

"Knowing you... you're probably isn't here for any important business."

Chu Ziyan chuckled.

"Well... maybe?"

She stepped forward and placed a hand on Bai Xueqing's shoulder.

"I have good news for you."

Bai Xueqing raised an eyebrow.

"What news?"

Chu Ziyan's smile widened.

"I'm going to be your big sister now."

Silence!

Bai Xueqing blinked, not quite understanding at first.

Then—

Her expression darkened.

"...You can't mean—?"

Chu Ziyan nodded.

"That's right! Your clan and mine have arranged for me to marry your dear little brother."

She leaned in slightly, amusement dancing in her eyes.

"So from now on, you should call me 'Big Sister Ziyan'!"

Bai Xueqing's lips twitched violently.

For a moment, she was utterly speechless.

Of all the things she had expected Chu Ziyang to say—this was the last.

Bai Xueqing, or anyone else outside of that meeting, had no idea about Bai Zihan's soon-to-be engagement with Chu Ziyang.

And until the engagement was officially announced, the matter was to be kept secret.

Bai Xueqing had only been informed that Chu Ziyang would soon be visiting the Bai Clan—nothing more.

She hadn't known the reason until now.

"...You're joking."

"Nope!"

"...You're serious?"

"Very!"

Bai Xueqing exhaled deeply and rubbed her temples.

She would have been happy if Chu Ziyang was marrying her brother—if only Bai Zihan wasn't her brother.

Her voice was low.

"You're really going to marry that annoying brat?"

Chu Ziyang grinned.

"I am."

Bai Xueqing stared at her friend for a long moment, searching for any sign of hesitation.

There was none.

"Why?"

Chu Ziyang tilted her head.

"Why not?"

Bai Xueqing's face twitched.

"Because he's Bai Zihan?!"

That reason alone should have been enough for most people to avoid marriage with him.

Chu Ziyang let out a light laugh.

"True, true. He's an idiot."

"Then why?"

"I think it'll be fun and I get to be your big sister."

Bai Xueqing closed her eyes, exhaling through her nose.

A part of her wanted to say, "I'll call off this engagement myself!"

But she knew it wasn't that simple.

The marriage wasn't just about Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyang—it was an alliance between their two clans.

Moreover, this could also stabilize Bai Zihan's position as heir.

Although she didn't like him very much, he was still her brother, and she knew this marriage alliance could benefit him greatly.

But was Ziyang truly okay with it?

Bai Xueqing shook her head.

She felt a headache coming on.

"...Whatever. If you really want to do this, I won't stop you."

Chu Ziyang smirked.

"Good. Then go ahead and say it."

Bai Xueqing frowned.

"Say what?"

"You know what."

"...I don't."

Chu Ziyang's eyes gleamed mischievously.

"Call me Big Sister!"

Bai Xueqing's expression darkened.

Chu Ziyang chuckled.

"Oh, don't worry. There's plenty of time for you to say it later. After all—we're family now!"

Bai Xueqing stared at Chu Ziyang, who seemed determined to go through with marrying Bai Zihan.

"I'll go and meet my soon-to-be fiancé now, little sister!"

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.