

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 151: Grade-3 Demonic Beast[ 2,084 words ]

### *Chapter 151: Grade-3 Demonic Beast*

Bai Zihan challenged the four assassins with full confidence, which only made them angrier.

Not to mention that he already killed one of their comrades.

As for fear? There was no fear—because against ordinary people, unless they were caught off guard like the one who had been killed, they could easily win.

Minister Duan's guard yelled angrily.

"Arrogant!"

He assumed that Bai Zihan would be trembling in fear after knowing his real power but still he was as arrogant as ever.

"Do you think you can win just because you managed to defeat me once?"

He thought he knew why Bai Zihan was so confident. It was because of his ignorance that he didn't understand what he was facing.

"You had a good time beating me when I couldn't use Qi, but now I have no such restriction. You'll regret everything you have done!"

Previously, he didn't use Qi—not only because he had to conceal it, but it was also because he didn't think he would lose.

But he ended up losing instantly against Bai Zihan, wounding his pride and getting humiliated completely.

Not to mention the endless insults he had to endure from Minister Duan.

Although his mission was to kill Princess Feilian, killing Bai Zihan was far more important to him.

Luckily, Bai Zihan was protecting the Princess, and they had to kill him before they could get to her.

He couldn't be happier.

Now that he can use Qi, he didn't think taking care of Bai Zihan would be difficult since he was 10 times stronger than when he couldn't use Qi.

He signaled his companions and everyone knew that it was time to strike.

SWISH!

The assassins charged without hesitation, splitting up and surrounding Bai Zihan from all directions—two from the front, and two from the sides.

Despite their overconfidence, it seemed like they weren't going to underestimate and let the prey escape.

"DIE!"

Their shouts were filled with bloodlust, each of them aiming for a vital point—heart, throat, spine.

Princess Feilian gasped, instinctively reaching for her dagger, even though she knew she wouldn't make it in time.

She could only watch helplessly as the blades closed in on Bai Zihan, their cold gleam promising certain death.

"NO!"

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At the same time, soldiers were fighting hard and keeping the Demonic Beasts at bay.

With the Demonic Beasts number dwindling, they didn't pose much danger to the soldiers.

Just then, they also heard and saw the group of assassins whose target was definitely the Princess.

"Everyone, our princess is in danger. Those who had taken care of the Demonic Beast, immediately came with me to protect her!"

The soldiers got ready to protect the Princess.

Previously, many of them were in the list of people who were dissatisfied with the princess.

Immature and unqualified!

That is what they thought.

She didn't make the right decision and it cost the lives of many of their comrades.

Of course, they understood that there wasn't much that the Princess could do about Demonic Beasts, still there were things which would have turned out for the better if Princess Feilian had done something.

There were also rumors about her being the ally of other cities and helping them take over the city after taking advantage of the situation that they are in.

But today, they had seen the truth.

The weapon which was made and gave them power to stand up to the Demonic Beasts.

The refugees who helped them by killing lots of Demonic Beasts.

Every decision seems to head towards the victory for the Ironmist.

So, they can't afford to lose her!

However, just as they were about to make their way towards the Princess, a powerful aura spread through the battlefield.

ROOOOOAAAAR!

A guttural, earth-shaking roar echoed across the battlefield, followed by a thunderous crash.

Soldiers on the wall, who had just caught sight of the Princess being surrounded, turned to rush to her aid—only to freeze in horror.

From the northern quadrant of the wall, a section had collapsed into rubble.

Standing amidst the wreckage was a massive beast covered in stone-like scales, each as tough as steel. Its hulking form towered over the others, easily three times the size of the already terrifying Demonic Beasts below.

Its presence alone made the air feel heavy.

There was no mistake, it was a Third Grade Demonic Beast!

Bang! Bang!

"B-Bullets aren't working!"

Sure enough, dozens of bullets struck its hide—and bounced off harmlessly, leaving nothing but faint scratches.

It took roughly one to three bullets to kill Grade-1 demonic beasts, depending on what type of Demonic Beast it was and where it got hit.

It took around 10 bullets by hitting at the weakness of Grade-2 Demonic Beasts.

Bai Zihan already thought that Gun and Bullet limitation was for dealing with Grade-2 and less beings.

Stronger than that, it was almost useless.

Unless of course, the gun and bullets were made up of special materials and refined.

But Ironmist neither had the resources nor the ability to create such guns.

Right now, with the gun they have, it is almost useless even if one were to hit its weak part.

It ignored it like an ant hitting him.

The beast barreled forward, smashing a squad of defenders into paste with a swing of its claws.

Behind it, dozens more Demonic Beasts surged through the breach it had made, pouring into the city like a black tide.

Panic erupted.

The defenders on the wall were in chaos, split between rushing to defend the Princess and trying to stop the oncoming wave.

But they were too far away from the princess.

The choice was clear.

They had to stay and fight with the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

Otherwise, if the Grade-3 passes through, it would go straight to the Princess.

So, without dealing with a Grade-3 Demonic beast, it was useless to rescue the Princess.

Not to mention that Bai Zihan was there and they hoped that he would be able to protect her.

Most of the defenders now have their eyes on the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts which has become greatly disadvantageous to them.

Guns, their best weapon, were useless.

Swords?

Even more useless as one couldn't even hit him before being killed by the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

Whether one came or ten, for Grade-3 Demonic Beasts, it was a matter of swinging its claws before it could kill them.

"Damn it! What can we even do against something like this?"

Fear began to once again take over a lot of people as the situation itself turned hopeless.

But not all were giving up.

"I have an idea!"

Hong Tao said confidently to the group of refugees.

Hong Tao explained his idea or more specifically the idea that Bai Zihan has once shared to him.

When guns were created, everyone thought that it was invincible and they didn't need to worry about Demonic beasts.

But not Bai Zihan.

He said that it lacked real power and that even killing a Grade-2 Demonic Beasts takes so long.

He said what he knew was that if they were to encounter Grade-3 Demonic Beasts, then their gun would be almost useless.

Hong Tao, at the time, was curious but didn't think there was a need to worry since there hasn't been any spotting of Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

Still, he asked curiously about what they could do if they were to encounter a Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

Bai Zihan didn't give them a concrete answer but said that in an ideal situation, there was a way to take care of even Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

That is, black powder in bullets is too low in quantity and therefore, if one wants to increase power, then the solution is to increase the amount of black powder.

One can ignite a large amount of black powder such that even Grade-3 Demonic Beasts would die instantly.

Of course, for that one needs to lure the monster to where the large amount of Blackpowder it kept and then need to stall him there until someone ignites the black powder.

Even if one had 10 lives, pulling this off would be almost impossible.

But Hong Tao was willing to try to do the impossible.

"Are you sure you want to do this? You might die!"

One of them said,

But Hong Tao was still full of determination without a single doubt.

"Anyways, I would have died if I hadn't met Captain. If I can't even do this, then my life would really have been useless."

Hong Tao said.

There was no need to say anymore since Hong Tao had decided.

What they can do is fulfill their role and make sure that their plan works.

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On the princess's side, the assassins have all attacked, making sure that Bai Zihan couldn't escape.

For a brief moment, it looked like he was done for.

The blades slashed down—

CLANG!

A sharp metallic ring split the air.

A blinding silver arc swept across the wall like lightning, followed by a wave of Qi.

The assassins' faces contorted in disbelief.

"Qi?!"

"That's impossible!"

"He's not supposed to have any cultivation!"

...

But by the time those words left their mouths, it was already too late.

SHHHHHHK!

Bai Zihan's sword cut cleanly through the first assassin's midsection, blood erupting like a geyser as the man collapsed in two twitching halves.

He didn't stop.

Pivoting on one foot, Bai Zihan spun like a storm, his blade leaving behind a shimmering afterimage.

A second attacker tried to block with his dagger, but it shattered like brittle glass under the sheer force of the Qi-infused sword.

A diagonal slash opened him from shoulder to hip.

Another rushed from behind, blade aimed straight for Bai Zihan's spine—only for Bai Zihan to twist at the last second.

His palm struck backward with a burst of Qi.

CRACK!

A surge of force exploded from his strike, shattering the attacker's kneecap with a sickening crunch.

The man screamed and collapsed to one knee—only for Bai Zihan to whirl around and bring his sword down in a clean arc that ended his life in an instant.

The last one—Minister Duan's guard—stood frozen, soaked in blood and trembling with wide eyes.

"You... you're supposed to be just a mortal! You—this isn't possible! This sword aura—this Qi! You're lying!"

Bai Zihan turned to face him, sword casually resting on his shoulder.

Blood dripped from the blade.

Well, his body was really that of a mortal when he first came here, but it wasn't like he couldn't cultivate.

He had been cultivating from day one, and although this body wasn't very talented, with his experience, Bai Zihan had at least managed to take his first step into cultivation with this body.

He was just in the Qi Refining Stage—the first stage of cultivation. Nothing to brag about.

But against assassins who could just barely use Qi and hadn't even entered the Qi Refining Stage, it was more than enough.

Anyway, it was good that he cultivated it. Otherwise, it would've been a bit difficult to handle all those assassins.

He stepped forward, and with each step, his presence grew heavier.

The man staggered back in fear.

"S-Stay away! You don't understand! Killing me means you'll have Minister Duan's entire faction after you!"

"Oh no," Bai Zihan said mockingly, his grin widening.

"I am scared! Minister Duan will kill me."

Bai Zihan mocked the little girl's voice.

Before the man could respond—

SWISH!

Bai Zihan blurred forward and vanished from view.

A heartbeat later, a red line appeared across the assassin's neck.

He stood there, eyes wide and mouth trembling—before his head slid off his shoulders and fell to the ground with a wet thud.

Bai Zihan exhaled and flicked his blade, sending blood scattering in an arc.

Princess Feilian stared at him like she was seeing a ghost.

"Y-You... you're not just a commoner... You are a Cultivator!"

Princess Feilian couldn't sense Qi or anything, but from the conversation she picked up and the power that he displayed, she understood that the person she thought was just a normal citizen of Ironmist was actually a cultivator.

To them, cultivators were like completely different species than them. Someone they revered.

Bai Zihan might have explained to her but there was no time for that.

He pointed his blood-soaked sword at the remaining Grade-3 Demonic Beasts still clawing toward the wall.

"Enough warm-up. Let's clean this up!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 152: A Smile in the Smoke [ 1,520 words ]

### *Chapter 152: A Smile in the Smoke*

While Bai Zihan was fighting with the assassins, Hong Tao was there to execute his plan to kill the Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

Boom!

Another section of the wall collapsed under the Grade-3 Demonic Beast's onslaught.

No matter how many soldiers tried to stop him, it was completely useless.

Most had already lost hope.

Hong Tao was already running.

Not away—but toward it.

"Hey! You overgrown bastard! Try to kill me if you can."

He shouted, waving a tattered red flag soaked in beast blood.

He has to taunt and provoke the beast with anything and everything that he has.

The Demonic Beast's crimson eyes snapped to him instantly, and with a roar that rattled every bone in his body, it charged.

Grade-3 Demonic Beast were more intelligent than Grade-1 and Grade-2 and seemed to have sensed the insult Hong Tao was spewing.

Grade-3 Demonic Beast charged at Hong Tao, willing to make him pay.

(It worked!)

Hong Tao thought.

He then sprinted towards the spot which they had planned to keep the black powder.

Dust exploded beneath Hong Tao's feet as he turned and sprinted down a crumbling alley, heart hammering like a war drum.

His mind screamed at him to run, to hide, to live.

But he didn't.

There was no turning back now.

All along the path, several others moved in tandem—refugees and militia that had agreed to help.

They darted from cover to cover, tossing broken bottles of oil, dragging crates filled with black powder.

And at the center of it all, hidden beneath collapsed ruins and wooden planks, was the prize: three full barrels of black powder which they had managed to produce until now.

They only had enough for one shot.

If they try with a smaller amount, in order for them to make sure there is a backup then that amount might not be enough.

Moreover, after failing once, who would go and try this shit again?

It was only because Hong Tao was willing to take the risk that they could even do such a reckless thing.

So, this was the first and only time that they were going to do this with the chance of success being very low.

And it had to count.

"Faster, faster!"

The refugee commanded as Hong Tao barreled into the clearing ahead of the trap site.

The bait zone was ready.

Crates stacked around the center. Powder trails hidden under rubble. A fire-starting talisman half-buried at the ignition point.

All they needed now—

CRASH!

The beast exploded through the alley wall, its hulking form blocking out the light as it roared, blood-flecked spittle flying from its fangs.

Hong Tao skidded to a stop, chest heaving.

"Come on, then!"

He bellowed, voice cracking.

"You want me!? Here I am!"

Hong Tao yelled even though he was seriously injured with many bone fractures due to just the debris and shockwave of the Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

Still, he managed to come out alive and finally was near the spot that they had initially planned for him to lure the Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

The Grade-3 Beast lunged.

(Five meters... Three meters...)

The Grade-3 Demonic Beast was too overconfident in his strength and wasn't even cautious and charged right through.

One—

Hong Tao dove to the side at the last second, rolling just beneath the beast's sweeping claws.

BOOM!

The Demonic Beast slammed into the ground, smashing through crates and barrels, landing dead center inside the trap.

"NOW!!!"

A gun fired, striking the blackpowder and then—

FWOOOOOOOSH!

The ignition line lit up like a comet.

For a single moment, the beast froze, realizing something was off.

But it was too late.

KA-BOOOOOOM!!!

The entire street exploded into a pillar of flame and smoke.

The shockwave threw bodies and debris across the district.

Refugees were knocked flat even from dozens of meters away. Shattered stones rained from the sky.

The fire roared so hot that metal warped and screamed as it melted.

The world went white.

And then—silence.

Ash drifted down like snow.

A mangled chunk of the Demonic Beast's skull landed near a broken lamppost, still smoldering.

It was dead!

They did it.

They actually did it.

"...Hong Tao!?"

A young man crawled to his feet, coughing from the smoke, eyes wide as he scanned the wreckage.

"Where's Hong Tao!?"

For a moment, there was no answer.

Then—a hand burst up from under a pile of broken bricks.

"Cough—ugh... I'm alive, damn it..."

Hong Tao dragged himself out, face blackened, armor torn to hell, bleeding from half a dozen places—but alive.

The crowd erupted into cheers.

Some wept.

Others collapsed in relief.

And above it all, Hong Tao just lay back on the rubble, grinning like an idiot.

"...Told you it'd work."

But then—

RRRRRROOOOOAAAAARRRRR!!!

The cheers died in an instant.

Everyone froze.

From within the smoke and flame, a figure moved.

Massive, Swaying and Still Breathing!

A shadow loomed behind the pillar of fire.

Then—two glowing crimson eyes blinked open inside the haze.

"...No."

The young man's voice cracked as the charred remains of the demonic skull were kicked aside like a pebble.

That wasn't its skull.

A misfire.

A second beast, smaller, maybe already wounded and dragged into the explosion.

But not the one that they were targeting.

The real one was still standing.

The black-scaled Grade-3 Demonic Beast stumbled forward, body torn open in half a dozen places, scales cracked, one arm dangling limp and useless.

But alive and Furious.

Its blood hissed as it dripped onto the searing ground, steam rising from its flesh.

The soldiers screamed.

"SOLDIERS! SHOOT!! SHOOT IT NOW!!"

Bullets—everything they had left—rained toward the beast.

And the beast didn't give a damn.

It ignored the pain, ignored the storm of steel and fire, ignored the soldiers.

Its eyes locked on one thing only.

Hong Tao!

Hong Tao blinked as he saw the beast emerge, one broken horn jutting from its ruined head.

"Tch!"

He tried to move. His body didn't respond.

He tried to roll. One leg refused. His arm wouldn't lift.

He was done.

And he knew it.

The beast snarled, body shaking, claws scraping the ground as it dragged itself forward like death incarnate.

Some of the soldiers broke and ran.

Others stayed and fired, screaming through tears, doing anything to slow the thing down.

Nothing worked.

It was like death itself was crawling toward Hong Tao.

Hong Tao didn't scream.

Didn't cry.

Didn't beg.

He just looked up, defiant even now.

The beast loomed over him—each ragged breath releasing a storm of heat and stench, blood and smoke swirling in the air like a funeral shroud.

Hong Tao couldn't move. His body was ruined. Bones crushed, muscles torn, blood pouring from countless wounds.

The ground trembled as the Demonic Beast raised its good arm, claws catching the firelight, casting monstrous shadows across the rubble.

This was it!

Death, coming with the final blow.

The beast reared back.

Its claws fell.

And tore through flesh.

Blood splashed across the broken stones.

Hong Tao didn't flinch.

Couldn't.

Pain didn't matter anymore.

Not when everything had already gone numb.

"Nooooo!"

The refugees who saw this couldn't help but scream.

Hong Tao, their second leader, and for some, a life saver.

Although Bai Zihan was the main guy for saving everyone, Hong Tao also did his part with rescuing anyone he could.

He was ready to make sacrifices, not because he was brave but because it was needed.

Until the last second, they had hoped for the impossible but that impossible never came.

Soldiers also understood the pain of losing their important one and have respect for Hong Tao who was willing to sacrifice himself to save others.

But they knew that it wasn't time for them to mourn for their death.

"Shoot! Aim for its head!"

The soldiers didn't stop shooting the Grade-3 Demonic Beast, not because it was effective, but because it was the only thing that they could do.

Hong Tao lay there, staring up at the darkened sky. The edges of his vision flickered, dimmed, then blurred.

The world around him spun into chaos—screams, gunfire, the crumbling of stone—but it all sounded far away.

Like echoes in a dream he was no longer part of.

His breath came shallow. Slow. Fading.

The beast staggered forward, still dragging itself with burning hatred, blood pouring from its broken form.

Hong Tao's gaze didn't follow it.

He didn't care.

He had done his part.

He had no regrets.

As the first rays of morning pierced the smoky ruin, light spilled across the battlefield like the world itself was holding its breath.

The beast paused, sensing something.

The earth stilled.

And then—

A figure stepped through the smoke.

Cloaked in the rising sun, with golden light dancing across scorched stone, Bai Zihan emerged.

The Demonic Beast turned to face him, snarling, wounded—yet still defiant.

But Hong Tao saw none of that.

His fading eyes caught just one thing.

That silhouette.

That impossible, untouchable presence.

And for the final time—

He smiled.

His eyes closed.

And he was gone.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 153: A Graveyard's Triumph[ 1,569 words ]

### *Chapter 153: A Graveyard's Triumph*

The air reeked of smoke and blood when Bai Zihan stepped into the ruined square.

Sunlight cut through the haze in golden shafts, but it did nothing to warm the broken bodies or soothe the screams echoing in the distance.

Slash! Slash!

Dozens of Demonic Beasts had fallen beneath his sword—fangs shattered, throats slit, bones crushed.

But none of them mattered.

They were just obstacles.

His true prey... was wreaking havoc and tearing down the walls, letting even more Demonic Beasts flood into the Inner City.

(Can I kill him?)

Bai Zihan knew killing a Grade-3 Demonic Beast might be a bit of a stretch—even after stepping into the Qi Refining Stage.

It was like fighting someone two realms above him. And even at the same cultivation level, Demonic Beasts were always stronger.

Still, while killing it might be difficult, he figured he could at least survive the fight.

No one else here stood a chance. It had to be him.

Otherwise, he might fail the Trial just because of a grade-3 Demonic Beast.

That would be too much especially knowing that the Inheritance for Immortal Emperor was on the line.

Slash! Slash!

"These bugs..."

Bai Zihan muttered, annoyed at how many of these Demonic beasts were slowing him down.

Then—

BOOOOOM!

"What was that?!"

The explosion shook the ground, causing a brief quake. The soldiers around him—and even Bai Zihan—were startled.

Most had no idea what caused it.

But Bai Zihan had his suspicions. It definitely involved a large amount of Black Powder.

And honestly? He was kind of impressed that someone had come up with such a reckless but clever plan to take down a Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

He did share such kind of information but just knowing and applying was completely two different things, not to mention all the conditions that needed to be fulfilled for that to work.

However, he wasn't sure whether it would be powerful enough to take down a Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

He can just hope that even if it didn't kill it, it has at least injured the damn thing.

He rushed toward the source of the blast—toward where the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts should've been.

And there it was.

The Grade-3 Demonic Beast. Still alive.

Burned, battered, but breathing.

But someone else caught his eye even more.

Hong Tao!

Battered. Torn apart. Barely breathing.

Too late to save him!

"..."

"Let's kill!"

Bai Zihan jumped forward, confronting the beast head-on.

The black-scaled monster, bloodied and wrecked, turned with a low growl bubbling from its ruined throat.

Its crimson eyes locked onto Bai Zihan.

There it is.

The beast was nearly done for—half its body cooked from the explosion, one arm hanging limp, gait uneven.

But it still stood.

At its feet, broken and still, lay Hong Tao.

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered on him for a moment.

"You overgrown lizard must be lucky as hell to survive that blast," he muttered. "But your luck just ran out."

ROOOOAR!

The beast roared, cracked horn gleaming in the firelight as it lunged.

Whoosh!

Bai Zihan moved too.

He didn't dodge—he stepped in.

The beast swiped with its powerful claw.

Bai Zihan ducked low, twisted beneath the swing, and slashed—a diagonal cut across the beast's side, tearing open blackened scales and scorched muscle.

The beast screamed. Blood burst out in a steaming arc.

It whipped around, jaws snapping—

But he vanished.

Reappeared behind it—sword in reverse grip—and stabbed up, right under its jaw.

The blade didn't go in far.

Too thick. Too hard.

But it staggered the beast.

Bai Zihan kicked off its chest and flipped back.

He landed, panting lightly.

ROOOOOAAR!

The beast roared again, pain replaced by madness.

It charged.

So did Bai Zihan.

They collided.

Claws raked across his side, tearing cloth and flesh.

His sword carved across its face—slicing open one of its glowing eyes.

It thrashed, blind on one side—but it wouldn't fall.

It refused.

The fight turned into one on one between Bai Zihan and the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts.

Every second stretched longer.

Every heartbeat could've been the last.

Soldiers watched, stunned. Guns silent.

No one dared move.

They couldn't.

This was beyond them.

This was a battle between monsters.

No—one true monster, and one man mad enough to fight him anyway.

Bai Zihan's robes were shredded. His sword chipped. His Qi frayed at the edges.

But he kept moving.

Kept striking.

Kept pushing.

"Come on!"

He shouted, voice arrogant, eyes locked on the beast's one good eye.

"Come on, you oversized piece of shit."

The beast roared one last time, lunging for a final bite.

Bai Zihan didn't move away.

He stepped in again.

His sword flashed—one clean thrust—

Right through the roof of the beast's mouth.

CRACK!

The blade punched out through the top of its skull.

The beast twitched.

Froze.

Its claw stopped inches from Bai Zihan's neck.

Then—

It collapsed.

The square shook as the beast hit the ground, a mountain of flesh and scale crashing to the earth.

Finally dead.

Bai Zihan stood there, chest heaving, sword still buried in its skull.

"Hah... Hah... With my original strength, even millions of you wouldn't be able to touch a single strand of my hair."

Bai Zihan bragged, which was somewhat true.

But it was also because the Grade-3 Demonic Beast turned out to be much more powerful to kill than initially anticipated.

As a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator, it strained his pride—despite knowing this wasn't truly his real self.

Silence stretched.

Then the screams returned.

The cheers.

"YEAH! We did it!"

"We won!"

"The Grade-3 Demonic Beast is dead!"

...

Soldiers raised their weapons. Refugees shouted his name.

It seemed the other Demonic Beasts had already been dealt with once the Grade-3 beast was contained.

Now, only the Grade-3 Demonic Beast had remained—which Bai Zihan took care of.

But Bai Zihan didn't hear any of it.

He was staring at Hong Tao.

He walked over—slowly.

Looked at the stupid grin still frozen on his face.

Bai Zihan didn't say anything for a long time.

Then, quietly—

"...Idiot."

He glanced away, blinking once.

No tears.

No words.

Because he knew it didn't matter.

None of it was real.

Not even Hong Tao.

Whether they died or not—shouldn't matter to him at all.

This is what happens when you overestimate yourself. This is why you don't take chances until you're sure.

That's how he operated—and how he'd managed to stay alive. Or so he believed.

But deep down, he knew: without Hong Tao's sacrifice, he might not have been able to take down that Grade-3 Demonic Beast.

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The cheering didn't last.

Maybe for a minute—two at most.

But joy was a fragile thing in a graveyard.

The haze of blood and ash still hung heavy in the air, curling through the broken square like the breath of some lingering beast.

Cries of triumph slowly faded, drowned out by sobs, by the gut-wrenching wails of those who found someone they loved crushed under rubble, burned beyond recognition, or torn apart by claws.

Victory had a price.

And now everyone could see it.

A woman cradled a young boy—his eyes wide open, lips parted like he was about to say something.

He never would. Her screams pierced deeper than any roar.

A soldier dropped to his knees next to his friend, one hand pressed against the gaping hole in the man's chest, as if holding it shut would undo what had been done.

They had won.

But at what cost?

Bai Zihan stood motionless, watching it all unfold.

Even now, he didn't feel much. Perhaps he consider all of this like some kind of movie or VR game, not reality.

Though he doubt whether anything would change even if such things happens in reality.

Behind him, soldiers began gathering the wounded. Fires were being put out. Orders barked.

The cleanup had started.

But no one looked like they had won.

Then came the footsteps.

Soft. Regal. Deliberate.

Princess Feilian!

She stood atop a cracked section of wall, lifted her chin, and raised her voice.

"I know... many of you are thinking the same thing," she said.

"You're wondering if this was worth it. If keeping the city standing is worth the lives we lost. If the people we couldn't save are more than the ones we did."

Silence!

Eyes turned toward her.

Feilian's voice shook—just slightly—but she didn't stop.

"I won't lie to you. This hurts. It should hurt. We've all lost something... someone. A brother. A daughter. A friend."

Her fingers tightened into fists at her sides.

"But listen to me—they didn't die for nothing! This city still stands because of them. We still stand. They didn't give their lives for walls or stone—they gave them for the people behind those walls. For the hope that something might still survive when this war is over."

She paused, sweeping her gaze over the broken, bloodied crowd.

"Take your time to grieve. Let your hearts break. That's what makes us human. But never forget—we drove them back. We stood against the horde and didn't fall. This is our victory. A hard one. An ugly one. But real."

Some nodded.

Others wept harder.

A few just stared at the ground, numb like they have lost everything.

Still they had to move forward, for themselves, and for those who had given everything to keep them alive.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 154: Confess or Die[ 1,625 words ]

*Chapter 154: Confess or Die*

A Few Days Later...

The people of Ironmist went to a mourning period for the people that they lost due to the sacrifices of many.

All the refugees attended the funeral of Hong Tao with many crying and making vow to protect what he had.

However, that didn't stop the enemies from resting just because one problem was solved.

It seems like Minister Duan and his allies were going to make sure that Princess Feilian gets kicked out of her Princess position.

They failed their assassination, so their hope was for those people dissatisfied with Princess Feilian to rise up and then they would show to abdicate the position.

But with the recent performance of hers, the voice of complaints has almost died.

She was the reason why they had guns from Bai Zihan, she showed up when the demonic beast invaded and managed to protect the city.

Their previous attempt at smearing her name couldn't work this time and those who were trying to spread bad rumors got beaten up instead.

Princess Feilian also was busy with reconstruction of the city.

The Inner City, the heart of it all, buzzed with new purpose. Soldiers were now laborers.

Refugees had become bricklayers, carpenters, and haulers.

Princess Feilian had personally arranged for the food stores to be rationed properly, and for tools and supplies to be distributed based on urgency—starting with the broken square and the collapsed west gate.

There was also an effort to reclaim the lost Middle and Outer City, now that most of the Demonic Beasts have been taken care of.

It was a graveyard of twisted corpses, wrecked homes, and shattered memories for refugees.

And yet, they still went back.

Under Princess Feilian's command, a scouting team cleared the perimeter.

Dozens of stray Demonic Beasts still roamed the ruined streets—leftovers who hadn't joined the main horde and were still wrecking havoc.

But against soldiers armed with guns?

They didn't stand a chance.

The moment one reared its head, bang! A burst of thunder echoed through the street, and it dropped like a sack of meat.

Surprisingly, there were still people who had managed to stay alive and were glad to be rescued.

It seems like the Ironmist has finally moved forward towards the future.

And Bai Zihan?

He was wondering just when he can pass this Trial?

He managed to stop the Demonic Beast invasion and saved the City, so he thought that he should have finished the Trial by now.

But he was still stuck here.

Then there was only one more thing to do and that was to kill the enemies of Princess Feilian.

Perhaps unless all of her enemies weren't killed, Ironmist City was still in danger of being destroyed.

Anyways, it wasn't too difficult to achieve and perhaps he didn't even need to lift a single finger.

\*\*\*

"Unhand me, you peasant!"

Minister Duan yelled.

"Do you know who I am? How dare you treat me like this? I will have you and your family killed off!"

He threatened.

But the soldiers who had handcuffed him and caught him didn't think much about this.

This was the same for others who had also handcuffed and brought other powerful people like those wealthy merchants, elders and the other ministers.

They all yelled and threatened but all the soldiers were already prepared for this.

They just did their duties and kept them in their place waiting for someone.

Princess Feilian entered followed by Bai Zihan.

She slowly walked towards her throne and then looked at all the people who previously used to hold the real power of Ironmist.

They all looked at her hatefully and even dared to threaten.

"YOU! Are you prepared to face consequences for what you are doing?"

Minister Duan barked.

Princess Feilian didn't mind his words and continued with what she wanted to do.

"Do you know your crimes?"

Princess Feilian asked coldly.

Minister Duan scoffed, chest puffed up despite the manacles biting into his wrists.

"Hah! What crime? Are you truly this desperate girl? You think you can accuse me—us—without proof and get away with it? You overstep."

The other detained ministers and merchants nodded along, glaring at her as if they were the ones wronged.

"Is this how you treat those who built this city while you were still suckling on gold spoons?"

Spat one of the elders.

"You can't do this without evidence!"

Another shouted.

"Wrong," Princess Feilian said calmly, her voice cutting through the chamber like a cold blade. "I already have."

She has sent soldiers to capture every person that is associated with Minister Duan.

With the guns that they had, those people's bodyguards or army for themselves were not a match for them.

They had easily managed to capture every one of them and bring them in handcuffs.

Princess Feilian motioned.

The doors to the throne hall swung open again with a loud creaaaak.

Two soldiers entered, dragging something between them.

A corpse!

Minister Duan paled the moment he saw the twisted remnants of the man's uniform—his personal bodyguard, the same man who was tasked with killing Princess Feilian.

"The assassin who tried to kill me," Feilian said, stepping down the stairs one by one, her gaze never leaving Duan's face.

"Aren't he your guard, Minister Duan?"

Princess Feilian asked, her voice cold.

"I-It proves nothing," he snapped.

"So what if he had worked as my guard? He must have his personal reason. You're making a grave mistake, Feilian. I've served this city longer than you've been in politics—"

"Yes," Feilian interrupted, voice sharpening, "you've served it well. By hoarding food during a famine. By letting merchants bribe your guards at the gates. By trying to sell weapons to outside forces. And now—by trying to kill me in the middle of a war."

"LIES!"

"You can't just execute nobles on a whim!"

"This is treason!"

They all started shouting over each other, voices echoing in the great hall like a pack of cornered rats.

"I didn't want it to end this way," she said softly, almost mournful.

"But it's clear now... this city will never be safe as long as people like you sit in high places."

Then she turned to them.

"However, if any of you can prove your innocence or state your crime, you might be spared of facing the same fate as him. Otherwise, you will be considered in cahoot with him."

This made many of them think.

Many of them weren't friends of Minister Duan, rather most of them were siding with Minister Duan because it was benefiting them.

If it was no longer the case, they wouldn't hesitate to betray him at all.

Moreover, with the real power being once again held by Princess Feilian with support of soldiers and Bai Zihan who is said to be Cultivator, they didn't dare to think that they could do anything to Princess Feilian.

If they were to also be the one to try to kill Princess Feilian, their sentence could only be death.

It didn't take long.

"I—I have letters!"

Cried One of the Merchants, stumbling forward.

"Letters from Minister Duan's aides asking me to fund certain... covert actions! I didn't know it was treason, I swear! I thought it was just smuggling!"

Another followed suit.

"I can confirm that! I was approached by his clerk to arrange a secret meeting with a group of mercenaries three weeks ago. They said it was for protection during the chaos, but I knew something felt wrong!"

Suddenly, they were all scrambling.

"I saw him meet with that same bodyguard the day before the assassination attempt—behind the food granary!"

"He forged signatures of other ministers to approve illegal troop withdrawals from the West Gate!"

"He delayed forces from our places during the invasion citing various reasons. Now that I think about it, it must have been plotting the assassination. I was too stupid to see that.

Piece by piece, the crimes unfolded.

"You all—!"

Minister Duan angrily glared at the people who betrayed him.

They didn't care much. Now, with Duan's head already rolling, there was no incentive to protect the dead.

Princess Feilian stood silent as the confessions piled up, her expression unreadable. Her guards began jotting down names, incidents, dates.

Then, finally, she raised her hand.

"That's enough!"

She turned to Bai Zihan, who had been leaning lazily against a column this whole time, arms crossed, watching the elders and merchants betray each other with quiet amusement.

"Thoughts?"

She asked him.

Bai Zihan smirked, then looked toward the weasels still kneeling on the floor.

"Typical rats. First sign of a sinking ship and everyone's a whistleblower."

He stepped forward.

"I say you strip their titles, seize their estates, and let them live out their days rebuilding the ruins with their own hands. Let them serve the people they used to step on."

They all looked horrified.

Princess Feilian tilted her head, considering.

Then she nodded.

"Those who confessed and provided valid evidence will be spared the blade," she declared. "But from this day forward, you are just a prisoner of Ironmist. "

"For the crime of high treason, conspiracy to assassinate a royal, and endangering the lives of Ironmist's people during wartime..."

She looked back at Duan and the rest, face blank and unyielding.

"You are hereby sentenced to death."

"Y-You wouldn't!"

"And you too, Minister Ren. You are also equally involved and sentenced to death."

Princess Feilian said to Minister Ren who has been eerily quiet for some time.

But instead of being scared or denying like Minister Duan, he smiled and laughed.

"Hahaha... Pitiful girl, do you think that you can take this old man's life? You must be quite delusional!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 155: The Devil[ 1,718 words ]

### *Chapter 155: The Devil*

"Hahaha... Pitiful girl," he rasped, rising to his feet despite the chains still binding him.

"Do you think you can take this old man's life? You must be quite delusional!"

Crack!

A deafening snap echoed through the throne hall as the manacles shattered like glass.

The soldiers stepped forward to restrain him, but—

Too late!

The air grew heavy.

A swirl of black fog burst from his body, laced with crimson threads that pulsed like living veins.

His skin began to warp, cracking like dried clay, revealing patches of charred, armored flesh beneath.

His eyes burned a hellish red, and two jagged horns erupted from his forehead.

Fingers elongated into claws, and his grin split wider—far too wide for a human face.

"No... he's—!"

"What is he?"

"A Devil!"

Gasps and screams echoed through the room. Even the traitorous people stumbled back in horror.

"Impossible!" one shouted.

They had been together for so long, it didn't make sense that they hadn't known Minister Ren was actually a Devil.

The Devil was different from Evil Cultivators and Demonic Beasts.

They were kind of like Demonic Beasts but with human-like appearances and intelligence.

They also seemed to possess the ability to control Demonic Beasts.

Bai Zihan looked at the Devil, which didn't exist in his world.

It might have existed once, but not after humans managed to trample over and rule the world.

This was his first encounter, and he was curious to see just what kind of being the legendary Devil really was.

"You people were so busy stuffing your faces and counting gold," Ren snarled in a voice no longer his own, layered with unnatural echoes, "you didn't even notice a predator among you."

With a flick of his clawed hand, a pulse of Demonic Qi exploded outward. Soldiers were flung like ragdolls, blood spraying against the stone walls.

The nobles screamed, crawling for cover.

"Hey, save me!"

"I'll give you everything, protect me!"

"Don't kill! Remember, I helped you!"

...

They rambled in fear, but there was no way to save them.

"Hmph! Useless worms."

With a single swing of his massive clawed arm, black mist surged like a tidal wave, laced with blood-red lightning.

SHRAAAK!

In one grotesque arc, his arm cut through the air—and the traitors were reduced to pulp.

No screams. No resistance.

Just gore.

"Everyone, shoot!"

Princess Feilian raised her arm and ordered the soldiers to fire on the Devil.

"Feilian," Bai Zihan said, stepping forward, his expression finally serious.

"Get out of here!"

Bai Zihan could sense the Devil Qi, which seemed to have surpassed that of a Grade-4 Demonic Beast.

Perhaps he was the one who had commanded the Grade-3 Demonic Beasts and other Demonic Beasts to invade the Inner City previously.

If so, it was another sign that Minister Ren—or the Devil before them—was someone much stronger than the Grade-3 Demonic Beast he had killed previously.

Against such an enemy, guns were useless.

(He must be the real enemy!)

Bai Zihan thought.

Though if one asked whether he was confident in being able to kill it, he could only say that he was only 1% certain and that too, only to survive against the Devil.

To kill the Grade-3 Demonic Beast had already taken almost all of his power, not to mention that the beast had been greatly weakened due to the explosion.

Now, he had to face an enemy far stronger than that.

"What?"

"I'll handle this bastard."

"But—"

"Go. Now!"

She hesitated for a second longer, but a second pulse of Ren's aura cracked open a section of the ceiling, sending rubble crashing down.

That made her choice easier.

She turned and shouted, "Evacuate the palace! Get the civilians out of the Inner City! NOW!"

Guards scrambled to obey.

And then, Minister Ren's transformation was complete.

He stood ten feet tall now, cloaked in shadow, eyes glowing like molten rubies.

"Kekeke... Do you think you can defeat me?"

The Devil's voice slithered through the air like a poison fog—mocking, amused, savoring the moment like a cat toying with a mouse.

Bai Zihan didn't move.

He just looked up at the towering creature in front of him—ten feet tall, cloaked in swirling demonic mist, eyes like molten blood.

Even the ground warped slightly beneath its feet, twisted by the foul energy leaking from its form.

And Bai Zihan?

He snorted.

"Defeat you?"

He said, brushing dust off his robes with a lazy flick of his sleeve.

"Please! A coward like you who needs to hide like a rat just to destroy a small city like this? I don't need to think whether I can defeat you or not. I can!"

The Devil blinked.

"What?"

"Otherwise, why waste time pretending to be a minister of Ironmist? Just means you're too weak to destroy it yourself!"

Bai Zihan provoked.

He didn't know why the Devil was disguised, though he was curious—because with that kind of strength, Bai Zihan believed he could easily have turned Ironmist to dust.

"Hmph! You wouldn't understand the mind of a genius like mine," the Devil replied.

"An excuse for a coward. COWARD! Just say you're a coward. COWARD!"

A silence stretched in the throne hall for half a heartbeat.

Then—

BOOM!

Demonic Qi surged like a storm exploding from the Devil's body, cracking the walls and sending flames licking across the ceiling.

The palace trembled. Even the soldiers retreating in the distance stumbled from the shockwave.

"YOU!"

The Devil snarled, voice twisted with fury.

"Oh, a coward wants to say something?"

"No one—no one—has ever made me want to kill as much as you do, boy!"

Bai Zihan tilted his head, unbothered.

"Yeah, yeah. I've heard that before. From arrogant bastards, overgrown monsters, and a pig demon. And now, a coward."

He lifted his sword.

"They all ended up the same way. Dead. Under my feet."

"Arrogant WORM!"

The Devil lunged.

His clawed hand tore through the air, and Bai Zihan vanished in a blur of motion.

Clang!

His sword intercepted the strike mid-air, but even with all his strength, Bai Zihan was forced back—his boots skidding across the cracked marble floor, lines gouged from the sheer force.

The Devil laughed.

"Where is that arrogance now?!"

He followed up with a brutal kick, and Bai Zihan barely managed to bring his sword up in time—the impact launching him through a broken pillar and into the far wall.

Crash!

Dust exploded out.

"Zihan!"

Princess Feilian looked back once from afar, eyes wide, heart thudding. But her guards dragged her along as the city burned around them.

"Princess, you can't stay here! We must flee!"

Everyone understood the gravity of the situation. Even if everyone were to attack the Devil together, it would be of no use.

Whenever a Devil descends, there is no hope for that place unless powerful Cultivators intervene.

Even then, any kind of Devil is treated like a major disaster, and even Cultivators tend to be careful when dealing with them—as most of the time, they end up falling for their trap.

The Devil's voice boomed through the crumbling throne hall.

"What's wrong, little hero?"

He mocked.

"I thought you said I'd end up under your feet?"

Inside the dust cloud, Bai Zihan gritted his teeth.

"Pui—if I had my real body, you wouldn't even have the courage to stand before me," Bai Zihan muttered to himself.

He was having a hard time against the Devil, no doubt. It was only because of his experience and techniques that he'd managed to survive at all.

His sword hand trembled. His arm was numb from the impact.

This trial, Bai Zihan thought, was clearly impossible to pass.

He didn't think even the other participants—without their actual cultivation—would be able to deal with something like a Devil.

(Was the trial impossible in the first place?)

He didn't think so. It was a trial to choose and grant inheritance—there had to be some kind of way to pass it.

He just needed to find it.

The Devil growled.

"Is that fear in your eyes, human?"

"No!"

Bai Zihan said with a smirk, even as blood trickled down his chin.

"Just disgust! Your breath stinks too much. I'd be grateful if you stopped talking."

The Devil's face twisted into something monstrous.

"You dare—!"

But Bai Zihan didn't wait.

"Flickering Shadow Step!"

His figure blurred, vanishing like smoke in a gust of wind.

Crack!

The floor where he stood exploded into rubble as the Devil's claw smashed down—but Bai Zihan was already behind him, darting across the battlefield with dizzying speed.

One step. Two steps. Ten steps.

He flickered from place to place, shadows trailing behind him like ghosts, trying to gain distance, trying to spot something—anything—that might hint at how to survive this.

His mind raced.

(There has to be a way out!)

His eyes scanned the crumbling throne room—walls split, fire roaring, tapestries shredded.

Statues of past rulers... shattered.

Royal sigils... torn and half-burned.

The palace itself... no secret formations, no hidden glyphs. Just a graveyard waiting for a corpse.

And the Devil?

Still smiling.

BOOM!

In the blink of an eye, he closed the distance and struck—a claw sweeping through the air.

Bai Zihan twisted to dodge, but too late!

The Devil's claws grazed his ribs, slicing through his robes and flesh like paper.

Blood sprayed.

"Guh—!"

Bai Zihan was thrown like a broken doll, skipping across the ground before crashing into the base of the throne itself.

The Devil stood tall above him, laughing as his demonic aura pulsed like a tide of death.

"Run all you want," he growled, walking forward slowly. "Struggle as much as you can. This is your reward for provoking me."

Bai Zihan coughed violently, red staining his lips as he leaned against the cold stone, one hand still gripping his sword.

His vision blurred.

Pain screamed through his side.

Even Flickering Shadow Step wasn't enough to get him clear—not from this monster.

His eyes flicked up to the Devil, closing in, dragging that massive, shadow-wrapped form with each step.

(There really is... nothing?)

No. That couldn't be right.

He didn't believe in "no chance."

Even if it's less than 1%... it was still a chance.

He wasn't dead yet.

Which meant—

He hadn't lost.

Not yet!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 156: The End of Trial![ 1,516 words ]

### *Chapter 156: The End of Trial!*

Bai Zihan's fingers trembled as he acted like he was reaching into his inner robe.

["System!"]

He went to the System store and quickly bought a Grade-4 Revival Pill which cost him 1000 System Points.

Normally, he wouldn't waste money buying such low-grade pills since he could have his clan bring hundreds of such pills, but without his storage ring, he could only rely on the System now.

The Grade-4 Revival Pill didn't just restore wounds—it burned life itself to forcibly awaken Qi, flooding the user with raw power for a brief time.

Well, since it wasn't his real body, burning life force wasn't his concern. All he needed was the power.

He gritted his teeth and swallowed it whole.

Crack!

It didn't melt gently.

It erupted.

"AGHHHH—!"

Bai Zihan let out a strangled scream as the pill detonated inside his dantian like a miniature sun.

He didn't expect that with his Qi Refining Body, it would be this difficult to handle the power of a Grade-4 pill.

Well, since the situation was urgent, he didn't think much about it, but it seemed like he made a mistake in choosing what he believed was a low-level pill—which was quite high-level for his current body to handle.

But he held on. Compared to the pain he suffered, this was nothing, not to mention that he couldn't give up when the Inheritance of the Immortal Emperor was on the line.

Qi surged through his meridians, tearing through blockages, boiling blood, and igniting his spirit.

His veins glowed faintly through his skin, lines of light racing like lightning beneath his flesh.

Even the Devil paused mid-step, frowning.

"Hoh? What did you do—"

BOOM!

The ground beneath Bai Zihan cracked in a perfect circle as his aura exploded outward, a vortex of pure force spiraling around him.

He stood up, his previous injuries almost healed, but more importantly, overflowing with a huge amount of Qi.

"Let's see how you can handle this!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword—Flickering Shadow Step!"

In that instant, he disappeared.

The Devil's expression darkened, unable to believe that Bai Zihan, who was almost dead, was now so fast that he couldn't even see him.

"Your trick won't work again!"

The Devil said, trying to quickly find Bai Zihan.

"Here!"

The Devil made his move when he spotted Bai Zihan.

BOOM!

"Keke... I told you so."

The Devil laughed, thinking that he killed Bai Zihan, but all he did was strike one of his shadows.

"Third Form: Nine Shadows Flowing Light!"

"What—"

When the Devil realized that, it was too late.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

A thin crimson line opened across the Devil's torso.

Then another.

And another.

However, despite catching the Devil off guard, Bai Zihan lacked the power to kill him immediately.

It took him a full second to react—too slow.

He roared, lashing out blindly—but Bai Zihan was already behind him, blade wreathed in Qi, burning the very air it passed through.

The Devil spun, bringing both claws down in a vicious arc.

CLANG!!!

Their clash shattered the floor entirely.

But Bai Zihan didn't yield. He poured all of his stolen power into a single move.

He slashed upward with everything he had—Qi, blood, will, soul—channeling it through the blade until it screamed like a dying god.

KRAAAAAAANG!

The sword strike carved a blinding arc into the air.

It split the Devil's left arm from his shoulder and carved halfway through his chest—flesh, bone, and demonic mist torn asunder by pure rage-fueled power.

BWOOM!

The explosion that followed sent shockwaves through the throne hall, blowing out what little remained of the walls and ripping fire through the sky above.

When the smoke cleared, the Devil lay crushed in a crater of molten stone, his body twitching, bleeding black and red ichor.

One arm gone.

His chest split wide.

His breathing ragged.

"Y-You..."

He gasped, staring at Bai Zihan with disbelief.

"You're... just a Qi Refining brat..."

Bai Zihan stood on shaking legs, his sword lodged into the ground like a crutch, his breathing shallow, his robe torn and soaked in blood.

"When I get back, I must definitely learn a one-move and end-it-all technique."

Bai Zihan muttered, barely holding onto his consciousness.

And then he collapsed to one knee, coughing up blood.

"Damn it!"

His body couldn't hold on after all that.

However, it didn't seem he was the only one struggling.

The Devil howled in pain, flailing, trying to rise—but even he had to acknowledge it.

He had been severely wounded.

By a human who wasn't even supposed to be worth noticing.

"You trash!"

The Devil had wanted to end it all and Bai Zihan was in no condition to resist.

Just when the Devil raised its right claw, the air around them froze.

Not in temperature—but in time.

Everything stopped.

The flames licking the palace walls... the falling debris mid-air... even the Devil, still snarling with his claws raised, was locked in place like a statue of rage.

Bai Zihan blinked slowly, his vision swimming with pain and exhaustion.

He could barely lift his head, but he sensed it—a shift in the world, like some divine presence had just stepped into the illusion.

And then...

She appeared.

A translucent figure, faint like moonlight and shrouded in ethereal robes, hovered above the ruined throne.

Even the Devil's demonic aura dimmed under her gaze.

She looked stunned.

Her ethereal form hovered silently above the battlefield, eyes drifting from Bai Zihan's bloodied figure... to the ruined throne hall... to the crater where the Devil still twitched, half-destroyed.

She didn't speak at first.

Her gaze lingered on the scorched walls, the broken pillars, the molten stone, and finally returned to Bai Zihan—as if unable to believe what she was seeing.

"You..."

She narrowed her eyes, expression unreadable. Her lips parted slightly, but the words didn't come.

Instead, she slowly floated downward, stopping just a few steps from him.

Bai Zihan coughed again, crimson spattering the ground, then forced a crooked smirk.

"So, did I pass or fail?"

The question hung in the still air.

The remnant soul finally let out a long breath—she hadn't thought that she would say these words when Bai Zihan first entered this Trial.

"...You passed!"

She said it slowly, like she was still wrapping her mind around it.

"You weren't supposed to. Not with that cultivation... not with that body... not on the first try."

Her voice trailed off again. She turned to glance at the Devil, then at the ruined illusion-city beyond the shattered palace.

Her gaze returned to Bai Zihan.

"To bring a Devil to its knees... while on the brink of death... you went far beyond what this trial was meant to test."

A pause.

Then, softer:

"You shouldn't have been able to."

Bai Zihan chuckled hoarsely.

Well, in reality, he was able to do so because of his cheat of having the System and also because of his knowledge on Earth.

Otherwise, he didn't think that he would have been able to survive that invasion from the Grade-3 Demonic Beast, not to mention the Devil.

Even then, he was going to die. No amount of preparation and planning was enough for such a surprise.

The remnant soul began to shimmer, cracks spreading through the frozen world like spiderwebs across glass.

She looked at Bai Zihan, and was a bit regretful—or perhaps guilty.

"However, you will not get my Inheritance!"

The Remnant Soul announced.

Bai Zihan was surprised but thought that perhaps someone else was able to clear the Trial faster than him.

Well, if that was the case, there wasn't anything that he could do—though the same cannot be said after leaving this place.

"Who cleared the Trial first?"

Bai Zihan asked.

The Remnant Soul shook her head.

"No one has yet. You are the first one to clear all of my trials!"

The Remnant Soul answered, which was unexpected and confused Bai Zihan.

He cleared all the trials first, so then what was the problem?

Wasn't the one who cleared the trials first supposed to get the inheritance?

"Then why?"

Bai Zihan asked, a bit annoyed.

"..."

The Remnant Soul stayed silent for a bit before giving her answer.

"Because of fate!"

???

Bai Zihan didn't understand what she meant.

Not that he didn't understand what she was saying, but what was the use of the Trials if it all depended on Fate?

"Fate? Are you sure that you're not just giving me an excuse because you don't like me?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Time and again, he had disrespected her, so it wouldn't be weird if she held it against him and chose not to give him the inheritance because of that.

The Remnant Soul shook her head.

"I am not one to hold a grudge over trivial things like that. But what I say holds the truth," she replied.

"So you're saying that I went through all that bullshit, just to not get my reward because of fate? You don't expect me to accept this, do you?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 157: Not Worth My B\*lls[ 1,539 words ]

### *Chapter 157: Not Worth My B\*lls*

Bai Zihan couldn't believe the situation he was in.

He did win, but now he was denied his reward.

Obviously, there was no way that he would accept that.

The remnant soul of the Immortal Emperor also understood this, but she also seemed very confused that Bai Zihan was the one who had managed to finish all the trials first.

"Let's get out of this first!"

She was obviously referring to the Illusion Word that they were in.

The Remnant Soul said and snapped her fingers, which immediately pulled her and Bai Zihan out of this Illusion World and into the Ancient Ruin, where Bai Zihan returned to his own body.

"Much better!"

Bai Zihan muttered as he checked out his body.

Having stayed in that weak body that couldn't even beat a weakling, he felt a bit happy to return to this body which was nearly indestructible compared to the one he had in Ironmist.

Looking around, he could see other participants' bodies, and it seemed like the moment they stepped into the third trial, they had become unconscious or perhaps sucked into that illusion without any resistance.

He could see Bai Xueqing, Chu Xing, Bai Xinyue, and others. Almost ten or so participants.

As for others, he didn't know what happened. Perhaps still stuck in the Second Trial?

Though hard to believe since months have passed since the time he took on the Third Trial.

And with many participants consisting of Top geniuses, it is hard to believe that they couldn't reach Minor Mastery unless they chose something like Heaven-Grade Technique.

Anyways, back to the topic.

"So, why have this trial if you feel like I am not fated for your inheritance?"

Bai Zihan asked sarcastically.

The Remnant Soul hovered above the altar in the Ancient Ruin, now far more composed—her translucent form glowing faintly under the runes of the chamber.

She looked at him for a long moment.

"Fate..." she began slowly, "is not just some meaningless word tossed around by people."

She raised her hand.

Behind her, constellations shimmered into view, weaving into a complex mandala of stars, lines, and pulses of light that danced and shifted like a living map.

"In this world, everything is predetermined. Every variable. Every decision. Every breath. I calculated the person who is fated to get my inheritance before I perished."

Her gaze sharpened.

"And I was certain—absolutely certain—that the one who would inherit everything I left behind... would be a woman. A girl who would come first in both the second and third trial."

Bai Zihan blinked.

It wasn't like he didn't understand the concept, as he himself knew that this world has Heaven-Chosen who are predetermined to rise above everyone else, but he was determined that if they came to be a threat, he would pluck them out.

He thought that it might be the same for what the Remnant Soul was saying.

Perhaps she had predicted or calculated who the winner for her inheritance would be before she even created it.

But there was an unexpected variable... which is obviously him.

"I believed the result of the second trial—your result—was a mistake. An anomaly. But then the third came, and it was the same."

She looked almost... troubled. Not angry. Not even sad. Just genuinely baffled.

"You should not have been the one to win!"

"So you're saying I'm not fated to inherit it," Bai Zihan said flatly. "But I did pass. I crushed every damn test. Doesn't that mean fate is wrong?"

She didn't answer immediately.

"No," the Remnant Soul said at last, firm and unshaken.

"There is no way the calculations were wrong. I ran the celestial simulations hundreds of times in my final days. The results were always the same. It would be a girl. The one destined to stand where you stand now was female."

"And you're sure it wasn't a typo?"

"I created the formations. I carved the fate paths myself using the Immortal Stars above the ninth firmament. There was no mistake."

Bai Zihan's eyes twitched. He didn't know half of the things that she mentioned.

But he did understand that the Immortal Emperor Feilian was certain about who would get her inheritance.

"So... what? I pass your bullshit meat grinder of a trial, and in the end, I get a 'Sorry, your gender's incompatible'? That's what we're doing now?"

The Remnant Soul didn't flinch.

"It's not just symbolic. The final inheritance is tailored for female Cultivator. The cultivation method, the physique refinement technique, the sacred vessel—they were all designed to perfectly fuse with a female body and spirit. If you insist..."

She paused. Then, dead serious:

"You may sever your manhood. Reforge your body. If you truly desire it, I will grant you the inheritance."

Bai Zihan froze.

His expression went from indignant, to horrified, to almost clinically disturbed in under three seconds.

"...You're joking."

"I am not," she replied solemnly.

There was silence!

Bai Zihan stepped back, unconsciously shielding his crotch with one hand.

"Yeah, no. Absolutely not! You can keep your gender-locked cheat code. I'm not cutting off my little brother for some inheritance."

She raised a brow.

Although she knew that she was asking for too much for what he deserved, she didn't expect that Bai Zihan would consider her Immortal Emperor Inheritance as being some inheritance.

If it was some other person, they would have done what she had suggested if it meant getting the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

What's manhood compared to the Inheritance of Immortal Emperor, power to rule the world?

(He is indeed different!)

Whether it was that mindset, his attitude, or perhaps his overwhelming strength compared to others, there was something about Bai Zihan that the Remnant Soul found to be different and quite interesting.

"Then you forfeit my Inheritance."

He rolled his eyes.

(Lady, I've already got a cheat. It's called the System. And unlike yours, it doesn't require a sex change.)

Another pause.

"But it is indeed unfair for you who have passed every trial to get nothing. For that, how about instead of the inheritance, you will get every other treasure that I own?"

The Remnant Soul suggested.

"Well, better than nothing!"

Bai Zihan also accepted that he wouldn't get the inheritance, but to get other treasure would be good even without the inheritance.

But before the two of them headed to where the treasure was, he looked at Bai Xinyue and then asked the Remnant Soul:

"Is she the one who will get the inheritance?"

According to fate, if there was someone who this inheritance is kept for, Bai Zihan believed that it should be reserved for the Heaven Chosen, and there was only one here who he knew.

"..."

The Remnant Soul glanced at Bai Xinyue, whom Bai Zihan pointed out.

Although she didn't know how Bai Zihan knew it, indeed Bai Xinyue was the one that she kept her eyes on ever since she managed to be the second one after Bai Zihan to pass the second trial.

If she took out Bai Zihan from the equation, Bai Xinyue would be the one to pass the second trial first and then the one to pass the third trial as well.

"Perhaps! But I can't say for sure!"

Due to variables, now she wasn't too sure—though time will tell.

"Well, I think she is the one. Want to make a bet?"

Bai Zihan said.

"No need! I don't have anything other than all the treasure that I already promised."

The Remnant Soul replied.

Bai Zihan pointed at her.

"There is still you!"

The Remnant Soul looked surprised.

One might suggest that he was too rude to even ask for the Immortal Emperor's Soul to be his, even though it was just a remnant.

But strangely, Immortal Emperor Feilian's soul didn't seem to be offended.

"No need. Anyway, once I fulfill my task, this remnant soul will disappear."

She answered as she guided Bai Zihan towards the treasures that she promised.

Bai Zihan also didn't argue, though slightly disappointed that the Remnant Soul didn't fall for his trap.

The System has many treasures for keeping the soul and even making them powerful.

Although the Immortal Emperor's soul power is something he was interested in, more than that was their knowledge.

They should possess much knowledge that even the present-day Royal library doesn't, considering their lifespan—and moreover that most of the ancient knowledge was destroyed in between eras.

So, he was hoping to get a 'Google' of this world but failed.

Before leaving, Bai Zihan kicked Mo Tianji's head, but still, other than a bump on his head, he still didn't wake up.

"Amazing!"

He already knew just how real the illusion was, and breaking out of it seemed impossible even with external intervention.

Perhaps in the Ancient Ruins, only the Remnant Soul is capable of waking these people.

The Remnant Soul gave him a stern look which said everything that needed to be: 'Don't do that again.'

Well, Bai Zihan feigned ignorance like he didn't know what he did and followed her.

Soon, they reached the room which the Remnant Soul opened and entered.

What Bai Zihan saw there left him speechless.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 158: More Than Just Compensation[ 1,524 words ]

### *Chapter 158: More Than Just Compensation*

The door creaked open with a groan that echoed through the vast chamber, and Bai Zihan instinctively slowed his steps.

Even before he entered, he felt it—the dense Qi leaking from within.

It was so pure and rich that his pores tingled, and his soul felt like it was floating.

The Remnant Soul floated beside him silently as they stepped in.

Then Bai Zihan saw it.

And for the first time in a long while, he was speechless.

"...Holy shit!"

The chamber wasn't massive—at least not by cultivation standards.

But what it lacked in size, it made up for in sheer weight. Not physical weight—but the weight of value.

To the left were spirit weapons—one of them radiating such intense sword Qi that Bai Zihan felt like it might slice him just by looking at it too long.

It was definitely a Heaven-Grade Sword or perhaps higher.

To the right were pill furnaces, ancient yet pristine. Behind them?

Bottles of elixirs glowing faintly—some of which looked like they had transcended regular alchemy and become what is called Divine Pills.

And then there were the materials—rows and rows of spatial rings, boxes of glowing ores, roots of ancient herbs suspended in time, even a few chunks of what looked like Grade-9 Monster Bones.

There were more than enough resources for him to refine his body multiple times through the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique and also for his Eternal Spirit Sword.

"I was expecting... a few nice artifacts, maybe a cultivation technique."

Bai Zihan muttered.

"This... This is on a whole other level."

The Remnant Soul nodded, her expression still serene.

"These are leftover treasures that I was left with."

She then gestured at the jade slips.

"There are nine manuals—from Heaven Grade to even one incomplete Immortal Grade technique."

Bai Zihan's mouth twitched.

(Immortal Grade?)

(Incomplete or not, that's already enough to cause wars.)

"Can I take all this?"

"Yes," the Remnant Soul replied. "Everything in this chamber is yours. Consider it compensation for what I cannot give."

Bai Zihan took a deep breath and grinned.

"Well, damn. I thought I was getting screwed. But this... this is a better haul than I expected."

Though he got so many things, human greed is limitless.

He still thought that if he got all of these as compensation, then the true Inheritance would be even more precious.

It would definitely be more valuable than everything he had gotten.

"But you can also keep a few things for other participants if you want."

The Remnant Soul added.

But Bai Zihan acted like he didn't hear her last sentence.

He whipped out storage rings—high-capacity ones—and began sweeping everything in with clinical precision.

Pill bottles, ores, manuals, weapons—everything.

Still, there were too many things. Fortunately, there were also many high-quality storage rings in the treasury.

Damn, he felt like he was carrying all the wealth of a nation, and truth be told, he could very well say that he was the richest after getting all these treasures.

As for keeping a few treasures for others?

Well, good luck finding such a good samaritan.

After about ten minutes, most of the room had been cleared.

"..."

The Remnant Soul just watched as her entire treasure was emptied—not that she held it against Bai Zihan, as she herself had offered them.

"Well, that's it!"

Bai Zihan said like there was anything else to take.

"So, now what? Can I leave the Ancient Ruins?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Since he couldn't get the Inheritance and had gotten the treasures, now he could use that time to refine his body with the material he has obtained.

"You can't! Until my Inheritance is inherited by the Fated person, no one can leave the Ancient Ruins."

The Remnant Soul answered.

"Is that so?"

Bai Zihan didn't mind waiting—not with all the treasure he obtained.

"Anyway, are these all the participants? Shouldn't there be more?"

Bai Zihan asked.

There were still only around 10 or so who were in the Third Trial, while those who entered the ancient ruins numbered in the thousands.

"The requirement for passing the Second Trial isn't just to reach the Minor Realm in any Martial technique—it must be a Heaven-Grade Technique. Those who choose lower grade techniques are deemed unqualified."

The Remnant Soul answered.

"That makes sense!"

No wonder there were only 10 participants who had managed to reach the Third Trial despite the Trial having gone on for months.

If the condition was for the participants to choose a Heaven-Grade technique, there should be others as well—but apart from these ten, others weren't really capable of comprehending Heaven-Grade techniques, at least not in a month.

Well, the Ninth Princess, Yu Feiyan, did surprise Bai Zihan though.

She—the one thought to be the weakest among the Royal Family—was the only one in the Third Trial.

"Then what was the condition for passing the Third Trial?"

Bai Zihan asked. He had been wondering about this for quite a while.

Killing the Devil shouldn't be it—because he would have definitely failed that.

If it was to save the City, then he definitely failed.

He couldn't beat the Devil, and the Devil was more than capable of destroying Ironmist after his death.

"There are many ways for one to pass the Trial."

The Remnant Soul said.

"One is to defend Ironmist from the Demonic Beasts, but that should have been impossible... which you did."

The Remnant Soul looked at Bai Zihan strangely.

Indeed, without guns and black powder, even Bai Zihan wouldn't have been able to pass. It could be said that it's all thanks to the knowledge from his Earth life.

(But wait a minute!)

"Then shouldn't I have passed the Trial way before? Don't tell me that you prevented me from passing quickly because I wasn't the fated person?"

Bai Zihan said after hearing the answer. He had spent many more weeks—but why, when he had already passed?

"...To see what the result of your actions would have been."

The Remnant Soul replied.

"Tsk! So, it was all for your amusement."

"..."

She didn't answer.

"Then what are other ways to pass?"

"Second, for my younger self to leave Ironmist. Which was also completed."

(So she escaped?)

When he was fighting the Devil, he made her leave—and it seemed like she was successful.

There were few more ways including saving the City which is yet another impossible condition.

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes slightly as he crossed his arms.

"Alright then... there's something I've been wondering."

The Remnant Soul tilted her head, silently urging him to continue.

"Why that trial?"

He asked bluntly.

The First and Second Trials he could understand, as those were meant to filter talent—but the Third Trial didn't make much sense for the Inheritance.

His voice wasn't accusatory. Just curious.

The Remnant Soul hovered there quietly for a few seconds, her ethereal form flickering faintly like a dying flame.

She looked away—toward the empty air where the illusionary city once existed.

Then she spoke.

"Because I wanted to know."

Her voice was soft now, distant and old.

"To know whether it could've been different."

She turned her gaze back to Bai Zihan, her eyes heavy with a thousand regrets.

"Ironmist... was real. It was the first place I ever called home. I was powerless then—just a naive girl with dreams of cultivation and protecting the legacy of my parents."

She paused.

"But dreams mean nothing when you don't possess any power."

Bai Zihan said nothing, letting her speak.

"I watched that city burn. I watched people I cared about—friends, mentors, children—get torn apart by beasts while I hid. Not because I wanted to, but because I couldn't do anything else."

Her hands clenched at her sides.

"So I made this trial not for you," she continued, voice sharp with buried emotion. "Not for any participant. It was for me."

A bitter smile curled on her lips.

"Just once, I wanted to see—if someone else, the Fated person... could they have saved Ironmist? Could they have done what I couldn't?"

The Remnant Soul chuckled faintly.

"Call it... self-satisfaction. A final indulgence of someone who lived too long and died with too many regrets."

He looked at her, and for the first time, didn't feel like he was talking to some ancient, aloof Immortal Emperor—but just a human being.

"I didn't think that anyone could change the result, not until I saw you."

She then glanced toward the others still trapped in the trial.

"You know what's more shocking? You passed my Third Trial without dying once."

"What do you mean?"

"The Third Trial isn't something I anticipated to be completed in one go. Participants would die—and had died. Those who have power, now stripped of their strength, overestimate themselves and couldn't survive in that place."

She looked at Bai Xinyue subtly.

"Even the person who died the least still died once—though she seemed to be much closer to passing than any other person. Even so, she had to die once to understand the situation of the trial and learn how to navigate the place."

## Chapter 159: Primordial Chao Body Refinement Technique Again?

*Chapter 159: Primordial Chao Body Refinement Technique Again?*

(So, we can attempt the Third Trial again and again?)

Bai Zihan thought that once failed, the participant was considered to have failed to get the inheritance, but it looked like there was no such thing as failure and can try again.

Well, if he thought about it properly, that should be the case otherwise the Trial might as well be impossible.

If not for his strength and guns, he wouldn't have even met Princess Feilian, and not meeting her would have significantly increased the risk of her dying.

Even if he didn't die, as long as she did, the Third Trial would be considered a failure.

Passing it in one go seemed very difficult since they would be just mortals when they started the Third Trial.

And there was one more thing he understood.

Considering that the person who was much closer to passing the Third Trial—who he believed was Bai Xinyue—was trying again, the time it will take for her to get the Inheritance will be very long.

"Looks like she won't pass the Third Trial for a very long time. Tsk!"

Bai Zihan said it like he knew that the one who would pass the Trial first among the others would be Bai Xinyue.

"Do you have any place where I can cultivate in seclusion?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Since he couldn't leave the Ancient Ruins and had to wait for who knows how long, he wanted to spend that time refining his body using the materials he had obtained.

The Remnant Soul snapped her fingers, and one of the doors opened.

"There!"

Bai Zihan didn't waste time and went into the room.

The chamber was modest in size, hexagonal in shape, and wrapped in layers of formations that isolated it from the outside world.

The Qi was also many times higher than normal, which made it an ideal place for cultivation—though that wasn't the reason he was there.

Bai Zihan closed the door behind him and exhaled.

With a flick of his wrist, several storage rings opened in sequence, spilling out a small mountain of rare materials onto the floor.

Beast bones emanating bloodlust.

Frozen roots that shivered the air around them.

And a set of jade bottles filled with black-gold liquid—the key ingredients for the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

He stared at them, frowning.

"I really don't want to do this again."

He muttered as he remembered the hellish hours he had endured. He knew for sure that the refinement process would be anything but easy.

It still haunted him.

His hand hovered above one of the bottles, then stopped.

"...Maybe I should wait. Just a little longer."

After all, he already had top-tier strength for his realm, and now he had more treasure than a mid-sized kingdom. Did he really need to—

But then she came to mind.

Bai Xinyue!

The so-called Heaven's Chosen.

The one born with the Heavenly Phoenix Constitution.

The one whose destiny was tightly entangled with his—whether as an enemy, a rival, or something else.

And now?

She was about to inherit the legacy of an Immortal Emperor.

"She's going to get stronger."

And there wasn't much he could do to stop it, as it all seemed like fate.

Even when he was the first one to pass the Trials and was clearly the one who should have gotten the Inheritance, fate seemed to have reserved its winner.

There was no telling what kind of strength she would obtain once she received the Inheritance.

One that could allow her to defy the Bai Clan?

He didn't think she would get such a huge power boost so quickly—not to mention, she didn't really have the body to handle that kind of strength.

Still, it would definitely be something that could make her stronger than his current self.

And catching up to her would be difficult for anyone—including himself—unless he also did something to gain insane strength.

He clenched his jaw.

"I can't hesitate. Not now!"

He had survived once, and he believed he would survive again—though the pain he would need to go through would be gruesome.

He reached down and grabbed the first jade bottle. The dark gold liquid within sloshed violently, as if eager to tear him apart again.

"You want to fight me, Heaven?"

Bai Zihan muttered under his breath, smirking faintly.

"But don't blame me when I take care of your precious Chosen Ones!"

With that, he sat down cross-legged.

His body flared with internal Qi as he activated the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique, and poured the contents of the first bottle down his throat.

And instantly—

Agony!

Like molten lava coursing through his veins, melting everything it touched. His eyes rolled back as he clenched his teeth hard enough to crack them.

The kind that made death feel merciful.

But this time, Bai Zihan didn't scream.

Compared to his first experience, the pain seemed rather mild.

Whether it was because his body was much stronger now or because he was used to the pain.

No matter what, he didn't let down his guard, as he knew the pain would only intensify.

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The Remnant Soul looked after the participants, checking their progress—even though she already knew who would pass the Trial first.

As she had said to Bai Zihan, she wanted to know just how different the scenario would be if she were to make a different choice.

But apart from Bai Zihan, no other participant made choices that drastically changed the original result.

Many—like Mo Tianji—even died several times due to their arrogance and inability to adjust to their given weak bodies.

He also killed a lot of people to gain power quickly, but that was also considered a failure though he didn't seem to understand.

However, none of the other participants had created guns like Bai Zihan did, making her wonder—was it something they didn't know about, or was it knowledge only Bai Zihan possessed?

In her time, such weapons didn't exist, but she assumed that in this era, they must be common—especially since they seemed relatively easy to produce.

Yet no one else had made them, which only deepened her curiosity about guns' true origin.

After getting bored of watching them complete the Third Trial, she now looked toward the room where Bai Zihan was cultivating.

She was curious to see just what he was doing.

She sneakily went inside and, without being seen by Bai Zihan, peeked at him from above the room.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 160: Pain That Builds a Monster

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

"AAARRRRGGGH!"

The moment she entered the room, she could hear the endless screams of pain echoing from Bai Zihan's mouth.

(What's he doing?)

It was definitely not the kind of normal cultivation she had expected him to be doing.

It didn't seem like he was suffering from Qi deviation from cultivating incorrectly either.

Looking at the materials around him, she was able to somehow come to the conclusion that Bai Zihan was refining his body.

But...

Looking at the ingredients and the cultivation level of Bai Zihan, she felt like he was taking on something far bigger than he could handle.

Grade-7 Monster Blood—such an ingredient wasn't something a Nascent Soul cultivator could handle.

Even Grade-5 Monster Blood would be difficult for a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator to refine but Bai Zihan was taking Grade-7 Monster Blood.

And there were a few materials present that were of even higher grade than that.

"Just what kind of Body Refinement Technique is this?"

The Remnant Soul wondered.

With her knowledge, there weren't many techniques she hadn't seen.

Even though thousands of years had passed and new techniques might have been developed, they were always somewhat similar to already existing ones.

However, the refinement technique that Bai Zihan was using—she had no idea what it was, even with her millennia of accumulated knowledge.

The Remnant Soul floated in silence, her gaze locked on the boy writhing below.

The pain that Bai Zihan was enduring... it didn't just seem physical. Even his meridian seemed to be breaking and recovering.

The kind of agony that could crush even Immortal cultivators and make grown men beg for death.

And yet... he didn't stop.

He didn't even hesitate after the first bottle.

When the screaming dulled for just a moment, she saw his trembling hand reach out—grabbing a jagged black crystal that oozed with corrosive energy.

A material refined from the core of a Void Beast.

It wasn't just poisonous—it actively consumed life force.

The Remnant Soul's brows furrowed.

She could hardly believe it.

This wasn't simply body refinement anymore.

This... this was something else.

"...This technique..."

She muttered under her breath, voice filled with doubt and curiosity.

(It's not like anything I've ever seen... Even among Immortal-Grade Techniques—this stands apart.)

She had studied thousands of techniques during her lifetime—personally created many, even.

From ancient forbidden arts passed down from the Age of Chaos, to modern refinements forged in the heavens.

And yet not a single one resembled the madness unfolding before her eyes.

The way Bai Zihan's flesh trembled, tore, and stitched itself back together...

The way his Qi spiraled violently, refusing to stabilize, like it was being forcefully reforged...

This wasn't refinement.

This was a reconstruction.

"This... this might even surpass Immortal Grade," she whispered, awe creeping into her tone.

"Could it be a Technique more ancient than the Age of Chaos?"

She watched him as he grabbed another vial—this one filled with a swirling, crimson mist that pulsed like a heart.

A drop of blood from a Phoenix?

Even though he was screaming in agony, he was still going to take a Drop of Blood from phoenix which would increase the pain.

(Insane...)

He poured it into his mouth without flinching.

A scream ripped from his throat moments later, his skin glowing red as if he'd been thrown into a furnace.

But still—he didn't stop.

Even as his body convulsed.

Even as blood poured from his eyes, his nose, his ears.

Even as his bones cracked like glass under pressure.

Most would have long since passed out. Others would have gone mad. And yet Bai Zihan remained conscious—awake—driven.

The Remnant Soul's expression softened.

(This technique wasn't meant for everyone. I don't think that even I could have withstood such agony.)

Although the Body Refinement was obviously very powerful, she didn't think it was for everyone.

Many would have died by even taking one Material for the Body Refinement, not to mention several such materials.

She then thought about the fated person to inherit her Inheritance which she also believes to be Bai Xinyue.

After looking at her progress in the Third Trial, she also knew about her character and what type of person she was.

Her kindness, her determination and her talent which she thought was comparable to hers.

Although satisfied that her heir would be someone like her, she had been having second thoughts ever since Bai Zihan showed up.

If not for her calculations—and the Inheritance being tailor-made for a girl—she wouldn't have hesitated to give it to Bai Zihan.

She felt that even Bai Xinyue, as talented as she was, would have died on the first step if she refined her body using Bai Zihan's Refinement Technique.

Anyway, the Body Refinement Technique that Bai Zihan was using, she believed it was definitely something more powerful than what she could offer.

Moreover, It was not a technique that rewarded ambition. It was one that demanded sacrifice—pain beyond measure.

And yet...

The part that surprised her most wasn't the technique or the ingredients.

It was his eyes.

There wasn't a hint of fear in them. No hesitation. No despair.

Only a cold, iron-like determination.

His determination never fading, making him seem like a completely different person than she saw previously.

Her earlier impression of him was that he was young, arrogant, undeniably talented—blessed by fate, but naive.

Someone who had never truly worked hard or experienced real suffering.

Yet she seemed to have been wrong about Bai Zihan.

She rescued people, took care of them, and in the end even sacrificed his life to fight the Devil while making others flee the place.

(Just what is driving this boy?)

She hovered in silence, a strange emotion tightening in her chest.

Admiration? Pity? Intrigue?

She couldn't tell.

But one thing was clear—

She wanted to see where this boy's path would lead.

And what he would become once he walked it to the end.

"Could he also be the one who can save this world?"

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 161: You Can Have It! [1,553 words ]

*Chapter 161: You Can Have It!*

"Phew... Finally!"

It took Bai Zihan longer than he had anticipated.

Approximately 3 days, to be exact.

Yes, he had to endure the pain for three days, but it wasn't all that bad compared to his first time.

Perhaps he was getting accustomed to the pain?

(Ack! I don't want to be a masochist.)

Bai Zihan thought.

Anyways, he could already feel his body—which was already one of the strongest physiques—becoming even stronger.

He didn't think that taking care of Mo Tianji would be any problem with his current strength.

However, compared to his first time refining his body, the change wasn't too drastic.

It was like when he first refined his body, his body strength went from 1 to 10, while the second time was more like 10 + 10.

But it was just the start, he thought.

He still had the materials for the third and fourth refinement, and by then, he felt like he might even enter the Soul Formation Realm.

Well, not like he was going to start refining his body again just after having done so a few minutes earlier.

"I should upgrade my Eternal Spirit Sword!"

There was more than enough material for the Eternal Spirit Sword to be upgraded as well.

Perhaps it could even be upgraded beyond Heaven-Grade.

But did he need to?

He got a good haul of weapons from the treasury of Immortal Emperor Feilian, and some of them seemed to have surpassed Heaven-Grade.

However, considering that the Eternal Spirit Sword was a cheat-code weapon for Heaven's Chosen, Bai Zihan chose to believe that it was capable of surpassing even those weapons.

He took out the Eternal Spirit Sword as well as the materials needed for its upgrade.

The Eternal Spirit Sword seemed excited and wanted to devour all the materials right away.

"I am investing in you. You better be useful in the future."

Bai Zihan said as he let the Eternal Spirit Sword devour all the materials.

While the Eternal Spirit Sword was in the process of upgrading, Bai Zihan closed his eyes for meditation.

It wasn't for cultivation or anything, but mainly to recover from the damage the pain had done to his mind.

Anyone would have gone crazy after experiencing that kind of pain, and he was lucky that he didn't.

But he didn't dare think that he was immune to pain or anything.

So, he was just trying to make sure that his mind wasn't too damaged by the pain. Though it was less painful than the previous time, it had lasted far longer.

A few days passed like that, and Bai Zihan was in a good state again.

He still had materials that could be used for another refinement, but he didn't know whether he had the time.

He exited the room, wanting to ask the Remnant Soul whether Bai Xinyue was about to pass the Trial or whether he would need to wait more.

"Huh, YOU!"

However, when he came out of the room, the one to greet him wasn't the Remnant Soul—but rather Bai Xinyue.

It seemed like she had just finished the Third Trial and probably thought that she was the one to get the Inheritance—until she saw his face.

"Oh, you must have finished your Trials!"

Bai Zihan casually said, like he was talking to someone he just knew.

Bai Xinyue clenched her fists and gritted her teeth.

To her, Bai Zihan's words seemed like mocking, since she thought he had gotten the Inheritance and was making fun of her for being slow.

(But how? Immortal Emperor Feilian definitely said that I was the one to get her Inheritance...)

Just when she was thinking that, the Remnant Soul appeared.

Bai Zihan immediately caught her attention.

"You are out."

She said in surprise.

"Yeah! I wanted to ask just how much longer I need to wait, but seems like I don't need to ask that anymore."

Bai Zihan replied as he glanced at Bai Xinyue.

"No, you still can't leave. It will take some time for her to accept my Inheritance!"

The Remnant Soul added.

"Is that so? How long?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"Depends on her ability, but anywhere from a week to a month."

She answered.

While they were talking, Bai Xinyue couldn't help but get confused.

(Just when did these two get buddy-buddy?)

Moreover, she was also able to make out that she indeed was going to get the Inheritance, as the Remnant Soul had said before.

But then her eyes fell upon Bai Zihan.

It was clear that he had passed the Trial before her—otherwise, he wouldn't be here.

She knew that the Trial had no fail condition and could be attempted again and again.

Otherwise, she would have been considered failed when she died the first time.

(Or could he have given up?)

That was unlikely, considering that the reward was the Inheritance of an Immortal Emperor.

"You two... what are you talking about?"

Bai Xinyue interrupted their conversation.

"Bai Zihan, did you pass the Third Trial?"

She asked.

"I would be ashamed of myself if I couldn't even pass such an easy Trial."

Bai Zihan replied arrogantly.

"Immortal Emperor, didn't you say that I would get the Inheritance? How is this possible? Or is it that you have multiple Inheritances?"

Bai Xinyue asked confusedly.

"..."

The Remnant Soul didn't know what to say. She could understand Bai Xinyue's confusion, but she also didn't think telling the truth would be wise.

After all, telling her the truth would be like saying, "You lost, but due to my mistake, you will still get First Place."

Not a good answer!

She looked at Bai Zihan, silently asking him to answer instead.

"Haha... Well, indeed you are slower than me. Normally, I should have gotten the Inheritance, but on second thought, Immortal Emperor Inheritance seems a bit too weak for my liking. You can take it if you want."

Bai Zihan said.

Well, one look and anyone could tell that it was a lie. Doesn't like Immortal Emperor Inheritance?

Who wouldn't?

Bai Xinyue also didn't fall for his lie, but Bai Zihan didn't really care.

Would he need to explain everything to Bai Xinyue?

No!

"You are lying!"

Bai Xinyue said.

"Am I?"

Although the explanation itself was a lie, it wasn't completely.

He would be glad to accept the Inheritance, but unlike Bai Xinyue or the other participants, he didn't think that Immortal Emperor's Inheritance was the greatest thing in the world.

He still had his Heaven-Defying System!

Bai Xinyue narrowed her eyes, and with hatred in her voice, she asked:

"Bai Zihan! What are you planning?"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb! It must be a trap. Otherwise, there's no way that you're this generous."

She said.

The Remnant Soul watched in silence.

She didn't think that the fated person and Bai Zihan would have a conflict between each other, but by the looks of it, it seemed serious.

"Tch! Whatever you want to believe. I am leaving!"

Bai Zihan said as he reentered the room.

Bai Xinyue just watched Bai Zihan leave without saying anything.

After a few seconds, she tilted her head toward the Remnant Soul.

"Immortal Emperor, did Bai Zihan truly decline to get the Inheritance?"

She asked.

"Somewhat, yes!"

Though the truth was that the Inheritance was reserved for her, so he couldn't have taken it even if he wanted to.

"..."

Bai Xinyue went into deep thought.

She didn't think that Bai Zihan would truly reject something like this—especially when he had the audacity to take her Dao Bone to become stronger.

But she didn't doubt the Remnant Soul, as she thought there was no reason for her to lie.

Bai Xinyue stood in silence, her nails digging into her palm as she stared at the door Bai Zihan disappeared through.

She had every right to feel victorious. The Inheritance was hers.

And yet... it didn't feel like a victory.

Not when the person she hated most had already passed the Trial before her.

Not when Bai Zihan had looked so calm, so smug, so... untouchable.

"...Tch!"

She turned her gaze to the Remnant Soul.

"Immortal Emperor, you're sure there's only one Inheritance?"

"Yes. There is only one."

"And it's mine?"

"It is!"

She closed her eyes. Although she didn't like that she was getting something she didn't deserve but it was after Immortal Emperor Inheritance.

Moreover, to get her revenge, she knew that she needed the power.

The Remnant Soul watched silently, reading every shift in Bai Xinyue's expression.

"Do you hate him?"

The Remnant Soul couldn't help but ask.

"Yes!"

Bai Xinyue answered immediately.

"There is no one that I hate more than that man. If I get a chance, I will definitely kill him!"

She added.

"Don't! You can't."

The Remnant Soul warned.

"Huh?"

Bai Xinyue was surprised by the Remnant Soul's words.

Although Bai Zihan had become stronger than before, Bai Xinyue didn't think that she would lose.

"At your current state, you can't beat him even if you want to."

The Remnant Soul flat out told her.

Bai Xinyue wanted to disagree but didn't argue with the Immortal Emperor.

"What about after I got the Inheritance?"

Bai Xinyue asked.

"... You would be stronger!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 162: Swearing Lies to the Sky [ 1,290 words ]

### *Chapter 162: Swearing Lies to the Sky*

Bai Zihan prepared for another round of torture but felt quite confident, knowing that the intensity of the pain had lessened due to his stronger body.

Perhaps this time, the pain might be more tolerable—and he was hopeful of that.

Just then, the Remnant Soul appeared out of nowhere, nearly scaring him.

"What the... Why are you here?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"I came to check on you!"

She replied.

Her eyes soon fell on the Eternal Spirit Sword.

(This Sword... )

She couldn't tell that it was but an ordinary sword. Although it seems to be Earth-Grade, it was a normal artifact.

(He has so many things that even, I who once ruled the world couldn't see through. )

"So, Bai Xinyue has started to receive the Inheritance?"

The Remnant Soul nodded her head.

Bai Zihan still felt that it was regrettable he didn't get it, even though he believed he deserved it.

However, he was obviously not going to sacrifice his little brother for that, even if it meant becoming the strongest man in the world.

"About that, I want to ask you something as well. Do you have a bad relationship with Bai Xinyue? Like... Do you want to kill her or something?"

The Remnant Soul asked.

Bai Zihan thought for a second.

Did he have a bad relationship with Bai Xinyue?

Certainly!

After all, she was talented—unlike him—which made him jealous of her.

Then came the event of his mother stealing her Dao Bone to give it to him.

But if asked whether he wanted to kill her because of that, then his answer would be no.

He would, of course, keep his eyes on her and might even kill her—but not for those reasons.

It would be because she was Heaven's Chosen One and destined to be his enemy.

And there's no need to show mercy to the enemy.

Showing mercy to the enemy is being cruel to yourself.

"I do have a bad relationship with her, but whether I want to kill her or not depends entirely on her."

Bai Zihan answered.

The Remnant Soul nodded.

She understood what Bai Zihan meant—because if Bai Xinyue were to pick a fight with him, it was only expected that he would retaliate.

She was glad that at least on Bai Zihan's side, the animosity didn't seem too deep.

"If you don't mind, can I ask why you two have a bad relationship? Looking at your names, you two are clearly related."

The Remnant Soul asked.

She was curious. Though there's often bad blood between relatives, she didn't think that two of them—so young—would have such deep hatred between them.

At most, perhaps jealousy and small fights.

"Oh, that's because I had taken her Dao Bone."

Bai Zihan replied casually.

Though in reality it was his mother, in the end, he was the one meant to benefit. So, it didn't make a difference whether he said it was his mother or him.

He knew that Bai Xinyue also thought the same.

"What?"

For a second, the Remnant Soul's mind went blank.

Taking someone's Dao Bone—such a hatred might even be deeper than killing one's best friend.

After all, having a Dao Bone and not having one made a world of difference for a cultivator.

You could make new friends, but the chance of obtaining a Dao Bone was one in a million.

Now she understood why Bai Xinyue harbored such deep hatred toward Bai Zihan.

Moreover, to think that Bai Xinyue was still that talented even after her Dao Bone was taken away—she could now see why she was the fated person.

But this also made the situation worse than she had anticipated.

After thinking for a while, she finally decided to ask Bai Zihan:

"Can I request something?"

"Well, that depends on what your request is,"

Bai Zihan said.

He was a bit grateful to her and didn't outright reject her, which he normally would have done.

"Can I ask you not to kill Bai Xinyue?"

The Remnant Soul requested.

It was a very big request, considering that Bai Xinyue was likely to come after his life.

But Bai Zihan still didn't outright reject her.

"Can I ask the reason? Although she is your heir, that doesn't mean I would spare her just because of that,"

Bai Zihan replied.

"... I can't tell you everything, but you must know this: I'm not asking you to spare her life because she is my heir."

"You know I can't just accept that when there's no reason for me to do so—especially considering that she might come for my life. Moreover, you don't have anything to bargain with me."

The Remnant Soul understood that, but she still asked.

Although she had told Bai Xinyue that she would become stronger than Bai Zihan, she had also considered other possibilities.

She couldn't shake the feeling that even if Bai Xinyue were to receive her Inheritance, she might still end up killed by Bai Zihan.

Not to mention that mysterious Refinement Technique—even she couldn't see through it.

Therefore, she had come to request Bai Zihan to show mercy to Bai Xinyue.

And indeed, she doesn't have anything to bargain for. She already gave him all the treasures she had in compensation for the Inheritance that he didn't receive.

"How about this—I'll agree to your request if you agree to mine."

Bai Zihan said, which immediately made the Remnant Soul excited.

After all, Bai Zihan was saying he would keep Bai Xinyue alive even if she might one day try to kill him—though she didn't know what his request would be.

"Okay! What is your request?"

"You!"

He once again asked her to be his.

"This again! Like I said—once the Inheritance is given out, this soul of mine will vanish along with it."

The Remnant Soul replied.

"I know! You just need to agree, and I will agree with your request. Isn't it a win for you?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Indeed, if Bai Zihan kept his word even though he would get nothing in return, then it was a win for her.

And she had already warned him that her soul would vanish after completing its task, so it wasn't like she hadn't been clear.

"Sure, if you're okay with it!"

The Remnant Soul answered.

"I just need you to keep your word."

Bai Zihan said with satisfaction.

The Remnant Soul now found herself wondering how to ensure Bai Zihan would keep his word.

Once she vanished, she would have no way of knowing whether he honored his vow or not—and this wasn't something she could take lightly.

She considered forming a soul contract to bind their agreement.

But then Bai Zihan raised one hand, fingers forming a strange mudra, and spoke solemnly.

"I, Bai Zihan, vow to the heavens above—if I kill Bai Xinyue without just cause, then let my path to immortality be forever severed. Let my soul shatter before I ever reach the Dao I seek."

The Remnant Soul's eyes widened slightly.

He was serious.

A Heavenly Oath wasn't something to be taken lightly. It was the kind of vow that tied itself to one's very fate and cultivation.

If broken, it wouldn't just cripple a cultivator—it would destroy them completely.

Even the heavens would bear witness.

(Haha... Well, if the heavens can truly kill me, that is.)

In the end, it was all an act to make sure the Remnant Soul kept her promise.

There were multiple ways to kill Bai Xinyue—even if he didn't do it himself.

Not to mention, if heaven could kill him, it would've done so by now.

He didn't believe that Heaven could do anything to him!

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 163: The Trial Ends!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 163: The Trial Ends!

Chapter 163: The Trial Ends!

"Ugh... no... Wait, where am I..."

"What's going on? Wasn't I... wasn't I in the middle of a fight?"

"Where the hell am I now?!"

...

The other participants who were still clearing the Third Trial were suddenly woken up by the Remnant Soul.

Since the Inheritance had already been given to Bai Xinyue, there was no need for the others to continue their trials.

The participants weren't prepared for the sudden shift.

One second, they were in a completely ruined city; the next, they were back in Ancient Ruin, blinking at the empty air in confusion.

But more than anything, they couldn't accept the fact that they might have failed the Trial.

No one here was stupid—they all knew the only reason the Trial would be stopped was if someone had cleared it.

And since they weren't the one to clear it, it meant someone else had.

Bai Xueqing looked around, trying to spot Bai Zihan.

Everyone knew he was the first person to enter the Third Trial and the most likely to win.

(Did he pass the Trial?)

The fact that he wasn't among them only strengthened that possibility.

Bai Xueqing wasn't sure whether she should be happy or not.

Although he was her brother, knowing his character... if he got the Inheritance, the world might as well plunge into chaos.

The Remnant Soul floated above them silently for a few seconds, giving them time to recollect their scattered minds.

Then her voice rang out, calm and echoing through the hall like a final judgment.

"Thank you for everything—but the Trial has ended!"

Everyone froze.

Those words... could only mean one thing.

"The Inheritance Trial has ended."

"...Huh?"

"Wait, what? Ended?"

"I thought I still had time—"

...

Her words confirmed it—there was already a winner.

"You all did well," the Remnant Soul said. "But the Heir has already been chosen."

A storm of disbelief erupted in the crowd.

"What do you mean the Heir has been chosen?!"

"I wasn't done yet!"

"Who is it?! Who the hell beat me?!"

...

Many looked around, trying to figure out who the winner was among them.

Mo Tianji, in particular, was ready to kill whoever it was. His eyes swept across the crowd, trying to find the one who had cleared the Trial.

If he could kill the Heir, the Trial might continue—and he might still have a shot.

"There's no need for you to know," the Remnant Soul said. "You will all be sent to the First Trial area, where you can cultivate in peace. Once the Inheritance is fully transferred, you will be allowed to leave."

With a swing of her hand, everyone was instantly teleported away—straight into the White Room.

\*\*\*

All the participants, except Bai Xinyue and Bai Zihan, were sent back to the First Trial—the place where the Qi was dense and heavy.

Just like Bai Zihan had once said, it was a perfect place for cultivation.

It's just that before, they were too focused on racing for the Inheritance to appreciate it.

"Damn it!"

Mo Tianji punched the floor—not that it did anything to it—but his face was twisted in frustration.

Most of the participants who reached the Third Trial wore the same expression.

Meanwhile, those who were in the middle of the Second Trial were confused by the sudden teleportation.

"What happened?"

"I was just comprehending a Heaven-Grade Technique!"

"Wait! The people who went to the Third Trial are here too? Does that mean the Trial is over?"

...

"SHUT UP!"

Mo Tianji's furious roar silenced everyone instantly.

"F\*\*K! Who the hell got the Inheritance?!"

He shouted, which only confirmed everyone's growing suspicion—that someone had succeeded.

"Tsk! Idiot!"

Saintess Dugu Lianxin muttered.

"B\*TCH, what did you say? Want to fight?!"

Mo Tianji's Qi flared up, rage boiling.

"One could easily tell who got the Inheritance by checking who's not here."

Dugu Lianxin replied coldly.

Mo Tianji froze.

She was right.

He narrowed his eyes, trying to count and identify everyone who had made it to the Third Trial.

It didn't take him long to notice someone missing—Bai Zihan—the one he wanted revenge on the most.

"Where is Bai Zihan?!"

He shouted.

Everyone looked around, but sure enough, he was nowhere to be seen.

"So... did he get the Inheritance?"

Mo Tianji growled through clenched teeth.

The idea that not only had he failed, but Bai Zihan—his most hated enemy—had succeeded... drove him mad.

"Wait! Someone else is missing—Bai Xinyue isn't here either."

Han Zhenwu said.

He had been looking for a chance to take Bai Xinyue down, and now she was missing—which meant she might have gotten the Inheritance instead.

"So two people are missing? That's... odd."

With both of them missing, it was impossible to tell for sure who the Heir was.

But regardless of who it was, everyone now knew the Inheritance had gone to someone from the Bai Clan.

This made members of the Zhao and Lin Clans uneasy—both clans had deep grudges against the Bai Clan.

If Bai Xinyue had inherited it, it might not be so bad. Everyone knew she had a fractured relationship with the Bai Clan.

But if it was Bai Zihan?

God help them!

In either case, those clans knew they needed to prepare.

"Good! Good!"

Mo Tianji said with a vicious grin.

"Then I'll make this simple—whoever kills the two of them and brings me their heads will get a High Earth-Grade Artifact."

He declared.

If he couldn't win through trials, then he'd win through brute force.

The others shared the same sentiment. Whether a reward was announced or not, some of them were already thinking the same thing.

After all, who wouldn't want to kill the Heir of an Immortal Emperor and take their treasure?

Of course, they wouldn't hand it over to Mo Tianji for a measly Earth-Grade when they can get the Inheritance for themselves.

Meanwhile, on the other side—

Members of the Bai Clan and the Heaven Sword Sect, like Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing, were already preparing to keep Bai Zihan safe.

As for Bai Xinyue?

That was more complicated.

As fellow disciples, Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing should protect her too—but given their tangled history with the Bai Clan and with her...

It was the same for the Bai Clan members.

Although their relationship was bad with her, they didn't know the reason and as she was from Bai Clan, they felt obliged to protect her as well.

Either way... they had to find out who the Heir really was first.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 164: Time to Leave! [ 1,157 words ]

*Chapter 164: Time to Leave!*

"System!"

\*\*\*\*\*

### [ Host Info ]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 16

Cultivation Realm: Spirit Formation (Early)

Constitution: Supreme Dao Bone

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

\*\*\*\*\*

It had been about a week since he began his third body refinement.

Indeed, this time it took him seven days of intense pain to get through the Third Refinement—but honestly, it was the least painful compared to the previous ones.

Perhaps his body was getting used to all those high-grade ingredients.

And of course, after taking in so many top-tier materials, his cultivation had finally broken through and reached the Soul Formation realm.

Soul Formation!

That was the cultivation stage that some elders of the Bai Clan had managed to reach.

From this stage onward, it was almost like you had multiple lives—because as long as your soul wasn't completely destroyed, you could still be brought back to life.

Many mortals even considered Soul Formation cultivators immortal—though obviously, in the cultivation world, they were still far from true immortality.

"Oh? You've also managed to break through to Heaven-Grade!"

After consuming all those materials, his Eternal Spirit Sword had also advanced to Heaven-Grade.

He still had many more materials he could use for further upgrades, but it seemed like the sword was still processing some of what it had consumed. For now, Bai Zihan refrained from giving it too much more.

Anyway, he sat down and focused on stabilizing his condition.

\*\*\*

Tremble! Tremble!

While meditating, the ground beneath him suddenly began to shake.

"What's going on?"

Bai Zihan muttered. He didn't believe they were under attack—after all, this was the Ancient Ruin of the Immortal Emperor.

He didn't have to guess for long, as the Remnant Soul appeared before him.

"Bai Xinyue has inherited my Inheritance. This place will no longer exist!"

The Remnant Soul announced.

"Is that so..."

He wasn't surprised. As a Heaven's Chosen, it was expected that she'd take the least amount of time to obtain the Inheritance.

(Just how powerful must she be now?)

Against his newly refined body and a Heaven-Grade weapon, could Bai Xinyue with the Inheritance actually win?

Although he didn't look down on an Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, he was fairly confident in his own strength as well.

He didn't think he'd lose!

Well, that was just what he thought. That might change after seeing how much stronger Bai Xinyue had become.

"So this is goodbye. I hope you keep your word!"

It seemed like the Remnant Soul had come to remind him of their deal.

"Why are you making it sound like this is our last meeting? Did you already forget your promise?"

Bai Zihan replied with a faint smirk.

"Sigh... Like I said, I'll disappear along with this place. Look!"

The Remnant Soul's form was already beginning to flicker and blur.

She wasn't just saying that to get out of her promise. She was actually vanishing.

Still, she looked satisfied—her task was complete. And perhaps her encounter with someone as strange as Bai Zihan was its own form of reward.

"Tsk! I already prepared something for this situation."

As he spoke, Bai Zihan pulled something from his storage ring.

It glowed with a cold, eerie light—the kind of glow that didn't belong to any ordinary artifact.

The surface was etched with ancient runes, pulsing faintly like a heartbeat, and embedded at the center was a soul-attracting crystal: a Soul Anchor Stone.

Even the Remnant Soul's expression changed the moment she saw it.

"That's..."

"Yes," Bai Zihan cut in before she could finish, casually opening the box in his hand.

"A Heaven-Grade Soul-Confining Artifact. Not the best in the world, sure—but good enough to preserve a half-dispersed soul like yours. And maybe... even slowly restore your strength."

He grinned.

This was something he had purchased from the System Store, and it had cost an astonishing 20,000 System Points.

That was nearly 80% of everything he'd managed to save until now.

But for the soul of an Immortal Emperor?

A small price to pay.

The Remnant Soul stared at him in complete disbelief.

Though it was only Heaven-Grade, a soul-preserving artifact like this was extremely rare—especially one with the ability to restore strength, even if slowly.

Of course, regaining even 10% of her original cultivation might take over a millennium...

"You... had this from the beginning?"

She began to understand why Bai Zihan would make such a deal where at first it seemed like he was on the losing end.

But it seems like he has already planned this since the beginning.

"Of course I did!"

Bai Zihan snorted.

"Why else would I make you promise something like that?"

He continued, "You think I'd let a valuable soul like you vanish into nothingness? Even if you don't have power right now, you've got knowledge. And knowledge, well... that's power too."

He placed the artifact on the floor and injected his Qi into it.

The Soul-Confining Artifact lit up, casting runes into the air as energy surged from it.

The Remnant Soul instinctively began to resist—her form flickering—but Bai Zihan simply raised an eyebrow.

"What? You'd rather scatter and die just because your job's done? Don't forget your promise. Be useful!"

"...You are shameless!"

"You're not wrong."

She paused.

Her translucent form slowly began to stabilize. After a moment of silence, she sighed.

"I suppose this is better than fading away. But you must understand, I won't be able to help you much in this state. Not for a while."

"I don't need help," Bai Zihan said, his eyes gleaming.

"I just need someone to talk to when I'm bored. And maybe remind me of all the treasure Immortal Emperor Feilian stashed somewhere."

Because let's be real—there was no way an Immortal Emperor only had this much treasure.

There had to be more. Hidden somewhere else. Perhaps reserved for the true Heir.

Of course, her true worth was her knowledge of thousands of years that she had accumulated.

He finally got the 'Google' of this world.

"You..."

The Remnant Soul almost coughed blood—if she still had any.

In the end, she allowed herself to be drawn into the artifact.

A soft pulse of light enveloped her, and in the blink of an eye, she was gone.

The artifact's runes dimmed to a gentle glow. Bai Zihan picked it up and tucked it safely into his storage ring.

"Done and done!"

He stood up, stretching lazily.

The tremors were increasing in intensity now—walls shaking, the floor cracking beneath his feet. The Ancient Ruin was collapsing, just as she said.

Time to leave.

(But how?)

He pulled out the artifact box again and asked the Remnant Soul.

A faint voice echoed from within.

"You'll be teleported out when the time comes. Just wait!"

"Well, that better be true," Bai Zihan muttered, glancing up at the crumbling ceiling. "Otherwise, I'm gonna be buried alive in this damn place."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 165: Beneath My Foot, You Belong [ 1,788 words ]

### *Chapter 165: Beneath My Foot, You Belong*

Outside the Ancient Ruins, many experts had gathered and were waiting for their respective clan or sect's geniuses.

It had been around two and a half months since the participants had entered the Ancient Ruins and were completely sealed off from the world.

From the Bai Clan, Bai Tianheng obviously couldn't stay there for so many months; instead, other elders had come.

The leader of those elders was obviously Grand Elder Bai Ren.

For such a thing, perhaps he wasn't needed, but it all changed due to who the Evil Cultivators had sent out to protect their geniuses.

Gou Yao!

The Third Demon General!

To protect their own against him, they also needed to send out someone comparable to him.

Not only the Bai Clan, but others had also sent out one of their strongest Grand Elders and Ancestors.

One should also be aware that just getting the Inheritance wasn't enough; one must also make sure that they could protect that person and escort them back.

It was especially true for an Inheritance which was protected by a Grade-8 or higher formation.

Even the strongest of opposing Clans or Sects might get sent out to kill if their enemy participant had managed to obtain a powerful Inheritance.

Of course, after waiting for two and a half months, many had lost their cautiousness and just kept waiting in boredom.

Tremble! Tremble!

!!!

Then there was a tremble coming from the Ancient Ruins, with everyone's attention fully attracted by it.

The Formation protecting the Ancient Ruins finally dissipated.

"The Ancient Ruins is collapsing!"

Someone shouted.

"Where are the participants?"

With the dust and smoke, one couldn't see clearly.

"Wait! There they are!"

Another shouted.

There were multiple silhouettes of people in the dust and smoke, and everyone knew that it was the silhouettes of the participants.

It didn't seem like they were buried by the collapse of the Ancient Ruins.

They waited for a few more seconds for them to come out, but it looked like they were still standing there and not really moving.

"Is something going on?"

They could only speculate; after all, they couldn't do anything with the dust.

They could go and check the situation for themselves, but who would take such a risk?

What if the Formation was still there? Everyone knows what happens when someone older than 30 enters.

They decided to wait for the dust to clear by itself, and the answer would reveal itself.

They didn't need to wait for long, as the dust quickly went away, but what they saw shocked many of the people.

Because what they saw was Bai Zihan with his feet on Mo Tianji's face, who was laid flat on the ground.

\*\*\*

A few minutes earlier...

Like the Remnant Soul said, after a few minutes of waiting, he was safely teleported out of the place where the Trial was held.

And of course, there were others as well, including Bai Xinyue, who didn't give him a good look.

Perhaps she was thinking about taking her revenge after she had finally managed to get the strength to do so and was contemplating?

However, there was someone more eager to take revenge on Bai Zihan than her, and that man was none other than Mo Tianji.

"BAI ZIHAN!"

He yelled for everyone to hear.

Everyone looked in Bai Zihan's direction as they were curious to know whether he got the Inheritance or not.

If he did, they were ready to pounce on him and take the Inheritance for themselves.

Of course, with Mo Tianji ready to take action for reasons everyone was aware of, they decided to wait for a while and just watch.

Everyone expected Mo Tianji to jump and attack Bai Zihan after the humiliation he suffered at his hands.

But surprisingly, he didn't!

"Did you get the Inheritance?"

Mo Tianji asked.

One could say that Mo Tianji, although crazy, uses his brain when he needs to.

No matter how angry he was, if Bai Zihan got the Inheritance, he knew that he might not be his match, considering it was the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

Therefore, before knowing the answer, he couldn't just attack Bai Zihan alone.

"Why do you think so?"

Of course, Bai Zihan wasn't the type to give a straight answer like he owed him anything.

"Hmph! Only you and the other girl weren't there with us. It is certain that one or both of you received the Inheritance."

Mo Tianji said.

Bai Zihan wasn't aware that when he was refining his body, everyone else was teleported to the First Trial room.

But he was able to think that something similar must have happened, looking at what Mo Tianji said.

"Lucky for you, I wasn't the one to get the Inheritance!"

Bai Zihan answered.

Mo Tianji was skeptical. So were the others!

After all, there was no way that even if he had gotten the Inheritance, he would admit it—because he knew what the consequences would be.

It was especially true for someone like Bai Zihan who is full of trickery.

But for now, they had to take his words for it.

Mo Tianji looked for another person, and it was obvious who he was looking for.

When he saw Bai Xinyue, he asked the same question.

"Bai Xinyue, then you must have gotten the Inheritance!"

Mo Tianji said.

With Bai Xinyue's character, there was no way that she would lie simply because she was scared of the consequences.

Moreover, with a bit of digging, she knew that the answer would come up itself.

"Hmph! So what? I won it fair and square!"

She declared.

Everyone's attention fell upon Bai Xinyue, with many exuding Killing Intent.

While on the other hand, Bai Xueqing, Chu Ziyang, and other Bai Clan Members didn't know what they should do.

Bai Clan Members and Chu Ziyang didn't know what the conflict was, but knew that Bai Zihan didn't like Bai Xinyue—and the other way around.

They felt that Bai Zihan wouldn't want them to help Bai Xinyue, who he considered his enemy.

Same was for Bai Xueqing, though she knew the reason.

Apart from Han Zhenwu, who was planning to take care of Bai Xinyue, others from Heaven Sword Sect were getting prepared to help Bai Xinyue.

They all knew that others would begin to attack her now that everyone knew she had inherited the Inheritance.

Actually, there were even some Heaven Sword Sect members who thought of doing the same, as even if they were from the same Sect, they were talking about the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

No way were they going to let someone else take it—even if that person might be from the same Sect.

What was even Heaven Sword Sect if they could get Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?

Bai Xinyue was also well aware of that and got ready.

But she was more than confident about taking care of them with her profound power—although that might be different if adults were involved.

"Haha... Good! Good! You all, take care of Bai Xinyue. Bai Zihan is mine!"

Mo Tianji happily ordered.

Knowing that Bai Zihan didn't get the Inheritance, he knew that he alone was more than enough to take care of Bai Zihan.

Whoosh!

He didn't waste a single second and immediately sprinted toward Bai Zihan.

"This is for the humiliation that you gave me!"

Bai Zihan simply smiled at the fool who was coming toward him to get himself humiliated again.

Mo Tianji's figure blurred as he dashed forward, Qi flaring violently like a raging storm.

The ground cracked beneath his feet from the sheer pressure, and his murderous intent locked onto Bai Zihan like a predator pouncing on prey.

Everyone braced themselves.

This was it—the long-awaited revenge match.

But before they could even blink—

BANG!

A single fist flew.

Mo Tianji's momentum died in an instant.

His body stopped mid-charge and then launched backward, spinning like a broken doll before slamming face-first into the ground.

BOOM!

A small crater formed where he landed. Dust shot up. Silence fell.

Everyone was frozen. Their jaws slack, eyes wide.

Bai Zihan didn't even move from his spot.

He simply raised his arm, flicked it once to shake off the dust, and sighed.

"You'd think he'd learn his lesson after all this time."

He walked forward casually, like he had all the time in the world.

Mo Tianji groaned from the ground, blood leaking from his nose and mouth. He tried to lift himself with trembling arms.

But before he could get up—

Stomp!

Bai Zihan's foot slammed down on his head, shoving his face back into the dirt.

"Stay down, dog!"

He ground his heel in, smearing Mo Tianji's face deeper into the rubble.

"This dirt-eating position suits you," he added, a smirk tugging at his lips.

"Don't you all agree?"

He asked, but everyone was too stunned to answer.

Or maybe there was no way anyone could answer that in fear of offending Mo Tianji.

Mo Tianji tried to roar in rage, but all that came out was a muffled grunt and the crunch of teeth grinding against gravel.

"If anyone else here thinks they can take me on, you're welcome to come try."

He said.

He lifted his foot slightly, just enough to let Mo Tianji wheeze—and then slammed it down again.

Thud!

Mo Tianji convulsed.

After seeing something like this, there was no way anyone would try—even if they wanted to.

It was the same for people from the Lin and Zhao Clans, and even Dugu Lianxin, who could only stare in disbelief.

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

"But if not..." he said slowly, letting his voice cut through the tense silence, "...stay where you are. Otherwise, your fate will be exactly like his."

A few cultivators instinctively took a step back.

Even some of the greedy ones, who had been preparing to rush at Bai Xinyue, hesitated.

There was no way they could disobey Bai Zihan after such a display of power.

"He said he didn't get the Inheritance," someone whispered.

"But with that kind of strength..."

"Maybe he was lying?"

"But Bai Xinyue has admitted that she got the Inheritance."

Either way, it didn't matter.

Right now, no one wanted to be the next idiot whose face was turned into a floor mop.

Even Bai Xinyue, who had been preparing to fight off a mob of lunatics, narrowed her eyes slightly as she looked at Bai Zihan.

(This guy... How is he this strong?)

She knew for certain that he didn't get the Inheritance, as he and the Remnant Soul confirmed it.

But the power he showed... How was this possible without the Inheritance?

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 166: Bai Zihan Killed?[ 1,047 words ]

### *Chapter 166: Bai Zihan Killed?*

The onlookers couldn't believe their eyes when the dust settled.

Mo Tianji, one of the strongest and known for his ruthlessness, was eating the dirt.

Even the Bai Clan Elders couldn't believe their eyes, despite knowing how powerful Bai Zihan was.

After all, Mo Tianji was known to be in the Soul Formation Realm along with his strong physique.

It didn't make much sense that someone like him couldn't even retaliate when being humiliated like this.

And the weird part was that others were also not doing anything and just watching—including other participants from the Demonic Sect.

"YOU..."

The Third Demon General, Gou You, couldn't be more furious.

Not to mention that their Saint was being humiliated in front of every big powerhouse of the Desolate Heaven Empire—and that too, by the infamous waste of the Bai Clan, Bai Zihan.

Whoosh!

He didn't waste a single second, rushing towards Bai Zihan with killing intent.

"How dare you treat our Saint like this!"

Gou You yelled.

"Oh no!"

Bai Ren said when he realized Gou You had already made his move.

Whoosh!

He also went full speed, wanting to stop Gou You before he attacked Bai Zihan.

But he was already too late to respond.

Gou You had already reached where Bai Zihan was.

"Gou You, don't you dare! You want to go to war against the Bai Clan?"

Bai Ren could only remind Gou You of what the consequences would be if he made his move on the Bai Clan's heir.

But Gou You didn't care. No matter what, he thought that eliminating Bai Zihan was his priority.

Whether it was to erase the humiliation suffered by their Saint or to eliminate a potential danger who could one day become a big threat to their sect.

And he had also thought about the potential of Bai Zihan being the one to have gotten the greatest treasure from Ancient Ruin, judging by how he was able to knock down Mo Tianji like that.

All in all, he didn't hold back and quickly punched Bai Zihan, who still didn't have an idea about the potential danger.

Bang!

By the time people figured out what was happening, Gou You had already pulled Mo Tianji up, and Bai Zihan was nowhere to be seen.

However, with the participants spotting Gou You, everyone could tell what must have happened.

"Are you okay?"

Gou You asked.

"Where is that bastard?"

Mo Tianji gritted his teeth and asked.

"Dead!"

Gou You answered.

After all, he used his full strength—and although he didn't use any technique (because by then Bai Ren would have already reached and interrupted him), he didn't think that Bai Zihan would survive his full-strength attack.

"GOU YOU!"

A thunderous voice cracked through the skies like divine wrath.

BOOM!

The ground trembled. The air turned thick.

A wave of suffocating Qi burst out from Bai Ren's body like a tidal wave crashing down on the world.

The very skies above seemed to darken, as if the heavens themselves sensed his fury.

Bai Ren had had enough.

His long white robe fluttered violently despite there being no wind.

His beard flowed like a raging river, and his eyes—usually calm and wise—were now filled with murderous intent.

Crack! Crack!

The pressure alone caused the earth beneath his feet to splinter like glass.

Trees bent, stones shattered, and nearby beasts screeched and fled as the area descended into absolute chaos.

Many of the young geniuses present—including those from powerful clans and sects—stumbled, gasped, and dropped to their knees under the weight of Bai Ren's raging aura.

Even some early Nascent Formation cultivators had to bite their lips, barely hanging on.

Bai Xueqing, Chu Ziyan, and Bai Xinyue were some of the young geniuses who didn't have much trouble—especially Bai Xinyue.

However, they were some of the most shocked people, who didn't know how to respond to the apparent death of Bai Zihan.

The person full of trickery, seemingly far from death, was now announced dead.

Bai Xinyue had always thought it would be her who did it—but now that someone else had, she didn't know what to feel.

Happy, angry, sad?

Thinking about their last conversation—how he arrogantly declared that the Immortal Emperor Inheritance wasn't enough for him—but now he was dead, at the hands of someone way weaker than the Immortal Emperor?

But was he truly dead?

She couldn't believe it.

Though surviving against Gou You's no-holds-barred attack was nearly impossible for even a Soul Formation Realm cultivator, she thought it might be possible for Bai Zihan who always surprises others.

Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang also didn't know what to think of such news, but they also didn't believe that Bai Zihan—a trickster like him—would die just like that.

"You dare kill our Bai Clan's heir? Gou You, you've touched our bottom line!"

Bai Ren roared.

His voice echoed across the sky like a dragon's roar—each word carrying divine might.

Across from him, Gou You stood calmly, his cloak fluttering, arms crossed. But his eyes gleamed with the unmistakable glint of battle lust.

"You protect a worm who humiliated our Saint," Gou You spat.

"What kind of face will my Demonic Sect have if I just let that go?"

"I don't give a damn about your face," Bai Ren snapped, his feet stepping forward—each step thundering like a war drum.

"You already lost all of it when you attacked the younger generation!"

BOOM!

Bai Ren raised his hand—and in that instant, a massive jade palm of Qi formed in the air, large enough to blot out the sky.

Gou You's eyes narrowed.

"You really want to fight me here, Bai Ren?"

"You've already made your move. Now face the consequences!"

RUMBLE!!!

In a blink, the massive jade palm slammed down.

Gou You didn't hesitate. Dark demonic Qi erupted from his body like a geyser.

A massive, pitch-black serpent head with glowing red eyes formed above him—his battle spirit.

"Then DIE WITH HIM!"

He thrust both arms forward, and the serpent lunged, colliding with Bai Ren's jade palm in a deafening explosion that rocked the entire valley.

BOOOOOM!!

Shockwaves rippled out in every direction. Mountains cracked. Several weaker cultivators were sent flying.

This was a battle between two giants!

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 167: Target: Bai Xinyue!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 167: Target: Bai Xinyue!

Chapter 167: Target: Bai Xinyue!

Dust filled the air.

Both attacks canceled each other out, but neither side backed down.

Bai Ren dashed forward and, with a single hand, drew out his weapon—a long, crimson glaive that buzzed with sword intent and spiritual energy.

"Your demonic hands will not touch another member of my clan!"

With a howl, he slashed.

CLANG!

Gou You summoned a black crescent blade and blocked the attack mid-air, spiraling backward before landing on a jagged cliff edge.

The two stared each other down.

Qi coiled around them like wild dragons and phoenixes, threatening to tear apart everything around them.

"Bring it on, old bastard," Gou You sneered, licking blood off his lip. "Let's see if the Bai Clan still has what it takes to fight us!"

"Gladly!"

Bai Ren growled and launched forward.

\*\*\*

While the two of them were fighting, other elders immediately went ahead to protect the geniuses of their respective clans and sects.

And of course, they were also curious in finding out who truly got what the Ancient Ruins had to offer.

Many speculated that it must have been Bai Zihan, considering just how powerful he must have become based on how he defeated Mo Tianji.

"Xueqing'er, are you okay?"

A Bai Clan elder asked.

After all, she was the greatest genius of the Bai Clan, so it was expected that they would be worried about her among all others.

"Yes!"

Bai Xueqing answered, but her voice lacked the usual calm and authority she typically wielded.

Though that was understandable—she had just lost her brother.

Some elders went to retrieve Bai Zihan's body, but because of the rubble and dust, it was turning out to be very difficult.

A Chu Clan elder also came and asked the same of Chu Ziyang, along with some encouraging words.

Although they hadn't previously liked Bai Zihan or his engagement with Chu Ziyang, she was still his fiancée.

On the other hand, the Royal Commander and his guards came to offer their protection to the princes and princesses.

Finally, after things settled down a bit, participants revealed what the Ancient Ruin was about—and the inheritance it held.

"Immortal Emperor!!!"

The word caused panic to erupt among them, and everyone immediately understood the significance of it.

This wasn't just some inheritance that could disrupt the power balance between clans or sects—it was something that could change the world itself.

Finally came the question that everyone wanted to ask.

"Who got the Inheritance?"

There was no need for an answer, as everyone turned to look at Bai Xinyue.

Bai Xinyue didn't have anyone present specifically assigned to protect her, but among the elders sent by the Heaven Sword Sect was Hall Master Qinglan.

Obviously, Qinglan also learned that Bai Xinyue had received the Inheritance and approached her.

Bai Xinyue backed away cautiously, unsure of what Qinglan would do now that everyone knew she had the Inheritance.

"You really got the Inheritance?"

Qinglan asked.

Bai Xinyue nodded honestly.

"Hmmm... Do you think the Bai Clan will protect you?"

Qinglan asked.

"Don't know. Probably not!"

Bai Xinyue answered.

"This is going to be difficult. It's better if you go to the Bai Clan and seek their protection. I'll be honest with you—even the Heaven Sword Sect can't protect you completely."

Qinglan admitted.

It seemed her intention wasn't to kill or seize the Inheritance, but to make sure Bai Xinyue was protected.

But Bai Xinyue had no intention of going back and begging the Bai Clan—the same clan that once threw her aside.

She would rather die than do that.

Looking at her, Qinglan sighed.

It would be impossible for her to protect Bai Xinyue with everyone eyeing her, and she would rather the Bai Clan take over.

On the other hand, the Bai Clan's elders didn't know what to do either.

There had been previous attempts by the clan to bring back Bai Xinyue, but she had always declined.

But those efforts were mainly led by Bai Tiancheng's political opponents who wanted someone more capable than Bai Jian to compete for the heir position.

Many had changed their minds after witnessing Bai Zihan's strength, becoming certain he was the one destined to lead the clan.

So now came the question:

Should they go and risk their lives to protect someone who still held a grudge against their clan?

Or just stand by and do nothing?

They could only hope Bai Ren would finish his fight and give them direction.

Everyone was eyeing Bai Xinyue's direction, and Qinglan knew exactly what they were thinking.

"Everyone, what are we waiting for? It's the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance!"

One of the elders from the Demonic Sect shouted, as he and others moved to attack Bai Xinyue.

One might think the righteous cultivators would oppose them—but for the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, others followed as well.

The Royal Commander only watched. Not because he wasn't interested, or wouldn't participate, but because he was waiting for the right time.

"Bai Xinyue, hide behind me!"

Qinglan said, but anyone could tell that she alone wouldn't be able to protect Bai Xinyue.

"No!"

Bai Xinyue replied calmly, standing firm.

She released her aura, which had already reached the Spirit Severing Realm—one realm above the Soul Formation Realm.

With that, there was no longer any doubt: Bai Xinyue was the one who had obtained the Inheritance.

Qinglan's eyes widened in surprise.

The girl she thought needed protection was just one realm away from herself.

Still, against what they were facing, it wasn't enough—not even close.

Just as another clash was about to begin—

BOOM!

A sudden explosion of sound startled everyone, including those ready to attack Bai Xinyue and Qinglan.

Everyone turned instinctively.

From a torn patch of earth, a hand shot out—covered in blood and dirt.

Someone pulled themselves up from the crater.

Hair messy, robe torn, chest rising and falling heavily—but those eyes?

Cold. Burning. Alive!

"Who was it? Who was the F\*\*KER that attacked me?"

A familiar voice rang out.

Bai Zihan!

Still alive!

Furious—and seemingly looking to take revenge.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 168: Who Dares Sneak Attack Me?! [ 1,388 words ]

*Chapter 168: Who Dares Sneak Attack Me?!*

"Bai Zihan is still alive?"

"Wha— How? How is he still alive?"

"Gou You's punch should have disintegrated his body, not to mention he seems to be only lightly injured."

...

It didn't take much time for everyone to know that Bai Zihan, who was thought to be dead after the Gou You attack, was alive.

Bai Zihan, being who he was, was pretty pissed off due to what happened to him.

No matter how powerful he was, he was still too slow to even react to Gou You's attack.

Thankfully, Gou You had underestimated him and didn't use Qi, which made it possible for him to survive.

Well, he did more than survive, and apart from some injuries he took, there wasn't anything wrong.

It was all thanks to his body, which had undergone three refinements through the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

Being alive after an attack from Gou You could already be described as an incredible feat, not to mention being able to move.

"Young Master!"

Bai Clan Elders immediately made their way toward Bai Zihan.

Some checked whether anything had happened to him, while others were afraid that those Demonic Sect bastards would attack again.

At the same time, Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang were relieved to see Bai Zihan was okay and thought that it was as they expected, though they also almost believed that he might really be dead.

But as expected of Bai Zihan—even the Devil doesn't want him to come to Hell so quickly.

"I'm fine!"

Bai Zihan said after getting annoyed by the elders who were checking his body and touching everywhere to examine him.

"Can anyone tell me which bastard sneak-attacked me?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Gou You was too fast for Bai Zihan to see him.

Although Bai Zihan knew that whoever attacked him was a powerful opponent, he needed to know for when he takes his revenge.

A gentleman's revenge is never too late!

For someone as petty as Bai Zihan, there was no way he would forgive something as bad as getting smacked by someone.

The Elders looked at each other, not willing to tell because they thought he might go out and seek revenge.

Everyone knew just how petty Bai Zihan was!

But there wasn't a need for them to answer.

"How!"

Gou You shouted in shock.

For him, there was no doubt that Bai Zihan was dead. He didn't use Qi or any Technique, which he thought would be overkill, and he didn't have time to do so because of Bai Ren.

But it wasn't an attack that the younger generation—no matter how talented he or she was considered to be—could survive.

Bai Ren, on the other hand, couldn't help but laugh.

"Hahaha... As expected of our heir. Gou You, your attack is too weak to kill our heir!"

He was excited not only because Bai Zihan, who was thought to be dead, was alive, but because he had survived Gou You's attack—someone of his own league.

One could only imagine just how powerful Bai Zihan was for him to survive that.

He also didn't miss the chance to mock Gou You.

"You—"

Gou You couldn't help but glare at Bai Zihan.

"Old man, so you were the one to sneak attack me? As expected of a coward! Can't face me head-on?"

Looking at the direction everyone was facing when he asked the question, the answer came to him.

And considering that he couldn't see the face of the person who had managed to hit him, Bai Zihan came to a quick conclusion.

Gou You gritted his teeth in anger.

Not only did he risk his reputation in order to eliminate someone he considered a threat to the Demonic Sect, the person he intended to kill had survived—and now he was getting insulted by him in front of every powerhouse.

Did he, Gou You, ever come to such a stage that even a younger generation could humiliate him like this?

Gou You's face twisted in fury, his demonic Qi bubbling beneath the surface like lava ready to explode.

"How dare you... you little bastard!"

He took a step forward, killing intent rising like a black tide.

The sky seemed to dim under the weight of his rage, the air itself thick with pressure.

But just as he was about to charge—

BOOM!

A crimson light flashed.

Bai Ren reappeared in front of Bai Zihan like a phantom, his crimson glaive drawn and pointed directly at Gou You's chest.

"Not this time!"

Bai Ren said coldly.

He had already made a mistake earlier which he refused to repeat this time.

With Bai Ren standing before him, Gou You stood no chance of attacking Bai Zihan again.

While on the ground, Bai Zihan was furious, insulting Gou You and taunting him.

"Old man, you are quite capable of injuring me by sneak attack. Come here so that I can waste you!"

"

Of course, he couldn't—but he needed to vent his anger and repeatedly cursed at Gou You, knowing that Bai Ren would stop him.

"You think you can insult our Third Demon General? Bai Zihan, know your place."

Mo Tianji interrupted.

Well, he was just trying to salvage whatever reputation he had. Since the elders were also here, he didn't think Bai Zihan could attack him.

The words had barely left his mouth when—

"Did I lie?"

Bai Zihan interrupted, tone sharp and mocking.

"I just told the truth. The old dog sneak-attacked me. Just what kind of Expert does that to a younger generation?"

He spread his arms wide.

"And even when he did, what happened? I'm still alive! Just shows how weak that coward is!"

"You— General Gou You isn't someone who you can just—"

Mo Tianji growled.

But Bai Zihan cut him off again.

"If the truth hurts that much, then that's your problem."

Bai Zihan then glared at Mo Tianji with killing intent.

"Or you can try to shut me up? Though I believe even ten of you can't touch a strand of my hair. Hahaha..."

Bai Zihan couldn't help but mock Mo Tianji.

Mo Tianji had already backed off quite a bit when he felt Bai Zihan's killing intent.

Gasps echoed across the battlefield.

Although everyone had already seen Bai Zihan keep his feet on Mo Tianji's face and humiliate him, they still didn't expect such arrogant words from Bai Zihan—well, not exactly didn't expect, but didn't think he would dare.

One could have thought he was bragging, if not for his previous display of power.

Even the Elders of Bai Clan turned slightly, lips twitching as if to say, Oh no, here he goes again.

No matter what the situation was, Bai Zihan just couldn't help but mock someone and make himself look dominant.

Bai Xueqing put a hand to her forehead.

Chu Ziyang sighed.

Bai Xinyue?

She was still watching in silence—but her eyes had a faint flicker of amusement.

The Demonic Sect elders behind Mo Tianji gritted their teeth in outrage.

"Arrogant bastard!"

"Does he want to die!?"

"Hmph! Don't underestimate our Saint! Without your tricks, you are nothing before him."

...

The elders from Crimson Demon Sect thought that what they saw earlier must have been because Bai Zihan used some trick or perhaps others helped him.

They still believed that their own Saint was stronger than Bai Zihan, whose reputation was only that of a waste until recently.

But no matter what others believed, it was for sure that Mo Tianji didn't have the will to go against Bai Zihan.

Surviving Gou You's attack proved that he was above any of the younger generation—and even without that, he had already had enough of eating dirt earlier.

Mo Tianji showed no sign of going to confront Bai Zihan despite all the encouragement from the elders.

It was certain that the earlier image of Mo Tianji eating dirt was caused by Bai Zihan, without any trick or help.

"Tch! Coward! Don't try to act arrogant before me if you can't even back it."

The Elders looked at Mo Tianji, some ashamed, others stunned by how their most ruthless genius was staying quiet after being threatened and insulted by Bai Zihan.

Just when did their Ruthless Saint turn into a Coward?

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 169: Threatening Everyone! [ 1,280 words ]

### *Chapter 169: Threatening Everyone!*

"You useless, cowardly old mutt! Is this what a 'Third Demon General' amounts to? Sneaking up on a junior like a rat in heat?"

He scoffed, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Maybe next time, go back to licking boots in the Demonic Sect kennel. At least there, no one expects you to act like a man."

Gou You's expression twisted into something monstrous.

But Bai Zihan was far from finished.

"What's wrong? Can't handle words after failing to kill someone? That punch of yours—what was that? A soft massage? My Great Great Grandmother hits harder than that, and she's been dead for years!"

Even the crowd twitched at that one.

"And don't give me that look, you old sack of bones. You're lucky Grand Elder Bai Ren was here to babysit you. If it weren't for him, you'd be decorating the ground right now like the disgrace you are!"

That's when the Elders finally moved.

"Little Ancestor, please stop!"

They had no choice.

As much as they sympathized with his rage, Bai Zihan was one insult away from publicly declaring war.

And more importantly, he was running out of curse words.

"Tch! That old dog is lucky that Grand Elder Bai Ren is stopping him from dying right here!"

The Elders rolled their eyes.

(Please, can you stop bragging for a second?)

Although they agreed he was no longer a waste and now one of the strongest in the younger generation, killing Gou You was still a long way off for him.

But there was no need to reprimand their heir who was showing off to everyone else.

The Crimson Demon Sect's elders were all embarrassed because of Mo Tianji and needed to shift their attention.

And what better way than to remind everyone of the original goal?

"Everyone, we need to take care of the one who got the Inheritance! Don't get caught up in other people's problems."

With those words, the attention finally returned to Bai Xinyue.

"What shall we do, Young Master?"

The Elders of the Bai Clan asked worriedly.

With Bai Zihan's display of strength, they were now 100% certain he—and only he—deserved to be the next Sect Leader.

If he wished for Bai Xinyue's death, then so be it.

Perhaps he could even obtain the Inheritance after her death, making him much stronger than he already was.

However, they also hoped for the opposite since Bai Xinyue was one of their own and despite the exile, she still had Bai Clan's blood in her veins.

Bai Zihan looked at Bai Xinyue, whose only support seemed to be Qinglan and a few elders from the Heaven Sword Sect.

Although she looked like she had zero chance of surviving, with her being a Five-Star Heaven Chosen One, Bai Zihan was certain she could escape.

"Leave—"

(Save her!)

He wanted to leave her be, but it seemed the Remnant Soul wanted him to save her.

He could ignore her and leave Bai Xinyue to fend for herself—but he thought otherwise.

For one, he knew she wouldn't die even without his help.

So by helping her, he was doing her a favor. Additionally, he was also doing a favor to Immortal Emperor Feilian.

And most importantly... saving her was easy for him.

"Tch! What are you all doing? Bring Bai Xinyue and take her with us!"

Bai Zihan quickly changed his words.

The Bai Clan Elders' expressions lit up instantly, and they hurriedly nodded in agreement.

Bai Zihan's words were heard by others.

"Too arrogant!"

"I agree he's stronger than Mo Tianji, but don't think you can take the Inheritance away so easily."

"Against so many of us, even with the Bai Clan involved, what can they really do?"

...

They could only laugh at how arrogant those words sounded.

Bai Zihan spoke as if he didn't even see those who were about to attack Bai Xinyue.

(Just what is he thinking?)

Bai Xinyue was stunned and confused about what Bai Zihan was planning.

She knew he wasn't doing this out of kindness, and although his words sounded like he was going to help her—she didn't trust him.

On the other hand, Qinglan was relieved that the Bai Clan was going to help protect Bai Xinyue.

With Bai Clan members getting involved, the chances of protecting Bai Xinyue increased.

After all, if the Bai Clan decided to shield Bai Xinyue, their allies might follow.

Though, of course, some might still side with the enemy to get their hands on the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

Bai Zihan turned to face everyone.

He stood there with a smug smile.

"You all are really pushing my buttons," Bai Zihan said.

He raised his hand casually, like a king addressing his subjects.

"I'll make this clear once—Bai Xinyue will return to the Bai Clan."

He turned, his eyes sweeping over the gathered crowd like a blade.

"Whoever tries to stop that..."

He smirked.

"...will face the consequences!"

The air trembled slightly—not from Qi, but from the weight of his sheer arrogance.

"Hah!"

Someone from the Demonic Sect laughed, clutching his stomach.

"Does he think he's a god?"

"What a joke!"

"This isn't the Bai Clan's territory, brat! Who do you think you're talking to?!"

...

Others joined in, laughing as if they'd heard the greatest comedy of the century.

But Bai Zihan didn't even blink.

He waved a hand behind him and said lazily, "Elders, go. Bring Bai Xinyue. I don't have time to waste here."

The Bai Clan elders paused—but decided to follow the order. After all, they needed to protect Bai Xinyue anyway.

They didn't fully understand why he was doing this, but as long as Bai Zihan ordered it—they obeyed.

However, not everyone was willing to stand by and watch.

"I've had enough of your nonsense!"

A burly man in silver robes growled, Qi flaring around him.

He belonged to the Crimson Thunder Palace, and behind him stood their proudest genius—though not even one of them had made it to the third trial inside the Ancient Ruins.

"You think your words mean anything here? The Inheritance belongs to whoever takes it!"

He stepped forward aggressively, eyes locked on Bai Xinyue.

Qinglan moved protectively, fingers tightening around her sword hilt.

Bai Xinyue narrowed her eyes, already sensing the killing intent.

She began channeling her Spirit Severing Realm Qi, prepared to counter.

But before either of them could react—

Snap!

Bai Zihan casually snapped his fingers.

BOOM!

An ear-splitting explosion tore through the air as a figure behind the Crimson Thunder Palace elder was blasted backward like a ragdoll.

Everyone froze!

One of the Crimson Thunder Palace's geniuses was sent flying, blood gushing from his mouth.

His barrier had been shattered as if it never existed.

He slammed into the ground several meters away, crumpling like a broken puppet.

Dead silence followed.

Then panic.

"W-What?!"

"What just happened?!"

"Who attacked?!"

...

All eyes turned back to Bai Zihan, who hadn't moved an inch from his spot.

He casually dusted off his sleeve, as if flicking away dirt.

"That was your warning," Bai Zihan said, voice calm and cold.

"You make another move—and all your geniuses will suffer the same fate."

Everyone who had been sneering a moment ago now stood stiffly, their faces pale—especially the other geniuses from the Crimson Thunder Palace.

The explosion hadn't come from any visible technique.

No chant.

No hand seal.

No weapon drawn.

Just a snap!

Bai Zihan's smug smile returned.

"I don't need to waste words."

His eyes swept across the other sects and clans.

"You want to try again? Be my guest. But know that you're gambling with your sect's future."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 170: One Snap, One Kill[ 1,208 words ]

### *Chapter 170: One Snap, One Kill*

At the First Trial—

Before Bai Zihan had left for the Second Trial, he had already begun thinking ahead—about what might happen if he obtained or lost the Inheritance.

If he failed to get it, he planned to take it by force after leaving the place.

Depending on the situation, it would either be immediately or in the following days.

But looking at the current circumstances and the advantage he held, he was confident that he would be the one to obtain the Inheritance.

However, there was still one major issue.

Once he acquired the Inheritance, his life would be in serious danger. It was almost certain that powerhouses from many sects and clans would come after him.

After all, it was the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance—something that no one would let go so easily.

So how could he avoid being hunted down?

His gaze fell upon the other participants nearby—and a wicked grin slowly spread across his face.

All the hostages were here!

He just needed to capitalize on that.

But how?

He thought for a moment and scrolled through the System Store for possible options.

There were techniques like poison arts or puppet-controlling spells, but those would require comprehension time and a constant Qi supply to maintain.

Not only that, but they were too messy and unreliable outside this realm.

It wasn't ideal.

He kept searching through the artifact section—until his eyes landed on something perfect.

[Ghostbane Incense: Silent Bloom Variant]

Grade: Earth

Function:

A cursed incense that, once activated, releases an invisible, undetectable mist into the surrounding area.

The mist carries soul-binding toxins that infiltrate the bodies of everyone within range.

Once inhaled, the targets are unknowingly branded with a latent death mark tied to the user's will.

The user may, at any time, detonate the mark—causing instant internal collapse, bloodline damage, or full-body explosion depending on the victim's strength.

Activation Range: 300 meters

Resistance: Can be resisted only by those with extremely strong physiques or unique soul constitutions.

Limit: Only affects targets with weaker total soul strength than the user.

Price: 10,000 System Points

Bai Zihan let out a cold chuckle.

"Perfect!"

The only downside was that he couldn't target everyone—people like Mo Tianji were likely too strong to be affected.

Of course, he also needed to make sure that there isn't a barrier of any kind for when he uses it.

Luckily, everyone at that time was cultivating, making it almost too easy for him to make sure that he had everyone affected.

There was also the price which is a bit too high for a one-time use Item but he thought that it was money well-spent for when he obtains the Inheritance.

\*\*\*

Back to the present—

People didn't quite understand what had happened.

But after Bai Zihan's earlier warning and the sudden death of Crimson Thunder Palace's genius, everyone hesitated—including the elder from the Crimson Thunder Palace.

They watched closely, unsure if Bai Zihan was bluffing... or if he really could kill someone with just a snap of his fingers.

Normally, people wouldn't risk their geniuses' lives.

But this was the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance they were talking about.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elder, too enraged to think clearly, stepped forward again.

"You insolent brat! How dare you kill one of our geniuses?!"

This time, he aimed his fury at Bai Zihan instead of Bai Xinyue.

Bai Zihan didn't say a word.

Snap!

BOOM!

Another genius from the Crimson Thunder Palace exploded, blood spraying from his mouth as he crashed into the ground, lifeless.

The elder froze!

He had been trying to see through the "trick" Bai Zihan had used—but once again, nothing. No formation. No fluctuation of Qi. No sign of an attack.

Yet another top genius of their sect was dead.

Bai Zihan sighed, shaking his head.

"What did I say? Are you deaf?"

He clicked his tongue, voice mockingly regretful.

"Tsk! Tsk! Look what you made me do. Another innocent life lost."

The crowd collectively rolled their eyes.

He was clearly the one killing them, and yet he acted like the elder forced his hand.

Gaslighting at its finest!

A tense silence followed—until voices began to whisper again.

"Could it be that the Crimson Thunder Palace is in cahoots with the Bai Clan?"

"Yeah! That must be it—they're probably staging this to scare the rest of us off."

"Otherwise, how come only their geniuses are dying?"

"Forget Bai Xinyue! Let's take Bai Zihan hostage instead! That way, we don't need to be afraid and also can make the Bai Clan back off!"

"Yeah, if we get him, maybe we can also learn how he's doing it!"

...

More voices joined in as suspicion turned into a shared plan.

If this was a trick, then exposing it was the only way forward.

And if it wasn't?

They'd just take Bai Zihan out before it was too late.

The Bai Clan elders grew visibly tense. They could see the growing hostility now shifting toward Bai Zihan.

He was their future. Their heir.

They would fight to the death to protect him.

But even they didn't know if he was bluffing or he could really do what he arrogantly declared.

Against so many powerhouses, his tricks—no matter how effective—might not be enough.

Or so they thought.

"Now!"

A coordinated wave of pressure rose as several experts moved at once, aiming to seize Bai Zihan.

But—

BOOM!

Before they could even make contact, multiple participants from various clans and sects dropped to the ground.

Dead!

Just like that.

No warning. No buildup. No resistance.

They fell like puppets whose strings had been cut.

Silence followed.

Then screams.

"It wasn't a trick?!"

"How the hell is he doing this?!"

"How is this possible?!"

Panic erupted.

Everyone could now see the pattern—every single one of the victims had been a participant.

One from every Clan or Sect whose elders has been trying to make a move had died.

And now, fear began to spread to the remaining geniuses.

"No! Elders, STOP!"

"Don't you dare move! I'll tell my father!"

"You move, and I swear you'll regret it!"

"Whoever makes another move is going to have their head rolling!"

...

Most of the participants were heirs or held extremely high positions in their clans.

Now that it was confirmed that Bai Zihan could kill them instantly—they weren't willing to take chances anymore.

They issued direct threats to their own elders.

If they moved, their geniuses would die.

Of course, not everyone had that kind of authority.

Some genius could only watch, terrified, hoping their sect elders would stop before it was too late.

Even Mo Tianji had gone pale. He threatened his elders not to act, fear plain in his eyes.

Deep down, he was convinced that he would be the first to die if Bai Zihan were provoked again.

He didn't know that Bai Zihan couldn't target him.

And Dugu Lianxian felt the same.

Despite being outside Bai Zihan's control, she didn't know that—and the idea that her previous conflict with Bai Xueqing might get her killed made her heart pound with dread.

Now, one thing was clear to everyone present:

Bai Zihan wasn't bluffing.

And no one was safe.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 171: Leaving Like An Emperor [ 1,207 words ]

### *Chapter 171: Leaving Like An Emperor*

Here, gathered under the fractured sky of the ancient ruins, stood the strongest sects and clans of the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

From the Powerful Sects of the north to the Demonic Sect of the deep south—geniuses, elders, and grand elders had all shown up.

Each of them was a titan in their own right. Each capable of shaking an entire province with a single command.

And yet...

The one controlling the state of this battlefield?

The one whose word had brought them all to a dead stop?

Was merely a junior.

Bai Zihan!

A boy no older than sixteen.

And yet now, this same boy stood alone before hundreds of powerhouses—his back straight, his head high, and his hand raised with all the casual arrogance of a monarch.

He wasn't begging.

He wasn't negotiating.

He was threatening them.

Commanding them.

And they were listening.

Some of the elders standing at the rear of their forces clenched their fists, their expressions twisted with a mix of shame and fury.

How had they been reduced to this?

The elite of the empire—forced to stand still under the words of a brat barely out of childhood?

"Now that everyone is listening carefully, I have a few things to announce."

Bai Zihan declared.

"Bai Xinyue will return to the Bai Clan, and you all will not make a move—otherwise, you know what will happen."

Bai Zihan repeated himself, and this time, everyone knew he was telling the truth.

Everyone watched in silence as Bai Zihan moved forward, flanked by a procession of Bai Clan elders and their top geniuses.

The crowd parted before them like water before a blade.

And at the center of it all stood Bai Xinyue—face cold, body tense, eyes flickering with complicated emotions.

She didn't move.

Just stared at him with the same quiet defiance she always had.

The same expression she'd worn the last time they spoke—before she was exiled, before her Dao Bone was ripped away, before everything fell apart.

Now she stood, wind tousling her hair, clearly unharmed... but not unchanged.

Bai Zihan stepped up to her and gestured casually.

"Let's go," he said, clearly speaking to Bai Xinyue.

She didn't move.

"I'm not going back," she said firmly.

No matter what, she remained adamant about not returning to the place where her Dao Bone was stolen and she was exiled.

Bai Zihan's expression remained the same—calm, even relaxed.

But his voice dropped a few degrees.

"Oh? You're refusing?"

Bai Xinyue raised her chin slightly.

"I don't need your help."

A pause.

Then a soft chuckle escaped Bai Zihan.

He took another step forward, now standing just a few paces from her.

"You don't need my help?"

He repeated, voice mocking.

"Xinyue, if I hadn't stepped in—do you really think you'd still be breathing right now?"

Her hands clenched, but she didn't answer.

Perhaps not, or maybe she could have survived with the trump cards she had.

But what if Bai Zihan was thrown into the mix?

Although she was already in the Spirit Severing Realm, even she had doubts about whether Bai Zihan could take her life the same way he had taken others'.

If he could... then why hadn't he done so already?

Perhaps he couldn't?

She didn't know like it always has been.

"No matter what, you need to return. Don't trouble the Heaven Sword Sect elders any further."

He said almost like reprimanding her for being too selfish.

Bai Xinyue hesitated.

She knew she was being selfish, and if not for Bai Zihan, Elder Qinglan and the other Heaven Sword Sect elders might have died protecting her.

"And let's not forget... don't you owe me just a little? After all—do you think you could've gotten the Inheritance if not for me giving it away?"

Her eyes widened ever so slightly.

She still didn't know that Bai Zihan had given up on the Inheritance because it wasn't compatible with his gender—and instead received other compensation.

But of course, she didn't know that. And Bai Zihan had no shame in making it seem like he gave it away for her.

At first, she thought it was a trap.

But she ended up receiving genuine Inheritance—one that might make her the strongest in the world.

That only deepened her confusion.

Why would Bai Zihan give up something like that?

Compensation for what he'd done to her?

Or something else?

She didn't know. But his words made her pause—made her just a bit more obedient.

She realized that if Bai Zihan didn't take the Inheritance when he clearly could, then maybe he truly wasn't after it when he asked her to return.

While Bai Xinyue was lost in those thoughts, the others were flabbergasted by Bai Zihan's words.

Gave up the Inheritance?

You gave up the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?

The Bai Clan elders and even the Heaven Sword Sect elders widened their eyes in shock and looked between Bai Zihan and Bai Xinyue.

Seeing that Bai Xinyue didn't argue, everyone believed it must be true.

But why?

And how could someone just give up the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?

Everyone could see how talented and powerful Bai Zihan had already become—even able to threaten elders from nearly every powerhouse in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

How much stronger would he be if he had taken that Inheritance?

At this rate, they might not have needed to wait long to see Bai Zihan rule over the world.

Some Bai Clan elders assumed it must have been to atone for the mistake his mother made—stealing Bai Xinyue’s Dao Bone.

A form of compensation.

And that only raised Bai Zihan’s value in their eyes.

Bai Zihan turned his back on her.

"Now stop being difficult," he said, waving his hand. "We’re leaving!"

And just like that, he began walking back—not even checking if she followed.

After all, he was only doing this because the Remnant Soul had asked him to.

Otherwise, he was well aware that Bai Xinyue wouldn’t have truly died even without his help.

He had done and said what had to be done. If she still chose not to follow, then so be it.

The Bai Clan elders fell in behind him immediately, though their gazes lingered on Bai Xinyue—waiting to see what she would do.

"It’s dangerous here. It’s better if you go to the Bai Clan for the time being. I’ll also be there to make sure nothing bad happens to you," said Elder Qinglan, trying to persuade her.

Bai Xinyue nodded her head slightly.

"Thank you, Elder Qinglan!"

Risking her life... and now even this.

She could see now that Elder Qinglan genuinely cared for her well-being, even though she had once refused to join her peak—because Bai Xueqing was there.

As the group began to leave, the rest of the cultivators could only watch in silence.

Bai Zihan’s warning still echoed in their minds.

They knew they were letting something precious slip away—but they had no choice.

They were left to stew in a mix of fury, fear, and curiosity.

And all those emotions were directed at one person:

Bai Zihan!

He didn’t care.

He walked like an emperor on a red carpet—calm, cold, untouchable.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 172: The Beginning of the End

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

*Chapter 172: The Beginning of the End*

"Hahaha... Looks like it's a win for our Bai Clan!"

Bai Ren laughed.

He hadn't expected that Bai Zihan would have everything prepared beforehand—and that there wouldn't even be a need for him to step in.

He had managed to take care of everything himself.

Gou You gritted his teeth, his eyes burning with fury.

The two of them had seen and heard everything below with their Immortal Senses.

And Gou You knew—they'd lost this time.

With Mo Tianji and Dugu Lianxin lives at risk, all for the mere possibility of obtaining the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance—which had already fallen into someone else's hands—it had been a gamble.

Even if he managed to kill Bai Xinyue, the chances of obtaining the Inheritance for himself were slim to none.

Everyone knew that. And yet they still attacked.

Why?

Because there was always a chance.

A chance that they might gain something—perhaps a Saint-Grade technique or artifact that Bai Xinyue hadn't had time to use.

Something that might have been passed down along with the Inheritance to Bai Xinyue.

Even if that wasn't the case, they could take out someone potentially a dangerous threat to them.

But now?

Now it had turned into a gamble where the collateral was the lives of the Saint and Saintess of the Demonic Sect plus other geniuses.

If he could return with some kind of Saint-Grade Technique or divine treasure, the loss of their lives might be justified.

But if not?

Then losing Mo Tianji and Dugu Lianxin would be added to his own death.

He wasn't prepared to take that kind of risk when there were other options available.

"Bai Ren, consider yourself lucky for now. But be prepared—the coming days won't be good for your Bai Clan!"

Gou You declared.

And it wasn't just an empty threat.

With the revelation that the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance had fallen into the hands of the Bai Clan, not many would sit still and wait for their own doom.

There would be assassination attempts.

And possibly wars!

Power plays from old enemies... and even from so-called allies.

Even the Royal Family might act, threatened by the Bai Clan's sudden rise.

Gou You knew it. And so did Bai Ren.

"Demonic Sect, retreat!"

Gou You commanded, and the order was obeyed without hesitation.

Other powerhouses began to take their leave as well.

Now that they had failed to kill the one who obtained the Inheritance, they needed to go back and prepare.

It was simple now—either align with the Bai Clan or prepare to go against them.

As the various sects began their retreat, the tension in the air didn't fade.

It simply settled into a quieter, more dangerous pressure—like embers waiting for the next wind to turn them into wildfire.

War was coming.

Assassins, spies, plots, alliances—it was only a matter of time.

But for now, the Bai Clan stood victorious.

Bai Ren descended from the sky, landing heavily beside Bai Zihan, a wide grin stretched across his scarred face.

"Hahahahaha! You little rascal!"

He bellowed, his laughter echoing across the place.

"You really toyed with all of them, didn't you?! Damn brat!"

Before Bai Zihan could reply, Bai Ren's massive hand came down and slammed into his back with a loud smack.

"Ugh—!"

Bai Zihan's body jolted slightly.

Even with his enhanced physique, Bai Ren's celebratory slap packed a punch. If it had been anyone else, they might've spat blood.

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes and tilted his head.

"Old man, are you trying to kill me or congratulate me?"

Bai Ren barked out another laugh.

"Both, maybe! You've made me feel like a damn fool for underestimating you!"

He clapped Bai Zihan's back again—this time gentler—before turning, his grin fading slightly as his eyes landed on the figure behind them.

Bai Xinyue!

His expression shifted.

Complicated feelings which were mostly regret and guilt.

When their eyes met, there was a flicker of something unspoken in both their gazes.

This was the first time they were seeing each other again after everything.

Back when she'd been exiled, Bai Ren had been deep in seclusion—the other Grand Elder had been in charge.

He had only learned of what happened after it was done.

And he hadn't taken it well.

"You've grown," he said gruffly, his tone softer than it had been with Bai Zihan, but still tight with emotion. "You always were a stubborn one."

Bai Xinyue lowered her gaze slightly.

"Grand Elder!"

Bai Ren looked her up and down, the muscle in his jaw twitching.

"They didn't even consult me. If I'd been awake, none of that shit would've happened."

Bai Zihan shot him a sideways glance.

"Like you could've stopped it."

Bai Ren grunted.

"Tch! I still don't like what you did, brat."

Bai Zihan scoffed.

"I didn't ask for your approval. I didn't like what happened either."

"Hah! Still as cocky as ever."

He turned back to Bai Xinyue and sighed.

"It's good that you are returning though circumstances might have forced you."

A pause!

"But you're family. That never changed. I'll see to it personally that nothing like before ever happens again. I'll also bring you the justice you deserve."

Bai Xinyue blinked slowly.

"Thank you... But I can take care of myself. And as for justice—I'll get that myself as well."

She added, glaring briefly at Bai Zihan.

Indeed, with her cultivation, there were few who could touch her including the elders.

Unless... it was Bai Zihan.

That damned bastard always had some trick up his sleeve.

Sigh!

(If only I had come out of seclusion sooner...)

But there was no use crying over spilled milk.

Bai Ren could only hope that things would get better.

The two of them—Bai Zihan and Bai Xinyue—were the future of the Bai Clan.

He just hoped their conflict wouldn't tear them apart.

That they'd reconcile.

Well... maybe that was just his wishful thinking.

But still, Bai Zihan had managed to convince—or coerce—her into returning.

In that regard, one thing was clear:

When it came to scheming and manipulation, Bai Xinyue was no match for Bai Zihan.

And to defeat Bai Zihan? Cultivation alone wouldn't cut it.

Otherwise, he'd have been crushed long ago, considering how many high-level enemies he'd pissed off.

But did he ever suffer?

Hardly!

No matter how you looked at it—whether through diplomacy, blackmail, or manipulation—Bai Zihan always seemed to walk away on top.

Anyways, Bai Xinyue was coming back to the clan whether through persuasion or pressure, the result was the same.

That alone was the first step in mending what had been broken.

It was quiet for a moment.

"Fix this mess yourself!"

Bai Ren gave one last slap to Bai Zihan's back—this time more like a pat—and turned to walk away.

Behind them, the Bai Clan began to retreat, victorious... but fully aware:

The real fight has only begun!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 173: Echoes Through the Empire[ 1,154 words ]

### *Chapter 173: Echoes Through the Empire*

The winds of change swept across the Desolate Heaven Empire like a plague of whispers.

The ancient ruins had barely cooled before messengers burst into motion—jade slips flashing across distant sects and spirit birds darting across provinces with sealed messages.

From the smallest rogue cultivator hideouts to the highest thrones of immortal sects—everyone was talking about one thing:

The Immortal Emperor's Inheritance...

"What? The Ancient Ruins belonged to the Immortal Emperor? I thought the Immortal Emperor was just a myth!"

"Damn! I should've joined the expedition!"

"You? With what power? Didn't you hear? A bunch of geniuses died there!"

"I heard most of them were killed by Bai Zihan, not by the Trials themselves."

"Anyway... who ended up getting the Inheritance?"

...

And the answer? It had fallen into Bai Xinyue's hands!

"Huh... so the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance ended up with the Bai Clan?"

"I thought Bai Xinyue had a bad relationship with her clan. Why would she return if she hated them?"

"Some say Bai Zihan gave up the Inheritance to make up for what they did to her."

"Bullsh\*t! No one in their right mind would give up an Immortal Emperor's Inheritance. But... if he did do that, maybe they made peace?"

"Either way, if one wants to kill Bai Xinyue... They will have to deal with the entire Bai Clan."

...

Conversations like this echoed across the Empire—and likely beyond.

The Demonic Sects weren't thrilled either.

The Bai Clan had always been their enemy, and now they couldn't afford to let Bai Xinyue grow stronger—especially when she still has the 'Bai' in her name.

Then there was also Bai Zihan's feat that was being talked about everywhere along with Immortal Inheritance.

To many, it was hard to believe.

That infamous waste, once mocked for draining resources, had done what?

Humiliated Mo Tianji, the Saint of the Demonic Sect!

Survived an attack from the Third Demon General, Gou You!

Threatened every powerhouse present there!

Any one of those feats would have made headlines.

But Bai Zihan did all three.

At first, people laughed it off as a rumor. But the more they heard it—from different people, from multiple sects—the more undeniable it became.

The Desolate Heaven Empire was in chaos.

Meanwhile, the Bai Clan was celebrating.

"Haha... Young Master made fools out of everyone! Especially Mo Tianji, he probably can't even show his face anymore!"

"I still don't get how the Young Master did it. One snap of his fingers and top-tier geniuses were dead!"

"I wish he'd killed everyone from the Li and Zhao Clans while he was at it!"

"Heh, maybe he didn't even see them as worthy. With how the Bai Clan is rising... What are the Li and Zhao Clans? Just bugs waiting to bow!"

...

The estate was full of praise for Bai Zihan. The mood was festive.

However, the mention of Bai Xinyue was kept to whispers—it was still a sensitive subject.

But that didn't stop the servants from talking to each other in secret.

"I heard Miss Bai Xinyue is back. And she got the Inheritance from the Ancient Ruins!"

"Yeah, I heard Young Master Bai Zihan brought her back himself!"

"What? I thought he hated her. Wasn't he the reason she was exiled?"

"Maybe... who knows what the Young Master is thinking these days."

...

While gossip spread, Bai Ren and Bai Zihan stood before Bai Tianheng.

Bai Ren gave a full report—what had happened after months of waiting, and the final battle that unfolded.

As he praised Bai Zihan, Bai Tianheng stared at his son in disbelief. Sometimes his eyes seemed to ask, Are you really my son?

He already knew Zihan wasn't the same waste he once was.

But even so, this level of achievement? Threatening elders on par with Bai Tianheng himself?

"Just how did you do it?"

Tianheng's voice was low, almost cautious.

He clearly meant the strange killings—how Zihan had taken down geniuses without anyone knowing how or being able to stop it.

Bai Ren also leaned in, equally curious. Even with all his years of experience, he had never seen something like that.

"Let's just say I have my ways," Bai Zihan replied.

Not that he didn't want to explain—but even if he did say it was thanks to an artifact, they'd just dig deeper: Where did you get it? How does it work? Can it be copied?

He didn't feel like getting interrogated today.

Bai Tianheng let it go.

But there was one more thing he needed to ask.

"Zihan'er... did you really give up the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance? Was that your way of compensating Bai Xinyue... for what your mother did?"

Bai Tianheng's voice was gentle, probing.

"Yeah, something like that," Bai Zihan lied with a straight face.

Explaining every detail was too much of a hassle, so he stuck with that for now.

"..."

Bai Tianheng looked complicated.

He wasn't sure whether to praise him for doing something so noble, or scold him for being stupid enough to give up an Inheritance coveted by the entire Empire.

"Anyway," Bai Zihan changed the topic, "you might want to see this."

With a flick of his wrist, a divine light shimmered into the room.

Shiiing—!

A sword emerged from thin air.

Its blade was crystalline, runes of golden-red light swirling across its surface.

It radiated ancient, terrifying power.

A single glance made their souls tremble.

Saint-Grade Artifact!

The entire room fell silent.

"Th-That's...!"

Bai Ren's eyes widened in disbelief.

Bai Tianheng rose slowly from his seat, gaze fixed on the weapon.

"...A Saint-Grade weapon?"

He asked, though he already knew the answer. No Heaven-Grade weapon had this kind of aura.

"No doubt," Bai Ren muttered, walking around the sword like a beast in heat.

"I've seen one before. That aura... it's alive. It's been tempered by the Laws of the World!"

He could barely contain himself.

"Zihan'er..." Bai Tianheng said seriously. "Where did you get this sword?"

"Did it come from the ruins?" Bai Ren asked quickly. "Wait—don't tell me it was part of the Inheritance?"

Bai Zihan smiled and let the sword float beside him like a loyal dog.

"I got it as a reward—for finishing the trial first."

Both elders leaned in, eyes gleaming.

"Well, damn," Bai Ren muttered. "Even without the Inheritance, you still walked out with treasure like this."

Zihan smirked again.

"And that's not all!"

He reached into his storage ring—and pulled out a scroll.

The moment it appeared, spiritual energy surged through the room. Both elders froze.

A Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique.

Bai Zihan didn't need it. He already had one that was slightly better than this.

So he decided to gift this one to the Bai Clan.

After all, who knew what kind of trouble he would be in?

And when they did—having a strong Bai Clan at his back was never a bad idea.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 174: The Home That Cast Me Out[ 1,523 words ]

### *Chapter 174: The Home That Cast Me Out*

Bai Tianheng slowly extended a hand, almost reverently, as the scroll hovered between them.

"Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique!"

His voice was low, but filled with awe.

Even he, the Patriarch of the Bai Clan, had cultivated with an Earth-Grade technique. This was something that every clan and sects would go to war for.

Bai Tianheng's mouth had gone dry. He stared at the scroll, then at Bai Zihan, then at the sword still floating calmly beside him.

"You brat..." he muttered, shaking his head with a crooked grin. "You're really trying to give this old man a heart attack."

Bai Zihan yawned.

"If you die from shock, it just proves the Bai Clan might need a new leader!"

"You—!"

Bai Tianheng became a bit angry at his heartless son, but thinking about the treasures, he quickly calmed down.

"Zihan'er... are you truly giving this to the Clan?"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"What, you want me to hoard it? If you don't want it, then I'll keep it for myself."

"Who said I don't want it? I was just asking."

Bai Ren looked at him like he was staring at a golden goose that had started laying divine-grade eggs.

"This is a Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique! With this, our Bai Clan's overall strength would increase many times. By then, the Li and Zhao Clans would no longer be our opponents!"

Bai Tianheng muttered.

"We can pass down our current secret Earth-Grade Technique to every Bai Clan member and keep this Heaven-Grade Technique for the top geniuses."

Bai Ren added.

Bai Tianheng nodded.

"We still need to discuss with the other elders, but I don't think any of them will disagree with the idea. As for the Saint-Grade Sword, we need to keep it hidden until it's truly needed."

After all, Bai Xinyue was already drawing a lot of attention to the Bai Clan.

If word of a Saint-Grade Artifact got out, the Bai Clan Estate might be invaded the same day.

Then he looked straight at Bai Zihan.

"But if you're willing to give something like this away so easily... I assume you got more out of those ruins than you're letting on."

Bai Zihan didn't answer, but the slight curve of his lips said everything.

Bai Ren chuckled.

"Heh. Keep your secrets. At least, you are willing to give back to the Clan."

Suddenly, Bai Tianheng's tone sharpened.

"We'll need to prepare."

The air shifted.

Everyone there knew what Bai Tianheng was talking about.

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On the other hand, Bai Xinyue was hit with a wave of nostalgia when she returned to the Bai Clan—

The place where she had been born and raised.

Bai Xinyue stood quietly at the edge of the courtyard, her robes fluttering lightly in the breeze.

The familiar stone tiles beneath her feet... the towering peach trees in the inner garden... even the scent of plum blossom incense wafting from the distant ancestral hall—

It was all the same.

And yet, completely different.

This was the place she once called home but can no longer say the same.

She ran her fingers across one of the old pillars near the courtyard gate, the wood smooth with time. Her expression didn't change.

But her heart churned.

"Still standing after all these years..." she murmured.

A maidservant nearby stiffened at the sound of her voice and quickly bowed, stammering, "Miss Bai Xinyue... this servant greets you."

Xinyue glanced at her, expression unreadable.

"You were... Luo Qing, right?"

"Y-yes!"

Luo Qing replied, startled that Bai Xinyue still remembered her all these years.

"You used to sneak me candied lotus when I was grounded," she said with a faint, tired smile.

"Nice to see you're still here."

Luo Qing nodded nervously.

After all, while they might have known each other when they were kids, the situation and status were completely different now.

Moreover, she had also heard about Bai Xinyue acquiring the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

Although she didn't know exactly what it was, judging by everyone's reaction—even a mortal could tell it was a big deal.

And the reason she was chosen to serve Bai Xinyue wasn't because she was being bullied again—not after what Bai Zihan had done previously.

It was because she had volunteered herself.

Others were afraid of Bai Xinyue. Even some elders treated her with cautious respect.

If they made a mistake, they feared they'd have to kiss their lives goodbye.

But Luo Qing knew Bai Xinyue. She knew Bai Xinyue wasn't what others imagined her to be.

And since the others were afraid, she stepped forward.

Moreover, with Bai Xueqing's master, Elder Qinglan, and several other elders from the Heaven Sword Sect visiting, the Bai Clan's servants were completely swamped.

Luo Qing, on the other hand, had it relatively easy. Even though she has to serve Bai Zihan now that he is back, he rarely gives her much to do.

So, she figured she might as well lend a hand and help out where she could.

Some tried to stop her, fearing what Bai Zihan might do, but she insisted. She even said she'd explain things to the Young Master herself.

So, here she was!

"That bastard didn't mistreat you, did he?"

There was no need to explain who Bai Xinyue was referring to.

"Young Master treats me very well. I even became his personal maid."

"What? You became that guy's personal maid? Did he lay a hand on you?"

Luo Qing's eyes went wide as her face flushed a deep red. She immediately began waving her hands frantically.

"N-no! Miss! Young Master didn't do anything improper! He's... he's been very good to me. Honest!"

Bai Xinyue narrowed her eyes, clearly unconvinced.

"Respectful? Bai Zihan? Are we talking about the same person?"

Luo Qing lowered her gaze and spoke softly, "He's changed... a lot."

That gave Bai Xinyue pause.

Her steps slowed as she continued walking into the courtyard, Luo Qing quietly following behind.

Changed?

That word echoed in her mind, leaving a sour taste behind.

She had heard rumors, of course—but they mostly focused on his change from being a waste to a genius. His character? Still trash.

And yet...

"Has he said anything about me?"

Bai Xinyue asked, almost despite herself.

Luo Qing blinked.

"Ah... not much."

"Hmph!"

Bai Xinyue acted like she didn't care, but deep down there was a faint sense of loss.

(This guy... didn't even care to think once about me after everything he did. What else did I expect?)

"So, Luo Qing, what brings you here?"

"Miss Bai Xinyue, your room has been prepared. You can rest if you'd like, or... would you prefer to see the rest of the estate?"

"Let's go to the room. I want to rest!"

After all, it had been a long, exhausting day—filled with tension and the constant threat of death at every moment.

Even now, she can't let her guard down.

Bai Zihan might have convinced her to come with him but she was never going to trust him again.

They walked nonstop until she stopped at the edge of the training grounds.

There, a few young disciples were sparring—barely in Foundation Establishment. They paused when they saw her, murmuring among themselves.

"Is that her...?"

"The one who got the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?"

"I heard she used to be a disgrace to the clan..."

"And now? She's probably stronger than the elders!"

"Shesh! Don't gossip! You don't want punishment, do you?"

...

Bai Xinyue didn't acknowledge any of them.

Her eyes instead landed on a worn, cracked wooden post near the corner of the training field.

Faint traces of sword marks still covered it.

Her sword marks.

She used to train here every morning—back when she believed that hard work would one day make her truly part of the clan.

A bitter laugh slipped past her lips.

"I was so naive..."

"And you aren't now?"

The voice came from behind.

Bai Xinyue turned to see Bai Zihan approaching, hands behind his back, wearing his signature smirk.

"Bai Zihan!"

She nearly yelled, her eyes immediately filled with anger.

"Luo Qing, what are you doing with her?"

Bai Zihan asked casually, noticing Luo Qing.

"I-I'm serving Miss Bai Xinyue!"

Luo Qing answered.

Bai Zihan frowned slightly, thinking she might be getting bullied again—but considering his reputation, he doubted anyone would be stupid enough to repeat that.

"Is that so? Then continue."

He said calmly.

Then he turned to Bai Xinyue, who seemed to be on the verge of bursting with anger.

(Can't even control her emotions and thinks she's grown up.)

Bai Zihan could only shake his head in pity, watching how Bai Xinyue was letting her emotions flare up in front of a potential enemy.

One should never reveal their true emotions to an enemy—or else they'd take advantage of it.

Bai Xinyue could control her emotions. She had done it countless times.

But in front of Bai Zihan?

Never!

Just seeing his arrogant smirk... his expression that screamed he was above the world... his complete lack of remorse...

Everything about him irritated her to the core.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 175: Unspoken, Unforgotten[ 1,548 words ]

*Chapter 175: Unspoken, Unforgotten*

"Why are you so angry, Bai Xinyue?"

Bai Zihan asked innocently.

Bai Xinyue's fists clenched at her sides, her nails digging into her palms.

"Angry? So what? Should I be happy?"

Bai Xinyue asked sarcastically.

"Perhaps! That's on you. But don't you know that one should never show their true emotions in front of an enemy? Bai Xinyue, you can't even learn that. How do you think you'll ever take revenge against me?"

Bai Zihan said.

It was clear from his statement that he knew he and Bai Xinyue were enemies—even though Bai Zihan might have somewhat saved her from a dangerous situation previously.

Luo Qing, stuffed between the two, didn't know what to do.

She thought she should try to ease the tension, but it was Bai Zihan, heir of the Bai Clan, and Bai Xinyue, heir to the Immortal Emperor—there was nothing she could do.

"Hmph! I have the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance and am in the Spirit Severing Realm. You're an easy opponent for me!"

Bai Xinyue said.

"Do you really think so?"

Bai Zihan asked seriously.

One could tell that between the two, Bai Xinyue would absolutely demolish Bai Zihan in a direct clash.

But Bai Zihan's feats were nothing to scoff at—stronger cultivators than Bai Xinyue had no choice but to stand still against Bai Zihan's schemes.

"..."

Did she think she could win?

Yes!

But obviously, only if it was a fair fight.

And who in their right mind would expect a fair fight from Bai Zihan?

Moreover, in a territory where he held significant advantage, she'd be an idiot to believe she could win through brute strength alone.

"Anyways, I came here to warn you that you better stay quiet for a few days. The Bai Clan will be facing quite a storm, and I hope there's no need to explain why."

Bai Zihan said.

Bai Xinyue narrowed her eyes, a bit guilty because she knew that it was due to her.

"Bai Zihan, don't think that I'll be grateful for this. Do you remember I am the one you used to torment?"

Her voice was calm, but sharp.

"The one whose Dao Bone your mother stole for you?"

She turned to him, her gaze icy.

"I haven't forgotten."

"Did I ask you to?"

Bai Zihan asked, voice low.

Silence!

For a moment, only the wind spoke.

"...Why did you really bring me back?"

She finally asked.

(Was it guilt? Regret? Or fear of me?)

She didn't think it was any of those.

Bai Zihan looked at her carefully.

"Do I need a reason?"

"Yes!"

He paused.

Then smiled again—but this time, the smirk didn't reach his eyes.

"Well, you're the target of everyone in the Empire. I thought you'd make good bait to lure those bastards out and take care of them."

Bai Xinyue stared at him, searching for something behind his words.

But those words never came.

(What did I expect?)

"Hmph! Luo Qing, let's go! I don't want to see this bastard's face!"

Bai Xinyue said, stomping off.

She knew that she would get nothing but lies from Bai Zihan instead of a real answer.

Luo Qing looked between Bai Xinyue and Bai Zihan and didn't know what to do.

"Go!"

Bai Zihan said, which made it easier for Luo Qing to follow after Bai Xinyue.

Bai Zihan looked at Bai Xinyue, then away—his smirk vanishing.

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"Can you believe that guy?"

Bai Xinyue couldn't help but complain.

"Young Master must be very worried about you,"

Luo Qing said softly.

"Hah? Luo Qing, do you seriously think that? There's no need to defend that guy. All he knows is how to exert his dominance and show off."

Bai Xinyue replied.

"Young Master has always had trouble showing his real feelings. But seeing that he came to find you after his meeting with the Clan Leader... I think he came to check on you because he was worried."

Luo Qing said with a smile.

"..."

Luo Qing's words almost made sense—until she remembered they were talking about Bai Zihan.

In this world, perhaps only Luo Qing would believe those things about Bai Zihan.

"Hmph! He probably just came to check whether I ran away or not. Not because he cares."

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In Bai Xueqing's room

Chu Ziyang had also come to the Bai Clan. Since she was Bai Xueqing's friend—and Bai Zihan's fiancée—the Bai Clan had no issue, even while in a high alert state.

"That was kind of scary, wasn't it?"

Chu Ziyan said, obviously referring to the earlier situation where almost everyone was targeting the Bai Clan.

Of course, the situation had been resolved rather easily thanks to Bai Zihan.

Bai Xueqing nodded, though she seemed deep in thought.

(Just when did Bai Zihan get so strong?)

She hadn't fought him herself, but after seeing how he completely crushed Mo Tianji—someone considered the strongest from the Demonic Sect—there was no denying it.

She didn't think she'd lose to Mo Tianji, but Bai Zihan didn't just beat him—he obliterated him.

"In the end, we didn't get the Inheritance, but I did find something valuable."

Chu Ziyan said regretfully.

"Bai Xinyue, was it? Hey, Bai Xueqing, can you tell me what happened between her and my husband?"

Chu Ziyan asked.

"It's a clan secret."

Bai Xueqing declined.

"Oh come on! I'm your younger brother's soon-to-be wife. I'm not an outsider!"

Chu Ziyan continued to pester.

Eventually, Bai Xueqing gave up. Thinking about it, the truth was already halfway out.

With how much attention Bai Xinyue was drawing, people would know soon anyway.

Besides, she figured it was better for Chu Ziyan to know—and perhaps be a bit wary of Bai Zihan too.

Bai Xueqing explained what had happened, not trying to shift her mother's blame onto Bai Zihan, but stating that since he didn't help Bai Xinyue, the girl likely held a grudge against him—maybe even more than toward his mother, who had orchestrated the whole thing.

Chu Ziyan listened carefully and finally understood why things were so awkward between the Bai Clan and Bai Xinyue—and why she'd been exiled in the first place.

"But why would Bai Zihan bring Bai Xinyue back? Doesn't he know she wants revenge on him?"

Chu Ziyan asked, puzzled.

"Who knows what he's planning."

Chu Ziyan blinked at Bai Xueqing's cryptic tone.

"What do you mean, who knows what he's planning? You make it sound like my future husband's some kind of scheming villain."

Bai Xueqing gave her a long, dry look.

"...Ziyan'er!"

"What?"

"You do know who you're marrying, right?"

Chu Ziyan rolled her eyes.

"Yes, yes. Bai Zihan—schemer, manipulator, cold-blooded Trickster, blah blah. But he's my cold-blooded genius now."

Bai Xueqing chuckled at that.

"Just don't get too comfortable."

Chu Ziyan raised an eyebrow.

"Why?"

There was a mischievous glint in Bai Xueqing's eyes.

"Well... let's just say, back then, Bai Xinyue used to stick to Bai Zihan like glue. She followed him around constantly."

Chu Ziyan blinked.

"Wait, what?"

"I'm serious. It was to the point where people started saying she might have liked him. Even after he started acting like an ass, she didn't leave him alone."

Chu Ziyan's jaw dropped slightly.

"She liked him?! Even while he was treating her like crap?"

Bai Xueqing tilted her head, a teasing smirk playing at her lips.

"I mean... she wouldn't admit it. She probably didn't even realize it herself. But you should've seen her. Every time he looked even remotely hurt, she'd run over and worry like a mother hen. He'd yell at her and she'd still show up the next day to bring him soup or something."

"..."

"She used to make lotus soup. Said it helped with injuries."

Chu Ziyang stared at her, stunned.

"What the hell?"

When did her fiancé's fated enemy suddenly become her rival?

Well, that was all in the past and Bai Xueqing was just teasing Chu Ziyang because usually it be her who tease her.

"I know, right?" Bai Xueqing laughed. "I used to think she was either too kind... or into pain."

"Okay, okay—what happened then?"

"Well, everything went to hell, obviously," Bai Xueqing shrugged. "She stopped smiling, he got crueler, and eventually, the Dao Bone thing happened."

"But..." Chu Ziyang looked unsettled now. "Are you saying she still—?"

"I'm not saying anything," Bai Xueqing said with a sly grin. "I'm just saying you're Bai Zihan's fiancée... and she's back now... and looking very pretty, and very angry."

"...You think she's going to come after me?"

Bai Xueqing sipped her tea casually.

"I don't think anything. But if I were you, I'd sleep with one eye open."

"Oi!"

Bai Xueqing laughed, leaning back on her cushion.

Chu Ziyang crossed her arms, frowning.

"I'm gonna go stab him."

"That's the spirit!"

Bai Xueqing said cheerfully.

Then, more seriously, she added, "Ziyang'er, just be careful. I'm not joking when I say things between those two run... deep. I'm not saying they're in love or anything like that—but whatever it is between them, it's messy. And people get hurt when they get too close to something messy."

Chu Ziyang didn't respond right away.

She just sat there, fingers tapping lightly on her knee, her playful expression replaced by quiet thoughtfulness.

"Tch! Men."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 176: You Came for the Wolf [ 1,570 words ]

### *Chapter 176: You Came for the Wolf*

The Bai Clan estate slept beneath the hush of midnight.

Moonlight painted the rooftops in silver, while the faint hum of protective arrays echoed gently over the walls—a formation that was normally impenetrable.

But tonight?

Tonight, blood had been paid to breach it.

A ripple tore silently through the air.

And just like that... the barrier flickered once, dimmed—and died.

A breath later, shadows slipped through the trees, their presence like oil staining silk.

Fast. Coordinated. Professional.

Ten figures in total—silent assassins, draped in black robes embroidered with faint, shifting runes.

Suppression arrays lined their sleeves, tailored specifically to avoid detection by even the senses of a Void Refinement Cultivator.

Their leader, a masked man marked with a golden sigil across his brow, carried a short blade wrapped in multiple sealing talismans.

His cultivation: Peak Spirit Severing.

"Kill the targets. Leave no trace!"

He ordered coldly, his voice warped with spiritual distortion.

There was no need to clarify names.

Each jade slip pulsed with engraved instructions bearing either Bai Zihan or Bai Xinyue.

Five assassins peeled away, led by the leader, vanishing toward Bai Xinyue's quarters without another word.

The remaining five—led by another masked killer—sprinted toward the inner courtyards reserved for the Bai Clan's direct descendants.

Their destination?

Bai Zihan's residence.

They moved like wraiths through the dark—slipping through courtyards and leaping across tiled roofs without so much as a whisper.

Even the guards didn't notice.

The assassins stopped outside a lavish and well-kept pavilion, nestled among ornamental trees and reflective ponds.

A wooden plaque swung gently from a post.

"Bai Zihan's Courtyard!"

The leader signaled.

Two men spread to block the exits. One scaled the roof. The other two advanced through the garden with weapons drawn.

The leader followed behind with steady steps.

Inside, Bai Zihan appeared to be asleep—sprawled on a jade bed, a loose robe on his frame, a book covering his face.

The curtains swayed faintly in the night breeze.

Without hesitation, the first assassin lunged forward, blade gleaming in the moonlight.

He moved with perfect silence—fast, deadly, and precise. A single thrust aimed at Bai Zihan's heart.

Shhk!

The blade plunged deep into flesh.

Or so it seemed.

The body on the bed twitched once. Blood sprayed across the sheets.

The other assassins didn't lower their guard, but a few of them exhaled—just slightly.

"That's it?"

One of them muttered under his breath, eyes scanning for hidden traps.

No alarm. No resistance. Just a clean kill?

It was almost too easy.

"I hoped the infamous Bai Zihan would have a trick or two up his sleeve... but looks like everyone overestimated him."

The lead assassin stepped closer, raising two fingers to signal a swift extraction.

But then—

Tick.

A soft, metallic click echoed beneath their feet.

All five froze.

They looked down.

Carved into the stone floor beneath the bed was a glowing formation—previously hidden under an illusion.

Runes lit up one by one, forming a spinning sigil laced with explosive Qi.

The "body" on the bed—now melting into ash—was nothing more than a high-grade puppet filled with blood and stuffed robes.

"Formation trap!"

The lead assassin cursed.

BOOM!!!

A blinding explosion erupted from the center of the room.

But this wasn't a simple blast.

It was a Qi-infused chain reaction, woven with suppression and explosive talismans—specifically designed to trap and cripple cultivators.

The entire courtyard detonated in a sphere of golden light and crimson fire.

The blast incinerated the bed, shattered the pavilion, and vaporized two of the five assassins before they could even scream.

The shockwave blasted the others into the stone walls, fracturing ribs and tearing muscle.

And then—chains of spiritual light surged from the burning formation, binding the survivors mid-air and dragging them down like prey caught in a spider's web.

From above, a voice rang out—soft and lazy.

"Well, that was easier than I thought."

Bai Zihan stood atop a nearby rooftop, arms crossed.

His hair was slightly tousled, night robes fluttering in the breeze, but not a single wound marked his body.

He hadn't even been in the room.

"Well, that took long enough," he muttered, cracking his neck. "I was beginning to wonder if you were skipping out."

He wasn't asleep.

He had known the moment the outer barrier flickered.

The Remnant Soul had warned him.

At first, two of them assumed the assassins would go for Bai Xinyue. That would've made more sense—she had the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, after all.

But when the shadows divided and veered toward his pavilion instead... it became obvious.

He was also one of the targets.

As the assassins froze mid-step, Bai Zihan gave them a lazy glance.

"Let me guess... Li Clan? Zhao Clan? Demonic Sect? Or perhaps some assassination group that works for whoever pays best?"

The masked leader didn't respond.

Instead, he flicked his wrist.

Three talismans flew through the air—each sealing a pulsing black crystal.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

"Explosive talismans? Cute! Somebody came prepared."

BOOM!!!

The courtyard vanished in a burst of red light.

The blast ripped through trees, collapsed walls, and vaporized half a dozen guards.

But when the smoke cleared—

A golden barrier shimmered calmly in the debris.

Bai Zihan stood at its center, brushing ash from his sleeves.

"Waste of time!"

He raised his hand slowly.

The Eternal Spirit Sword beside him trembled—then shot forward like bolts of divine lightning.

CRASH!

One pierced the rooftop, dragging the assassin hiding there into the sky—then slammed him into the earth with a thunderous boom.

The second curved like a serpent, slipping through layered defenses, and cleaved through a protective barrier before slicing into another assassin's ribs.

"Two down!"

"One left!"

Bai Zihan muttered, his voice cold now.

It seems like the assassins underestimated him too much and sent their weakest five while their strongest had gone to Bai Xinyue's residence.

After falling into his trap, their strength was shattered—they couldn't even endure a flick of Bai Zihan's hand.

"D-Damn!"

The lead assassin realized too late—

They weren't here to hunt Bai Zihan.

They were the ones being hunted.

Bai Zihan stepped forward, his shadow long beneath the moonlight.

"All right," he said, his smile razor-sharp.

"How about a bargain? You tell me who sent you and I will give you a painless death?"

He descended slowly toward the shattered courtyard.

The lead assassin—injured but still conscious—gritted his teeth and tried to draw another talisman.

Too late!

SWISH!

Bai Zihan's swords vanished—then reappeared instantly in front of the man's wrist, slicing the limb clean off.

The assassin collapsed with a groan, clutching the bleeding stump where his wrist had once been.

Bai Zihan landed in front of him, boots crunching on shattered stone.

The Eternal Spirit Sword hovered ominously beside his head, humming with restrained power.

"You've got about ten seconds to start talking," Bai Zihan said, voice low and calm.

"I'm in a generous mood tonight. You tell me who sent you, and I might even make it quick."

The assassin spat blood, glaring through the cracked lens of his shattered mask.

"I've heard it all before," Bai Zihan said, crouching down to eye level. "Loyalty, vows, soul-binding contracts. All that righteous martyr bullshit."

He reached out, grabbing the assassin by the collar and yanking him upright with one hand.

"But here's the thing—"

A wave of Qi surged through his palm and into the man's body, flooding his meridians with searing pain.

"—I'm not asking nicely."

The assassin's body convulsed as Bai Zihan poured more pressure into the technique, his Qi locking down the man's dantian.

Veins bulged across his neck, and blood trickled from his ears, but he still didn't scream.

Still didn't speak.

Not even a grunt.

"Stubborn bastard, huh?"

Bai Zihan said, narrowing his eyes.

"You really think you'll die with dignity?"

He shifted his stance, ready to increase the intensity of the pain.

But just as he prepared to do it—

The assassin smiled.

A twisted, blood-stained grin.

And his Qi—

Flared.

Bai Zihan's eyes widened.

All over the assassin's skin, beneath the tattered robes, runes began to glow—crawling like worms across his chest, arms, and even his face.

"Shit!"

Bai Zihan shot backward in a blur.

"You will get nothing from me!"

BOOM!!!

A dome of crimson light erupted from the assassin's body as the explosive formation detonated from within.

The blast was smaller than the previous courtyard detonation but more focused—targeted, like a blade.

The shockwave tore a crater into the stone. Ash, bone fragments, and Qi residue scattered into the air like black snow.

Bai Zihan landed several meters away, golden light shielding his body.

He stood there in silence, dust settling around him, smoke curling through the night.

His sleeves were scorched. A small gash lined his cheek.

He wiped it absently with his thumb, then looked down at the still-burning crater where the assassin had been.

"Self-destruction? That's some next-level fanaticism."

He clicked his tongue.

"Would've been nice if you just gave up."

But there was nothing.

No corpse. No clue.

Just silence and the crackle of ruined stone.

Bai Zihan stood alone in the destruction, expression darkening.

"...Tch! Annoying."

He turned, his robes fluttering as he walked away.

And then his gaze lifted, sharp once again.

Because five assassins had come for him.

And the other five were going after Bai Xinyue.

"Perhaps their mouths are loose!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 177: The One Who Hunts[ 1,564 words ]

### *Chapter 177: The One Who Hunts*

The explosion had lit the night sky like a second sun.

Light and sound seared across the Bai Clan estate—and in its wake came chaos.

Bells began to ring.

Guards jolted awake, Bai Clan members burst from their chambers, and eyes swept across the sky like crashing waves.

Cries of alarm echoed in all directions.

"The inner courtyard!"

"An explosion—someone's attacking!"

"It's in Bai Zihan's courtyard direction!"

"Check on Bai Zihan—now!"

...

Meanwhile, halfway across the estate, heading towards Bai Xinyue, the second group of assassins had stopped short.

They stood on a tiled roof just outside the barrier leading to Bai Xinyue's residence—silent, cloaked in shadow, still unseen.

But all five turned toward the sudden blast of light in the distance.

The leader's eyes narrowed behind his mask.

"Those idiots!"

It had only been a few seconds since they had separated—and already, an explosion had rocked the estate.

They knew their silence and secretive mission had been exposed—and it was all thanks to the other five. Or so they blamed.

One of them clicked his tongue.

"Now everyone will know we're here. Escaping will be very difficult."

"No shit," another snapped. "We've got maybe a minute or two before the whole place is swarming."

The leader clenched his fist.

"We move now. Kill the girl—then escape immediately."

The five assassins darted forward, movements no longer careful, just fast.

Their stealth arrays still cloaked them from sight, but the urgency was palpable. They no longer had the luxury of silence.

\*\*\*

Wind rushed past Bai Zihan's face as he dashed through the air, the scorched remnants of his courtyard vanishing behind him.

He didn't bother calling for backup—there was no need.

With that explosion, he was certain the elders would arrive soon enough without being summoned.

BANG!

By the time he reached the outer wall of Bai Xinyue's residence, the sound of distant crashing echoed through the air—followed by muffled screams and the sharp thud of bodies slamming into stone.

His eyes narrowed.

And then—

A pair of black-robed assassins flew through the air like broken dolls, crashing into the courtyard walls with sickening force.

One twitched once. The other didn't move at all.

Bai Zihan landed silently on a nearby rooftop, just in time to watch the last two assassins stagger back, blood spilling from their mouths.

Standing in the center of the courtyard, surrounded by shattered paving stones and torn flower beds—

Was Bai Xinyue!

Her long hair whipped in the wind, her white nightrobe lightly scorched at the edges. Her eyes were sharp and cold.

She didn't look surprised.

Only annoyed.

Her gaze swept over the assassins with disdain.

"Who is there?"

But then she caught movement above—and turned her head sharply, locking eyes with Bai Zihan.

She didn't lower her guard.

Instead, her voice rang out—calm, yet laced with suspicion.

"...Was it you?"

Bai Zihan raised a brow.

"What?"

"The assassins," she said, not moving an inch. "Was this your doing?"

A sharp breath of silence passed.

Then Bai Zihan scoffed, stepping down from the rooftop and landing lightly on the ground.

His robes fluttered in the moonlight, still singed from the earlier explosion.

He dusted off his sleeves and looked her dead in the eyes.

"You overestimate yourself!"

His voice was flat.

"If I wanted you dead, Bai Xinyue, I wouldn't rely on third-rate assassins like these."

A faint flicker crossed Bai Xinyue's expression.

Although there was no way she could trust him—no one should trust Bai Zihan, who was full of schemes and underhanded methods—this assassination attempt was too hasty and clumsy to be his style.

And more importantly... she'd already been awake.

The explosion from Bai Zihan's courtyard had torn through the night like thunder, shaking the entire estate and jarring her from meditation before the intruders even reached her perimeter.

Therefore, she was able to be prepared and face the Assassins.

Otherwise, if it wasn't the case, there was no saying what might have happened.

And indeed, after looking at Bai Zihan's appearance, one could tell that he was involved in the earlier explosion.

However, Bai Xinyue didn't lower her guard completely—but she no longer saw him as the threat at that moment.

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, looked far too casual for someone who'd just been the target of an assassination attempt.

He stepped past the ruined hedges without a care, Eternal Spirit Sword trailing calmly behind him.

One of the assassins near her groaned, trying to crawl away.

Looking at everyone's cultivation, he seemed to be the strongest and the leader of the group.

Bai Zihan hoped that he would at least have an answer rather than self-explode unlike the earlier leader of the group.

He pointed his sword at him..

Schlick!

A sword of light streaked through the air and pinned the man's shoulder to the stone with a wet crunch.

The assassin screamed.

Bai Xinyue didn't flinch.

She watched Bai Zihan walk past the downed killer, his gaze sweeping the ruins of her courtyard.

"Who sent you here?"

Bai Zihan asked.

He was certain that the assassin would give no answer and just as expected, he didn't.

The assassin only gritted his teeth, refusing to speak—blood oozing from his mouth, pain etched deep into every line of his face.

Bai Zihan's expression remained unreadable.

With a flick of his wrist, he had the Eternal Spirit Sword cut off almost every part of his body and made him a cripple.

Still, there were no words from the assassin's mouth.

Then, Bai Zihan stepped forward and crouched, his eyes cold and detached.

"I asked you a question," he said calmly, his voice dangerously low.

"I really don't like repeating myself."

When the man didn't answer, Bai Zihan sighed as if disappointed.

He pressed two fingers to the assassin's forehead.

A pulse of Qi surged from his fingertip.

It wasn't an attack—no, it was far worse.

It wormed into the man's spiritual sea, digging into the meridians and pressuring his dantian from the inside out.

Not a burst of damage... but a slow, creeping burn. The kind of pain that ate at your soul.

The assassin convulsed, jaw clenched so tightly it cracked. He shook, back arching, veins bulging like ropes under his skin.

Still, he said nothing.

"You're really testing my patience," Bai Zihan muttered.

Although he said that, even he must admit that the assassins that the person bought were of highest quality, refusing to answer anything despite all this torture.

Of course, that didn't mean that he would let the Assassin Leader go.

He increased the intensity.

It was a brutal method. Crude, painful, and effective.

Normally, a person would've begged by now.

But this assassin?

He only bit down on his tongue until blood streamed from his lips, eyes locked onto Bai Zihan with a defiant glare.

"Still nothing, huh?"

Bai Zihan leaned in closer, voice dropping to a whisper. "You've got the same look in your eyes as the last one—right before he blew himself to bits."

The assassin's pupils contracted—just slightly.

That was all Bai Zihan needed.

Without waiting a breath longer, his fingers blurred through a rapid series of seals.

Snap!

In an instant, every meridian in the assassin's body was locked down.

Qi froze!

The assassin jolted—eyes wide.

He struggled, but it was useless. His cultivation was still there, but it was locked tight, like being buried alive in his own body.

Bai Zihan stood up, dusting off his sleeves.

"There. No flow of Qi, no detonation. You're not dying on your own terms."

The assassin's breath quickened. His glare twisted into something venomous—frustration, fury, and disbelief all churning behind his broken mask.

He knew.

He had been seen through.

The smug, resigned calm in his expression vanished, replaced by unfiltered hate.

"You were going to kill yourself," Bai Zihan said.

"Would've been a lovely fireworks show. Bit redundant, though—I already had my courtyard blown up today."

Well, most of it was already blown away by his own trap.

"Let's see if you're still so brave now that suicide's off the table."

The assassin's eyes twitched. His lips trembled.

But still... silence.

Bai Zihan stood up slowly, brushing his robes again as if the entire thing had bored him.

"Tough guy," he muttered.

It was at that moment—

WHOOSH!

Several figures descended from the sky, their robes flaring with elder insignias. Led by a powerful pressure blanketed the courtyard in an instant.

A dozen guards followed behind, weapons drawn, expressions grim.

"Zihan'er! Xinyue'er!"

The one at the front—Bai Ren who was both worried and angry.

"What happened?!"

The other elders fanned out behind him, immediately assessing the damage.

"The hell is going on?! Who launched a sneak attack inside the estate?!"

"It was an assassination attempt," Bai Zihan said flatly. "Ten total—five came for me, five for her."

The elders' expressions darkened instantly.

"We neutralized them," Bai Zihan continued.

"Others are all dead. This one..." —he gestured toward the chained man writhing on the floor—  
"survived."

"He's the leader of the group," he added.

"He's not talking. Yet!"

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

"But that's your problem now."

He stepped back and waved his hand, releasing the assassin.

"I've already made sure he can't self-destruct," he said.

"I suggest you try to get as much information as you can from him."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 178: Nie Fengzhuo

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Word spread fast.

As expected, no one could hide an explosion like that—not when it lit up half the Bai Clan estate like a miniature sun.

Not when so many eyes had been watching the Bai Clan more than ever since Bai Xinyue obtained the Inheritance.

Sect spies, rival clan agents, hidden pawns planted long ago—all of them had reported back before the night was over.

Within hours, the assassination attempt had become public knowledge.

From the remote village to the bustling capital, the Bai Clan Estate became the eye of a brewing storm.

By morning, one thing was certain:

Someone had tried to kill Bai Zihan and Bai Xinyue.

And they had failed—miserably!

The news of assassination, along with the news about the Ancient Ruins, had also reached a small town called Cloudbreak Town.

The main street bustled with travelers, hawkers, and mercenaries loudly bragging about their recent "near-death" encounters with powerful monsters.

The scent of roasted meat and cheap liquor filled the air.

At a tavern nearby, a young man was ordering a simple meal.

His body—lean and scarred—was covered in charred sigils that pulsed with faint crimson light.

His name was Nie Fengzhuo.

And once upon a time... he had been engaged to Bai Xueqing.

But that was a very long time ago.

Back then, he was a so-called genius of the Nie Clan. Talented. Proud. Destined for greatness.

Until it all vanished.

His cultivation stalled. His reputation fell harder than anyone thought possible.

Labeled trash. Mocked by the same people who once praised him.

His then fiancée, Bai Xueqing came along with other Sect Member to break off the engagement.

When the engagement was broken off, no one was surprised. He was no longer useful—just a burden.

But fate hadn't abandoned him.

Somewhere in the depths of a ruined volcanic temple, amidst crumbling lava halls and bone-cracked silence, Nie Fengzhuo found something else.

What he found... flames.

Pure, unfiltered agony—soul-burning flames that tried to erase him from existence.

And instead of dying, he endured.

He clawed his way out alone.

The fire didn't consume him. It reforged him.

His bones were reborn in flame. His body was rebuilt from ash. His crippled meridians melted and tempered into a new—unstable, volatile, and powerful.

That man from before, the discarded fiancé, the laughingstock of the younger generation... had died in those flames.

What emerged from the fire wasn't a failure.

It was a blade.

Sharpened by hate.

Fueled by vengeance.

Nie Fengzhuo had shed his skin as trash—and now walked the path of a monster in human form.

He kept cultivating using those flames, despite the pain that he needs to endure.

Wrapped in an ordinary black cloak, Nie Fengzhuo sat alone at a corner table of the crowded tavern.

His face was half-covered by a hood, a faint glow from a fire-forged talisman peeking from beneath his robes.

A steaming bowl of wild boar stew sat untouched before him.

Instead, his focus was fixed on the loud table behind him.

"Did you hear? The Bai Clan actually f\*cking did it! They beat back the Demonic Sect!"

"Of course I heard, you idiot. Everyone's heard by now. It's all over the province!"

"No one expected Bai Zihan to pull that off though. Didn't he used to be trash?"

"Well, guess what? That 'trash' crushed Mo Tianji like a dog. Right in front of everyone!"

"Mo Tianji? The strongest of the younger generation in the Demonic Sect?"

...

The chatter caused Nie Fengzhou's attention to be shifted to the group.

He lifted his drink slowly, taking a small sip, listening carefully.

Another man slammed his mug down.

"But forget Bai Zihan—didn't they say Bai Xinyue is the one who got the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?"

A loud gasp followed.

"Wasn't she exiled from the Bai Clan years ago?"

"Yep. But now she's back. Stronger than ever. They say she's already in the Spirit Severing Realm!"

"F\*ck! Spirit Severing Realm?!"

That was a stage most could only dream of reaching. Not something a sixteen-year-old should already touch.

But alas, life was unfair. What some could only dream of, others achieved with ease.

(Bai Clan?)

Nie Fengzhuo's fingers tightened around his cup.

(It seems a lot has changed while I was in seclusion.)

He stood slowly, walked over, and without a word, tossed a gold coin onto their table.

The conversation halted. One of the mercenaries blinked, confused.

"You trying to buy something, brother?"

Nie Fengzhuo pulled his hood back just enough to reveal a sharp, confident smile.

His voice was calm, but with an edge—like a blade just before it's drawn.

"No. I just want to know everything you were talking about. From the beginning."

The mercenaries exchanged glances. But hey—gold was gold.

And this was information everyone already knew.

One of them leaned forward.

"You've been in seclusion or something?"

"Something like that."

"Heh, sit down! I'll tell you everything you missed."

They began talking, telling stories as if they had been there themselves.

Nie Fengzhuo absorbed every word like it was being carved into his bones.

While they praised the Bai Clan, Nie Fengzhuo could only grow angrier.

It would've been worse if they kept mentioning Bai Xueqing, but to his surprise, her name barely came up.

The story of the Ancient Ruins? Mostly centered around Bai Zihan and Bai Xinyue.

(Well, if her little brother is that terrifying now, she probably isn't far behind.)

Although he didn't get much information on the one he wanted revenge against, he learned plenty about others—especially Bai Zihan, Bai Xueqing's brother.

And that was enough.

If Bai Zihan was her brother, then to Nie Fengzhuo, he was also an enemy.

One he might have to face.

The mercenaries continued, moving on to how the other factions were responding to the Bai Clan—including the assassination attempt.

Most of that bored him.

He decided that was enough.

With a slight nod, Nie Fengzhuo turned away, leaving the gold coin where it lay.

As he stepped out into the fading sunlight, the townsfolk continued gossiping, oblivious to the man who had once held the title "Fiancé of Bai Xueqing."

He walked slowly toward the outskirts of town, his fingers flexing, heat rippling across his skin.

Bai Xueqing...

She had mocked him.

Dismissed him.

Treated him like garbage.

But now?

He wasn't the same man anymore.

No longer the 'trash' who wasn't her match.

He had devoured fire, walked through pain, and rebuilt himself from ashes.

Could he defeat her now?

No... not yet.

But in the coming days?

He was certain.

Not only would he surpass her—

He'd take back everything she stole from him:

His pride.

His status.

His place in the world.

And if Bai Zihan got in the way?

Then he'd burn too.

"I just hope you don't get destroyed before I get to you!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 179: The Sky Darkens Over Bai [ 1,072 words ]

### *Chapter 179: The Sky Darkens Over Bai*

The Bai Clan estate had barely begun to tighten its defenses in response to the assassination attempt... when another storm came knocking.

Boom!

Thunder cracked overhead.

But this wasn't a storm of nature—it was a storm of cultivation.

Dark clouds churned above the Bai Clan's ancestral grounds, drawn by an overwhelming surge of Qi.

And not just from one source.

Two colossal auras exploded across the sky like clashing titans—one red, one silver—ripping apart the clouds and pressing down on the earth like mountains.

Bai Tianheng's expression darkened as he turned toward the distant horizon.

"They're here," he said coldly.

From the far mountains, two monstrous warships came into view.

Not ordinary vessels—these were true warships, forged from spirit metals and ancient wood, powered by arrays and spiritual cores. Massive flying palaces wreathed in Qi.

Each was the size of a small fortress—carrying thousands of elite cultivators.

One bore crimson sails embroidered with a golden lion standing atop a sea of flames—the banner of the Li Clan.

The other carried silver masts and was adorned with the image of a black dragon entwined with lightning—the symbol of the Zhao Clan.

These were the apex clans of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And they hadn't come for diplomacy.

They came for war.

Even from miles away, the killing intent radiating from the ships made the air feel like molten lead.

"Tch!" Bai Ren spat on the ground. "They sure didn't waste time."

Bai Tianheng stared coldly at the approaching giants. He raised his hand.

"Summon the elders. Ready the formations. And bring Bai Zihan."

Elsewhere, inside the approaching Li Clan vessel...

Li Jianhong, Patriarch of the Li Clan, sat cross-legged.

His expression was calm, but his eyes flickered with barely restrained hatred.

"They actually dared to let that girl back in. Don't they fear the consequences of her growth?"

Li Jianhong said, seemingly knowing what seemed to have happened between Bai Xinyue and Bai Clan.

Behind him, his son Li Feng, once humiliated by Bai Zihan, clenched his fists.

Ever since that event, he has been treated like trash by his family members, reduced from a genius to someone who made the clan lose face.

Even his father had been avoiding him and almost disowned him but this time, he brought him along.

Li Jianhong stared at the map in front of him then at Li Feng.

"Make no mistake, Feng. This is your last chance. If you don't bring me satisfactory results this time, then you can leave Li Clan on your own."

Li Feng's jaw tightened.

"Yes, Father! I'll kill him. Bai Zihan. I'll kill him and reclaim my dignity!"

Li Jianhong's gaze flicked toward him.

"Then make sure you have the power to back those words. There is no more chance for you if you fail."

On the Zhao Clan vessel...

Zhao Chen, the silver-tongued manipulator and one of Bai Zihan's enemies, looked far too cheerful.

Beside him, Zhao Wutian, the Zhao Clan's Patriarch, was grim-faced.

"I assume you've prepared what I asked for?"

Zhao Wutian said.

Zhao Chen chuckled.

"Of course. I've prepared everything, Father!"

He stared out at the Bai Clan estate like a predator.

"I'll deal with Bai Zihan myself. Others might have failed but I won't!"

\*\*\*

With such a storm brewing, how could others afford to miss it?

As the Li and Zhao Clans made their thunderous entrance, powerful cultivators from all corners of the Desolate Heaven Empire turned their eyes toward the Bai Clan estate.

It was no longer just a feud between three apex clans—it was a battle for survival.

Li and Zhao Clan couldn't afford to have Bai Xinyue who got the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance to grow or else they would need to face annihilation in coming years.

From hidden mountain sects and ancient families long thought reclusive...

From merchant guilds to lone wanderers...

From black-robed elders who moved like shadows to young prodigies, everyone had come to witness this historic event.

Some are flying ships.

Some riding beasts that blotted out the sky.

Some simply appeared, stepping out of spatial tears or drifting down on lotus petals made of Qi.

Hovering above mountaintops. Watching from afar. Concealing themselves within clouds.

All of them wanted the same thing—

To see whether the Bai Clan would stand.

Or fall.

Would the meteoric rise of Bai Zihan and the return of Bai Xinyue lead to a resurgence of the Bai Clan?

Or had the heavens granted them their last moment of brilliance... before shattering them?

Tension wound through the empire like a taut string.

Whispers filled every major sect hall.

Even the Imperial Court—aloof and cold—had paused everything and was waiting for the outcome.

Although most of the time the Imperial Court would try to prevent a major conflict that involved most of the Empire's strength, this time, they didn't.

Because they, too, wanted the Inheritance to be taken out of the Bai Clan's hands. Otherwise, their authority and position in the Empire might be at risk.

But of course, they couldn't allow it to fall into the hands of the Li or Zhao Clans either.

With their ambition, how could they possibly tolerate staying beneath the Imperial Family when they could simply seize power?

The best-case scenario for the Imperial Family would be for both sides to suffer heavy losses—allowing them to swoop in and claim the Inheritance for themselves.

But that was just the best case which is unlikely to happen.

No one dared get too close to where the fight might break out. One wrong step, and they could end up as collateral damage.

The Li Clan and the Zhao Clan had clearly come with intent to crush.

Their auras, vessels, and killing intent left no room for misinterpretation.

They didn't come to negotiate.

They came for blood.

At the Bai Clan estate, the elders gathered under Bai Tianheng's call.

Defensive formations lit up across the sky, layer upon layer, glowing like chains of light sealing the heavens.

Sentries readied their spirit bows.

Elite cultivators stood at the gates.

And deep beneath the main hall, ancient spiritual veins rumbled—slowly awakening to prepare for war.

At the center of it all stood Bai Tianheng, his eyes cold and unwavering.

"We are the Bai Clan," he said simply.

"We do not kneel, nor do we bow! If they've come seeking blood—then we'll drown them in their own!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 180: Warships at the Gate[ 1,247 words ]

### *Chapter 180: Warships at the Gate*

Outside the Bai Clan estate, the two warships hovered like looming giants—casting long shadows over the land.

Crimson flames and silver lightning danced along their hulls, making the sky churn with unnatural weather.

And then—

A voice boomed across the heavens, amplified by Qi so that it echoed for miles.

"Bai Tianheng!"

The air trembled.

It was Li Jianhong's voice—cold, sharp, and brimming with righteous fury.

"Come out and face this head of the Li Clan!"

The spiritual pressure behind his words sent cracks rippling across the clouds. Several weaker cultivators down below staggered just from the weight of his voice.

Inside the Bai Clan's main courtyard, silence fell for a breath.

Then—

Bai Tianheng walked out slowly from the ancestral hall, robes fluttering, hands clasped behind his back.

His long black hair swayed in the wind.

He gazed up at the massive warships without a hint of fear.

And then he spoke, his tone relaxed—almost playful.

"Li Jianhong?"

He tilted his head slightly.

"You've come all this way... and with such fanfare. Don't tell me—have you come to congratulate us?"

A few of the Bai Clan elders barely held in their laughter.

Bai Tianheng went on, as if having a polite conversation at a teahouse.

"After all, our Bai Clan has had quite a few happy events recently."

He smiled faintly.

"It warms the heart to see our old friends from the Li Clan rushing over so eagerly. Really, it's touching."

A pause!

Then Li Jianhong's voice thundered again, no longer masking the killing intent.

"Enough with the games, Bai Tianheng! You know damn well why we're here!"

Bai Tianheng raised a brow and said lazily, "Why are you here, pray tell?"

From atop the Li Clan warship, Li Jianhong's face twisted into a sneer.

"The girl," he said coldly. "Hand her over!"

"She carries something far too dangerous to be left in the hands of a single clan. We won't allow the Bai Clan to hoard the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance for themselves!"

His words rang out like thunder—sharp, biting, and dripping with unspoken threats.

But before Bai Tianheng could reply, another voice echoed from the second warship, this one smoother, more composed—but no less heavy with pressure.

"Patriarch Bai," said Zhao Wutian, stepping forward.

"There is no need for this to become something regrettable."

His voice was serene, almost gentle—like a kindly senior advising a junior. NovelFire

"As Patriarch Li said, what the girl possesses is not something that should belong to any one clan."

He looked down at the Bai Clan estate, eyes half-lidded yet glinting with calculation.

"The Immortal Emperor's Inheritance... if properly shared, could uplift the entire Desolate Heaven Empire. Think of what good it could do—shared cultivation methods, ancient insights, treasures of immeasurable value."

His gaze hardened.

"But if left in the hands of one family, what do you think will happen?"

A soft hum of tension spread through the surrounding onlookers—various sect elders, noble clan envoys, and rogue cultivators who had come to spectate.

Most remained silent, eyes darting between the clans.

Zhao Wutian gestured slowly, deliberately.

"We are not here for war. We are here to get justice for everyone."

"Let Bai Xinyue come forward and share what she received. In doing so, she will be helping everyone."

Zhao Wutian's words made it sound as if they were righteous saviors—here not to seize, but to help, to uplift others.

He twisted the narrative skillfully, painting the Bai Clan as selfish hoarders rather than victims forced to defend against an invasion.

By invoking the so-called "greater good," they positioned themselves on the moral high ground, casting their aggression as a noble purpose.

After all, in war, it's not always truth that wins hearts—but the one who appears more righteous.

And they knew it.

Li Jianhong immediately followed up, his voice sharp like a drawn blade.

"This is your only chance, Bai Tianheng. Refuse—and everything that follows will be on your head."

The air grew still.

Dozens of spiritual senses clashed above, locked in a silent storm, while down below, thousands watched with bated breath.

Would the Bai Clan give in?

Or would they stand firm against the two apex clans at their gates?

At the center of it all, Bai Tianheng simply smiled.

Not because he found it funny—but because he had expected this exact charade.

The "greater good." The so-called peace offerings.

All just veils.

An excuse!

Then, Bai Tianheng looked back toward the two warships—his gaze calm, his tone light.

But before he could speak—

Another voice cut through the air, young yet filled with biting clarity.

"Gentlemen... your speeches were lovely."

The crowd stirred as all eyes turned.

From behind Bai Tianheng, a figure emerged—clad in black robes with a faint smirk playing on his lips.

It was Bai Zihan!

His presence, though nowhere near the two Patriarchs in cultivation, didn't shrink beneath their pressure.

Bai Zihan stopped at his father's side and looked up at the two massive warships in the sky.

"But if you truly wanted to protect the Empire..."

He chuckled.

"I recommend that you go to the border, not come to my Bai Clan."

A sharp silence followed.

Then—

Li Jianhong's voice exploded like a thunderclap.

"You impudent brat!"

He stepped to the edge of the Li Clan warship, robes flaring behind him as his killing intent surged.

"This is not your place to speak! The affairs of Clan Leaders are not something a junior should interrupt!"

The air seemed to crackle with rage, and even many of the neutral cultivators nodded slightly.

Normally, a younger generation member would never speak when clan leaders were negotiating at such a level.

But Bai Zihan?

He didn't flinch.

Instead, he gave a slow, mocking clap.

"Oh, I agree completely," he said smoothly. "It's not my place."

Then he tilted his head, a faint smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Just like how it's none of your business what the Bai Clan does with something we obtained."

His words landed like a slap across the face.

The implication was clear: if juniors shouldn't interfere in patriarch-level business, then what was Li Jianhong doing? Sticking his nose where it didn't belong.

The crowd stirred.

Even some of the spectators from other factions couldn't help but let out quiet exclamations.

Li Jianhong's expression twisted. [View the correct content at NovelFire](#)

"You—!"

Bai Zihan stepped forward calmly, cutting him off with a gesture of one hand.

"Patriarch Li, why not take your own advice? One shouldn't poke their nose in business that doesn't concern them."

He didn't raise his voice.

But the arrogance—the sheer gall in his tone—cut deeper than any shout.

Li Jianhong's face darkened like a thunderstorm.

His aura surged.

One wrong word more, and he might just attack.

But Bai Tianheng finally raised a hand.

"That's enough, Zihan!"

Bai Zihan obeyed, stepping back with a faint smile—but the damage was done.

He had said what needed to be said.

And he had made Li Jianhong lose face—in front of everyone.

Bai Tianheng turned his gaze back to the two warships.

"So," he said calmly, "you've made your threats. You've shown your banners. Now let me be perfectly clear."

His voice rang out, steady and cold.

"If you want someone from my Bai Clan... then come and try to take it."

The words echoed through the sky like a gauntlet thrown.

And at that moment—the battle lines were drawn.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 181: Scandal Comes to Light

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

*Chapter 181: Scandal Comes to Light*

Bai Tianheng's declaration still echoed through the sky.

The words slammed down like a war drum, drawing gasps and murmurs from the crowd.

But instead of responding with force—

Li Jianhong chuckled.

It was a cold, sharp sound.

Not angry.

Not afraid.

Just... confident.

Dangerously confident.

He clasped his hands behind his back and stepped to the front of the Li Clan warship, letting his voice carry without shouting.

"Bai Tianheng... still so stubborn. Still so proud."

He stared down at the Bai Clan patriarch like he was looking at a particularly foolish child.

Then his tone shifted—quieter now, but colder.

"You sure you want to do this? Refuse us... and risk your Bai Clan's dark little secret coming to light?"

The air seemed to freeze.

Bai Tianheng's gaze sharpened instantly.

A faint ripple of killing intent escaped him—but he held it back.

Li Jianhong continued, eyes narrowed with amusement.

"You've done a good job keeping it buried. But are you so certain no one else knows? What would happen... if the entire Empire learned of the scandal you've hidden so carefully all these years?"

His smile widened ever so slightly as he looked toward Bai Zihan, then back to Tianheng.

"I'll ask one last time: hand over the girl, and there will be no problem between us. I can even promise to keep my mouth shut forever. Besides..."

His eyes gleamed.

"Isn't having her grow even more dangerous for you than for us? Don't you agree?"

He didn't need to say what it was.

He didn't have to.

Because from the moment those words left his mouth—Tianheng understood that Li Jianhong knew what has transpired between Bai Xinyue and Bai Zihan.

On the other hand, the onlookers were extremely excited and curious about Li Jianhong's words.

Now they were staring at the Bai Clan, eyes filled with suspicion, curiosity, and whispered theories already forming.

"What scandal?"

"What secret?"

"Why's he looking at Bai Zihan like that...?"

"Does it have something to do with Bai Xinyue's exile?"

"Wasn't she a peerless genius back then? Why was she suddenly exiled? We never got the answer!"

"Perhaps Patriarch Li knows something about this..."

The seed had been planted.

And it was already spreading like wildfire.

Zhao Wutian folded his arms, saying nothing—but there was a glint of satisfaction in his eyes.

This was part of the attack too.

You didn't just destroy a clan with swords.

You dismantled their image first—cracked their foundation with doubt, then broke them apart with shame.

Bai Tianheng twitched.

(How did he find out?)

This was a closely guarded secret. He had spent enormous resources hiding it—ensuring only a few trusted elders knew.

He was confident only a handful were aware. Unless... unless Bai Xinyue herself had spread it.

But even then—to the Li Clan? He didn't think that was the case either.

He glanced at his son, whose reputation had only recently begun to improve.

If this scandal came to light, it would all come crashing down—worse than before.

But more than that, what he feared... was the danger to Bai Zihan's life.

The Dao Bone, while not as mythic as the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, was still a priceless treasure—one that many would kill for.

Bai Tianheng's jaw tightened.

He said nothing.

"Hahaha..."

But beside him—Bai Zihan began to laugh.

It wasn't loud or boisterous.

No.

It was soft.

Mocking.

He shook his head slowly, then glanced up at the warship, that familiar smirk tugging at his lips.

"That's it? That's the big threat?"

He exhaled, almost disappointed.

"Patriarch Li, I thought you were going to pull out something big and all you can muster is something like this?"

Li Jianhong's expression darkened.

"Watch your mouth, boy," he said coldly. "You think this is a joke? Treat my words lightly, and I swear—you'll regret it."

But Bai Zihan's smile didn't fade.

He stepped forward slowly, hands behind his back, gaze sweeping over the cultivators gathered in the sky and afar.

"Regret? You think I'm afraid of your threats?"

He stopped, then raised his voice so all could hear.

"You want to threaten me with what I did? Fine. Let me save you the trouble and tell everyone myself."

Bai Tianheng turned sharply.

"Zihan'er—!"

He obviously wanted to stop his son—knowing full well it was his wife's decision that had started it all.

On the sidelines, Bai Xinyue and Bai Xueqing watched quietly, unsure what was about to happen.

(Will he really tell?)

Bai Xinyue wondered, fully aware of the implications.

Chu Ziyang, meanwhile, looked both curious and concerned.

What could his fiancée have been hiding... that even the Li Clan Patriarch would use it as leverage to get his hands on Immortal Emperor's Inheritance?

Even other Bai Clan Members stared in confusion—they had no idea what Li Jianhong had been referring to.

And then—

Bai Zihan spoke.

His voice was steady and clear without any flinching.

"I, Bai Zihan stole the Dao Bone from my cousin, Bai Xinyue."

Silence!

Utter silence!

The kind that could collapse the heavens.

Even the clouds above seemed to hold still.

Eyes widened.

Mouths dropped.

Shock rippled across the faces of every sect elder, clan representative, and wandering cultivator present.

First—it was a massive scandal. To steal something so vital from one's own kin...

Second—a Dao Bone?

That was a divine treasure in the cultivation world.

The kind that elevated geniuses to legends.

It made cultivation faster, easier, and even limitless.

No wonder Bai Zihan's talent had soared so suddenly.

Now it all made sense or so they thought.

Even Zhao Wutian narrowed his eyes, surprised by the boy's brazenness.

Li Jianhong blinked—then let out a cruel, amused laugh.

"You admit it?" he said. "Just like that? Do you not realize what you've just done?"

But Bai Zihan didn't waver.

"I know exactly what I've done."

He turned toward the sea of cultivators—toward all the judging eyes.

"But unlike you, I'm not afraid to admit it. If you think this secret will break me..."

He raised his chin high.

"Then you never knew me at all."

The crowd erupted.

Whispers turned to roars.

Accusations flew like arrows.

"He admitted it..."

"So that's why Bai Xinyue vanished!" NovelFire

"Tch! The Bai Clan really did steal from their own!"

"And here I thought Bai Zihan turned over a new leaf. But a leopard doesn't change its spots, huh!"

"Shouldn't he be labeled an evil cultivator? What's the difference between him and them?"

Through it all—

Bai Zihan stood tall.

In the center of the storm.

Unmoving!

Unashamed!

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 182: The Bone of Sin

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

He let the roars wash over him like waves crashing against an unyielding cliff.

Then he spoke again—

With that same smirk dancing at the corner of his lips.

"Don't act like you're all saints."

His words cut through the outrage like a blade.

"Everyone standing here—every sect elder, every clan heir, every so-called righteous cultivator—has done things they'd rather not admit."

He swept his gaze across the gathered forces, unflinching even in the face of rising hostility.

"And you know it. In the path of cultivation... the weak die, and the strong climb over corpses to reach the top. Don't you dare preach to me about morality when your hands are soaked in blood!"

The crowd quieted for a breath.

Some were caught off guard.

Some flinched—perhaps remembering their own sins.

But just as quickly, the backlash surged like a tidal wave.

"Shameless!"

"That's no justification for what you did!"

"Don't you dare compare your selfishness to our sacrifices!"

"There's a line—and you crossed it!"

"We've all struggled on the path—but stripping your own cousin of a Dao Bone? That's not ambition. That's cruelty!"

"Evil cultivators speak the same way you do. You think being honest makes it less vile?"

"You think you're bold? You're just a disgrace with no shame!"

Curses flew.

Accusations mounted.

And this time—many of them weren't directed at the Bai Clan as a whole.

They were aimed solely at Bai Zihan.

"He should be stripped of his status and cultivation!"

"Kill him and return the Dao Bone to its rightful owner!"

Even some neutral onlookers who had once admired his sharp tongue now scowled at him with contempt.

The narrative had shifted.

Before, he was the underdog genius trying to rise despite opposition.

Now?

He was the villain in a tale people wanted to hate.

And yet— View the correct content at NovelFire.

Bai Zihan didn't flinch.

Didn't back down.

He met every glare with that same cold, arrogant expression.

"Call me what you want," he said calmly.

"But don't lie to yourselves pretending you're any better."

His words earned him more fury, more venom—but it didn't matter.

Because Li Jianhong was grinning.

And Zhao Wutian, arms folded, simply nodded in satisfaction.

The crowd was already tearing into him.

His confession had done more damage than a thousand blades ever could.

Zhao Wutian, who had been silent until now, finally uncrossed his arms.

His voice rang out—not loud, not aggressive—but with the calm, practiced weight of someone who knew how to manipulate hearts.

"Such a bold confession..."

He smiled, thin and composed.

"And yet, I must admit—I admire your honesty, Bai Zihan. Truly!"

His gaze swept across the outraged crowd, letting the silence stretch just long enough.

Then his voice turned colder. Sharper. Each word like a knife carved from righteousness.

"But honesty does not excuse atrocity."

He turned back toward Bai Zihan and the Bai Clan.

"Stealing a Dao Bone from one's own blood... a crime that even the most depraved demonic sects would hesitate to commit."

"And to then stand here, shamelessly admitting it—as if wearing sin like armor makes you invincible?"

He let out a quiet breath, full of mock disappointment.

"How far the Bai Clan has fallen..." [View the correct content at NovelFire](#))

That line hit hard.

Murmurs rippled through the crowd again.

Even a few sect elders who had remained neutral now furrowed their brows.

Zhao Wutian's voice softened—more insidious.

"If someone like him can represent the Bai Clan... what does that say about their values? Their entire Clan who knew the truth but kept their silence?"

Then he turned to the surrounding sects and clans, addressing them directly.

"My friends, are we to stand idle and pretend this is acceptable? To let a precedent be set—that personal ambition justifies mutilating your kin?"

"Today it's the Bai Clan. Tomorrow... whose child will be next?"

That question echoed like thunder.

It struck a nerve.

A few sect elders exchanged glances. Several disciples clenched their fists.

Parents. Mentors. Rivals. All began imagining their own future being stolen—by someone just like Bai Zihan.

Zhao Wutian didn't press further.

He didn't have to.

He just smiled and stepped back, letting the fire burn on its own.

Because now, the idea had taken root.

Bai Zihan wasn't just a villain.

He was a threat.

A symbol of what could happen if power went unchecked.

And that, more than anything, was the most dangerous kind of enemy.

The crowd's mood turned darker by the breath.

What began as a confrontation over inheritance... had morphed into a public trial.

Bai Zihan stood alone at the center of the storm—not cloaked in glory, but in infamy.

Curses echoed from every direction.

"He doesn't deserve that Dao Bone!"

"Return it to Bai Xinyue! It was hers!"

"Strip it from him! Let justice be done!"

"Let her take it back with her own hands!"

...

Bai Tianheng's expression was grim, lips drawn tight.

Things had turned into what he feared the most.

The world no longer asked for explanation.

It demanded punishment.

And through it all—

Bai Xinyue said nothing.

She didn't speak.

She didn't even move.

Getting her Dao Bone back had once been a goal—back when she first entered the Heaven Sword Sect.

But not anymore!

She didn't need help then—and certainly not now.

Besides, she had long accepted the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance as a twisted form of repayment.

No—she hadn't forgiven him.

But she no longer wanted the Dao Bone.

And yet... the world screamed for her to take it.

And Bai Zihan—

Still standing tall at the center of it all—slowly exhaled.

He looked around him.

At their faces.

At their hate.

Then finally at Bai Xinyue.

Still silent.

Still unreadable.

And he laughed softly.

"You all want the same thing, don't you?"

He said, voice low.

His gaze swept over the warships.

Over the skies full of spectators, enemies, and would-be executioners.

"Fine! Then let me show you hypocrites the difference between me and you. I admit my sins, and I'm ready to do whatever it takes to make things right."

He took a single step forward.

Then another.

Each one heavy.

Until he stood at the center of the Bai Clan's main courtyard—his figure framed by the blood-soaked sky.

He looked to the heavens.

Then shoved his hand directly into his own chest.

Gasps broke out instantly.

Blood sprayed.

Spiritual Qi rippled violently.

His robes tore.

And still—he pushed deeper.

No scream.

No hesitation.

Until—

He tore it out.

The Dao Bone!

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 183: A Debt Repaid in Blood

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Gasps turned into horrified silence.

Not the stunned awe of a dramatic reveal—but the raw, gut-punch kind of silence that came when reality shattered expectations.

No one—not even his enemies—had really thought he'd do it.

They thought he was bluffing.

Maybe a dramatic speech. A deflection. A flashy gesture to distract the crowd and regain control of the narrative.

But this?

This was madness.

Someone whispered hoarsely, "He actually did it..."

Another voice—shaky, disbelieving—followed.

"He tore it out... with his bare hands..."

They stared at the blood dripping from his fingers.

At the faint, golden-white glow of the Dao Bone pulsing in his grasp—beautiful, pure, sacred.

And soaked in his own blood.

Even the wind stilled.

Because one should know—removing a Dao Bone wasn't just painful.

It was catastrophic.

The act didn't just threaten the body. It shattered one's cultivation foundation.

Made future breakthroughs nearly impossible. In many cases, it reduced one to a cripple—forever severed from the Cultivation.

He might lose everything.

He might become mortal.

Even the warships overhead fell quiet, their thunderous engines humming low—stunned, as if witnessing something divine or deranged.

Li Jianhong's sneer froze mid-formation.

This wasn't part of their plan. NovelFire

They had expected Bai Zihan to deny, to justify, to spiral under pressure and crumble before the crowd.

But Bai Zihan hadn't done any of that.

He didn't hide. He didn't beg. He didn't run.

He admitted his sin and ripped open his own chest in front of the entire Empire.

And now he stood there—bloody, broken, and holding the very Dao Bone they demanded.

"Hah... Hah..."

The sound of Bai Zihan's breathing was ragged, but unwavering.

Blood gushed down his torso, soaking his robes in crimson, as he stood in the center of the Bai Clan courtyard—chest torn open, Dao Bone in hand.

Still glowing.

Still pulsing with divine radiance.

It shimmered in Bai Zihan's bloodstained grip—gleaming like it didn't belong in this cruel, wretched world.

And many in the crowd gulped unconsciously, greed flickering in their eyes at the sight of a treasure that could change their fate.

(Was that too much?)

Bai Zihan wondered.

Did he overdo it?

The truth was—he never needed to rip it out.

The Dao Bone had been stored in the System Store for a long time. He could've retrieved it without effort, without injury.

But that wasn't enough.

He couldn't just take it out.

He needed to sell the illusion—make it real, make them believe. And to do that, he had to put on a show.

He'd put his body on the line for the sake of a narrative.

A performance.

Because once the Li and Zhao Clans learned the truth... It was only a matter of time before it went public.

They might claim they'd keep their mouths shut and negotiate, but who could trust that?

Better to tell the world himself and on his terms as well.

And if he could turn it into something that blunted the blow to the Bai Clan's reputation—even better.

Because while he didn't care much for reputation, he knew better than anyone:

Wars were won not just with swords.

But with public opinion.

With moral high ground.

If the Li and Zhao Clans painted the Bai Clan as monsters—stealing from their own kin—then even outsiders would see their invasion as justice, not conquest.

That couldn't happen.

Not on his watch.

(Still... damn, it hurts!)

He winced internally.

His body had grown so strong that injuring it wasn't easy.

He'd had to use real strength—real force—to even simulate the damage.

A half-hearted effort wouldn't have made a scratch.

But he'd pulled it off.

A very convincing act.

And by the stunned silence around him—it worked.

Bai Xueqing looked at Bai Zihan in horror.

Never—not in a thousand years—had she expected him to do this.

She thought he, a coward, manipulator, the kind of person who would never admit to stealing the Dao Bone, let alone rip it out in front of the entire Empire.

This wouldn't just destroy his reputation.

It could destroy his cultivation.

Everything he'd worked for—gone.

Just like that.

Bai Xinyue stood similarly shocked.

Even after everything—after he gave up the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance for her—she'd never imagined he would go this far.

She'd assumed that act was his form of compensation.

But if he already gave up the Inheritance...

Then why this?

Was he afraid of the backlash?

She doubted that. The Bai Zihan she remembered never cared what others thought.

So then—

"Bai Zihan... just what are you thinking?"

She couldn't see through him, not then and certainly not now.

She tried to understand him, tried to grasp what he wanted, tried to help him but never really seemed to achieve any of that.

"So this is Bai Zihan... never expected him to be this ruthless."

"Yeah! Doesn't he fear what his enemies will do once he's powerless? He might even lose his heir position."

"Still... I respect him. To admit his mistake—and undo it with his own hands..."

...

The onlookers whispered.

Even those who hated him had to admit—they admired his guts.

And more than that... they feared him.

Such ruthlessness.

Such cold resolve.

One could only wonder what he might have become—what kind of monster or legend he could've been—if he hadn't destroyed himself.

Even Zhao Wutian couldn't deny it.

Though the outcome was unexpected... Perhaps it was better this way.

Because someone like Bai Zihan?

Left unchecked?

Left to grow?

He might've become something far worse than they could ever deal with.

"A dangerous man," Zhao Wutian muttered.

"Good thing he ruined himself first."

Everyone knew that now that he had taken out the Dao Bone, there was no future left for Bai Zihan.

The Bai Zihan they once knew—was gone.

"This is the Dao Bone I stole from my cousin, Bai Xinyue, when she was still young. Because of this, she suffered greatly... and was even exiled from the Bai Clan because of it."

Bai Tianheng looked at his son, stunned by his actions.

And now this...

He had always believed Bai Zihan was not at fault—that it was all the result of his wife's misguided decisions.

Bai Zihan knew that too.

And yet... he still made it seem like he was the one who orchestrated the whole thing, taking all the blame onto himself.

(Wife... if only you had trusted our son. His future might've shone even brighter.)

"I admit I wronged her," Bai Zihan continued. "And I owe her more than I can ever repay. This—"

He held up the Dao Bone, blood still dripping from his hand.

"—is just a small part of the justice she deserves."

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 184: No Longer Pretending[ 1,526 words ]

### *Chapter 184: No Longer Pretending*

A breeze stirred, carrying the metallic scent of blood through the air.

The Dao Bone in Bai Zihan's hand shimmered faintly—its glow dimmer now, as if it too had been tainted by the pain that brought it into the open.

No one spoke.

Even the Li and Zhao Clans held their tongues.

Because at this moment... there was nothing left to say.

Except—

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

His legs wobbled.

His chest gaped, blood pouring freely.

But still, he walked.

Toward Bai Xinyue.

Somewhere behind, Bai Tianheng took a step—wanting to stop him. But he didn't. He couldn't.

Because even he understood...

This was something only Bai Zihan could do.

When he reached her, he didn't meet her eyes.

He simply lowered his hand.

The Dao Bone hovered there—between them.

He didn't force it into her hand.

He didn't beg for forgiveness.

He simply handed it over.

The thing that once tore her world apart.

The thing that defined both of their lives.

Returned—not as an apology, but as it should be.

"...Take it," he said hoarsely. "Whether you forgive me or not. Whether you ever want to see me again or not. This... belongs to you."

Bai Xinyue looked at the Dao Bone. Then at him.

His face was pale, lips bloodless, eyes tired.

He looked like a man moments away from death.

And yet... he had never looked more alive.

"...Why?"

She whispered, barely audible.

But he heard it.

And for the first time in what felt like forever—he gave her a genuine smile.

Not smug. Not taunting. Not bitter.

Just tired.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe... I was tired of pretending it didn't matter."

He dropped the Dao Bone gently into her hands, its golden glow clashing against the dried blood staining her palms.

Then he turned around.

Staggered a few steps.

Bai Xinyue didn't know what to think.

This had always been her goal: to take back the Dao Bone from Bai Zihan.

To prove that even without it, she was stronger than him.

Yet here she stood—with the Dao Bone in her hands—without even a fight.

And the irony?

She had nearly given up on reclaiming it.

After receiving the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, she told herself it was enough. A fair compensation.

So if that was compensation... then what was this?

The moment the Dao Bone settled into her hands, it pulsed.

Not gently.

But with a radiant surge that shook the air itself.

Golden light exploded in every direction, bathing the courtyard in its sacred glow.

It was beautiful.

Divine.

Overwhelming.

Gasps rang out again—this time not in horror, but in awe.

Because this... this was the power of a Dao Bone.

A true, unmatched treasure that defied the heavens and twisted fate itself.

A one-in-a-million kind of treasure.

As the light grew brighter, hotter, and more oppressive, envy crept into the hearts of those watching.

"No wonder he rose so quickly. It had to be the Dao Bone."

"That Dao Bone was the source of all his strength."

"Tch! All that arrogance—built on stolen power. If I had that Dao Bone, I'd be a genius too."

"Same here. With that kind of cheat, even a pig could reach Nascent Soul by sixteen."

...

Many believed that Bai Zihan became what he was thanks to the Dao Bone, not realizing that for years after receiving it, his cultivation barely progressed.

Most of his achievements and fame weren't due to raw power—but his schemes.

But who cared?

It was easier to point at the Dao Bone than face the truth."

As if on cue, several cultivators' eyes narrowed on the Dao Bone.

The kind of look predators wore just before they pounced.

No one moved.

Not yet.

But the thoughts were there.

What if I took it?

They had condemned Bai Zihan for stealing it.

Called him a monster. A disgrace.

But now that the Dao Bone was right in front of them?

All that righteousness evaporated.

Greed was louder, stronger and more honest.

Some even began calculating—

Bai Zihan's ruined.

The Bai Clan is vulnerable with Li and Zhao Clan targeting it.

If we time it right, we could take it.

It was there—in the twitch of fingers, the slow rise of aura.

But—

Before any of them could act...

The Dao Bone moved.

It pulsed again—this time with urgency.

Then—light shot out, wrapping around Bai Xinyue like ribbons of gold.

She staggered, eyes wide, as the Dao Bone dissolved—not shattering, not crumbling—but fusing.

Directly.

Effortlessly.

Into her.

WHOOM!

A blast of divine light exploded from her body, knocking back those closest in a shockwave of pure spiritual pressure.

The cultivators who had been preparing to lunge froze mid-motion.

All thoughts of snatching it—gone.

Because it was too late.

The Dao Bone had returned to its rightful place—like it had been waiting for this moment all along.

Like it had always known where it belonged—and after years of separation, it had finally come home.

The light faded.

And Bai Xinyue stood tall.

She had already become powerful thanks to the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

But now?

Now she radiated something more.

A complete, terrifying presence.

"Hehe... So what excuse do your clans have now?"

Bai Zihan rasped from behind, still pretending to be on the verge of collapse.

He flashed a teasing grin.

"Maybe it's time you go home?"

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian both frowned.

This... wasn't what they expected.

Their plan to blackmail the Bai Clan—or, if that failed, to justify their invasion and gain the moral high ground—had completely fallen apart.

If they attacked now, it would only confirm what many already suspected: their true goal had always been Bai Xinyue.

And that truth was no secret.

They had just hoped to deceive the public. To twist the narrative.

But that had failed too.

Still, they couldn't back down now.

Not when Bai Xinyue had become an even greater threat with the Dao Bone's return.

If anything, it only made them greedier.

Seizing Bai Xinyue would mean acquiring not just the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance... but also the Dao Bone.

They had already seen how powerful the Dao Bone was—just by looking at Bai Zihan.

A boy once mocked as a waste who couldn't even break through the Qi Refining Stage.

And yet, with the Dao Bone, he'd become a monster.

Li Jianhong's eyes darkened.

He glanced at Zhao Wutian.

Their gazes met.

And in that silent moment—two things became clear.

First: their plan had failed.

Second: they couldn't allow Bai Xinyue to leave alive.

If they let her go now, she would become untouchable. Her growth would be exponential.

Within a few short years, no clan—not even the Li or Zhao—would be able to oppose her.

She had to die now.

Li Jianhong raised his hand slowly into the air.

The elders behind him tensed, waiting.

Bai Tianheng's eyes narrowed.

"Li Jianhong... don't you dare—"

"Attack!"

The order came out cold.

Clear.

And absolute.

A second later—BOOM!

A dozen golden warships in the sky lit up with runes, weapons activating all at once.

The Bai Clan had a Grade-5 Defensive Formation, but against such overwhelming attacks, it was only going to last a few more seconds at most.

The Li and Zhao Clans knew that—just as well as the Bai Clan did.

CRACK!

As expected, after a few more rounds of fierce bombardment, the formation crumbled under the pressure.

That's when the Li and Zhao Clan members swarmed into the Bai Clan estate—their goal was clear:

Get Bai Xinyue.

Cultivators surged from both the Li and Zhao clans—hundreds of them—rushing forward like a tidal wave of blades, spells, and fury.

"Let's go!"

"Time for Bai Clan to know who we are!"

Of course, the Bai Clan wasn't going to let them have their way so easily. They had prepared themselves to fight tooth and nail.

CLASH! CLASH!

The first direct confrontation erupted between both sides—most of the cultivators ranged from the Golden Core Realm to the Soul Formation Realm.

The onlooker watched as the battle that they all anticipated finally took place.

Amidst the chaos, one figure couldn't hold himself back any longer. NovelFire

Li Feng!

His sole target was Bai Zihan.

"You know what to do," Zhao Chen said coldly.

"Bai Zihan's injured and devoid of all cultivation after taking out the Dao Bone. But don't kill him yet. We can use him!"

Zhao Chen's tone was calm, but the hatred in his eyes betrayed his true feelings.

He knew Li Feng wanted to kill Bai Zihan just as much as he did. But right now, Bai Zihan wasn't a threat. He was far more valuable alive—as a bargaining chip.

Even if he no longer had a future, there was still one unpredictable factor: Bai Tianheng.

Would the patriarch of the Bai Clan truly abandon his own son?

Zhao Chen wasn't sure—but it was a possibility worth exploiting.

"Sure," Li Feng grinned viciously.

"I don't want him to die easily either. I'm going to make him wish he was never born. Torture him until even begging for death isn't enough. Hahaha..."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 185: The War of the Three Clans Begins[ 1,526 words ]

*Chapter 185: The War of the Three Clans Begins*

The Earth quaked.

The skies rumbled.

And the air—once thick with tension—now crackled with war.

From every direction, spiritual lights roared as cultivators clashed midair, blades meeting spells, talismans flaring like stars falling in reverse.

The watchers—disciples, rogue cultivators, neutral sect elders, even hidden clan spies—had long since retreated to a safe distance beyond the battlefield's edge.

But even from there, they could hardly believe what they were seeing.

"...It's really happening," someone muttered. "The Bai, Li, and Zhao Clans... they've actually gone to war."

"A War among the Desolate Heaven Empire's three strongest clans..." another said grimly.

"Once this starts, there's no going back."

"No kidding. Just look at them! That Li Clan elder—he just used a Heaven-Grade Technique! I've only heard about it from my parents!"

"Bai Clan isn't backing down either. Their Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword Technique instantly took down more than 5 Zhao Clan Members!"

More gasps followed as another wave of energy swept across the battlefield.

A Bai Clan elder raised his sword high, spiritual light swirling around the blade.

It howled like a storm, shaking the very air as it flew forward—only to be shattered moments later by five synchronized lightning spears hurled from the Zhao side.

"These people... they're just average members of their clans, right?"

A younger cultivator asked, his face pale.

Someone beside him scoffed.

"Average? Maybe by their standards. For us? These so-called 'average clan members' would be revered as grand elders in most clans."

The younger cultivator swallowed hard.

"But to the Bai, Li, and Zhao Clans," the man went on, "they're cannon fodder."

Boom!

Another shockwave tore through the land, splitting stone and uprooting entire trees. Correct content is on NovelFire

Earth-Grade Techniques were being thrown out like they were nothing.

In truth, every clash was enough to wipe out a small clan. And yet here? It was just the opening act.

"Crazy," someone whispered.

"This war isn't just between clans... this is a clash of empires."

"And to think that right now, both sides are still holding back. Imagine if their Grand Elders and Ancestors joined the battle... Half the Empire might disappear the next day."

The two sides weren't going to let their Grand Elders join in—because once they did, there would be no turning back.

One only relied on Grand Elders when the clan was on the verge of destruction or facing something just as catastrophic.

Otherwise, even in a war like this, it was generally agreed upon: Grand Elders should not be involved.

Of course, if this dragged on and became bigger then perhaps they would start involving their Grand Elders as well.

However, this was just the beginning!

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Li Feng grinned as he finally moved.

A dark red aura burst from his body, swirling like a bloodstorm as he dashed across the battlefield—straight toward Bai Zihan.

Several figures followed closely behind him—young cultivators, each radiating terrifying strength.

They weren't ordinary disciples. These were the elite geniuses of the Li and Zhao Clans—older, more experienced, and each one had survived bloodshed of their own.

They weren't here for glory.

They were here to kill.

"Target in sight!"

One of them said coldly—a tall woman with silver-bladed claws and hawk-like eyes.

Another, a bulky man wielding a black spear, let out a low chuckle.

"That cripple's not even worth half a breath. But orders are orders."

Their Qi surged in unison, locking onto Bai Zihan.

Even amidst the chaos of the battle, several cultivators noticed the unnatural focus on him.

"Wait... they're going for—"

"They're targeting Bai Zihan!"

"Well, now that he's vulnerable, it's the perfect chance to take him out. Though, I'm not sure it's even worth it now that he's lost all his cultivation."

The realization spread like fire.

And Bai Tianheng felt it instantly.

His expression darkened as his spiritual sense flared. His gaze snapped toward his son, who was struggling to stay on his feet near the rear.

"How dare you!"

But just as he stepped forward—

BOOM!

A blast of golden Qi exploded in front of him.

Li Jianhong.

And beside him, Zhao Wutian.

"You'll have to get through us first, Bai Tianheng," Zhao Wutian sneered.

"This is war," Li Jianhong added, voice cold and righteous.

"Don't tell me you're abandoning your duty as clan patriarch just to save a crippled disgrace."

"You want to protect him? While hundreds of your people die?"

Zhao Wutian's smile was sharp as a knife.

Bai Tianheng's fists clenched.

He looked past them—at Bai Zihan.

But he didn't move.

He couldn't, not with Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian here.

He gritted his teeth.

"Zihan'er..."

(Should I use it?)

He was referring to the Saint-Grade Artifact—a trump card hidden deep within the clan.

But using it in front of so many people could bring even greater problems later which might not be worth it.

They might survive today... only to be hunted tomorrow.

Still, he couldn't risk Bai Zihan's life. He could only hope that others could protect him while he fight against Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian.

But if they failed...

Then he'd have no choice but to reveal it.

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Meanwhile—

A streak of lightning flashed across the air.

Chu Ziyang landed like a thunderbolt between Bai Zihan and the incoming group.

Her sword gleamed with righteous fury as she stood protectively in front of him.

"I dare you," she growled. "Try touching him and see what happens!"

As his fiancée, how could she just stand by and do nothing?

Moments later, Bai Xueqing appeared at his side, her icy blade radiating bone-deep chill.

Her glare toward Li Feng could've frozen rivers.

"I knew you bastards couldn't wait to kick someone when they're down."

And then—

A gust of golden wind.

Bai Xinyue descended behind them.

For a moment, she said nothing. She simply looked at Bai Zihan—bloodied, barely breathing, still standing.

Her eyes narrowed as her aura surged with terrifying force.

"You touch him," she said softly, "and I'll bury you with him."

That sentence made many freeze.

Even though the Dao Bone had been returned, most still believed Bai Xinyue would harbor resentment—hatred even.

But from the way she stepped forward to protect Bai Zihan, it became clear...

That wasn't the case!

But—

Li Feng didn't stop.

Nor did he plan to deal with the others first.

He wasn't alone.

From the side, a tall figure in a dark green robe stepped forward, folding his arms lazily.

"Chu Ziyan... long time no see!"

Chu Ziyan's eyes flicked sideways.

"Li Xuan!"

Li Xuan—a core disciple of the Li Clan's main branch.

They had met once during a Sect Competition, where Chu Ziyan had represented the Heaven Sword Sect.

Chu Ziyan is five years younger and at time was one Realm below Li Xuan, so ultimately she lost the match—but not without making Li Xuan bleed.

Back then, Li Xuan was ranked among the top geniuses of the Li Clan—now so many years has passed, his strength has obviously increased.

Another figure appeared beside him—a serene-looking girl in Zhao Clan robes embroidered with golden thread.

Zhao Yue!

Like Li Xuan, she was also a top genius—one generation older than Bai Xueqing.

But unlike Li Xuan, Zhao Yue had lost to Bai Xueqing, a younger generation.

A humiliation she had never forgotten.

"Bai Xueqing," Zhao Yue said coldly, "Today, I'll repay that loss. Don't think I'm the same as before."

"..."

Bai Xueqing didn't reply.

She simply raised her sword—and got ready.

More footsteps echoed.

One by one, the older generation geniuses of the Li and Zhao Clans emerged.

Five people had been assigned to keep Bai Xinyue in place, knowing she was in the Spirit Severing Realm.

Although none of them had reached the Spirit Severing Realm themselves, all five were in the Soul Formation Realm.

Even for someone in the Spirit Severing Realm, escaping from so many Soul Formation cultivators wasn't easy—especially when they belonged to the Li and Zhao Clans.

Outnumbered.

And surrounded.

But even they felt it.

This wasn't a fair fight.

This wasn't a duel.

This... was a hunt.

And they were defending a man who could barely stand.

"Just give up, there is no way that you all can protect him."

Li Feng said.

And as he said, indeed protecting Bai Zihan wasn't an easy task. This could also end up costing their lives or at the least heavy injuries.

But there was no way that three of them didn't know that without Li Feng spelling it out for them.

Li Feng's smile faded and his eyes narrowed.

Perhaps he was disappointed because he wanted Bai Zihan to experience the same feeling of being abandoned after losing his cultivation—just like he had, after being defeated by him.

But unlike him, Bai Zihan still had people protecting him—even someone whose Dao Bone he had stolen.

He couldn't help but feel how unfair and unjust the world was.

And that only made him angrier.

"Hmph! Since you don't want to listen to my advice, then you'll just have to suffer the consequences of your decision."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 186: He Played the Victim, Then Drew His Sword

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

BOOM!

A thunderous shockwave erupted as Chu Ziyang's sword clashed against Li Xuan's spear, sparks flying across the battlefield.

Her blade vibrated with thunder-aspect spiritual Qi, arcs of lightning dancing along the edge as she pressed forward, refusing to back down.

"You've improved," Li Xuan admitted with a smirk, blocking her next slash.

"But you're still not enough!"

"..."

Chu Ziyang didn't say anything and just focused on fighting with Li Xuan.

A few meters away, Bai Xueqing moved like a ghost through the chaos—cold, sharp, and merciless.

Her mastery of Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword Technique was almost on par with Bai Zihan.

Zhao Yue's fan fluttered, unleashing blades of wind. But Xueqing's icy sword cut through them like paper, her movements precise and flawless.

"This again?"

Zhao Yue snapped, blood trickling from her cheek.

"Bai Xueqing, don't think your tricks will work again."

"You lost last time," Bai Xueqing replied flatly. "You'll lose again!"

"Arrogant!"

CLANG!

Their weapons clashed again, shaking the ground beneath them.

Meanwhile, Bai Xinyue stood at the front—alone.

Five Soul Formation experts surrounded her, circling like wolves.

However, Bai Xinyue wasn't going to back down. Rather, she felt quite invincible with her Dao Bone returning.

"You think you can stop all five of us?"

One of them scoffed.

She didn't even glance at him.

"Try me!"

In an instant, she vanished.

BOOM!

Bai Xinyue's palm strike landed like a divine thunderbolt, her golden Qi roaring as it slammed into one of the Soul Formation cultivators—

But to her surprise, the man didn't fly back.

His barrier cracked—but didn't break. He staggered, coughed blood, yet remained standing.

"What...?"

Her eyes narrowed.

The others quickly repositioned, forming a loose circle around her.

Then she saw it.

The subtle flow of Qi between them.

They were linked.

Some kind of formation—one that allowed them to share spiritual Qi and distribute the impact of her attacks.

Bai Xinyue attacked again—this time faster and stronger.

CRACK!

Her strike landed—but again, the damage was absorbed.

Moreover, despite the opportunity being there, none of them attacked and were just focused on their defense.

They weren't here to win.

They were here to stall her.

And while the three girls unleashed overwhelming pressure, tearing through elites and holding back waves of enemies—it still wasn't enough.

Because no matter how strong they were...

The Li and Zhao Clans had brought many people to capture Bai Zihan.

And their strategy was clear: hold back the people trying to protect Bai Zihan, and send wave after wave searching for an opening.

An opening to reach Bai Zihan.

Surprisingly, Li Feng, who was more than eager to capture Bai Zihan, didn't make any move—possibly waiting for his chance.

Whoosh!

A whisper of movement.

A shadow moved through the smoke—so small, so fast, no one noticed until it was too late.

A dagger-wielding assassin, wrapped in a stealth artifact, slipped from beneath, just meters from Bai Zihan.

He raised his blade, aiming for the back of Zihan's neck.

"No one will notice!"

The assassin thought smugly.

But—

CRACK!

A sword beam exploded through the assassin's chest before he could even blink.

Chu Ziyan's voice rang out like thunder:

"Did you think I wasn't watching?"

She flickered across the battlefield, forcing Li Xuan back with a burst of power and making it in time to stop the assassin.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The battlefield raged on.

Chu Ziyan was locked in intense exchange with Li Xuan and the assassin, her breath ragged, arms trembling from the relentless assault.

Bai Xueqing's once-pristine robes were torn, streaked with blood as she fended off Zhao Yue's unyielding storm of wind blades.

Even Bai Xinyue, whose return of the Dao Bone had made her feel invincible, now found herself slowed.

It wasn't like they could defeat her—but it wasn't their intention.

Their goal was to stall Bai Xinyue—and it was working very well.

Little by little.

Minute by minute.

And that was all the time he needed.

Li Feng finally moved.

He vanished from his spot like a ghost, leaving behind only a swirling imprint of blood-red Qi.

In the blink of an eye, he was already halfway across the battlefield—his twisted smile returning, eyes locked onto Bai Zihan like a predator about to end the hunt.

Bai Zihan was still where he had always been.

Slumped.

Breathing weakly.

Head lowered.

Unmoving.

A perfect target.

"Bai Zihan, you are mine!"

Li Feng muttered as he felt that finally he was going to have his revenge.

"Nooooo!!"

Bai Xinyue's scream tore through the battlefield, raw and instinctive.

She didn't even know why she screamed.

Why her heart clenched.

Why her body moved before her mind could catch up.

After all, Bai Zihan was her enemy.

The one who had stolen everything from her.

The one whose name she had vowed to bury.

But none of that mattered in that moment.

All she knew was—if she didn't move now, he was going to die.

And she couldn't allow that.

Not like this.

Her eyes locked onto Li Feng as he vanished across the battlefield, closing in on the vulnerable Bai Zihan like a blade of fate.

Her Qi erupted.

BOOM!

Golden light surged around her, shaking the battlefield.

The five Soul Formation cultivators surrounding her faltered, expressions darkening.

"She's trying to break through!"

"Stop her!"

"Don't let her go!"

But they were too weak compared to her.

Bai Xinyue's power spiked violently, her Qi blazing like a second sun.

The pressure alone sent cracks through the air itself—space warping around her like reality couldn't contain her presence anymore.

And then—

She moved.

Her hand slashed through the air, and with it came a golden arc of Qi—like a divine phoenix—a technique that seemed to burn with power.

It wasn't something they'd seen before.

Not from the Bai Clan.

Not even from the Desolate Heaven Empire's countless clans and sects.

A legacy of the Immortal Emperor.

Or perhaps...

A technique she comprehended herself within the Second Trial.

The technique roared outward like a divine decree.

CRACK!!!

The formation shattered.

Their defenses ripped apart like brittle glass under a hammer.

Two of the cultivators were sent flying.

Another dropped to one knee, blood leaking from his mouth.

"She broke the formation—! Impossible!"

But Bai Xinyue didn't spare them a second glance.

Her golden figure shot across the field like a comet—blazing, unstoppable, divine.

She didn't hesitate.

Didn't question herself.

She didn't know what this feeling was—or why she was so desperate to save someone she swore she hated.

But—

She was too late.

Bai Zihan was already within Li Feng's grasp.

Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing both sensed it too—but they were equally stuck, locked in deadly clashes with opponents that refused to let them breathe.

It was happening.

They were going to fail.

Li Feng grinned.

"This is the end, Bai Zihan!"

He appeared behind the weakened youth, his blade already mid-swing toward the back of Bai Zihan's neck.

There was no defense.

No resistance.

No one in his way.

Except—

Right at that moment...

Bai Zihan moved.

Just slightly.

Just enough.

And the look he gave Li Feng—

That smirk!

That shit-eating, trap-has-sprung smirk.

It made Li Feng hesitate.

Just for a second though.

(I'm going to turn that smirk into a scream.)

Li Feng thought, his eyes burning with killing intent as he accelerated toward Bai Zihan.

"Let's see if you're still smiling after I tear your limbs off."

SHHHKKK!!

Just then when it seem like Li Feng would succeed—

SPLAT!

Li Feng's head flew clean off his shoulders, spinning in the air as blood arced like a fountain.

His body stood there—frozen—before collapsing like a puppet with its strings cut.

When everyone thought that Bai Zihan was done for, what they saw instead was Li Feng's head beheaded on the ground followed by his body.

The battlefield fell into dead silence for one brief moment.

Even the fighting halted as eyes turned toward the unthinkable.

And then—

Bai Zihan stood up and cracked his neck with a smirk, Eternal Spirit Sword in his hand.

The previous image of helplessness and weakness was gone. Instead, it was replaced by the same arrogance and powerful presence he always had.

"Whew~ That was close."

He said, casually wiping blood off his sleeve.

"Almost thought I'd have to do some acting."

His voice wasn't weak.

His breathing wasn't ragged.

And that wound on his chest?

Mostly superficial.

The crowd collectively stiffened.

"What...?"

"I thought his cultivation was crippled?"

"Didn't he... extract his Dao Bone!?"

Then—

Bai Zihan's aura surged.

What crippled?

Bai Zihan was in the Soul Formation Realm!

"Impossible!"

"His cultivation was gone! He—he should be crippled!"

Bai Zihan tilted his head with a lazy grin.

"What can I say? I'm a fast healer."

Then he looked down at Li Feng's corpse and scoffed.

"Again being the one to fall for my trap... just how much bad luck can one man have?"

The battlefield erupted into chaos again—but the energy had shifted.

Drastically!

Who thought that Bai Zihan was easy?

Taking him hostage?

Almost impossible unless elders take action.

Bai Xinyue landed beside him, eyes wide.

"You... You were acting?"

He nodded once.

"Of course. I might not have a Dao Bone anymore—but I'm not some helpless weakling."

Bai Zihan replied like it was the most obvious thing.

"You bastard... You tricked me!"

Bai Zihan just grinned.

"Well, not your first time. Don't get too upset!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 187: From Predator to Prey

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

*Chapter 187: From Predator to Prey*

Bai Xinyue gritted her teeth, fists clenched.

She wanted to yell at him. Hit him. Kick his smug face in.

But deep down... she wasn't angry.

More than anything—she was relieved and confused.

Normally, it was well known that someone whose Dao Bone had been stripped would end up crippled.

She was supposed to be, too—but thanks to her powerful physique and monstrous recovery, she managed to overturn that fate.

Still, for the first few months, she had been practically a cripple—unable to properly cultivate.

But Bai Zihan?

How the hell did he prevent the loss of cultivation?

And on top of that, his injury—which should've been severe—was now almost non-existent.

Was it all just an act earlier?

But... how could that have been fake when it involved ripping out his Dao Bone?

Then again—this was Bai Zihan.

She felt foolish for even thinking, for even a second, that he was in real trouble.

"Next time," she muttered, voice low and trembling with emotion, "next time you pull something like that, I won't save you."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow, still smirking.

"Oh? Didn't know you cared."

She glared at him like she was about to slap him into the ground.

"I don't!"

"Sure you don't," he chuckled. "Your scream said otherwise."

"You... do you have a death wish?"

Bai Xinyue snapped, but it was just to cover up her embarrassment.

Behind them, Zhao Yue staggered, blood on her lips as she looked around.

A moment ago, they held the advantage.

Now?

Everything was crumbling.

Their perfect plan was ruined.

They were the ones being hunted.

Should they still continue with the plan to capture Bai Zihan?

Was that even possible anymore?

If that earlier performance was all an act, then Bai Zihan wasn't injured at all.

And if that was true...

Then they were being told to capture a monster who had survived against Gou You's attack.

Could they do it?

Maybe!

But not with the other three helping him.

Now was the time to retreat.

Even without capturing Bai Zihan, the Li and Zhao Clans still had the upper hand overall in this war.

Eventually, the Bai Clan would fall.

There was no need for them to waste their lives here.

"Retreat!"

Zhao Yue commanded.

Li Xuan looked at Chu Ziyang with hatred but didn't argue.

Taking the opportunity while Chu Ziyang was still worried about Bai Zihan, Li Xuan took off.

Chu Ziyang didn't chase after him—not knowing whether Bai Zihan is acting or if he was truly fine.

Since the enemy was retreating, she didn't think it was necessary to chase them down.

The same went for Bai Xueqing, who had let Zhao Yue escape.

Li Xuan and Zhao Yue felt relieved about that and knew they couldn't afford to linger here.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to run away later.

Bai Zihan saw them preparing to retreat.

He smiled.

They had stepped into his domain, now it was time to show them some hospitality.

"Where are you going?"

Bai Zihan said, vanishing in a flash—appearing right in front of Li Xuan.

"Bai Zihan!"

Li Xuan was caught off guard by the speed—by how brazenly Bai Zihan had moved.

"What do you want!?"

He tried to sound confident. He even prepared to capture Bai Zihan right then.

He thought—this must be a god-given opportunity.

Bai Zihan tilted his head and spoke coldly:

"Don't even try."

Then he struck.

"Tsk!"

Li Xuan gritted his teeth and raised his weapon.

He had no choice but to fight.

CLANG!

Their weapons collided.

Li Xuan thought he had stopped the attack—

But no.

He'd stopped one.

Nine Shadows Flowing Light!

Multiple sword strikes descended at once.

Li Xuan's eyes widened.

He could barely block the first one.

How the hell was he supposed to block the others?

Answer—he couldn't.

Spurt!

Blood burst from his body as he was struck multiple times.

Bai Zihan didn't aim to kill.

Not yet.

He specifically targeted his legs.

Crippling him.

Disabling him.

Li Xuan collapsed, barely able to move.

"You..."

He looked up with disbelief and hatred.

"One down. Next is..."

His eyes obviously went to Zhao Yue.

Whoosh!

Having fought hard and spent most of their Qi, their speed was no match for Bai Zihan's.

Zhao Yue had run quite a bit, and even when she saw Li Xuan fall, she ran harder.

She wasn't stupid enough to think she could rescue Li Xuan when she was already struggling to escape herself.

(Please chase someone else!)

Zhao Yue thought.

Initially, she had underestimated Bai Zihan.

His fame had been growing, but still—she assumed most of it was exaggeration, like rumors usually were.

Even when Zhao Clan members gave her reports and warned her about Bai Zihan, she didn't take them seriously.

In her eyes, those juniors of hers—no matter how talented, including Zhao Chen—were still just children who didn't understand how vast the world truly was.

She also believed the only reason Bai Zihan's schemes had ever worked was because the people he fooled were idiots.

She was confident she would never fall for something like that.

But now?

Not only had she fallen into Bai Zihan's trap—she realized just how terrifyingly powerful he actually was.

Li Xuan was nearly equal to her in strength, and yet he had been defeated almost instantly.

She wasn't foolish enough to think the outcome would be any different for her.

And now that Bai Zihan had taken care of Li Xuan...

She knew he'd come after someone next.

She just desperately hoped—

It wouldn't be her.

But luck was not on her side.

Almost immediately after defeating Li Xuan, Bai Zihan has set his eyes on her and chased after her.

"Damn it!"

Zhao Yue cursed.

She sped up but it was almost useless.

Bai Zihan caught up to her almost immediately.

"Lady, why are you in such a hurry? Why don't you chat a bit with this young master?"

Bai Zihan teased.

"Tsk! Bai Zihan, don't underestimate me. You must've used quite a bit of Qi to defeat Li Xuan and then catch up."

Zhao Yue yelled angrily.

She suddenly spun mid-air, fan snapping open with a sharp snap! as she poured almost all her remaining Qi into it.

"Whispering Tempest Blades!"

WHOOOOOOSH!!!

A storm of wind blades howled through the sky, spinning into a massive vortex behind her—dozens of razor-thin blades hidden within, invisible to the naked eye, moving at blinding speed.

A technique meant to shred pursuers apart. Even a Soul Formation cultivator would hesitate.

It was her last card.

Even if this didn't defeat Bai Zihan as long as she could slow him down, even for a moment, she might still have a chance of escape.

The storm screamed as it swallowed Bai Zihan whole—

RIIIIIP—!

Dozens of wind blades slashed through the air, striking him head-on.

Zhao Yue's eyes lit up with confidence as she saw him walk straight into the center of her technique without a single defensive stance.

No barrier? No defensive art?

He wasn't even trying to dodge?

"Hah! Arrogant fool," she muttered, laughter bubbling from her lips. "You brought this on yourself!"

She could already picture his shredded body falling to the ground.

But then—

The storm faded.

And from within the dying whirlwind—

He walked out.

Unharmed.

Just casually brushing torn cloth from his shoulders.

His upper robe was in tatters, but his skin?

Not even a scratch.

Zhao Yue's heart nearly stopped.

"What..."

She couldn't believe her eyes.

He walked through one of her strongest technique like it was nothing.

"Thanks. It's been hot lately anyway."

Bai Zihan said, brushing dust off his chest.

Zhao Yue's jaw dropped.

"Y-You... you monster! Freak!"

Her voice cracked as she tried to fly faster—but it was hopeless.

In a flash—

Bai Zihan was already behind her.

She turned to unleash another technique—

Too late!

With one smooth motion, he grabbed her wrist, twisted, and pressed her back down toward the ground like she weighed nothing.

She slammed into the dirt with a thud!, the wind knocked out of her lungs.

"Zhao Yue—captured."

He said casually.

"Let me go, you bastard!"

She shrieked, struggling beneath his grip.

Bai Zihan leaned in with a lazy grin.

"You stop struggling or I make you."

Zhao Yue looked at Li Xuan, whose limbs were broken. She knew Bai Zihan wasn't kidding when he threatened her.

She'd heard about Bai Zihan's reputation—how people once laughed off his threats, thinking he was bluffing but it has come be.

So, she knew better than to go against Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan glanced back at Li Xuan, still on the ground groaning.

"Two down."

He muttered, eyes sweeping over the battlefield.

As for the rest of those who tried to capture him?

They had already run far.

He wanted to capture the five Soul Formation cultivators who fought against Bai Xinyue...

But that seemed difficult now.

Besides, the others' value wasn't nearly as high as Li Xuan and Zhao Yue.

He thought he ought to be satisfied with just capturing them.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 188: A Father's Wrath, A Son's Deception[ 1,512 words ]

*Chapter 188: A Father's Wrath, A Son's Deception*

While there was a fight to protect Bai Zihan, another breathing-taking battle was taking place.

The fight involved the leaders of the Top Three Clan of Desolate Heaven Empire.

Bai Tianheng vs Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian!

The result was obvious.

No matter how powerful Bai Tianheng was, against two of the strongest cultivators, victory seemed to be impossible.

But of course, Bai Tianheng couldn't back down.

CLANG!!

Sparks erupted as Bai Tianheng's sword collided with Zhao Wutian's twin daggers.

The force behind the strike sent shockwaves in all directions, rattling bones and tearing open craters in the battlefield.

Zhao Wutian grimaced, his arms trembling from the impact.

"Still just as stubborn..."

He muttered.

Li Jianhong came in from the side, his halberds spinning like a whirlwind of steel and fire.

"You can't win against both of us, Tianheng!"

BOOM!

Tianheng blocked both weapons with a single swing, but this time, he staggered slightly.

Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Zhao Wutian grinned.

"See? Even the great Bai Tianheng can't stand alone against two Great Ascension Experts."

But Tianheng didn't respond.

Rather, his attention wasn't even on the two of them—it was on his son and his situation.

He was relieved as well as surprised when the three girls came to protect Bai Zihan, including Bai Xueqing.

Bai Xueqing, despite being Bai Zihan's sister, had despised him when she came to know Bai Zihan's actions.

She would rather trust and rely on outsiders than Bai Zihan, and he couldn't blame her either.

But blood is indeed thicker than water.

When it comes down to it, she is willing to risk her life and protect him.

He was also surprised by Chu Ziyan, who he didn't think liked Bai Zihan due to his infamy despite being his fiancée.

But as his fiancée, it seems like she is at least willing to protect him, even if that meant going against the other Top two Clans of Desolate Heaven Empire.

But the most surprising was Bai Xinyue, who he thought must hate Bai Zihan to death because of what they had done to her.

She should have been the one to plunge the blade in his heart if the opportunity arose, but she was protecting him?

He knew that Bai Xinyue used to follow Bai Zihan when they were little even though Bai Zihan's attitude wasn't good at all.

But after what happened, even if their relationship was the strongest, it would have turned to hatred after such betrayal.

Even if Bai Zihan has returned her Dao Bone, that wouldn't be enough to warrant that she protect him—at most, it would be that she wouldn't hold a grudge against him, which would be a surprise enough.

Anyways, the situation seemed a bit favorable with them protecting Bai Zihan, though he was still worried, seeing that the enemy outnumbered them and Bai Zihan was severely injured.

But he also couldn't afford to just worry and pay attention to them, as this could lead to his loss.

His earlier injury was also due to him not concentrating on the fight and getting distracted by Bai Zihan's situation.

(Let's focus!)

Bai Tianheng thought.

"Hmph! Two of your mouths run quite a bit. Perhaps I should start taking things seriously here!"

Bai Tianheng said as his QI increased drastically.

BOOM!

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian's expressions immediately changed.

"What...?"

"You—!"

"You've broken through!?"

Zhao Wutian shouted in disbelief.

The aura that Bai Tianheng released was unmistakably that of Late Stage of Great Ascension Realm.

The three of them had been in the same Mid-Stage of Great Ascension Realm for so many years, but Bai Tianheng had overtaken them.

Bai Tianheng didn't answer and smiled but his aura gave all the answer that is needed.

He has broken through!

It was all thanks to the Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique that Bai Zihan gave him, which made it possible for him to finally break through his bottleneck and break through.

Whoosh!

Bai Tianheng moved like lightning.

CRACK!!!

His sword met Zhao Wutian's blade mid-swing—and the blade bent.

That wasn't supposed to happen.

Zhao Wutian flew back like a ragdoll, coughing blood midair.

"Late-stage Great Ascension Realm..." Li Jianhong muttered, his face grim. "You actually broke through..."

"No wonder you dared stand alone," Zhao Wutian spat, staggering to stay upright. "You've been hiding your strength all this time."

"Wrong," Bai Tianheng said coldly. "I wasn't hiding it. I simply didn't need it—until now."

With a single step forward, the entire battlefield rumbled again.

In the distance, the spectators felt it despite the distance that they had from the actual battlefield.

"Is... Is that Bai Tianheng?"

"He just—he just knocked Zhao Wutian back with one swing of his sword!"

"What the hell!? Bai Clan Leader has made a breakthrough?"

"No wonder he was always considered the greatest talent of his generation."

"But still, it wouldn't be easy to take on two Mid-Stage Great Ascension Realm Cultivators by himself."

...

As the realization swept through the bystanders, Bai Tianheng raised his sword filled with Sword Intent.

He pointed it at both Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian.

"I'll say it once," he said. "Move aside—or be crushed."

Li Jianhong's eyes narrowed.

"You think you can?"

"I warned you once, I will not tell you twice!"

"Hmph! Come and try us!"

And then—

Bai Tianheng attacked.

No words. No delay.

A flash—a sword slash that screamed across the air.

Li Jianhong blocked with his twin halberds, spiritual shields layering one after another—

But none of it mattered.

CRACK!

The first shield shattered.

CRACK!!

The second.

BOOOOM!!!

By the third, he was sent flying, crashing into a mountain on the outskirts of the battlefield.

Zhao Wutian moved in to flank him—but Tianheng's free hand turned mid-swing and backhanded him out of the sky, lightning dancing off his knuckles.

Blood sprayed as Zhao Wutian tumbled through the air like a broken kite.

"This can't be!"

Although it was just a one minor realm difference between them, when the cultivation is as high as theirs, the difference is often very vast.

This is being experienced by Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian, who are suffering at Bai Tianheng's hands due to that one minor realm difference.

(We can only stall him. Zhao Yue and others should capture Bai Zihan as soon as possible.)

Now that they know that defeating Bai Tianheng is close to impossible, at least for them, Zhao Wutian put his hope on the group who was sent to capture Bai Zihan.

Moreover, he has seen Bai Tianheng looking back at Bai Zihan in worry, showing that despite Bai Zihan becoming crippled, he was still very important in Bai Tianheng's heart.

Clang! Clang!

"Why are you so anxious? Worried that your son might be killed?"

Li Jianhong provoked.

"Hmph! Don't underestimate Bai Clan!"

Bai Tianheng knew that Li Jianhong was trying to distract him from their fight, which he wanted to deny but couldn't help it.

Cripple or not, Bai Zihan was still his son, and although he knew that his enemy was trying to take advantage of that, he couldn't do anything.

As they fought, finally Li Feng made his move.

(Finally!)

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian thought.

They were at a disadvantage after having fought Bai Tianheng, but they knew that they didn't need to endure for much longer since they could finally threaten Bai Tianheng.

But then, it happened—

Slash!

Li Feng, who they thought would manage to capture Bai Zihan, had his head decapitated from his body.

Then Bai Zihan laughed, mocking everyone and once again telling them that they had fallen for his act.

Everyone was dumbfounded by that, including Bai Tianheng.

"Haha... That's my son!"

Bai Tianheng said.

(This brat, fooling even his father!)

Bai Tianheng thought.

Even he was certain and had fallen for his acting, thinking that Bai Zihan had become crippled.

However, no one could blame anyone for falling for it because, for one, everyone fell for that, and secondly, because that is what is known to happen when one's Dao Bone is stolen.

"What... How is this possible?"

Li Jianhong exclaimed.

"Bai Zihan was acting? Was that to lure our geniuses?"

Zhao Wutian muttered.

Now that he knew that they had fallen for Bai Zihan's trap, he had to think of a way to handle this.

They couldn't possibly continue fighting with Bai Tianheng, as that would lead to their loss.

Threatening him with Bai Zihan plan had obviously failed.

However, retreating wasn't an option because that could mean loss of their reputation.

Combined forces of Li and Zhao Clan are not enough to defeat Bai Clan?

That would lead to their allies' trust in them decreasing and Bai Clan's increased reputation and those who would be willing to work under them.

But of course, overall, they still had the upper hand with their elders pushing back Bai Clan Elders, who were outnumbered.

As long as they can endure for a few more minutes, they will eventually emerge victorious!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 189: Hostages of War[  
1,029 words ]

*Chapter 189: Hostages of War*

Bai Zihan stood tall amid the battlefield, his torn robes fluttering in the wind, one hand gripping Zhao Yue like a discarded rag doll.

Li Xuan lay crippled behind him, bloodied and groaning in pain.

He looked at the battlefield.

Although his father had an advantage, the same could not be said for the other elders, who were suffering at the hands of the Li-Zhao Alliance.

(Would threatening them work?)

If one were to look logically, Li Xuan and Zhao Yue's value wasn't enough to stop something like a battle for the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

But they weren't something that the two Clan Leaders could ignore either.

(Anyway, I would lose nothing by trying.)

The wind carried his voice—sharp and clear, amplified by Qi.

"Li Jianhong! Zhao Wutian!"

He called, of course without respect, addressing them by name.

They naturally paid attention to him when he called them out.

"Tsk! Trash!"

Li Jianhong said as he saw Li Xuan, who was sent to capture Bai Zihan, only to be captured himself.

On the other hand, Zhao Wutian was analyzing the situation and already knew what was going to happen.

It was exactly what they were planning—just that it was Bai Zihan doing it instead of them.

"I'll say it once. Withdraw your forces. Tell your elders to fall back, leave Bai Clan territory, and never set foot here again."

Bai Zihan demanded.

He tightened his grip on Zhao Yue's arm. She winced, but neither of the two leaders budged.

By then, Bai Tianheng had also stopped fighting to see what his son was planning.

For a moment, they stared in silence—then Li Jianhong scoffed.

"You think capturing a few juniors will force us to stop?"

"Don't overestimate their worth. They're talented, yes—but in the face of an Immortal Inheritance, their lives are just pawns to be sacrificed. It is their mistake for being captured in the first place."

Li Jianhong said, showing no intention of stopping what they had started.

Li Xuan felt all his hope disappearing as soon as he heard those words.

Well, that was expected. Li Jianhong didn't even bat an eye when Bai Zihan killed his son, Li Feng.

Zhao Wutian was the same but didn't say it outright for some reason.

"NOOO!"

However, a Cry rang out—from within the Zhao ranks.

One of the Zhao Clan's elders, mid-strike, turned his head sharply, eyes locking onto Zhao Yue's figure being held like a rag doll.

"Yue'er...!"

The cry was raw, almost animalistic, filled with fear and fury.

It came from Elder Zhao Jian, one of the Zhao Clan's most influential figures—and Zhao Yue's father.

His hands trembled.

"Clan Leader!"

Elder Zhao Jian's voice rang out, laced with urgency and barely concealed panic.

"That's Yue'er—my daughter! She's been captured!"

His tone was controlled, but the desperation beneath was clear to anyone listening.

Zhao Wutian's body stiffened mid-air as the cry echoed over the battlefield, sharp and heavy with pressure.

He couldn't give up—because that would mean letting go of the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance.

And who knew what would happen if they let Bai Xinyue grow up?

Their whole Zhao Clan might be in danger.

Moreover, the damage to their reputation if they were to retreat would be immense.

But could he ignore Zhao Yue?

Not with Zhao Jian being here.

He was one of the most influential elders of the Zhao Clan, and also someone who supported him.

Losing that would mean that his political opponents might take advantage of it—and he might even lose one of his most trusted elders and earn distrust from his supporters.

Choosing to retreat and abandon their objective for the sake of Zhao Yue's life would invite scorn and raise questions about his capability as Clan Leader—someone who let go of what might have been the Zhao Clan's greatest opportunity.

Around him, other Zhao Clan elders glanced his way.

They didn't speak either—but their gazes were sharp, questioning.

Waiting.

Not accusing. Not yet.

But whether Zhao Wutian chose to ignore it or not... the questions would come. The doubts. The whispers.

Either way, it wasn't going to be good for him.

Meanwhile, from the Li Clan's side, another elder looked down at Li Xuan, still groaning and convulsing in the dirt.

"Xuan'er..."

The old man whispered, clutching his halberd tight.

However, unlike Zhao Jian, he wasn't a significant elder in the Li Clan.

Moreover, Li Jianhong didn't really have any opponents in the Li Clan challenging him either.

So, his decision wasn't something that others could easily change.

Since he had already declared that he wasn't going to stop, even with Bai Zihan threatening the life of Li Xuan, he meant it.

His decision wasn't wrong either—because letting Bai Xinyue go would be an existential threat to their clan.

Moreover, although Li Jianhong didn't show it, he knew that Li Jianhong must be pretty angry about Bai Zihan killing Li Feng and would definitely want to take revenge.

Zhao Wutian's eyes flickered.

He didn't respond to Elder Zhao Jian immediately. He didn't even look back.

Instead, his gaze slid toward Li Jianhong—cold, calculating.

(He won't retreat.)

Zhao Wutian knew Li Jianhong well enough. Proudful, ruthless, and unbending once he made a move.

Even if he himself chose to withdraw, it would make little difference.

The attack would continue, the war would go on—and the loss of face would be his alone to bear.

He would be labeled the coward.

Li Jianhong? He'd spin it to his benefit and keep advancing like nothing happened.

(If I back down alone... I'll be the one blamed for failure.)

Zhao Wutian clicked his tongue silently and lowered the hand that had started to rise slightly.

He made a decision.

Do nothing.

Let the situation develop—and if Zhao Yue died, if the elders lashed out in outrage... well, the one who refused to retreat was Li Jianhong.

He could push the blame onto him.

That old bastard had already drawn his line in the sand—Zhao Wutian would simply pretend to follow it... for now.

And if needed, he could later say he tried to negotiate, but Li Jianhong didn't listen.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 190: No One's Coming to Save You"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

"He's got guts, I'll give him that. Who else would dare threaten Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong like this?"

"Tch, guts? More like insanity. But what can one say, this is what Zhao-Li Clan was planning first, Bai Zihan just reversed it."

"But it will not work. Li Jianhong didn't even blink when his own son was killed. What's a nephew to him?"

"It definitely seems like this war is not going to end up any soon!"

...

The onlooker discussed as they eagerly watched what was going to happen next.

Zhao Jian, still looking at him, narrowed his eyes.

But Zhao Wutian didn't meet his gaze.

Instead, he looked straight ahead, composed, unreadable.

"Damn you..."

Zhao Jian muttered under his breath, fury simmering beneath his otherwise calm expression.

Normally, he would support whatever decision the Clan Leader made—but this time, it involved the life of his dear daughter. How could he just accept it?

Li Jianhong, meanwhile, remained as impassive as stone.

If anything, his disdain only deepened when he saw Zhao Wutian stay silent.

(So much for being a calculating fox. Looks like even he can't stand against pressure from his own people.)

Li Jianhong didn't care about Li Xuan.

He cared about victory, dominance, the inheritance.

And now that Bai Zihan had revealed his strength, the possibility that the Bai Clan might be hiding even more secrets behind their back made him want to tear the Bai Clan down even faster.

Letting Bai Xinyue walk free, just because of the threat to a junior like Li Xuan?

That would be ridiculous.

No matter what Bai Zihan said.

His voice rang out cold and clear across the battlefield.

"Continue fighting!"

Orders.

No hesitation.

No retreat.

The elders of the Li Clan obeyed—though a few glanced back at Li Xuan.

"Clan Leader..."

Li Xuan's father called out.

But Li Jianhong didn't even glance at him and he knew what that meant.

Zhao Wutian stood there, unmoving, and said nothing.

Bai Zihan looked at Zhao Yue.

Li Xuan was almost worthless, and he understood that—but Zhao Yue seemed to have a bit of value, looking at how it had made Zhao Wutian silent.

"You're worth more than I expected!"

He said casually.

Then he turned his gaze forward—

Li Xuan!

He was groaning in the dirt like a broken beast, barely conscious. Blood leaked from his lips, and his limbs trembled uncontrollably.

Useless in battle now... but still useful.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed, cold and calculating.

He turned slightly, dragging Zhao Yue a few steps with him before tossing her aside.

She landed hard and gasped, but she wasn't the focus right now.

Without a word, Bai Zihan walked toward Li Xuan, who tried to crawl away, one arm dragging behind him like dead weight.

"P-Please..."

Li Xuan choked, barely able to speak.

"Y-You won... Just let me go!"

"Sorry, but it looks like your clan doesn't value you. You can only blame them for forcing me."

Bai Zihan raised one foot.

CRACK!

"AHHHHHHH!"

A scream ripped through the battlefield as Bai Zihan stomped on Li Xuan's forearm, shattering it.

The sound was grotesque.

Bones snapping.

Flesh tearing.

And that wasn't all.

Bai Zihan knelt beside him, grabbed Li Xuan's remaining good leg—and twisted.

SNAP!

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The shriek pierced even the clashing of weapons and roaring Qi in the distance.

Several elders from the Li Clan flinched.

Although they knew that saving Li Xuan wasn't as important as making sure the Bai Clan didn't get the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, they still felt pity for Li Xuan.

He was just following Li Clan's order and ended up suffering for it.

What if it was them?

Of course, Bai Zihan's target wasn't the Li Clan who seemed adamant about continuing the fight.

It was to show that Zhao Yue would be next—and this was the fate she would have to go through if they didn't listen to him.

Zhao Yue, lying nearby, turned her head away, lips pale.

Zhao Jian's fists clenched so tightly that his nails dug into his own palms, drawing blood.

Bai Zihan placed his palm on Li Xuan's chest.

"Do you think I'm bluffing?"

He asked quietly—but it echoed across the battlefield with chilling clarity.

His Qi surged, and—BOOM!

Li Xuan's body convulsed violently as his ribs cracked inward under the pressure.

"STOP!!!"

The old elder—Li Xuan's father—screamed, stepping forward.

But of course, Bai Clan elders weren't going to let him through and kept him there.

Initially, it was them who made sure that they don't go to Bai Zihan to protect him.

How has the table turned?

Now, the Bai Elders stopped others from approaching Bai Zihan even though they were at a disadvantage.

Bai Zihan turned his head, eyes landing coldly on Zhao Jian.

"I hope you're watching,"

His voice was sharp, each word cutting like a blade.

"Because if your Clan Leader continues to stand there pretending this isn't his problem..."

He stood slowly, blood coating his hands.

"... Your daughter will be next!"

Zhao Yue's eyes widened in horror.

She tried to move, tried to rise—but she could barely sit up, let alone fight back.

"No! I already did what you wanted—please spare me!"

Zhao Yue begged, totally different from when she had attacked and tried to capture Bai Zihan arrogantly.

"You! Don't you dare!"

Zhao Jian warned.

But of course, he knows that Bai Zihan wasn't going to listen to him.

He can only turn to Zhao Wutian who was still staying silent.

Zhao Jian's voice cracked with fury, and at that moment, his worry for his daughter far exceeded his respect and loyalty to Zhao Wutian.

"You—! If she dies, Wutian, I swear—!"

But Zhao Wutian still said nothing and ignored him.

Not a word.

He was still silent—still contemplating. Still trying to ride the razor's edge between inaction and denial.

And that silence was deafening.

The wind howled, carrying the cries of the wounded.

Bai Zihan turned back toward Zhao Yue.

One foot slowly moved forward.

The message was clear.

No more words.

She was next!

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 191: A Sect Beyond the Empire[ 1,532 words ]

### *Chapter 191: A Sect Beyond the Empire*

Zhao Yue's breath hitched as Bai Zihan's shadow fell over her.

Her pride—once towering—was now shattered.

Her limbs trembled, strength gone, her cultivation suppressed by the brutal blow she'd taken earlier.

She couldn't fight. She couldn't flee.

Only beg.

"No—please, Bai Zihan... please..."

Her voice cracked, barely audible.

"I was wrong. I-I shouldn't have..."

Bai Zihan looked down at her. His expression wasn't cruel.

It was detached.

Like he was passing judgment, not vengeance.

"Like I care. You should ask your father to do a better job protecting you."

He raised his foot again.

Zhao Yue shrieked and covered her face on instinct, her body curling inward.

But the strike didn't come.

Instead, Bai Zihan halted mid-motion. Not out of pity, of course.

His eyes narrowed.

He was gazing toward the horizon.

As if something... terrible was coming.

BOOM!

The heavens shuddered.

A shimmering ripple tore through the space above the battlefield.

Reality itself cracked like glass, and from the heart of the distortion stepped a woman clad in flowing robes of misty silver and pale blue, her long hair like drifting starlight.

Each step she took was accompanied by a ring of glowing lotus sigils beneath her feet, vanishing the moment they appeared.

Her presence was ethereal—no, divine.

As though she didn't belong to this era.

As though she had stepped out of the legends.

"...The Flowing Moon Sect..."

Elder Bai Feng whispered, his voice trembling.

"That's... indeed their ancient symbol!"

"What is someone from the Flowing Moon Sect doing here?!"

He wasn't the only one who recognized it.

Even the elders of the Zhao and Li Clans stiffened in collective dread.

Their arrogance—their obsession with the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance—suddenly felt childish.

Because the Flowing Moon Sect was not merely a strong Sect.

It was a transcendent power beyond their comprehension.

The Flowing Moon Sect...

A name barely known in the Desolate Heaven Empire—only those at the very top had ever heard or know about it.

A name that did not belong to any known faction within the empire—

Because it wasn't of the Desolate Heaven Empire at all.

The Flowing Moon Sect originated from one of the Five Supreme Empires that ruled the peak of cultivation across the Central Glorious Continent.

A sect that stood at the very apex of the immortal path.

Within the hierarchy of the continent, the Desolate Heaven Empire, as powerful and fearsome as it was, belonged only to the Upper-Middle Tier of empires.

It ruled its surrounding region with unquestioned authority, overwhelming most other nations nearby.

But above it...

At the true summit of the cultivation world—

Were the Five Supreme Empires—who had the strongest Cultivators of the Continent.

And the Flowing Moon Sect came from one of them.

A single envoy from the Flowing Moon Sect carried more authority than the combined forces of the Bai, Zhao, and Li Clans.

Even the Imperial Court of the Desolate Heaven Empire would not dare offend such a person—lest they invite annihilation.

Now such a person has arrived in the Desolate Heaven Empire!

The silence on the battlefield grew heavier.

Even Li Jianhong, just moments ago sneering at Bai Zihan's threats, now clenched his fists—helpless.

There was nothing he could do.

To challenge the Flowing Moon Sect was to invite ruin not only upon himself...

But upon the entire Li Clan.

The woman didn't glance at anyone else. Her gaze was calm, direct, and sharp—

And it landed squarely on Bai Xinyue.

The battlefield instinctively parted before her. Cultivators from every clan lowered their gazes in silent reverence.

"What... What is someone from the Flowing Moon Sect doing here?"

"Do you know something about her?"

"Sheesh! Don't point at her! You'll get your entire clan wiped out!"

...

The onlookers murmured in awe, most not knowing who this celestial woman was.

But looking at the expressions of the Bai, Li, and Zhao Clans...

They knew she wasn't someone to mess with.

While those who has an idea about her began to explain it to other and also warn them about making any comment about her.

"Is she the one?"

The woman finally spoke—her voice gentle, but impossibly commanding.

"Yes!"

Someone answered behind her.

Only then did the others notice the person standing just behind the envoy, and it was someone that most of them recognized.

It was Peak Master Qinglan!

Bai Zihan and Bai Xueqing's master.

So it was her—Qinglan—who had informed the Flowing Moon Sect.

That was how they had known about Bai Xinyue.

Though they still wondered, how just an elder of Heaven Sword Sect knew such an esteemed person from Flowing Moon Sect.

"So, What do you think, Yue? Is she qualified to become a disciple of the Flowing Moon Sect?"

Qinglan asked.

By the way of how Qinglan was casually addressing the person from Flowing Moon Sect, it looks like Qinglan was friends with her.

"Hmm..."

The woman studied Xinyue closely.

"Indeed. I can sense something ancient which even I can't recognize. That should be related to the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance. That alone would be enough to qualify her as a Core Disciple..."

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

"...But that's not all. Dao Bone and Phoenix Physique."

She turned slightly to Qinglan.

"Qinglan... it seems she's worth far more than you realized."

"What?"

Qinglan was stunned.

Dao Bone?

Phoenix Physique?

She didn't know about that before!

She turned to Bai Xinyue again, now understanding why she had obtained the Immortal Emperor's inheritance in the first place.

It wasn't luck.

It was destiny.

She felt a trace of pity that their sect would lose someone like Bai Xinyue—but even more than that, she was certain they couldn't protect her.

Someone like Bai Xinyue... their sect—perhaps even the Desolate Heaven Empire itself—simply wasn't enough for a talent of her level.

"Fairy Yue Wushuang—what brings you here?"

Zhao Wutian asked respectfully, his voice calm but his posture clearly deferential.

He wasn't the only one to act.

Just moments ago, the Bai, Li, and Zhao Clan Leaders had been locked in bitter, deadly combat. But now—

They stood side by side, shoulder to shoulder.

And then, together—

They bowed and greeted Yue Wushuang.

Three of the greatest powers in the Desolate Heaven Empire—forced to set aside their hatred in the presence of a single woman.

Because they all knew exactly who she was.

Fairy Yue Wushuang!

One of the brightest legends of the Central Glorious Continent.

An Immortal Ascension Stage cultivator!

Why?

Because she had achieved that level of cultivation before even reaching a thousand years of age.

In contrast, within the Desolate Heaven Empire, those who reached the Immortal Ascension Stage were considered founding ancestors who required millennia of accumulation to break through.

Yet Yue Wushuang had reached that same realm in less than a tenth of that time.

A genius so terrifying that entire sects from middle-tier empires refused to even speak her name carelessly.

"Fairy Yue Wushuang," Bai Tianheng said, his usually powerful voice low and respectful, "It is our honor to welcome someone like you to this humble empire."

Li Jianhong followed. "If we had known you were coming... we would have cleared the continent for your path."

Yue Wushuang didn't respond immediately.

Her gaze remained fixed on Bai Xinyue, and her spiritual sense quietly brushed over the girl again—as if confirming something.

"You should know why I'm here."

The battlefield was dead silent.

The three clan leaders—Bai Tianheng, Li Jianhong, and Zhao Wutian—all nodded solemnly.

There was no need to guess.

If there was anything in the Desolate Heaven Empire worthy of catching Fairy Yue Wushuang's attention—it could only be Bai Xinyue.

A girl who now possessed the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, carried a Dao Bone, and awakened the Phoenix Physique...

She was no longer just the Bai Clan's future.

She was a blazing sun that could not be contained within their sky.

Yue Wushuang turned slightly, her eyes falling on Bai Tianheng.

"Clan Leader Bai!"

He immediately stepped forward, cupping his fists with both hands and bowing deeply.

"Fairy Yue," he said respectfully, "I am honored to answer!"

Yue Wushuang gave a light nod, then asked—

"May I take her?"

Though her tone was soft, the meaning behind the words was no less than a divine command.

It wasn't a threat.

It wasn't a negotiation.

It was a courtesy—a moment of respect offered to the Bai Clan before she swept Bai Xinyue away from the mortal world.

Bai Tianheng was silent for a moment.

Bai Xinyue was someone who could literally change the clan if they were to keep her.

Her relationship with Bai Zihan also seemed to have improved—at the very least, she wouldn't kill him.

But could they really keep her?

Could they protect her from the storm she was destined to walk into?

Not to mention—refusing Yue Wushuang?

No!

With a long breath, Bai Tianheng raised his head and smiled, bittersweet.

"I, of course, do not mind. But it all depends on Bai Xinyue. If she wishes to leave, then she can leave without a doubt."

He glanced at Bai Xinyue with guilt.

"But if she doesn't, then I couldn't force her either."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 192: Bai Xinyue's Crossroads[ 1,076 words ]

### *Chapter 192: Bai Xinyue's Crossroads*

Bai Tianheng's words hung in the air, heavy with reluctant acceptance.

Yet beneath the surface, tension simmered.

Fairy Yue Wushuang's divine command wasn't to be questioned—and certainly never bargained over.

Her request should have been accepted immediately, without hesitation or condition.

But Bai Tianheng's insistence on Bai Xinyue's choice, while in a respectful manner, was—still borderline defiance.

The Li and Zhao Clan leader exchanged glances, their eyes glinting with sharp opportunism.

(Bai Tianheng could have quietly agreed and increased his favor with Fairy Yue Wushuang... but he had to say those words.)

Zhao Wutian narrowed his eyes.

(Fool!)

He's walking the edge of a sword—and he doesn't even realize it.

Zhao Wutian stepped forward, his sly smile deepening as if he'd been waiting for just such a mistake.

"Clan Leader Bai," he said, voice smooth as flowing ink, "I can't help but wonder... how could you hesitate when Fairy Yue herself makes such a gracious request?"

He spread his hands lightly, like a kindly teacher correcting a misguided student.

"This is not some mere opportunity. This is a blessing from the heavens. From the Flowing Moon Sect, no less!"

Li Jianhong nodded gravely.

"Yes! The Flowing Moon Sect does not intervene lightly. If they see her potential, it means Bai Xinyue is destined for greater things than any of us can offer."

He paused, voice lowering.

"To delay acceptance... could be seen as disrespect. Worse, it invites doubt! Bai Tianheng, you can't be this selfish!"

A murmur rose from the gathered cultivators.

Everyone knew that if someone like Yue Wushuang were to be angered, then it wouldn't just mean the Bai Clan's destruction—perhaps the entire Desolate Heaven Empire might be implicated.

(These weasels!)

Bai Tianheng knew what the two of them were trying to do.

But he can't do anything about it and just hopes that Yue Wushuang doesn't misunderstand him.

Fairy Yue Wushuang stood still for a moment, her starlit hair swaying gently in the wind as she gazed at Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong.

Her expression was unreadable.

The air was silent—deathly so.

Then—

She turned her head slightly, just enough to let her voice drift through the battlefield like the chime of a divine bell.

"Fair enough!"

The murmurs instantly died.

Zhao Wutian's eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

Li Jianhong's smug expression faltered.

Who would have thought that someone as esteemed as Yue Wushuang wouldn't care about saving face?

Most figures of her stature are proud and intolerant of even the slightest doubt—expecting absolute obedience without question.

But Yue Wushuang was different.

Unbothered. Unarrogant.

A rare kind of person in this world.

(We can't let this chance go!)

Zhao Wutian thought.

But before he could say another word, Fairy Yue Wushuang moved.

Gracefully!

And completely ignoring them.

Not a glance. Not a nod. Not even a shred of acknowledgment.

As if they were insects beneath her notice.

As if their words, their threats, their petty manipulations—meant absolutely nothing.

Because in truth... they didn't.

She wasn't some wandering elder they could provoke or push into action.

She was Yue Wushuang of the Flowing Moon Sect—an Immortal Ascension cultivator whose name shook the Central Glorious Continent.

She had seen emperors kneel.

What were they?

Their obvious provocation had already been seen through by her.

The only reason she didn't act against them—despite their attempts to manipulate her—was because of the Empires' Agreement with each other not to interfere in each other's affairs.

Her presence here was already a breach of that agreement. Killing them would only complicate things further.

She stopped in front of Bai Xinyue.

Her presence alone made Xinyue feel like she stood before a boundless night sky filled with stars—each one pulsing with divine will.

And yet—

Yue Wushuang's gaze held no superiority.

Only a quiet curiosity.

As if... she was not looking down at her.

But through her.

"Bai Xinyue," she said, voice serene but resonating deep into the soul, "I have no desire to force you. You are not a trinket to be claimed, nor a prize to be traded."

A faint smile curved her lips.

"I have seen your talent. You are worthy of more than this empire can offer."

She turned her head just slightly.

"Should you choose to remain here, your path will be long and bitter. But should you come with me—" her voice dropped, low and enticing, "—then the entire continent shall one day kneel before your feet."

Silence!

Even Bai Tianheng was holding his breath.

They didn't understand Bai Xinyue's potential until Yue Wushuang said those words.

If it were any other person saying those words, it might have sounded crazy but with Yue Wushuang saying it, it meant it was something that was possible.

Yue Wushuang stepped back, her robes fluttering like moonlight.

"A single word, and I shall take you beyond the sky."

All eyes fell on her.

"I—I..."

Bai Xinyue's hands trembled. Not from fear.

From weight.

The weight of choice.

Behind her, Bai Zihan watched quietly, expression unreadable.

(Indeed, a Five-Star Fate Heaven's Chosen...)

Such an opportunity being handed to Bai Xinyue might feel bizarre to others—but not to Bai Zihan, who understood her fate.

It seemed that even if he or the Bai Clan weren't going to protect her, she wouldn't need them.

To be honest, Bai Xinyue didn't have any particular lingering feelings for this place.

There had been nothing but hurtful memories here.

She didn't really care for it.

Her gaze naturally drifted to Bai Zihan.

Perhaps the only connection to this land.

Someone she once wanted revenge against—though now, that desire seemed distant. Perhaps it didn't even exist anymore.

She didn't know.

And despite everything, a strange reluctance to leave still lingered in her heart.

Perhaps, in the end... she also knew that her roots and home had always been here.

But even if she wanted to stay—she couldn't.

The Li and Zhao Clans would never stop until they had her.

Her presence would invite a war far bigger than she could bear. One that would cost countless lives.

And right now, it was just the Li and Zhao Clans.

Soon, the Demonic Sect might get involved.

The Imperial Family was only staying quiet because they were watching from afar. But eventually, they would act.

They would never allow a power they couldn't control to grow beneath their nose.

No matter what—

Staying here would mean destruction for the Bai Clan.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 193: You Should Just Go[  
1,099 words ]

*Chapter 193: You Should Just Go*

Everyone stayed silent, awaiting Bai Xinyue's decision.

However, deep down, everyone already believed she would accept.

At least, if they were in her position, they knew they wouldn't hesitate for even a heartbeat.

Some wanted to yell out, "Just say yes!"—but of course, none had the courage to speak.

Not while Yue Wushuang herself stood, still waiting for Bai Xinyue's answer.

Then—

A cold voice cut through the stillness.

"Go!"

Bai Zihan.

He simply looked at her—his expression flat and unreadable, eyes calm as a frozen lake.

"You've gotten everything you wanted here," he said, his tone faintly mocking.

"The Immortal Emperor's inheritance. Your Dao Bone. And now... even the Flowing Moon Sect has come to pick you up like some precious disciple."

His gaze drifted briefly to Yue Wushuang, merely to confirm her presence—then shifted away again, filled with complete disinterest.

"So what are you still doing here?"

He asked.

"Or is it that you still want revenge against me? I highly doubt you can win!"

Bai Zihan said it with confidence.

A few people on the battlefield flinched.

Everyone had witnessed how powerful Bai Xinyue was—her cultivation had reached the Spirit Severing Realm, and she'd even overwhelmed five Soul Formation Realm cultivators.

While Bai Zihan was certainly formidable, he was still in the Soul Formation Realm and clearly not on Bai Xinyue's level.

Many thought he was being absurdly arrogant.

Some were stunned.

Others scoffed silently.

But no one dared to speak aloud.

Bai Xinyue, meanwhile, stood still.

She stared at him.

There was no hatred in her eyes now.

"You really are the same," she said softly. "Unshakable arrogance!"

One might think his arrogance came from recently acquired strength—but he had always been this way, even back when the world called him a waste.

Arrogance that had never matched his strength.

"And even if you go to that sect—the Flowing Moon Sect—I doubt you'll be any stronger than me."

Bai Zihan finished flatly.

That, of course, crossed the line.

He was outright belittling one of the strongest sects in the Central Glorious Continent.

A faint twitch crossed Yue Wushuang's brow.

That was clearly an insult to her sect.

She look at Bai Zihan was was clearly looking down on the Flowing Moon Sect.

There was no trace of fear in Bai Zihan's voice. He wasn't even trying to provoke.

He had spoken like he was simply stating a fact.

Yue Wushuang couldn't detect any hidden meaning in his words.

(Ignorant fool!)

She thought.

She assumed Bai Zihan was so confident only because he was treated like an invincible genius within the Desolate Heaven Empire and hasn't seen the world.

She believed that if he ever saw her sect, he wouldn't dare utter such nonsense.

Qinglan quickly stepped forward with a nervous laugh.

"Ahaha, don't mind him, Yue!"

She gently took Yue Wushuang's arm like an old friend.

"That boy's mouth is truly a masterpiece."

She gave Yue a sideways glance.

"You'll lose years off your life if you take everything he says seriously."

Yue Wushuang stared at Bai Zihan a moment longer. Then her gaze softened.

(No need to be angry over an ignorant boy who will never step outside this small empire/)

"Is that so? No need to worry. I don't take a junior's words seriously anyway."

Qinglan sighed in relief, thinking Yue Wushuang wasn't offended, and glanced at Bai Zihan.

(Can't you hold your tongue just once?)

Then Yue Wushuang asked casually, "Qinglan, do you know who he is? And how is he connected to Bai Xinyue?"

Although she wasn't going to pursue the insulting remark, Bai Zihan had definitely caught her attention.

Arrogant individuals like him either became monsters or met bitter ends.

Usually the latter.

Qinglan gave a faint smile and turned her gaze toward Bai Zihan.

At Yue Wushuang's question, she nodded calmly, her tone even as she began to explain.

He was Bai Zihan—once treated as trash by his clan, now one of their brightest stars.

Her disciple, technically—accepted at the request of Bai Xueqing and the Sect Leader.

But in truth, Qinglan knew she hadn't taught him a single thing. Not a technique. Not a lesson. Not even a word of advice.

She was his master only in name—because he had joined her peak.

That was all.

Still, formally, he was her disciple.

That much was true.

Qinglan went on to list a few of Bai Zihan's accomplishments.

Yue Wushuang listened quietly, but her expression didn't change. None of those achievements impressed her.

They were nothing compared to her own feats—feats that could shake entire regions of the continent.

To her, Bai Zihan's accomplishments were... insignificant.

But what did catch her attention was what Qinglan said next—without needing to be prompted.

Bai Zihan and Bai Xinyue had a deep, long-standing conflict.

Qinglan explained how Bai Zihan had stolen Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone when they were young, and how she was later exiled from the clan.

"Hmmm... That's not the kind of vibe I'm getting," Yue Wushuang murmured.

If they truly hated each other, their interaction wouldn't be so calm—so strangely personal.

The way Bai Xinyue had looked at Bai Zihan... it wasn't the gaze of an enemy.

"That... might be because Bai Zihan relinquished the Immortal Emperor's inheritance to Bai Xinyue. So perhaps she no longer bears any hatred."

"He did what?"

Yue Wushuang was stunned.

Qinglan then elaborated on the trial and how Bai Zihan had given up the inheritance, his words met by Bai Xinyue's silent acceptance—making it all but confirmed.

"..."

Yue Wushuang now looked at Bai Zihan with new interest.

The Immortal Emperor's inheritance was something even she, a top-tier genius from one of the continent's greatest sects, would have risked her life to obtain.

She couldn't fathom a reason to give it up.

Even if she were in his position—she would have kept it.

It was far too valuable to be offered as an apology.

And now... this also made her reconsider Bai Zihan's earlier statement.

Perhaps his words weren't just arrogance or ignorance.

If he had been capable of defeating Bai Xinyue to seize the Immortal Emperor's inheritance in the first place...

Then perhaps he was more terrifying than anyone here realized.

(Pity that our Sect only accepts females!)

Yue Wushuang thought.

Otherwise, she might as well take Bai Zihan with Bai Xinyue.

Though she didn't believe he possessed greater potential than Bai Xinyue, especially considering he had given up her Dao Bone and relinquished the Immortal Emperor's inheritance.

She thought it would have been interesting nonetheless!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 194: Eyes She Could Finally Meet[ 1,043 words ]

### *Chapter 194: Eyes She Could Finally Meet*

A commanding voice rang out across the battlefield.

"Wait a sec!"

The crowd instinctively parted as a regal figure clad in golden-black robes stepped forward.

His hair was meticulously tied, and an imperial jade emblem glimmered on his belt.

It was Minister Yan Taifeng, a high-ranking official of the Desolate Heaven Empire, and the one sent by the Imperial Family to observe this conflict.

His expression was tight, his brows creased in displeasure as he glanced first at Yue Wushuang, then at Bai Xinyue.

He cupped his hands with proper courtesy but did not bow.

"Fairy Yue," he began, his voice respectful but edged with steel, "forgive this one for the interruption, but your actions here have already crossed the line."

He paused.

"You know well the Empire Agreement—none of the empires are to interfere with each other's internal affairs without His Majesty's explicit permission."

There was a sharp edge now in his tone.

"And while your words may not yet count as taking action, offering to take Bai Xinyue away... a talent of such rare potential—openly, and without a formal diplomatic process—is no different from stealing the future of our empire."

The words stirred whispers from some officials and cultivators in the background.

But no one dared side with or against him yet.

After all, while Minister Yan was an important figure of the Desolate Heaven Empire, Yue Wushuang was an important figure of the entire Continent.

Still, as the saying goes, a local snake is more dangerous than a distant dragon—they still didn't want to offend Minister Yan either.

Everyone expected Yue Wushuang to be offended and teach Minister Yan a lesson.

Yue Wushuang, however, remained still.

Then she exhaled softly.

Her calm tone drifted like moonlight over a still lake.

"If your empire could protect her, I would never have appeared."

Silence!

She looked directly at Minister Yan.

Her gaze was unwavering.

"You speak of the empire's future, yet you don't truly care about her. If you did, you would have intervened before I even appeared."

What she said was the truth.

The Imperial Family didn't really care about Bai Xinyue. Rather, they felt threatened by her potential—just as much as the Li and Zhao Clans did.

Minister Yan was only intervening because the person they had hoped would be eliminated was now going into the hands of another—worse, someone from another empire.

This wasn't any better for them.

It was like a sweet one couldn't eat—but watching someone else eat it still made you jealous.

Minister Yan's lips twitched, but no words came out.

She had struck directly at the truth.

They had watched. They had done nothing.

Moreover, they had hoped that Bai Xinyue would perish at the hands of the Li-Zhao Alliance.

And everyone knew it.

Yue Wushuang turned her gaze aside, voice composed.

"We are not here to invade. The Flowing Moon Sect respects the accords."

She raised a single hand, letting a soft moonlike glow shimmer between her fingers.

"But should the empire feel insulted by my actions, we are willing to offer compensation."

Her next words echoed like a formal declaration.

"We shall present our case and explain the full details to His Majesty at a later date. But Bai Xinyue's talent is not something you can keep buried within borders."

She let the glow fade, but her presence didn't soften.

"She isn't someone your Desolate Heaven Empire can control."

A heavy silence followed.

Minister Yan clenched his jaw.

He could not deny the logic behind her words, nor did he have the authority to risk clashing with the Flowing Moon Sect directly.

Yue Wushuang had given him a way out—compensation and formal talks.

And... a subtle warning.

Behind her beauty and serenity was power that could shake empires.

So instead, he lowered his gaze, cupped his hands stiffly, and said:

"Very well. If your sect is willing to speak with His Majesty, then I have no objection."

He hadn't even wanted to step forward—but if he had let everything play out, others might have started to question the Imperial Family's authority.

One might start to ask, can anyone simply take away someone from the Desolate Heaven Empire without regard for the Royal Family?

There was a need to show that even in the face of the Flowing Moon Sect, without the Empire's Imperial Family's permission, things could not be done easily.

Of course, strictly in terms of strength, they couldn't do anything—but because of the agreements and understandings between empires, Yue Wushuang at least needed to show a bit of formality.

One that she did which saved face for the Imperial Family with compensation being icing on the top.

Meanwhile, Bai Xinyue and Bai Zihan were unaffected by Minister Yan's presence or whatever was happening to other places.

Right now, only the two of them mattered—and they were speaking to each other.

"Zihan!"

Bai Xinyue called out—not in the tone of her usual hatred.

She looked straight into his eyes—the same eyes she couldn't look into when they were children.

Many years had passed, and she still hesitated to meet his gaze.

As they say, the eyes are the mirror of a person's soul.

She had always wanted to know what Bai Zihan truly thought about her... but had been too scared to find out.

Did he see her as a burden because she was clingy and useless?

Did he hate her for being needy?

Did he look down on her like so many others had, just because she had no parents?

So many questions... but until now, she hadn't had the courage to seek the answers.

But what Bai Xinyue saw in those eyes made her breath catch.

There was no condescension.

No hatred.

No pity.

Not even the faintest flicker of disdain or contempt.

Instead, she saw a calm she couldn't define—steady, cool, and... kind.

A quiet sort of kindness.

Perhaps she was imagining or that is what she would like to believe.

She wanted to ask.

Do you hate me? Did you ever hate me?

But the words wouldn't come out.

Even now, she didn't have the courage to hear the answer.

So instead, she swallowed the knot in her throat.

"Let's fight!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 195: Bai Zihan Vs Bai Xinyue!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 195: Bai Zihan Vs Bai Xinyue!

Chapter 195: Bai Zihan Vs Bai Xinyue!

"Let's fight!"

The words rang clear, cutting through the heavy silence like a blade.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

He hadn't expected Bai Xinyue to challenge him—not now, not like this.

"You want to fight me?"

He asked, his voice low.

Bai Xinyue nodded, her eyes unwavering.

Bai Zihan studied her for a moment longer.

(I don't think this is about revenge... or is it?)

He was confused. Although his earlier words might've sounded provocative, they weren't enough to justify a battle.

Perhaps... She just wanted a fight?

Her gaze didn't carry malice, nor did it feel like a grudge.

Anyway, since it seems like after Yue Wushuang has intervened, the war between Bai and Li-Zhao Clan is going to be stopped, there is no need to decline her.

He stepped forward.

"All right, If that's what you want, then I'll show you the difference between us."

Bai Zihan declared.

Everyone watched with rapt attention.

On one side stood a prodigy so promising that even a top-tier sect like the Flowing Moon Sect had come personally to claim her.

On the other—a genius in his own right, who had played with some of the Empire's strongest cultivators and walked away unscathed.

While many still believed Bai Xinyue would be the eventual victor, they couldn't deny Bai Zihan's presence.

Yue Wushuang watched silently, intrigued.

She wanted to see for herself how far Bai Xinyue had grown—and just how dangerous this so-called "waste" named Bai Zihan truly was.

Bai Xinyue raised her qi.

The sword in her hand trembled as if resonating with her heart, its blade gleaming like a celestial star.

Her cultivation surged to its peak—Spirit Severing Realm—unleashed without reservation.

Her robes fluttered violently in the storm of her own power.

"Here I come!"

Boom!

She dashed forward like a shooting star.

Bai Zihan stood motionless.

Then, without a word—

He drew his Eternal Spirit Sword.

Clang!

Their blades collided in a flash of light.

Sparks flew as sword qi lashed out in every direction, shockwaves rippling outward like thunderclaps.

The ground beneath them cracked, a spiderweb of shattered earth spreading outward.

Dust and debris were hurled into the sky.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Their swords met again and again—swift, precise, merciless.

Neither side yielded an inch.

Bai Xinyue's strikes were sharp, elegant, and fluid—each motion refined to near perfection.

The Sword Technique she'd inherited from the Immortal Emperor trial flowed through her body.

However—

Bai Zihan wasn't losing in technique.

If anything, his swordplay was even more terrifying.

His movements were subtle, minimal—wasting no effort.

Each parry, each slash, each step—carried the weight of mastery.

It was not the cultivation realm that shocked the crowd—

It was the fact that he was matching her blow for blow.

Spirit Severing Realm versus Soul Formation Realm!

And yet, Bai Zihan was not only holding his ground—he seemed to have upper hand.

Yue Wushuang's expression darkened slightly.

(This boy... how is he standing equal to someone with the Phoenix Physique and a Dao Bone?)

Someone with Bai Xinyue's constitution could easily overpower those above her level.

And yet here she was—unable to gain a meaningful advantage over someone technically a realm below her.

That alone spoke volumes.

"We don't have time to waste," Bai Zihan said quietly, his tone calm. "I'll get serious now!"

Suddenly, his sword began to emit a sharp resonance.

The air itself trembled.

A piercing pressure began to surge outward from his blade.

Sword Intent!

Yue Wushuang's pupils shrank.

"What...? Sword Intent?"

She couldn't hide the shock in her voice.

As a sword cultivator herself, how could she not recognize that will?

One needed years—decades—of dedication to the sword to even have a chance at grasping Sword Intent.

Talent alone wasn't enough.

Even she, Yue Wushuang—considered a genius throughout Central Glorious Continent—had taken thirty years to comprehend the basics of Sword Intent.

But now...

A youth not even seventeen had achieved it?

"Unbelievable..."

She whispered.

No matter how many praises or accomplishments Qinglan listed about Bai Zihan, nothing had truly impressed Yue Wushuang.

To her, he was just another talented youth from the Desolate Heaven Empire.

That is—until now.

Sword Intent, at just sixteen years old?

That was beyond being a mere genius of the Middle Ranked Empire.

Of course, she wasn't the only one who noticed.

"Sword Intent?"

"Did he really...?"

"Bai Zihan has Sword Intent?!"

...

The murmurs spread like wildfire.

Bai Zihan's sword surged with Sword Intent, and the awe it inspired was palpable among the crowd.

"Sword Intent?"

Gasps echoed across the battlefield.

Bai Xinyue, however, didn't react as strongly as the others—mainly because she didn't fully understand how difficult it was to achieve such a thing.

But just from the aura alone, she could tell: Bai Zihan wasn't bluffing when he said he'd get serious.

(He was hiding something like this all along?)

When facing someone like her—someone with superior talent and a higher cultivation realm—any normal cultivator would go all out from the start.

But Bai Zihan was different.

He hadn't used his full strength until now.

"I see," Bai Xinyue said coldly, her eyes narrowing. "Then I'll hold back no longer either."

Her Qi surged once more, rising to its true peak.

Golden-red flames burst from her back like wings of divine fire, forming the illusory outline of a Divine Phoenix.

It wasn't fully formed, but the majesty was unmistakable.

The air around her distorted under the immense pressure, and every step she took scorched the ground beneath.

At the same time—

Her Dao Bone began to shine.

Normally invisible, the Dao Bone now revealed itself as golden veins of light running through her limbs and spine, pulsing with her heartbeat.

The sword in her hand trembled in resonance.

As if awakened by the Dao flowing through her very bones.

A faint Dao resonance filled the battlefield, subtle yet suffocating, as if the laws of the world were being stirred by her existence.

The sky itself seemed to react.

Clouds churned, a subtle wind swept across the ruined battlefield, and spiritual Qi gathered wildly around her.

Bai Zihan Sword Intent surged in response.

His Eternal Spirit Sword hummed, answering the pressure not with fear, but eagerness.

As if it, too, longed for a worthy opponent.

For a moment, silence reigned.

Then—

SLASH!

A blinding arc of light tore through the battlefield, a brilliant crescent that split the sky in two.

For a heartbeat, time seemed to stop.

The force of their clash sent shockwaves howling in all directions, tearing apart what little remained of the ruined earth beneath their feet.

Dust exploded outward, and space itself seemed to ripple under the weight of the collision.

Everyone shielded their eyes.

A storm of Qi engulfed the battlefield. Sword Intent clashed with Phoenix Flame and Dao Resonance.

The two figures stood at the heart of it all.

Both of them were still standing!

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 196: Farewell to the Empire[ 1,605 words ]

*Chapter 196: Farewell to the Empire*

As the blinding energy faded, silence fell once more.

The swirling winds began to die down, the dust settling slowly across the ruined battlefield.

All eyes were on the two figures who were still standing.

Many thought it might have been a draw, seeing that both of them appeared fine despite unleashing such powerful attacks.

And then—

Clink!

A soft metallic sound echoed.

The tip of a sword fell to the ground.

Everyone's gaze snapped toward Bai Xinyue.

Her sword—once radiant and proud—had been split cleanly in two.

The blade had cracked down the center, the top half now lying at her feet, quivering from residual force.

She stood still, golden-red flames flickering weakly around her body.

Her hair whipped lightly in the aftermath, her robes torn at the edges, but her gaze never wavered.

Her hand trembled slightly as she looked at what remained of her weapon.

Across from her, Bai Zihan stood steady.

His Eternal Spirit Sword hummed quietly in his hand, still intact, still glowing faintly with lingering Sword Intent.

There were scratches on his clothes, a shallow cut on his cheek—but he was otherwise unscathed.

No words were spoken.

There was no need.

The result was clear.

Even if neither had fallen—even if both still stood—one weapon had broken.

And in the world of cultivators, where weapons were extensions of the soul, that alone said everything.

Gasps and murmurs spread among the onlookers.

"She lost?"

"Her sword... broke?"

"Bai Zihan... won?"

...

Some could hardly believe it, while others—mostly from the Bai Clan—cheered in triumph.

Yue Wushuang's expression was unreadable.

She remained silent.

Even she couldn't argue the outcome.

No matter how much she valued Bai Xinyue's potential, Bai Zihan had proven himself with action, not words.

But that didn't diminish Bai Xinyue's value; rather, it elevated it.

After all, it wasn't just her physique or talent—her comprehension of technique was also extraordinarily high.

Moreover, Yue didn't think Bai Xinyue lost purely because she was weaker—but rather because her weapon's quality couldn't match Bai Zihan's.

She had used an Earth-Grade Sword, while Bai Zihan's Eternal Spirit Sword... Yue judged it to be a top-tier Heaven-Grade treasure—something rare, even in the Flowing Moon Sect.

Meanwhile, Bai Xinyue slowly exhaled, her flames receding.

She lowered her hand, letting the broken half of her sword clatter to the ground.

Her heart felt heavy—but not with bitterness.

She looked at Bai Zihan.

Her voice was calm.

"I guess your words weren't just a bluff."

Earlier, she had thought Bai Zihan might've been acting tough—possibly hiding serious injuries after her Dao Bone awakened.

But that had been a misunderstanding.

He really was fine.

And more than that—he was stronger than she had ever imagined.

Facing him now, all those old insults and rumors about him being a "waste" seemed like a ridiculous joke.

Even after obtaining the Inheritance, awakening her Dao Bone, and activating her Phoenix Physique—she still couldn't surpass him.

She took a deep breath, organizing her thoughts, her eyes filled with new resolve.

"I'll go!"

It seemed that, after being defeated, she had made her decision.

"And I will defeat you when we meet again," Bai Xinyue said.

"Hmph! It's good to dream big," Bai Zihan replied.

Then Yue Wushuang stepped forward.

"It seems you've made your decision," she said.

Bai Xinyue nodded.

"Do you have anything left to do here?"

Yue asked.

Bai Xinyue shook her head.

"Are you sure? Once you enter the sect, you may not return for quite a long time."

"Yes. I've already done everything I needed to do," Bai Xinyue answered.

"That's good, then."

Yue Wushuang was satisfied. It was better that they didn't waste any more time here.

But before leaving, she turned to Bai Zihan.

"You're quite talented," Yue Wushuang said.

"Yes. I know!"

Bai Zihan replied arrogantly.

Yue Wushuang's eye twitched slightly, but this time, she found it forgivable—considering his Sword Intent.

She gave him one final look, then turned back toward Bai Xinyue.

"Let's go!"

Yue Wushuang raised her hand.

A pulse of majestic Qi surged from her fingertips, calm yet boundless—like the vast sea compressed into a single thread.

Space itself trembled.

Then—

Crack!

A rift opened in midair.

Like a line drawn across the fabric of the world, the air split open to reveal a swirling portal of mist and light—an entrance to a place far removed from the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Bai Xinyue took one last look around.

Her gaze swept across the battlefield—the shattered earth, the ruined terrain, the remnants of war fought over her.

The place where she had bled, fought, endured humiliation, and grown stronger.

Then her eyes turned to the distant mountains beyond, to the empire that had once been her entire world.

The Desolate Heaven Empire!

This was her farewell to it—for now.

Finally, her eyes landed on Bai Zihan.

He stood a distance away, his sword now sheathed, his posture straight, his expression calm—but that glint of arrogance still lingered in his eyes.

Bai Xinyue stared at him silently, her lips pressed into a firm line.

There was no hatred in her eyes.

No regret.

Only determination.

(Next time, I'll be the one standing above...)

She said nothing—but everything she felt was clear in her expression.

Then Yue Wushuang turned to Qinglan, who stood at the edge of the battlefield, calm and composed despite everything.

Yue gave her old friend a small, genuine smile.

"Thanks, Qinglan," she said softly. "If it weren't for you... I might never have found such a gem."

Qinglan chuckled lightly.

"You're welcome to take her. But remember—you must protect her at all costs."

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

Yue's smile deepened.

"We'll catch up next time. I'll treat you to some thousand-year-old wine."

Qinglan raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I'll hold you to that."

She then looked at Bai Xinyue.

"Cultivate well and become strong. If you face trouble, seek out Yue Wushuang—she will help you."

Bai Xinyue gave a small, respectful bow.

"Thank you, Elder Qinglan... for everything."

She meant it.

Qinglan had protected her ever since she obtained the Inheritance—then used her connections to summon Yue Wushuang and give her this opportunity to enter the Flowing Moon Sect.

Bai Xinyue even felt a trace of regret for rejecting Qinglan in the past—due to her conflict with the Bai Clan.

Then Yue Wuhshuang turned back to Bai Xinyue.

She placed a hand gently on her shoulder, and with a flick of her sleeve, they both stepped forward.

The rift pulsed.

A swirl of light.

And then—

They vanished.

The portal collapsed behind them with a quiet shimmer, as if it had never been there at all.

The battlefield was silent once more.

Everyone stood in place for a few lingering moments before the spell broke.

Some breathed a sigh of relief. Others exchanged uncertain glances.

The question was clear:

What now?

What would happen to the Bai, Li, and Zhao Clans?

Would they continue the war?

But with the reason for fighting now gone, few believed they would.

What remained now was to return, reflect, and reassess everything after what had happened.

At the very least, Minister Yan was already making plans.

Everything that had transpired—he would need to report to His Majesty.

Especially Yue Wushuang's intervention, which had shaken the very balance of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian stayed in the air, looking at the Bai Clan Estate.

The person who they want to eliminate was conveniently taken away, in a sense it was a mission completed.

On the other hand, their losses were significantly higher than the Bai Clan and their reputation might also suffer greatly after this.

"Should we continue?"

Li Jianhong asked.

Although he knew it was pointless—destroying the Bai Clan wasn't possible, not with their Grand Elders still capable of protecting them.

Moreover, even with both of them combined, they still couldn't defeat Bai Tianheng. That much, he was well aware of.

He only asked because he couldn't be the one to suggest retreat outright.

After all, Li Jianhong had always portrayed himself as someone bold—someone who charged forward without hesitation, unafraid of the consequences.

Zhao Wutian saw through his intent but didn't call him out on it.

"No. Let's retreat!"

He said simply.

"Everyone, we will be retreating."

He announced.

The soldiers and elders from the Li and Zhao Clans, still dazed from the chaos and intensity of what had transpired, immediately began to fall back.

Though their steps were orderly, there was no denying the bitterness lingering in their retreat.

In the sky, Zhao Wutian turned one final time to face Bai Tianheng.

Their gazes met—two titans standing on opposite sides of a war that had, for the moment, been paused by forces beyond their control.

Zhao Wutian's expression was calm, yet not without a trace of weariness.

"Don't fret too much, Bai Tianheng!"

He said evenly.

"What happened today... was inevitable. You would have done the same."

Bai Tianheng stood atop the cracked pavilion rooftop of the Bai Clan Estate, arms behind his back, his robes fluttering gently in the wind.

He did not respond immediately.

But when he did—his voice was steady and cold.

"Haha... Yes. Inevitable, indeed!"

His gaze didn't waver.

"And so is what comes next."

There was no fury in his tone—only solemn promise.

"Be prepared. The Bai Clan will not forget today."

He paused.

"The reckoning will come. That too... is inevitable."

A cold wind passed between them.

Zhao Wutian narrowed his eyes slightly, then gave a small, grim nod.

There was nothing more to say.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 197: Fate Severing Slash! [1,537 words ]

*Chapter 197: Fate Severing Slash!*

The battlefield was finally still.

No more clashing of weapons.

No more cries of war.

Only the occasional clang of metal as Bai Clan disciples moved through the debris, clearing away broken armaments, shattered flags, and the remains of war.

The air, once thick with tension and killing intent, now carried only the cool breeze of dusk.

Almost all of the onlookers have also returned to their respective clans or sect with some still being stationed to keep an eye on the Bai Clan.

The Bai Clan ignored them and focused on their own affairs.

There was much that needed to be done.

First, they had to rebuild their defensive formation.

Second, they needed to honor and send off all the fighters who had perished protecting the Bai Clan.

Third, they had to convene and discuss the path forward.

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During that period, Bai Zihan was in seclusion—though not because of his injuries, as others speculated.

No, rather it was to check all the juicy rewards that he had gotten from the System!

[ Unclaimed Rewards Available ]

Defeated Li Feng: [ 10x Cultivation Speed Card (3 Days) ]

Defeated Li Xuan: [ 3000 points ]

...

There were many rewards, but not much that interested him—except for one.

Defeated Bai Xinyue: [ Fate Severing Slash ]

He got a reward for that apparent fight which he seemingly won due to his superior weapon.

(Fate Severing Slash... Sounds powerful!)

He had been trying to find a powerful technique that could finish his opponent in one hit.

Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, while strong, wasn't suited for a head-on clash.

So perhaps Fate Severing Slash was the technique he had been searching for.

Well, if it wasn't, then he would rather give it to someone else than learn it.

He clicked on the technique description to see whether it was as strong as its name implied.

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Fate Severing Slash (Saint-Grade)

Heaven trembles. Karma stills. All things meet their destined end.

"Saint-Grade???"

He was shocked beyond belief. It would've been enough if it had been Heaven-Grade—but it turned out to be Saint-Grade.

And its description, while vague and brief, definitely piqued his interest due to the phrase 'All things meet their destined end'—which implied instant death.

Then there was no need for any hesitation.

"This will be my finishing move!"

With a deep breath, Bai Zihan tapped on the reward and accepted it.

[Fate Severing Slash – Acquired]

Downloading technique into the host's Conscious Sea...

He sat cross-legged on the jade meditation platform.

The room dimmed as the world of the System began to override reality, drawing him into a mindscape of pure intent.

Everything turned pitch black.

Then—

A silver thread appeared in the void.

Followed by a second.

Then a thousand.

Then ten thousand.

All across the horizon, fate threads stretched endlessly like glowing spider silk across the tapestry of time and existence.

(These... are fate lines?)

Each one connected to a life. To a cultivator. To a beast. To a mountain, a river, a dynasty, a sect.

Then came the voice.

Ancient. Cold. Unfeeling.

"To sever fate... is to decide the end of all paths."

Suddenly, a phantom appeared before him—an ethereal swordsman clad in tattered robes, his face obscured by light.

In his hand was a long sword—its blade cracked, but its aura indomitable.

"Watch closely!"

The figure raised the sword slowly.

Time froze.

Even the fate threads stopped quivering.

And then—

SLASH!

A single motion. Simple, without embellishment.

But the moment it fell, all threads in front of him—no matter how thick or radiant—were severed.

Cleanly.

Effortlessly.

As if fate itself had been cleaved apart.

Bai Zihan's pupils shrank.

He understood instinctively: the Fate Severing Slash didn't just attack the body—it bypassed form and struck at the destiny of the being itself.

Even if someone was fated to become an Immortal, this sword could make that fate vanish.

His mind burned, flooded with knowledge of sword arcs, fate resonance, Qi focusing patterns, and something deeper—something unexplainable.

A terrifying technique...

Bai Zihan slowly opened his eyes.

He was drenched in sweat.

The floor around him had cracked, and his Sword Intent had unintentionally leaked, slicing a long gouge into the stone floor beside him.

He took a deep breath and murmured, "So this is a Saint-Grade technique... It really is insane."

He closed his eyes once again.

A mental image had already taken root in his soul:

—him walking calmly through a battlefield, sword in hand, eyes cold and detached.

A single slash.

And an enemy's destiny... wiped clean from the world.

Yes!

This technique—Fate Severing Slash—would be his final answer to anyone daring to challenge him.

"Should I try it out?"

Well, there was no reason why not—though just comprehending the technique had taken a lot of stamina.

He stepped into the center of the room, summoned his Eternal Spirit Sword, and inhaled deeply.

The mental image from the vision remained vivid: a single clean strike that severed all fate threads—unshakeable and absolute.

He raised his sword, mimicking the slow, measured motion of the phantom swordsman.

The air grew still.

Sword Intent surged, faint cracks forming in the ground around him.

And then—

Slash!

The sword cut forward with sharp precision.

The leaves nearby were split.

A gust of wind blew.

But... that was all.

It was a powerful sword strike—but it lacked that transcendent, destiny-rending aura.

He has all the show but not the real essence.

Bai Zihan frowned.

"Tch... It's like copying a heavenly dragon's roar after just hearing it once," he muttered.

He wasn't disheartened—just a bit disappointed.

With his Intermediate Sword Intent, he thought that he could instantly use any Sword Technique he liked.

But indeed, Saint-Grade was a different breed than the ones he was used to.

Just as he began adjusting his stance for another attempt—

A ripple of light appeared beside him.

He turned sharply, ready to strike—but immediately relaxed when he saw her.

Clad in ancient robes of silver and gold, her hair flowing like clouds, the Remnant Soul of the Immortal Emperor emerged in a wisp of starlight.

"You've been busy," she said dryly.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"You're awake!"

For most of the time, she had been silent, and Bai Zihan thought she was still recovering her soul in the Soul-Confining Artifact.

Even in the event where Bai Xinyue was taken away, she didn't interfere.

Bai Zihan thought it was either that she was still recovering and didn't have the energy to intervene—or that she knew Bai Xinyue would be much safer in the hands of the Flowing Moon Sect.

"I had been awake the whole time. Your artifact is quite remarkable," she said.

"So, why were you quiet all this time? Do you agree with Bai Xinyue being taken away by the Flowing Moon Sect?"

Bai Zihan asked, though he knew it wouldn't matter even if the Immortal Emperor's Remnant Soul disagreed.

Bai Xinyue had already left, and there was no way he could bring her back—even if she were to request it.

The Remnant Soul frowned faintly.

"No! I detected a powerful individual nearby—someone who might have been able to sense me if I had appeared."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

"Yue Wushuang?"

He asked but didn't think she was that dangerous.

Of course, for her age, she could be called one of the strongest—but apart from her being a genius at her age, the Grand Elders of the Bai Clan were also at her cultivation level.

Sure, she might be stronger due to superior technique and artifact, but he still didn't think she was that far above the Bai Clan's elders.

She shook her head.

"That lass is impressive, but not there yet. It should be one of the elders from her sect—sent to look over her or something."

(There was someone other than Yue Wushuang?)

Bai Zihan was stunned.

Of course, he didn't dare to think he was all-powerful and knew everything—but still, he found this quite shocking.

If it was an elder from the Flowing Moon Sect, then any one of them should've been able to destroy the Bai Clan in a single move—even if their ancestors got involved.

He didn't realize they had been on such a brink of destruction. One wrong move, and perhaps... he might've been dead.

She continued.

"I thought that it would bring trouble to you if that person was to sense me. In any case, Bai Xinyue has been taken away—but I don't think they have bad intentions. She should be safe over there. And if she is ever in danger, I would know."

The Remnant Soul smiled faintly, then her eyes fell on his sword.

"You're practicing something dangerous," she said. "It seems like a Saint-Grade technique. And I thought your Empire was a fairly weak place. Where did you even get such a technique?"

Bai Zihan grinned.

"That's a secret!"

The Remnant Soul looked at him but didn't ask again.

"Anyway, I will be resting again. You can call me if you need me."

She said as she returned to the Soul-Confining Artifact.

Bai Zihan nodded.

Then again shifted his focus to Fate Severing Slash!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 198: Seventeen Years, One Year Passed! [ 1,164 words ]

*Chapter 198: Seventeen Years, One Year Passed!*

Two days later!

At Bai Tianheng's order, all the younger generation disciples were called upon for an announcement.

They don't know why.

Was it to attack the Li-Zhao Clan?

To prepare for another attack?

Perhaps something else all together.

But this was the first time, Clan Leader has addressed them since the Li-Zhao Clan's attack.

Bai Tianheng stood atop the highest platform, hands clasped behind his back.

When the crowd had quieted, his voice rang out.

"We have endured a great storm recently. The Li and Zhao Clans came with blood in their hearts. They came to bury our clan."

His gaze swept across the hundreds of young cultivators before him—some no older than sixteen, others nearing the peak of the Golden Core Realm.

"But look around you. Are we dead?"

"Are we scattered? Broken?"

"No!"

"We still stand!"

A powerful surge of Qi radiated from him as he raised one hand to the sky.

"And now, we rise!"

Cheers erupted—tired but genuine—fueled by the pride of having survived what many thought would be the end.

Bai Tianheng then lowered his hand.

"From this day forward, the Bai Clan will strengthen not only our walls but our foundation."

He pulled out a jade scroll—one glowing faintly with a pulsing, azure light.

"I hereby decree: the Azure Dragon Breathing Art, our clan's Earth-Grade Cultivation Technique, shall no longer be limited to the heir or the top genius."

Gasps spread like ripples through the crowd.

"From today onward, every loyal member of the Bai Clan is eligible to study it."

Eyes widened. Jaws dropped. Even older disciples glanced at one another in disbelief.

The Azure Dragon Breathing Art!

One of the best cultivation techniques in the Desolate Heaven Empire—once reserved only for the clan heir or those who had made significant contributions.

And now—everyone was being offered access?

"What? For real?"

"With my talent, I thought that I would be stuck in the Golden Core Realm forever but if I cultivate using Azure Dragon Breathing Technique, I will definitely go beyond that."

The plaza erupted in noise. Cheers, claps, and cries of "Long live the Patriarch!" filled the air.

The mood had shifted.

Fear had been replaced by hope.

Uncertainty had given way to determination.

Many felt that with access to such a powerful cultivation technique, they too could soar.

Bai Tianheng waited for the excitement to fade, then spoke again—this time with a sharper edge.

"This technique has been opened to all of you. But don't think that means your path will be easy."

He looked over the gathered juniors, his eyes clear and cold.

"If you want to become strong—then work harder. Put in the effort, or get left behind."

He gave a short nod.

"That's all!"

\*\*\*

The skies above the Bai Clan were no longer dark with war banners and ash.

A quiet peace—tenuous but real—had returned to the estate.

As the final repairs to the defensive formation neared completion and the mourning ceremonies concluded, a new event quietly began stirring within the clan.

Bai Tianheng had summoned the elders, his tone unusually warm.

"Zihan's seventeenth birthday is approaching," he said, standing at the heart of the ancestral hall.

"I think this year, we should celebrate it—and make it as big as we can."

Many in the hall blinked, but no one was surprised.

They had all been informed of Bai Zihan's recent contributions—especially the Heaven-Grade cultivation technique he had secured for the clan.

Such a contribution warranted celebration, though an official announcement would risk exposing that information to the outside world.

But his birthday was coming—and they could use it.

Not only to honor him, but to signal strength to their enemies.

It wasn't just a birthday.

It was a declaration.

"Yes! That's a good idea!"

"Haha... We must announce that our heir, a Soul Formation Realm cultivator, is turning seventeen!"

"That's a good one. Their greatest genius couldn't even break through to Soul Formation in their thirties—and ours is only turning seventeen!"

...

Preparations began that very day

.

Clan servants busied themselves weaving white spiritual silk into ceremonial banners, while elders worked to reinforce the spiritual barrier to ensure safety during the festivities.

Even those clan members who would usually feel jealous about favoritism were now excited and happy—mainly because they were finally able to learn the clan's Azure Dragon Breathing Technique.

So, they didn't think too much about Bai Zihan having such a grand celebration for his birthday.

Not to mention, after Bai Zihan's performance in the war, there was no longer any doubt about his qualifications as the heir.

Back in his courtyard, Bai Zihan had just finished his seclusion.

"I still can't grasp the technique's essence, even after so many tries."

He muttered to himself with a frown.

He had tried again and again but continued to fall short.

He didn't know exactly what he was missing—but he knew it was something fundamental.

(I should ask Luo Qing to tell the chef to prepare a full-course meal for me.)

Just as he was imagining all the food he could eat, the sound of laughter reached his ears.

He turned his head slightly and spotted two servants decorating the stone pavilion with orchids.

"Hah? Are we preparing for a festival?"

He asked lazily.

One of the girls yelped in surprise and quickly bowed, flustered.

"Y-Young Master Bai Zihan! N-no, not a festival—it's... your birthday."

Bai Zihan blinked, caught off guard.

"My... birthday?"

He had completely forgotten.

With all the fighting, the scheming, and regaining memories from his past life on Earth, it had felt irrelevant.

Seventeen!

In most clans, seventeen was when a prodigy's cultivation path began to stabilize.

It marked the phase where childish impulsiveness gave way to focused intent—when the name of a future legend often first began to take root.

That also meant it had been nearly a year since he recovered his memories from Earth.

Since then, he had changed completely—at least in terms of cultivation and strength, even if his personality hadn't shifted much.

He scratched the back of his head awkwardly.

"Tch! I don't need a birthday."

The two servants could only smile awkwardly at his grumble.

Just then, Luo Qing came running toward him.

"Young Master, you're finally out!"

She said, sweat on her brow, hands smudged with dirt—clearly from helping with preparations.

"Yes! And Luo Qing, tell the chef to prepare a full-course meal to satisfy me. Otherwise, well... They can practice cooking again. Without sleep."

Bai Zihan said with a grin.

Luo Qing nodded.

"Young Master, your father also instructed me to tell you—he wants to see you in his office as soon as you're out."

"Huh? Father wants to see me? What does that old man want now?"

Bai Zihan frowned.

Normally, he'd only be called in after making trouble.

He didn't think he had done anything wrong lately... but he wasn't sure either.

Well, he'd find out soon enough.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 199: A Son's Errand, A Father's Burden[ 1,052 words ]

### *Chapter 199: A Son's Errand, A Father's Burden*

Bai Zihan walked toward his father's study room, and all around the Bai Estate, there were preparations for his birthday.

(Isn't it bigger than last year?)

As the heir, of course, his birthday was always celebrated lavishly, with guests being the most prominent figures.

However, this time, it seemed even more extravagant.

Bai Zihan arrived at his father's study with a casual stride, arms behind his head and a faint frown on his face.

He didn't bother knocking.

The door creaked open, and he stepped inside.

"You called, Father?"

Bai Tianheng glanced up from a pile of scrolls, then gestured for him to enter.

"You're finally out. Sit!"

Bai Zihan dropped into the chair across from his father with an exaggerated sigh.

"So, what is it? If it's about the celebration—can we not? I don't have time for such things."

Bai Tianheng raised an eyebrow.

"You don't like it?"

He asked mildly.

"I didn't say that. I'm saying it's unnecessary," Zihan replied, scratching his cheek.

"A quiet dinner with some good food would be enough. Not this whole extravagant celebration."

Bai Tianheng set down his brush and leaned back.

"You might not care about birthdays or celebrations, but your name carries more weight than ever now. Our enemies are watching. Our allies are uncertain. The world thinks we barely survived."

He leaned forward slightly.

"We need to show them we didn't just survive—we're thriving. And what better opportunity than your birthday?"

He stood up and walked to the window, looking out over the courtyard where disciples and servants were hanging ceremonial lanterns.

"Just accept it whether you like it or not. Invitation letters have already been sent to most of our allies and influential clans."

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue but gave up on trying to stop the celebration. He understood why it was needed.

"So, why did you call me? It shouldn't be just to explain this, right?"

Bai Tianheng paused for a moment, gaze unreadable.

Then he let out a sigh and turned away from the window.

"You're right. I have a task for you."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"A task?"

"Yes," Bai Tianheng said, his voice quieter now. "I want you to go and invite your mother."

Bai Zihan blinked.

"Mother?"

His mother, Mu Yuelan—the one who had taken Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone and given it to him.

"You want me to go to Mu Clan?"

The Mu Clan, his Maternal Clan, was not known for producing martial experts or fierce warriors.

Instead, their prestige lay in alchemy—particularly pill refinement, medicinal concoctions, and spiritual herb cultivation.

Though not a major power in terms of military strength, the Mu Clan held significant influence in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Their pills were widely sought after for healing, breakthrough assistance, and longevity.

The Bai Clan and Mu Clan had long enjoyed a mutually beneficial alliance.

The Bai Clan provided protection, spirit ore trade, and market access in exchange for exclusive supply rights to the Mu Clan's high-grade pills.

Bai Tianheng's marriage to Mu Yuelan had been both political and personal—seen at the time as a brilliant union between the two allies.

However, the relationship between the two clans remained geographically distant.

Most Mu Clan members stayed within their secluded estate, refining pills rather than getting involved in marital conflict.

Other than going out to find rare and precious Spiritual Herbs that they can't buy, they hardly go out.

Bai Tianheng nodded.

"But isn't mother in seclusion?"

Last year, his mother had been in seclusion—trying to break through to the Great Ascension Realm—and missed Bai Zihan's birthday.

It isn't abnormal for cultivators to take a year or two to break through to the next realm—especially when the realm is as high as the Great Ascension Realm.

"This year, she's out of her seclusion. And... she should be here for your birthday."

Bai Zihan stayed silent for a few seconds before his lips twitched.

"Shouldn't you be the one to invite her?"

Bai Tianheng's expression darkened slightly.

"You know very well... It's been quite a while since we talked."

(Not since Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone was taken.)

Bai Zihan thought.

Bai Zihan didn't know the full details, but he did know they had argued—and after getting angry, his mother had left the Bai Clan.

Since then, unless it involved him or Bai Xueqing, she hadn't appeared in Bai Clan.

Well, Bai Zihan understood why his father was angry at his mother—because no matter how much you love your child, stealing someone's Dao Bone, especially from a relative, was simply wrong.

As the Clan Leader, Bai Tianheng also had to consider how the rest of the clan would react to such news—one of their own having their Dao Bone taken.

So in a way, it was understandable that he got angry.

But Bai Zihan had always wondered why his mother did what she did.

Although many—including himself—believed it was to increase his cultivation talent, Bai Zihan had never thought of his mother as someone capable of doing something so ruthless.

Not to mention, she had always treated Bai Xinyue well—almost like her own daughter.

She was even the one who suggested bringing Bai Xinyue into the family, since Bai Xinyue's mother had been a close friend of hers.

Of course, after what happened, everyone assumed it had all been part of a plan to obtain Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone.

"Why not go yourself and talk it through? Maybe you two can resolve it."

Silence!

Bai Tianheng didn't say anything—but it was clear he didn't want to go.

Bai Zihan studied him, then exhaled through his nose.

"So you want me to go because it's awkward for you?"

"Because she'll come if you ask," Tianheng said.

"She might still be angry with me—but you're her son. She won't ignore your request."

Zihan clicked his tongue.

"Fine! But you better talk with her once she arrives. Your fight has been dragging on for too long—and I already gave Bai Xinyue her Dao Bone back. There isn't much left to argue about."

Bai Tianheng just nodded.

Bai Zihan knew his father understood even without him saying it—but he said it anyway, just in case his pride got in the way.

"Right. Then I'll head out tomorrow morning then."

"Good!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 200: To Mu Clan[ 1,287 words ]

### *Chapter 200: To Mu Clan*

In the morning, preparations were already underway for Bai Zihan's journey to the Mu Clan.

His extravagant flying ship was ready, adorned with clan insignias and flanked by guards.

"Mu Clan, huh!"

To be honest, he didn't really like going to his mother's clan.

It wasn't that they were crazy in a bad way—but when it came to alchemy, they were downright obsessive.

They could talk for hours about a single herb's root quality or the exact moment a pill furnace's flame should flicker.

They barely cared about the outside world, and trying to have a conversation with them about anything other than pills was like pulling teeth.

All in all, they were a bunch of boring weirdos who only knew how to talk about medicine.

But what could he do? He'd already agreed to go.

"But is it really okay for you to come protect me, Grand Elder?"

Bai Zihan asked, raising an eyebrow.

With his rising fame, plenty of people had started seeing him as a threat.

There had already been one assassination attempt—so it wasn't surprising he'd be assigned guards.

He just hadn't expected Grand Elder Bai Ren himself to come along.

Still, he was pretty sure it was Bai Ren's own decision rather than his father's instruction.

"Haha! Of course! You are our precious heir. We can't allow you to be in danger," Bai Ren said with a hearty chuckle.

Bai Zihan sighed.

"If you're that worried about my safety, couldn't you have gone and invited my mother instead?"

"No, no," Bai Ren waved his hand. "We elders don't meddle in the affairs of the younger generation. It wouldn't be proper to interfere in their relationship."

(But you're perfectly fine meddling in mine?)

Bai Zihan cursed internally.

He was already getting annoyed by the Grand Elder—who used to ignore him completely but now hovered around like a clingy old grandpa who couldn't give his grandson a moment of peace.

The flying ship soared across the sky, its runes gleaming as spiritual Qi pulsed along its hull.

Clouds parted at its approach, and a long shadow stretched beneath it like a dragon gliding through the heavens.

Inside the ship, Bai Zihan leaned lazily against the railing, arms crossed as he watched the world blur past.

"We should be arriving soon," Bai Zihan muttered, glancing at the horizon where mist-covered peaks emerged in layers of jade and silver.

The Mu Clan Estate was nestled within a secluded mountain range rich in medicinal herbs and spiritual Qi.

It was a place of serenity and refinement—completely different from the militant aura of the Bai Clan’s territory.

As the ship began its descent, they passed through a protective mist barrier. The ship’s Bai Clan insignia shimmered, signaling who they were.

Almost immediately, a group of guards rose into the air to greet them.

Though the guards wore the robes of the Mu Clan—an elegant green marked with a cauldron emblem—their stance, posture, and the way they gripped their weapons betrayed something different.

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes slightly.

(These guys... most of them are from the Bai Clan.)

Not surprising. The Mu Clan didn’t raise warriors.

Most of their core guard force was supplied by the Bai Clan—handpicked cultivators who’d sworn loyalty to both sides.

As the flying ship docked at the landing platform, the head of the guard squad stepped forward and bowed deeply.

"Young Master Bai Zihan. It is an honor. Welcome to the Mu Clan!"

His voice was respectful, but there was a clear hint of excitement behind his calm expression.

The other guards followed in bowing—but their eyes kept drifting toward Bai Zihan, unable to hide their awe.

"It’s the Young Master! His reputation has changed from what it used to be."

"He’s defeated many top geniuses older than him. I heard even Mo Tianji, the Saint of Crimson Demon Sect, was humiliated."

"His talent is now recognized to be greater than that of Bai Xueqing. After all, despite being younger, his cultivation realm is the same as hers."

...

Grand Elder Bai Ren stepped off the ship next, nodding approvingly at the security detail.

"You’ve done well," he said. "Lead us to the main hall. Inform Clan Leader Mu that his nephew has come to visit."

"Yes, Grand Elder!"

The guards straightened and immediately dispatched one of their own to inform the higher-ups.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan descended the steps slowly, his eyes darting elsewhere.

He could see many disciples of the Mu Clan glancing at him curiously—from young to old.

Despite being in seclusion, it wouldn't be strange for them to have heard about his exploits, considering how big the news was.

The guard led Bai Zihan and Grand Elder Bai Ren through a winding path of mist-veiled pavilions and jade-tiled bridges, finally into the Main Hall.

"Zihan'er!"

The man's booming voice was filled with cheer.

He wore pale green robes embroidered with silver cauldrons, and though his build was slim, there was a vigor in his eyes that made it clear he was no ordinary alchemist.

Mu Qingyuan, current Clan Leader of the Mu Clan and Bai Zihan's maternal uncle, strode forward with open arms.

"You've finally come to visit, brat. You've grown taller again! And look at you... tsk tsk... your cultivation's already at the Soul Formation Realm. What are you eating over there in the Bai Clan? Dragon marrow and phoenix blood?"

Bai Zihan smirked, stepping forward.

"Uncle Qingyuan. I'm honored to be welcomed so warmly."

"Hah! Of course I'm warm—how could I not be?"

Mu Qingyuan laughed, grabbing Bai Zihan's shoulders and giving them a shake.

"Every tea house and scroll stand in the Empire is singing tales of the Bai Clan's Young Master. First, you beat the Li Clan's top talent—then the Crimson Demon Sect's Saint! Tell me, how is this brat my nephew? Hahaha!"

Well, he certainly couldn't believe it at first. He knew his nephew well enough to find it suspicious—even if the whole Empire was singing his praises.

It was only when he saw Bai Zihan in person and sensed his Soul Formation Realm cultivation that he realized those rumors might actually be true.

Though he still doubted his so-called heroic exploits, knowing that he was more devil than hero.

"It's good to see the Bai Clan's next generation living up to the name. We've already begun brewing a medicinal tea perfect for you. You'll like it!"

Servants came with tea and served it to the Bai Clan members.

"So, what brings the young hero of the Bai Clan all the way here?"

He asked.

Bai Zihan glanced at Bai Ren, then looked back to his uncle.

"I've come to invite my mother," he said plainly. "For my birthday!"

Mu Qingyuan's gaze lingered for a moment before nodding slowly.

"I see!"

He chuckled.

"She'll be pleased. She's in her personal courtyard now—just finished concocting a batch of Nine Revolution Bone-Nurturing Pills. You know how she gets after brewing—grumpy if anyone disturbs her mid-refining, but calm once she's done."

He looked at Bai Zihan more carefully this time, his tone softening.

"She's missed you, you know. Even if she doesn't show it."

Bai Zihan looked down at the teacup in his hands.

"I've missed her too."

"I'll take you there myself," Mu Qingyuan said. "Let's not waste time."

As they rose, Mu Qingyuan gave a nod to Bai Ren.

"Rest here, Grand Elder. I'll handle this personally."

Bai Ren nodded in approval.

"Good. I'll sample more of your tea. It's not often I get a peaceful moment."

And with that, Bai Zihan and Mu Qingyuan stepped out once more, walking the quiet stone path toward the inner garden—where Mu Yuelan awaited.