

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 251: The Tide of Wealth[ 1,091 words ]

### *Chapter 251: The Tide of Wealth*

Once the final hammer fell, the grandeur of the Grand Radiance Auction Hall began to dim.

The chatter of nobles and cultivators faded as attendants guided them out, but Bai Zihan did not leave with the crowd.

Instead, he rose unhurriedly and made his way deeper into the hall, past velvet curtains and guarded corridors, toward the private chambers where only the highest dealings were conducted.

The scent of sandalwood lingered faintly in the air as he stepped into the manager's office.

There, waiting with a jade ledger and several sealed chests stacked neatly at his side, was the Manager.

"Young Master Bai," The manager greeted with a deep bow, his hands carefully resting atop the ledger.

"The calculations have been finalized."

Bai Zihan nodded slightly, settling into the chair prepared for him.

"Let's hear it!"

The Manager opened the jade ledger, his fingers moving swiftly across the abacus beside him.

"The Celestial Feather Fan fetched ten million gold, as you know. Deducting the auction house's fees..."

He paused for a slight bow, a hint of reverence in his tone.

"We've kept your commission at the minimum—0.1 percent—given the nature of the artifact you brought in."

Bai Zihan arched his brow. Normally, it would have been 5 % or more depending on the item.

"After all deductions, including the amount you bid for items, your earnings amount to twenty million gold."

The manager continued, his voice almost trembling with excitement.

"Twenty million!"

What Bai Zihan had made was more than all the other auction items combined.

This was also the first time the manager had seen any single individual earn such a staggering amount.

If not for the money deducted from Bai Zihan's own bids on a few high-priced items, his net income would have been closer to thirty million.

But he had nothing to complain about; after all, the auction had earned a fortune thanks to Bai Zihan's aggressive bidding.

With ten million gold spent, Bai Zihan also became the single highest spender of the event.

Highest earner and highest spender—titles that shouldn't have gone together, yet somehow Bai Zihan was that person.

A faint, approving smile curved Bai Zihan's lips.

"Not bad. Not bad at all."

Bai Zihan rose smoothly to his feet, brushing an invisible speck of dust from his sleeve.

"If that's all, then I'll be on my way."

He turned, already moving toward the door, when the manager's voice hurried after him.

"Young Master Bai, please wait a moment!"

Bai Zihan paused, his gaze sliding back lazily over his shoulder.

The manager bowed deeply, both hands presenting a small lacquered box.

With utmost care, he opened it, revealing a jade-etched token shimmering faintly with golden light.

"This is the Grand Radiance Hall VVIP Card," the manager explained reverently.

"It is issued only to our most honored patrons. With it, you will be granted a twenty percent discount at any of our branches throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire. Please take it!"

Bai Zihan glanced at the card, then casually took it, slipping it into his sleeve as though it were nothing more than a trinket.

"Mm. Okay."

"And if, in the future, you wish to consign more treasures... Please, consider our Grand Radiance Auction House first. We will ensure you the finest rates, no matter the rarity or grade."

Bai Zihan studied him for a brief moment, then waved a hand dismissively.

"Sure, sure. We'll see."

Without giving it another thought, he strode out of the sandalwood-scented chamber, his figure soon swallowed by the guarded corridors beyond.

The manager remained bowing long after Bai Zihan had gone.

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Wealth was a fickle thing.

Money in hand was nothing but stagnant water. Left untouched, it would eventually turn foul.

But when set into motion, it became a tide that could wash away obstacles and carve out new paths.

Bai Zihan understood this well.

Five million gold was placed into Kong Zhanghong's hands.

It was meant for the Black Lantern Society—to expand its influence and plant ears across the empire so that no whisper would escape Bai Zihan's reach.

Whether it was establishing teahouses, bribing officials—anything that could be bought with money. And there weren't many things that couldn't be.

Kong Zhanghong's hands trembled as he accepted the heavy coffer.

His chest surged with emotion—not just from the weight of the fortune, but from the trust placed upon him.

He dropped to one knee, bowing low, his voice solemn.

"This subordinate will not disappoint. I will make sure that even a whisper doesn't escape from my grasp!"

Bai Zihan merely nodded his head.

While Kong Zhanghong was obviously exaggerating, Bai Zihan knew that he was capable. There was no doubt about that.

The second portion of his fortune, another five million, he directed toward a more audacious gamble.

"Bet it on the Dragon and Phoenix Competition," Bai Zihan said.

Kong Zhanghong blinked, startled. "...Bet, Young Master?"

"Yes." Bai Zihan's gaze was as calm as still water. "All on the one who will take first place."

Kong Zhanghong's mind whirled. He thought who Bai Zihan might be placing the bet on.

"May I ask who...?"

"Nie Fengzhuo."

The name hit Kong Zhanghong like a hammer. He froze, staring at Bai Zihan, unsure if he'd misheard.

(Nie Fengzhuo?)

If Bai Zihan had said Bai Xueqing—his own sister—Kong Zhanghong would have understood immediately.

But Nie Fengzhuo...

(Why does the Young Master trust this guy so much?)

"Young Master," Kong began cautiously, "with all respect... are you certain? Betting on your sister, Lady Xueqing, would be the safer choice. But Nie Fengzhuo—"

"He will win."

The certainty in Bai Zihan's voice cut off all protest.

Kong Zhanghong swallowed hard, then bowed.

"...Understood. I will arrange it at once."

He turned swiftly to leave, but unease gnawed at him.

Why Nie Fengzhuo? Why did Bai Zihan trust this outsider more than even his own blood?

Still, orders were orders.

He immediately went to fulfill Bai Zihan's orders.

He summoned his lackeys, instructing them to spread the bets across multiple betting houses.

After all, no single establishment could handle a wager worth five million.

Dozens of couriers were dispatched in secret, each carrying a carefully portioned sum.

Like seeds scattered across fertile soil, the bets were sown throughout the empire.

If Bai Zihan's prediction proved true, the harvest would be beyond imagination—fifty million in winnings, perhaps even more.

Kong Zhanghong exhaled slowly, eyes narrowing.

Whether his Young Master's judgment was divine foresight or reckless madness... soon, he would find out.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 252: Fourth Round Starts! [1,011 words ]

### *Chapter 252: Fourth Round Starts!*

Three days had passed since the explosive third round of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, and the Arena buzzed with a tension sharper than ever.

The previous matches—especially Chu Ziyang's stunning victory over Lei Zhensheng—had set tongues wagging across the empire.

Defeating the former strongest genius wasn't a feat that just anyone could achieve.

The waiting area of the Heaven Sword Sect was quieter than the roaring arena, a sanctuary of calm before the storm.

Chu Ziyang leaned back in her chair, her posture relaxed, a small, genuine smile playing across her lips.

"Hehe... "

The necklace gifted by Bai Zihan—a delicate chain of silver with a pendant that seemed to shimmer with faint starlight—rested lightly against her chest.

Bai Xueqing, seated across from her, noticed the glimmer at Chu Ziyang's throat immediately. A mischievous smirk curved her lips.

"Are you really that happy?"

Bai Xueqing asked, tilting her head slightly, eyes glinting with amusement.

"Because of the little gift from Bai Zihan?"

Well, one couldn't call it a little gift, considering Bai Zihan had won it at a cost of three million gold—enough to buy a top-tier Earth-Grade Artifact.

Chu Ziyang flushed faintly, brushing a hand over the necklace as if to dismiss it.

"That's not it!"

She said lightly, her tone betraying a hint of defensiveness.

But Bai Xueqing was relentless. Her teasing continued, voice low and playful.

"Really? You look far too pleased for someone dismissing it. Tell me, Chu Ziyang... are you secretly in love with Bai Zihan?"

Chu Ziyang huffed softly, attempting to shake off the comment, her cheeks warming.

"You're imagining things. I'm focused on the match."

"Focused, huh?"

Bai Xueqing's smirk widened. She leaned back casually, eyes sparkling with amusement.

"I see, I see... So that little shine at your throat is merely a coincidence? It just happens to brighten your mood at the most inconvenient time?"

Chu Ziyang's lips pressed into a thin line, but the stubborn smile still lingered.

"Well, he paid so much for this. I would feel bad if I didn't wear it. There is no other reason."

Bai Xueqing, sensing that her teasing had struck a chord, finally let out a soft laugh.

"Alright, alright... I'll leave you to it—for now."

Chu Ziyang could only roll her eyes faintly, hiding the blush that threatened to betray her mood.

"Anyway, shouldn't you be worried? Your opponent isn't going to be easy!"

"Well, I don't know! But there shouldn't be a problem!"

Bai Xueqing replied confidently. After all, she had no intention of losing to anyone and was determined to win the bet against Bai Zihan.

In the arena, people cheered for whom they believed would win or whom they supported.

"Bai Xueqing! Bai Xueqing!"

"Zhao Chen! Zhao Chen!"

"Shui Lian'er! Shui Lian'er!"

...

The stakes had risen, and the cultivators who had survived to the Top Sixteen were now regarded as the true titans of their generation.

Three fights in particular had everyone waiting in anticipation, drawing whispers and murmurs throughout the arena: Li Meiyang versus Sui Lianer, Jin Yuanzhan against Nie Fengzhuo, and Zhao Chen facing Bai Xueqing.

Each pairing promised a clash so fierce and skillful that it could easily have been the finale of the competition.

The excitement in the arena was electric, higher than ever before.

Yet, for the six cultivators involved, the stakes were cruel: only three could advance to the next round.

Still, that mattered little to the spectators.

What awaited them was a legendary series of battles, one that would be talked about for years to come, a true testament to the peak of youthful genius in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

The announcer's voice rang out clearly across the arena.

"Three days have passed, esteemed guests and cultivators alike. The Top Sixteen now face the next challenge—Round Four of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition. Prepare yourselves!"

A murmur ran through the crowd, growing into a ripple of cheers and gasps as the first match was called.

"Zhao Chen Vs Bai Xueqing!"

Bai Xueqing stood up as her name was called.

Chu Ziyan stepped closer to the edge of the waiting area, her eyes following Bai Xueqing as she moved toward the arena entrance.

"Good luck," Chu Ziyan called softly, a faint smile on her lips.

Bai Xueqing shot her a confident glance over her shoulder.

"Don't worry. I'll be back quickly."

Across the arena, Zhao Chen's eyes gleamed with excitement. His fists clenched instinctively, his heart hammering in anticipation.

"Finally... my chance has come," he muttered under his breath, a fierce grin spreading across his face.

Facing Bai Xueqing, princess of the Bai Clan, this was almost as significant as confronting Bai Zihan himself.

If he could win against her, he could humiliate her thoroughly before everyone—a long-awaited revenge.

The crowd's chatter rose, a symphony of speculation and excitement.

"Bai Xueqing's strength is unmatched. No way Zhao Chen stands a chance."

"Don't be so sure. He's improved drastically since last year. Remember how surprising the last round was? Chu Ziyang defeating Lei Zhensheng? There could be another upset."

"Bai Xueqing's technique is flawless, and her reflexes... She's beyond anyone in her generation. Zhao Chen... he's good, yes, but can he really handle her?"

"Good point, but you can never underestimate him. His growth over the past year has been remarkable. If he catches her off guard, who knows what might happen?"

"Well, we will see about that."

As the arena settled into a tense hush, all eyes turned to the center stage.

The announcer's voice boomed once more, cutting through the murmurs.

"Prepare yourselves, esteemed spectators! Zhao Chen Vs Bai Xueqing—the first of our Top Sixteen's Round Four clashes. Witness the birth of legends!"

Bai Xueqing's figure radiated calm confidence as she stepped into the arena, while Zhao Chen's eager energy practically crackled through the air.

The battle was about to begin—and whether it ended in a predictable victory or an unexpected upset, one thing was certain: this clash would be remembered long after the dust settled.

"Let's Begin!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 253: A Caged Princess? [1,590 words ]

*Chapter 253: A Caged Princess?*

Zhao Chen cracked a wide grin as he stepped closer to Bai Xueqing, the energy around him crackling with confidence.

"Finally, I get to face a member of the Bai Clan," he called out loudly, his voice carrying across the arena.

"It's a pity it isn't Bai Zihan himself! Otherwise, I could have humiliated him properly in front of everyone!"

The crowd murmured at the boldness of his words. Zhao Chen wasn't just cocky—he seemed reckless.

After all, no matter how strong he had become, who he was facing was probably the strongest in the competition.

Zhao Chen's grin widened as his voice grew sharper, every word designed to make the Bai Clan look bad.

"What's the matter? Why isn't he competing here? Could it be... that he's hiding? Is the so-called 'Number One Prodigy' too scared to face true competition? Perhaps he knows he'll lose and chooses to cower in the shadows instead!"

He chuckled coldly, his eyes flashing toward Bai Xueqing with deliberate provocation.

The words struck the crowd like a whip. Gasps, mutters, and sharp intakes of breath swept across the arena.

"Bai Xueqing, you should know what kind of scumbag your brother is. It was Bai Xinyue previously, it could be you next. You know that he doesn't care about you or anyone else."

This wasn't just trash talk—Zhao Chen was trying to stir up strife within the Bai Clan, to pit brother against sister under the eyes of the empire.

But Bai Xueqing was no fool. She saw through him instantly. A faint smirk curved her lips, her eyes gleaming with disdain.

"Finished?"

She asked coolly, her voice carrying the sharpness of a sword's edge.

"Spare me the useless talk. Let's get started!"

Zhao Chen's grin sharpened, his act dropping in an instant.

"Hmph! Indeed, I will spare the useless talk... because it's already served its purpose."

As his voice fell, a ripple of spiritual light surged across the stage.

The ground beneath Bai Xueqing shimmered faintly, glowing lines of power spreading outward in complex interlocking patterns.

In the blink of an eye, a vast array had unfolded, sealing the arena space around her in an intricate web.

The spectators shot to their feet, their astonishment erupting in shocked exclamations.

"A formation!?"

"He's a Formation Master!?"

"Impossible! No one ever mentioned Zhao Chen being skilled in formations!"

...

Indeed, Zhao Chen was a Formation Master, and all that useless talk earlier was apparently to buy time to set the formation.

"Grade-4 Formation...! Zhao Chen is a Grade-4 Formation Master!"

Other Formation Masters and those familiar with formations were able to see that the formation he had set up was a Grade-4 Formation—which meant Zhao Chen was at least a Grade-4 Formation Master.

The arena roared in disbelief.

To be a cultivator of Zhao Chen's level was already rare—but to also be a Grade-4 Formation Master at his age was beyond extraordinary.

No wonder he was valued by the Zhao Clan to the point of even giving him the Celestial Feather Fan previously.

"Even Bai Xueqing will have trouble with this!"

"Exactly. Grade-4 formations are nearly impossible to break by a Soul Formation Realm cultivator through just brute force."

Excitement and tension coiled in the air.

This was exactly the kind of spectacle the crowd craved.

Once dismissed as the underdog, Zhao Chen had suddenly revealed a shocking trump card—one that now had many whispering that he might actually have a chance to win.

Zhao Chen stood tall at the center of his glowing web, confidence surging like a tidal wave.

"Now," he sneered, his voice echoing across the arena, "let's see if the so-called genius princess of the Bai Clan can crawl her way out of this cage!"

The arena fell silent as the golden runes of the formation pulsed brighter, spreading outward like a radiant net designed to ensnare Bai Xueqing.

Gasps erupted from the audience as they recognized the complexity and danger of what Zhao Chen had set up.

The formation wasn't just a simple barrier to trap Bai Xueqing—it was slowly chipping away at Bai Xueqing's Qi, while strengthening itself with her Qi.

That meant, with time, Bai Xueqing would become weaker as the formation became stronger, leaving no way for her to get out of it.

Formation Masters watching the match couldn't help but praise Zhao Chen, not only for being able to set up such a complex formation but for choosing this particular one, which was perfect for dealing with a powerhouse like Bai Xueqing.

Bai Xueqing's expression hardened as the golden runes of the array pulsed, leeching her Qi with every passing moment.

Her sharp gaze swept over the glowing lattice, analyzing its structure.

Without hesitation, she raised her sword. With a flick of her wrist, she swung toward the shimmering barrier.

CLANG!

The impact rang out like a bell across the arena—but the barrier only rippled faintly, runes flaring brighter as it absorbed the strike. Not a single scratch appeared.

On the stage, Zhao Chen threw his head back and laughed, his Celestial Feather Fan opening with a flourish.

His eyes gleamed with smug triumph.

"Useless!" he declared, his voice dripping with mockery.

"Your strength means nothing inside my array. The harder you struggle, the faster this formation will drain you dry! Accept it, Bai Xueqing—your fate is already sealed!"

For a moment, it seemed as if his words might hold true. But then—

A dangerous glint flashed across Bai Xueqing's eyes.

She exhaled slowly, her hands forming intricate seals as her Qi surged violently, like a frozen tide threatening to break its dam.

Frost bloomed beneath her feet, spreading outward in a circle as the air grew deathly cold.

Bai Xueqing's voice rang clear, sharp and cold.

"Glacial Heaven Seal—Absolute Frost Domain!"

WHOOM!

In an instant, a blizzard exploded outward, crashing against the glowing runes from every direction.

Sheets of ice coiled around the barrier, freezing it from within. Golden runes flickered and dimmed, cracks forming across the shimmering walls.

The once-steadfast array trembled violently.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Before Zhao Chen could even react, every side of the formation was engulfed in frost, the interlocking web of runes freezing solid before shattering like brittle glass.

BOOOOM!

The entire formation collapsed in a storm of glittering ice shards.

The arena erupted.

"She broke it!?"

"Impossible! She shattered a Grade-4 Formation head-on!?"

"No... not just shattered—she completely overwhelmed it with sheer power!"

Standing amidst the falling frost, Bai Xueqing's figure was like that of a cold goddess descended to the mortal realm, her aura sharp and merciless.

Her gaze cut toward Zhao Chen, who stood pale and stiff, disbelief plastered across his face.

The audience roared with excitement, the tide of momentum swinging violently back toward the Bai Clan princess.

"This is..."

His formation should have been invincible, but of course, it had a flaw.

It was highly effective against powerful opponents when their strength was concentrated on a single point, allowing the formation to reinforce that spot and endure the assault.

However, Bai Xueqing seemed to have seen through this weakness.

Instead of focusing her strike on a single point, she shifted her approach—attacking from every direction at once, battering the formation from all sides.

What's more, the technique she used was a Heaven-Grade art, overwhelmingly powerful.

Against such might, Zhao Chen's formation stood no chance.

Zhao Chen stammered, staring at the empty air where his formation should have trapped her.

Bai Xueqing's voice was cold, steady, and utterly lethal.

The last shards of the shattered formation scattered like snow.

"Your tricks won't work on me," Bai Xueqing said simply, her tone cold and unyielding.

Her palm shot forward in a single, blinding strike, a surge of icy force cutting through the last remnants of Zhao Chen's defenses.

Zhao Chen roared and tried to resist, summoning every ounce of strength he had.

But without his formation, his power was nothing before Bai Xueqing's overwhelming might.

BOOOOM!

Before anyone could react, Zhao Chen's body was flung across the arena like a broken kite. He crashed into the ground with a resounding thud, dust and debris scattering into the air.

The crowd erupted—some in shock, others in exhilaration.

In that instant, the arrogance Zhao Chen had displayed just moments ago was reduced to silence, buried beneath the weight of Bai Xueqing's crushing victory.

Dust and debris exploded into the air, and when it settled, he lay sprawled, utterly defeated, his energy spent.

The crowd could hardly believe their eyes.

What had been anticipated as a titanic clash—the first true test of Round Four—was over in less than a heartbeat.

Bai Xueqing's calm expression remained unchanged as she stood at the center of the arena.

The audience erupted in a mixture of cheers and stunned whispers.

"This... this can't be!"

"She didn't even break a sweat!"

"Grade-4 Formation, and he didn't even land a blow... How is that possible?"

Even with Zhao Chen's cunning and his dangerous formation, the fight had been one-sided.

The clash everyone had anticipated as a legendary showdown ended in mere moments, a stark testament to Bai Xueqing's unmatched talent.

And so, the first match of Round Four concluded not with the thrill of a hard-fought battle, but with the silent, overwhelming power of a true prodigy.

The announcer's voice rang out once more, tinged with awe:

"Victory goes to Bai Xueqing!"

The crowd roared, some in celebration, others in disbelief, as the princess of the Bai Clan remained unshaken, her victory indisputable.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 254: Li Meiyong Vs Shui Lian'er! [ 1,061 words ]

*Chapter 254: Li Meiyong Vs Shui Lian'er!*

The arena was still buzzing with disbelief, the echoes of Bai Xueqing's overwhelming victory hanging heavy in the air.

Zhao Chen's broken pride lay as a stark reminder—of just who Bai Xueqing was, especially to the other competitors.

This was the wall they had to climb if they wished to win the competition.

Zhao Wutian couldn't help but seethe with anger.

First Bai Zihan, who had humiliated their Zhao Clan time and again, and now this Bai Xueqing.

It felt as though from the very start of the competition, nothing had gone their way—each step only adding to their disgrace.

Now, with Zhao Chen's defeat, none of the Zhao Clan remained in the tournament.

Which meant one of the empire's Top Three Clans couldn't even place a single genius in the Top Ten of the Dragon and Phoenix Ranking.

Something that hadn't happened in a very, very long time.

But the tournament did not pause.

Even as attendants carried Zhao Chen's unconscious body away, the formation masters dispersed the lingering frost, restoring the arena to its pristine state.

The announcer's booming voice cut through the clamor, pulling the crowd's attention back to the stage.

"Next—our second match of Round Four!"

Murmurs surged instantly.

Although it was disappointing that the last fight ended so quickly—without the legendary clash they had hoped for—it was still a sight few would ever forget.

And now, anticipation burned hotter.

The referee's voice thundered across the arena.

"Round Four, Match Two—Li Meiying of the Li Clan Vs Shui Lianer of the Celestial Jade Hall!"

A wave of excitement swept the stands.

Two new figures stepped onto the stage.

Their names alone carried weight, their reputations already well-known among the empire's young generation.

But more than that—All Shui Lianer's opponents have been mysteriously knocked unconscious without so much as lifting a hand in resistance.

Could the same thing happen again, even against someone as strong as Li Meiying?

After Bai Xueqing's crushing display, one truth had burned itself into everyone's hearts:

Even among geniuses, there were mountains that towered too high to be scaled.

Someone considered "invincible" within their own circle could still be crushed in an instant.

Would this fight end the same way—one overwhelming the other in a single decisive strike?

Or would it be a battle of equals, a hard-fought clash where victory was decided only by the narrowest of margins?

They will soon find out.

Shui Lianer's every step was unhurried, unshaken, as though she were merely strolling through a tranquil garden.

Her pale robes swayed with elegance, her expression serene, untouchable.

To the crowd, she looked like a flawless figure carved from jade—unshaken by worldly dust.

Li Meiying followed, her delicate features calm, her posture straight, her poise unbroken.

Outwardly, she seemed equally composed—a warrior's discipline carved into her very bones.

But beneath that still surface, her thoughts churned.

(Damn it! I really have to fight this weirdo? Just staring at her face was enough to knock someone out cold!)

Her expression didn't falter, but inside her mind was a storm.

There was high encouragement from the Li Clan's section.

"Li Meiyong, you can do it!"

"Show them the strength of our Li Clan!"

"No matter what trick she has, it won't work on Li Meiyong!"

But Li Meiyong herself wasn't so certain.

(No... no, there's no way that was just a trick. Making geniuses collapse instantly—without even the elders realizing what happened—that isn't some simple parlor trick... right?)

Her stomach tightened at the thought of being humiliated in the same way as the others.

She had prepared something, a measure she hoped would protect her...

But whether it would work, she had no idea.

(Let's just hope this works...)

She forced her heartbeat to steady as she stepped into the arena.

Two figures now stood opposite each other in the grand stage.

The referee's hand chopped downward.

"Begin!"

Li Meiyong inhaled sharply, her lashes lowering the instant the word left his mouth.

She would not make the same mistake as the others.

If Shui Lianer truly possessed some unfathomable power in her gaze, then she would cut it off at the root.

She would fight blind if she had to.

Her body tensed, Qi circulating, her every sense sharpened.

For cultivators at their level, sight was only one of many senses they relied upon. Even with her eyes closed, she still had countless ways to perceive her surroundings.

The crowd buzzed with speculation.

"She closed her eyes!"

"Smart move. If it's really Shui Lianer's eyes that caused her opponent to be knocked out, she might have a chance!"

"Could this be the first time someone forces Shui Lianer into a real fight?"

Some nodded faintly in approval, while others sneered, dismissing it as naïve.

But all were intrigued.

After all, aside from those within the Celestial Jade Hall, no one had any idea what technique Shui Lian'er was using.

Did her power truly stem from her eyes, from direct contact, or was it something else entirely?

At least one of those questions would surely be answered today.

Across from her, Shui Lianer remained perfectly still.

Her serene expression was unchanged—like a jade lotus untouched by wind or storm.

Li Meiying steadied her breathing, repeating to herself like a mantra:

(Stay calm. Don't look. Don't falter. Whatever it is, I won't give her the chance—)

The thought cut short.

Her knees gave way.

Her circulating Qi shattered like fragile glass.

Before anyone could even blink, her body struck the cold arena floor with a dull thud.

Unconscious!

Gasps tore through the stands.

"What?! She didn't even look at her!"

"Then... then it wasn't the eyes?!"

The referee froze for a breath, then rushed forward, checking her condition which was the same as the opponent before her.

"Winner—Shui Lianer!"

Chaos exploded across the arena.

If it wasn't her eyes... then what was it?

What kind of unfathomable method could Shui Lianer be using—one that even shutting one's eyes could not defend against?

Even the Elders of the great sects exchanged grim looks, whispering among themselves—or choosing silence.

As attendants carried Li Meiyong's limp body away, Shui Lianer stood as she always had.

Unmoving. Unshaken.

A flawless figure of jade, her calm gaze fixed forward, as if everything had unfolded exactly as it should.

"Thank you for the match!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 255: Shui Lian'er's Unfathomable Might[ 1,064 words ]

*Chapter 255: Shui Lian'er's Unfathomable Might*

From the Bai Clan's private viewing area, Bai Zihan leaned forward slightly, his eyes narrowing as he studied Shui Lian'er.

Even now, after four matches, he couldn't see through her.

Not even a hint of Qi fluctuation when her opponents collapsed, no outward sign of a technique being activated.

It was almost as though reality itself had simply bent around her will.

(Overpowered... far too overpowered. Is this really just a technique?)

His gaze narrowed, his thoughts drifting.

(The System Store... could it possibly have something like this hidden inside? If there is such a technique, then it might be worth buying it.)

Well, first he needed to know whether it was truly a Martial Art or something else entirely.

"How unexpected... I never expected to see such a physique here."

Bai Zihan's eyes flickered.

"You know something about that?"

Bai Zihan asked the Immortal Emperor.

The Immortal Emperor's tone carried a faint sigh, as though recalling something buried deep in history.

"That girl bears the Fragrant Mirage Physique. A constitution so rare that even in my era, few had ever seen it."

Bai Zihan's pupils contracted.

"The Fragrant Mirage Physique?"

"Yes. Even the faintest trace of her natural scent seeps into one's senses. It is not poison, nor charm, nor illusion in the ordinary sense... but a hypnotic essence woven into her very being. Simply standing near her, one begins to lose the boundary between reality and dream."

The Immortal Emperor's voice deepened.

"She may grant blissful dreams—or plunge them into nightmares so terrifying their minds collapse instantly."

Bai Zihan listened carefully.

(No wonder no one has resisted her yet. It's not about eyes, nor contact—it's her very presence that unsettles the heart and shatters the mind.)

Li Meiyong closing her eyes did nothing because it wasn't the gaze that made them collapse—it was her scent.

(Could blocking the nose work? It seems quite easy if that's all it took to counter her...)

The Immortal Emperor chuckled faintly, knowing what Bai Zihan was thinking.

"Blocking your nose might work if she weren't a cultivator. But coupled with her Qi, even that wouldn't help. Perhaps closing all the senses of the body might, as there were a couple of people who managed it—but only if the Fragrant Mirage Physique user is an amateur."

"Moreover, how can you even fight back with all your senses closed?"

Immortal Emperor Feilian said.

Indeed, closing one sense might not make much difference to cultivators at their level. But all senses? Even walking might become a problem.

Bai Zihan's brows furrowed slightly.

"Then... isn't that invincible? How can one even counter such a thing? After all, it doesn't even consume Qi—it happens simply because of her physique."

His voice carried a trace of excitement.

If true, then wouldn't it be great if he could obtain such a physique?

It shouldn't be too difficult... right?

The Immortal Emperor gave a quiet laugh.

"It is not as invincible as you think. Remember—this physique does not kill. It ensnares. It drags one into a hallucination, yes, but only that. For those with weak hearts, it is enough. But to those of iron will... her illusions are like cobwebs against a raging flame. They break instantly."

"So, you mean to say..."

The Immortal Emperor's tone turned solemn.

"Yes. Someone with a sufficiently tempered will can break out of her mirage."

The Immortal Emperor continued, her voice low.

"Do not misunderstand. The Fragrant Mirage Physique is indeed extraordinary—it grants her overwhelming advantage over her opponent. But it is not absolute. Against those with powerful willpower, her physique is nothing more than a decoration."

Bai Zihan allowed a faint smile to tug at the corner of his lips.

"So, for the weak-willed, it's despair. For the strong... it's nothing."

"Precisely!"

Still, it was a great physique.

One could say that in the right circumstances, it was the most powerful ability.

She might even be able to defeat the most powerful person.

After all, it is possible to keep one's body in pristine state always—but can the same be said about one's mind?

The mind is most fragile, and even the strongest in the world have times where their will is shaken, even to the point of despair.

What if one killed someone dear to such a person? Wouldn't their rage and grief cloud their mind?

And in that moment, if her physique's ability was used—wouldn't it be all too easy to kill them?

"Well, whether it is truly that useful or not, I have to test it first."

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"Thank you for the match."

Shui Lian'er's voice was soft, airy, like the brush of spring wind over still waters.

She bowed lightly, hands folded in flawless etiquette, and then turned to leave the stage with unhurried steps.

The gesture, simple as it was, rippled through the arena like a stone cast into a silent lake.

Was she mocking her opponent—or merely being polite?

No one could say for sure. But one thing was certain: this wasn't a match.

It was instantaneous.

So instantaneous, in fact, that Bai Xueqing's earlier overwhelming victory seemed like a drawn-out, hard-fought duel in comparison.

A second thunderous disappointment settled over the crowd.

The empire had been waiting eagerly for three matches in this round—three great clashes that would surely decide who stood atop the young generation.

And now, two of them had ended in anticlimax.

Instead of the long, fiery duels they had envisioned, what the crowd witnessed was disparity.

Crushing, absolute disparity.

Yet even in their disappointment, no one could look away.

Because now they knew.

Shui Lian'er was no ordinary genius.

She was a mountain far steeper than expected, a veil of mystery and dread wrapped in jade-like serenity.

Would anyone force her to even raise a hand?

Would even Bai Xueqing be able to withstand her unfathomable technique?

Or would every so-called prodigy of the empire collapse before her the same way—without even realizing how they had lost?

Speculation blazed across the stands, mingling with frustration, awe, and a growing sense of fear.

Two battles had already redrawn the Dragon and Phoenix Competition in their minds.

And as Shui Lian'er's pale silhouette disappeared gracefully into the waiting corridor, one question remained in every heart:

Was this truly a competition... or merely a stage prepared for monsters who stood far beyond their reach?

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 256: Jin Yuanzhan Vs Nie Fengzhuo! [ 1,605 words ]

*Chapter 256: Jin Yuanzhan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!*

The rest of the Fourth Round continued with exciting fights.

Though one could easily notice the disparity between the strength of most competitors and the favorites to win, the matches were still better than those that ended in under a minute.

Well—except for one. That was Chu Ziyang's match.

Her opponent didn't even last three moves, but since no one had much expectation to begin with, the audience wasn't too disappointed—unlike when Bai Xueqing and Shui Lian'er's opponents fell too quickly.

But it doesn't matter.

The final match of the Fourth Round was about to commence—one of the most anticipated battles of this stage.

Nie Fengzhuo Vs Jin Yuanzhan!

Would it live up to their expectations? Or would it turn into another disappointment?

They were about to find out.

Two figures leapt onto the stage, their presences crashing together like colliding waves.

On one side—Nie Fengzhuo, his black sword sheathed in calm silence, yet his aura sharp enough to slice the very air.

On the other—Jin Yuanzhan, tall and broad-shouldered, his long spear blazing faintly with scarlet fire, as though forged from molten steel itself.

The audience held their breath.

For a heartbeat, nothing moved.

Then—

"Begin!"

The referee's palm slashed downward, and instantly both cultivators erupted with power.

The stone tiles of the arena cracked beneath their feet.

Qi surged outward in two terrifying waves—sword light on one side, blazing flames on the other.

"Haah!!"

At once, a golden blaze roared to life behind Jin Yuanzhan, his flames surging skyward like a miniature sun.

Nie Fengzhuo moved. His sword gleamed with cold brilliance, a single arc slicing upward.

The sea of fire split apart, dispersing into harmless sparks that drifted down like dying embers.

Jin Yuanzhan's expression darkened. But he did not falter.

His flames twisted violently, forming the shape of a colossal snake that coiled above him, its roar shaking the barrier around the stage.

The fiery beast dove straight for Nie Fengzhuo.

Nie Fengzhuo's sword danced.

With precise movements, he cut through scale after scale of flame, each slash dismantling the serpent piece by piece until it vanished in a storm of sparks.

The audience roared at the exchange.

"Such control..."

"He's making Jin Yuanzhan's strongest techniques look like nothing!"

It gave them a sense of déjà vu. His refined technique was reminiscent of someone else—someone very familiar.

Jin Yuanzhan felt it too.

Lin Xuan!

Although, if one were to look carefully, Nie Fengzhuo's control was still a little inferior to Lin Xuan's.

Nonetheless, his swordsmanship was undeniably impressive.

Jin Yuanzhan's flames wrapped tighter around his body, turning him into a figure of living fire.

His spear ignited, each strike detonating like a volcanic eruption as he hurled himself at Nie Fengzhuo.

The clash rang out—

Boom!

Sword met flame. Sparks and shockwaves tore across the stage.

Nie Fengzhuo did not budge. His blade flowed like water, neutralizing each explosive strike with frightening ease.

His pristine condition made the contrast sharper—he moved with the calm of a swordsman in complete control.

Jin's injured core screamed in protest, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. But his flames only burned hotter.

He refused to yield.

With a roar, he compressed his Qi into a single devastating technique.

Behind him, a blazing sun flared into existence, radiating blinding heat and destructive force.

The arena trembled under its pressure.

The sun collapsed inward—then exploded, a storm of world-burning fire rushing straight for Nie Fengzhuo.

For the first time, Nie Fengzhuo's eyes sharpened with true seriousness.

His sword rose.

A single stroke fell.

The strike was so clean, so absolute, that it seemed to cut through heaven and earth itself.

The fiery storm split apart, the blazing sun itself shattered into fragments of harmless light.

When the light cleared—

Nie's sword was poised at Jin Yuanzhan's throat.

The arena froze.

The referee raised his hand to declare the victor—

But before his voice could fall, Jin Yuanzhan's body flared with flame.

A violent wave of Qi burst forth from him, the flames twisting into a raging inferno.

His spear, cracked and trembling under the strain of his burning core, pulsed with scorching brilliance.

Gasps tore through the crowd.

"He's... he's doing it again!"

"Impossible! After the first round, he already burned his Sun Dao Stone Core once—how can he still..."

Indeed, against Lin Xuan, he had already gambled his very foundation, igniting his core to achieve victory.

To do so again was no different than courting death.

And yet—Jin Yuanzhan's eyes burned brighter than his flames.

He snarled, his voice rough and trembling with pain, yet unyielding.

"I will not fall here!"

His flames surged skyward, coalescing into a second sun—unstable, violent, deadly.

Cracks spread across his skin, glowing faintly with fire, as if his body itself was being consumed from within.

Nie Fengzhuo's brows furrowed. His blade remained steady, but his gaze sharpened with rare urgency.

"Jin Yuanzhan! Enough! Stop this foolishness—any further, and you'll destroy yourself."

He had already burned through his core once. By all rights, he shouldn't have even been able to fight another round.

And yet, miraculously, he had.

But now? To burn it again? That was suicide.

Nie Fengzhuo tried to stop him.

But Jin did not listen.

He roared, thrusting his spear forward.

The second sun collapsed into a spear of pure flame, its destructive force enough to melt the arena floor.

Whoosh!

Once again, Jin Yuanzhan began his assault. Nie Fengzhuo was forced into defense.

CLANG! CLANG!

The clash resounded—sword light against sunfire, sparks of destruction scattering like meteors.

Nie Fengzhuo deflected, but even he felt the strain this time. His arm trembled slightly from the impact, his black sword ringing under the desperate force.

The audience could scarcely breathe.

"Nie Fengzhuo... is actually being pushed back?!"

"He's injured his core, he shouldn't even be standing—and yet...!"

"Tsk! He will kill himself."

Jin Yuanzhan coughed blood, but his expression only grew fiercer.

His spear swept in blazing arcs, every movement filled with the determination of a man who had nothing left to lose.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes narrowed. He could feel it—the instability, the reckless burning of life itself.

"Why go this far?"

He muttered under his breath, parrying another strike.

Was one's life worth a competition?

Well, everyone had their own answer.

For Nie Fengzhuo, this was his chance to erase his past humiliation, to prove that his ex-fiancée had made the wrong choice back then.

For others, it might be fame and rewards.

But why Jin Yuanzhan was willing to throw away his life—Nie Fengzhuo could perhaps never know.

Still, he could not afford to lose either.

"Then forgive me."

His stance shifted. Sword light erupted—calm, sharp, absolute.

Each stroke no longer simply defended but pressed forward, clashing head-on against the raging inferno.

Steel rang against flame, power against power.

Two men, resolute and determined not to fall here.

The arena quaked under their battle.

The flames around Jin Yuanzhan roared like a sea of molten lava, his entire body glowing as though he were turning into fire itself.

Every strike of his spear now carried the weight of destruction.

Each thrust shattered the air. Each sweep left trails of burning light that lingered like scars in the void.

The spectators could barely keep their eyes open. The heat was suffocating, pressing even through the protective barrier.

"His body won't last!"

Indeed, Jin's skin cracked further, glowing like fissures of magma. Blood mixed with fire spilled down his arms, hissing into smoke as it touched the air.

But his grip on the spear did not loosen.

Nie Fengzhuo exhaled deeply, his sword trembling faintly—not from fear, but in resonance with his intent.

He could not allow this to drag on.

If Jin continued, he would collapse into ashes before their eyes.

The next exchange would decide everything.

Jin Yuanzhan roared, his voice tearing from his throat like a dying beast.

"Even if I burn away—I WILL NOT FALL!"

His flames compressed into a single point at the tip of his spear.

A blinding radiance burst forth, collapsing into a flaming spear thrust so sharp it seemed to pierce through heaven and earth alike.

"Blazing Sun Extinguishes the Heavens!"

It was his everything—life, core, soul, and body—poured into one strike.

The crowd stood frozen, eyes wide, throats dry.

Would Nie Fengzhuo be consumed?

At least, it didn't seem like anyone under Spirit Severing Realm can defend against.

The condensed sun erupted into a burning star of annihilation, ripping through space as it bore down on Nie Fengzhuo with the weight of a collapsing world.

The audience rose to their feet.

Nie Fengzhuo exhaled. His calm eyes sharpened into blades.

"I'll end it here."

He raised his sword. Black steel shimmered faintly—then blazed with a boundless radiance.

"Absolute Severance!"

The blade fell.

One sword to end all things.

His black blade gleamed with a brilliance that seemed to deny even the blazing sun itself.

The world fell silent.

Then—

Slash!

A single stroke.

So clean, so absolute, that even the flame spear disintegrated upon contact, breaking apart into harmless motes of light.

The stage split open with a deafening crack, a long scar carved straight through its surface.

Jin Yuanzhan stood frozen.

His spear shattered in his hands.

The flames around his body flickered once... then died.

He staggered forward, blood pouring from his lips, his body collapsing under the unbearable strain.

Nie Fengzhuo's sword stopped just short of his chest.

The battle was decided.

The referee's voice rang out—hoarse, as though even he had forgotten to breathe until now.

"Winner—Nie Fengzhuo!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 257: Whispers of Vendetta[ 1,603 words ]

### *Chapter 257: Whispers of Vendetta*

The crowd erupted. Cheers, cries, disbelief—it all blended into one deafening storm.

This is what they were waiting for—a fight that could have very well been the final of the Competition.

The fight exceeded expectations and turned out to be one of the fiercest matches yet.

Who could have expected that the arrogant Jin Yuanzhan would be so defiant, so unwilling to accept defeat, that he would even risk his life?

They had gained fresh insight into the true extent of Nie Fengzhuo's power.

The medics rushed onto the stage, lifting Jin Yuanzhan's broken body. His flames had gone out at last, leaving only faint trails of smoke in their wake.

Before Jin Yuanzhan's body could even be removed from the arena, a sharp, commanding voice rang out from the stands.

"This is unacceptable!"

All eyes turned toward the source—an elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect, his robes golden like molten sunlight, eyes blazing with righteous anger.

"You dare allow this? Look at the state of my disciple! Look at him!"

The elder's voice trembled, a mixture of fury and panic.

"Nie Fengzhuo used excessive force—life-threatening force! This goes against the very rules of the Competition. Such brutality cannot be tolerated! He must be disqualified!"

Well, while there were such rules to make sure that contestants were protected throughout, it was only for when a powerful competitor deliberately tried to take the life of weaker ones.

But when two equally powerful fighters met, they usually used their best techniques, and it was the job of the overseer to protect the one who would lose in the clash.

Moreover, Nie Fengzhuo did go easy on him from beginning to the end.

The state Jin Yuanzhan was currently in could only be blamed on himself, who harmed himself in order to win the Match.

But it looked like the elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect was hell-bent on blaming it on Nie Fengzhuo.

Nie Fengzhuo, still standing tall, his breathing deep but calm, met the elder's gaze.

"I acted within the rules of the Competition," Nie Fengzhuo said evenly, his voice carrying across the arena.

"Jin Yuanzhan chose to ignite his core again. I simply countered his technique. I did not strike to kill, only to defend and end the attack."

The elder slammed his hand against the railing, his expression unyielding.

"Defend? Look at my disciple and say that again. Nie Fengzhuo should be disqualified for attempted murder."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

Everyone could clearly see that Jin Yuanzhan's condition was to be blamed on himself, so they couldn't understand what the Elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect was trying to achieve.

"Enough! The matter will be judged properly."

The referee had to intervene and gestured to the medics.

"Examine him thoroughly."

The Medics nodded quickly and set to work, their hands glowing faintly with diagnostic techniques.

Threads of spiritual light ran across Jin Yuanzhan's body, revealing the truth for all to see.

After a tense silence, the lead medic straightened, bowing respectfully.

"Reporting—most of his injuries stem from within. His meridians are scorched, his core is cracked and unstable... all clear signs of self-inflicted backlash. While there are external wounds, they are superficial in comparison. The cause of his condition certainly is burning his own Sun Dao Stone Core twice in such a short time."

The referee's expression did not waver. He turned back toward the furious Azure Sun elder.

"You have heard it. The participant Nie Fengzhuo acted within the bounds of the rules. He restrained himself in the final exchange. It was Jin Yuanzhan's reckless act that brought him to this state. Elder, I must ask you to cease this interference."

The elder's face flushed red, his eyes blazing like molten metal.

"Restrain himself? You dare say that, when my disciple lies half-dead?!"

"But as you can hear, this is all due to his own doing. I hope the elder will acknowledge that and leave it at that," the referee said, which seemed to be both a request and a warning. After all, while the Azure Sun Holy Sect was a powerful sect, he was also representing the Imperial Family.

The Elder looked at Jin Yuanzhan angrily. And then he spat on the ground, his voice dripping venom.

"Useless trash! Not even worth saving face for."

The words fell like knives, cutting through the arena. Many in the audience stiffened at the cruel dismissal.

With a sharp flick of his sleeve, the Azure Sun Holy Sect elder turned and stormed off, his disciples scrambling after him.

"Wait!"

Nie Fengzhuo's voice was calm, but it carried across the arena with weight, halting even the retreating figures of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The elder turned slightly, his golden robes swaying, his expression thunderous.

"Have I met you?"

Nie Fengzhuo asked, his brows furrowed.

In his heart, confusion brewed.

(Why is this elder so hell-bent on targeting me? I've never once crossed paths with him before... at least, not that I can recall.)

The elder's eyes narrowed, venom flashing in his gaze.

"Met me? Hmph! You will remember soon enough. I will never forgive you, boy. Consider carefully what you have done!"

His voice dropped lower, each word heavy with hatred.

"Nie Fengzhuo. You will pay the price."

With that, he flicked his sleeve and stormed away, his disciples following in a flurry of movement.

Nie Fengzhuo stood silent, his fists clenched at his side. He didn't respond immediately, only watching the elder's back vanish into the crowd.

(What I have done?)

The words gnawed at him.

Looking again, the elder's face struck a chord of familiarity, rippling through his mind like a stone disturbing a calm pond.

Last year!

He had encountered a so-called disciple of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The man had strutted about arrogantly, proclaiming his father was a great elder of the sect.

His behavior, however, was vile—harassing women, bullying weaker cultivators, and demanding goods from merchants without payment, all under the guise of "sect authority."

Nie Fengzhuo had tolerated it until the man tried to force himself on a traveling girl.

That was when Nie Fengzhuo intervened, breaking the man's arrogance—and his bones—with a sound beating.

And then, handing him over to the authority.

At the time, he dismissed the claim of noble parentage as nothing more than the bluff of a hooligan trying to wield borrowed prestige.

But now...

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes narrowed.

(Could it be?)

He replayed the elder's face in his mind, comparing it with the brat he had beaten bloody that day.

There was indeed a resemblance—the sharp nose, the narrow eyes, the same haughty expression, though aged and hardened.

The thought clicked into place.

(Perhaps that man really was...)

Nie Fengzhuo exhaled slowly, his heart hardening like steel.

If that was the case, then the storm he had just invited upon himself was far greater than he expected.

But he did not regret it.

Not then.

Not now.

Bai Zihan watched everything with a yawn.

He would have intervened if it seemed like Nie Fengzhuo was going to be disqualified—not because he wanted to help Nie Fengzhuo, but perhaps because his five million was tied to him.

But since he was Heaven-Chosen, Bai Zihan knew very well that the chances of that happening were very slim.

And looking at the conversation between the elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect and Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Zihan could tell that the elder had a beef with Nie Fengzhuo.

Probably a small conflict which led to a bigger conflict. Typical "beat the young and face the old" type of shit.

The atmosphere remained heavy, the echoes of his curse lingering long after the elder had vanished from the arena.

Nie Fengzhuo, standing silently with his sword at his side, looked at Jin Yuanzhan being carried away.

For all his calm, a shadow crossed his eyes.

To push oneself this far... for what? Was he ordered by that elder to fight him this seriously?

Looking at how the elder dismissed him and tried to disqualify him, it seemed to be the case.

Though he had no idea how that elder managed to threaten Jin Yuanzhan into making such a choice.

The referee finally raised his voice again, restoring order.

"With this battle concluded, the Fourth Round of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition officially comes to an end!"

The declaration steadied the atmosphere, pulling focus back from the chaos stirred by the Azure Sun Holy Sect elder's outburst.

"From this point onward, there will be three days of rest and preparation before the Competition resumes."

Murmurs ran through the crowd, anticipation already rising again as the referee continued.

"The Fifth and Sixth Rounds shall be conducted back-to-back—quarterfinals and semifinals—on the same day."

After all, the Fifth Round only had four matches, which however long, should take less than half a day, while the semifinals only had two matches.

Of course, the Finals should be kept as a separate day for the two finalists to fight in their fullest condition.

Excitement rippled instantly through the stands.

The Competition was coming to an end, and instead of dying down, their excitement only grew, as they would soon find out who was the greatest genius of the Empire.

The referee's eyes swept across the gathered participants, his tone solemn yet charged with anticipation.

"So rest, prepare, and steel your hearts. When next we gather, the battles shall decide who among you are true dragons and phoenixes of this generation. Let us meet again in three days' time—for the Quarterfinals and Semifinals!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 258: Shattered Core, Shattered Faith[ 1,634 words ]

### *Chapter 258: Shattered Core, Shattered Faith*

Bai Zihan and Kong Zhanghong, having slipped away from the arena to avoid the lingering crowd, wandered through the quiet corridors behind the main stands.

They hadn't expected to encounter anyone—yet as they turned a corner, a tense scene froze them in place.

At the far end of the hall, the golden-robed Azure Sun Holy Sect elder loomed over Jin Yuanzhan, who was still visibly weakened, his breaths ragged, his body trembling from the earlier fight.

"No! Please!

"

Jin Yuanzhan gasped, his voice desperate.

"Elder, I—please uphold your promise! I swore to protect the honor of the Azure Sun Holy Sect, and I—"

The elder cut him off with a cold, disdainful laugh, the sound echoing sharply through the corridor.

"Promise?"

He spat, his tone venomous.

"Do you think you have earned anything? You have neither won the Competition nor even defeated Nie Fengzhuo. Do you think that entitles you to make demands? Ridiculous!"

Jin Yuanzhan's face was drained of color. He sank to his knees, clutching at the elder's robes.

"But... but I risked everything! My core—my very life—was for the Sect! You promised—"

The elder's eyes narrowed, and he waved his hand with a flick as sharp as a blade.

"Enough! You are unworthy of my promise. You have proven nothing but being a loser, and for that, you are expelled from the sect."

Jin Yuanzhan's voice broke, barely above a whisper.

"Elder... I beg you... please reconsider... I—"

The elder scoffed, dismissing him entirely.

"Begging changes nothing. You should already know how much the Sect has spent on you—be grateful for that much. From this moment on, you are no longer a disciple of the Azure Sun Holy Sect!"

Bai Zihan's eyes flicked to Kong Zhanghong, who was already pale.

While he himself couldn't feel anything. After all, this type of thing wasn't new anywhere.

With his core damaged, perhaps it was irreversible—and that would mean that Jin Yuanzhan couldn't cultivate. Once a genius of Azure Sun Holy Sect was no more.

From the corner of the hall, they could see Jin Yuanzhan, utterly broken, his pleas fading into silence.

"Damn! I was angry at him and cursed because he defeated Lin Xuan, but I didn't think that he would suffer such consequences. Is my curse too strong?"

Kong Zhanghong muttered.

Jin Yuanzhan slumped against the wall as the golden-robed elder swept away, his departure as merciless as his words.

For a moment, silence pressed heavily through the corridor—until his gaze shifted, and he caught sight of them.

Bai Zihan and Kong Zhanghong stood at the far end.

The Jin Yuanzhan of before—the arrogant youth who sneered at his peers, who carried himself like the heavens owed him their glory—was gone.

In his place was a hollow-eyed boy, broken and abandoned, trembling from wounds deeper than flesh.

Kong Zhanghong shifted uncomfortably, guilt flickering in his expression. He forced a smile, though it sat poorly on his lips.

"Uh... well, Jin Yuanzhan... next time, maybe choose carefully where you place your loyalty. Some places aren't worth bleeding yourself dry for."

Jin Yuanzhan said nothing.

His head lowered, shoulders trembling ever so slightly, his silence heavier than any response.

Bai Zihan, however, did not move on.

He stepped closer, his tone calm but carrying that faint edge of curiosity he could never quite hide.

"There's one thing I don't understand," he said.

His eyes lingered on Jin's pale face, on the faint flicker of ruined spiritual energy coiling weakly around him.

"Why burn your core?"

Jin Yuanzhan flinched, but Bai Zihan's voice was steady, neither mocking nor pitying—just direct.

"Looking at you now... it doesn't seem like victory in the Competition was what you truly wanted. You fought as if clinging to the Azure Sun Holy Sect itself, not the title. With your talent, if you had kept your core intact, any of the great sects—the Heaven Sword Sect, the Crimson Thunder Palace—would have opened their doors to you. Why stake everything on them?"

The corridor fell still again.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly, watching him with calm eyes.

"Well, if you don't want to answer, then there is no need," Bai Zihan said at last, his tone indifferent.

He was just a bit curious since he couldn't come up with an answer. But that was it, it wasn't like he had to know.

Jin Yuanzhan let out a ragged breath that might have been a laugh—or a sob, no one could quite tell. His lips curled into a faint, bitter smile.

"Even if I told you," he said hoarsely, voice laced with sarcasm, "you wouldn't understand."

Bai Zihan regarded him in silence for a moment before giving the faintest of nods.

He was probably right.

Bai Zihan would never understand throwing away one's life and future for anything.

Not a sect, not a promise, not even for family.

Kong Zhanghong burst out, bristling with indignation.

"That's nonsense! Young Master Bai is the most generous and understanding person in the world! The virtue of good itself! You—Jin Yuanzhan—you don't deserve to speak like that in front of him. Keep your twisted logic to yourself!"

Jin Yuanzhan gave a broken laugh, sharp and hollow.

"Hmph! What would you know? You've lived your life under the shadow of a great clan, bowing and smiling while your Young Master enjoys everything. Don't pretend you understand them. These Young Masters of great clans don't care about anyone. They only want power, and for that, they're willing to sacrifice everything—even the people closest to them."

"That's not true!"

Kong Zhanghong shot back, his voice cracking with emotion.

"Young Master Bai Zihan isn't like that! He would help others—even someone like me—without hesitation."

Jin's lip curled in scorn, though his eyes burned with something deeper than anger.

"Help? Don't make me laugh. You're still too naïve. When the time comes, you'll see what your so-called Young Master is. You'll be abandoned—just like me."

Kong faltered at that, his mouth opening only to close again.

"That's... not true!"

Jin Yuanzhan snorted.

"Believe what you like. But since you want to know why I fought for them, why I burned my own core for a sect that has now thrown me away... fine. I'll tell you."

He lifted his head, his hollow eyes reflecting a pain that no arrogance could mask.

"It wasn't for glory. It wasn't even for myself. It was because of money."

Both Bai Zihan and Kong Zhanghong stiffened at the word.

"Money?"

Kong Zhanghong repeated, confused.

After all, with him being such a genius and a Soul Formation Realm cultivator, that should be the least of his worries.

Of course, unless it was in the millions. Then even geniuses like him would struggle. But there shouldn't be a need because a Sect wouldn't hold back to nurture genius like Jin Yuanzhan.

Jin Yuanzhan's lips twisted, part bitter smile, part grimace.

"Yes! Money. Azure Sun Holy Sect has been providing resources to keep my younger sister alive. She's been sick since birth, her body frail, her life hanging by a thread. Every pill, every herb, every elixir that sustains her... comes at a cost. And the Sect has been paying it. That was the price of my loyalty. Without them, she..."

His voice trembled for the first time, raw and unguarded.

"...without them, she won't live much longer."

Kong Zhanghong went speechless, his face frozen mid-retort.

He opened his mouth but no words came, only silence.

He had never imagined Jin Yuanzhan's arrogance and desperation hid something like this.

While Bai Zihan only opened his eyes slightly, surprised by the reason but didn't find it uncommon. After all, many do risk their life for their family.

(Family, huh?)

Thinking about his own sister, he couldn't help but feel awkward about it.

Would he have done the same as Jin Yuanzhan if it was his sister?

He doubted it.

He knew himself too well.

"Couldn't you have gone to another sect or even a great clan? With your talent, any of them would have been willing to take you in. And pay the price?"

Kong Zhanghong asked.

At that, Jin Yuanzhan let out a hollow laugh, the sound scraping from his throat like dry glass.

Jin Yuanzhan let out a low, bitter laugh, his head leaning weakly against the wall.

"You think I could've gone anywhere else? Even the Imperial Doctors were helpless. They couldn't even recognize what it was, couldn't cure it. All they said was that her body produces a poisonous Yin energy, one that eats away at her life every single day. Without Yang's energy to suppress it, she wouldn't last a month."

His fists trembled in his lap, veins bulging against skin drained of color.

"That's why I begged the sect. That's why I chained myself to them. As long as they gave her what she needed—pills, treasures, herbs—I didn't care what I had to give up. Even if it meant burning my core, destroying my path as a cultivator... as long as she could keep living, it was worth it."

He drew in a ragged breath, his lips twisting into a smile more pained than any wound.

"But now, with me cast aside like this... they are no longer willing to support her."

Silence thickened in the corridor, pressing down like a weight.

Kong Zhanghong looked stricken, his lips parting but no words coming out.

Treasures that contained Yang energy weren't cheap, and his sister needed a constant supply of them. No wonder he could only rely on Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Others wouldn't really be willing to spend that much even for a genius of his caliber. Now, it was another wonder why Azure Sun Holy Sect even did that.

Was Jin Yuanzhan Worth that Much?

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 259: The Girl Who Bore Yin Poison[ 1,180 words ]

*Chapter 259: The Girl Who Bore Yin Poison*

(Yin Energy? Poisonous?)

Bai Zihan tried to think about what it could be, but of course, he wouldn't know more than those Imperial Doctors.

But unlike Jin Yuanzhan, he didn't just think it was some disease.

To be able to absorb so much Yang Energy and still have excessive Yin energy—it meant that she had some abnormal constitution.

Which might be a blessing or a curse depending on one's situation.

And right now, it was definitely a curse.

(Immortal Emperor, do you know anything about this?)

He asked, knowing that Immortal Emperor Feilian must have listened to their conversation.

"The description is too vague to come to a conclusion. Perhaps if I were to check on her personally, I would know."

She answered.

Bai Zihan nodded.

There were indeed too many possibilities to draw an early conclusion just from Jin Yuanzhan's description.

"Happy now? I shall leave then!"

Jin Yuanzhan declared.

"Wait!"

Bai Zihan said.

Jin Yuanzhan turned around, confused about why Bai Zihan stopped him. He thought he had already satisfied this Young Master's curiosity.

"Take me to see your sister!"

Bai Zihan demanded.

Jin Yuanzhan stiffened, his eyes narrowing in alarm.

"What do you want from my sister?"

He asked sharply, voice edged with hostility.

Bai Zihan arched his brow, amused by the defensive reaction.

"Hah? What would I even want? I only said I'll check and see what's up with her body."

He replied calmly, his tone carrying no ulterior motives.

But Jin Yuanzhan didn't take it lightly.

His fists clenched, and his body trembled—though whether from lingering weakness or agitation, it was hard to say.

"If you have some strange hobby of watching others suffer," Jin spat bitterly, "then go elsewhere. Don't use my sister for your amusement."

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

This level of defensiveness was... more than what one would expect.

(Is it my reputation?)

Although improved, there was no way people would forget a decade of his infamy.

"You don't need to know my intentions, but remember who I am. Perhaps I might decide to help you if I'm in a good mood. Who knows?"

The words struck deeper.

Jin Yuanzhan froze, caught in conflicted thought.

(Help?)

The Azure Sun Holy Sect had already discarded him, their promises shattered as easily as glass.

He had nothing left, no backing, no future... and his sister's life hung by a thread.

Without constant Yang Energy, she would wither away in pain until the poison consumed her completely.

Yet here was Bai Zihan.

Even Jin Yuanzhan had heard the rumors. Everyone had.

The way this Young Master had thrown wealth around at the recent auction, buying treasures at prices that even entire sects would balk at.

A necklace—three million, just for his fiancée.

Three million! A number Jin Yuanzhan couldn't even begin to fathom, a number that to him seemed beyond mortal reach.

If someone like this—someone with vast resources—chose to help... then perhaps... just perhaps...

"Fine!"

Jin Yuanzhan said at last, his voice low, bitter, but resigned.

"I will take you to her. But you must promise that you won't harm her."

Despite having no strength and clearly being injured, he tried to threaten, making it clear it wasn't merely words.

"I have never met her nor do I have a grudge against you. So, there is no need to worry about me harming her."

Bai Zihan answered.

"Take this!"

Bai Zihan tossed over a Grade-4 Pill meant for recovering injuries.

"At the very least, I need you to be able to walk," he said.

Jin Yuanzhan stared at the pill.

It was a top-tier Grade-4 Pill—something that would cost quite a bit—yet Bai Zihan handed it out as though it meant nothing.

Perhaps he had made the right choice?

\*\*\*

The journey was not exactly short.

Though the Azure Sun Holy Sect was based near the capital, unlike the other sects whose disciples often traveled weeks to arrive, it still took nearly five hours by carriage to reach Jin Yuanzhan's home.

When they finally arrived, Bai Zihan stepped out and regarded the place in silence.

Home?

No, it could hardly be called that. A ramshackle hut stood crooked on its foundation, patched together with worn planks and broken tiles.

The wind seeped through the gaps, and the faint smell of damp rot lingered in the air.

The spirit beast that pulled his carriage—well-fed, groomed, and housed in a reinforced stable—had better living conditions than this. Far better!

Still, Bai Zihan did not frown nor comment.

In his previous life, he had seen far worse places than this.

For him, such poverty no longer provoked disdain or pity, merely a quiet acknowledgment of reality.

Moreover, both he and Kong Zhanghong knew why Jin Yuanzhan lived in such a way despite being at the Soul Formation Realm.

Because his sister's treatment was anything but cheap.

"Come!"

Jin Yuanzhan's voice softened as he pushed the worn wooden door open.

Inside was dim but clean—he had done what he could to keep the place livable.

A faint herbal scent lingered, and by the bedside sat an elderly woman in plain clothes, carefully wringing out a cloth and laying it across the girl's forehead.

When she saw Jin Yuanzhan, the old caretaker rose at once, bowing slightly.

"Young Master, you're back."

Jin Yuanzhan's hardened eyes softened as he nodded.

"Thank you, Auntie. You've worked hard taking care of her."

The woman shook her head.

"It's nothing. Your sister is a good child."

With that, she quietly excused herself, slipping out to give them privacy.

At once, Jin Yuanzhan's stern demeanor melted away.

His expression, usually clouded with bitterness, brightened with genuine warmth.

"Sister, I'm back!"

He called gently, almost cheerfully. "And I've brought... friends."

From the small bed by the window, a frail figure stirred.

A girl, thin and pale, her breathing faintly uneven, raised herself with effort. Despite her condition, her eyes lit up the moment she saw him.

"Brother..."

She whispered, her voice weak but affectionate. She struggled to sit straighter, as though to greet their guests properly.

But the effort sent a tremor through her arms, her complexion paling further.

She forced a smile and bowed her head slightly.

"I... I apologize... for such a poor display in front of guests... Cough\*\*\*"

"Don't mind it."

Bai Zihan replied.

He looked at her curiously.

Indeed, there was something about her—especially her cultivation, which was already in the Nascent Soul Realm.

Well, that wasn't too unexpected, because she had been absorbing all that Yang Energy, and it would be strange if her cultivation hadn't soared.

But despite such cultivation, it seemed like her body was still giving her so many problems that she, a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator, was bedridden.

The girl blinked, her gaze drifting toward him.

She had seen many expressions before—pitying looks that treated her as half-dead, disdainful glances that weighed her as a burden.

But Bai Zihan's eyes were different.

They carried no pity or contempt.

This was the first time anyone had given her such looks.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 260: Heavenly Body! 1,239 words ]

### *Chapter 260: Heavenly Body!*

Bai Zihan continued his observation.

Meanwhile, Jin Yuanzhan's sister, after being stared at for a long time, couldn't help but lower her head in shyness.

Bai Zihan asked Immortal Emperor—

(Have you figured it out?)

He asked but didn't expect the response she gave.

"Impossible... Could it be...?"

Her words were almost a whisper, as though she dared not believe her own senses.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

(What is it? Did you recognize something?)

There was silence before Immortal Emperor Feilian finally replied, her tone tight, carrying both excitement and disbelief.

"Let me confirm. I need to check her directly through you. Lend me your body for a while."

Bai Zihan hesitated.

(You sound unusually stirred... What exactly do you think she has?)

But Feilian didn't answer his probing, her focus entirely on the girl lying weakly before them.

"Words are meaningless now. I must see for myself."

Bai Zihan sighed faintly, masking it with a calm expression as he stepped forward.

The girl's eyes fluttered, confusion flickering in her gaze when she saw him approach.

Jin Yuanzhan instantly tensed, his body instinctively moving to shield her despite his injuries.

"What are you—"

"I'll be brief."

Bai Zihan's voice cut clean through his defensiveness, cool yet steady.

"I'm only going to check her pulse."

Jin Yuanzhan didn't know whether he could trust Bai Zihan. After all, Bai Zihan was no doctor—at least he knew that much.

The girl, however, looked at Bai Zihan with surprising calm.

"It's fine, Brother," she whispered weakly.

Her eyes, though dulled by sickness, held a faint glimmer of curiosity.

"Let him!"

She could see that Bai Zihan didn't have any ulterior motive. Moreover, she was curious as to what he wanted to find out.

Jin Yuanzhan's lips trembled. At last, he stepped aside, though his clenched fists revealed his unease.

Bai Zihan pulled a chair close to her bedside and sat down with a controlled grace.

The girl's thin wrist trembled as she lifted it toward him. Bai Zihan reached out, his fingers wrapping gently around her pulse point.

But when he spoke, his tone carried an unfamiliar softness—an elegance that was not his own.

"What is your name? And how old are you, child?"

The girl blinked in surprise, her lips parting slightly.

"Jin Yuelin. I turned sixteen this spring."

Bai Zihan gave a faint nod, though the cadence of his words was oddly gentle, almost maternal.

"Do not be nervous. I am only checking what affliction troubles your body. Nothing more!"

Jin Yuelin tilted her head, confusion flickering in her tired eyes.

The way Bai Zihan addressed her carried a weight far beyond his youthful appearance, as though he were someone much older than he looked.

She didn't dwell on it for long—perhaps this was simply how nobles spoke. And it wasn't hard to assume he was one; his attire alone, elegant and refined, marked him unmistakably as a person of status.

Immortal Emperor Feilian checked Jin Yuelin's body with her divine perception.

"...This aura... this balance of Yin and Yang so twisted... yet so pure at its root—!"

Her voice shook with both awe and disbelief.

"This... This is the Constitution of the Heavenly Poison Body!"

Bai Zihan's brows furrowed faintly at her words, though outwardly he remained calm.

(And that means...?)

Immortal Emperor Feilian inhaled sharply, as though steadying herself.

(Do you know about the Top Ten Heavenly Body Constitutions?)

Bai Zihan obviously didn't know anything about that.

There were different constitutions, like that of Mo Tianji, which could be considered one of the top physiques of the Desolate Heaven Empire, but it wasn't anything like the Heavenly Bodies that Immortal Emperor Feilian spoke of.

Immortal Emperor Feilian's voice was laced with uncharacteristic reverence, as though she herself couldn't quite believe what she was saying.

(Among countless physiques across the heavens, there exist only ten supreme constitutions, collectively called the Heavenly Bodies. Each one defies the laws of nature, granting a cultivator the potential to reach heights beyond imagination.)

Her tone grew firmer, steadier, as if forcing herself out of awe.

(And what this girl possesses... is none other than the Heavenly Poison Body—the bane and blessing of all.)

Feilian continued, her voice carrying both excitement and warning.

(The chance of a Heavenly Body appearing is one in ten million. Perhaps rarer. To think such a girl was born here, in this small empire—it is beyond absurd.)

Her words trembled with both disbelief and exhilaration.

(If she survives long enough, cultivates properly, and stabilizes this overwhelming constitution... she could stand at the summit of the world itself.)

(And yet... This is not the only Heavenly Body within this empire. How can this small empire have two Heavenly Bodies? It doesn't make sense!)

Bai Zihan's mind stilled. His calm composure cracked, if only slightly.

(What did you just say?)

He asked.

(What do you mean?)

(You just said that there are two Heavenly Bodies in the Desolate Heaven Empire. One is her—then who is the other one?)

He pressed firmly, his inner voice demanding an answer.

There was silence for a heartbeat. Then, Feilian's voice came, calm but heavy—

(Your sister!)

"What?"

Bai Zihan shouted in real time, startling the others present.

"Did you find something?"

Jin Yuanzhan asked hopefully.

"Ahem! I need more time to be sure."

Bai Zihan replied. Of course, it was a lie—he needed to discuss the shocking revelation with Immortal Emperor Feilian.

(What do you mean my sister has one of the Heavenly Bodies?)

Bai Zihan's inner voice trembled, a mixture of disbelief and urgency.

(It is exactly as I say. Bai Xueqing bears one of the Ten Heavenly Bodies... the Heavenly Ice Body—the supreme embodiment of ice. Her every breath resonates with frost, her meridians blessed and cursed by endless cold.)

(When did you discover this?)

(When you all were undergoing my trials. I knew instantly. For a fleeting moment, I even considered choosing her as my successor. Her Heavenly Ice Body is unrivaled. But fate had already been decided. The one to inherit me would be the first woman to finish the trial—not the one with the most brilliant constitution.)

Her voice softened, tinged with something that might have been regret.

(And so, though Bai Xueqing possesses the Heavenly Body, it was Bai Xinyue who seized my inheritance. A twist of destiny, perhaps... or inevitability.)

Still, she would not regret it—for Bai Xinyue was no less extraordinary.

Even without a Heavenly Body, she was born with the Phoenix Physique, a lineage-defying foundation.

And now that she carried the Dao Bone, her potential rivaled even the Heavenly Bodies themselves.

In some ways, Immortal Emperor Feilian felt that Bai Xinyue might surpass them.

Bai Zihan's jaw tightened. His sister—harbored such a monstrous gift?

(No wonder she looks nothing like those from the Bai Clan.)

Black hair and red eyes were the mark of the Bai Clan. But Bai Xueqing was different.

Her silver hair and icy-blue eyes were the very embodiment of frost.

(Do Father and Mother know about it?)

They must.

After all, there was one thing Bai Zihan had learned about Heavenly Bodies: while they were top-tier constitutions, without the resources to control their overflowing power, they could easily become a curse.

And unlike Jin Yuanzhan, the Bai Clan possessed all the resources in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Surely, they must have used precious treasures to suppress that dangerous energy.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 261: To Save or Not?[ 1,213 words ]

*Chapter 261: To Save or Not?*

"Cough! Cough!"

A harsh cough suddenly wracked Jin Yuelin's frail body.

Her face paled further, lips trembling as a trace of dark blood stained the corner of her mouth.

"Yuelin!"

Jin Yuanzhan's eyes widened in panic as he rushed to her side, gripping her hand tightly.

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened, his inner thoughts halting at once.

(We will discuss my sister later. Right now, let's talk about Heavenly Poison Body.)

Immortal Emperor Feilian spoke, explaining about Heavenly Poison Body.

(The Heavenly Poison Body endlessly generates Yin energy—so much that her entire body becomes poisonous. This Yin does not simply stay contained; it corrodes her meridians, twists her foundation, and gnaws at her spiritual essence. Without a method to harmonize it, she will not survive past twenty.)

She continued.

(To avoid suffering backlash from her own constitution, she needs constant Yang energy to stabilize her Yin Energy. That is the only reason she has been able to endure until now—her brother has been shouldering this burden for her, doing whatever he can to supply the Yang she requires. But with his condition... acquiring such resources is painfully difficult. She has received barely enough to stay alive.)

Sigh!

(For evil cultivators, this constitution is nothing short of a dream. Do you know why, Bai Zihan?)

Well, Bai Zihan wasn't completely ignorant and had an idea as to why.

Her tone darkened, carrying a dangerous edge.

(Because whenever their bodies lack Yang energy, they can simply seize men—drain them of their essence—and in doing so, not only survive, but grow stronger. Nothing less than their ideal physique.)

Indeed, that was what Bai Zihan had thought about as well.

Even without the Heavenly Poison Body, they would do so to become stronger.

If they had the Heavenly Poison Body, there is no telling how many men they would sacrifice to grow stronger.

Moreover, if they were to only target normal people, then perhaps just to stabilize their Yin energy, they would need thousands a day.

After all, even with all the powerful treasures containing Yang Energy, Jin Yuelin's condition hasn't become better.

One could only imagine how many normal men it would take to satisfy a person with the Heavenly Poison Body.

(But understand this clearly. She—this girl—cannot be allowed to walk such a path. If ever she succumbs to it... if she begins to cultivate by devouring others, then you must not hesitate. You must do everything in your power to kill her.)

Immortal Emperor Feilian's voice carried no trace of hesitation, no softness. It was not moral judgment, but sheer necessity.

This was not about good or evil. It was about survival.

A Heavenly Poison Body that turns to that path could one day endanger humanity itself. That is how serious this was.

(Still... there is no need to worry just yet. She has not tread down that path. The choice has not been made. For now, she is only a girl—frail, struggling against her own fate.)

As Jin Yuanzhan held his coughing sister close, panic flooding his eyes, Bai Zihan's calm gaze lingered on the girl before him.

The Heavenly Poison Body... a constitution feared, coveted, and cursed.

As Jin Yuanzhan helplessly wiped the blood from his sister's lips, his hands trembling, silence settled heavily in the dim room.

(So, Bai Zihan... what do you want to do?)

She looked at Jin Yuelin.

(To save her life would not be difficult—not for you. With the treasure at your hand, you can save her. More than that, I happen to have a very good technique that she could learn to control her

constitution and walk a path that turns her greatest curse into unmatched strength. Should you choose this, she would inevitably owe you her very existence. A debt like that is not easily forgotten. She could become a powerful ally—one that might one day stand at your side as a blade that none could block.)

Immortal Emperor Feilian paused, her tone hardening.

(But the future is always uncertain. Gratitude can turn to resentment. Bonds can fracture. And if she ever strays... if her Heavenly Poison Body turns her into a devourer of humanity, then what you save today may become the greatest enemy you will ever face. One far more dangerous than anything you can imagine.)

Her voice fell into silence, heavy as the weight of the sky.

(So I ask again... what is your will? Will you save her, knowing the risks? Or will you turn away, letting fate take its course and death claim her before the threat can ever bloom?)

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered on Jin Yuelin.

Her fragile frame trembled as she leaned against her brother's chest, pale lips stained with fresh blood.

Her breaths were shallow, uneven.

She was just a girl—frail, cursed, yet not malicious. Her wide eyes carried confusion, fear, and something else too... a quiet, desperate hope.

No matter how much she suffered, she still had that light in her eyes to live.

"Let's save her!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

For a moment, Immortal Emperor Feilian said nothing. Then a soft chuckle rippled through his mind, carrying a teasing lilt.

(Hoh? Perhaps I misjudged you. Here I thought you were a cold-blooded brat, but it turns out you might have a good heart after all.)

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

"If you're done messing around, you should return to the Soul Confining Artifact and keep quiet."

Immortal Emperor Feilian laughed again, low and melodic.

(Sharp tongue as ever. But before I go, indulge me one question... Why? Why save her? Is it because you see a potential ally? Or perhaps you believe you can control her? Or... is there some other reason? Do you, perhaps, pity her?)

Bai Zihan shook his head slightly. His gaze remained on the trembling girl, Jin Yuelin..

"Whether she wants to live or not—that's not my decision to make. It's hers. I'm simply giving her the chance to choose."

A faint smirk curved his lips as he added, almost arrogantly:

"As for whether she becomes an ally or an enemy... I don't think she can become either. Not to me."

Even if she has the Heavenly Poison Body, so what?

He also has the Primordial Chaos Body, something far beyond what this world can offer.

He doesn't believe that his physique would lose to any of the Top Heavenly Bodies.

So, to him, it doesn't matter much whether Jin Yuelin can become his ally or enemy.

As for why he wants to save her, it is because he can.

Perhaps also because he is curious as to whether she can become his ally or perhaps enemy?

Anyways, having someone with a Heavenly Posion Body by his side wouldn't be sp bad, or he thought.

Silence followed. Then Feilian's laughter returned, this time softer, edged with an almost imperceptible note of intrigue.

(Hahaha... I will take your words for it.)

The voice faded, retreating deep into the recesses of the Soul Confining Artifact.

Meanwhile, Jin Yuanzhan was still clutching his sister, his eyes filled with helpless panic.

And Bai Zihan... he stepped forward at last, his presence like a calm tide pressing against the chaos of the siblings' despair.

Then he opened his mouth.

"Do you want to live?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 262: Willingness to Live[  
1,098 words ]

*Chapter 262: Willingness to Live*

Jin Yuelin froze.

Her shallow breaths faltered as her wide, trembling eyes lifted to Bai Zihan.

"Do... do I want to live?"

She whispered, voice hoarse, weak, yet carrying a strange clarity beneath the fragility.

To be honest, the pain made life hardly worth clinging to.

But she knew how much her brother had sacrificed for her sake—how many things he had given up just so she could keep breathing.

If she surrendered now, wouldn't that mean trampling over all his efforts?

And perhaps, more than that—beyond all the excuses she told herself—deep down, she truly did want to live.

Otherwise, surviving until now would have been impossible.

Her lips parted again, but no sound came out.

Her throat constricted, her body shook violently, and another bout of coughing wracked her frame.

"Yuelin!"

Jin Yuanzhan's voice cracked. His grip tightened on her hand, as if he could anchor her life by sheer force of will.

Jin Yuanzhan clenched his fists, his eyes burning with desperate hope.

"You... you know what's wrong with her? Can you help her? I would be willing to do anything."

But Jin Yuelin, against her brother's frantic pleas, raised her trembling fingers ever so slightly.

They brushed weakly against his arm, a gesture meant to still him.

Her gaze never left Bai Zihan.

"Yes!"

It was almost a whisper, but it carried a weight that silenced the room.

"Even if it meant suffering more than you had?"

Bai Zihan understood that keeping her Heavenly Poison Body under control did not mean she would walk into a life of flowers and sunshine.

On the contrary, what awaited her might be an existence far more cruel and gruesome.

"I... I want to live!"

The words were broken, halting, as if dragged from the depths of despair.

But in that moment, her eyes, though clouded with pain and weakness, flickered with something that even death had not extinguished—an unyielding desire, thin yet unbreakable.

Bai Zihan's expression didn't change, but a faint light glimmered in his gaze.

"Good," he said simply.

He raised his hand.

From his Storage Ring, he took out a Grade-4 herb brimming with Yang Energy.

(This should be enough to stabilize her condition temporarily.)

"Absorb this. It should help."

Jin Yuelin nodded and began absorbing. She didn't even need to do anything consciously, as her body naturally drew it in—like a sponge soaking in water.

After some time, Jin Yuelin completed absorbing the Yang Energy from the herb.

Her complexion looked much better, though it was still far from that of a normal person.

"Thank you!"

Jin Yuelin said softly.

"No need. But if you wish to live, you must listen to everything I say."

Bai Zihan declared.

"You... you really have a method to save her?"

Jin Yuanzhan asked again.

He didn't dare believe—not after all the disappointments he had faced.

But still, hope was what kept people moving forward.

"Well, all I can say is that I might be able to help her. But it all depends on her."

Bai Zihan said.

He turned to Jin Yuelin, waiting for her answer.

"I will do whatever you want me to do."

She answered firmly.

Well, that was a good start.

Honestly, saving her wasn't that difficult for him, just as Immortal Emperor Feilian had said.

Moreover, in the System Store, he did have the perfect cultivation technique for a person with the Heavenly Poison Body.

Of course, he wasn't going to spend his System Points on something that didn't benefit him directly.

"Immortal Emperor Feilian, teach her the technique you know."

She had previously stated that she knew a method that could help control the poison within her body.

"Bai Zihan... do not be too hasty."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly, though his outward expression remained unchanged.

"You said you had a technique for her. Isn't this the time to teach it?"

He asked silently within.

"It is not something that can be learned in an instant. The art I know is a specialized cultivation method created to suppress and channel the Heavenly Poison Body. Without the proper foundation, forcing it upon her will only hasten her death."

Bai Zihan's brows twitched.

"Then what do you require?"

The Immortal Emperor paused before answering.

"Materials. Three primary ones are necessary to begin stabilizing her body: a Yang Essence Pearl, a Scarlet Solar Lotus, and the venomous core of a Grade-8 beast."

"The first two, I think I have them. But the last..."

Bai Zihan didn't think there were any Grade-8 venomous beast cores within the Bai Clan.

"And more than that—right now, the girl is not in any condition to cultivate, let alone endure the method. If she attempts to cultivate the technique as she is, her body will collapse under its own poison. For now, the only thing you can do is keep feeding her steady Yang Energy to balance her condition until she can withstand more."

Bai Zihan exhaled quietly through his nose, his expression betraying none of the irritation that stirred inside.

"So troublesome... I thought it would be simple."

He shook his head slightly.

(Well, no use complaining.)

Turning his gaze back toward Jin Yuelin, who looked at him with hope burning in her frail eyes, and Jin Yuanzhan, who clutched his sister's hand as if terrified she would vanish, Bai Zihan finally spoke.

"She cannot be cured overnight. Her body is too unstable. For now, I will give her the Yang Energy she needs to recover enough to endure what comes next."

Jin Yuanzhan looked up quickly, his eyes shining with desperate relief.

What he feared most after getting expelled was whether he can buy enough Yang Energy filled resources.

"Then—then you truly mean to save her?!"

Bai Zihan glanced at him, his tone calm, even dismissive.

"Whether she lives or dies will depend on her. I will only provide help."

He rose to his feet, his robes flowing lightly, and looked toward the door.

"Pack your things," he instructed Jin Yuanzhan, his tone commanding and leaving no room for argument.

"We are going to the Bai Clan."

Jin Yuanzhan blinked, startled.

"The Bai Clan...?"

"Yes!"

Bai Zihan's voice carried an unshakable certainty.

"If she is to live, she will need more than scraps of Yang herbs scattered here and there. Only within my Bai Clan's resources can her condition be stabilized properly. And once her strength is steady..."

His gaze fell briefly upon Jin Yuelin, sharp as a blade yet holding the faintest trace of something else—acknowledgment.

"Then we will begin to cure her!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 263: The Sky Beyond the Sickbed[ 1,379 words ]

*Chapter 263: The Sky Beyond the Sickbed*

It took another one, perhaps two hours, for Bai Zihan to further stabilize Jin Yuelin.

Three more Grade-4 Yang herbs were taken out, each radiating warm vitality.

He placed them one after another into her hands.

"Take them!"

She did not argue. Her frail body, almost instinctively, drew in the overflowing Yang energy, bit by bit knitting together the fragile thread of her existence.

By the time she had absorbed the third herb, Jin Yuelin's complexion had transformed.

Though she still bore the sickly pallor of long suffering, her cheeks carried a faint hint of color.

Her breathing no longer rasped with death's shadow, and—though wobbly—she could stand.

When she took her first hesitant step, Jin Yuanzhan nearly cried aloud, rushing to steady her arm.

"You're walking..."

His voice trembled, half disbelieving, half relieved.

"Yes..."

Yuelin whispered, her lips curving into a fragile smile. Even that simple act made his heart ache with joy.

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Before departing, Jin Yuanzhan and Jin Yuelin went to say goodbye to the auntie who had been taking care of Yuelin for so many years.

Her eyes were red, hands twisted with years of labor, yet her expression softened when she saw Yuelin standing on her own.

"Young Miss... you... you're walking again?"

The woman's voice cracked as tears filled her eyes.

"Heavens above, finally..."

Jin Yuelin lowered her head respectfully.

"Auntie... Thank you. If not for your care, I would not even be here."

The old woman waved her hands, shaking her head, but her tears would not stop.

"It was nothing, it was nothing."

The old woman tried to brush off the siblings' gratitude. But Jin Yuanzhan shook his head firmly.

"Auntie... it wasn't nothing. If not for you, Yuelin would never have endured until today. I—I don't have much, but..."

He reached into his robes and pulled out a small, worn porcelain bottle.

Inside were the last few Grade-2 pills he possessed.

He pressed the bottle into the old woman's hands without hesitation.

For someone like Bai Zihan, these pills wouldn't even warrant a glance. But for mortals, they were priceless—miracle medicines.

Even if she didn't use them for herself, she could sell them for a high price, enough to live comfortably for decades.

The woman's hands trembled, her eyes widening as if he had just given her a priceless treasure.

"Young Master... this... this is too much, I can't—"

But he shook his head again, forcing a faint smile.

"You must. Yuelin and I... we can't repay your kindness. This is all I have left that's worth anything. Please... let it be my thanks—and my farewell."

Her lips quivered, tears glistening in her aged eyes.

She bowed deeply, holding the bottle to her chest as though it were the most precious thing in the world.

"Then may Heaven protect you both."

Jin Yuanzhan didn't dare linger any longer. He clasped her hands once, gently, then straightened.

"Auntie... we must leave."

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Not long after, the group departed.

The flying carriage unfurled its inscriptions, glowing faintly as it rose into the skies.

Wind rushed past, lifting their robes and hair as the ground quickly fell away beneath them.

Jin Yuelin sat within, supported by her brother's hand, her eyes wide as she gazed out of the carved window.

Below her, mountains rolled like endless waves of stone and forest, rivers gleamed like silver dragons coiling through the land, and clouds drifted past so near she could almost reach out and touch them.

Her lips parted slightly, her gaze trembling with wonder.

In all her years of pain and confinement, she had never imagined she would see the world like this—not from a sickbed, but from the skies themselves.

Jin Yuelin's slender fingers pressed against the carved window frame, her breath fogging faintly on the glass.

Her voice was soft, almost inaudible, yet full of awe.

"Brother... what is that?"

She asked, her voice carrying the excitement of a child seeing the world for the first time.

Her finger pointed to a vast stretch of land where rolling mountains dipped into a wide basin of green.

Amid the valley, a shimmering lake spread like liquid jade, and at its heart rose a solitary island crowned with a towering pagoda.

Jin Yuanzhan leaned closer, following her gaze.

"That... is the Jade Spirit Lake. They say it was once formed from the tears of an Immortal who mourned the fall of his beloved."

Her eyes widened further.

"So beautiful..."

She pressed her face to the window, drinking in every detail—the soaring peaks, the drifting clouds, the rivers that glittered like dragons weaving through the land.

"What's that... And that..."

Jin Yuelin continued asking everything she found interesting.

Jin Yuanzhan's heart softened, warmed by the fragile smile that played on his sister's lips.

Yet beneath that warmth, a chill gnawed at him. He forced his own lips into a smile, but in the depths of his eyes, unease flickered.

(Young Master Bai!)

His voice rang silently in Bai Zihan's mind through a thread of mental transmission.

(I do not know why someone like you would extend such help to us.)

Jin Yuanzhan continued.

(My life is worth little, but Yuelin... she has suffered enough. If you want me to serve, to follow—then I will. I will do anything you ask of me. Just do not harm her. Please protect her!)

Across from him, Bai Zihan sat with his arms crossed, eyes closed as though asleep. A faint scoff echoed directly into Yuanzhan's mind.

(You? What can a cripple with a shattered cultivation core do? The lowest servants in my clan are more capable than you. What value do you have to bargain with?)

Jin Yuanzhan's chest tightened, shame cutting deep. His lips trembled, but he could not form a reply.

Yet Bai Zihan's voice came again, quieter this time, cool but steady.

(Rest easy. I have no reason to harm your sister. If I wished for it, there would be nothing you could do anyway. So tell me, what use would there be in lying?)

The cold truth struck Jin Yuanzhan dumb.

For a long moment, he said nothing—until Bai Zihan's voice stirred once more, this time with an edge of curiosity.

(Rather... if you care for her this much, why did you risk everything to fuse your core with the Sun Dao Stone?)

At first, he had thought it was ambition—a hunger for power.

But watching Jin Yuanzhan now, it seemed his concern for his sister far outweighed any desire for strength.

So why would he gamble his life by fusing with the Sun Dao Stone? Even the most talented cultivators often died attempting it.

Jin Yuanzhan's breath caught.

His eyes dropped to his sister's radiant expression—so full of life, brighter than he had seen in years.

(Young Master Bai, what I am going to tell you is one of the deepest secrets of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.)

(Oh?)

Bai Zihan hadn't expected such a simple question to touch on one of the sect's darkest truths.

(It was not that I fused with the Sun Dao Stone willingly... but because the Elders of the Azure Sun Holy Sect forced me.)

Bai Zihan's eyes flickered with sudden interest.

(They experimented on a number of disciples, trying to find one who could successfully fuse with the Sun Dao Stone.)

Jin Yuanzhan continued his explanation.

Basically the Azure Sun Holy Sect had gathered talented disciples without backgrounds, using them as subjects for their experiments.

By sheer fortune, Yuanzhan had survived the process and managed to fuse with the Sun Dao Stone, thus earning the rank of Core Disciple and the sect's support.

But those who failed were discarded like worthless husks.

And even with his success, the sect continued their experiments, desperately seeking a higher rate of survival.

Though apart from him, none had succeeded.

Bai Zihan listened carefully.

He hadn't expected to stumble upon such a revelation.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect... experimenting on its own disciples?

That was the kind of atrocity expected of demonic sects, who pursued only raw power.

But for a so-called righteous sect to do this?

If the truth were ever exposed, even the Azure Sun Holy Sect would face a storm of backlash.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 264: A Genius Fallen, A Sister Revealed[ 1,029 words ]

### *Chapter 264: A Genius Fallen, A Sister Revealed*

The carriage cut across the skies, eventually gliding down over a sprawling estate that seemed to stretch endlessly across the land.

The moment the protective formation opened with a ripple of golden light, the Bai Clan manor revealed itself.

The sheer grandeur of it made Jin Yuelin's breath catch in her throat.

Her pale face pressed closer to the window as her lips parted in awe.

"Brother... this... this place is enormous..."

When she stepped down from the carriage, her thin frame wobbly but upright, her eyes sparkled like a child's.

Before her stretched manicured gardens lined with spirit bamboo, koi ponds where golden-scaled fish swam lazily, and bridges arched gracefully over streams that gleamed with soft, luminous qi.

She had grown up in pain, confined to a courtyard no larger than a corner of this estate.

For her, the Bai Clan's main residence was like a world from a fairy tale.

"Wah..."

Her voice trembled, her eyes darting everywhere as though she feared blinking would make it disappear.

"Brother, Young Master Bai's family must be very... very rich!"

Jin Yuanzhan's lips tightened.

He opened his mouth but found no words. Rich?

The Bai Clan wasn't simply wealthy.

Their influence and resources rivaled empires.

The young man walking before them—calm and aloof—wasn't just "rich."

He was perhaps the single most terrifying figure of their generation, one who held power, talent, and background beyond comprehension.

But... what was the point in explaining any of that to his innocent sister?

"...Yes." He said softly. "They are... wealthy indeed."

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"Young Master!"

A clear, gentle voice rang out the moment they entered through the courtyard.

A young woman in pale green robes approached, her movements graceful, her beauty refined in a quiet, soothing way.

Luo Qing!

She bowed deeply, her smile soft yet respectful.

"I heard word of your arrival. Forgive me for not preparing sooner."

Bai Zihan waved his hand casually.

"Ah, yes. This was somewhat unplanned."

His gaze flicked briefly toward Jin Yuanzhan and his sister.

"Help find rooms for these two. Make sure they're settled."

"Yes, Young Master!"

Luo Qing inclined her head.

Jin Yuelin blinked in surprise, whispering in a low voice to her brother, "Brother... she's... she's so elegant..."

Jin Yuanzhan only smiled faintly, not daring to comment.

As for Kong Zhanghong, Bai Zihan's voice carried toward him without even looking.

"Kong Zhanghong, you can also go and rest."

Kong Zhanghong already had his own room in the Bai Estate.

Kong Zhanghong bowed slightly.

"Yes, Young Master!"

With that, Bai Zihan did not linger.

His hands clasped behind his back, he turned and strode down the jade-tiled path that led deeper into the estate, his footsteps calm but unhurried.

He did not head to his own courtyard. Instead, he walked directly toward the grand pavilion at the very heart of the manor—his father’s study room.

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Knock! Knock!

A low, steady voice came from within the study.

"Who?"

"It’s me, Father."

There was a pause, then Bai Tianheng’s deep voice replied, "Come in!"

Bai Zihan pushed the doors open and stepped inside.

The study was vast, its shelves lined with jade slips and scrolls, while incense smoke curled lazily upward, carrying the faint fragrance of sandalwood.

Behind a heavy desk of black spiritwood, Bai Tianheng sat in silence, a brush in his hand, though his sharp eyes immediately lifted from the document before him.

"You,"

His tone carried a faint surprise.

"When did you return?"

"Just now."

Bai Zihan bowed slightly, his expression calm.

Bai Tianheng’s brows furrowed ever so slightly.

"I thought you would remain in the Capital until the Dragon and Phoenix Competition concluded."

"That was the plan," Bai Zihan admitted, "but something came up."

He clasped his hands behind his back, his gaze steady as he continued, "I brought two people with me to the clan. One of them is someone you may have heard of—Jin Yuanzhan."

The name made Bai Tianheng’s eyes flicker with recognition. He leaned back in his chair, his expression thoughtful.

"Jin Yuanzhan... Yes, I have heard of him. The Azure Sun Holy Sect's rising genius, the one who successfully fused with the Sun Dao Stone."

His tone was measured, but curiosity laced his words.

"An impressive achievement, and one that places him among the most watched youths of his generation."

His gaze sharpened slightly, focusing on his son.

"But why bring him here?"

For Bai Tianheng, who had long grown accustomed to hearing of young geniuses across the realm, Jin Yuanzhan was remarkable—but not someone worth personally involving the Bai Clan.

"Well, he will be staying here for a while."

Bai Zihan said.

"Oh? Did he quit the Sect? So, you recruited him?"

Bai Tianheng saw nothing wrong with it, considering that Jin Yuanzhan was a very talented person and the clan would love to gain another genius.

Bai Zihan shook his head.

"He was expelled after losing the Competition and having his core shattered. He is more of a mortal than the genius he once was."

Bai Zihan revealed.

"Oh!"

Bai Tianheng didn't know about this. After all, it had only been about a day since that happened, and this news wasn't known to many.

But he didn't think much of it, because in the path of cultivation such occurrences happen all the time.

Once a genius, another time buried by fate.

"So, then why did you bring him here? I don't suppose it's because you pity him?"

Bai Tianheng asked. Well, if Bai Zihan did bring him out of pity, that in itself would be a big accomplishment.

"No. It is because of his sister."

"Sister?"

Bai Tianheng hadn't expected the reason to be that.

"What's so special about her? Don't tell me that you've fallen for her."

Bai Tianheng asked.

"Of course not."

"Then?"

"She has a similar constitution to Bai Xueqing."

Bai Zihan answered.

"..."

Bai Tianheng's eyes widened for a second, taking in what he had just heard.

"When did you find out?"

"Recently!"

"Mmm... "

Bai Tianheng took a deep breath and then looked at Bai Zihan asked.

"So, what do you want to know?"

"Everything!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 265: The Curse of a Heavenly Body[ 1,522 words ]

### *Chapter 265: The Curse of a Heavenly Body*

When Bai Xueqing was only six years old, the Bai Clan was shaken to its core.

On that winter morning, her body suddenly erupted with a terrifying surge of Ice Qi.

The temperature within her courtyard plunged without warning—frost crawling up walls, freezing ponds solid, and turning even the faintest breeze into biting blades of cold.

It was not a child's playful affinity for the ice element. It was an overwhelming, suffocating flood of power that defied reason.

Even the Grand Elder, who was active at the time, was forced to intervene.

He had stepped forward—only for his expression to change instantly, his body trembling as the icy qi seared into his meridians.

It pierced his defenses like countless needles, forcing him to retreat in shock.

The clan rejoiced at first. Such a display was proof that Bai Xueqing's potential eclipsed anything they had ever imagined.

Her future was not merely bright—it was destined to be dazzling, even among the proudest geniuses of the empire.

But their joy did not last.

That same day, Bai Xueqing collapsed.

Her small body convulsed as frigid qi surged through her meridians like wild rivers, threatening to tear her apart from within.

Her lips turned pale-blue, her skin like frosted glass. She could not even breathe without shards of ice forming in her lungs.

And her appearance had also changed from that of the Bai Clan to that of Ice—silver hair and blue eyes.

Bai Tianheng quickly understood the cruel truth: her body was not strong enough to contain her own gift.

The constitution that promised greatness was also a death sentence.

It was said that without intervention, she might not have survived the night.

The Bai Clan threw everything they had into preserving her life.

Every treasure of flame and warmth was brought forth, their radiance woven into barriers around her frail frame.

Formations were altered, not to supply her with more qi, but to drain away the excess before it devoured her.

For a time, that balance allowed her to endure.

But there was no cure.

Every breath, every heartbeat, was a struggle between survival and destruction.

Bai Xueqing lived not because her body had accepted its destiny, but because the clan willed her to live—binding down the raging cold within her, day after day, year after year.

Even then, no one in the Bai Clan could deny the truth. The disaster was merely delayed, not resolved.

"Fortunately, she is very talented and has the Earth-Grade Artifact, Cinderheart Necklace, which produces warm qi, helping her."

Bai Tianheng continued.

"That too isn't enough for her worst day when her ice implodes."

(I had no idea at all!)

Well, partly because he liked to stay away from his sister and also because his sister liked to stay away from him.

Moreover, her portrayal of a powerful sister might have been broken and thought would be exploited by him if he ever came to know.

After all, Bai Zihan liked to exploit the weakness of others.

There was a bit of silence!

Both of them in their own deep thoughts before Bai Tianheng finally broke the silence.

"Anyways, what do you mean by the girl you brought that has a similar constitution as Xueqing? Do you know what's the problem with your sister's body?"

Bai Tianheng asked.

Bai Zihan understood after listening to his father that neither he nor any of the Bai Clan had any idea about the Heavenly Body which his sister possessed.

He thought it was his own lack of knowledge as to why he had no idea, but it seemed like indeed, there was no such thing or concept or understanding of Heavenly Body in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Perhaps in the current era, it doesn't exist—the idea of such things belonged to when Immortal Emperor Feilian was still alive.

"When I say that they have similar constitutions, I mean their physiques are the top of this world. And like Bai Xueqing, Jin Yuelin, the girl I am talking about, her life was tormented by Overflowing Yin Qi and needs Yang Qi to sustain her life."

Bai Zihan answered.

"Physique that is top of this world?"

Bai Tianheng was confused by what Bai Zihan meant.

Indeed, there are many physiques that are considered better than others, but there was no single list that ranked them all.

So, he had no idea how Bai Zihan even came to the conclusion that their physiques were the top of this world.

Anyways, he focused on the important thing he heard.

"So, you know what problem their bodies have?"

That is what was important. As long as they figured out what the problem was, finding the solution would be much better.

"It's not a problem. It's how their body works."

Bai Zihan replied.

"It certainly is!"

Bai Tianheng said.

He thought that Bai Zihan hadn't seen for himself what Bai Xueqing went through, thus didn't understand what a problem it was.

Especially to him and their mother, who were constantly filled with worries with no solution at hand.

Perhaps that's why, he thought, Mu Yuelan did what she did when she came to find a solution for Bai Zihan.

With Bai Xueqing in that condition, and Bai Zihan heading towards the same place, she must have been desperate, and as soon as she saw a solution, she did what she thought she had to without giving much thought.

While Bai Zihan, though he understood a bit about Heavenly Body—which is that Heavenly Body is both a curse and gift...

But was it really a curse? Only if you couldn't control it.

On the other hand, he too went through hell a couple of times just to obtain his physique or half a physique and there is more hell that he has to go through to obtain the complete physique.

But he also understood that it was his choice to do so, while his sister and Jin Yuelin didn't have a choice, which makes a huge difference.

But it is also true that there are many powerhouses who dream of obtaining such physiques in this world and do anything to obtain them.

The important thing was having enough resources and knowledge about the physique.

"Anyways, since you know something about their physiques, do you also know the solution?"

Bai Tianheng asked.

Bai Zihan nodded, which instantly brightened his father's expression.

"Tell me now. We need to start curing Xueqing as quickly as possible."

Bai Zihan calmed down his old man.

"Just calm down, it is not like it can be done because you said so."

Bai Tianheng realized his mistake and sat down on his seat.

Indeed, there wasn't a need for impatience as long as he could get the solution for his daughter's problem.

"Well, it is easy in theory. They just need to grow to be able to control their respective body's energy and that way, there would be no problem."

It was easy in theory because it sounded simple.

But it was far from it.

Firstly, one would need resources that are able to calm down the overflowing energy in their bodies.

For many, they wouldn't even survive to that point without being from a powerful family.

Secondly, a powerful technique that suited them. For Jin Yuelin, it is a Poison Technique and for Bai Xueqing, it should be related to Ice Technique.

But their qi is very powerful, so the technique that they learned needs to be powerful.

Heavenly-Grade technique might be the minimum.

Otherwise, rather than controlling, it would only make their Ice Energy more aggressive—or so he was told by the Immortal Emperor right now.

(Do you have any Technique For Heavenly Ice Body?)

(No! I have not even met one with a Heavenly Ice Body. So, I can't guarantee that the techniques I know can help her control Heavenly Poison Body.)

Well, that was not the answer he was hoping for.

"Control their power..."

It wasn't like Bai Tianheng had never thought about it—he thought that her power was just too strong to be controlled.

Rather than having her do so, he would rather have her suppress it.

"But our clan doesn't have any Ice Technique... Frost Lily Pavilion has Earth-Grade Ice Technique."

Saying so, he looked at Bai Zihan.

As for why?

It isn't easy to just ask them to hand over their precious technique, but the Fourth Princess proposed to Bai Zihan, and it is known that Frost Lily Pavilion supports the Fourth Princess.

So...

"Don't look at me like that. And no, their technique is too weak to control something that powerful. The rank needs to be at least Heaven-Grade Technique."

Bai Tianheng's eyes widened.

It was already difficult to get Earth-Grade Ice Technique but Heaven-Grade?

"I don't think I have even heard about anyone having one."

If there was one, no matter how secret it was, their Bai Clan would have at least heard a rumor.

Not to mention, apart from Frost Lily Pavilion, there isn't another who uses Ice Technique that much.

(Do I need to visit other Empires?)

## Chapter 266: The Son Who Plans, The Parent Who Panics

*Chapter 266: The Son Who Plans, The Parent Who Panics*

Bai Tianheng pondered. For his daughter, there weren't many things that he wasn't willing to do.

If he couldn't get the things to save her in the Desolate Heaven Empire, he would go to another place where there might be one.

"Don't think about doing anything stupid!"

Bai Zihan warned.

He didn't know what his old man was thinking about, but he reckoned it would be stupid since his parents seemed to drop their IQ whenever it involved their children.

"Stupid? You brat, how dare you insult your esteemed father!"

"Tsk! Then my esteemed father, what kind of wise idea did you have? Let this son be enlightened by your wisdom."

Bai Zihan said.

"... I will go to other Empires to search for a suitable technique for Xueqing."

Bai Tianheng said unconfidently.

"Huh? Do you even hear yourself? You want to leave the Bai Clan—you, the Clan Leader—and search? You don't even have any idea where you could find it, or even if you could. Not to mention, it could take years."

Bai Zihan retorted. He knew that his old man wouldn't have any good ideas and indeed he was right.

Even if he wanted to search for it, it would be a good idea to let his subordinates collect information throughout the other Empires and act upon that information.

But no! He had to go and search like a headless chicken.

Face-palming, he didn't understand how his old man rose to the position of Clan Leader.

(Was cultivation talent all you needed? I dread the future of the Clan!)

Bai Tianheng was feeling quite embarrassed but knew Bai Zihan was right.

"So, what do you reckon we must do?"

Bai Tianheng asked. Perhaps his smart son had a solution.

"Don't worry, I have what she needs!"

Earlier, he checked whether his System Store had it and unlike Immortal Emperor Feilian, it didn't disappoint.

There was even a Saint-Grade Cultivation Technique just for the Heavenly Ice Body, but of course, the price was out of reach for him.

His balance was around 15,000.

He wasn't doing anything for the past year, so it was understandable that it had increased.

This amount was barely enough for a Heaven-Grade Technique. So, if needed, he must just settle for a Heaven-Grade Technique.

Well, it should be enough—or so he hoped—as he didn't have anywhere near enough for a Saint-Grade Technique.

(Should I go around beating everyone?)

That was an easy way to earn System Points.

(Or perhaps hunt Heaven Chosen?)

That was more rewarding, but of course, that would be similar to what his father planned to do.

Moreover, it was quite risky and he would rather play it safe.

Why go after Heaven Chosen? When they didn't even do anything to him, yet!

Even the first plan to go after others was not a good idea.

What he didn't like was going around and adding to the problem. If they didn't offend him, there was no need for him to go after others.

System Points were good incentives but not enough to do so.

(Bai Xueqing should be satisfied that I am even willing to spend so much.)

In the end, the core thing was he didn't really value Bai Xueqing to the point of going through so much.

Well, the fact that he was even willing to do so much meant that at least in his heart, Bai Xueqing meant something to him.

Bai Tianheng's eyes widened, his heart skipping a beat.

"You... Do you really have one?"

After all, Heaven-Grade Techniques weren't just something that could be bought with money.

The entire Desolate Heaven Empire only had a handful of them and to have one suitable for Bai Xueqing's physique was even more difficult.

Bai Zihan gave a simple nod.

For a moment, Bai Tianheng was struck silent. Relief, disbelief, and joy surged through him all at once, nearly overwhelming his composure.

His lips trembled slightly, and for the first time in years, the heavy boulder pressing against his chest lightened.

This problem that had haunted him since Bai Xueqing imploded with Ice Qi, the nightmare that no amount of power, authority, or wealth could resolve—was suddenly within reach of a solution.

As for where Bai Zihan had obtained such a thing... he did not ask.

He doubted his son would answer truthfully anyway.

Perhaps, just like that Saint-Grade artifact he had casually brought, this too came from the ancient ruin of the Immortal Emperor.

Or maybe—just maybe—Bai Zihan had secretly searched far and wide upon learning of his sister's plight.

That thought, though unlikely, filled him with happiness.

"Good! Good! If such a thing is in your hands, then quickly, we should give it to Xueqing!"

Bai Tianheng urged, his voice filled with rare eagerness.

But Bai Zihan shook his head.

"There's no need to be hasty. I'll give it to her—after the Dragon and Phoenix Competition."

Bai Tianheng froze, caught off guard by the calm refusal.

"After...? Why wait?"

"Eh... Of course, it isn't good to disturb her when she is focused on such an important competition. Anyways, we just need to wait for a week."

All of it was just a lie as Bai Zihan currently had a 5 Million Gold bet placed on Nie Fengzhuo.

Plus the bet with Bai Xueqing to which he didn't want to lose.

Bai Tianheng nodded, thinking that there wasn't any problem with what Bai Zihan had said.

Although he found it strange that Bai Zihan referred to the Dragon and Phoenix Competition as an 'important competition,' considering he had always dismissed it as a waste of time and energy and hadn't even bothered to participate.

"So, let's talk about the girl you brought. You said she has the same constitution as Bai Xueqing?"

Bai Tianheng asked.

"Not really similar but equally powerful. Instead of Cold Qi, she has overflowing Yin Energy. Though, same as Bai Xueqing, as long as she learns to control her power, there will be no problem."

"And you want to keep her and Jin Yuanzhan in the clan?"

"Yes."

"Mmmm..."

Bai Tianheng thought for a while.

There was no problem with her staying here since Bai Zihan already has a solution for her problem.

Rather, it was good for the Bai Clan, as that would mean gaining someone as talented as Xueqing.

Well, even if that wasn't the case, as long as there wasn't a big problem, Bai Tianheng had no problem listening to small requests from Bai Zihan.

"Well, I have no problem with that. Just don't forget that they need to be trustworthy people."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

### Chapter 267: Fifth Round Of Dragon and Phoenix Competition! [ 1,046 words ]

*Chapter 267: Fifth Round Of Dragon and Phoenix Competition!*

Three days passed in a blink.

The Capital city's atmosphere grew heated with anticipation. Taverns buzzed with debates over who would take the crown.

Despite the competition coming to a close, it was still pretty unknown who could really take the crown.

On the morning of the Fifth Round, the arena was packed to the brim—roaring like a sea of voices, eager for the battles ahead.

The Quarterfinals were about to begin.

Of the countless participants who entered the competition, only eight remained.

Each one was either a famed genius or someone who had shocked the world during the earlier rounds.

The referee stepped onto the stage once more, his voice amplified by Qi.

"Today—the Fifth Round begins! From this point forward, each victory brings you closer to the title of the Desolate Heaven Empire's greatest talent. Eight enter—only four shall remain!"

The crowd erupted, chants of names echoing through the air.

Most of them weren't excited for the Fifth Round, though.

The reason?

The four favorites—Bai Xueqing, Shui Lian'er, Chu Ziyan, and Nie Fengzhuo—weren't fighting each other.

Rather, the other four, though powerful indeed, had not yet shown the level to match the favorites.

Not to mention, their cultivation—or at least what they had revealed—was at the Nascent Soul Realm.

Which was great for their age, but against the other four, it simply wasn't enough.

While the matches themselves didn't draw much attention, there was one thing that caught the eyes of many people.

Bai Zihan was missing!

Well, he wasn't a participant and did not need to come for every round, but many still noticed his presence during the competition.

Yet today, he was absent—and from the looks of it, he wasn't just running late either.

Whispers ran through the stands.

"Where's Bai Zihan?"

"Could he have left after being criticized by everyone?"

"Ha! Wouldn't surprise me. That coward has thick skin when mocking others, but when the tables turn, he hides."

"Perhaps he got bored?"

"Hmph. Probably too ashamed to show his face, knowing that he has been caught in his lies."

But there was one group who was angrier than the rest.

"Damn it! Just what is Bai Zihan planning?"

It was the Elder of Azure Sun Holy Sect, along with others who were also feeling the pressure.

The reason?

Bai Zihan had taken away Jin Yuanzhan, who knew the secrets of their sect all too well.

They had already decided to take Jin Yuanzhan's life after he left the Dragon and Phoenix Competition.

Although he was useless now and expelled from their sect, he was still a danger because of what he knew.

But killing him inside the arena, where countless eyes were watching, was impossible.

So they planned to strike once he left.

Who would have thought Bai Zihan would stumble upon him and take him away?

At first, they didn't panic, believing they still held a key to Jin Yuanzhan's life—his sister.

But then came the report that Jin Yuelin was no longer in her residence and had seemingly left as well.

There was no need to speculate. The Elder knew it had to be Bai Zihan who took her away too.

(I don't know whether that trash has already spilled the beans.)

The Elder seethed with anger.

He regretted not finishing the job right then and there, even if it meant some risk.

He could have easily explained it away, saying Jin Yuanzhan, enraged after losing his cultivation, provoked him—and in anger, he had struck.

A little compensation would have been enough.

After all, Jin Yuanzhan was still their disciple, and with no powerful backing, there would have been no one to protest.

But his caution had perhaps led to a very big mistake.

"Dammit!"

Moreover, he had intended to confront Bai Zihan directly and demand Jin Yuanzhan's handover, whether by words or force.

But now that Bai Zihan didn't show up, things had become far more complicated.

And the longer time dragged on, the greater the chance that Jin Yuanzhan would reveal everything.

"Report: after sighting his carriage entering the Bai Clan, he has yet to leave. He should still be inside."

A disciple informed him.

Bai Clan!

Even as an Elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect, he couldn't just enter without formal invitation.

Unless the Bai Clan themselves wanted to hand Jin Yuanzhan over, there was no way to get him out without offending the strongest clan of the empire.

"We shall wait. Bai Zihan might show up at the finals."

Talking with Bai Zihan directly would be far easier than facing Bai Tianheng himself.

Meanwhile, Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing also noticed Bai Zihan's absence.

"Did he get scared because of our promise?" she muttered, thinking Bai Zihan was trying to back down from their insane bet.

"Hmph! But I won't let him run away."

Whether he came to watch or not, she would make sure he fulfilled her three requests—no questions asked.

While Chu Ziyang looked dejected, fiddling with the necklace.

Whatever the case, the Fifth Round began.

As everyone expected, there were no upsets. None of the challengers was strong enough to topple the favorites.

And the matches ended quickly. Since the semifinal was approaching, the competitors wanted to conserve their Qi.

Because of that, the battles were over almost as soon as they began.

The other four didn't even have a chance to display their trump cards—it was over in an instant.

Not even an hour passed before the Fifth Round was concluded.

But that was good in its own way—because now, the semifinals were about to begin.

Only two matches, but each filled the audience with anticipation.

Bai Xueqing vs. Shui Lian'er!

Would Bai Xueqing's opponents fall unconscious as always before her overwhelming power, or would they finally see Shui Lian'er's hidden strength?

And then—Chu Ziyang vs. Nie Fengzhuo!

Both were considered dark horses. Few thought they would make it this far.

Unlike the other four who were eliminated earlier, their opponents weren't weak either.

Each had defeated some of the strongest contenders of the competition to reach this stage.

And now, it was time for them to clash.

No matter who won, everyone knew the battle would be far from easy.

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 268 Semi-Final[ 935 words ]

### Chapter 268 Semi-Final

The referee raised his hand, his voice booming through the arena.

"The first semifinal match-Bai Xueqing of the Bai Clan vs. Shui Lian'er of the Celestial Jade Hall!"

The crowd erupted like thunder, the arena trembling under the clash of two roars: one side chanting, "Bai Xueqing! Bai Xueqing!" while the other rose with equal fervor, "Shui Lian'er! Shui Lian'er!"

On one hand, Bai Xueqing-the prodigy who had defeated her opponent with precise and powerful technique.

On the other hand, Shui Lian'er-the mysterious genius whose calm and elegance veiled the sharpness of her hidden blade.

She had defeated every challenger without lifting a finger, never revealing a speck of her strength.

To her supporters, she was the one destined to break Bai Xueqing's streak and claim herself as the strongest.

As the two young women walked onto the stage, the noise reached its peak.

Bai Xueqing stepped forward with a composed look, staring straight into Shui Lian'er's eyes.

Opposite her, Shui Lian'er appeared like a serene lotus blooming in mist. The referee wasted no time.

"Begin!"

The referee's shout had barely faded when silence washed over the arena. Neither Bai Xueqing nor Shui Lian'er moved.

The crowd leaned forward, breathless, expecting Bai Xueqing to be knocked out. And indeed, she simply stood there, her pale-blue eyes locked onto Shui Lian'er.

Many thought that Bai Xueqing was also caught in Shui Lian'er's mysterious technique, just like her other opponents.

On Shui Lian'er's side, however, the picture was not as serene as it appeared. Her expression remained calm, eyes as tranquil as still water, but a faint bead of sweat trickled down the side of her face-quickly vanishing in the glow of her jade-like aura.

No one noticed. Or rather, they were so busy watching Bai Xueqing that none paid attention to her.

Shu Lian'er aura surged wildly beneath her calm exterior.

The delicate ripples of her Qi were like an ocean tide threatening to overflow its bounds. She wasn't merely restraining Bai Xueqing with casual effort.

She was consuming vast amounts of Qi.

Earlier, her Fragrant Mirage Physique's natural ability wasn't enough to entrap Bai Xueqing whose body is all protected by Qi.

So she had no choice but to enhance her ability with her Qi.

(Let your biggest fear come true!)

\*\*\*

Bai Xueqing's eyes flickered for just a moment-then her surroundings dissolved.

The cold stone arena vanished. The thunderous chants of the crowd fell silent.

All she could feel was pain coursing through her body. And she knew what it

was.

"I-Is my Ice Qi imploding again?"

The pain she didn't want to remember, something she never wanted to endure again.

She had to face it again.

Her Qi was going out of control-ice forming in her lungs, her nerves, everywhere. The only thing she felt in the end was pain.

But then suddenly, it disappeared.

"Did it end?"

She had never known her Ice Qi to lose control for such a short time, though she couldn't be more thankful.

Still, she didn't know where she was-or even remember what she had been doing before.

She found herself standing in a boundless plain of white frost, her breath forming clouds in the frigid air.

She knew this must be due to her Qi going out of control.

"Where is this?"

But then-she saw something.

Frozen statues.

Dozens... no, hundreds of them.

The faces of her clanmates, elders, and even her father, Bai Tianheng, all encased in flawless crystal ice.

Their eyes were wide with terror, mouths forever open in silent screams.

Her chest tightened.

"No... I... I didn't..."

She staggered forward, reaching for her father's frozen form.

The cold bit into her skin, piercing deeper than any blade. His familiar stern gaze stared at her, unblinking, forever trapped in that instant of betrayal.

The nightmare whispered to her, cruel and relentless:

This is your fate. To freeze everything you love. To destroy everyone who stands too close!

Her knees buckled, strength draining.

"Stop... please... I never wanted this..."

The voice pressed deeper, venomous:

You think your family protects you because they love you? No! It's Fear!

The Bai Clan shields you because they cannot control you-only contain you.

The frost spread faster, swallowing the horizon.

Her every breath crystallized the air, her very heartbeat resonating with ice that shattered all warmth.

The statues cracked, splintering under her overwhelming cold, and then-collapsed into glittering shards.

She was left alone.

Alone in a frozen, dead world.

Bai Xueqing fell to her knees, clutching her head as a scream tore from her throat, raw and soundless, lost in the blizzard of her nightmare.

For a moment, she nearly gave in-until she saw a figure.

Bai Zihan!

Her father and the others risked their lives to protect her, yes-she could believe they might end up frozen.

But Bai Zihan?

No way!

If anything, he would have killed her first-or walked away without hesitation if the situation called for it.

And with her current strength, she doubted she could freeze him like this at all.

(Argh!)

A massive headache struck as she tried to remember where she had been before this.

It was like trying to realize you are in a dream, while the dream itself insists it is real.

Not very practical-especially when your own mind is working against you.

But with a bit of proper thinking, she realized:

(This must be Shui Lian'er's ability!)

She remembered-she was about to fight, and this illusion was far too

convenient.

So, she raised her Qi violently, shattering all the statues of her loved ones, including Bai Zihan.

"Hah... hah..."

Bai Xueqing breathed heavily as she slowly opened her eyes-Shui Lian'er stood before her.

"WOW! Bai Xueqing opened her eyes!"

"Does that mean she broke through Shui Lian'er's mysterious ability?"

"Finally! We can see Shui Lian'er fight!"

The crowd erupted in cheers and excitement. This was the first time anyone had resisted Shui Lian'er's ability.

Bai Xueqing, however, wasn't in the best of moods.

What she had just been shown had filled her with more anger than she had ever felt.

Her eyes glinted with frost as she glared at her opponent.

"You'll pay for that!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 269 Bai Xueqing Vs Shui Lian'er! [ 1,081 words ]

Chapter 269 Bai Xueqing Vs Shui Lian'er!

(...So quickly?)

Her Fragrant Mirage Physique had never failed before.

Once her illusions entrapped someone's mind, they would wander in their deepest fears for hours, sometimes days, before the strain broke them.

Yet Bai Xueqing... had shattered it within moments.

(Did I make some mistake?)

Shui Lian'er's jade-like fingers tightened slightly at her side.

She didn't think that her ability had failed, but it had been broken-either Bai Xueqing was far stronger than she imagined, or she had made some mistake.

But she had no time to dwell.

"-You'll pay for that!"

Bai Xueqing's roar cracked the silence.

She wielded her sword, ready to strike at Shui Lian'er.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Her figure blurred-one moment standing firm, the next splitting into nine dazzling shadows that struck from every angle at once.

The stage erupted with streaks of light, each slash sharp enough to tear the air itself.

Shui Lian'er's sleeves fluttered as her body flowed like drifting mist.

Every time a sword light descended, she slipped aside by the slimmest margin,

her movements precise and anticipatory-as if she already knew where the next strike would fall.

Clang! Swish! Crack!

Steel met only empty air, grazing strands of Shui Lian'er's hair but never her body.

She moved not with speed, but with a strange inevitability-a calm lotus swaying in the current, always just beyond reach of the blade.

Slash! Slash!

As if already anticipating the strikes, she was able to dodge every single one. Bai Xueqing split into nine shadows, each flowing seamlessly into the next, every strike aimed with lethal precision directly at Shui Lian'er.

It was as if countless swords were descending at once-inescapable, merciless. And yet-

Shui Lian'er's steps never faltered.

To the crowd, her movements looked impossibly graceful, like a lotus drifting through turbulent waves, always avoiding destruction at the last instant.

"Damn! I thought apart from her mysterious ability, Shui Lian'er would be easy to beat. But looks like she still has other strength to back it up."

"Hmph! Just dodging? What can she do?"

"Can it be that she can truly see the future?"

It isn't a surprise that some thought like that years ago, when Shui Lian'er fought in private matches between sects-it was said that her opponent wasn't able to land a single attack, Shui Lian'er dodging as if she already knew.

Rumors began to spread about her and her ability which is assumed to be that of prediction.

Celestial Jade Hall is full of such mysterious techniques, so one couldn't be sure whether it was true or false.

But looking at her right now, it seemed to be true.

Otherwise, there was no way that Shui Lian'er could dodge Bai Xueqing's attacks.

A faint glow rippled within Shui Lian'er's pupils-like the reflection of starlight across a still lake.

Fragments of the future shimmered before her mind.

A step here she saw herself slashed in half.

A turn there-her shoulder pierced clean through.

She shifted instead, flowing like water, and the fatal strike missed by a hair's breadth.

Her voice rang softly, almost like a chant.

"Spirit Art-Moonlit Reflection."

The air shimmered as a faint mirage of herself split off, stepping to the side.

Bai Xueqing's sword cleaved straight through it, dispersing the afterimage into motes of light.

Shui Lian'er raised her hand, jade fingers flicking gently.

Qi surged, condensing into a rain of crystalline lotus petals that spiraled around her.

Each petal was sharp as a blade, yet elusive, phasing in and out of solidity.

Clang-clang-clang-!

The sword shadows clashed with the lotus petals, scattering sparks and Qi ripples across the stage.

Bai Xueqing's eyes hardened.

"Petals and illusions won't save you!"

She swung her sword in a rising arc, the nine shadows converging into a single blinding thrust aimed directly at Shui Lian'er's heart.

But Shui Lian'er had already seen it.

Her body swayed aside an instant before the blade arrived, her sleeve brushing the sword's edge without so much as a cut.

At the same time, the lotus petals shifted-not randomly, but precisely into Bai Xueqing's path-forcing her to redirect her strikes or risk tearing herself apart with Qi backlash.

The audience erupted.

"She... predicted that strike!"

"No-she's reading Bai Xueqing's attacks before they even land!"

On the stage, the lotus petals converged into a glowing spear of spiritual light, thrusting forward at the exact moment Bai Xueqing's next movement left a gap in her defenses.

For the first time in the fight-Bai Xueqing's expression flickered.

The arena pulsed with tension, every spectator holding their breath as Shui

Lian'er raised both arms.

The lotus petals swirling around her suddenly dissolved into motes of emerald light, gathering high above her in a storm of dazzling radiance.

The very air quivered, suffused with a fragrance so sweet it made weaker cultivators' minds drift, their senses almost stolen away.

Her voice, calm yet ringing like jade chimes, echoed across the stage:

"-Heavenly Jade Butterfly Storm."

The light condensed, shaping into thousands of luminous butterflies, each one crystalline and razor-sharp, wings shimmering with destructive spiritual force.

They swarmed together into a spiraling tempest, blotting out the sky above the platform.

Then-like a floodgate breaking-they descended.

The butterflies streaked downward in a storm of annihilation, covering every path of escape, cutting off every possible retreat.

Even Shui Lian'er's foresight told her the outcome: there was no surviving this.

The crowd gasped.

"Bai Xueqing is finished! This is the Celestial Jade Hall's Strongest Technique!"

"No one could dodge that-it's inescapable!"

And yet- Bai Xueqing's eyes blazed, her pale-blue irises burning like cold fire.

She did not shrink back, nor did she attempt to counter with some flashy technique.

Instead, her body moved.

Step-twist-strike-

Her sword danced with blinding speed, shattering the butterflies that dared to touch her path.

Her figure blurred, weaving through impossible gaps, bending low as deadly wings brushed past her hair, twisting mid-air as another swarm sought to cut

her down.

Her reaction speed was beyond belief, her agility monstrous, her instincts

sharper than foresight.

She dodged.

Not with prediction.

But with raw speed and terrifying reflexes honed in countless battles.

One by one, the Heavenly Jade Butterflies shattered against her sword light, until the great storm above the stage collapsed into falling sparks that fizzled out against the arena floor.

The audience erupted in disbelief, some even standing to their feet.

"She dodged it! Impossible!"

On the stage, Shui Lian'er's calm finally cracked.

Her eyes widened, breath catching as she stared at Bai Xueqing, who now stood unscathed amidst the fading light.

(How...? Even I couldn't find an escape, and yet she...)

Her jade-like fingers trembled slightly before lowering at her side. Slowly, her serene expression returned-not from arrogance, but from acceptance.

"I see now," she said softly, her voice carrying even through the roaring crowd.

"No matter how refined my arts, no matter how precise my foresight... before your sheer power and will, there is no path to victory for me."

Shui Lian'er closed her eyes, exhaled deeply, and gave a graceful bow toward

Bai Xueqing.

"I concede!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 270 Chu Ziyan Vs Nie Fengzhuo! [ 1,372 words ]

### Chapter 270 Chu Ziyan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!

The crowd was still roaring from Shui Lian'er's concession when silence fell abruptly, like a flame smothered.

All eyes shifted back to Bai Xueqing.

She did not smile.

She did not bask in glory.

Her sword lowered slowly, but the tension in her shoulders betrayed her mood. Her lips curled-not in triumph, but in dissatisfaction.

(Tch!)

Bai Xueqing's pale-blue eyes flickered with a cold, unyielding light as she looked at Shui Lian'er, who stood calm and composed even in defeat. It galled her.

That illusion-had forced her to face something she did not wish to. Even if only for a fleeting instant, Shui Lian'er had made her falter.

And yet, before she could repay it in full-before she could exact the price- Shui Lian'er had simply surrendered.

Despite being victorious, it didn't feel like one.

Bai Xueqing scoffed and without sparing Shui Lian'er another glance, she sheathed her sword in a sharp motion.

Her figure turned, cold and aloof, the faintest trace of disdain in her posture.

The crowd's cheers resumed in waves, but Bai Xueqing ignored them all, striding toward the edge of the stage with steady, unhurried steps.

The echoes of her battle still lingered in the air-her cold figure imprinted in the minds of every spectator.

Yet before the excitement could fade, the referee's voice rang out again, sharp and commanding:

"The second semifinal match-Chu Ziyang of the Heaven Sword Sect Vs Nie Fengzhuo of the Nie Clan!"

The arena shook with another eruption of cheers.

If Bai Xueqing versus Shui Lian'er had been a clash of prodigies and mystique, this next match carried a different weight entirely.

Dark Horse against Dark Horse!

Two names that, before the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, few would have place in the same sentence as Bai Xueqing or Lei Zhensheng.

Yet round after round, they had silenced doubts with overwhelming strength, carving their way into the semifinals without hesitation.

Now, they stood across from one another on the grand stage.

The crowd roared with anticipation.

Who would rise?

Though indirectly connected by tangled threads of fate, the two regarded each other with detached calm.

To Chu Ziyang, Nie Fengzhuo was nothing more than her best friend's ex-fiancé -someone she neither hated nor loved.

To Nie Fengzhuo, Chu Ziyang was merely Bai Zihan's fiancée. Nothing more.

He might have relished humiliating her had she been one of those disciples who followed Bai Xueqing and mocked him. But Chu Ziyang wasn't one of them.

No bitterness. No grudge. No weight of history between them.

Only one reality remained:

To win, one must cut down the other.

The referee's hand fell.

"Begin!"

The instant the word fell, neither side hesitated.

Steel rang out, sharp and resounding-

Clang!

Two figures blurred into motion, closing the distance with terrifying speed. Their swords met in a dazzling explosion of sparks, the shockwave rippling across the stage.

There was no testing of the waters. No slow build-up.

From the very first strike, both Chu Ziyang and Nie Fengzhuo unleashed killing intent as sharp as their blades.

Chu Ziyang's sword light cut upward like a crescent moon, refined and precise, every motion honed to perfection by the Heaven Sword Sect's supreme sword

arts.

Her sword aura was cold, disciplined, and ruthless-like an executioner who had no need for wasted movements.

Nie Fengzhuo answered with raw, overwhelming power.

His black sword swung down like a collapsing mountain, his strikes carrying explosive force that shattered the ground beneath their feet.

Each swing was a storm, seeking to crush rather than slice, but his control was flawless and unyielding balance between brute strength and measured intent.

Bang!

The second clash shook the arena, their auras colliding head-on.

Chu Ziyang's refined sword intent bent like water but refused to break, while Nie Fengzhuo's domineering momentum pressed forward like a tidal wave.

"Crimson Petal Tempest!"

"Nine Desolations Tyrant Sword!"

The stage quaked as both cultivators roared their powerful techniques.

A crimson gale erupted from Chu Ziyang's blade, blossoms of scarlet light

scattering like countless petals caught in a storm.

Each fragment spun with deadly sharpness, weaving together into a spiraling tempest of sword qi that slashed from every angle at once.

It was beautiful, yet merciless.

Opposing it, Nie Fengzhuo's aura surged like a collapsing sky.

His black-golden sword cleaved downward, and in that instant, the phantom of Nine Desolations unfurled behind him.

Mountains cracked, seas churned, lightning raged, and storms howled—all illusions of intent, yet heavy enough to make the spectators' hearts tremble.

His blade roared with tyrannical might, as if every swing could erase the

heavens themselves.

Boom!

The two techniques collided. Crimson petals shredded against a wall of violent qi, scattering into sparks of light, while the ground split open in jagged lines beneath their feet.

The storm of force lashed outward, tearing apart protective formations around the stage and forcing weaker cultivators in the stands to stagger back.

Chu Ziyang's eyes narrowed. Her petals flowed seamlessly, adjusting, weaving, redirecting the sword art of one who wasted no motion.

But Nie Fengzhuo's answer was unrelenting.

Each sweep of his blade tore through her storm like a beast rampaging through a forest, forcing her backward step by step. His sword did not dance; it conquered.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Steel rang again and again, sparks raining as their sword lights carved arcs of red and gold across the arena.

Chu Ziyang's blade curved, finding small openings, slipping past the flood of power to graze his guard-but Nie Fengzhuo simply took the hits, his body hard as iron, his swings wider and heavier with each exchange.

It was a duel of styles.

One refined.

One domineering.

And neither willing to yield.

The spectators held their breath.

This wasn't a probing exchange-it was war.

"Neither is holding back..."

"This is what the Dragon and Phoenix Competition should look like!"

From the start, the audience got what they wanted: a fierce clash between two powerful competitors.

No tricks. No mystery. Just pure swordsmanship and strength.

Both had shown why they deserved to stand in the finals-perhaps even to seize the title of champion.

Yet what the audience thought was the climax... was only the warm-up for the two prodigy.

(He is also in the Mid Soul Formation Realm!)

Chu Ziyang's eyes narrowed as the realization struck her.

It had been only speculation until now, but that exchange confirmed it.

She herself stood proudly in the Mid Soul Formation Realm, yet what unsettled her was not his cultivation-but his growth.

Two years ago, Nie Fengzhuo had been nothing more than a Qi Gathering Stage. And yet, here he stood, matching her blow for blow.

If not for a certain someone, Chu Ziyang might have felt truly shaken.

But she remembered.

Compared to Bai Zihan-the monster who left her with a suffocating sense of powerlessness while facing Bai Xinyue, a Spirit Severing Realm-Nie Fengzhuo was merely... normal like her.

Formidable, yes. Exceptional, yes. But not overwhelming as others make it.

Her confidence surged, honed by her own growth over the past year.

Her voice rang out, cold and resolute:

"Heaven Severing Tide!"

The same attack that had shaken earth and sky, the very technique that brought Lei Zhensheng's downfall, erupted forth once more.

!!!

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes hardened. That move carried no less weight than the Heavenly Technique his own master had taught him.

He could not underestimate it.

"Absolute Severance!"

His black sword howled as his strongest technique flared to life, a sharp, merciless force that promised to tear apart all it touched.

Two Heavenly Techniques-rare beyond measure, unattainable for most in their lifetime-were now clashing head-on before tens of thousands of stunned witnesses.

The arena seemed to freeze in that instant.

Ocean met abyss. Tide met severance.

The detonation that followed shook the heavens themselves. Shockwaves ripped outward, battering the barrier with such force that even

the Formation Masters paled.

They scrambled into action, pouring their qi to reinforce the trembling light screens before they shattered.

The ground shrieked in protest, splintering as cracks tore jagged paths across the stage.

Light flared, blinding, swallowing everything in its brilliance.

And then-

Silence!

As the radiance faded, the two figures reemerged.

Both stood, blades still in hand. Then-step. Step.

The backlash forced them apart.

Chu Ziyang slid back five meters, her boots grinding against the stone, leaving deep furrows.

Nie Fengzhuo staggered three steps before regaining his balance, his stance firm once more.

The difference was small. Two meters.

But at this level, such a margin was decisive.

The crowd exploded into chaos.

"They're equal!"

"No-look closer! She was forced back farther!"

"Nie Fengzhuo's sword suppressed hers!"

Excited gasps and frenzied shouts thundered across the arena, reverberating like rolling waves.

Yet on the stage itself, the two combatants ignored it all.

Chu Ziyang's crimson aura surged once more, her eyes sharp and unwavering.

Nie Fengzhuo's grip tightened around his hilt, his Qi growing ever powerful.

One exchange had already drawn the line between them.

But neither had reached their limit.

The true battle was only beginning.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 271 Semi-Final Ends! [ 1,741 words ]

### Chapter 271 Semi-Final Ends!

Nie Fengzhuo steadied his breath, the faint sting in his arm betraying the force of their last clash.

His gaze fell on Chu Ziyang-still standing, eyes sharp as a drawn blade.

She hadn't fallen.

He hadn't underestimated her-not once.

From the beginning, he had treated her as a worthy opponent.

Yet... this wasn't what he expected.

By all logic, she should have crumbled already.

Her strikes had been sharp, yes. Her control was refined, yes.

But compared to the sheer weight of his attack, she was supposed to break. And yet she endured.

Even his Absolute Severance, a Heavenly Technique that had ended stronger opponents, had only managed to force her back five steps.

Five steps!

While he himself was pushed back 3 steps!

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes narrowed, the faintest flicker of respect flashing across them before hardening again into steel.

"This is becoming much more difficult than I anticipated," he muttered.

He thought he had already grasped the strength of his competitors, but it seemed he was wrong.

But that realization did not shake him.

The crowd's roars faded into the background, drowned out by the sound of his own heartbeat.

Nie Fengzhuo shifted his stance, black sword raised once more.

The air around him grew heavy, oppressive, as if the stage itself recognized his resolve.

His lips parted, his voice low and cold.

"Endure if you can. But know this-"

A surge of sword intent erupted from him, fierce and domineering, tearing across the arena like a storm.

"-I will not allow anyone to stand in my way."

He stepped forward, each stride carrying unstoppable momentum, his aura pressing down like an unyielding tide.

Chu Ziyang's eyes flashed in defiance, her sword lifting to meet him again.

The next exchange was inevitable.

Slash! Slash!

The two began their exchange once again. Despite expending much of their Qi, they still fought as if nothing had happened.

Chu Ziyang was visibly being pushed back.

Slash! Slash!

The stage blazed with steel and fury.

Neither paused, neither gave quarter-each strike answered by another, each wound avenged in the very next breath.

Blood sprayed across the stone tiles as Nie Fengzhuo's blade bit into Chu Ziyang's shoulder, tearing through her barrier.

She staggered half a step-yet before he could press further, her sword flashed like lightning, cutting a shallow line across his chest.

The crowd gasped as the two separated briefly, blood dripping from fresh wounds-only to hurl themselves forward again.

No rest. Only fighting.

The clash of their blades rang like thunder, sparks cascading around them like meteors. Sword intent howled, shredding the air and gouging deep scars into the stage.

An hour passed-yet still, they fought relentlessly.

The audience held their breath for as long as they could, hands clenched until knuckles turned white.

No one dared blink, afraid they would miss the instant victory was decided.

But time left its marks.

Both were visibly exhausted, their bodies painted in blood, clothes shredded by countless exchanges.

Every breath came ragged, every movement fueled only by will.

Still, one glance made the truth clear.

Chu Ziyang was worse off.

Her arm trembled with each swing, her once-fiery aura dimming, flickering like

a candle battered by the wind.

Her sword strikes were fierce, but the sharp edge of her technique dulled under fatigue and blood loss.

Nie Fengzhuo was far from unscathed-his chest burned from her cut, his left leg bore a slash that slowed his footing-but his stance remained steadier, his

breathing more controlled.

The difference was subtle to the untrained eye. But to cultivators, it was

glaring.

"Chu Ziyang, surrender. Our exchange has already proven it-I am stronger. Continuing is meaningless!"

Chu Ziyang spat blood onto the ground, her lips curling into a defiant snarl.

"Meaningless? Hah... Perhaps, but not to me!"

Her words struck harder than any sword.

Nie Fengzhuo's brows drew together, a mix of admiration and frustration flashing in his eyes.

His grip tightened, veins standing out along his forearm.

"Tch... why must I face such an opponent?" he muttered under his breath.

It was Jin Yuanzhan previously, and now Chu Ziyao-both refusing to yield despite the difference.

Of course, he couldn't say he didn't understand their sentiment, for he too had his reasons.

Then, for a second, his gaze flickered toward Bai Xueqing, who by now was visibly worried about Chu Ziyao.

"Tch! I wanted to save it for last!"

He looked visibly frustrated.

"But it seems I have no choice!"

Nie Fengzhuo's breath grew heavy, his grip on the black sword tightening until his knuckles whitened.

His chest rose and fell like a storm contained in flesh, his Qi surging restlessly as if demanding release.

The cut across his chest still throbbed, the ache of fatigue pulling at his limbs- but none of that mattered now.

He glanced once more at Chu Ziyao, still standing despite the crimson staining her robes, and at Bai Xueqing beyond the stage, whose gaze was locked on her

with visible concern.

His jaw clenched.

He had wanted to save it for last-for Bai Xueqing, for the moment when it mattered most.

But this stubborn woman had dragged him to the edge, and he could no longer afford hesitation.

A deep growl rumbled in his throat as his aura suddenly ignited.

The ground beneath his feet cracked in an instant, webbing with fissures as an invisible pressure poured out of his body.

"-Heaven-Rending Breakthrough!"

At once, Nie Fengzhuo's Qi flared, expanding wildly until it devoured the stage.

His dantian pulsed violently, his cultivation erupting to new heights as his aura surged beyond its usual limit.

His realm-normally sitting comfortably in the mid-stage Soul Formation Realm -now blazed, climbing furiously until it reached the peak of Soul Formation

Realm.

A violent storm of sword intent spun around him, sharp winds howling as if countless invisible blades slashed the very air.

His long hair whipped in the pressure, his black robes snapping like banners in

a hurricane.

The black sword in his hand quivered, trembling with suppressed power, before stabilizing as his overflowing energy merged seamlessly into the blade.

The audience staggered back, shielding themselves against the suffocating wave of intent.

"He... He boosted his cultivation!?"

"That's not a simple technique-it's something that burns away his Qi reserves!"

"Nie Fengzhuo... he was hiding something like this?"

Even the elders in the viewing stands narrowed their eyes, recognizing the risk.

The strength he had drawn out was terrifying, but so too was the cost-once expended, it would leave him weakened, unable to unleash it again.

Nie Fengzhuo's expression was grim, shadowed by cold determination. "This is not what I wanted," he muttered, voice low, carried by the storm. "But you left me no choice."

His gaze locked onto Chu Ziyang, sharp as a blade point.

With that, his foot slammed against the stage, shattering the tiles beneath.

In the blink of an eye, his figure vanished into a blur of black lightning, his sword descending with a force that could tear mountains apart.

Chu Ziyan's eyes widened as Nie Fengzhuo's aura crashed down on her like a collapsing mountain.

That pressure-it was suffocating.

She staggered back instinctively, her sword arm trembling under the weight of his next blow.

Clang! Clang!

(So he's been hiding this all along...)

Her teeth clenched as sparks erupted between their blades, the shockwaves rattling her bones.

Every strike carried the might of a cultivator a realm higher than he should have been able to reach.

Her body screamed at her to falter, to collapse. But she didn't.

(No-I can't... not here. I have to prove it. I have to prove I am worthy of standing beside him.)

Although even the title of Dragon and Phoenix Champion might not be enough to stand beside Bai Zihan, it was still a step forward-still something worth grasping.

Steel rang, again and again, but now it was a desperate rhythm.

She no longer had room to counterattack-each strike was heavier than the last, and every inch she gave was stolen permanently.

Her defensive barriers splintered one after another, Qi scattering like torn silk threads.

Her arms grew numb, her fingers raw from the impact vibrating down her sword. Her legs faltered as fissures spread beneath her heels with each retreating step.

Nie Fengzhuo's black sword howled, storming down relentlessly, his eyes locked on her with grim determination.

Slash! Slash!

Each cut tore deeper into her defenses until finally, one blow cleaved through her guard entirely.

Her sword nearly slipped from her grasp, her shoulder splitting open as blood misted into the air.

She coughed violently, crimson dripping from her lips. Still, she refused to let go.

The crowd fell into stunned silence-watching not Nie Fengzhuo's dominance, but her stubborn, desperate resistance.

But willpower alone could not turn back an avalanche.

Her aura flickered like a guttering flame, every movement slower than the last. She wanted to fight, to claw back the momentum, to prove herself-but under that relentless storm, her body betrayed her resolve.

Nic Fengzhuo's final downward strike came like a judgment.

Her sword rose shakily, but her strength had already been drained away. The blow hammered down, shattering her guard.

Her knees buckled.

And finally-she collapsed onto the cracked stage, her sword clattering from her grasp.

Gasps erupted across the arena.

The referee appeared at once, stepping between them, raising a hand. His voice boomed across the stage:

"Winner-Nie Fengzhuo!"

Nie Fengzhuo stood tall, chest heaving, his black sword dripping with the aura of victory.

Yet his gaze lingered on Chu Ziyang's fallen figure, and for just a moment, the steel in his eyes softened-replaced with something closer to respect. Before the echoes faded, a flash of crimson light streaked across the stage.

"Ziyang!"

Bai Xueqing was already kneeling beside her, arms steadying Chu Ziyang's trembling body.

Her eyes brimmed with urgency, but her hands moved swiftly, producing a lustrous jade bottle.

From it, she drew out a Grade-5 healing pill-gleaming with dense spiritual radiance.

"Take this!"

She pressed it gently to Chu Ziyang's lips. The pill melted the instant it touched her tongue, dissolving into streams of pure vitality.

Wounds that had been gaping only breaths before began to knit together, bleeding slowed, and the pallor of her face warmed with returning color.

A weak cough escaped her, followed by a strained breath. Slowly, her eyelids fluttered open.

"I... lost..." Chu Ziyang whispered, voice hoarse. The weight of that truth pressed against her chest heavier than any wound.

The only thing that made her better was that Bai Zihan was not here to see her pitiful state.

Previously, she was a bit sad but now she felt relieved.

Bai Xueqing's jaw tightened, but she didn't answer. She only clasped Chu Ziyang's hand firmly, a silent promise that her efforts had not been meaningless.

Her eyes lifted-and met Nie Fengzhuo's.

He stood at the opposite end of the stage, his aura still rolling with the aftershocks of his unleashed power, his black sword dripping faint traces of energy like a predator that had just tasted blood.

Their gazes locked.

The air between them tightened, the crowd sensing it instantly.

This was it. The final battle.

Bai Xueqing Vs Nie Fengzhuo.

The clash that would decide the Dragon and Phoenix Champion.

Also where their grudge would be settled once and for all.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 272 Heavenly Poison Scripture[ 1,519 words ]

### Chapter 272 Heavenly Poison Scripture

In the Bai Clan!

Bai Zihan was busy and was unable to attend the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, though he already knew how it might go.

Instead, these days were all spent on training Jin Yuelin or rather stabilizing her Yin.

First of all, there was ample treasure containing Yang Energy in the Bai Clan, and Bai Zihan had full access to it.

With the contribution of giving a Saint-Grade Artifact to the clan, he could use whatever he wanted, however he wished.

Not to mention, while precious and expensive to others, those items weren't necessarily that valuable to the Bai Clan.

Jin Yuelin, who was almost dying due to a deficiency in Yang Energy, now had so much of it that she reached the point where she couldn't absorb anymore.

Piles of treasures rich in Yang Essence glowed faintly, their radiance washing over Jin Yuelin as she sat cross-legged, her breathing steady, her complexion no longer pale and sickly as before.

Once on the verge of death from her Yin-poison affliction, she now looked like a reborn lotus—delicate yet thriving, brimming with suppressed vitality.

Bai Zihan stood nearby, arms folded, quietly observing. The transformation in only a few short days was drastic, yet he knew this was only the beginning.

It was then that the calm, ancient voice of the Immortal Emperor's Soul echoed within his mind.

"She has reached the threshold. The Yang treasures have stabilized her condition, and the rampaging poison no longer erodes her meridians. She should be able to learn the technique now... However—"

The voice deepened, carrying a note of warning. "-you must be cautious. Such methods stir the very roots of life and death within her body. Even the slightest deviation could cause a violent backlash. Be ready to intervene at any moment."

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened, and he gave a slight nod.

"Understood!"

Stepping forward, he knelt before Jin Yuelin. His eyes softened slightly, but his voice carried weight.

"Jin Yuelin," he began, "your condition has improved greatly, but the poison within you still lingers. If left unchecked, it will erupt again sooner or later." Her bright eyes lifted, calm yet unwavering as they met his.

"That is why," Bai Zihan continued, "I am going to teach you a technique—one that can harmonize with the poison inside your body. With it, you'll be able to live without fear... and perhaps even turn this curse into your strength."

Her breath quickened faintly, but her gaze did not waver.

"However," Bai Zihan's tone grew serious, "this will not be easy. The technique will test your endurance and your will. You must be prepared."

Jin Yuelin's lips pressed into a firm line. She straightened her back, her voice steady though her heart pounded.

She nodded.

A faint smile tugged at Bai Zihan's lips. He reached out, gently resting a hand atop her head, a rare gesture of reassurance.

Bai Zihan withdrew his hand, his gaze steady, his presence calm as still water.

"Close your eyes," he(Immortal Emperor) instructed softly. "Empty your thoughts. I will guide you through the technique."

Jin Yuelin obeyed, her long lashes trembling slightly before falling shut. Her breath steadied, her mind focusing.

Bai Zihan placed a hand above her back, his Qi flowing in delicate threads.

"This technique," Bai Zihan said, his voice low and resonant, "is called the Heavenly Poison Scripture. It will not eradicate your poison, but once mastered, it will allow you to coexist with it and perhaps command it."

As he spoke, Qi sank slowly into Jin Yuelin's body, intertwining with her meridians.

Her face contorted slightly as the Yin-poison within her reacted, writhing like a venomous beast suddenly shackled.

Her breath hitched. A low groan escaped her lips, but she did not collapse. She gritted her teeth, enduring.

"That's it," Bai Zihan(Feilian) encouraged, his voice steady as a mountain. "Do not resist with force. Guide it. Contain it."

Bit by bit, under his direction, Jin Yuelin's aura stabilized.

The black poison that once leaked uncontrollably through her meridians began to shrink inward, compressed by the coiling Yang seals that Bai Zihan had

planted.

Her body trembled violently, sweat soaking her robes, but she endured.

Minutes passed like hours.

At last, her aura calmed. Her complexion was flushed but healthy, her breathing smooth.

A faint glow lingered in her meridians, proof that the Heavenly Poison Scripture was taking root.

"It... it worked..."

She whispered, her eyes fluttering open with tears of relief.

Bai Zihan gave a faint nod, lips curving into the barest smile.

"Well done. You-"

But before he could finish, a sharp pulse erupted from deep within her dantian.

Jin Yuelin gasped, her body convulsing.

The seals he had laid shuddered violently, cracking as an overwhelming surge of Yin-poison suddenly bared its fangs, lashing out like a flood.

Her lips turned blue, veins blackening across her skin as the poison threatened to explode outward.

"Not good!"

Feilian exclaimed, realizing that the poison inside Jin Yuelin was imploding.

"Who could have thought that such an amount of poison was suppressed in her body... I greatly underestimated the Heavenly Poison Body."

She explained further.

"Bai Zihan, get away-or you will be engulfed by it!"

The Immortal Emperor warned.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed, his expression unchanging even as his hand shot forward, pressing against her back.

His Qi surged like a tide, weaving into her collapsing meridians.

The Immortal Emperor's Soul roared within his mind:

"Reckless! The poison of the Heavenly Poison Body is not something one can touch! To absorb even a trace is to court certain death!"

But Bai Zihan did not hesitate.

Not to mention, if it was truly life-threatening, he could always buy the antidote from the System Store though ridiculously expensive.

Moreover, he didn't believe any poison could affect his body, which had already

been refined multiple times through the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

The black venomous mist that leaked from her veins was sucked into him, disappearing instantly without leaving a trace.

And as expected, while slight discomfort, there wasn't any significant change in his body like instead of Poison engulfing him, it was the other way around.

Jin Yuelin's trembling slowed. The dark veins receded, her complexion returning to normal as she slumped weakly forward, gasping for breath. Inside Bai Zihan's body, the poison should have rampaged-melting meridians, shattering organs, corroding his soul.

But instead... it was as if a stone had been dropped into the boundless sea of his Primordial Chaos Body.

No ripple appeared. No harm was done.

The Immortal Emperor's Soul fell silent for a long moment. Then, his voice echoed, heavy with disbelief.

"Impossible... That was the venom of the Heavenly Poison Body... one of the deadliest under the heavens... and you..."

Bai Zihan stood there calmly, his hand withdrawing as if nothing had occurred.

"...you took it as though it were nothing."

His gaze lowered to Jin Yuelin, who looked up at him with trembling eyes-half terrified, half in awe.

"Brother Zihan..." her voice was barely a whisper, "you... you saved me again..."

Bai Zihan said nothing. His eyes were calm, deep as an abyss, as though devouring all storms without trace.

The Immortal Emperor's Soul, however, stirred uneasily.

"Just what kind of physique do you possess? Even Poison from Heavenly Yin Body isn't able to do anything"

Staying with Bai Zihan, it was one shock after another. Perhaps the amount of times she was surprised by Bai Zihan exceed all of the shock she had receive

when she was still alive.

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The rest of the days were Jin Yuelin, now practising the technique taught and trying to control her power.

And Bai Zihan, he received the news about the result of the Semi-Final and as expected, it was Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Xueqing who made it through.

No Surprise!

The days that followed settled into a steady rhythm.

Jin Yuelin remained within the cultivation chamber, practicing the Heavenly Poison Scripture, guiding her venomous Qi under Bai Zihan's earlier instruction.

Though progress was slow and demanding, her once-fragile body now held a newfound vitality.

Her complexion grew clearer, her aura steadier, and with each passing day, the shadow of death that had once clung to her diminished further.

Bai Zihan, meanwhile, quietly observed her diligence while also tending to his own cultivation.

One morning, after ensuring that her meridians were stable, he rose to his feet. "Jin Yuelin," his voice was calm, carrying no room for argument, "continue practicing the technique I taught you."

Jin Yuelin opened her eyes, her breathing still slightly uneven from her session.

She hesitated for a moment, then asked softly, her tone carrying a faint trace of worry:

"Brother Zihan... are you going somewhere?"

Bai Zihan paused, then gave a small nod.

"The finals of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition are about to begin. It will be held in the Imperial Capital. I will be going to watch."

The news instantly lit up Jin Yuelin's eyes. Her pale face seemed to glow with a

hint of liveliness as she leaned forward eagerly.

"Then let me go with you!"

She blurted out, her voice brighter than he had ever heard it.

"No. You should remain here and practice the Heavenly Poison Scripture. Your progress is still at its most fragile stage. A single mistake could undo days of effort."

Jin Yuelin pouted faintly, but her determination did not falter.

"I've been working tirelessly these past few days," she argued gently, her tone carrying both firmness and a hint of pleading.

"A little break won't harm me. Pretty please, Brother Zihan!"

Bai Zihan regarded her in silence for a long moment. Finally, he exhaled lightly, a faint trace of amusement flickering across his lips.

Bai Zihan finally nodded.

"Very well.""

"Yes!"

Jin Yuelin's eyes shone, her earlier fatigue replaced by excitement.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 273 A Beauty Beside Bai Zihan[ 727 words ]

### Chapter 273 A Beauty Beside Bai Zihan

The Imperial Capital was ablaze with anticipation.

For days, the Dragon and Phoenix Competition had dominated every conversation, from the lofty halls of aristocrats to the noisy stalls of commoners.

But now, as the finals drew near, the city's very air seemed to hum with restless energy.

Crimson banners embroidered with dragons and phoenixes fluttered proudly along the main avenues.

Lanterns of gold and jade lined the streets, their light shimmering against the towering jade walls of the arena.

Merchants shouted about limited talismans and keepsakes-miniature effigies of phoenixes, jade carvings of dragons, even painted scrolls depicting the competitors' likenesses.

Everywhere, one question lingered on lips and in hearts:

Nie Fengzhuo Vs Bai Xueqing!

The former fiancées-once bound, now severed.

He, once mocked as a cripple, scorned as a waste, only to rise again from ashes, seizing glory with unyielding brilliance.

Bai Xueqing, the number one genius who proved herself again and again.

Will she once more prove that her decision was right?

Or would Nie Fengzhuo get his well-deserved revenge? They would soon find out!

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The Dragon and Phoenix Arena blazed with light.

Tens of thousands filled its tiered seats, from nobles in embroidered robes to wandering cultivators clad in dusty cloaks, their voices a roaring tide that shook the air.

This was no ordinary duel.

This was the final.

The air itself seemed sharper, charged with spiritual energy as cultivators and mortals alike leaned forward in anticipation.

They knew that today, history would be carved before their eyes.

On the central stage, layers of formation arrays shimmered faintly, ready to contain a battle that might otherwise devastate the audience.

Above, golden phoenix banners and azure dragon standards danced in the wind, snapping crisply as though heralding the clash to come.

Within the waiting chamber, Bai Xueqing sat cross-legged, her eyes closed in meditation.

Chu Ziyang stood beside her, arms folded. She still wasn't fully recovered after her fight with Nie Fengzhuo, but walking around was no problem for her. She was there, talking with Bai Xueqing-encouraging and cheering for her. Just then, a sudden stir spread through the crowd above-like the ripple of a stone thrown into a lake.

"Look!"

"Bai Zihan!"

"He came back? Thought he ran away!"

In an instant, all eyes shifted.

From the eastern entrance, a figure strode into the arena with steady steps.

Bai Zihan!

His presence alone was enough to cause a commotion, whether it was the good kind or the bad kind.

And beside him-

A young woman, her face pale yet radiant, her presence delicate like a lotus blooming after a storm.

Her hand was gently clasped within Bai Zihan's, her gaze shy but bright.

Jin Yuelin was a peerless beauty, just like Bai Xueqing.

Immortal Emperor Feilian had explained, having a Heavenly Body also meant having the perfect body, hence why Bai Xueqing was a perfect beauty.

Jin Yuelin had been sick, but after recovering, she could rival the beauty of Bai Xueqing.

"That trash must still be hiding in the Bai Clan!"

The Elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect muttered.

"Then what should we do?"

The disciple asked.

"Wait! There are too many eyes here. After the competition is over, we will go and talk with Bai Zihan."

He said.

"If he surrenders Jin Yuanzhan and his sister without trouble, all will be well. If not-we'll make him regret it."

The crowd was still discussing Bai Zihan and the beauty that appeared beside him.

Shock turned into heated whispers, then into open speculation.

Some said it was arrogance. Some called it betrayal.

But no matter the opinion, the sight was undeniable-Bai Zihan, appearing in broad daylight, holding hands with a girl who clearly was not Chu Ziyan.

The murmurs grew so loud that even Bai Xueqing, sitting within the waiting chamber, turned her head.

(What is he doing?)

She thought, her gaze shifting to Chu Ziyan.

Chu Ziyan's expression was one of surprise, her eyes locked on Bai Zihan and

Jin Yuelin's joined hands.

"Ziyan'er, there must be a reason."

Bai Xueqing tried to console her friend and perhaps make an excuse for Bai Zihan.

"There is no need to worry. Anyway, our engagement is just for convenience's sake, and I already told Bai Zihan that he can have any mistress he wants. I

don't care about it!"

Chu Ziyan said, trying to reassure both herself and Bai Xueqing.

(But you don't look like you don't care...)

Bai Xueqing would have gone and given Bai Zihan an earful if not for the fact that she needed to prepare for her fight.

But after this competition, she vowed to help her best friend get an explanation -or she would not let it go.

**Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!**

## Chapter 274 Dragon and Phoenix Competition's Final!

While still discussing Jin Yuelin, the attention soon shifted to the Main Event, the Dragon and Phoenix Competition Final!

The thunderous murmur of the crowd rose to a fever pitch as Yan Minglan, in golden ceremonial robes, stepped onto the center of the stage.

His voice boomed across the coliseum like the roll of thunder.

"Honored guests, mighty cultivators, and citizens of the Empire-today, you shall witness the pinnacle of this generation's genius!"

His words ignited another wave of cheers. Drums thundered in the distance, accompanied by the long cry of a ceremonial horn.

The arena itself seemed to tremble under the weight of expectation.

"The Dragon and Phoenix Competition has been fierce!"

Yan Minglan continued, his voice carrying with practiced cadence.

"From one hundred and twenty-eight contenders, through sweat and blood, through endless battles of skill, endurance, and willpower... only two remain!" He paused, letting the silence stretch, before lifting a hand high.

"Two names that have shaken the world, two geniuses whose fates were once intertwined-yet now stand as rivals destined to clash!"

The crowd roared so loudly it seemed the heavens themselves might split.

"First! With unmatched ferocity, defeating every opponent placed before him! Nie Fengzhuo!"

From the west, a figure strode forth.

Nie Fengzhuo's robes of black and crimson flowed behind him like a storm wind.

His sharp eyes gleamed with a cold fire, every step steady, unshakable.

A powerful aura pressed outward from him-domineering, fierce, suffused with the unyielding intent of one who had endured humiliation and clawed back his pride.

Despite that, there were still signs of injuries that he had sustained from the fight with Chu Ziyan.

Not to mention that he had used Heaven-Rending Breakthrough, whose side-effects wouldn't just be erased after only three days of rest and a few pills. But still, he seemed ready to fight!

The audience erupted in cheers and chants of his name, though mixed within were jeers and whispers of doubt.

But Nie Fengzhuo's face betrayed no emotion-his gaze was locked solely upon the stage.

"And facing him!" the announcer's voice cut through the roar, rising higher still. "She, the daughter of destiny, the one who held the title of Number One genius for so many years! Will she prove it once and for all? With talent unmatched, strength undeniable, and will indomitable, she stands here once more-Bai Xueqing!"

Bai Xueqing emerged, her walk calm and composed without much emotion on her face.

The audience rose to their feet, their shouts deafening.

Many cried her name, others bowed in reverence, and more still whispered with awe-this was the true phoenix of their generation.

The announcer's voice thundered once more, raising both arms high as though presenting the heavens' chosen.

"Nie Fengzhuo! Bai Xueqing! Two fated rivals, two unparalleled geniuses! But today, only one shall ascend the peak... only one shall claim the title of Champion... only one shall stand as the undisputed number one beneath the heavens!"

The final declaration echoed like a war drum, reverberating through every chest.

The coliseum shook with the collective roar of tens of thousands.

"Let the Final of Dragon and Phoenix Begin!"

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The thunder of the crowd faded into a distant hum.

On the vast stage, amid banners and blazing light, the world shrank until there were only two figures-Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Xueqing.

Their eyes locked.

One gaze was cold, sharp, and heavy with years of humiliation.

The other was calm, proud, yet with a flicker of something deeper.

Nie Fengzhuo's lips curved into a thin smile, but it held no warmth.

His voice was low, cutting across the stage though thousands roared around them.

"Tell me, Bai Xueqing... am I still the same trash you thought I was two years ago?"

The words struck like a blade, heavy with bitterness, but steadied by his unyielding pride.

Bai Xueqing did not flinch.

"You've proven yourself," she said softly, her voice carrying not only across the stage but into the ears of every listener.

"I was wrong to look down on you. For that, Nie Fengzhuo, I apologize."

The crowd stirred-many shocked that the ever arrogant Bai Xueqing would ever apologize.

But she did not lower her head. Instead, her voice grew firmer, her aura burning brighter as golden flames coiled faintly around her frame.

"Yet-what I did, I would still do again."

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes narrowed, but he did not interrupt.

"I will not be shackled by an engagement, by a promise made by others," Bai

Xueqing continued, every word crisp and resolute.

"Naïve as I was, perhaps reckless... but it was my choice. What I desire, I will pursue, no matter the consequence."

Her words were not cruel, but neither were they soft.

They were simply her truth-unyielding as she was.

The air between them grew heavy, charged with the weight of past and present.

Nie Fengzhuo's smile widened, but the fire in his eyes burned fiercer than ever.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes gleamed, cold and piercing, yet there was a hint of a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Indeed..." he began, his voice low but carrying across the arena like a blade through silk, "you do not care about consequences, Bai Xueqing. You speak of desire, of pursuing what you wish... yet it is not you who had to bear the burden of your choices."

A hush fell over the crowd. Even the air itself seemed to hold its breath.

"It was I-Nie Fengzhuo-and the Nie Clan who suffered because of your selfish decision. Because of your naivety, your ignorance of what the world demands."

He let the words hang, sharp as poisoned needles.

"But..." his tone shifted slightly, softer, yet laced with the same unwavering pride, "I do not expect you to understand. Nor am I here seeking your understanding. I am here-to prove to the world, once and for all, that I, Nie Fengzhuo, am no longer the trash it once scoffed at!"

His gaze locked onto Bai Xueqing, unwavering, unflinching. "Perhaps I should thank you as well. For it is only because of you that I learned

the harsh reality of the world and because of that, I stand here today, on this stage."

Nie Fengzhuo's aura flared outward, sharp and commanding, coiling like a black dragon ready to strike.

He gave a small, final nod, his eyes glinting with equal measures of challenge and amusement.

"Well... enough reminiscing," he said, his voice rising to cut through the tension like a war horn.

"Let us see whp is stronger. Let's fight!"

The coliseum erupted into a deafening roar, tens of thousands of voices surging like a storm.

The two stood tall, their auras beginning to surge-dragon and phoenix colliding before the battle even began.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 275 Nie Fengzhuo Vs Bai Xueqing! [ 1,220 words ]

### Chapter 275 Nie Fengzhuo Vs Bai Xueqing!

The world narrowed to the stage.

Nie Fengzhuo's blade roared free of its sheath, black-crimson light coursing along the edge like a river of molten steel.

His stance was heavy, unyielding-the very ground beneath his feet cracked as his aura surged.

"Nine Desolations Tyrant Sword!"

Each swing was absolute, domineering, a strike that sought to crush all resistance.

His first slash cleaved across the arena, a violent arc of sword-light that tore through the protective formations like thunder.

Bai Xueqing's eyes sharpened. In the same breath, her sword gleamed with dazzling clarity, silver light blooming like rippling waves.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Her blade moved, and suddenly there were nine of her. Nine shadows, flowing seamlessly, each one intercepting the overbearing might of Nie Fengzhuo's Tyrant Sword.

The air shimmered with her afterimages, her swordplay elegant and elusive, yet carrying lethal precision.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Steel rang against steel in rapid succession. Sparks sprayed like a storm of meteors as the two swords collided again and again.

The audience could barely follow.

To the untrained eye, the two figures vanished into storm of sword-light, black-crimson dominance clashing against flowing silver brilliance.

One side pressed forward like an unstoppable avalanche.

The other shifted, weaved, and slipped away like moonlight on water. And yet neither broke. Neither faltered.

"Impossible...! They've both reached Greater Mastery of their Techniques!"

"To achieve that at their age... It's something most people spend centuries chasing!"

Yet two who were only around twenty were able to achieve it, showing the vast difference between them and ordinary cultivators.

The two flawlessly used their techniques, leaving no gap and trying to overwhelm one another.

Nie Fengzhuo's sword came down in a brutal overhead slash-so fierce the stage itself cracked under the force.

Bai Xueqing's form shimmered, vanishing into a trail of light before reappearing at his flank, her sword slicing with pinpoint accuracy.

But he twisted, his blade sweeping with ruthless force, intercepting her mid-strike.

Their swords met, locked, sparks hissing between the clashing edges. CLANG!

With a cry, they both broke apart-then in the next instant, surged forward again, blades flashing with killing intent.

Every clash resounded like thunder. Every exchange was life and death.

They weren't sparring. They weren't testing.

They were fighting as if the only path forward was to cut the other down. (She is powerful!)

Nie Fengzhuo thought, though he already knew it--but fighting her, he once again realized who he was facing.

(I guess the title of Number One genius of the Desolate Heaven Empire wasn't just for show, it seems.)

She was unlike any other opponent he had faced in the competition.

It felt like one mistake would cost everything, and it took him everything just to keep up with her.

There was also a sense of dread, like there was something Bai Xueqing was hiding-something dangerous.

Like what she was showing wasn't her full strength.

He felt like she had a trump card which might rival his Heaven-Rending Breakthrough.

Nie Fengzhuo's breath came rougher with every clash, though his blade never wavered.

Yet his body was screaming.

A sharp pang tore through his chest, his vision swimming for half a heartbeat.

"Tsk!"

Moreover, he had yet to fully heal from the injuries he sustained while battling Chu Ziyao.

It would have been incredibly difficult to win against Bai Xueqing in his peak condition, let alone now, when he wasn't even close to peak.

Still, he wasn't going to give up. Two years of humiliation and hard work had all been for this day.

The sound escaped between his clenched teeth as he forced his stance steady, hiding the stagger in his step.

But in a battle of this level, nothing could be hidden.

Bai Xueqing's eyes narrowed the instant his rhythm faltered.

(An opening!)

Her sword shimmered, splitting into flowing streams of silver light.

The Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword bloomed in full, her movements impossibly fast, weaving nine phantoms into existence around him.

Shhkh!

Steel whistled through the air from every direction. Blades of silver light closed in like a tidal wave, aiming for his vital points with precision honed through

endless training.

Nie Fengzhuo's aura flared, his sword sweeping outward in a desperate arc, shattering several shadows in a storm of sparks.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light!"

The Third Form of Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword was unleashed.

But even as he struck them down, more flowed seamlessly into their place.

The crowd gasped, leaning forward as one.

"She's pressing him!"

"Nie Fengzhuo made a mistake. Now he is paying for it!"

"Could this be the end?"

Slash! Slash!

Nie Fengzhuo's jaw tightened, his teeth grinding as pain wracked his body.

But his eyes remained cold, steady.

(If I falter here... then all I've endured, all I've suffered, will have been for

nothing.)

With a guttural roar, his sword erupted in a sweeping strike, black-crimson light exploding outward like a collapsing mountain.

The shadows scattered, torn apart in the violent surge.

But Bai Xueqing had already slipped past the edge of his strike, her true body stepping into his blind spot.

Her blade was a gleam of silver light, aimed directly at his heart.

Nie Fengzhuo's vision sharpened into razor focus as the silver gleam of Bai Xueqing's sword pierced toward his heart.

Instead of dodging-he thrust his hand forward.

SHHHK!

Blood splattered as the blade bit into his palm, but his fingers locked around the weapon's edge, stopping it inches from his chest.

"Got you-!"

With his other hand, his black-crimson sword howled downward in a merciless strike, aiming to split her open then and there.

But Bai Xueqing's reaction was faster.

Her eyes flashed coldly as she released her weapon, her figure already slipping back three graceful steps.

The abandoned sword remained in his grip, trembling with his blood dripping along its edge.

"Tsk!"

Nie Fengzhuo snarled, his strike slashing only through empty air. Before he could even take a breath, Bai Xueqing's jade-like hand flickered-and another sword glimmered into existence from her storage ring..

With her stature, she had quite a backup of swords-each one of quality

exceeding that of Earth-Grade.

So, no strategy involving taking her weapon away to reduce her power would ever work.

Nie Fengzhuo's expression darkened, his grip tightening until the veins in his arm bulged.

(So... even this won't work against her.)

She was too prepared. Too flawless. To strip her of a weapon was meaningless -because she had a dozen more.

Blood dripped steadily from his palm, sizzling as it landed on the cracked arena floor.

His chest rose and fell like a war drum, but his eyes-his eyes gleamed with madness, with unwillingness.

(If I stop here... I've already lost. Then I might as well bet everything on this.)

He had already realized that against Bai Xueqing, he was weak-at least without using his Heaven-Rending Breakthrough.

Now, all he could do was avoid wasting qi in a losing battle. Instead, it was better to use the Heaven-Rending Breakthrough early and finish the fight as soon as possible.

He inhaled deeply, the world trembling around him as his qi surged violently.

The black-crimson aura wrapped around his blade began to warp, collapsing inward before exploding outward again with a suffocating force.

The very air trembled, as though the heavens themselves recoiled from what was being summoned.

"Heaven-Rending Breakthrough!"

The words echoed across the battlefield, heavy as thunder.

The crowd held their breath.

"That technique again..."

"The same one he used to crush Chu Ziyuan!"

"Can Bai Xueqing withstand this?"

On the stage, Bai Xueqing's expression was calm, but her knuckles whitened against the hilt of her sword.

Her robe billowed in the violent wind stirred by his aura, her silver eyes narrowing as she drew her qi inward, steadying her breath.

She had already seen this technique being used against Chu Ziyang.

She braced herself, waiting, prepared. But whether she could handle it or not was a whole other story!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 276 Nie Fengzhuo's Comeback[ 1,112 words ]

### Chapter 276 Nie Fengzhuo's Comeback

On Bai Zihan's side, he watched with calmness while Jin Yuelin excitedly cheered for the two participants fighting.

After learning that Bai Xueqing was Bai Zihan's sister, she naturally cheered more for Bai Xueqing.

With her cultivation and current strength, it was enough for her to enjoy the battle-unlike weaker cultivators, who needed a more powerful expert to explain what was going on.

At their full speed, to weaker Cultivator, it looks like they are disappearing and appearing again on the stage.

At first, Bai Zihan thought it would be a long, boring fight, with Nie Fengzhuo shocking the people again and again before finally taking the win.

But it wasn't as simple as he thought.

First of all, his sister was easily dominating the fight. Of course, to most eyes they seemed equal, but if one looked closer, they would notice that Bai Xueqing wasn't even struggling much.

While Nie Fengzhuo's form wasn't exactly the best.

(Did he get injured?)

Bai Zihan was instantly able to identify the problem with Nie Fengzhuo being a bit off in today's fight.

Because he wasn't there when Nie Fengzhuo fought with Chu Ziyan, he didn't know the details, but he was able to conclude it once he thought about it.

Chu Ziyan-his fiancée, at least in name must have done it.

He didn't dare underestimate her. Very talented, he must admit.

Very scary as well, since he had experienced that personally.

But even then, he wouldn't have imagined that she would become strong enough to severely injure a Four-Star Heaven's Chosen One.

Though she still lost, as he had expected.

And while things were disadvantageous to Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Zihan thought he would soon change that as well.

And he did. With Heaven-Rending Breakthrough, which boosted his cultivation and strength-a classic protagonist skill-it seemed like the battle was turning in his favor.

Though one thing did worry Bai Zihan.

(Looks like he has already shown off this move previously.)

With the audience discussing it, he heard that Nie Fengzhuo had used it once already against Chu Ziyan.

(A trump card should normally be unknown.)

Well, in most cases for the protagonist. But of course, a strong skill would

remain strong, and it should be enough.

Well, at least Bai Zihan thought so.

The arena quaked as Nie Fengzhuo's qi surged to its peak.

Black-crimson light coiled around him like living flame, his presence expanding until it felt as though a mountain had descended upon the stage.

His sword trembled-not from weakness, but from the violent power pouring into it, eager to be unleashed.

Then he moved.

WHOOSH!

The world seemed to blur. His strike descended like the heavens themselves splitting apart.

BOOM!

The stage cracked under the sheer force, shards of stone erupting into the air. Bai Xueqing darted aside, her figure flickering with Nine Shadows, but even as she evaded, her afterimages were obliterated one by one, erased by the suffocating might of his blade.

Her silver sword rang out desperately as she intercepted his next swing.

CLANG!

But the shockwave blasted her back several steps, the veins in her arm screaming from the force.

Nie Fengzhuo pressed forward, his eyes cold, his movements precise.

There was no arrogance, no reckless surge of confidence in his blows. Every strike carried intent-measured, merciless, leaving not a single opening.

For many who suddenly gain strength like Nie Fengzhuo, they tend to become more careless and drunk on power but it wasn't the case for Nie Fengzhuo. He was still calm and cautious despite the increase in his strength.

After a while, it was no longer a contest of equals.

Bai Xueqing's breath quickened.

Her afterimages flickered and reformed, her footwork gliding with grace, yet every defense was shaken, every counter broken apart before it could bloom.

The difference was suffocating.

(This power... it isn't just a small increase!)

It wasn't the same Nie Fengzhuo she had fought moments ago.

This was as if she were facing a cultivator of an entirely higher realm-someone who had stepped beyond Soul Formation and crushed her beneath the sheer weight of their cultivation.

Her sword blurred again, silver light flowing like water, but each time his black-crimson blade came down, it was like a tidal wave slamming against a

fragile ship.

Her fingers trembled around the hilt, her shoulders aching from the endless

impacts.

(Tough!)

Her eyes narrowed, sweat trailing down her temple.

(Despite preparing myself, I still wasn't ready for this.)

Each clash left her arms numb, her qi circulation disrupted by the violence of his aura.

It was all she could do to keep up, to slip between the crushing arcs of his sword without being devoured entirely.

Yet Nie Fengzhuo gave her no room, no reprieve. His strength, his caution, his cold determination-they closed in from all sides.

The audience roared in disbelief.

"He's... he's overwhelming her!"

"Bai Xueqing, the Number One Genius-actually being suppressed!"

"This is insane! Could this end in an upset?!"

"NO! I bet all of my fortune on Bai Xueqing!"

The storm raged on-black-crimson dominance crashing against silver light, each strike threatening to decide the match.

Their blades clashed again, sparks bursting like miniature stars before vanishing into the void of their killing intent.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes narrowed, his breath steady despite the storm raging around them.

Each strike carried the weight of mountains, the pressure of rivers flooding their banks. Yet even as he pressed her back, a cold thought gnawed at him.

(...This isn't her limit.)

His voice cut through the roar of steel and shattered stone.

"Bai Xueqing!" he barked, his sword trembling with lethal intent. "Stop holding back. Show me your best-or else you will be defeated by me."

He was thinking about the technique she used to defeat Zhao Chen instantly. His instincts screamed that compared to the flowing elegance of her Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, that other technique... carried a much greater

terror.

".."

But Bai Xueqing's steps faltered for the briefest of moments.

Despite the provocation, she showed no sign of using that technique-and wasn't planning to.

That illusion, Shui Lian'er's mirage had pierced straight into her heart.

The image of her loved ones, swallowed by her power.

She had thought she had conquered it. That with her growth, with her strength, she could master it, bend it to her will.

But Shui Lian'er had torn open that buried wound, planting back the hesitation.

The fear.

Her voice was low, steady, yet carrying the weight of resolve.

"I don't need that power to defeat you."

Nie Fengzhuo's brow furrowed, his aura flaring with disbelief.

Bai Xueqing lifted her sword, silver light dancing across its blade like rippling moonlight. Her stance was unshaken, her gaze firm.

"I'll show you something stronger," she declared.

(Something stronger?)

Bai Zihan didn't believe it was possible. He thought Bai Xueqing was just bluffing.

(Fine! If she won't reveal it willingly, then I'll force it out of her.)

His qi surged again, his sword raised high. The black-crimson light condensed along its edge, sharp enough to split heaven and earth.

The arena groaned under the pressure, the protective formations flaring desperately as if afraid of what was to come.

"Then... let's see it!"

He roared-

"Absolute Severance!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

### Chapter 277 Unbound Frost, Unseen Terror[ 1,404 words ]

#### Chapter 277 Unbound Frost, Unseen Terror

The black-crimson arc of Absolute Severance tore across the stage.

The strike was so powerful it seemed to slice not just through stone, but through the very world itself.

The protective barrier around the arena wailed like a beast in agony, threads of light trembling, spiderweb cracks spreading outward.

The audience collectively forgot to breathe.

The stage had been split apart, a jagged scar running its length. Dust and debris clouded the air, swallowing Bai Xueqing's figure entirely.

The silence stretched on.

"W-What? Did Bai Xueqing lose?"

"She seemed to have been swallowed by the attack. It would be almost impossible to dodge such an attack."

Then-

Step!

From within the storm of shattered stone and dissolving qi, a figure emerged.

Her robes were unruffled, her silver sword steady in her hand. Not a scratch touched her body.

Bai Xueqing walked forward, each step as serene as a moonlit tide.

The audience erupted in disbelief.

Against such a powerful attack, how did Bai Xueqing come out unscathed?

Did she have something they had yet to see?

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes widened.

His grip tightened on the sword, the veins along his arm bulging.

(No... I know she didn't dodge it. That attack... it definitely hit her.)

Absolute Severance enhanced by his Heaven-Rending Breakthrough was something that could even defeat those in the Spirit Severing Realm.

There was no way that it could be easily blocked, and he was certain that Bai Xueqing lacked the power to do so as well.

"Just how..."

Then, he felt it.

It wasn't her aura swelling. It wasn't her qi surging outward.

It was something sharper.

The experienced cultivator also recognized it at a first glance.

"Th-this... this is..."

"Impossible... at her age...!"

"She's grasped... Sword Intent!"

Above the stage, faint arcs of silver light shimmered in the air, thin as threads, yet carrying the sharpness to cut apart the void.

Indeed, Bai Xueqing had grasped Sword Intent-an incredible achievement for someone of her age.

No, it was an achievement that one could brag about if one obtained it at any age.

She had used Second Form: Phantom Light Strike! enhanced by her sword intent to cancel out the Absolute Severance.

"Sword Intent! I can't believe she was hiding something like this."

Nie Fengzhuo muttered.

Indeed, it was something that might just be stronger than the technique she used against Zhao Chen.

After all, with this, any strike from the sword was enhanced.

Even Du Changsheng, his master, was surprised.

(Sword Intent! Even Nie Fengzhuo has a long way before he can grasp it.)

He had seen many geniuses in his life-indeed, he had once been called one himself.

But upon witnessing Bai Xueqing, he had to admit she was a genius above all others he had encountered.

Her Sword Intent especially was astonishing, a feat said to be attainable only by those who had trained for hundreds of years.

If not for her conflict with his disciple, he would have gladly taken her as his disciple. Her potential was simply too vast to ignore.

The dust had barely settled when silver light burst forth once more.

Bai Xueqing raised her sword, its edge humming softly-no longer just steel, but a vessel for her will.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

With Sword Intent flowing through it, every casual swing carried a weight that could easily end Nie Fengzhuo.

Nie Fengzhuo gritted his teeth. His aura surged violently, black-crimson flames licking at his body like a tyrant's crown.

"Sword Intent or not, you will lose today!"

"Nine Desolations Tyrant Sword!"

His strikes came crashing down once more, the sword cutting in arcs so heavy that the entire stage groaned with each impact.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Bai Xueqing met him head-on. Her silver blade moved like light across water, graceful and precise.

Each clash rang with a clarity that sent shivers down the spines of every spectator.

The faint threads of Sword Intent shimmered at each collision, dispersing his overwhelming force, neutralizing power that should have been impossible for her to withstand.

And yet-Nie Fengzhuo's strength remained terrifying.

Every time she deflected, her arms trembled slightly from the sheer weight behind his blows.

Every time she countered, his relentless pressure forced her back a step. To the audience, the battle once again looked evenly matched.

But the experienced ones knew.

"This balance won't last."

"Her Sword Intent... she can wield it endlessly, so long as her will holds steady."

"But his Heaven-Rending Breakthrough-its power consumes too much qi. He has to end it before it burns him out."

Nie Fengzhuo himself knew it better than anyone. His breathing grew heavier, sweat glistening on his brow.

His eyes burned with cold determination, his strikes faster, sharper, more desperate.

(If I drag this on, I'll lose. No... I must end it now!)

He roared, his sword glowing with terrifying intensity.

His qi raged higher, the black-crimson light condensing into a monstrous blade projection that seemed to swallow the entire sky.

Bai Xueqing's silver sword flickered desperately, her afterimages scattering across the stage, weaving a dance of moonlit shadows.

Yet each time, Nie Fengzhuo's tyrannical blade shattered through them, tearing away her defenses piece by piece.

BOOM!

Her body jolted back, her arms numb, her lips pressed into a thin line. Blood welled at the corner of her mouth.

Nie Fengzhuo's sword fell once more, black-crimson arcs splitting apart even

her Sword Intent.

Her blade quivered under the weight. Her breathing turned sharp. Sweat beaded across her temple as she was driven down to one knee.

Her teeth clenched, eyes flashing with icy determination.

"No... not yet."

Her qi surged-cold, sharp, unyielding.

The air itself froze.

A suffocating chill spread across the arena, frost crawling from the cracked

jade tiles, sealing them in crystalline ice.

Each breath of the spectators misted white. Even Nie Fengzhuo's black-crimson flames hissed as thin ice webs crept toward him.

Her voice rang clear, steady, and resolute:

"Glacial Heaven Seal-Absolute Frost Domain!"

CRACK-SHHHH!

The stage transformed into a frozen world.

A domain of silver-blue light descended, the temperature plummeting until cultivators in the stands shivered despite their protective qi.

Every swing of her sword now carried the weight of winter itself, freezing Nie Fengzhuo's arcs midair, shattering their momentum.

For the first time, he staggered back, frost creeping up his legs, his tyrant flames dimming under the overwhelming cold.

His eyes widened, caught completely off guard.

He could only watch as his body began to freeze-its power far greater than he

had ever imagined.

For a fleeting moment, it seemed victory was Bai Xueqing.

But then-

CRACK! BOOM!

A thunderous roar erupted. Black-crimson qi burst outward, flames so violent they shattered the frost binding his body.

Nie Fengzhuo's veins bulged, his aura skyrocketing to a level even higher than before. His sword shook violently, then roared alive like a beast unleashed. The audience gasped in horror as the frost shattered around him, snow and ice

scattering like dust before a storm.

"What? How is this possible?!"

"Wasn't his qi already depleted? How can it be even greater than before?!"

"Don't tell me... was he acting this whole time?!"

Everyone had thought that with Bai Xueqing powerful technique, the fight would have ended but Nie Fengzhuo comes out with even more power.

His qi was darker, heavier, more oppressive than before-like a tyrant breaking through his shackles.

Bai Xueqing's eyes widened as her Absolute Frost Domain cracked under the weight of his power.

(He... broke through even this...?!)

Nie Fengzhuo's blade rose once more, its edge drenched in world-splitting might.

The hope of her victory-shattered in an instant.

Just then-

CRACK!

A terrible sound echoed from within Bai Xueqing's body. Not bone, not steel-something deeper.

Her body jolted violently, and a surge of silver-blue qi burst outward in jagged spikes of frost. "Wha-what's happening?!"

Gasps filled the arena as the Absolute Frost Domain, once a controlled mantle of power, warped and twisted.

Instead of flowing in harmony, the ice qi now spiraled chaotically, lashing out like wild beasts.

Her veins glowed faintly beneath her skin, streaks of pale light crawling upward like frostbite spreading through glass.

Bai Xueqing's hand trembled. Her grip on her sword faltered.

Her face went pale.

Horror flickered in her eyes as the frost began to claw free from her core, as though her own body had become a prison it refused to remain inside.

"No... no...!"

Her voice cracked, low and desperate, as her knees buckled under the violent surging qi.

Once again she was reminded of the mirage-

Her power shallowing her loved one.

"I... can't...!"

She muttered through clenched teeth, her voice quivering.

The panic tightened her chest, and the more she tried to resist, the more viciously the ice qi raged.

The Absolute Frost Domain collapsed inward, imploding toward her dantian.

Her meridians screamed in protest, frost erupting in sharp cracks across her skin, blood mixing with icy mist.

The cold deepened, sharper and sharper, threatening to consume not just Bai Xueqing but everything around her.

She clutched her chest, her sword arm trembling, her voice cracking like shattering ice:

"No... no, not this... I won't... I can't...!"

But the more she struggled-the more the frost devoured her.

Just then, a familiar voiced appeared in her head.

"Calm down!"

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 278 When Protagonists Fall Short[ 1,141 words ]

### Chapter 278 When Protagonists Fall Short

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed as he watched the scene unfold.

As he thought that Bai Xueqing would lose, she used the Technique that she found from ancient ruins.

Silver-blue frost surged outward from Bai Xueqing, her Absolute Frost Domain twisting violently as it sought to subdue Nie Fengzhuo.

With her Heavenly Ice Body, naturally the power behind the Ice Technique was far stronger than if it was another person using it.

(Eh? Is Nie Fengzhuo going to lose?)

With Bai Xueqing not holding back and using Absolute Frost Domain, it seemed very possible that Nie Fengzhuo, the Heaven Chosen One, would lose.

Bai Zihan was very shocked by that.

Firstly, Bai Xueqing's strength was stronger than he thought.

She was easily better than Nie Fengzhuo and while Nie Fengzhuo seemed to have grown stronger, he still fell short.

(How can a protagonist be weaker than his sworn enemy, that too on the stage where he is finally going to redeem himself?)

Another thing was Nie Fengzhuo was injured from the previous match.

How could that be?

As the protagonist, until the final it should have been easy fights, or fights that further elevated his power.

But no, he had to sustain injuries which further decreased his chance of winning and finally, it seemed that is how its going to be.

(Did I overestimate Nie Fengzhuo just because of his Heaven Chosen's status?)

No!

His power was more than enough to beat all the previous champions of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition easily.

It wasn't that he overestimated Nie Fengzhuo.

(It seems like I have greatly underestimated Chu Ziyan and Bai Xueqing.)

Normally, it shouldn't have been possible for a side-character like Chu Ziyan to injure a protagonist to the point that his real battle begins with sustained injuries.

Additionally, he had also heard about Chu Ziyan forcing Nie Fengzhuo to reveal his trump card-Heaven-Rending Breakthrough.

And a technique of that level should have side effects that aren't easy to offset. He might still be suffering from those side effects after using it against Chu Ziyan.

So, with so many variables in play, is it possible to change the fate that is already thought to be decided?

"Tsk!"

He had bet 5 Million Gold on Nie Fengzhuo and thought he would become very rich overnight, but it looked like that wasn't possible.

He wasted 5 Million for nothing.

More than that, he still remembered the bet he made with Bai Xueqing to avoid being nagged.

Thinking that a Heaven Chosen winning should be inevitable, he didn't care what bet he made.

But now, he couldn't help regretting it.

Nie Fengzhuo was caught in Bai Xueqing's Absolute Frozen Domain and with his depleted Qi, there was no way that Nie Fengzhuo could turn this.

For a moment, it seemed as if victory might belong to his sister.

But then-

CRACK! BOOM!

The black-crimson qi erupted with a force that shattered the ice, scattering shards across the arena like fallen stars.

Nie Fengzhuo rose from the shattered frost, his blade now radiating an aura even heavier, darker, more oppressive than before.

Gasps rippled through the spectators.

"Impossible... how can he...?!"

"Was he hiding strength all along?"

"Did he somehow reach the Spirit Severing Realm...?!"

Bai Zihan's lips pressed into a thin line. He didn't need the speculation of the crowd. He already knew.

His frown deepened.

(This is...)

His eyes flickered to Nie Fengzhuo, the aura around him like a tyrant unleashed.

The black-crimson flames surged violently, yet the attack patterns retained a precision that spoke not of chaotic power, but of absolute control.

His cultivation realm also seemed to have reached the Spirit Severing Realm, with his Qi now almost fully recovered.

(Du Changsheng must be lending him strength.)

There was no way that anything he was seeing was possible with Nie Fengzhuo himself.

His realm also couldn't be hidden, it was clearly Soul Formation Realm when System detected, so no way that he was hiding his strength.

"Tsk! Can't take a loss!"

Bai Zihan said in disappointment.

"I don't like this!"

The voice of his Immortal Soul Feilian stirred beside him, a whisper tinged with anger.

"That loser can't even fight on his own. Borrowing strength from an old fossil..."

pathetic!"

Bai Zihan was half-amused, half-exasperated.

Calling the soul of Du Changsheng an old fossil was insulting, but she too was the same, and was indirectly insulting herself too.

Well, he didn't say anything about that since Feilian seemed furious.

"So, that Soul is really helping Nie Fengzhuo!"

Feilian nodded, her eyes staring hard at Nie Fengzhuo.

Bai Zihan thought that perhaps, like every protagonist, Nie Fengzhuo might have a trump card that could surpass his expectations, but no-he was just cheating.

Yes! This was cheating.

Bai Zihan wouldn't have bothered if it was truly a life-and-death situation and he made use of whatever was at his disposal.

But this was a competition and that too between him and his enemy of a similar age.

If he had lost, he should have taken it like a man.

But no, he resorted to borrowing strength from another, just in order to win.

For Bai Zihan, he lost all respect for Nie Fengzhuo.

Nie Fengzhuo might be Heaven Chosen, but with this, Bai Zihan just classified him as an ordinary cultivator with insane luck.

He didn't have a good mentality, and for Bai Zihan, his future was limited

whether the system called him Four Star graded Heaven Chosen One or not. (Hmph! I should just force him to give me the method to resurrect the dead.) Bai Zihan already made a decision. Nie Fengzhuo was useless except for his technique to bring back the dead.

"Bai Zihan, I will go and teach that old fossil a lesson!"

Feilian said.

Bai Zihan flicked his hand, not caring about her decision.

Well, beating Nie Fengzhuo and Du Changsheng at their own game might be a bit satisfying.

\*\*\*

On the stage, Bai Xueqing seemed to lose control of her power.

"Chance!"

Du Changsheng didn't know what was wrong with Bai Xueqing, but I was a golden opportunity to finish the job.

Bai Xueqing's knees buckled as jagged Ice qi erupted violently from her dantian.

Her meridians screamed, blood streaking the corners of her lips as ice cracks crawled up her arms.

Her breathing hitched-fast, shallow, panicked.

"No... no, I can't... I can't...!"

The Ice surged higher, lashing out like a beast unchained, drowning her in terror.

Then- "Calm down!"

It was a familiar voice, like she had heard the same voice somewhere but couldn't remember it.

"Y-you..."

She didn't know what it was-whether an enemy attack or something else-but then realized that the being seemed to have helped calm down the Ice Qi in her body.

"Don't be afraid!"

The voice echoed within her sea of consciousness, vast and immovable.

"This is your power!"

By then, her rampaging Ice Qi had settled down.

(Who?)

She still didn't know what was happening, but having helped calm down her Ice Qi, she didn't become wary.

And then, before she could even ask a question-

"Now... watch and learn!"

As the voice said that, it seemed like Bai Xueqing had lost control of her body, which made her cautious again.

However, after the exhaustion from the fight and fear of her Ice Qi going out of control, she couldn't even contest or resist Feilian's forceful takeover.

"Let me show you the full extent of your Heavenly Ice Body!"

## Chapter 279 Immortal Emperor Feilian Vs Supreme Immortal Du!

Chapter 279 Immortal Emperor Feilian Vs Supreme Immortal Du!

Nie Fengzhuo-or rather, Du Changsheng-stepped forward in a blur.

The black-crimson sword screamed, cleaving apart the air as though it were parchment.

He felt it-the still-lingering turbulence of Bai Xueqing's rampaging Ice Qi.

He thought even if it had calmed, it couldn't possibly have settled fully.

No cultivator at her stage could suppress such chaos without severe backlash. She's finished.

Even if that weren't the case, could she match his power?

While he didn't have access to his Supreme Immortal Strength, he could still exhibit Spirit Severing Realm power, which he thought was already overkill against a Soul Formation Realm girl.

The strike descended.

But then-

Swish!

Bai Xueqing's body flowed sideways with impossible grace, her figure sliding out of his blade's path as though the world itself bent to let her pass.

The edge missed by the width of a hair, and in that same instant, her silver-blue eyes locked onto him.

Cold and Absolute!

"Impossible!"

Du Changsheng couldn't help but say it out loud.

He hadn't thought his strike-so fast-could be dodged so effortlessly, so perfectly.

Not to mention, the speed required.

(How is she faster than before?)

By now, just like Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Xueqing should also have been exhausting all her strength. Yet she moved faster than before.

Before he could adjust, her sword flickered.

A streak of silver-blue light lanced upward. He raised his blade in reflex- CLANG!

The impact numbed his arm, black-crimson flames scattering into sparks.

Adding onto that was the Ice Qi, making her strike far more destructive and powerful.

The ice power behind her strike wasn't the struggling chaos from before. It was refined, sharpened, domineering.

"Wh-what...?"

From the stands, gasps erupted once more.

"Her movements... she's faster!"

"No-sharper! Did her Sword Intent evolve?"

"Nie Fengzhuo is being suppressed!"

Du Changsheng grit his teeth, pouring his strength into Nie Fengzhuo's body. Clang! Slash! Clang!

Each exchange should have been overwhelming.

Each strike of his blade should have ended her. Yet every attack missed by a margin too clean, too exact.

Her sword danced like flowing water, yet every ripple was ice-cold and lethal.

His crimson flames were doused again and again, smothered before they could spread.

Nie Fengzhuo's voice trembled inside his sea of consciousness.

"M-Master... h-how? How is she still fighting like this?!"

His eyes widened in disbelief as Du Changsheng struggled to match Bai Xueqing's tempo.

Every clash jarred his bones, every deflected strike sent tremors down his arm.

It wasn't just her speed-it was her precision, her elegance, her flawless control of power.

Du Changsheng's expression inside the consciousness space was grim. For the first time, he had no immediate answer.

He didn't consider the possibility of a Soul like him residing within Bai Xueqing.

After all, for a Soul to survive after death, their Soul Power needed to be immensely high which is very rare.

Moreover, unlike him, Feilian didn't increase Bai Xueqing's Qi or Cultivation Realm.

She simply helped control her Ice Qi and wield it alongside her Sword Intent, making every move sharper, stronger, and perfect.

Bai Xueqing's sword arced downward, a veil of frost spreading from the tip.

Each strand of Sword Intent carried a biting cold, every thread slicing apart Du Changsheng's crimson flames as though fire itself had no right to exist in her

domain.

The crowd erupted again-half in awe, half in disbelief.

"She's still only in the Soul Formation Realm!"

"Then why is Nie Fengzhuo-no, even stronger than that-being pressed back?"

"This isn't possible... this defies cultivation logic!"

This fight had been eye-opening for many, and now Bai Xueqing was proving to everyone that the cultivation realm wasn't the only factor that decided a

winner.

Inside, Du Changsheng could feel the cracks spreading through Nie Fengzhuo's body.

His borrowed strength flowed through channels already strained and battered from previous battles.

The boy's injuries screamed against him, refusing to cooperate with the power he was forcing through them.

Every surge of Immortal strength was paid for in blood.

"Tch!"

Du Changsheng's teeth clenched. He was a Supreme Immortal.

To be forced into retreat by a girl not even a century old-no, barely into her youth-was humiliation beyond words.

How could he allow this?

No matter the cost, he could not-would not-be defeated here.

His eyes darkened, black-crimson flames swirling violently around him as he began drawing deeper, far deeper than before.

The stage trembled, cracks spreading outward as the space itself distorted under the weight of the energy he was summoning.

Lose against a Soul Formation junior? In front of a crowd?

Impossible!

His pride as a Supreme Immortal would not allow it.

"Girl... you've forced my hand," Du muttered, raising his blade high as black-crimson light roared skyward.

The air thickened, the barrier groaned, and cultivators in the stands staggered back under the pressure of the growing storm.

A big move was coming-one that could shatter not just Bai Xueqing, but

perhaps even the entire stage itself.

Du Changsheng roared, his voice reverberating through Nie Fengzhuo's body and out across the arena.

"Absolute Severance!"

The control, the power was unlike before. It felt like even the protective barrier might not be able to withstand it.

The formation masters worked frantically to strengthen the barrier as they braced for the inevitable impact.

Yet on the stage-

Bai Xueqing's figure stood calm, silver-blue frost swirling like a tranquil storm around her.

Her grip tightened on her sword, and her eyes gleamed-not with fear, but with exhilaration.

The frost gathered, not in chaos, but in flawless harmony with her Sword Intent.

The blade she raised shimmered with a radiance both ethereal and terrifying-a technique that was not merely Ice, nor merely Sword, but both, bound together in seamless perfection.

"Icebound Severing Sword!"

The two forces collided.

The crowd braced for a cataclysm, shielding their eyes, preparing for the eruption that would destroy the stage.

But-

There was no earth-shattering boom. No clash that shook heaven and earth.

The instant Feilian's Icebound Severing Sword met Du Changsheng's Absolute

Severance, the black-crimson energy froze.

Not slowed, not resisted-stopped dead in its tracks, every flame, every shred of killing intent entombed in crystalline ice.

In less than a heartbeat, the frozen Absolute Severance shattered into glittering shards of black-crimson ice, scattering like dying embers against the white frost.

And Bai Xueqing's sword never stopped.

The Icebound Severing Sword flowed onward, still brimming with unstoppable cold.

Nie Fengzhuo's body stiffened, panic flooding his eyes. Inside, Du Changsheng's consciousness jolted in shock. "Impossible! I-I can't-"

But it was too late.

His Immortal pride meant nothing. His power, borrowed through a vessel already cracked and bleeding, couldn't keep up.

Nie Fengzhuo was left completely open, caught utterly off guard. The silver-blue sword light surged forward, slamming toward his chest with the weight of a glacier and the precision of a perfected blade.

The audience's collective cry rose in disbelief and awe.

"Nie Fengzhuo is-!"

Du Changsheng could only watch with his eyes wide, disbelieving, humiliated-

an Immortal Soul forced to witness his great Absolute Severance reduced to ice dust, unable to move, unable to protect his vessel.

He tried to resist, but Nie Fengzhuo's body was already riddled with injuries,

and even if he had the will, it simply refused to cooperate.

He had lost!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 280 Settling Old Grudges[ 1,491 words ]

### Chapter 280 Settling Old Grudges

"Cough-!"

Nie Fengzhuo spat a mouthful of blood, his face deathly pale.

His aura plummeted like a stone, the overwhelming presence of Du Changsheng retreating back into the depths of his battered consciousness.

The once-dominating pressure of the Spirit Severing Realm faded, leaving behind only a broken young man gasping for breath.

Nie Fengzhuo had seen everything that had occurred.

Forcing him to rely on his master's power, and despite that, he had lost.

He felt like the whole world was crashing down on him. He, who should have won, was defeated- and that too by his most hated enemy.

As he lay on the ground in complete defeat, the crowd erupted.

"She... Bai Xueqing has won!"

"Yes! Bai Xueqing has won. Despite Nie Fengzhuo's strength, Bai Xueqing has managed to win."

"Hahaha... I knew it. I am rich!"

In the Bai Clan's VIP area, the elders couldn't help but celebrate, some finally breathing out in relief.

After all, Nie Fengzhuo had given them a fright and even almost won against their genius.

It would have been too humiliating if Bai Xueqing had lost against Nie Fengzhuo.

Many had thought it was all over when Bai Xueqing began to lose control of her power, and some were even ready to intervene.

However, they were stopped by Bai Zihan, who told them to just watch.

They had no choice but to obey their young master's orders.

Then, like a miracle, Bai Xueqing managed to control her Ice Power and even unleashed a never-before-seen Ice Sword Technique.

And in the Zhao and Li clans' seats, silence reigned. No one dared speak.

They had already been humiliated by being eliminated from the Top-8.

They had only prayed that Bai Xueqing wouldn't win the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, as that would further increase her prestige.

But alas, their prayers were for naught.

Now their bitter enemy had won the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, making it known that the Bai Clan's genius was superior to the Li and Zhao Clans.

"I hope you learn something from this. Remember, don't be afraid of your powers!"

Feilian said to Bai Xueqing before she left her body.

!!!

Bai Xueqing gained control over her body.

She thought that perhaps the ghost was trying to take over her body, but it seemed like she was mistaken.

The ghost was indeed a friend.

"But who was she and why did she sound familiar?"

Bai Xueqing muttered in confusion.

But no matter how much she thought it over, the answer just didn't come to her.

Rather, she looked at Nie Fengzhuo who lay on the ground. She didn't know whether she should be happy or not with such a win.

She didn't feel like she deserved to win since she herself wasn't the one to fight.

But Feilian also didn't use anything other than her own power.

She was impressed by how much control the Soul had over her body and wielded that terrifying power so easily.

(If I could also do that, then I wouldn't need to worry about my Ice Qi going out of control.)

Bai Xueqing thought.

Just then- Yan Minglan came to check on Nie Fengzhuo and then announced the result.

"Winner! Bai Xueqing of the Heaven Sword Sect!"

He announced.

The arena erupted like thunder.

Cheers, disbelief, roaring cries-it all blended into one deafening wave. Names echoed, reverberating through the skies:

"Bai Xueqing!"

"Bai Xueqing!"

"Bai Xueqing!"

Nie Fengzhuo collapsed onto his knees, his eyes wide and unfocused.

He had overcome many obstacles all for the day when he would confront his ex-fiancée and defeat her to prove that she had made a mistake.

But here he was, knocked out on the ground like some loser and proving that her decision to cancel the engagement had been right.

He failed when it mattered the most.

Now, the world would only remember him as the former fiancé of Bai Xueqing who lost to her in the final.

"Cough! Cough! Damn it!"

The pain in his body was nothing compared to the wound in his heart. Not only had he tried to cheat to defeat his rival, but he had also failed miserably.

A crack had already formed in his Dao Heart-a heart demon born in that very instant.

Yan Minglan raised his hand, his voice echoing across the grand arena, heavy with authority.

"Congratulations, Bai Xueqing! And congratulations to the Heaven Sword Sect- for claiming the championship of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition!"

After all, while Bai Xueqing was from the Bai Clan, she went as the representative of the Heaven Sword Sect and not the Bai Clan.

Well, the Bai Clan didn't mind, as even if the overseer didn't say it, there was no need to tell that Bai Xueqing was from the Bai Clan.

The crowd roared in response, waves of cheers rolling across the coliseum.

Some shouted in disbelief, some in awe, but none could deny the truth—they had witnessed something extraordinary.

In the Heaven Sword Sect's seats, disciples leapt to their feet, cheering with wild excitement.

Joy painted their faces, some even weeping tears of pride.

They had come under immense pressure this year—facing geniuses from the Bai, Zhao, and Li Clans, along with dark horses from other sects.

Yet in the end, it was still their sect that stood at the very peak.

At the center of their group, Elder Qinglan stood tall, her usually stern face softened by a rare smile.

Her eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she watched Bai Xueqing standing victorious on the stage, her sword still glowing faintly with icy light.

"Bai Xueqing..." Elder Qinglan murmured, pride threading through her calm tone. "She has surpassed my expectations."

With her being Bai Xueqing's master, she couldn't be prouder, and she was also curious about the technique Bai Xueqing had used to win.

She had never seen anything like it but thought that it might be one of the Bai Clan's techniques.

Moreover, with Chu Ziyan breaking into the Top-4 and Bai Xueqing taking the championship itself, this year was truly Heaven Sword Sect's triumph. Both of them were also her disciples—a truly proud moment for Elder Qinglan.

And considering the competition this time was fiercer than ever before, their performance cemented Heaven Sword Sect's standing.

Who could dispute their position as the number one sect of the Desolate Heaven Empire now?

Indeed, the truth was undeniable. Chu Ziyan had already proven herself with her fierce determination and dazzling battle in the semifinals.

Now Bai Xueqing had carved her name into legend by defeating Nie Fengzhuo in the final.

Two Heaven Sword Sect disciples standing tall amongst the greatest geniuses of the empire.

One reaching the Top-4, the other seizing the championship.

It was not just a victory—it was a proclamation of dominance. Chu Ziyan was clapping as well, her face lit with genuine happiness for her best friend's victory.

Yet in the back of her mind, a question lingered. Just when... When did she learn such a terrifying technique?

Bai Xueqing had never shown the slightest sign of practicing anything like that.

But then, everyone had their secrets. Chu Ziyang chose not to dwell on it further.

As the cheers continued to shake the coliseum, Bai Xueqing slowly walked across the frozen stage.

Her steps were steady, her figure tall beneath the glow of her still-flickering icy aura.

Nie Fengzhuo was half-kneeling, blood staining the corner of his lips, his face pale as snow.

His eyes-once sharp with arrogance-now burned with unwillingness and despair.

He raised his head when her shadow fell over him, and for a long moment, the two simply stared at each other.

Silence spread between them, drowning out the crowd's deafening roars. Bai Xueqing gazed at him, her expression calm, without pride or scorn. After a moment, she spoke softly, her voice carrying clearly through the stillness:

"Nie Fengzhuo... you are strong. I see that now. Before, I made a mistake-I looked down on you."

Her words stunned him. His pupils trembled, but the unwillingness in his gaze did not fade.

Bai Xueqing continued, her tone steady yet sincere.

"I apologize for that. Today, you showed me your strength. I hope this battle has settled the grudge between us,"

These were her genuine thoughts. She realized that her decision had been made in the wrong place and at the wrong time-had she paid more attention, the outcome would have been far better.

It dawned on her that it was her own arrogance-believing she didn't need to take seriously someone like the Nie Clan, or Nie Fengzhuo, who once couldn't even cultivate-that had led to enmity between the two.

The words were simple, but they cut deeper than any sword.

For someone at the peak of victory to lower her pride and acknowledge her defeated rival-it was a gesture no one expected.

Nie Fengzhuo's lips trembled. He wanted to roar, to curse, to deny it all despite

Bai Xueqing's genuine apology.

It should have been him!

He believe the one to say those words should have been him, not her.

His chest heaved, his unwillingness burning like fire. Yet there was no changing the outcome.

Bai Xueqing didn't linger.

With those final words, she turned away, leaving him behind.

Her figure, bathed in icy radiance, walked calmly off the stage under the thunderous chant of her name.

Nie Fengzhuo remained there, unmoving.

His fists clenched until his knuckles bled, his heart screaming against reality- yet all he could do was watch her back recede into the distance.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 281 The Azure Sun Elder's Demand! [ 1,049 words ]

### Chapter 281 The Azure Sun Elder's Demand!

The thunder of cheers had yet to subside when Yan Minglan, the overseer, raised his hand for silence.

"Today marks the conclusion of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition!"

His voice boomed, echoing across the grand coliseum.

"A stage where the brightest geniuses of our empire gather to prove themselves. This year's battles were fiercer than ever, and yet, Heaven Sword Sect has once again stood tall at the summit. This is the pride of our empire!"

Polite applause rippled through the stands. Soon after, he bowed slightly toward the imperial dais.

"Now, I invite His Highness, the First Prince, to give his words and officially close this year's competition."

A hush fell over the coliseum as the First Prince, Yu Zidi, clad in flowing golden robes, rose to his feet.

"Today, we have witnessed not only battles, but the unyielding spirit of our empire's youth. This is the strength that will uphold the future of the Desolate Heaven Empire. I am honored..."

The crowd listened with reverence, many eyes shining with admiration.

But in the Bai Clan's seats, Bai Zihan rose to his feet.

"Time to leave!"

The elders quickly noticed, panic flickering in their gazes.

They knew all too well that leaving in the middle of the imperial prince's speech was considered the height of disrespect.

But this is Bai Zihan that they are talking about.

Leaving while the Prince is giving a speech might be the least disrespectful thing he has done.

There were a plethora of more disrespectful things that he had done.

The elders exchanged glances but did not move.

Bai Zihan leaving might still be fine, but if they followed him then the First Prince would definitely see this as giving the Imperial Family no face.

As for Bai Zihan, well, they could always give an explanation and even make up lies to appease the Royal Family.

Two figures, however, did rise and follow after him.

Kong Zhanghong-ever loyal, ever at Bai Zihan's side-did not hesitate, striding after his young master without sparing a glance back.

And trailing behind, her steps small and hesitant, was Jin Yuelin.

She couldn't afford to be left behind by Bai Zihan and held his hand as soon as he stood up to leave.

As the First Prince's voice rang out across the arena, filled with lofty promises and flowery words, Bai Zihan's figure slipped away into the corridors beyond- his back straight, his pace steady, utterly indifferent to the spectacle he left behind.

"Elder, Bai Zihan is leaving!"

One of the disciples of Azure Sun Holy Sect immediately informed the Elder. "Good!"

He thought that he would never get a chance to deal with Bai Zihan alone, but it seemed like being patient had paid off.

"You all stay here! I will go and deal with that brat myself!"

He announced. Just like Bai Clan's Elder, he didn't want to show off the image of being disrespectful to the Imperial Family.

But there would be no major backlash as long as it was only him that was leaving and he can't miss such an opportunity.

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The further they walked from the coliseum, the fainter the First Prince's voice became, swallowed by the echo of footsteps in the halls.

Outside, the roar of the crowd was still faintly audible, the empire celebrating its champions. But here, it felt as though that world was far away, cut off from their steps.

Jin Yuelin finally dared to look up at him. His figure was tall and composed, every step deliberate.

To her, it felt as though he walked not away from a prince's speech, but toward a path only he could see.

"You didn't congratulate your sister!"

She asked softly, almost confusedly.

For a moment, there was silence. Then, a faint smile tugged at Bai Zihan's lips- distant, unreadable.

"She doesn't need my words. Her victory is hers alone."

(If I meet her, who knows what kind of order she would give.)

He remembered that she had said that she would make him work like a servant, and he didn't dare doubt her words.

Better slip away when there's a chance!

The three of them moved deeper into the marble halls, light from hanging spirit-lanterns casting long shadows on the floor.

The festive roar of the coliseum receded until it was nothing but a dull hum behind them.

But suddenly-

Step! Step!

A new presence echoed in the corridor ahead. Heavy, steady, and filled with the oppressive weight of a cultivator's intent.

Kong Zhanghong instantly moved to the side, his hand on his blade, eyes narrowing.

"Young Master... someone's coming."

Out of the dimly lit passage emerged an old figure clad in flowing azure robes,

his sleeves embroidered with sun-like motifs.

His hair was long, white as frost, but his eyes burned with sharp hostility.

Azure Sun Holy Sect Elder!

Jin Yuelin held Bai Zihan's hand tighter. She must have met the Elder before and clearly didn't have a good opinion of him.

The Elder's lips curled into a cold smile.

"Young Master Bai, please wait!"

Bai Zihan stopped and looked at him.

"Who are you?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Well, he did know he was the Elder from Azure Sun Holy Sect just from his attire, but still he feigned ignorance.

The old man clasped his hands behind his back, posture straight, voice dripping with authority.

"I am Elder Wu Zhankong of the Azure Sun Holy Sect."

His tone carried the weight of someone used to commanding obedience.

Bai Zihan regarded him with mild interest, already knowing why he must be here.

(Must be because of Jin Yuanzhan and what he knows about Sect's illegal practice!)

"Oh? So it is Elder Wu. Then tell me-what does an elder of Azure Sun Holy Sect want from me?"

Wu Zhankong's gaze flicked briefly to Kong Zhanghong, then to the small figure half-hidden behind Bai Zihan.

Jin Yuelin's face paled as his sharp eyes fell on her, his lips curling into a

knowing sneer.

"I heard rumors that you have taken custody of Jin Yuanzhan. Seeing you leave with his sister only confirms the truth."

His voice hardened, commanding and almost threatening.

"I am here to take her back! And I also want you to hand over Jin Yuanzhan!"

Jin Yuelin's fingers dug into Bai Zihan's sleeve, her eyes widening in fear.

For a moment, silence stretched. Then-

Pfft!

A low chuckle escaped Bai Zihan's lips, sharp and mocking. He tilted his head slightly, his gaze locking on Wu Zhankong with open disdain.

"Take her back?"

He repeated as though testing the words, his smile growing colder.

"Elder Wu, you seem to be under a misunderstanding."

He straightened, his eyes glinting like polished steel. "Why," he asked, his voice calm yet cutting, "should I listen to you?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 282 The Azure Sun Ultimatum[ 982 words ]

### Chapter 282 The Azure Sun Ultimatum

"You have already expelled Jin Yuanzhan, so I don't think there is any need for you to look for him."

"As for Jin Yuelin, sorry, but you can't decide what she wants for her."

With a threatening look, Bai Zihan's commanding voice filled with authority echoed.

"So, I must suggest that Elder Wu mind his own business."

There was no need to add much more.

Jin Yuanzhan and Jin Yuelin were now with the Bai Clan, and Elder Wu-or for that matter, the Azure Sun Holy Sect-should stop thinking about getting them back.

Elder Wu gritted his teeth.

In terms of eloquence, indeed there was no debating Bai Zihan.

He thought about using Jin Yuanzhan being from the Azure Sun Holy Sect to make a point about getting him back, but Bai Zihan already knew about his expulsion.

Seeing that he was from a Major Sect, he also thought that perhaps Bai Zihan would listen to what he said.

But it looked like Bai Zihan's rumor wasn't false at all.

He didn't even give face to the Imperial Family, so who was he in comparison?

"Young Master Bai, although Jin Yuanzhan has been expelled, he still has something from our Azure Sun Holy Sect. We must get it back from him at all cost."

Elder Wu tried to reason out.

"Oh, is that so? Then I will talk with him and send it to Azure Sun Holy Sect. You don't need to worry too much about that."

Bai Zihan said.

He already knew that Elder Wu wanted to kill Jin Yuanzhan to stop him from telling others about their illegal practices.

Elder Wu stood there stunned. He only needed to meet with Jin Yuanzhan once and he could end his life.

But no matter what, it seemed like Bai Zihan had no plan to let him meet with Jin Yuanzhan.

(Why?)

He didn't think that Jin Yuanzhan had any prior dealings with Bai Zihan or anything.

Then, was Bai Zihan just saying that in good faith-or did he know something and was trying to prevent him from meeting with Jin Yuanzhan?

"Young Master Bai, did Jin Yuanzhan say something about the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

He asked, trying to verify.

Bai Zihan's lips curved faintly, his eyes narrowing in quiet amusement.

"What he said or didn't say what does that matter to you?"

His words were light, almost dismissive, yet each syllable landed like a hammer against Elder Wu's chest.

Elder Wu's face darkened. His sharp gaze darted to Jin Yuelin, still clutching Bai Zihan's sleeve.

Seeing how Bai Zihan treated Jin Yuelin well, then it must be because he valued Jin Yuanzhan very much.

Why?

Jin Yuanzhan's talent was no longer there, and his cultivation had also declined due to the Sun Dao Stone fragment cracking along his Core.

If it were before, he would have thought that it must be because they valued him for his talent.

But now, there was no talent that Bai Zihan could value from Jin Yuanzhan. The only thing that was valuable was the information about the Azure Sun Holy Sect that he had.

(So... Jin Yuanzhan did speak. Otherwise, why would Bai Zihan guard him so carefully?)

He came to the conclusion based on his own misunderstanding.

Bai Zihan valued Jin Yuanzhan because of Jin Yuelin, but Elder Wu still arrived at the correct conclusion-that Jin Yuanzhan did speak-though through misunderstanding.

Wu Zhankong's hands clasped tighter behind his back, his nails biting into his palms.

"Young Master Bai," he said slowly, voice now low and laced with warning, "I advise you not to meddle in matters that do not concern you. The Azure Sun Holy Sect does not forgive those who block its path."

Bai Zihan tilted his head, his expression still unreadable.

"Meddle?"

He repeated softly, almost to himself. Then, his smile sharpened.

"No, Elder Wu. You misunderstand. This is no matter of meddling. Rather, it is you who are meddling in Bai Clan's matters. I suggest that you take your own advice."

He took a deliberate step forward, his aura flaring ever so slightly-subtle, yet enough to press against Elder Wu.

Elder Wu was surprised that a youth was able to make him feel pressured.

"Bai Clan doesn't forgive those who try to meddle in their affairs. And if Azure Sun Holy Sect believes otherwise..."

His voice grew colder, like steel drawn from its sheath.

"...then perhaps you should test how far your sect's hand can reach."

The corridor fell into silence.

Elder Wu felt a bead of sweat form at his temple, though his pride forced his expression into a mask of disdain.

(So arrogant... but his confidence-it isn't false. This boy... this Bai Zihan is dangerous.)

He narrowed his eyes, tone turning icy.

"Young Master Bai, are you declaring war on my Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

Bai Zihan only laughed-low, derisive, echoing in the marble hall like thunder before a storm.

"War?" he said, his gaze cutting straight through Elder Wu. "No, Elder Wu.

You're not worth a war."

He paused, letting the words sink in, his smile never faltering.

Indeed, a war between a Sect and a Clan was very different from that between Clans.

A Sect doesn't mean that all the members are loyal and dedicated to the Sect.

Those who didn't want to ruin their relationship with the Bai Clan would urge them to come back to their clan.

Unlike a Clan, those disciples don't have the loyalty to risk their lives for the Sect.

Moreover, Even if that wasn't the case, Azure Sun Holy Sect would stand no chance if there was a war between them and the Bai Clan.

Even with the other two Top Clans together, the Li-Zhao Clans couldn't win

against the Bai Clan, not to mention them.

However, if Bai Zihan knew about that information, then Elder Wu thought that perhaps the confrontation was inevitable.

Elder Wu's gaze hardened, his voice dropping to a growl.

"Then hand over Jin Yuelin, and I will let things go."

Bai Zihan's reply was immediate, his tone unshakable.

"No!"

Elder Wu's eyes narrowed into slits, his patience snapping.

"You leave me with no choice."

In an instant, his Qi flared violently, the air rippling under the pressure as his eyes filled with killing intent, locking firmly onto Bai Zihan.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 283 Against Elder Wu! [ 1,396 words ]

### Chapter 283 Against Elder Wu!

If Bai Zihan knew, Elder Wu thought that Bai Zihan should also be taken care of. He couldn't risk the Sect's secret being known by others.

Elder Wu foolishly thought that by capturing Bai Zihan, he could make a deal with the Li-Zhao Clans and perhaps even use this chance to deal with the Bai Clan altogether.

With Bai Zihan in hand, threatening the Bai Clan or Bai Tianheng would also become possible.

And then there was Jin Yuelin-by capturing her, he could guarantee that Jin Yuanzhan kept his mouth shut.

Thinking foolishly and hastily, Elder Wu convinced himself it made more sense the more he thought about it.

His killing intent surged higher, his Qi storming through the corridor, as his mind painted victory before the battle had even begun.

But across from him, Bai Zihan's eyes gleamed-sharp, mocking, as though he could already see the laughable delusion written across Elder Wu's face.

"Well, not like it is a bad idea!"

Bai Zihan might have done the same if he were in Elder Wu's position.

"Jin Yuelin, go there and stay beside Kong Zhanghong for a while. Things are going to get a bit rowdy!"

Jin Yuelin nodded and quickly darted away.

Although cultivation-wise, Jin Yuelin was stronger, she still wasn't trained or knowledgeable in any technique, which was why Kong Zhanghong's protection was still necessary.

Elder Wu was not a weak person.

As an elder of a Major Sect, he stood firmly in the Void Refinement Stage- though only at the early realm of that stage.

Still, with such cultivation, Elder Wu thought himself significantly stronger than Bai Zihan, who he believed should only be in the Soul Formation Realm.

He was already planning his move-one fell swoop, quick and decisive, before others could arrive and disrupt them.

His Qi coiled around him like a storm ready to break, sharp and suffocating, as his killing intent locked entirely onto Bai Zihan.

"Arrogant brat," he muttered coldly, "you've brought this upon yourself!"

His palm slowly rose, gathering force, preparing to crush Bai Zihan before the youth could even react.

But the moment his intent sharpened, Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed, lips curving into a faint, mocking smile-calm and calculating.

(Looks like he is going to hold back.)

After all, Elder Wu wanted to capture him rather than kill. Killing him would only bring more trouble than Elder Wu could handle.

So, naturally, against someone he viewed as weaker, Elder Wu was going to hold back.

And that was precisely the chance Bai Zihan needed to take advantage of- when he was still being underestimated and looked down upon.

Whoosh!

Elder Wu worked quickly and immediately appeared before Bai Zihan, preparing to immobilize him by breaking his legs.

But what he got was a knee strike right up his chin, almost breaking his teeth.

"Argh!"

He was stunned and pained by the strike. He didn't know what happened or how Bai Zihan was able to even injure him.

One should know-with the difference in their cultivation and how refined his body was even weapons couldn't put a scratch on him.

But here he was, his mouth bleeding profusely.

He didn't have the luxury to think as Bai Zihan was just getting started.

Using the Eternal Spirit Sword, he immediately began to target Elder Wu's limbs.

Just like Elder Wu, Bai Zihan also had no intention of letting him go-not after attacking him first.

Clang!

The Eternal Spirit Sword flashed with blinding brilliance, its edge biting toward Elder Wu's arms.

He twisted desperately, his sleeve ripping apart as sparks flew from the clash of swords against Qi.

"Impossible!"

Elder Wu spat, his face darkening as he countered with a palm strike infused with the weight of a mountain.

Bai Zihan did not dodge. He met the blow head-on.

Boom!

The corridor quaked from the impact, dust and stone spraying everywhere.

Yet when the smoke cleared, Elder Wu staggered back a step while Bai Zihan stood perfectly still-his robe fluttering, his body utterly unscathed.

(W-what...?)

Elder Wu's pupils shrank. His technique should have shattered bones, crippled meridians, left this boy broken on the floor.

Instead, Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly, brushing the dust off his shoulder, a mocking smirk tugging at his lips.

"Is that all, Wu Zhankong?"

He said lightly.

"Y-You... You are in the Spirit Severing Realm!"

Elder Wu's eyes widened at the realization.

He, like many others, had previously assumed that Bai Zihan's fame was exaggerated, and to support that assumption, Bai Zihan didn't participate in the

most prestigious tournament for young people like him.

Which clearly meant he was afraid-or so he thought.

But with the Spirit Severing Realm cultivation Bai Zihan revealed, it was clear

their assumptions were wrong.

With his cultivation, sweeping the tournament would have been child's play.

(Just what is he?)

People at his age barely managed to break through to the Nascent Soul Realm, while thousand-year-old geniuses might manage to reach the Soul Formation

Realm.

But Spirit Severing Realm? At 18 years of age?

That was unheard of.

But still, Elder Wu's eyes burned with determination.

As a Void Refinement Realm cultivator, even if Bai Zihan was in the Spirit Severing Realm, he felt confident he could take care of him easily.

Elder Wu's face twisted with fury.

"Spirit Severing Realm or not, you're still beneath me!"

His Qi surged like a tidal wave as he struck, palm winds carrying enough force

to tear the corridor apart.

Yet Bai Zihan's form blurred, splitting into nine identical shadows, each one

flowing like water, weaving between Elder Wu's attacks.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword-swift arcs of afterimages and mirages, so refined and seamless that even a Void Refinement cultivator's eyes struggled to follow. "Damn it!"

Elder Wu cursed, his strikes cutting through phantoms, his attacks scattering against empty air.

Not a single blow landed.

Every time he thought he cornered the real Bai Zihan, his palm pierced a shadow that dissolved into mist.

(How...? He's faster than me?)

Elder Wu's heart thudded in disbelief.

(With my cultivation, speed should never be an issue. That movement art-yes,

I've seen it before, that Bai Xueqing used it. But hers was nothing like this...!)

This wasn't just the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword. It was something beyond-polished to a state of perfection, wielded with terrifying precision. The shadows swirled around him, each carrying killing intent, each reminding him that his every weakness was laid bare. Sweat prickled his back.

"Enough of this trickery!"

Elder Wu roared.

His Qi flared violently, fire surging from his body like a blazing inferno.

With a sweeping gesture, crimson flames erupted outward in a storm, searing through the corridor and scorching everything in sight.

Boom!

The fire engulfed the shadows, erasing them one after another until only one figure remained-the true Bai Zihan, standing calmly in the middle of the raging flames. Elder Wu's lips curled into a savage grin.

"Got you! Let's see how you dodge this!"

He thrust his palm forward, a blazing sphere of destructive fire roaring out like a sun, swallowing Bai Zihan whole. The corridor shook under the heat, walls blackening, stone cracking.

The explosion thundered, flames surging violently until nothing could be seen.

Elder Wu straightened, his breath heavy, his smirk brimming with cold satisfaction.

"Hmph. So in the end, you only had speed."

But then... the flames parted.

From within the inferno, a figure stepped out-robe unburnt, skin untouched, his aura calm and steady.

Bai Zihan!

Perfectly unharmed.

Elder Wu's eyes went wide, his blood running cold.

(That was my sect's Flame-Severing Palm... even a Void Refinement cultivator should've been reduced to ashes! How-how is he standing there as if nothing happened?!)

Bai Zihan brushed a stray ember from his sleeve, his mocking smile returning as his gaze locked onto Elder Wu.

(Alas! I have endured much hotter flames while refining my body, to the point that I feel as though I am immune to fire.)

Though he knew that he wasn't immune to fire but to make him feel the burn, one needs to use a very powerful Flame technique.

Elder Wu's technique wasn't at that level.

Bai Zihan's smile deepened, eyes gleaming like cold stars.

"My turn!" The Eternal Spirit Sword quivered in his grasp, its resonance echoing like the

toll of a heavenly bell.

Around him, sword intent surged-vast, boundless, suffocating. The air itself trembled, as though recognizing a sovereign of blades.

Elder Wu's breath hitched.

(Sword... intent?)

His pupils shrank to pinpoints.

He heard that Bai Zihan has Sowerd intent but didn't believe it until now.

Moreover, it looks much more powerful than Bai Xueqings.

A tide of sharpness swept outward, carving invisible lines into the stone walls, the ceiling, even the air itself.

Every strand of Qi within several li bent beneath that domineering will, kneeling as though to a ruler.

The sword in Bai Zihan's hand gleamed brighter, carrying a chilling resonance that made the corridor feel like the heart of winter.

His voice was calm, indifferent, yet it rolled like thunder in Elder Wu's chest.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 284 Flame Devoured[ 1,074 words ]

### Chapter 284 Flame Devoured

"Fate Severing Slash!"

Bai Zihan still hadn't grasped the full essence of the Fate Severing Slash, yet even in its incomplete form it was terrifyingly powerful.

Other techniques weren't enough to deal with someone in the Void Refinement Stage.

Against Elder Wu, only this Saint-Grade technique could bring results.

(If even this doesn't work... then I'll be forced to drag it out.)

Elder Wu roared, his Qi exploding outward in a desperate defense.

Flames surged, barriers stacked upon one another like towering mountains, a fortress of fire and steel.

"No sword can break my flame barrier!"

But the moment steel met flame-

Chiiing!

The inferno split apart like silk before a razor's edge. Layer after layer of defenses collapsed under the weight of a truth they could not resist. "-What?!"

The Fate Severing Slash tore through, arcing straight for Elder Wu's throat.

His eyes widened, instincts screaming. At the last instant, he twisted-but not fast enough.

With a sickening shhkkt!, his arm shot up, taking the brunt of the strike.

Blood sprayed.

The sword cleaved clean through flesh and bone, severing his right arm at the elbow.

The rest of the slash carved a deep gash across his shoulder, stopping just short of his neck.

"ARRRGHHHH!"

Elder Wu staggered back, face twisted in agony, his severed arm tumbling to the ground in a pool of blood.

He was alive-but only barely.

(If I hadn't sacrificed my arm... my head would've been rolling on the floor.) The realization struck like lightning.

He thought he was toying with a junior, like an adult amusing himself with a child.

But in the blink of an eye, playtime nearly became a tragedy-his tragedy.

His knees weakened, sweat pouring down his temples as his pale face twisted with fear and fury.

Only now he realized he wasn't the predator but the prey.

He pressed fire against the wound, burning it shut to stop the bleeding.

"Oh my, you made quite a good decision."

Bai Zihan praised with a sarcastic tone.

Well, he truly felt it was a good decision. After all, sacrificing his hand could be said to be far better than his life.

But of course, now that he lost his hand, there was no possibility of Elder Wu being able to fight back.

Elder Wu was already at a disadvantage, and now with his dominant hand severed, he could hardly be called an opponent for Bai Zihan.

"You-Stop!"

Elder Wu said, still trying to exude authority over Bai Zihan.

Of course, it didn't work before and it certainly wouldn't work after he was crippled.

"Oh ya, oh ya! Elder Wu, why are you scared? Aren't you the mighty Elder of Azure Sun Holy Sect? Shouldn't you be teaching me a lesson for being rude?"

Bai Zihan continued mocking while getting closer and closer to Elder Wu, who was fearfully backing off.

"Young Master Bai, let us talk this through. I don't want Jin Yuanzhan and his sister. You can keep them!"

Elder Wu tried to negotiate. Well, he had no choice, and any sane man could tell that he stood no chance against Bai Zihan.

Although it was difficult to accept, he, a Void Refinement Realm cultivator, was no opponent for a Spirit Severing Realm cultivator.

"That's not for you to decide!"

Bai Zihan coldly declared.

Once he saw someone as an enemy, he tended not to let them go. Well, unless they had some usefulness.

As for Elder Wu, while an elder and certainly someone with good information about Azure Sun Holy Sect, Bai Zihan didn't find him particularly useful.

He already had Jin Yuanzhan, who knew good intel about Azure Sun Holy Sect, and he didn't need more.

If he was to go to war with Azure Sun Holy Sect, perhaps but he wasn't interested in it.

Moreover, the information about them experimenting on children was already enough for Bai Zihan to socially destroy them and make them public enemy number one if they dared to become his enemy.

So, for now, he only considered Elder Wu as his enemy who had tried to capture him.

And as his enemy, mercy was the last thing he should expect.

"Young Master Bai, think carefully. The Sect will not stay quiet if you take my life. This old man's life isn't worth making an enemy of the Azure Sun Holy Sect,

is it?"

Elder Wu tried to reason out with Bai Zihan.

But of course, Bai Zihan wasn't easily scared off.

"Hmph! If the Azure Sun Holy Sect thinks that they can win against my Bai Clan,

then they can be my guest. Though I hope that they can make things a bit

interesting and not too easy!"

Bai Zihan said with a mocking tone. Anyone knows who would win between Azure Sun Holy Sect and Bai Clan.

Thinking that begging for his life was not going to work, Elder Wu gritted his

teeth.

"Bai Zihan, don't think that you can easily take this old man's life."

Elder Wu said, ready to fight with his other hand.

"Well, try to make this enjoyable if you can."

Bai Zihan said as he raised his sword.

Slash! Slash!

The sword whistled through the air, its edge carrying the weight of

inevitability.

Elder Wu roared, flames bursting from his remaining hand, desperate to

conjure another barrier.

The blaze surged upward, swallowing the arena in a fiery storm.

But Bai Zihan's sword light shredded it apart as if it were paper, scattering embers across the sky.

Bang!

Bai Zihan's fist followed, slamming into Elder Wu's chest. The impact thundered like a collapsing mountain, ribs snapping under the pressure.

Elder Wu spat a mouthful of blood, his body flung backward across the cracked stone floor.

"Urghh-!"

Staggering, he tried to rise, flames struggling to gather around his body again. But before he could stabilize, Bai Zihan's shadow loomed over him.

"Too slow!"

Boom!

A kick sent Elder Wu skidding across the ground, the bones of his leg shattering with a sickening crack. His scream pierced the air, raw and ugly.

Yet he refused to collapse entirely. His left hand trembled as he formed another seal, summoning a blazing phoenix of flame that screeched toward Bai Zihan.

But Bai Zihan simply sneered.

"Didn't you already learn? Fire means nothing to me."

He slashed upward, and the phoenix split in two, scattering into harmless sparks.

Elder Wu's eyes widened in despair.

(Impossible... this boy... he's a monster...!)

Before he could even take another breath, Bai Zihan appeared before him again, sword pressed against his chest.

"Elder Wu, I thought you were going to make things difficult for me. But at the moment, it is almost like you are begging me to take your life!"

Bang!

The sword pierced his shoulder, pinning him to the ground. Elder Wu howled, thrashing helplessly, blood pouring in torrents.

"B-Bai Zihan, let's talk!"

Bai Zihan leaned in, eyes cold, voice laced with mockery.

"There is nothing left for us to discuss. Goodbye!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 285 Elder Wu's Almost Unrecognizable!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 285 Elder Wu's Almost Unrecognizable!

Chapter 285 Elder Wu's Almost Unrecognizable!

The air split with streaks of light.

Shuuuu! Shuuuu!

Figures descended one after another, their robes embroidered with the golden sun emblem that marked their sect.

The First Prince had finally finished his speech, and the Competition had officially come to an end.

They immediately made their move, rushing through the crowd to warn Elder Wu about the end of competition and arrival of people.

Elder Wu had already given them directions as to where he was, but communication was cut off soon after which confused them.

They soon arrived at the location and saw Bai Zihan, confirming they were in the right place.

Their eyes locked onto the scene before them.

At the center of the cracked and blood-stained ground stood Bai Zihan, calm and composed, sword in hand.

At his feet lay an old man, beaten so badly that his face was a swollen mess of blood and bruises, one arm missing, his robes shredded into tatters.

His body twitched faintly, pinned down by a blade through the shoulder.

They thought Bai Zihan was beating up some poor old man who had perhaps angered him after being handled by Elder Wu.

Poor thing!

They thought.

But where was Elder Wu?

One of the senior disciples, a Spirit Severing Realm cultivator, stepped forward, glancing sideways.

"Young Master Bai, do you know where Elder Wu is?"

He asked politely.

Thinking that Jin Yuelin wasn't with him (Kong Zhanghong took her away when Bai Zihan started to torture Elder Wu), he thought that Elder Wu must have succeeded to convince Bai Zihan to hand over Jin Yuelin and even Jin Yuanzhan.

Bai Zihan calmly looked up and then down at the old man.

"Here!"

He pointed at the old man, bruised from head to toe, bloodied all over his body.

The senior disciple tilted his head in confusion.

(Am I being teased?)

"Young Master Bai, please stop joking and tell us where Elder Wu went."

His voice was stern this time. He had already been polite, yet Bai Zihan seemed to be joking with him.

But Bai Zihan showed no sign apart from glancing at the old man under his feet. "Wait..."

One disciple muttered, disbelief thick in his voice.

"Is that... Elder Wu?"

Only then did they-including the senior disciple-look seriously at the old man, beaten badly under Bai Zihan's feet.

While his clothes were almost tattered, they were unmistakably the robes of an Elder of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

(Impossible. It couldn't be. The mighty Elder Wu of the Azure Sun Holy Sect, reduced to this pathetic, broken state?)

The senior disciple thought.

He glanced at Bai Zihan again, only to see him smirking.

They looked from the mangled body to Bai Zihan, then back again.

"You... brat! Where is Elder Wu?!"

He asked angrily.

Bai Zihan's lips curved into a small, mocking smile.

"Where is Elder Wu?"

He repeated mockingly. Then he glanced down at the bloodied figure at his feet, nudging him with the tip of his sword.

"I already said-you're looking at him."

The words fell like a hammer.

Shock rippled through the Azure Sun cultivators, their faces pale as their gazes darted again to the unrecognizable old man groaning on the ground.

This... this thing was Elder Wu?

He was almost unrecognizable, and how could he have ended up in this state against a junior like them?

There was no way, right?

"S-Save me!"

Elder Wu managed to mutter a word in desperation. He was, for the first time, relieved to see these disciples of his.

"Elder Wu!"

The voice was unmistakable.

Several disciples stepped forward, their faces dark, fury burning in their eyes.

"Young Master Bai, how dare you treat our elder this way?"

One shouted, pointing an accusing finger.

"Do you plan to provoke the Azure Sun Holy Sect? Do you think there will be no consequences for this insult?!"

They edged closer, righteous indignation rolling off them, but none dared attack immediately.

The sight of Elder Wu's ruined body pressed caution into their bones.

The smarter disciples at the back did not move. Instead, their expressions twisted into horror as cold realization crept into their hearts.

(If Elder Wu-Void Refinement Realm Cultivator-was reduced to this state, then who could have done it?)

Their gazes flickered to Bai Zihan. Either Bai Zihan himself, or someone even scarier had stood with him.

In both cases, the truth was terrifying, though they wanted to believe it was the latter.

Cold sweat ran down their backs.

The senior disciple, in the Spirit Severing Realm, clenched his fists.

His heart pounded as the weight of responsibility pressed down on him.

Everyone looked to him-to decide whether they should strike, retreat, or negotiate.

He looked at Elder Wu again, broken and begging, his once-majestic presence gone.

Then his gaze lifted to Bai Zihan, calm, composed, and smiling mockingly, as if daring them to take a single step forward.

The senior disciple's jaw tightened. His mind raced.

(If I move recklessly... we'll all might end up like Elder Wu. He surely has a helper hidden somewhere. But if I back down too easily... it will bring shame to the Sect.)

He exhaled slowly, the weight of the decision hanging in the air.

"Enough!"

His voice rang cold, silencing both the furious and the fearful disciples.

He narrowed his eyes at Bai Zihan, trying to sound steady even as unease gnawed at him.

"Young Master Bai, please remove your feet from Elder Wu's body and return him. I will take it as though nothing happened."

The senior disciple made a wise decision-*neither too overbearing nor cowardly.*

For now, his priority was retrieving Elder Wu; only then might they gain enough knowledge to act further.

Since there was no one else in the vicinity, they assumed Bai Zihan's helper had already left.

In any case, the mission had failed, but they couldn't make it worse than it already was.

"Hehe... And what makes you think I'll listen?"

Bai Zihan asked.

It seemed the Azure Sun Holy Sect had a habit of thinking they were big shots of the Desolate Heaven Empire, even before someone of higher status.

It was Elder Wu, and now his disciple-*truly showing that they were cut from the same cloth.*

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 286 The Guard Captain's Dilemma[ 1,405 words ]

### Chapter 286 The Guard Captain's Dilemma

"Senior Brother, we can't let this brat humiliate us like this! Even if he's the Bai Clan's heir, so what?!"

"That's right!" another echoed, stepping forward.

"If we cower here, who will respect the Azure Sun Holy Sect in the future?!"

The senior disciple's face darkened. He opened his mouth to stop them-but it was too late.

Several disciples had already rushed forward.

Some rushed to lift Elder Wu, desperate to pull him out from under Bai Zihan's foot. Others brandished their weapons, Qi flaring as they lunged at him.

The ground shook as blades of light, fiery fists, and roaring qi techniques hurtled toward Bai Zihan.

"Idiots!"

Those attacking him were only in Nascent Soul Realm and Soul Formation Realm, far from being strong enough to fight against him.

With a flick of his wrist, his sword sang-an arc of silver light cut through the air, shattering their techniques as though they were nothing but mist.

The shockwave blasted several disciples back, sending them crashing into the ground with bone-jarring force.

"Arghh!"

"Guhh-!"

Blood sprayed from their mouths as they coughed violently, bodies writhing in pain.

One disciple managed to reach Elder Wu's side, his trembling hands trying to tug the half-dead elder away.

But before he could even drag him an inch, Bai Zihan's foot pressed down harder.

The old man screamed, blood bubbling from his lips. The disciple froze, eyes wide with horror.

"Don't touch what's mine!"

Bai Zihan's cold voice stabbed into his ears.

An instant later, the disciple was kicked aside, his ribs snapping audibly before he crashed into a shattered boulder.

The others charged again, screaming with desperation.

"Die, Bai Zihan!"

They swung their swords in unison, glowing arcs descending from both sides.

But Bai Zihan didn't even look at them. His sword hand flicked lazily.

Clang! Clang!

Both weapons were knocked flying, spinning end over end before stabbing uselessly into the dirt.

Boom!

The two disciples were flattened into the cracked ground, blood gushing from their noses and mouths as the earth caved beneath them.

In mere breaths, the proud Azure Sun Holy Sect disciples were left sprawled, groaning, broken, and defeated.

The senior disciple clenched his fists, his face pale.

Fear crawled up his spine as Bai Zihan's gaze slid toward him, sharp as a blade.

(How can this be?!)

While he couldn't claim that their disciples were the finest among the Competition-after all, many had been eliminated early-they were still

considered geniuses in their own right.

Facing them together should have been more than enough to pressure anyone.

Should have been. But it wasn't.

Bai Zihan dismantled them with ease, as if their efforts carried no more weight than dust in the wind.

Just then-

"Stop!"

A thunderous shout split the air.

A squad of armored guards rushed onto the scene, golden spears gleaming in hand.

Their leader, a tall man with a stern expression, swept his eyes across the bloodied disciples, the mangled Elder Wu, and finally, the calm youth standing at the center of it all.

"What is the meaning of this?!"

The guard captain barked.

His aura surged, suppressing the tension like a heavy storm cloud.

More guards fanned out, blocking all exits, their sharp gazes flickering between Bai Zihan and the Azure Sun disciples.

"The Competition has just ended, and you dare cause such chaos under Capital City?! Don't you have any respect for the Laws?"

The Azure Sun disciples froze.

Their anger and humiliation were still burning-but now, under the weight of the guards' presence, they dared not move rashly.

The senior disciple bowed quickly, voice urgent.

"Sir, it was Bai Zihan! He... he attacked our Elder Wu without provocation! We were only trying to rescue him!"

All eyes turned toward Bai Zihan.

He merely smirked, sword still in hand, standing as if none of this had anything to do with him.

The guard captain's cold gaze swept once more across the battlefield, lingering on the crumpled, half-dead man beneath Bai Zihan's boot.

His brows furrowed. His pupils narrowed.

"...That old man... could it be... Elder Wu of the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

The question rang like a bell.

The Azure Sun disciples stiffened, exchanging uneasy glances. Their pride burned at being forced to admit it, but they had no choice.

"... Yes," the senior disciple finally muttered, his face twisting with embarrassment and anger.

"That is Elder Wu!"

The guards collectively inhaled, shock flashing across their expressions. Even the guard captain's stern mask cracked as he took in the sight.

The mighty Elder Wu-Void Refinement Stage, a figure they all knew was leagues above themselves-now reduced to a battered wreck, his face unrecognizable, one arm missing, groaning pitifully under a junior's foot.

(How...? How did it come to this?)

The disciples, catching the guards' shaken expressions, quickly pressed their advantage.

"Sir!" one shouted, his tone urgent. "You see it yourself! Bai Zihan has trampled upon our sect's honor and grievously injured our Elder!"

"Please, uphold the law of the Empire!" another cried, pointing at Bai Zihan, hatred blazing in his eyes.

"Punish him! Restrain him! At the very least, rescue Elder Wu from his hands!"

The guards straightened, the weight of the disciples' words heavy in the air.

The captain's expression hardened once more.

He stepped forward, golden spear gleaming, his aura locking onto Bai Zihan like a mountain bearing down.

This wasn't a conflict that could be easily resolved. It involved Bai Zihan- someone even the Imperial Family regarded with caution-and the Azure Sun

Holy Sect, one of the Empire's Major Sects.

The guard captain knew he had to tread carefully; a single misstep could lead to severe consequences.

"Young Master Bai, his voice was grave, yet carried authority that could not be dismissed, "Step away from Elder Wu."

First and foremost, the most pressing matter was Elder Wu, who was still suffering under Bai Zihan's foot.

By returning him, the guard captain expected the Azure Sun Holy Sect's disciples to calm down, after which they could proceed to resolve this matter.

All eyes bore down on Bai Zihan-disciples watching with hope and hatred, guards waiting in tense readiness.

Yet Bai Zihan stood calm, composed, his smirk only deepening as if this whole situation wasn't even worth his seriousness.

The guards' demand had barely settled when a ripple spread through the surrounding streets.

Whispers. Shouts. Footsteps.

A crowd has begun to form where Bai Zihan and Azure Sun Holy Sect stood.

"What's happening here?"

"Is that... the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

"Is there a fight?"

The crowd swelled by the heartbeat, pressing in from alleys and rooftops.

And it only increased the moment people began to whisper about it being between Bai Zihan and Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Many had come to see what the infamous Bai Clan's heir is up to.

At the very center of it all stood Bai Zihan, his figure straight and unyielding, his boot still pinning Elder Wu's battered body into the ground.

The elder's blood seeped slowly into the cracks of the stone, painting a grotesque contrast to the calm, almost leisurely smile on Zihan's lips.

Gasps rippled through the onlookers as recognition dawned.

"That's... Elder Wu of Azure Sun?! Void Refinement Elder Wu?!"

"No way he looks like a beggar beaten in the streets!"

"He's missing an arm...! That-Bai Zihan did that?!" Shock gave way to exhilaration, disbelief curdling into fear.

For many, Elder Wu was a name spoken with awe-a Void Refinement Realm Cultvator, something that many wouldn't be able to reach.

Yet here, in the Capital's heart, he was nothing but a rag doll beneath a youth's heel.

"And what happened to the disciple of Azure Sun Holy Sect's disciple? Did they also got beaten up?"

"Yeah! I was here when Bai Zihan started to beat them up."

"What? Bai Zihan did that? Wasn't he supposed to be weak? Isn't that why he hasn't participated in Dragon and Phoenix Competition."

"I don't know. Just know that those disciples together were no match for Bai

Zihan." The Azure Sun disciples' faces burned red with humiliation, yet their voices rose with righteous fury.

"You all see it! This Bai brat dares humiliate a Void Refinement elder!"

"He tramples on our Sect's honor before the eyes of the Capital! Is the Empire truly going to allow this?!"

Their words spread like fuel over dry grass. The crowd erupted in speculation, half in disbelief, half in anticipation.

The pressure thickened. The guards tried to stop the crowd from forming and coming closer but weren't successful.

And yet-despite the suffocating weight of dozens of killing intents, despite the rage of the disciples, despite the gathering storm of rumors and eyes-Bai

Zihan stood calm.

No fear. No hesitation.

Only the faint curve of his lips as he glanced at the growing crowd, as though

every whisper, every gasp, every horrified stare was nothing more than applause to a performance he had already orchestrated.

He raised his gaze, locking eyes with the guard captain.

"Step away?"

His voice carried, smooth and unhurried, reaching every ear in the square.

"And tell me, what makes you think that I will do that?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 287 A Small Misunderstanding[ 1,459 words ]

### Chapter 287 A Small Misunderstanding

"Young Master Bai, this is no joking matter. Please, listen to us!"

The Captain Guard still tried to be polite, knowing who the person before him was.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, his smirk never wavering.

His boot ground down a fraction harder, wringing another pained groan from the elder beneath him.

"Tell me, do you know why this man lies here today?"

The words hung heavy.

The captain frowned. He didn't know the full truth-only that it was crucial to handle the situation swiftly.

If he failed, he would be remembered as the one who couldn't maintain peace and security during the Competition.

"He was trying to kill me."

Bai Zihan announced.

Murmurs surged.

"What... Elder Wu wanted to kill Bai Zihan?"

"There shouldn't be a conflict between Bai Zihan and Azure Sun Holy Sect, right?"

"Impossible! He's an Elder-why would he-?"

"But... if it's true... then isn't Bai Zihan's action justifiable?"

Bai Zihan's tone deepened, carrying the seriousness of the situation.

"So tell me how can I simply let him off?"

He spoke playfully, but everyone sensed the seriousness underneath.

To attempt murder in the Capital, and against the Bai Clan's heir no less, was a crime of the highest order.

"That's nonsense!"

"Yeah! Why would Elder Wu do something like this?"

"Bai Zihan is fabricating these lies."

The Azure Sun disciples immediately retorted, even though some suspected the truth.

If negotiations with Bai Zihan failed, then Elder Wu must have indeed tried to force Bai Zihan-though no one expected the elder to end up crippled and disgraced like this.

Still, without proof they would spin the story in their favor.

Bai Zihan sneered but remained silent.

The captain of the guards found himself in a dilemma.

He had considered ending the chaos quickly-thinking it was another of Bai Zihan creating problems-but he had not expected the dispute to escalate into something so grave.

If Bai Zihan's claim were true, it might be beyond this jurisdiction.

The guard captain swallowed.

Disciples of Azure Sun Holy Sect were still making noises and claiming that Elder Wu was wrongfully being accused.

"Enough! Quiet, everyone!"

He planted his spear until the metal sang; the square fell silent, save for ragged breaths and the distant murmur of the crowd.

"If Elder Wu has done nothing wrong, I assure you he will be returned without problem. But if he attacked Young Master Bai, then the Azure Sun Holy Sect should prepare themselves for the consequences."

His words stilled the Azure Sun disciples; if the truth came out, it would not bode well for their sect.

"Young Master Bai, I recommend you take this to the Royal Court. If what you say is true, the Empire will provide justice."

He needed to end the commotion. The captain could not settle such a high-stakes matter here.

Bai Zihan wasn't easily convinced.

Even with court proceedings and mountains of evidence, someone like Wu Zhankong-an important elder of a Major Sect-might evade real punishment. Rather than relying on others, Bai Zihan had always liked to take care of the problem himself.

Then another group pushed toward them, causing a commotion: Bai Xueqing and her entourage were about to reach the crowd.

!!!

Bai Zihan was quick to notice them.

Bai Zihan planned to leave before she noticed him.

He'd lost his bet, and Bai Xueqing had warned she'd make him serve her-he hoped to avoid that fate.

(It's all Nie Fengzhuo's fault!), he internally grumbled.

Even though it was his own choice to bet on Nie Fengzhuo thinking that he as Heaven Chosen one would win.

Anyway, time to escape!

"I've lost my interest," he said lightly, as if dismissing a pest.

With a casual backheel he kicked Elder Wu.

The old man tumbled across the cracked stone and skidded into the cluster of Azure Sun disciples, who scrambled to drag him back.

"Elder Wu!"

Relief washed over them-at least he was still alive.

But seeing him like this, they realized he would never be the same. His present was shattered, and his future now lay in ruins.

"Take him!" Bai Zihan called coldly.

"But let me warn you! If this was his own doing, so be it. But if the Azure Sun

Holy Sect had any part in this-prepare yourselves. I will wipe your little sect from the face of the world."

The warning landed like an omen. He sheathed his sword and began to stride away.

But Bai Xueqing had already seen him.

With a crowd this size and him being the center of attention, there was little chance of her missing him.

Her silver-blue eyes cut across the square like a blade, locking straight onto Bai Zihan.

"Bai Zihan!"

Bai Xueqing called out just as he was about to leave.

Bai Zihan stopped completely, the hint of a smirk softening into a full, almost

brotherly smile.

His icy demeanor melted as he turned to Bai Xueqing with exaggerated elegance.

"Oh, my dear sister, you were here? I didn't know!"

He said, putting on an almost believable act.

"Congratulations on becoming the Champion of the Dragon and Phoenix Ranking"

Bai Xueqing blinked, caught off guard. For a moment, she couldn't tell if he was mocking her or genuinely congratulating her.

His eyes, sharp and unreadable, flicked over her with that same calculated calm he always carried.

With his strength, she thought, he could have claimed the title himself without breaking a sweat.

The reasoning behind his absence gnawed at her curiosity, but she pushed it aside-for now, what mattered was the result.

She had won the Competition, which also meant the bet against Bai Zihan.

Bai Xueqing narrowed her eyes, her aura sharpening like frost.

"So, were you trying to run away, Bai Zihan?"

The question cut straight through the air, drawing murmurs from the crowd.

Her silver-blue gaze lingered on him, probing, as if daring him to deny it.

Bai Zihan chuckled softly, the sound carrying a faint lilt of amusement. He shook his head slowly, as though she had accused him of the most absurd

thing in the world.

"Misunderstanding, dear sister," he replied smoothly, his words silk over steel. "How could I possibly run away from you? There's no need for me to do so."

He replied.

Bai Xueqing studied him for a long moment, her suspicion plain.

And yet... there was no proof that he was lying.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, his smirk returning, playful and unreadable.

Bai Xueqing's gaze lingered on him, sharp as a blade.

"Then tell me what happened here?"

Bai Zihan spread his hands with casual ease, as if the answer were too trivial to matter.

"Nothing worth dwelling on. Merely a small misunderstanding with the Azure Sun Holy Sect."

The Azure Sun disciples nearly choked.

A small misunderstanding?

Their elder had been crushed into the ground, bones broken, reputation in tatters and with only one arm.

Then there were those who had also been beaten up by Bai Zihan.

If this was a small misunderstanding, what would an actual conflict look like—a massacre?

They rolled their eyes in secret, but none dared speak aloud.

If Bai Zihan decided to vent his annoyance, they might end up lying beside Elder Wu.

Moreover, Bai Zihan was willing to let things go though they don't know why, which is great for them.

If things went to court, there was a high chance that they would be guilty which wouldn't do good for them at all.

The disciple of Azure Sun Holy Sect gave a nod, agreeing with Bai Zihan's statement.

Bai Xueqing, however, wasn't so easily appeased.

(A small misunderstanding? Then why was there such a large crowd gathered? Why had the air been so thick with tension when she arrived?)

She didn't believe him, but pressing the matter here and now would only waste time.

She exhaled softly, her expression regaining its calm.

"Very well. If you're done here, come with me."

Bai Zihan's lips twitched. He was about to refuse, perhaps try to convince that the misunderstanding hasn't fully been resolved-

But before he could, the guard captain quickly stepped forward, seizing the opportunity. He bowed deeply.

"Yes, Mrs Bai Xueqing! Their conflict has been settled and Young Master Bai can leave!" The other guards echoed with sharp nods, their relief palpable. None of them wanted this storm to continue raging in the middle of the Competition.

With the opportunity that this chaos could be settled right here and now, they jumped on it.

Bai Zihan arched a brow, glancing at the guards with faint anger. They were practically shoving him toward his sister.

Now, he can't even make excuses to not leave with Bai Xueqing.

(I will remember this!)

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 288 The Bet Comes Due[ 1,436 words ]

### Chapter 288 The Bet Comes Due

The news about Bai Xueqing winning the Dragon and Phoenix Competition spread quickly.

Many thought it was only natural, as Bai Xueqing was the favorite to win-and she proved why she was considered the Number One talent of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Others felt it was a pity that Nie Fengzhuo couldn't seize victory and make history as the first to win the Dragon and Phoenix Competition without backing from a major sect or clan.

On the other hand, those who had staked their savings on Bai Xueqing came out triumphant.

Their cheers and laughter rang out without restraint as they celebrated their winnings.

Meanwhile, others like Bai Zihan, who had lost all their savings betting on someone else, could only cry in a corner.

Bai Xueqing wasn't going to stay in the Capital. Having finished with the competition, she was to return to the Bai Clan.

Of course, along with her, she also brought Bai Zihan on the Bai Clan's flying ship.

Bai Zihan also brought Kong Zhanghong and Jin Yuelin, who had stayed away from the battleground previously.

Jin Yuelin stayed behind Bai Zihan while Bai Xueqing stared at her, making her more nervous.

"Who is she?"

Bai Xueqing asked, a bit of anger in her tone.

Of course, she would be angry, since Chu Ziyuan was also with her, and as her friend, she wouldn't allow Chu Ziyuan's fiancé—who also happened to be her brother—to cheat on her.

Although Chu Ziyuan stated that she didn't care much about it, Bai Xueqing wasn't going to let Bai Zihan get away with it.

"Dear sister, can you stop glaring and scaring her away?"

Bai Zihan began.

"She is the sister of someone I know. She is talented and has been accepted into the Bai Clan recently. You can ask father if you doubt my words."

Bai Zihan replied.

Bai Xueqing listened with skepticism.

Jin Yuelin was just too close with Bai Zihan to be merely the sister of someone he knew.

Even if she were talented, that didn't explain why she had to be with Bai Zihan and hold his hand all the time.

"Hmph! Sister of someone you know? Then why was she holding your hand?" Bai Xueqing asked.

"She is just nervous. She has been sick since childhood and has never seen such a big crowd."

Bai Zihan answered calmly.

Bai Xueqing narrowed her eyes but saw no lies in Bai Zihan's expression.

Well, he had always been good at lying, and even if he did lie, it would have been impossible for her to tell.

Bai Xueqing did not back down. Her silver-blue eyes, colder than frost, shifted from her brother to the timid girl at his side.

The air on the deck seemed to tighten as her presence pressed forward.

She stepped closer, her voice clipped but not without a thread of courtesy.

"And you, lady...?"

Jin Yuelin flinched faintly under the weight of her gaze but straightened her back, forcing her voice steady.

"J-Jin Yuelin! That is my name."

The sound of it struck something in Bai Xueqing's memory.

Jin... Jin Yuelin? The syllables rolled in her mind like distant thunder. Her brows furrowed as fragments of memory aligned.

"Jin..." she murmured, before her tone hardened. "Jin Yuanzhan! What is your relationship to him?"

There was no way to miss that name, since Jin Yuanzhan was the prized genius of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

(Is he the one Bai Zihan is saying he knows?)

She wondered.

"He is my elder brother."

Bai Xueqing widened her eyes in confirmation.

(Indeed, it was Jin Yuanzhan. How did Bai Zihan know him?)

As far as she knew, there shouldn't have been any contact between the two.

Rather than being friends, she would have accepted it if it were said they were enemies since Jin Yuanzhan had harmed Lin Xuan, who was apparently still serving Bai Zihan like his master.

But what was with Bai Zihan looking after his sister?

More importantly, she was reminded of the very conflict between her brother and the Azure Sun not long ago.

(He said it was a small misunderstanding, but it seems like it has something to do with Jin Yuanzhan and his sister.)

Her gaze darted toward Bai Zihan.

"So, you were fighting with the Azure Sun Holy Sect... because of her?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"You can say that."

Bai Zihan answered.

Though the answer wasn't the full truth, it wasn't far off either. And he had no interest in explaining everything to Bai Xueqing.

"Hmph! Seems like she is more than just the sister of someone you know."

Bai Xueqing said with a sarcastic tone.

"Bai Zihan, you are already engaged. Do you have any idea how Chu Ziyan must feel-watching you so close with another girl?"

Her tone cracked like a whip, carrying the weight of both sisterly authority and personal indignation.

Chu Ziyan, who had been silent the whole time, flinched slightly.

A soft blush crept up her cheeks as all eyes turned toward her. She waved her hands hurriedly.

"Xueqing, L... I never said anything like that. You're speaking on your own!"

Bai Xueqing turned her gaze on Jin Yuelin, who stiffened as though caught in a storm's eye.

"As for you, young lady," Bai Xueqing said, her voice crisp as a blade of ice,

"Even if you are sheltered and timid, as a young lady you should know how to protect your dignity and keep your distance from men-especially Bai Zihan. You don't want your reputation ruined by getting entangled with someone like

him."

"Oie, oie," Bai Zihan cut in. "Don't talk as if my reputation is bad."

Bai Xueqing arched her brow, her silver-blue eyes glinting with sarcasm.

"Heh? Is it not?"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"My reputation is good. Very good. People used to call me the Number One genius of the Desolate Heaven Empire, you know. They praised my brain, my wit, and my talent. What would you know?"

He leaned back casually, as if basking in the memory of those praises.

Bai Xueqing's gaze sharpened, cold enough to cut through his nonchalance.

"Used to, yes. But times change, dear brother. That brilliance of yours? It's already stained. Now people whisper that you're a coward, a trickster who hides behind schemes and smooth words. A con man who only knows how to

deceive"

Her words struck with merciless precision, like icicles driven into the heart.

Indeed, last year, people had changed their opinion of Bai Zihan, and his reputation could be said to be at an all-time high, with people saying his talent was greater than Bai Xueqing's.

After all, there was news about Bai Zihan having defeated Bai Xinyue, who at the time was in the Spirit Severing Realm.

With him being able to threaten both Evil Cultivators and other Major Powers

to let Bai Xueqing walk away with the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, everybody agreed that no one could match his schemes.

But of course, over the years, doubt began to grow when Bai Zihan kept quiet and just cultivated.

To add salt to the wound, he also didn't participate in the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, which made people convinced that Bai Zihan was just a con man spreading fake events to boost his fame.

Kong Zhanghong, standing a little behind, felt a pang of discomfort but dared not speak.

He knew very well just how powerful Bai Zihan was, and that those rumors about him were all the work of the Li and Zhao Clans to discredit him. But talking back to Bai Xueqing was something he wasn't foolish enough to do. Bai Zihan only chuckled softly, his eyes flashing with an inscrutable

light. "Coward, con man... If that's what they choose to call me, then perhaps they're right. After all, the sheep must label the wolf somehow, don't they?"

Bai Zihan still didn't seem to care. With his reputation always being low, there was no way he would be shaken by anyone's opinion now.

Bai Xueqing only shook her head.

As someone who had known Bai Zihan all her life, she was well aware-her

brother had never cared about what others thought of him. If he did, he would have changed years ago.

A brief silence passed before Bai Xueqing leaned forward, her tone shifting. "Now then... shall we discuss our little bet, my dear brother?"

Her voice took on an unsettling edge-playful yet sinister-uncannily similar to Bai Zihan's own.

So alike, in fact, that even Chu Ziyan and Bai Zihan himself felt a shiver run down their spines.

Affectionate in sound, malicious in intent... that was exactly how Bai Zihan usually spoke and now it was how Bai Xueqing sounded. "You didn't think you could run away, did you?" Bai Xueqing pressed.

"There's no way I would," Bai Zihan replied smoothly. "I'm a man of my word.

How could I lie?"

Of course, it was a lie through and through.

If not for being caught by Elder Wu, he would have long since fled and avoided honoring the bet altogether.

But now... he had no choice but to do whatever Bai Xueqing demanded.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 289 Bai Xueqing's First Order[ 1,035 words ]

### Chapter 289 Bai Xueqing's First Order

A clumsy brother!

That's always been my impression of Bai Zihan ever since we were little.

He could trip over his own feet even on a perfectly straight path as if he couldn't see where he was going.

He could barely remember most people and had trouble recognizing them unless he heard their voice.

I didn't mind. After all, he was my little, cute brother.

But apparently, the same couldn't be said for the rest of the Bai Clan.

As the heir of the Bai Clan which has been decided since he was born, expectations for him were sky-high.

And then there were those who envied him simply because of the position he'd been born into.

I didn't think much of it back then.

Thinking that with position comes responsibility and no matter what, Bai Zihan will be my cute little brother.

But people change. He's changed, and so have I.

I saw Bai Zihan as an unchangeable troublemaker-someone who thrives on causing problems.

He's gone from that adorable little boy to someone who wouldn't even flinch if his actions led to someone's death.

And yet, one thing has stayed the same.

His cultivation, his strength... It always seemed to increase slowly. Despite Father and Mother's countless efforts, it never seemed to grow.

Until, in the blink of an eye, he became so powerful that even I can't grasp the depth of it.

Was he always hiding his strength? Or did he really become this powerful in a single year?

Both possibilities are equally unimaginable... and terrifying.

I've wondered for so long, and now... I finally have the chance to uncover the truth.

Bai Xueqing fixed her silver-blue eyes on Bai Zihan, sharp and commanding.

"I have some questions that I want you to answer honestly."

She said. She was going to use the bet to get an honest answer.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, that ever-present smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"I said I would do whatever you want three times. So... if I answer all your questions three times, that should count as fulfilling three of your requests."

Bai Xueqing's brow arched, unimpressed.

"No! That counts only once. I only want you to honestly answer my questions. That's just one request."

"Ah... but think about it. If I answer everything truthfully three separate times, isn't that technically doing whatever you want three times? So, that should be counted as three times."

Bai Zihan insisted.

"That should only be considered one request."

Bai Xueqing snapped, her tone sharper, leaving no room for argument. "No no! There is no way. One question should be equivalent to one request. Otherwise, couldn't you just order me to always tell the truth to you?"

Bai Zihan said but then regretted saying that.

!!!

"Well, isn't that a great suggestion!"

Bai Xueqing's eyes lit up, her expression bright with sudden enlightenment. "Leave it to you to come up with such clever ideas. Very well-my first order is this: you must always be honest with me. Whenever I ask a question, you will answer with the truth."

Bai Xueqing demanded.

"You can't do that!"

Bai Zihan tried to deny such a ridiculous order.

"Hmph! Who was it that said he would do whatever I said if he had lost his bet? Aren't you a man of your words?"

Bai Xueqing used Bai Zihan words against him.

(Me and my big mouth!)

Bai Zihan thought regretfully.

"Fine, Fine! Anyways, I am not much of a liar anyways."

Bai Zihan said, which also happens to be a big lie as well.

Bai Xueqing crossed her arms, with a smirk on her face.

"You will answer me truthfully, Bai Zihan. Starting now!"

Bai Xueqing said.

There was a bit of silence!

Chu Ziyang, Kong Zhanghong, and Jin Yuelin lingered a short distance away, their eyes drifting toward the pair of siblings.

None of them dared to interrupt-this was between Bai Xueqing and Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan and Bai Xueqing were siblings. What could possibly happen between them that they needed to worry about?

And it was just a question and answer session. There was no need to worry about anything.

Though they were certainly interested to find out what Bai Xueqing would ask and Bai Zihan's answer.

"My question is simple, Bai Zihan," she began.

"Have you truly grown stronger in such a short time... or have you been hiding your strength all along?"

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly, his smirk faint but steady.

For a long breath, he didn't answer.

"That's it?"

He finally said, his tone light, almost mocking.

"This is what you want to ask?"

Bai Xueqing's brow furrowed, her arms tightening across her chest.

"Don't play games with me. Answer me!"

Bai Zihan exhaled through his nose, his smirk deepening into something more enigmatic.

"Do you really think I could have hidden my strength from you? From Father and Mother? Since childhood?"

His gaze locked with hers, sharp and unwavering.

"Sister, aren't you overestimating me too much here?"

He said, but of course, Bai Xueqing wasn't satisfied with his answer.

Though she had also thought about that, believing that Bai Zihan grew so much in a year or two was also too much for her to accept.

Although there was Nie Fengzhuo, compared to Bai Zihan, he just fell short.

Perhaps that was one of the reasons why she didn't even think much when her ex-fiancé—who she used to look down on—appeared before her with strength

almost equal to hers.

Because she had seen a bigger monster.

But anyway, she wasn't going to be satisfied with Bai Zihan answering with mere rhetoric. She needed to hear the answer from his mouth.

Bai Zihan also seemed to have sensed that Bai Xueqing wasn't going to let him off with just that answer.

"I will give you a straight answer then. No!" he continued, voice smooth but calm. "I never hid my strength nor do I have any interest in doing that." Indeed, when it came to Bai Zihan, it would already be great if he didn't brag

and show off his power, rather than hiding it.

"You mean to tell me that you went from Core Formation Stage to Soul Formation Realm within a year?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"Isn't that what I said?"

Bai Zihan answered.

Bai Zihan had indeed gone from the Core Formation Stage to the Soul Formation Realm.

But was it viable?

Even in 20 years, to reach such a realm would be enough to be called a top genius throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire.

But doing it within a year-that was inhuman.

Something that just can't be accomplished.

Even when coming from Bai Zihan's mouth, Bai Xueqing couldn't believe it!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 290 Lanterns of Victory[ 1,086 words ]

Chapter 290 Lanterns of Victory

"How is that possible?"

Bai Xueqing muttered to herself.

Even through the history of 10,000 years there was no mention of a person who could do such a thing.

"Is that all? Then I will go and rest," Bai Zihan said lazily.

"Wait!"

But Bai Xueqing didn't let him escape.

There was no way she would let him leave as she still had questions that needed answers.

"How did you do that?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"What do you mean?"

Bai Zihan asked, feigning confusion.

"You know what I mean. How did you manage to advance from Core Formation Stage to Soul Formation Realm in a year-despite previously struggling to cultivate?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"Even if I answer, you won't understand."

Bai Zihan answered, which was somewhat true.

Would Bai Xueqing even know what a System was?

He could explain and perhaps she might understand, but there was no way he wanted to. Not to mention, that was the honest answer, not a lie.

So it wasn't like he was breaking his word either.

Bai Xueqing narrowed her eyes.

"Bai Zihan, you promised to answer me honestly."

"And I am being honest!"

Bai Zihan declared.

"I want you to explain to me clearly how you went from the Core Formation Stage to Soul Formation!"

Bai Xueqing demanded, not giving him any chance to change the narrative or leave without answering.

"Is that your second request?"

Bai Zihan asked.

After all, giving an honest answer and giving a full explanation weren't the same, were they?

!!!

"You..."

Bai Xueqing could clearly see that Bai Zihan didn't want to answer.

"You really don't want to answer this, isn't that right?"

Bai Xueqing assumed.

(Not really! But explaining everything would take quite a long time and even then, who knows whether she could even comprehend or believe it.)

"Whatever you think."

"Answer me!"

"Not really." Bai Zihan replied.

"So it isn't that you're bothered by the question, but that you just don't want to answer it?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"Yes! Now, can you stop asking me questions like an interrogation? I'd like to repeat-I have nothing to hide and don't mind answering questions, but it's annoying being doubted again and again."

Bai Zihan said with annoyance.

Bai Xueqing was silent for a second, thinking deeply about something.

"So, do you really want to know? I can tell you, but that would count as your second request."

Bai Zihan finally said.

Bai Xueqing thought for a while but then shook her head.

"No!"

She thought that if Bai Zihan was confident she wouldn't understand, then if she believed his words, she really wouldn't.

And in case he explained in a way that she couldn't understand, then she would only be wasting her two chances of having Bai Zihan do whatever she wanted. "Then if you don't have any other questions, my dear sister, I will be resting!"

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After a few hours, their flying ship had already reached the Bai Clan's estate.

The massive gates swung wide, and the clan's grand courtyard spread before them, glittering beneath lantern light.

The air was festive, filled with laughter, music, and the aroma of wine.

News had already reached the Bai Clan about the triumphant victory of their Young Miss, and they all awaited Bai Xueqing's arrival.

The Bai Clan had spared no effort.

Bai Tianheng, having received the message about their arrival, was also waiting for them.

At his side were elders and honored guests, all gathered to witness the return of their victorious young miss.

"Xueqing'er," Bai Tianheng's voice boomed warmly, pride gleaming in his eyes.

"You have brought glory to our clan. You did well!"

Bai Xueqing bowed deeply.

"Thank you, Father!"

Congratulatory voices rose from the elders and retainers. Cheers swept through the courtyard like a wave.

"As expected of Miss Bai Xueqing, you have brought honor to us all!"

"Congratulations, Lady Bai Xueqing! Truly, your talent is unmatched." "Miss Xueqing, you are indeed the pride of our younger generation." "Remarkable! With such strength, the Bai Clan will surely rise even higher!" "Congratulations, Young Miss! The heavens themselves must favor you!" But amidst the celebration, one figure couldn't help but walk away.

Bai Zihan!

Without a word, he stepped off the flying ship and stormed past the gathered crowd.

Bai Tianheng's brow furrowed slightly as he watched his son's retreating back.

"Now, what's up with him?"

Bai Tianheng muttered.

Bai Xueqing almost laughed.

Bai Zihan, who always thought he was invincible and right, had finally been brought down by her.

And she still had two opportunities to order Bai Zihan to do whatever she wanted.

He would certainly not be in a good mood.

(Hmph! Who told him to bet against his sister?)

Bai Xueqing thought.

Then she remembered Bai Zihan's strange obsession with Nie Fengzhuo and his insistence on bringing him to the Bai Clan.

Although she acknowledged that Nie Fengzhuo was indeed powerful and also had trump cards she didn't know of-ones that almost made him invincible. Without that mysterious person helping her, she would have lost.

(Did Bai Zihan know about Nie Fengzhuo and his mysterious power? Is that why he wants to bring him to the Bai Clan?)

(I should ask about that next time.)

For now, she needed to deal with all the elders and people who were here to see her after her victory.

The celebration carried on in waves of cheer, the courtyard alive with laughter, praise, and endless toasts.

Wine flowed like rivers, lanterns shone like stars, and everywhere Bai Xueqing turned, there were faces brimming with admiration.

But even as she returned their smiles and polite words, her silver-blue eyes flickered toward her father.

Bai Tianheng's face was unusually bright tonight.

His deep voice rumbled with warmth as he accepted congratulatory remarks from the elders and guests, but there was something more—an excitement that seemed to go beyond her victory.

Bai Xueqing narrowed her eyes slightly.

(It can't just be because of the competition. After all, if Bai Zihan had participated, he would have surely expected him to win. Yet he didn't. And Father didn't even force him. That alone shows Father doesn't place as much

weight on this event as others might think.)

When the crowd had thinned just enough, Bai Xueqing stepped closer.

"Father," she said directly, her tone firm but respectful. "You seem... unusually

happy. Surely it isn't only because I won Dragon and Phoenix Competition?" Bai Tianheng chuckled, his sharp gaze landing on his daughter.

"Of course, I am proud of you, Xueqing'er. You brought great honor to the clan, and as your father, how could I not be happy?"

"But," she pressed, tilting her head, "there's something else, isn't there?"

For a moment, Bai Tianheng's smile deepened, and he stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Didn't Zihan'er tell you?"

Bai Xueqing blinked, confusion flashing across her features.

"Tell me... what?"

Bai Tianheng sighed, shaking his head lightly.

"That boy... he doesn't like to bother with such things."

Her curiosity sharpened.

"Father, what is it?"

Bai Tianheng leaned closer, lowering his voice just enough so that only she could hear.

"We have found a method to control your power."

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 291 The Frost Immortal Scripture

"Though it was just Bai Zihan!"

Bai Xueqing's eyes widened when she heard those words. She couldn't believe it.

"You mean..."

"Yes! Your Ice Qi that goes out of control. Bai Zihan knows about your physique and even has a solution for it," Bai Tianheng replied enthusiastically.

He was very happy today because he thought that years of worry would finally be solved.

He even thought that perhaps Bai Zihan might have already taught the Ice Technique he mentioned to Bai Xueqing.

Well, Bai Zihan certainly wasn't in a hurry-unlike him.

Bai Xueqing was speechless for a second.

She hadn't even known that Bai Zihan was aware of her problem-let alone imagining that he would be the one to offer the solution to the issue that had haunted her for so long.

"Father, did Bai Zihan really say that he found the solution?"

Bai Xueqing was still skeptical.

After all, all the experts-including those in the Bai Clan and even the Heaven Sword Sect-couldn't figure out the problem, much less a solution.

And now, she was being told that her brother, who had been mostly incompetent until recent years, had the answer to something they didn't even fully understand?

Strangely, she didn't find it all that difficult to believe.

Perhaps because the shock of finding out that Bai Zihan has surpassed her within a year was still there.

Bai Tianheng nodded.

"I apologize, but I will be leaving the celebration early!"

Bai Xueqing said, to which Bai Tianheng didn't object. He already knew where she was heading.

Bai Zihan was sleeping on his bed.

Although as a cultivator-especially one in the Spirit Severing Realm-sleep wasn't really necessary, people didn't just sleep because it was required.

They did it because they wanted to.

Just like not everyone eats only to live; sometimes, people eat food because they want to.

No matter what kind of immortal cultivator he might become, Bai Zihan still found it difficult to cast away his habits from Earth.

It was like I might fly and survive without sleep or eating, but I still had to.

Well, he didn't mind since he enjoyed them.

Just when he was peacefully having a good dream-

Knock! Knock!

Bai Zihan tried to ignore it, thinking that without a response the other person would leave.

Especially if it was a servant who came to inform him of something-they should know to leave quietly after hearing no answer.

But-

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

It only became louder and more irritating.

"Which motherf\*\*ker dares disturb me?"

Bai Zihan stood up angrily, his sleep disturbed.

Bang!

"Who dares disturb this young master's sleep?"

Bai Zihan angrily opened the door-only to find Bai Xueqing.

(What does she want now?)

He thought that Bai Xueqing was there with another bombardment of questions.

"What do you want?"

Bai Zihan asked in an annoyed voice.

Bai Xueqing stared at him in silence.

???

(What's that supposed to mean?)

He had thought it was something urgent, but now Bai Xueqing was just quietly staring at his face, leaving him confused.

(Did she finally lose her mind?)

"Do you... know what kind of problem my body has?"

She finally opened her mouth.

Bai Zihan blinked once, then let out a small sigh.

(So that was what this was about.)

He was almost about to forget about that. He did tell his father that he would

teach Bai Xueqing the technique after the Competition.

"Yeah," he answered simply.

Her fingers tightened slightly at her side.

"When did you find out?"

"Only recently!"

His reply was plain and swift.

Silence fell between them once more. The corridor was quiet except for the faint flicker of lantern light against the walls.

"So, can you explain what's the deal with my body? Why does it get overpowered by Cold Qi?"

Bai Xueqing asked.

"Do you want to use your second request?"

Bai Zihan asked excitedly. Indeed, he leaves no opportunity unturned.

Bai Xueqing frowned, obviously displeased that Bai Zihan was still trying to get out of the bet while they were discussing something so important.

"Just kidding!"

Bai Zihan quickly added. No need to anger Bai Xueqing-who knows what kind of things she might demand.

Bai Zihan began to explain in a way similar to how he had explained it to Bai Tianheng.

"So, my physique is very powerful and I need to learn to handle it?"

Bai Xueqing repeated.

Bai Zihan nodded.

"Basically, yes!"

Bai Xueqing knew that while Bai Zihan said it like it was very easy to achieve, it would be quite difficult.

Since controlling such powerful power would require a powerful technique.

At the same time, Bai Zihan was looking at the System Store for the technique

he had found for Bai Xueqing.

It was ridiculously expensive!

Just then-while absentmindedly thinking about his System Points, another thought struck him.

(That Elder Wu... I defeated him. And he was in the Void Refinement Realm.)

His brows furrowed slightly.

(Shouldn't there be a reward for that? Especially since it was my first time defeating a Void Refinement cultivator.)

He rubbed his chin, running the numbers in his head.

(Plus there were also his disciples which I painstakingly defeated... the System should give me something substantial, right?)

He hoped at the very least.

He quickly moved to the [Rewards] section to check.

[Unclaimed Rewards Available]

Defeated Wu Zhankong: 3000 points ...Defeated...

Well, he only got 3000 System Points from having defeated Wu Zhankong, even though Wu Zhankong was significantly stronger.

There were also few points for beating up the disciples of Azure Sun Holy Sect but the rewards were only few points.

Adding the two, only 4,000 System Points were earned.

Well, it was better than not having at all.

[Changed Fate: Nie Fengzhuo, 5-Star Heaven's Chosen]

Description: Altered the destined outcome where your sister would have lost against a Heaven's Chosen, bringing humiliation to the Bai Clan.

By overturning this fate, Nie Fengzhuo's luck and mentality have suffered

significant damage.

Reward: Frost Immortal Scripture (Saint-Grade!)

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 292 When System Rewards[ 961 words ]

### Chapter 292 When System Rewards

(What!)

Bai Zihan's eyes widened as he stared at the glowing line of text.

[Reward: Frost Immortal Scripture (Saint-Grade!)]

His breath nearly hitched.

A Saint-Grade Technique-he only had one, and even that was something he couldn't use properly.

Now, he was getting one for free?

(You've got to be kidding me... I didn't even do anything for this one!)

At least, that's what he thought at first. He rubbed his temples, trying to make sense of it.

But then...

He didn't directly defeat Nie Fengzhuo, but he had certainly influenced the result indirectly.

Nie Fengzhuo should have won against Bai Xueqing-at least in the so-called "normal" flow of fate.

That's how it was supposed to happen. Yet reality had shattered that outcome completely.

Firstly, there was the Immortal Emperor Feilian helping Bai Xueqing.

However, in a normal story, Bai Xueqing shouldn't have been able to push Nie Fengzhuo to that point.

Secondly, Chu Ziyang. He hadn't thought much about it when he gave her the Earth-Grade Cultivation Technique.

But she was certainly one of the factors that led to Nie Fengzhuo's loss.

If not for giving her that Cultivation Technique-which he had casually brought from System Store to rope in Lin Xuan-Chu Ziyang would still be cultivating with her Clan's Technique.

With that, she wouldn't have grown strong enough to make Nie Fengzhuo use his trump card or injure him.

Side characters like Chu Ziyang shouldn't have been able to make such an impact, yet she did.

And then, Bai Xueqing.

Well, Bai Zihan wasn't sure whether she had changed because of him or not. After all, she was powerful before and is now as well.

Not easy to judge, but the other factors should have been all due to him.

Still, he didn't think it was possible to get a reward for something he didn't do directly.

(But to give a Saint-Grade Technique as a reward... did the System suddenly become generous after seeing that I'd gone broke?)

Not to mention, it was a technique that fit Bai Xueqing perfectly. It was literally telling him to give it to her.

With that, he became a bit skeptical.

Does the System know what he is doing? Is it sentient being?

Not sure-but at least the System clearly knew about every event that happened.

(I shouldn't be some kind of vessel for another being or anything, right? That would be f\*\*ked up!)

Though, if such a powerful being existed, why would it even choose him?

Moreover, the System had been with him from birth.

For now, he couldn't be sure of the answers.

Perhaps in the future.

Anyway, it was good that he didn't need to spend his already low System Points and had the perfect technique for Bai Xueqing and her physique.

(But should I?)

Bai Zihan thought, a bit afraid of what might come from giving her such a powerful technique.

Bai Xueqing was already quite powerful. Her becoming even stronger wasn't necessarily good for him, now was it?

(There shouldn't be a problem!)

Well, he decided to keep it as her reward for being able to defeat Heaven's Chosen.

Being able to defeat a Heaven's Chosen, and that too without a System like his -he don't know how difficult that was.

Still, despite all the odds, Bai Xueqing was able to do it, proving that fate was something that could be changed.

He, too, realized that only after witnessing it. Before, he thought that as long as he didn't get involved, these so-called sons of Heaven would follow their

destiny.

But Bai Xueqing proved him wrong.

Moreover, if she could catch up to him all because of this Technique-even though he had a System-then it was a sign that he needed to work even

harder.

"System, claim all the rewards!"

Bai Zihan whispered under his breath.

"What are you whispering about?"

Bai Xueqing asked, seeing Bai Zihan act strangely.

"Nothing," Bai Zihan replied casually, waving a hand as if brushing away the question.

Instead, he fixed her with a serious gaze, his usual playful tone gone.

"Listen carefully. What I'm about to give you... it's not an ordinary technique. It's extremely powerful. You must keep this a secret. No matter what happens, you can't tell anyone. Not our parents, not your master. Do you understand?"

Her brows furrowed slightly.

She thought that Bai Zihan was exaggerating as usual. No matter how powerful a technique was, it shouldn't be to the point that she couldn't even tell her

parents.

She had even learned the "Glacial Heaven Seal-Absolute Frost Domain!" from the ancient ruin, and she didn't think Bai Zihan could possibly have something

stronger than that.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan knew the implications of a Saint-Grade Technique, which was essentially nonexistent in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Or even if it did exist, it would be kept as an absolute secret.

After all, it wouldn't just be the Li or Zhao Clans going after it-even the

Empire, perhaps even other Empires, might also join in.

That was how precious a Saint-Grade Technique was.

It was also for Bai Xueqing's own good. She wasn't nearly strong enough yet to

defend herself if word got out.

The fewer people who knew, the better.

"Fine!"

She said at last, nodding reluctantly. She didn't think it was such a big deal, but seeing Bai Zihan so serious, she knew she had to agree.

Moreover, she had no problem keeping a secret-as long as this nightmare of a

problem was finally gone.

"Good!"

Then he added, "And one more thing. This goes double for your physique. Don't

ever let anyone know about it."

Bai Zihan warned.

If some knowledgeable old monster discovered that she carried the Heavenly

Ice Body, who knew what kind of trouble that would bring?

Both her physique and the Technique were equally not to be told to others.

"Alright, alright!"

She said, becoming a bit annoyed with Bai Zihan's excessive caution.

It was only because she didn't truly understand just how powerful her physique was-or what Bai Zihan was about to give her.

Bai Zihan finally leaned back, his lips curling into a small smile.

"Good. At least you can be obedient sometimes."

Her eyes narrowed instantly. "Hmph! Don't push your luck."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 293 Cultivating the Heavenly Ice Body[ 1,428 words ]

### Chapter 293 Cultivating the Heavenly Ice Body

Bai Zihan moved toward the study table and sat down, pulling out brush, ink, and jade slips. His expression hardened, the usual casual smirk nowhere to be seen.

He dipped the brush in ink, his hand steady as he began to write stroke after stroke upon a fresh scroll.

Bai Xueqing sat nearby, hands clasped tightly in her lap. She waited patiently, not daring to disturb Bai Zihan as she sat there.

Time seemed to blur.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Bai Zihan exhaled and placed the brush down.

Before him lay a complete set of intricate characters that pulsed faintly with a chilling aura-the Frost Immortal Scripture.

The ink hadn't even fully dried, yet a thread of frost crawled along the surface of the scroll.

Bai Zihan leaned back, rubbing his wrist. His eyes lingered on the scripture for a long moment before he turned to Bai Xueqing.

"Here it is!"

He said, handing over the Frost Immortal Scripture.

"The technique that will let you control your Heavenly Ice Body."

Bai Xueqing took the scroll, still uncertain about it. Well, he shouldn't be joking about this... at least, she thought.

"Now, leave! I have important things to do!"

Bai Zihan then shoed her away like some bothersome dog.

Well, his 'important things' should just be lazing around and sleeping.

\*\*\*

Bai Xueqing left Bai Zihan's room, the scroll pressed firmly against her chest. Until she cultivated it herself, there was no way of knowing whether it could truly help her-but she hoped so. She had to.

Walking down the quiet corridor, she soon reached her room.

Pushing the door open, she saw her best friend leaning lazily against the window, moonlight spilling over her shoulders.

Chu Ziyang looked up at once.

"Where did you disappear off to?"

She asked curiously.

"To Bai Zihan's Room."

Bai Xueqing replied honestly.

Chu Ziyang blinked, then tilted her head in confusion.

(Did she have something else to ask?)

Chu Ziyang too was still shocked at the truth about Bai Zihan-how he went from Core Formation Stage to Soul Formation Realm in a single year. Well, she had expected as much. Otherwise, years ago, when he schemed against her and she beat him up, he wouldn't have been able to resist at all.

She didn't think Bai Zihan was the type to take a beating lying down if he had any strength.

Well, it was also his own fault for trying to bully her when she first came to the Bai Clan.

Chu Ziyang couldn't help but grin as the memory surfaced.

That nine-year-old troublemaker!

A mischievous little devil, really. She had always enjoyed straightening him out whenever she visited, though back then he would dodge her like the plague.

But now, even the presence of sect masters and clan leaders seemed nothing more than a nuisance to him.

(How time flies.)

"Bai Zihan? What for?"

Chu Ziyang asked.

"I had something to discuss with him," Bai Xueqing answered simply, her expression giving nothing away.

Though she trusted Chu Ziyan more than anyone, Bai Zihan's warning still rang clear in her mind.

Before Chu Ziyan could press further, Bai Xueqing waved her hand.

"You should rest!"

She said as she was about to leave.

"And where are you going now?"

Chu Ziyan asked, puzzled.

"I have something to try out in the Cultivation Room!"

Chu Ziyan studied her for a moment, then sighed and nodded.

"Fine. Don't overwork yourself"

Bai Xueqing smiled faintly before leaving, her steps quickening.

\*\*\*

Inside her private cultivation room, silence reigned.

"Huuu..."

Bai Xueqing took a deep breath.

She placed the scroll carefully before her. The faint frost it emitted made her fingers tingle even without touching it.

Taking another deep breath, she slowly unrolled it.

Bai Xueqing's eyes shone.

"Let's see," she muttered to herself.

Crossing her legs, she straightened her back, closed her eyes, and began to cultivate according to the Frost Immortal Scripture.

At once, the cold surged through her meridians, sharp yet pure-like countless threads of winter weaving into her body.

Her Heavenly Ice Body responded.

The Heavenly Ice Body, which had always been a burden, flaring and rampaging at the slightest disturbance, suddenly shifted.

The once-uncontrollable streams of frigid qi responded.

The wild frost that constantly gnawed at her dantian began to flow smoothly, as if finally being guided.

It was as though her body, for the first time, had found a language it could understand.

Bai Xueqing's cultivation base trembled.

-Buzz!

Her meridians vibrated, her dantian pulsed, and her realm surged like a flood breaking through a dam.

!!!

Her eyes snapped open, glimmering with shock.

"This is..." Her voice trembled as visible wisps of frost escaped her lips.

Her cultivation speed wasn't just double or triple-no, it felt like it was ten times faster than before!

It was definitely not something an Earth-Grade Cultivation Technique could achieve.

"Frost Immortal Scripture... Could it be a Heaven-Grade Technique?"

(But even Heaven-Grade Techniques shouldn't be so strong, right?)

It didn't just feel like a stronger cultivation technique-it felt like it was on a whole other spectrum entirely.

But of course, she reasoned, perhaps it was because the technique suited her Heavenly Ice Body so perfectly, resulting in such a drastic effect.

Heart pounding, Bai Xueqing shut her eyes again and focused.

She lost herself in cultivation.

Hours passed in what felt like mere moments.

When she finally opened her eyes again, the sun was rising.

The air was frigid enough to freeze droplets of dew into glittering crystals.

Her chest rose and fell rapidly, her body still tingling with Qi. She sat in silence for a few moments, awed, unable to believe it.

Finally, her lips parted, a faint whisper slipping into the frozen air.

"Could this be... a Saint-Grade Technique?"

Her hands trembled slightly as she tightened her grip on her robes.

Previously, she thought it might be a Heaven-Grade Technique, which was already unbelievable.

But this technique was just too powerful. Perhaps-just maybe-it was something that wasn't supposed to exist in the Desolate Heaven Empire... a Saint-Grade Technique.

Bai Xueqing shook her head.

"There's no way!"

Not to mention-would Bai Zihan even give her one if he had such a thing?

But even so, this technique was surely the strongest she had ever seen or heard of.

For that, she was incredibly grateful.

"Bai Zihan... where did he even find this?"

She wondered.

Was it something he stumbled upon-or just maybe, something he went out of his way to obtain?

The latter seemed incredibly unlikely. Though secretly... she hoped it was the one.

\*\*\*

Celebration continued across the Bai Clan.

Winning the Dragon and Phoenix Competition was not something to be taken

lightly and the celebration definitely wouldn't be over with just one night.

The next day was even grander than the last.

Guests poured in from every corner of the Desolate Heaven Empire-envoys from great sects, emissaries of noble clans, even wandering experts who normally kept themselves aloof.

Some came bearing congratulatory gifts, others came with thinly veiled ambitions, seeking to draw closer ties with the new undisputed overlord of the younger generation.

Banners of crimson and gold fluttered proudly above the main gates, each embroidered with the Bai Clan crest.

Inside, an endless stream of cultivators passed through the courtyards, guided

by servants toward the great hall where banquets stretched endlessly and rare wines flowed like rivers.

Bai Tianheng stood at the center of it all, dignified and unyielding.

His voice, calm yet commanding, carried easily as he received one delegation after another.

To some, he offered polite words of acknowledgment. To others, he gave nothing more than a faint nod.

The Bai Clan was now firmly established as the strongest clan in the empire.

The absence of Bai Xueqing did not go unnoticed.

Whispers stirred among guests who had expected to catch a glimpse of the Heavenly Ice Fairy herself, whose brilliance had dazzled the competition. Yet none dared to voice a complaint.

For the Bai Clan Leader himself was present, and his aura alone was enough to silence a hundred doubts.

Those who were wise understood well: in this empire, the Bai Clan's word was law.

Yet, celebrations brought with them not only congratulations but also schemes. The Heavenly Ice Fairy's name was now known throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire. Her victory against a Heaven's Chosen had elevated her to a height few could reach. Naturally, what followed was inevitable.

One after another, emissaries and envoys approached Bai Tianheng, their voices honeyed, their words wrapped in courtesy. But beneath it all, their intentions were clear.

Marriage proposals!

Some came from great sects, offering treasures, rare spirit herbs, and promises of alliance if Bai Xueqing could be wed into their lineage.

Others came from noble clans, claiming their young geniuses were worthy of standing at her side.

A few even went so far as to suggest political unions that would bind the Bai Clan to entire regions of power.

In the outer halls, gossip swirled like wildfire.

"Did you hear? The Crimson Thunder Palace offered their Young Lord as a match!"

"Tch, there is also from Top Ten Clans."

"Hah, even the Imperial Family sent word. Can you imagine the Heavenly Ice Fairy as a princess consort?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 294 Husband for Bai Xueqing?[ 950 words ]

### Chapter 294 Husband for Bai Xueqing?

There were the dull pops of fire crackers, then cheers, and shouts from nearby thousands of revellers.

The Bai Clan's party had carried through the night and into the morning, yet their courtyards were still full of guests.

But in a serene courtyard, the young master of the Clan was still sleeping.

"Young Master, wake up!"

Luo Qing said.

Still there was no response from Bai Zihan.

Having no choice, Luo Qing decided to enter Bai Zihan's room.

The door opened, and a pair of soft feet took the floor as Luo Qing entered quietly.

Luo Qing nudged Bai Zihan gently.

"Good morning! Young Master, wake up!"

Luo Qing repeated.

"Ugh! What is it, Luo Qing?"

A groan came from the bed. Bai Zihan inquired with his eyes closed.

"Young Master, your father is looking for you!"

Luo Qing said.

Bai Zihan turned over lazily under the silk covers, rubbing his eyes.

He sat up, the tangle of his hair tumbling over his forehead into eyes that yawned wide.

"What does that old man want now?"

Bai Zihan said with a yawn.

Perhaps in the Entire Bai Clan, only Bai Zihan dared to address Bai Tianehng like that.

"What time is it?"

He muttered.

"It's already past noon," Luo Qing quickly reminded, and a basin of water was being prepared.

"The Clan Leader is playing host to visitors from all over the empire. He said he wanted you with him."

"Tch... What

Bai Zihan said.

waste of time!"

Seeing one influential figure after another gathered here, it was clear the Bai Clan's strength now stood above all others--but Bai Zihan, of course, couldn't be bothered to care about such things.

If it were others, they would be happy about such a thing.

Luo Qing didn't comment on that.

Bai Zihan lifted his legs off the bed, and stretched like a cat.

Luo Qing quickly assisted him to wash, and helped him change his clothes, no longer sparing any neatness for his robes.

The act itself had brought the young master from absent youth to someone more fitting his title--an heir with shrewd eyes and a presence that couldn't be missed no matter how aloof he tried to appear.

As soon as Bai Zihan left tendered his compound, the mood hit him in full.

Even the air was filled with a rich heady scent of spirit wines and roasted spirit beast meat, while multicoloured banners walled all around.

Servants scurried back and forth, bearing trays of gifts and jade scrolls.

Helped by Luo Qing, Bai Zihan entered the grand hall.

There, amidst all that sea of dignitaries and big fishes, Bai Tianheng cut. tall figure with hearty laughter yet an awe-inspiring presence.

He seemed more relaxed than usual, chatting with sect masters and patriarchs and wandering experts.

When Bai Zihan entered the grand hall, all eyes landed on him.

There was a collective murmur that pulsed throughout the audience and almost immediately a few sect leaders and some heads of clan leaned closer to each other, their eyes flaring with acknowledgment.

"So that is the young master of the Bai Clan..."

"Indeed! What a presence! A sharp gaze, yet unfathomable. As would befit the heir of the Bai Clan!"

"Hahaha! Young Master Zihan is truly a dragon returning to paradise and the phoenix ascending. No wonder the Bai Clan is flourishing!"

"With that bearing, one can already glimpse the might of a future Lord. The younger generation of our empire pales in comparison!"

Compliments started to flow, each more effusive than the last.

The words felt honeyed, each full mouth of them were polished till they gleamed.

Yet Bai Zihan's expression remained completely unchanged. He didn't even smile or nod, let alone express any false humility.

To him, these words were no different than buzzing flies.

Disregarding every congratulating voice, Bai Zihan strode forwards; his pace was slow, the only thing he focused on was that tall and hearty figure laughing in the middle.

"Father," Bai Zihan said, breaking into the air before it had a chance to settle.

Bai Tianheng's hearty laugh tapered off, and the Clan Leader turned with a smile.

His eyes flickered with both pride and amusement as he saw his son's indifference to the sycophants surrounding them.

"Ah, if it isn't my son!"

The Hall fell silent as Father and Son conversed.

"I was waiting for you!"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"What's the problem?"

"Zihan'er, as the heir of the Bai Clan, you cannot spend all your time sleeping

and hiding away. Today, people from every great power in the Desolate Heaven Empire and beyond are gathered here. Sect heirs, clan young masters, and disciples of renowned elders-you must use this opportunity to build

connections."

Bai Zihan's face immediately changed, but Bai Tianheng didn't wait for him to refute.

"This is not just a matter of politeness. The relationships developed today can form the basis of alliance tomorrow."

Bai Tianheng's eyes narrowed slightly, his voice dropping so only Bai Zihan could hear.

"And what's more, a lot of them are here for one reason-to claim your sister as their bride. Top Sect, Imperial Clan, even some Top Ten Clans are now knocking on the door. As her brother, you should see whether they are truly

worthy for Xueqing'er."

His words hung in the air.

Bai Zihan's eyes twitched.

For one, he didn't think he was needed here to form connections.

As a cultivator in the Great Ascension Realm, Bai Tianheng could very well live for hundreds of years.

So was there really any need for him, the son, to forge relationships now?

Perhaps only in the case of his father's death-but with the Bai Clan's current strength, was that even necessary?

Secondly, looking for a husband for Bai Xueqing?

Not to mention whether she even wanted one, was there even someone capable of handling her?

Wouldn't that just be him deliberately throwing someone into misery?

That poor soul might as well be cursed for life.

"Don't worry!" Bai Tianheng said with a laugh.

"They are just like you-members of the younger generation. We old ones have our own gathering, while they're in a separate courtyard. Go there!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 295 Hearts on the Line[ 1,126 words ]

### Chapter 295 Hearts on the Line

The sound of music and laughter carried in a courtyard filled with young people.

Unlike the stately solemnity of the main hall, the courtyard of the younger generation was vibrant with life.

Lanterns of pale jade shimmered above, spirit wines poured freely, and youths of noble blood mingled like sparrows in spring.

"Did you see her? Bai Xueqing... truly like a fairy descended. I swear, when she lifted her sword in the competition, even the clouds seemed to pause!"

"Not only her beauty-her strength! Winning with such composure, such grace. That final strike-ha! If she had aimed at me, I'd have surrendered without question."

"I fell in love the moment I lay my eyes on her. She is truly the Most Beautiful Girl in Desolate Heaven Empire-No, in the world."

Murmurs of agreement rippled.

Bai Xueqing's name circled again and again, her victories and her beauty woven together until she seemed less a person and more a legend crafted in the span of a night.

Of course, there were also girls in the courtyard who watched with thinly veiled envy, displeased that all the attention was focused on Bai Xueqing.

They considered themselves just as beautiful, deserving of admiration and praise-but such thoughts they kept firmly to themselves, never daring to voice them aloud.

"Why isn't Bai Zihan or Bai Xueqing here? Shouldn't bai Clan at least send one of them to entertain us?"

The chatter stilled for a moment, many nodding in agreement.

As honored guests, they deserved to be attended not just by servants, but by someone of high standing within the Bai Clan-leaving only Bai Xueqing and Bai Zihan as suitable hosts.

"Ah... Bai Zihan! They say his talent eclipses even Xueqing's. I wondered whether it is true?"

"He didn't even participate? Surely, he would have if those rumors were true. Moreover, he is infamous for being a waste. I don't think people change that easily, especially their talent.""

"But I heard that he beat up Azure Sun Holy Sect including their elder. It seems like he is as ruthless as before."

"No matter, he is the heir of the most powerful Clan in Deoslate Heaven Empire. He must have a lot of bodyguards to help him deal with people he doesn't like."

They didn't believe Bai Zihan alone could handle the Azure Sun Holy Sect, especially Elder Wu, yet they knew that with the support of the Bai Clan behind him, accomplishing it would be effortless.

And amidst those words, Bai Zihan finally stepped into the courtyard.

!!!

"Shh... Bai Zihan is here!"

The conversations faltered, some eyes widening, others darting away in sudden guilt.

The young master's presence, casual as it was, felt like a stone thrown into a still pond-ripples of unease and curiosity spreading instantly.

The courtyard, once filled with chatter and laughter, was smothered into silence.

The music faltered, the notes hanging awkwardly in the air before the musicians lowered their hands.

Dozens of eyes fixed on him-some with awe, some with fear, others with envy.

Bai Zihan strolled in without hurry, his posture unhurried yet carrying a presence that pressed against the hearts of everyone gathered.

Whether he was truly powerful or not, one thing was certain-his presence was unmistakable, commanding attention and respect from everyone around.

He stopped in the very center of the courtyard, the silk of his robes brushing faintly against the jade tiles.

His gaze swept across the assembled heirs and prodigies, sharp as lightning yet effortless.

"I am Bai Zihan," his voice cut through the hush, smooth but unyielding. "The heir of the Bai Clan."

The words landed like a declaration, leaving no room for denial.

"Well, you had come here, you would know that at least."

A ripple of tension spread. Some lowered their heads instinctively, others tried to hold his gaze and failed.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed ever so slightly. He raised his chin, as though appraising goods in a market rather than dignitaries and chosen sons of great clans.

"I heard," he continued, his tone deceptively calm, "that among you, there are some who wish to marry my sister, Bai Xueqing"

The air thickened. Several throats tightened.

"Please," Bai Zihan said, his lips curling into the faintest ghost of a smile, "step to the side!"

The silence stretched. No one moved.

Bai Zihan let it hang, his gaze sweeping across the youths like a blade gliding over their throats.

Then, his lips parted, voice curling with scorn.

"What? Not a single one of you dares to step forward?"

The words struck harder than a slap.

"You gather here, whispering like lovestruck children, yet when asked, you

shrink back like cowards. If you don't even have the courage to admit your own feelings, how do you intend to win the heart of the Champion of the Dragon

and Phoenix Ranking?"

His tone was neither loud nor harsh, but the ridicule laced within made more

than a few faces flush crimson.

A murmur rippled, uneasy and self-conscious.

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue softly.

"Pathetic! Is this the so-called pride of the younger generation of the Desolate Heaven Empire? Don't you even have courage to admit your feelings?"

Then Bai Zihan's eyes softened ever so slightly, though his smile remained sharp.

"Listen carefully. I was sent here by my father, Bai Tianheng himself. As her brother, and as heir of this clan, I have the right to speak for Xueqing. If I am pleased, if I find even a shred of worth among you, then you will have a chance

at marriage with Bai Xueqing."

That single line shifted everything.

"So, I repeat, those who want to marry my sister, step aside!"

Eyes that had been hesitant moments before now flickered with fire.

If this was something like a test then how can they miss such an opportunity?

Some who didn't even propose also joined in, thinking that even they might have a shot at the marriage.

The courtyard split. Dozens of figures moved, stepping to the side, forming a line beneath the pale jade lanterns.

Bai Zihan's smirk widened as he regarded them like prey that had taken the bait.

"So," he said, voice leisurely but carrying to every ear, "you all are here for Bai Xueqing?"

"Yes!"

The word rang out, not from one, but from many voices at once.

It resounded like thunder across the courtyard, filling the silence with fervor.

Some shouted with pride, others with shaky resolve, but all of them echoed the same affirmation.

Bai Zihan's eyes curved faintly, though no warmth reached them. He lifted his hands slowly, palms pressing together in a deliberate clap.

"Excellent. Everyone, applaud them," he said smoothly, his tone heavy with mockery.

"Applaud these brave men who dare to risk their lives. I really admire their courage."

A wave of confusion swept through the group.

"Risk... our lives?"

"What does he mean?"

"Didn't we just say we admire Lady Xueqing?"

...

Confusion appeared on the faces of everyone present-how did coming to propose marriage turn into "risking their lives"?

Of course, not wanting to offend Bai Zihan, those who had not proposed and were merely watching still clapped their hands as instructed, even though they had no idea why.

## Chapter 296 To make her fall in love, make her laugh!

### Chapter 296 To make her fall in love, make her laugh!

Bai Zihan's grin widened, a flash of teeth glinting beneath the pale glow of the jade lanterns.

Since Father gave him such an important mission, he need to make sure to take it seriously.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, his voice smooth yet carrying a strange weight, "do you know what qualities one must have to become my sister's husband?"

The question hung in the air. Then one after another spoke out in eagerness, desperate to answer correctly.

"Good cultivation, of course! Strength to match her status!"

"Fame-without matching the fame of Fairy Bai Xueqing, how can one be shameless enough to claim her?"

"Background! Only a family with enough prestige can stand beside her."

"It must be appearance! Otherwise, how can one make a good couple with Bai Xueqing, hailed as the Number One Beauty?"

Their answers tumbled out in rapid succession, each trying to sound more certain than the last.

But Bai Zihan shook his head, his expression that of a teacher disappointed with slow students.

"No! None of that matters."

A wave of confusion hit them again.

What could be more important than the things they had listed? Surely at least one answer had to be correct, they thought.

"You all got it wrong. The true answer," Bai Zihan said, his voice dropping to a soft, cutting drawl, "is this: someone who can make her laugh."

"Make her laugh?"

"Well, it does make some sense!"

"If it is her brother speaking, then it must be true."

Many discussed Bai Zihan's words. The more they thought about it, the more it seemed reasonable.

After all, Bai Xueqing was already unmatched in cultivation talent, strength, background, fame, and beauty.

There was no one here who could surpass her in those things.

Others even felt a bit relieved. If it truly came down to something as simple as making her laugh, then perhaps they still had a chance.

Luo Qing stood behind Bai Zihan, not knowing how to react to her Young Master doing whatever he wanted and it is for deciding Bai Xueqing marriage. (Don't let Miss find out, otherwise Young Master would suffer again!)

Bai Zihan's grin sharpened as the murmurs buzzed among the guests. His voice rang out once more.

"Now then-since you are all so eager to prove yourselves... let us see if you truly possess this 'talent.'"

His gaze swept across them, and the smirk on his lips deepened.

"To determine whether you can bring even a flicker of joy to my sister's life, we shall hold a contest."

He raised his hand, his finger tapping against his palm as if sealing the decree.

"Anyone who can make me laugh... shall be considered to have passed the first stage toward Bai Xueqing's hand in marriage."

The words fell like a boulder into the courtyard pond.

"What? Make him laugh?"

"This... is the test?"

"Surely, he's not serious..."

Murmurs burst like scattered sparks-some incredulous, others nervous, while a few even looked faintly hopeful.

A group of younger heirs brightened with excitement, whispering to each other.

If this is truly the test, then maybe we have a chance! It's not about cultivation, fame, or wealth... It's about wit!

But not all shared that eagerness.

The face of Yu Wenzhao-the Third Prince of the Empire-darkened visibly. His proud bearing stiffened as if he had been insulted.

He took a step forward, voice heavy with displeasure.

"Bai Zihan," the prince said, every word weighed with authority, "I am a prince of the Desolate Heaven Empire. Must someone of my standing truly stoop to such a farce? A person like me should be considered qualified regardless."

There were murmurs of support from other candidates with profound backgrounds, who likewise considered such a contest insulting.

The air tightened. Many looked between the Third Prince and Bai Zihan, wondering if a clash would erupt.

Surely, a person of the Third Prince standing wouldn't foolish go along with what Bai Zihan's wants, right?

And they didn't think Bai Zihan would also make someone like the Third Prince go through something like this.

Bai Zihan, however, merely widened his grin. His eyes lit up with mockery as he folded his hands behind his back.

"Oh? It's Your Highness!"

He said warmly, as though greeting an old friend.

"I didn't know his highness was also interested in my sister. She sure is lucky!"

Bai Zihan's words of praise eased the Third Prince's pride, making him feel that at least Bai Zihan still knew his place-and that there was no need for him to lower himself by playing along with such a game.

"But I cannot play favorites. Rules are rules. If Your Highness finds this contest beneath you, then you may opt out. No one is forcing you."

The courtyard fell still.

In the end, Bai Zihan still gave no face to the Third Prince.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly, his gaze like a knife sliding over the prince's pride.

"Only those truly serious about pursuing Bai Xueqing will remain here. If one cannot even endure a little test such as this..."

He let his words trail off, a soft chuckle escaping him. "...then how could they endure her?"

Luo Qing was left speechless. Bai Zihan made it sound as though dealing with Bai Xueqing was harder than dealing with him-when in reality, it was the opposite.

While Bai Xueqing was difficult to approach, at least she was always calm and polite. Bai Zihan, on the other hand... Well, how he treated you depended entirely on his mood that day.

But of course, Bai Zihan was speaking from his own experience and bias. He believed he was easier to get along with, while his sister was the difficult one-typical sibling thing.

Anyways, the implication was clear-withdraw if you want but you will no longer be qualified to marry Bai Xueqing.

Third Prince Wenzhao was clearly furious, but he had to think of the

implications.

If he could win Bai Xueqing's hand, the throne itself would be within reach.

Not to mention, Bai Xueqing, in every aspect, was perfect. She was the kind of wife no man could ever be dissatisfied with.

Even without the throne, she was worth the struggle.

But of course, he had his dignity. He could not simply lower himself to the level of fools playing such games.

The same thought crossed the minds of others whose pride was just as high.

"Hmph! Bai Zihan, I don't want to play your games."

The Third Prince declared coldly before leaving the group and walking over to where the other guests were watching.

"Same here!" "Me too! Does he think I'll just do whatever he says?"

One by one, those with lofty pride-those who believed themselves above such games and thought they deserved Bai Xueqing-stepped away.

But others remained. To them, this might be a rare chance, a real shot at winning Bai Xueqing's hand.

Competing normally, they had no chance, but with Bai Zihan's strange contest... perhaps, just perhaps, they did.

Bai Zihan didn't mind. They didn't look like they could make a dog laugh, much less him.

"Well," he declared, his voice carrying like a command, "now that only those who truly wish to marry my sister remain, let us begin the competition!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 297 Jester Competition?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 297 Jester Competition?

## Chapter 297 Jester Competition?

"Ahem! Why don't Sword Cultivators fight in the rain?"

He paused, grinning at his own cleverness.

"Because their swords need drying time!"

The crowd of guests broke into laughter-but Bai Zihan's expression did not even twitch.

His gaze was flat, bored, like an emperor watching a child trip over his own feet.

"Next!"

The young man nearly stumbled away in shame.

Another stepped up, this one more daring. He puffed out his chest and spoke loudly.

"Why are alchemy recipes like cultivators' gossip?"

He leaned forward dramatically.

"Because one small mistake can blow everything up!"

"Next!"

"How do you know a cultivator is arrogant?"

"When they claim they can leap three mountains but can't jump over a puddle." "Hahaha..."

The guests burst into roars of laughter, some clutching their stomachs. One even coughed until his face turned red.

However, Bai Zihan remained utterly calm, just saying a single word. "Next!"

A third tried, then a fourth. Some told jokes, some acted out ridiculous skits, and one even danced clumsily to the laughter of the crowd.

The courtyard echoed with amusement-except from Bai Zihan.

His face was a mask of indifference, his gaze sharp and cold, as though daring anyone to amuse him.

By now, a strange tension filled the air.

At first, everyone had thought it would be easy. After all, how hard could it be to make someone laugh?

Yet as the line of failed candidates grew longer, a realization dawned upon them all.

It was not simply about telling a joke.

This was the Bai Zihan they were dealing with.

The same Young Master who toyed with nobles and made sect elders bow their heads. The same man who smiled at bloodshed as though it were theater.

Could a simple jest really shake such a person?

Luo Qing wondered the same.

She had seen Bai Zihan laugh, but not from jokes-only from the misery or amusement of others.

As for laughing out of pure joy, never!

But this also made the situation all the more interesting, with many wondering:

Who in this world could possibly make Bai Zihan laugh?

And what kind of joke would it be?

Bai Zihan leaned back against the silken cushions, his eyes narrowing slightly as yet another one finished his desperate attempt at humor.

The guests around the courtyard laughed themselves hoarse, but to Bai Zihan it was all the same-predictable, dull, lacking the sharp edge of true wit.

He shook his head slowly, a trace of disappointment flickering across his features.

"Is this truly the extent of creativity this world has to offer?"

He murmured, almost to himself.

Compared to the creativity of the other worlds, it just felt lacking. "Next!"

He commanded again, his voice calm, almost bored.

The next challenger stepped forward, determined to make Bai Zihan laugh.

He opened his mouth-

"BAI ZIHAN!"

The shout split the courtyard like a thunderclap.

Every head turned.

Bai Zihan's grin froze for the briefest instant.

A figure in white descended the steps at the far end of the courtyard, her long sleeves swaying like flowing clouds, her every step imbued with the grace of a fairy untouchable by dust.

Bai Xueqing!

The Number One Beauty beneath the heavens, at least as some would call her.

The very woman all these men sought to marry.

And her eyes-those steady, cool eyes that rarely betrayed emotion-were filled with clear displeasure.

The murmurs surged like a rising tide.

"It's Fairy Bai Xueqing!"

"She came?"

"She doesn't look pleased at all..."

Even Luo Qing stiffened, sweat beading at her temples.

(Young Master... you're dead. Absolutely dead!)

Bai Xueqing stopped at the edge of the courtyard, her gaze fixed upon her younger brother seated on the great chair.

Her voice, calm yet edged with frost, cut across the silence.

"Oh, if it isn't my dear sister. What's up?"

Bai Zihan casually remarked, as if he had done nothing wrong.

"What's up? What do you mean 'what's up'? What are you doing?"

Bai Xueqing asked, obviously aware of the farce that had been unfolding.

Bai Zihan casually replied, as if he had done nothing wrong:

"Oh, this? Father asked me to check whether any of them are suitable to be your husband."

"And you turned this into your amusement?"

Bai Xueqing flared up.

"Of course not. Without a sense of humor, how can they be worthy of your hand? I am just testing them," Bai Zihan said with a grin.

Bai Xueqing narrowed her eyes, obviously displeased-not just at Bai Zihan's bizarre method, but at the marriage itself.

(I already told Father I have no interest in marriage!)

She thought.

"Tsk!"

But it seemed Bai Tianheng was adamant about it.

Well, why wouldn't he be?

His youngest son was already engaged and might be married within a year or two, while she was still yet to be promised to anyone.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, a sly glint in his eyes.

"Perhaps, sister... you should join me," he suggested.

Bai Xueqing's eyes narrowed sharply. Her gaze, as cold and precise as a sword, fixed on him.

"No, thanks!"

She replied coolly, leaving no room for argument.

Bai Zihan chuckled softly, shrugging as if to say, as you wish.

She turned her attention to the gathered suitors, her posture straightened, her voice carrying over the courtyard like a gale.

"Listen carefully," she said, every word precise and measured, "I have no interest in marriage. Don't waste your time!"

She said, with no room for doubt.

For a moment, silence followed. The guests blinked, taken aback by the blunt

declaration of the Empire's most coveted maiden.

"But Lady Bai Xueqing, we are sincere! Please, give us a chance!"

"I swear, my heart is true. Don't dismiss me outright!"

"Lady Bai Xueqing, I am ready to face any challenge, endure any trial-just allow me to show you that I am deserving of your hand!"

Even Third Prince Yu Wenzhao lifted his chin, voice strong with pride. "Bai Xueqing, you cannot simply dismiss those who have the means, the talent,

and the honor to marry you. Surely, you can give us the courtesy of a fair

chance." The air tensed. Bai Xueqing's gaze swept across the courtyard, resting on each would-be suitor like an inspection blade.

(Ack!)

She didn't like any of them and found them repulsive.

But it was clear-outright refusal was impossible.

After all, many of them have powerful backgrounds and offending them

wouldn't be good for the Bai Clan, at least without a good reason. Her eyes flicked toward her brother, who lounged lazily on the great chair,

watching the scene with mild amusement.

!!!

A spark of an idea ignited in her mind. Her lips curved ever so slightly.

"Very well," she said, her tone calm but carrying absolute authority. "I will give any of you a chance-on one condition."

The suitors stiffened, hearts pounding in anticipation. Hope surged through them-finally, the moment they had been waiting for.

Eyes darted toward Bai Xueqing, eager to hear the condition, imagining it might be some trial of skill, knowledge, or refinement.

Surely it wouldn't be anything as absurd and weird as what Bai Zihan asked for, right?

"You must defeat my brother, Bai Zihan!"

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## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 298 The Second Order[ 1,141 words ]

### Chapter 298 The Second Order

"You must defeat my brother, Bai Zihan! As long as you do that, I will consider your marriage proposal."

Considering that there was zero chance of that happening, Bai Xueqing came up with this ridiculous condition.

Beating Bai Zihan?

Even the elders of sects and clans couldn't do that. What could they do- someone who couldn't even defeat her?

She thought this would be enough of a condition to make these people accept. And they will give up on marriage when they know how impossible it is.

"Defeat Bai Zihan? Hah! That's far better than trying to make him laugh!" "At least this is straightforward. Strength-that's something we can measure!" "No matter how strong, he couldn't fight all of them one after another."

Excitement rippled through the suitors. Many straightened their backs, relief flashing in their eyes.

Compared to Bai Zihan's bizarre test of humor, this was something they could grasp a challenge that fit the world of cultivators.

Yet not everyone shared the same enthusiasm.

Those who had witnessed Bai Zihan's power before-his effortless and mercilessness, humiliating even people like Mo Tianji and surviving against the Third Demon General Gou Yao-knew better.

And who knew that better than the one who saw it all: Third Prince Yu Wenzhao.

Glup!

(Defeating Bai Zihan?)

He could still vividly remember the time when Bai Zihan single-handedly made every clan and sect stand still as he threatened them with the lives of their geniuses.

Even he was scared thinking that he might have been marked by whatever Bai Zihan did and could be killed with a simple snap of his fingers.

Defeating him would not be "a chance"; it would be a gamble with humiliation. There were others who also felt the same.

No matter whether they believed all the rumors about Bai Zihan or not, at least he was still in the Soul Formation Realm and many of those gathered here weren't a match for such cultivation.

While there were some who were in Soul Formation Realm, fighting against Bai Clan's heir who learned Heaven-Grade Technique isn't going to be easy.

"Lady Bai, forgive my boldness, but... is this to be a one-on-one duel? Or... may we fight as a group?"

They glanced at the man who asked, some regarding him with contempt for his cowardice-wanting to fight as a group.

Others, however, felt a spark of hope; with numbers on their side their chance of success would be higher.

Then all eyes turned to Bai Xueqing, waiting for her answer.

Her face remained composed, her gaze steady as the windless moon.

"One-on-one, or together-it does not matter. As long as you can defeat him, I will consider your sincerity."

Bai Xueqing replied without needing to give it another thought.

A collective murmur surged through the crowd.

Some clenched their fists, fire lighting their eyes. Together, it could be done...

Others swallowed hard, realizing that even united, victory was far from certain. It was then that a cold voice cut through the mounting buzz.

"Enough!"

Bai Zihan leaned forward slightly.

"My dear sister, you didn't even ask for my permission. How can you throw your fragile brother against those barbarians just because you want to avoid your marriage?"

Bai Zihan said.

Bai Xueqing rolled her eyes.

What fragile brother?

It was like throwing a lion into a cage of rabbits at most.

While those suitors couldn't ignore Bai Zihan's mention of them as barbarians. Hey, we might not be as handsome as you but we still have our elegance and

grace.

But those girls watching must agree that those suitors looked like barbarian as compared to Bai Zihan. There was no comparing the two.

"Weren't you sent here by Father to select a husband for me?"

She countered.

"Then how is what I've done any different from you? You test them with your methods-I test them with mine."

"And isn't my test much better than yours? Don't you all agree?"

She asked the group of suitors, who all nodded and agreed easily.

"Yeah! It is better!"

"Moreover, Lady Bai Xueqing herself is asking us. Young Master Bai should be happy to help his sister."

(This girl... she wants to use me.)

Bai Zihan thought uncomfortably. It is he who likes to use others, not the other

way around.

(Hmph! Let me foil your plan.)

Bai Zihan thought. He knew Bai Xueqing desperately wanted to avoid the

marriage and was trying to make use of him.

But of course, how could he just let her?

He thought about going easy and letting people pass. That way, Bai Xueqing would have to deal with this group of suitors after the test.

(Haha... Who do you think you are to use me? Sister, you are too young for that.)

Bai Zihan thought as a smirk appeared which didn't go unnoticed by Bai Xueqing.

"Alrig="

Bai Zihan was about to agree when Bai Xueqing appeared before him, startling him a bit.

"You are not thinking about throwing the fight, right?"

Bai Xueqing asked with an evil smile on her face.

"Then this is my second order: you must always help me avoid my marriage!"

Bai Xueqing demanded.

"Always?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"Hmph! Who knows what you will do. Today, you might help me but tomorrow, you might be the one bringing this group of suitors. So, you must always help me avoid my marriage."

"Anyways, knowing your laziness, I think that you can chase them away once and for all unless you want to deal with them again and again."

Bai Xueqing added.

After all, if Bai Zihan knew he had to step in whenever her marriage was being discussed, Bai Xueqing was certain he would handle it once and for all, sparing her from ever having to deal with it.

"Tsk!"

Bai Zihan didn't know when Bai Xueqing grew a brain.

(That f\*\*king Nie Fengzhuo! I'll kill him when I see him.)

Once again he couldn't help cursing Nie Fengzhuo because of which he lost the

bet.

Well, Bai Zihan was good at blaming others rather than taking responsibility for his own actions-like many others.

"Fine! Fine!"

Well, he had no choice but to agree, and honestly, this second order was much easier than the first one.

The group of suitors was already preparing themselves.

Some had already formed a group to take on Bai Zihan together, while others

waited at the back, planning to strike once Bai Zihan was exhausted. The onlookers watched with excitement. After all, there were many rumors about Bai Zihan, but not many had seen his strength for themselves. Was he truly the waste he was once known to be, or had he really transformed

into a genius of unfathomable power?

"How should we go about this?"

"Perhaps those who are confident should take him on first?"

"You do know that if we defeat Bai Zihan, you'll all be disqualified, right?"

They discussed in hushed tones, each one weighing the ideal time to join the fight.

Go first, and risk immediate defeat.

But go last? If the challenger before them managed to defeat Bai Zihan, they would naturally be disqualified as well.

Bai Zihan casually strode forward, his eyes looking down on them.

(Idiots!)

They would have had a much higher chance of success if they had just agreed to his test. He had been generous-and this was the result.

"Are you sure about this?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 299 Crushing Qi, Collapsing Hearts[ 991 words ]

### Chapter 299 Crushing Qi, Collapsing Hearts

"Are you sure about this?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"Yeah! Young Master Bai shouldn't worry about us."

"Yes! If Young Master Bai doesn't feel up to it, then you may quit."

The group of suitors was fully prepared and didn't even think about quitting. This was their chance, or so they thought.

Some even imagined how they should act after defeating Bai Zihan.

Since Bai Zihan was Bai Xueqing's brother, they couldn't be too rude or excited about the win.

"Young Master Bai, you are powerful, but my love is stronger!"

"Sorry, Young Master Bai, no one can stand between the love of me and Lady Bai Xueqing."

Some even rehearsed bold declarations they could use to win over Bai Xueqing's heart in one fell swoop.

"If you can still stand up to me after this, then I will truly applaud you."

Bai Zihan said, his eyes narrowing.

His aura, which had been suppressed until now, was suddenly released in full.

He wasn't going to waste his time fighting each of them one by one-it was too time-consuming.

Using powerful techniques was unnecessary for these people, and he didn't want to deal with the aftermath as he was well-aware that he would injure them.

There was one simple way to make them all give up instantly:

Overwhelm them with his Qi.

At first, the suitors and guests thought Bai Zihan was merely preparing to fight. But then his Qi surged, rising swiftly until it reached the might of the Soul Formation Realm.

Many were shocked, while others now had confirmation: Bai Zihan wasn't the waste he had once been. The rumors of his strength were true.

The weaker suitors were already breathing heavily, barely able to withstand his Qi, yet they still stubbornly refused to give up.

But that was only the beginning.

Bai Zihan then unleashed his true Qi-the aura of the Spirit Severing Realm.

The pressure was overwhelming, crushing, and absolute. Almost all the suitors collapsed instantly.

"This...!"

"This is the Spirit Severing Realm! Bai Zihan is in the Spirit Severing Realm!" "How can this be? If so... there's no chance at all!"

The truth dawned on them all.

Bai Zihan was already in the Spirit Severing Realm-stronger even than Bai Xueqing herself.

They couldn't imagine defeating her. So how could they possibly hope to defeat her brother, who stood an entire realm above her?

Except for the few Soul Formation Realm cultivators, everyone had collapsed under the crushing weight of his aura, unable even to stand.

The guests watching also felt pressure, but since Bai Zihan focused his aura only on the suitors, they were mostly spared.

"Kyah! Young Master Bai is so cool!"

"Just eighteen years old and already in the Spirit Severing Realm-no one else in the Empire has ever achieved that!"

"So handsome, so talented, and so gentlemanly! Look, his aura didn't even affect his servant."

The young maidens couldn't help but fall head over heels for the devilish Young Master, who so effortlessly subdued a group of suitors-geniuses in their own right.

Coupled with his strikingly handsome features, his allure became irresistible, leaving them instantly captivated.

And there was also his consideration.

Bai Zihan had shielded Luo Qing with a Qi barrier. Otherwise, even one percent of his aura at such close range would have been enough to kill her outright. But Luo Qing, confused, didn't even realize what was happening.

(What's going on? Did the Young Master do something?)

She wondered, completely unaware that she had been protected and he was crushing the suitors with his aura.

It was a devastating blow to nearly everyone present. The idea that they could compete with Bai Zihan now seemed laughable.

Even the Third Prince couldn't help but sink to his knees, struggling desperately against Bai Zihan's aura-but it was futile.

(This monster! Even though I'm in Soul Formation Realm, the gap is still this vast?!)

He had thought he was catching up to Bai Zihan since their encounter in the Ancient Ruins. But once again, he was reminded of the terrifying truth.

Beside Bai Zihan, Bai Xueqing's eyes widened in shock. She had suspected it, but to see it confirmed was another matter entirely.

Bai Zihan had truly stepped into the Spirit Severing Realm.

First Bai Xinyue, and now Bai Zihan!

She clenched her fists tightly.

Though others were congratulating her, calling her once again the number one genius, she knew well that two years ago that title had belonged to her brother and even now.

(Did he gain powerful techniques from the Ancient Ruins?)

The one he had given her was already overwhelmingly strong. She suspected Bai Zihan must have obtained something equal-or even greater.

And where else could he have gotten it from?

Only one answer came to her mind: the Ancient Ruins of the Immortal Emperor.

(But wait... Bai Xinyue got the inheritance. Could it be... he took the other

treasures?)

The thought crossed her mind.

Regardless, one thing was certain: Bai Zihan had become terrifyingly strong.

Yet she wasn't discouraged.

With the cultivation technique given to her by Bai Zihan, she only needed to train harder. Then one day, she would be able to catch up to him or so she

hopes.

Back in the courtyard, the suitors had long forgotten about marriage. Survival was all they could think about.

Against such an opponent, fighting was unthinkable. Their very instincts screamed at them to run.

Fortunately, Bai Zihan had no intention of killing them.

He retracted his aura and glanced at the three who had managed to remain standing.

"So, you three withstood it. Impressive! But, do you still want to fight me?"

Bai Zihan asked, ready to give a good beating if they were to ask for it.

"No!"

Of course, none of them had any intention of fighting.

Not collapsing on the ground had already taken more out of them than they could handle-fighting Bai Zihan was unimaginable.

They couldn't even bring themselves to pretend to try and impress Bai Xueqing; that was how terrifying Bai Zihan appeared in their eyes.

"Well, okay then!"

Bai Zihan didn't think much of it and simply returned to his seat, where Luo Qing served him tea.

Bai Xueqing then stepped forward to address the crowd.

"I gave you all a chance, but none of you managed to pass. So now, I expect you to keep your word-and give up on marriage."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 300 Sis-Con[ 1,467 words ]

### Chapter 300 Sis-Con

A heavy silence fell after Bai Xueqing's declaration.

Faces that had been flushed with hope now paled with embarrassment. Some suitors shuffled their feet, unable to meet the eyes of those around them.

To be completely defeated like this, they had never expected it.

A few, though, still stubbornly refused to yield.

"This is unfair!"

One protested loudly.

"How can we defeat a Spirit Severing cultivator-that's impossible with our current strength?"

Others murmured agreement.

While they had given their word, they were unsatisfied because, looking back now, the conditions were impossible to achieve.

Bai Xueqing didn't bother with them. Not like they would be satisfied even if it was done otherwise either.

"Keep your word!"

She just commanded.

The crowd bristled; arguments tried to flare up, but-

"Accept it like men!"

Bai Zihan said coldly, stepping forward so his voice carried to every corner of the courtyard.

"Tsk! I even gave you an easier task, and you agreed that defeating me was better. It was your own choice and now you don't want to accept it just because you lost?"

The suitors looked away in guilt. Indeed, Bai Zihan had given them a much easier task, and even then they had complained.

They were doing it again when they failed, making them seem like losers who couldn't accept defeat. Well, they were indeed that.

But fools are rarely convinced until they get what they want.

Even with everything said and done, there were always those who felt they could try again next time.

Like hell Bai Zihan would let them do so. Dealing with them again and again would annoy the hell out of him.

If showing them the difference in strength wasn't enough, he now had to resort to threatening.

Not directly, but enough to make them think twice- no, thrice before attempting again.

"Listen carefully! Unless you think you can defeat me, don't even dream of coming to propose to my sister again. Otherwise-"

He paused, looking at the group of suitors. "-you're dead. I'm not kidding. I will not hold back like I did now."

This terrified them, especially since they had only a minute ago experienced what it was like to face Bai Zihan.

No one here wanted to face him, at least not yet.

"I have done what you asked. I will be going, and you can inform Father that none of these pathetic people deserve you."

Bai Zihan said to Bai Xueqing without any filter and all for to hear.

Not that any one of them could argue against his statement.

Even the Third Prince can only clench his hand in anger and humiliation.

Luo Qing followed Bai Zihan after bowing down to Bai Xueqing.

What was left behind was a mess that Bai Tianheng hadn't thought about.

He had only wanted his son to make connections, possibly to screen candidates for Bai Xueqing's marriage.

But instead, he left a warning that would make anyone daring to make a move on Bai Xueqing think twice about what they would have to go through.

The young maidens, however, looked at him with nothing short of admiration. "Ahh... Young Master Bai is so cool."

"To stand up like that, to protect his sister so fiercely-it's like something out of a story."

"Of course! Lady Bai deserves nothing less. Only the perfect man should be worthy of her hand, and clearly, Young Master Bai thinks so too!"

Their eyes sparkled, and even those who hadn't thought much of Bai Zihan before now found themselves enchanted by his sheer presence.

To them, his protectiveness wasn't just brotherly-it was noble, gallant, and impossibly charming.

Dreaming about how Bai Zihan would protect them like Bai Xueqing, they couldn't help but scream like girls in love.

The men, on the other hand, were seething in frustration.

"Hmph! Protecting his sister? More like guarding her like a dragon hoarding treasure."

"Exactly! He's just making it impossible for anyone to approach Lady Bai Xueqing. Do you really think he'll ever approve of anyone?"

"Don't you see? He's a complete Sis-Con! He doesn't want Lady Bai Xueqing to marry at all. He'll make every condition impossible until she grows old and

remains single forever."

The whispers grew louder as some of the rejected suitors nursed their bruised egos by twisting Bai Zihan's actions.

"Yes, that must be it! We must tell everyone-Bai Zihan is deliberately blocking

her marriage!"

"That's right. He's not protecting her-he just doesn't want to give her away."

"Then all of this was a sham from the start! That Sis-Con!"

Even as they spoke, though, none of them dared to say it too loudly, for the memory of his Spirit Severing aura still pressed against their hearts.

But news this bizarre doesn't take very long to spread-especially when it concerns the Bai Clan siblings.

Bai Zihan walked away, caring nothing about what kind of mess he left the courtyard with, though he felt like he was forgetting something.

(Well, if I can't remember it, it's probably not important.)

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At the grand main hall of the Bai Clan, laughter and polite conversation

echoed.

Bai Tianheng, as the host, wore the dignified smile of a man greeting every guest.

He had just finished discussing trade routes with a visiting elder from the Chu Clan when a shadow passed at the corner of his eye.

A guard, clad in Bai Clan armor, moved with deliberate quiet until he reached his master's side.

He bowed deeply, leaning in to whisper.

Bai Tianheng's brows knit.

"What is it?" The guard's voice was hushed, but the urgency in it cut through the hum of the hall like a blade.

He explained briefly what had transpired in the courtyard-the suitors' challenge, Bai Zihan's intervention, his threats, and the chaos that followed.

Crack!

The porcelain teacup in Bai Tianheng's hand shattered, shards and steaming tea spilling onto the floor.

Conversations faltered as heads turned.

"That brat!"

Bai Tianheng's face darkened, veins standing out on his temples.

"Sorry everyone, something came up. I will be back soon!"

He rose sharply, his robes flaring as he strode from the hall.

The Bai Clan servants rushed to clean the spilled tea in his wake, while the elders and sect leaders exchanged curious glances.

Whispers quickly followed.

"Did something happen?" "Did Li-Zhao Clan do something? They should just lay low for now."

"Yes! They already lost two important battles against the Bai Clan. Failing once

more can totally shatter trust from other people.

Seeing just how much of a hurry Bai Tianheng was in, they all thought a matter of utmost importance must have occurred.

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It didn't take very long for Bai Tianheng to reach the scene, where the younger generation guests were gathered.

In one place were lively people talking, while on the other stood the group of suitors, who seemed to have lost whatever interest they had.

While he couldn't see that unfilial son of his, his daughter was fortunately there in his place.

The lively chatter quieted the moment Bai Tianheng stepped into the courtyard.

"Clan Leader Bai!"

"Greetings to Patriarch Bai!"

"Greetings, Lord Bai!"

Everyone rose at once, cupping their fists respectfully.

Bai Tianheng gave them only a faint nod, his gaze sweeping briefly across the groups before settling on the lone figure of his daughter. His eyes softened slightly.

He did not question the suitors, nor did he press the younger guests-doing so would only bring shame upon them and, by extension, the Bai Clan itself.

No, if there was someone he could ask, it was only one person here.

He strode forward until he stood before Bai Xueqing.

"Xueqing'er!"

At first, he wanted to have her explain the situation to him, but then he noticed something different about Bai Xueqing.

It wasn't much, but the Ice Qi which Bai Xueqing normally suppressed-though

he could still faintly sense it-was now completely gone.

"You... Zihan'er gave you the technique?"

At his question, Bai Xueqing lowered her head lightly and nodded.

The tightness in Bai Tianheng's shoulders eased at once. His anger, though not gone, was tempered by relief.

At least that son of his had done one thing right.

"And... does it help?" His tone was gentler now, tinged with something like hope.

"Truly?"

Bai Xueqing's lips curved into a faint, serene smile.

"Father, it is not only helpful-it is surprisingly effective. It feels like the technique was made for me."

To prove her words, she extended her hand.

From her fingertips, streams of frost coiled outward-not harsh or biting, but delicate and pure-shaping themselves into intricate forms.

An ice lotus unfolded in the air, each petal so fine it seemed carved by a Master artisan.

Beside it, slender blossoms of plum and orchids bloomed in crystal, their stems arching with natural grace.

Soon, the courtyard was filled with translucent sculptures-flowers, birds, and curling vines-all wrought from ice so clear it caught the moonlight and

refracted it into shimmering rainbows.

It was not a display of power, but of artistry.

Every shape bloomed and faded without a hint of chill touching the air, proof of the absolute control she had gained over her Ice Qi.

The guests gasped, admiration rippling through them.

"What exquisite control!" "Such elegance... like a Fairy descending." "This must be Lady Bai Xueqing trying to cheer me up!"

Bai Tianheng himself stood still for a long moment, his stern eyes reflecting the

icy blossoms that shimmered around his daughter. Then, slowly, he exhaled, a rare smile tugging at his lips.

"Good... very good. My Xueqing has truly grown!"