

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 31: A Taste of Another World[ 1,376 words ]

### *Chapter 31 - A Taste of Another World*

Having settled everything, Bai Zihan was finally free to do what he wanted.

Well, at least until his engagement.

In any case, now that he was done dealing with Bai Jian and others, he was craving something to eat.

"Luo Qing, ask the Head Chef to make me some fried chicken."

Bai Zihan said.

Luo Qing quickly nodded and went to inform the kitchen about Bai Zihan's request.

Thanks to Bai Zihan's teachings, the chefs were now able to recreate many of the dishes he had introduced.

"Fried chicken? What's that?"

Chu Ziyang, who had been lost in thought about Bai Zihan's newfound strength, was suddenly distracted by the unfamiliar words.

Although she was curious about how Bai Zihan had improved so much in such a short time, she wasn't as obsessed with power as most people.

Otherwise, with her talent, she could have remained in the sect, cultivating day and night, and would have achieved far more than she had now.

In any case, when she heard Bai Zihan mention fried chicken, her curiosity was piqued.

What kind of dish was it that the young master of the Bai Clan favored?

She assumed it must be some kind of fancy name for the meat of a bird-type monster or something similar.

"Hehe... How about you come with me and try it? I'm sure you'll like it!"

Bai Zihan said with a grin.

He was certain that someone like Chu Ziyang wouldn't have eaten something like Fried Chicken.

"Sure!"

Chu Ziyang agreed.

Now that all those annoying people had been dealt with, she had nothing better to do.

Luo Qing quickly returned to inform Bai Zihan that the Head Chef had begun preparing the dish.

"Master, the food will be ready soon," she said softly, keeping her head slightly lowered.

Bai Zihan gave a satisfied nod.

"Good. Let's go to the dining hall then."

With that, he turned to Chu Ziyang and gestured for her to follow. She did so without hesitation, curiosity gleaming in her eyes.

Luo Qing trailed behind them, as always, maintaining a quiet presence.

The dining hall of the Bai Clan was grand, with intricately carved wooden pillars and golden lanterns casting a warm glow over the room.

The long dining table was already set, and before long, servants arrived, carefully placing down plates filled with golden, crispy pieces of fried chicken.

Chu Ziyang's nose twitched as she caught the unfamiliar yet enticing aroma.

The rich, savory scent mixed with a slight crispiness in the air made her stomach grumble before she could stop it.

She frowned slightly, feeling embarrassed, but Bai Zihan smirked.

"Heh, don't hold back. You'll regret it if you don't try."

Without waiting for a reply, he picked up a piece with his hands, ignoring the chopsticks on the side, and took a bite.

A loud crunch echoed through the hall as the crisp outer layer shattered in his mouth, revealing the tender and juicy meat inside.

(Hmph! What could make me feel hungry just from the smell alone?)

Chu Ziyang thought.

She, for one, didn't believe that fried chicken was just some normal dish—such simple foods were meant for poor mortals.

For Bai Clan members and Chu Clan members, only the meat of spirit beasts and rare delicacies like Enlightenment Tea were worthy of their status.

She reached for a piece, still feeling a bit skeptical, but as soon as she took a bite—

Her eyes widened.

"Mmmm... "

The outer layer was crispy and flavorful, seasoned with a mix of herbs and spices she couldn't even recognize, while the inside was soft and juicy.

The contrast of textures, along with the burst of rich umami flavor, made her pause in surprise.

"This..."

She mumbled, quickly taking another bite before she could even finish her sentence.

Bai Zihan laughed.

"Good, right?"

(Compared to the bland food in this world, a simple fried chicken is ten times better!)

Bai Zihan thought.

Chu Ziyuan didn't even answer as she was too busy eating.

The meal continued, with Bai Zihan eating at a relaxed pace while Chu Ziyuan, despite trying to maintain her elegance, clearly couldn't resist reaching for more.

Once they were finished, Chu Ziyuan wiped her mouth and finally leaned back with a satisfied sigh.

"I admit, this is good. I've never had anything like it before."

Chu Ziyuan said, attempting to regain her elegance—though it was already too late, given how eagerly she had been devouring the fried chicken.

"Of course," Bai Zihan said smugly.

(This is the cuisine of Earth. How could you have had anything like this?)

Chu Ziyuan would normally do something about Bai Zihan's smug face, but today, she let him have his moment—it was indeed something out of this world.

She also realized that fried chicken wasn't made from the meat of a spirit beast.

After all, if it were, her cultivation would have advanced at least a little.

It was just a normal chicken that mortals ate.

However, the taste was heavenly—so much so that she craved more.

"Just where have you been hiding something like this?"

Chu Ziyan asked, staring at Bai Zihan and demanding an answer.

"Ahem! Of course, this was entirely the creation of this young master."

(Sorry, whoever invented fried chicken on Earth!)

Bai Zihan shamelessly took the credit, though he felt a bit guilty.

However, in this world, he was the first to introduce it, so it wasn't exactly a lie.

"Oh? Really?"

Chu Ziyan asked skeptically.

After all, Bai Zihan was a lazy young master of the Bai Clan.

How could he have found the time to create something so delicious?

"True!"

Bai Zihan insisted.

"Hmmm... is he telling the truth?"

Chu Ziyan, still unconvinced, directed her question to Luo Qing.

"It is true, Lady Chu. Young Master taught the chefs how to make this fried chicken."

Luo Qing confirmed.

"Not only this—there's also steak, something called ramen, and many other delicious foods the young master has introduced to the kitchen."

Luo Qing spoke enthusiastically, unable to hide her excitement.

Her praise was genuine—her most cherished time of the day was now when she got to eat these dishes.

Chu Ziyan carefully observed Luo Qing's expression.

Judging from the genuine praise in her voice, she wasn't lying.

Though it was still hard to believe that Bai Zihan had created such out-of-this-world dishes, she was now more interested in something else.

"Other dishes? Are they as delicious as this fried chicken?"

"Yes!"

"Hmmm... Then I must try them!"

"As you say, Lady Chu!"

Luo Qing quickly went to inform the kitchen to prepare the other dishes.

Bai Zihan stared at Chu Ziyang, amazed that she still wasn't full after devouring so much fried chicken.

However, he was smart enough not to question a lady about her appetite.

Soon enough, an array of dishes that Bai Zihan had previously taught the cooks was placed in front of Chu Ziyang.

Without hesitation, she began eating heartily, just as she had with the fried chicken.

By the time Chu Ziyang had finished eating, five empty plates were stacked on the table—all of them hers.

(Ugh! She's more gluttonous than me.)

Even Bai Zihan, a self-proclaimed food lover, was surprised that someone as thin as Chu Ziyang had finished five plates of food.

"Delicious! I never thought food could be this good. Bai Zihan, you must give me one of your chefs!"

Chu Ziyang declared.

After experiencing such flavors, the idea of returning to bland cultivation pills and tasteless meals seemed unbearable.

"Yeah, yeah, you can take one if you like," Bai Zihan answered straightforwardly.

There were many chefs who knew how to make these dishes, so giving one away wouldn't make much of a difference to him.

As long as she offered good compensation, most chefs would be more than willing to follow her.

"Hmm! It seems like marrying you isn't such a bad idea after all."

Chu Ziyang smirked.

Bai Zihan suddenly regretted his decision.

The more she enjoyed herself, the less likely she was to break off the engagement.

Still, looking at it from another perspective—if the marriage was inevitable—at least keeping her happy meant he would suffer less.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 32: The Day of Engagement[ 1,154 words ]

### *Chapter 32 - The Day of Engagement*

The grand halls of the Bai Estate stood as a beacon of power and influence, its towering pillars adorned with golden dragons and crimson phoenixes, symbolizing the union that was about to take place.

The engagement of Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyan had become the most talked-about event in White Cloud City, drawing the attention of the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

At one of the most crowded teahouses in White Cloud City, merchants, scholars, and commoners alike gathered, their voices blending into a chaotic hum of excitement and disbelief.

"Did you hear? The Bai Clan is holding the grandest engagement ceremony in decades!"

A teahouse owner leaned over the counter, speaking in a hushed but excited voice.

"Of course, who hasn't heard?"

A customer scoffed.

"But what I can't understand is why Lady Chu Ziyan, a once-in-a-generation genius, is marrying Bai Zihan of all people."

"Aiya, you're looking at it the wrong way!"

An older man stroked his beard and shook his head.

"It's not about love—it's about power! The Bai and Chu Clans together would be unstoppable. Who cares if Bai Zihan is a waste? His family background alone makes it worth it."

"Tch! This is ridiculous! A guy like Bai Zihan doesn't deserve someone like Chu Ziyan!"

Another customer sneered. It was clear that many were dissatisfied that someone like Chu Ziyan was getting engaged to Bai Zihan.

In a way, it was similar to the engagement between Bai Xueqing and her ex-fiancé.

But this time, Bai Zihan had someone with extremely powerful backing, unlike Bai Xueqing's ex-fiancé.

"Hmph! Even a phoenix like Lady Chu Ziyang has fallen into Bai Zihan's hands. If not for his background, how could someone like him marry her?"

"Even I am more worthy than that trash. Lady Chu is going to suffer at his hands."

"Alas! It seems that even a genius like Chu Ziyang couldn't escape her fate!"

...

People knew that the engagement between the two wasn't because of mutual love.

In fact, they doubted that there was a single woman in the empire who could love Bai Zihan, given his reputation.

They all believed it was purely an alliance between the two clans, with Chu Ziyang as the sacrifice.

If Bai Zihan knew what they were saying, he would likely cough up blood.

Not only had he been forced into this engagement, but now people thought Chu Ziyang was the one being forced to marry him.

Regardless, both mortals and cultivators shared the same sentiment: Chu Ziyang was pitiful to be engaged to the infamous Bai Zihan.

The Bai Clan, however, had gone to great lengths to ensure the event reflected their standing in the empire.

They wanted the world to know that the Bai and Chu Clans were uniting through marriage—a stark warning to their enemies that provoking one clan meant provoking the other.

Golden lanterns lined the roads, red silk banners fluttered in the wind, and an immense spiritual array enveloped the estate, casting a divine radiance that showcased their prestige.

Inside the Bai Estate's grand hall, lavish tables overflowed with exotic delicacies, the finest wines, and fragrant teas.

Yet, more than the extravagant setting, it was the presence of powerful figures that made this engagement a political spectacle rather than a mere celebration.

This was no simple engagement—it was an event that could shift the balance of power in the empire.

Among the distinguished guests were the heads of rival clans, powerful sects, and even a representative of the Imperial Family.

The Bai Clan, one of the Three Great Clans of the empire, had long been a dominant force.

Despite whispers of their decline, their foundation remained solid. And with the emergence of a genius like Bai Xueqing, their future seemed secure once more.

Bai Zihan's father, Bai Tianheng, presided over the event, his gaze sharp as he observed the gathered nobles.

By his side stood Bai Xueqing. Her mere presence was enough to capture the attention of many men in the hall.

With Bai Xueqing having broken off her engagement, it was now the perfect opportunity for them to try to win her favor—not only a peerless beauty of the Bai Clan but a once-in-a-thousand-years genius.

On the opposite side of the hall sat the Chu Clan, their demeanor calm but authoritative.

Chu Xing, the Chu Clan Patriarch, exuded an aura of quiet intimidation, his strict and calculating nature evident in every movement.

Beside him sat Madam Lan, Chu Ziyang's mother, who, despite her age, still possessed a striking and graceful beauty.

The two of them were the most worried about their daughter, who had taken matters into her own hands by deciding to marry the infamous Bai Zihan.

Now that the engagement was finally being announced to the world, they couldn't help but scrutinize their future son-in-law.

Bai Zihan sat lazily in his seat at the center of the hall, draped in an opulent robe embroidered with golden dragons.

His features were undeniably handsome—sharp, well-defined, and exuding the natural elegance of nobility.

Yet, despite his striking appearance, no one in the hall looked at him with admiration.

If anything, their gazes were filled with a mix of contempt and disgust.

Bai Zihan had always been an enigma within the Bai Clan.

Heir to one of the most powerful clans in the empire, blessed with wealth and privilege beyond measure—yet, when it came to cultivation, he was an utter disgrace.

Compared to his sister Bai Xueqing, a once-in-a-thousand-years genius, Bai Zihan was nothing short of a joke.

His cultivation was embarrassingly low for someone of his lineage, barely reaching a level that would be considered passable even among minor noble families.

Had it only been his weak cultivation, perhaps he would have been pitied. But Bai Zihan had ensured that he was despised across the empire.

A notorious troublemaker, he had spent his years bullying weaker cultivators, harassing women, and stirring up conflict wherever he went.

He had no respect for elders, disregarded clan traditions, and acted as if the world revolved around him.

There were countless rumors of him abusing his authority, using his father's name to get his way, and suppressing those who offended him.

Though he had been surprisingly quiet today, those who knew him doubted he had changed.

A leopard never changes its spots, after all.

Meanwhile, Chu Ziyang, the star of the engagement, sat with a poised elegance.

Dressed in a flowing purple gown embroidered with silver phoenixes, she exuded both grace and an untouchable coldness, her expression unreadable.

She was constantly approached—by both men and women—offering words of encouragement, all with looks of pity.

Chu Ziyang could only shake her head.

She knew they were misunderstanding the situation.

But given Bai Zihan's reputation, she understood why they pitied her.

They all think that she is walking into the tiger's den, doomed to a life of suffering.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 33: The Li Clan's Provocation [ 1,430 words ]

### *Chapter 33 - The Li Clan's Provocation*

One of the Bai Clan's greatest rivals, the Li Clan, was seated with stiff expressions, their presence heavy with hostility.

Li Jianhong, their battle-hardened patriarch, had led his strongest elders to this event, each one an elite cultivator.

They had also brought in some of their greatest geniuses of the clan.

Seated among them was Li Feng, the heir and probably the most talented person of Li Clan.

Unlike Bai Zihan, Li Feng had a solid reputation and was considered one of the most talented in the empire.

Of course, even though he was talented, he was still nowhere near Bai Xueqing, who had already reached the Nascent Soul Realm at the age of 16.

Li Feng's sharp features and smug expression made it clear—he had not come to celebrate but to ridicule.

He had been eyeing Chu Ziyan with a lecherous gaze, his expression twisted with inappropriate intent.

At the same time, he cast a look of disdain toward Bai Zihan, though he made a half-hearted attempt to conceal his contempt.

Then next to the Li clan, there was the last of the Three Great Clan of Desolate Heaven Empire.

If the Li Clan represented raw military strength, then the Zhao Clan embodied political cunning.

Their patriarch, Zhao Wutian, was a man of shrewd intellect and dangerous ambition.

He sat with a relaxed arrogance, his eyes gleaming with amusement as he observed the unfolding event.

Beside him were also some of the strongest elders of Zhao Clan along with their geniuses.

The Zhao Clan rarely acted openly, preferring to weave their influence through intrigue and sabotage.

But it was one of the younger generations from the Zhao Clan who had come to the forefront.

Zhao Chen, the heir to the Zhao Clan, a young man whose brilliance and ruthlessness were becoming well-known throughout the empire, was seated beside Li Feng.

Though still young, Zhao Chen exuded an intimidating presence.

His eyes were sharp, calculating, and he exuded the same dangerous ambition his father did, though in a more subtle, backdoor manner.

Zhao Chen glanced at Li Feng, his lips curling into a faint smile.

Leaning in, he whispered quietly, "It's time."

Li Feng's eyes glinted with understanding. He nodded, his expression turning cold and calculating.

Without missing a beat, he stood up and raised his voice for all to hear.

"Hmph! The mighty Bai Clan has truly fallen if they're forcing Lady Chu into marrying a good-for-nothing like Bai Zihan."

Li Feng sneered, his voice dripping with disdain.

His words were intentional—loud enough to echo in the hall, meant to provoke.

Li Feng was confident because, with the backing of both the Li and Zhao Clans, he knew there would be no repercussions for his insults.

The crowd erupted into murmurs.

Some were surprised by Li Feng's audacity, while others wore expressions of expectation, knowing that something like this would likely happen.

After all, how could the Zhao and Li Clans quietly watch as their rival gained another powerful ally through marriage?

It was no secret that the Zhao and Li Clans had their own plans to embarrass the Bai Clan.

Even if they couldn't stop the engagement, it was clear they would do everything in their power to humiliate Bai Zihan.

Chu Ziyang's expression darkened, while Bai Zihan clenched his fists under the table.

(This bastard... I don't even want this engagement! And now I'm getting humiliated for it?)

Bai Zihan didn't care much about the insults hurled his way, but it was frustrating to hear people think he was the one forcing the marriage when, in reality, it was the other way around.

And of course, he knew who the person making trouble was, Li Feng.

(This trash!)

Bai Zihan wasn't afraid, especially considering that Li Feng was no slouch—a powerful and talented cultivator from the Li Clan.

He would have been more concerned if the opponent was a lower-ranked cultivator trying to stop the engagement and claim Chu Ziyang as his own.

After all, that was the typical troupe for the protagonist.

But Li Feng insulting him? That was the plot of the villain, and Bai Zihan had no qualms about teaching him a lesson.

But before Bai Zihan could respond, a cold voice sliced through the air like a blade.

"Oh? Since when did the Li Clan have a say in my marriage?"

The temperature in the room seemed to drop as Chu Ziyang's phoenix-like eyes locked onto Li Feng, her gaze filled with danger.

Li Feng faltered for a moment but quickly regained his composure.

"I'm merely stating facts, Lady Chu. Everyone knows Bai Zihan is a waste. Why not choose someone more... fitting?"

Li Feng was clearly insinuating himself as the better choice, and indeed, when compared to Bai Zihan, he considered himself a far more suitable candidate to marry Chu Ziyang.

Bai Zihan rolled his eyes.

(This idiot wants to marry Chu Ziyang?)

Bai Zihan thought about how ridiculous the idea was.

Though it might make him happy if Chu Ziyang agreed, he knew there was no chance of that happening.

She was already against marrying someone other than him from the Bai Clan, especially to avoid crossing Bai Xueqing.

Marrying into the Li or Zhao Clan would be an even worse betrayal—one that would alienate her from her family and make her enemies with the Bai Clan, particularly Bai Xueqing.

"Oh? Then who is someone more fitting?"

Chu Ziyang asked with a sneer, her voice laced with both curiosity and disdain.

She already knew Li Feng was referring to himself but she decided to ask him anyway.

"Of course, it's me!"

Li Feng said with a smirk.

"Chu Ziyang, I've admired you for many years, and I can't hide my feelings for you any longer—especially when you're about to marry someone unworthy like Bai Zihan. You deserve better!"

Whether his feelings were genuine or not, Li Feng's intention was clear: he hoped to derail the engagement.

If trouble arose, the Li Clan could always make excuses, claiming that the impetuosity of youth had driven him to rash decisions.

"Hmph!"

Chu Ziyang responded coldly.

"Young Master Li, you're thinking too highly of yourself. If you believe you can match my talent, then I'm sorry to be blunt, but you're still lacking."

She shot back without hesitation, her words like a sharpened blade.

Though Li Feng might have seemed a better match for her in terms of status, when it came to cultivation, he was still far behind.

Chu Ziyang saw no need to sugarcoat it.

After all, the Li Clan had been a constant obstacle to the Chu Clan's interests, and Li Feng had already shown his rudeness.

There was no reason for her to hold back any longer.

Li Feng's face flushed with embarrassment as Chu Ziyang's words hit their mark.

His pride had taken a sharp blow, but he was not one to back down easily. His smirk faltered, replaced with a thinly veiled fury as he glared at Chu Ziyang.

"Hmph!"

Li Feng scoffed, trying to regain some semblance of composure.

"You might think I'm lacking, but let me remind you—compared to Bai Zihan, I'm still ten times the man he'll ever be."

His voice was louder now, tinged with both arrogance and frustration, meant to be heard by all.

He knows that he can't challenge Chu Ziyang but he could take a shot at Bai Zihan and that was his plan as well.

He hadn't expected Chu Ziyang to become so protective of the engagement, though.

Her words and actions had caught him off guard, but even though this wasn't part of his initial calculation, he wasn't about to back down now.

He would press forward with his plan and find another way to provoke Bai Zihan.

He looked directly at Bai Zihan, his eyes filled with disdain.

"Bai Zihan is nothing more than a disappointment, someone who has no place in the circle of true cultivators. You, Lady Chu, deserve better than this. Marrying him will only tarnish your own reputation."

Li Feng paused, letting his words settle into the atmosphere.

He wasn't done yet. With a mocking glance at Bai Zihan, he made his next move.

"I challenge you, Bai Zihan. If you think you're so worthy, then prove it! Let's settle this once and for all. A duel. If you win, I'll accept that you deserve Lady Chu's hand, but if I win—then the engagement ends, and Lady Chu will be free to choose someone far more deserving."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 34: Zhao Chen's Verbal Trap[ 1,171 words ]

### *Chapter 34 - Zhao Chen's Verbal Trap*

The room grew tense as all eyes turned to Bai Zihan.

The challenge had been thrown, and there was no going back now.

The crowd murmured, waiting to see how Bai Zihan would respond.

Would he accept, or would he walk away?

Knowing Bai Zihan's strength, many thought that he would probably avoid the fight since he wouldn't win at all.

Bai Zihan's fists tightened under the table, his jaw clenched.

He wasn't surprised by Li Feng's challenge, but the audacity of the man still grated on his nerves.

Li Feng might have thought he could humiliate him, but Bai Zihan wasn't going to let him get away with it so easily.

"Li Feng, who do you think you are to make trouble in the Bai Clan?"

Bai Xueqing's voice rang out with an air of arrogance and dominance.

"Your opinion is irrelevant here. And if you want to challenge someone, how about I accompany you?"

Bai Xueqing said.

Li Feng was flustered.

He had never expected Chu Ziyang to be so against him breaking off an engagement with a waste like Bai Zihan, and now even Bai Xueqing was getting involved.

His plan was simply to fight Bai Zihan, and knowing Bai Zihan's short temper, he was confident that he would succeed.

But who could have predicted that before Bai Zihan even spoke a word, first Chu Ziyan and then Bai Xueqing would respond to his threat?

Him fighting Bai Xueqing?

What was the difference between that and suicide?

Even with his arrogance, he knew better than to challenge Bai Xueqing, who was already known as the strongest in their generation.

Li Feng was caught off guard for a moment but quickly turned to Zhao Chen, his expression practically begging for assistance.

The Zhao Clan usually preferred to operate from the shadows, but in this case, there was no need to.

Everyone knew about the Zhao and Li Families' alliance, and it was no secret that they opposed the Bai and Chu Clans' engagement.

Zhao Chen, who had been watching quietly, finally spoke, his voice calm and composed.

"Miss Bai, there's no need to escalate things."

He smiled faintly, his tone ever so reasonable.

"Li Feng merely spoke from the heart. He has feelings for Lady Chu—strong ones, at that. Watching the woman he admires being engaged to another, especially someone he believes unworthy, is not an easy thing."

His words were smooth and unhostile.

They painted Li Feng as a man hopelessly in love rather than an arrogant troublemaker.

"He simply wishes for a chance. A duel. Nothing more," Zhao Chen continued, his tone gentle yet firm.

"If Bai Zihan wins, Li Feng will have no choice but to accept reality and move on. Surely, the great Bai Clan wouldn't be so petty as to deny a young man closure?"

The way he framed it put the Bai Clan in an awkward position. If they refused, it would look like they were too afraid to accept a fair challenge.

Zhao Chen's words caused murmurs to ripple through the crowd. Some people even nodded in agreement.

However, Bai Xueqing merely hmped, her cold eyes locking onto Zhao Chen.

"Enough with the flowery words. You're only saying this because you know how weak my brother is and want to bully him."

Bai Xueqing wasn't one to mince words.

Her piercing gaze remained on Zhao Chen.

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

Zhao Chen chuckled, unfazed.

"Of course not, Miss Bai."

His smile widened slightly before he continued, his voice still as smooth as ever.

"But there's no bullying here. Li Feng will obviously lower his cultivation to match Bai Zihan's realm. Won't you, Li Feng?"

Zhao Chen asked.

"Of course! It's not like I enjoy bullying others, unlike someone," Li Feng answered.

At those words, a new wave of murmurs spread through the hall.

"Zhao Chen is right! Love is heavier than Mount Tai! How can the Bai Clan be so heartless as to not give a man a chance to fight for it?"

"Hmph, if Bai Zihan is truly worthy, why not prove it? A duel is the perfect way to settle this fairly!"

"Li Feng is showing sincerity! If Bai Zihan refuses, doesn't that mean he himself knows he isn't worthy of Lady Chu?"

"Exactly! Li Feng is even willing to lower his cultivation to match that of Young Master Bai Zihan."

...

All eyes turned toward Bai Zihan.

Even Bai Xueqing couldn't say much, as Li Feng was willing to lower his cultivation.

Although she knew that even if Li Feng's cultivation was the same as Bai Zihan's, Bai Zihan stood no chance.

Be it body refinement or technique mastery, Bai Zihan was far inferior to Li Feng.

However, if she interfered, it would only make it seem like the Bai Clan was afraid of Li Feng and subject them to public criticism.

Now, all they could do was wait for Bai Zihan's response.

Bai Zihan was simply watching the whole commotion as if it had nothing to do with him, despite being one of the main figures in this conflict.

So, when everyone's attention shifted to him, he lazily looked at them and, in an irritated voice, asked.

"What?"

Bai Zihan spoke as if he had no idea why these people were looking at him.

Zhao Chen's smile didn't waver, but there was a flicker of amusement in his eyes as he observed Bai Zihan's lazy and indifferent expression.

With a light chuckle, he shook his head as if pitying Bai Zihan's ignorance.

"Young Master Bai," Zhao Chen said, his tone calm yet edged with subtle mockery, "it seems you weren't paying attention. But I suppose that's to be expected."

He glanced around, ensuring the crowd was still focused on them before continuing.

"Allow me to explain it to you again—simply, so that even you can understand," Zhao Chen said, his voice dripping with condescension.

"Li Feng has challenged you to a duel. A fair one. He will lower his cultivation to match yours, so there is no excuse of an unfair advantage. If you win, the engagement remains, and Li Feng will gracefully step aside."

Zhao Chen continued.

"But if you lose... well, then surely even you must agree that Lady Chu deserves better than to be tied to a man who can't even defend his own honor."

Zhao Chen's words caused another round of murmurs from the crowd.

"That's right! It's not even unfair anymore. What excuse does Bai Zihan have now?"

"If he refuses, doesn't that just prove he's scared?"

"Even his own sister can't protect him forever. Sooner or later, he has to stand up for himself."

Zhao Chen smiled at the reaction, then turned his gaze back to Bai Zihan.

"Well, Young Master Bai? Do you accept it?"

His words were sharp, pushing Bai Zihan into a corner.

The entire hall was waiting for his response.

"Puh! Hahaha... You really think I care about your challenge?"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 35: The Price of a Duel[ 1,239 words ]

### *Chapter 35 - The Price of a Duel*

The laughter that escaped Bai Zihan's lips was neither loud nor exaggerated, but it was enough to make the already tense atmosphere even more suffocating.

His tone dripped with mockery, his expression one of utter disdain as he lazily leaned back in his seat.

This left many people, including Zhao Chen and Li Feng, utterly baffled.

They had expected Bai Zihan to be furious or at least offended—but instead, he was sitting there, laughing like a madman.

"Haha..."

He chuckled again, shaking his head as if he had just heard the most ridiculous joke in the world.

His sharp gaze swept across the room before landing on Zhao Chen.

"Who do you think you are to tell me what to do?"

His words immediately silenced the murmurs around him.

Zhao Chen's smile stiffened for a fraction of a second before quickly regaining its usual elegance.

Zhao Chen was the genius of the Zhao Clan, and there wasn't anyone who didn't know him or dared to disrespect him the way Bai Zihan just had.

Moreover, he had been carefully steering the conversation to pressure Bai Zihan into accepting the challenge and hadn't expected Bai Zihan to turn the tables on him like this.

Even Bai Xueqing struggled to counter Zhao Chen's eloquence, yet Bai Zihan couldn't care less about appearances.

Instead, he met Zhao Chen's words with outright hostility and rudeness.

"Hehehe... And those who are saying that I should accept the challenge—step forward. I promise I won't destroy your clan!"

Bai Zihan said, his tone carrying an unmistakable threat.

It was clear that he wasn't pleased with those who dared to support Zhao Chen and his ideas.

The moment those words left his mouth, the entire hall fell into a dead silence.

Who would dare step forward now? Who could guarantee that Bai Zihan wouldn't follow through on his threat?

Seeing Bai Zihan taking control of the situation and asserting his dominance, Zhao Chen stepped forward, attempting to steer the conversation back in his favor.

"Young Master Bai, isn't it inappropriate for you to threaten others just because you don't like their opinion? Isn't that the very definition of tyranny?"

Zhao Chen's voice was steady, his expression unreadable.

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue and lazily rested his cheek on his palm.

"Zhao Chen, do you really think I can't see through your little ploy? You must be even dumber than you look if you believe I'd play along."

Even Zhao Chen's expression flickered slightly.

"Young Master Bai Zihan! What do you mean by that?"

Zhao Chen tried to feign ignorance.

Bai Zihan scoffed.

"You hide behind flowery words and pretend to be polite, but all you're doing is trying to pressure me into accepting this idiot's challenge."

Zhao Chen's expression remained calm, but his eyes flashed dangerously.

"Young Master Bai, I don't understand what you're trying to imply. This is merely a fair—"

"A fair challenge?"

Bai Zihan interrupted, sneering.

"Spare me the nonsense. Since when was it my responsibility to entertain a fool's delusions?"

He stretched lazily, making it seem like the entire situation bored him.

"Li Feng wants me to fight? And for what? Just because he's throwing a tantrum over an engagement that has nothing to do with him? Why the hell should I entertain his whims?"

A murmur rippled through the crowd again.

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Oh, Li Feng, you really think you're the protagonist in some tragic love story, don't you? 'Oh, my love, I cannot bear to see you with another man! I must challenge him to prove my feelings!'"

Bai Zihan placed a hand on his chest in mock sorrow before rolling his eyes.

"What a joke!"

Laughter erupted from a few people in the crowd, though they quickly quieted under the weight of the tension.

Li Feng's face turned red with anger.

"You—"

Being mocked so openly, Li Feng couldn't hold back his rage.

His entire body trembled as he glared at Bai Zihan, pointing a shaking finger at him.

"Bai Zihan! Don't go too far!"

Li Feng spat.

"Haha... Too far? So you barging into my engagement and challenging me isn't going too far?"

Bai Zihan shot back, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

"Bai Zihan, I just want to get over my love for Miss Chu Ziyan. Or are you scared to fight me?"

Li Feng provoked, his frustration reaching its peak.

Previously, he wanted to fight Bai Zihan because of his clan's orders, but now, he genuinely couldn't wait to beat him up.

"Haha... Why should I dirty my hands fighting a sore loser? If you want to prove something so badly, why don't you go find a mirror and fight yourself?"

The hall fell into stunned silence.

No one knew what kind of pill Bai Zihan had taken to give him the audacity to look down on both the geniuses of the Li and Zhao Clans—especially when he was considered the greatest waste of the Bai Clan.

Not only was Bai Zihan blatantly disregarding them, but he was also insulting them time and time again.

Even Chu Ziyang was surprised by Bai Zihan's boldness.

After all, even she had to be cautious with her words when speaking to them, yet Bai Zihan had no filter whatsoever.

(At least, you have some guts!)

Chu Ziyang thought to herself. Her impression of Bai Zihan rose slightly, though he was still the same arrogant young master in her eyes.

However, his arrogance didn't waver even in front of the giants of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

It was ironic.

When Bai Zihan treated servants and weaker people with this same attitude, he was seen as a bully.

But when he showed that same arrogance toward the two strongest clans and their most talented descendants, suddenly, he was no longer a tyrant—he was a man of courage.

Same behavior, different audience—yet the way people perceived him changed entirely, even though he treated everyone the same.

Bai Zihan lazily leaned back, his gaze indifferent.

"And what's the reward for this fight? If I lose, I have to cancel the engagement... but if I win, I just get to keep it?"

He scoffed.

"Are you kidding me? Isn't this a complete loss-loss situation for me? Zhao Chen, you're not stupid enough to think this is a fair challenge, right?"

That being said, having his engagement canceled wasn't exactly a bad thing for him.

But if it happened under these circumstances, it would cause problems for his clan—and while Bai Zihan didn't care much about his clan's troubles, he did care about how it would affect his own life.

His father would make sure he suffered for losing.

Besides, there was no way he was going to let the Li and Zhao Clans achieve what they wanted so easily.

Bai Zihan knew that even if his cultivation was suppressed to match Li Feng's, there was no way he would lose.

But accepting the challenge just like that?

No!

He had to squeeze every last bit of value out of Li Feng and Zhao Chen first.

Knowing how desperate they were to humiliate him and force him into accepting the challenge—along with their confidence that Li Feng would win—Bai Zihan was certain they would offer a worthwhile reward to make him agree.

(I am going to play along with your games but it ain't going to be for free!)

## Chapter 36: An Earth-Grade Artifact? Are You Mocking Me?

### *Chapter 36 - An Earth-Grade Artifact? Are You Mocking Me?*

Even the ever-composed Zhao Chen couldn't help but grow angrier each time he was insulted and called stupid.

He was one of the brightest minds of the younger generation, someone destined to become the greatest scholar of the Desolate Heaven Empire—yet Bai Zihan treated him like a complete fool.

However, after calming himself down, Zhao Chen had to admit that Bai Zihan wasn't entirely unreasonable.

Of course, he would demand a reward.

He realized that honor and fame meant nothing to Bai Zihan. After all, his reputation was already at rock bottom, and he showed no interest in changing it.

Even if others called him a coward or undeserving, Zhao Chen understood that Bai Zihan simply didn't care.

Unlike him and the other young masters of prestigious clans, who would go to any lengths to protect their pride.

(Hmph! I just need to bet something good enough for Bai Zihan to accept, no matter what the prize might be.)

Zhao Chen thought.

Just as Bai Zihan had predicted, Zhao Chen had never even considered the possibility of Li Feng losing.

Because of that, he was more than willing to offer a generous prize.

With a subtle gesture, Zhao Chen signaled to Li Feng, who immediately understood what he had to do.

"Bai Zihan, since you think there's nothing for you to gain, how about this? If you win, you will receive an Earth-grade artifact from my Li Clan."

Li Feng's voice carried confidence, as if he were offering something incredibly generous.

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

An Earth-grade artifact was no small reward—it was a treasure that many cultivators could only dream of obtaining.

A Yellow-grade artifact was already enough to change a person's life.

A Profound-grade artifact was the highest most mid-tier clans could afford.

But an Earth-grade artifact? That was something only a powerful clan possessed.

Even some Nascent Soul Realm cultivators might not have an Earth-grade artifact due to how rare and precious they were.

So, the guests at the Bai Clan were shocked that Li Feng dared to bet such a treasure against Bai Zihan.

However, after a moment of thought, they reasoned that since Li Feng would likely win, it didn't matter what he wagered.

However, Bai Zihan merely raised an eyebrow before letting out a low chuckle.

"An Earth-grade artifact?"

His voice dripped with condescension, as if he had just heard the most ridiculous thing in the world.

"Li Feng, do you take me for a beggar?"

The hall fell silent.

Bai Zihan scoffed and lazily propped his cheek against his palm.

"Let me get this straight—you want me to fight some nobody just so I can keep my engagement, and in return, all I get is an Earth-grade artifact? Do you really think my time is worth so little?"

Bai Zihan knew how precious an Earth-grade artifact was, but considering that his opponents were from the Li and Zhao Clans, he was certain they could offer something better.

Their overconfidence in Li Feng's strength only made it more obvious that they wouldn't hesitate to put up something even more valuable.

Zhao Chen's smile stiffened slightly.

Li Feng, on the other hand, was fuming.

"Bai Zihan, don't act so arrogant! An Earth-grade artifact is already more than generous! Do you even understand how precious—"

Bai Zihan cut him off with a smirk.

"Oh? It's precious, you say? Then let me ask you something."

His sharp gaze locked onto Li Feng, eyes gleaming with amusement.

"If your love for Chu Ziyang is so strong that you're willing to challenge me over her, then tell me—why is an Earth-grade artifact enough to prove it?"

Li Feng's expression darkened.

Bai Zihan let out a mocking laugh.

"Or is your so-called love for Chu Ziyang only worth an Earth-grade artifact? Not much of a love story, huh?"

Bai Zihan leaned forward slightly, his voice laced with mockery.

"I mean, think about it. You came all this way, interrupted my engagement, and declared a challenge in front of everyone—just for a woman. And you say you'll only bet only an Earth-grade artifact?"

A cold smile played on Bai Zihan's lips.

"So tell me, Li Feng... is Chu Ziyang not worth more than that? Is she only worth an Earth-grade artifact? If that's the case, how about this—I'll give you an Earth-grade artifact, and you can take it and get the hell out of my sight!"

Li Feng's face turned red.

Bai Zihan was completely looking down on him, treating him like a beggar.

An Earth-grade artifact was incredibly powerful, yet in Bai Zihan's words, it sounded like a mere trinket—something he could toss away at will.

Bai Zihan's words had backed him into a corner.

If he refused, wouldn't that mean he didn't treasure Chu Ziyang enough?

Moreover, it would make it seem as though the Li Clan couldn't even afford to properly wager against the Bai Clan.

But if an Earth-grade artifact wasn't enough, was he really going to bet a Heaven-grade artifact?

A Heaven-grade artifact!

That was a treasure so rare that even the greatest clans in the Desolate Heaven Empire treated them as priceless heirlooms!

Even the Li and Zhao Clans only had a few, and only those who made great contributions to the clan would have a chance to obtain one.

His mind was in turmoil.

Seeing Li Feng hesitate, Zhao Chen subtly stepped forward and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Young Master Li," he said softly, his voice calm and reassuring, "there's no need to hesitate."

Li Feng turned toward him, his expression still stormy.

Zhao Chen gave him a knowing smile.

"Do not forget—there is no way you will lose."

His words carried confidence, certainty.

Then, in a hushed tone, he leaned in closer and whispered.

"I will personally provide a Heaven-grade artifact from my Zhao Clan. You do not need to bear the cost yourself."

Li Feng's eyes widened.

He didn't know what gave Zhao Chen the confidence to say that he would provide a Heaven-grade artifact, especially since Zhao Chen was of the younger generation just like him.

But since Zhao Chen had made such a bold claim, Li Feng had no reason to hesitate.

Besides, he was fighting Bai Zihan.

There was no need to worry—he was never going to lose.

The Bai Clan's greatest 'waste' against one of the strongest geniuses of the younger generation?

It was laughable!

Li Feng took a deep breath before glaring at Bai Zihan.

"Fine," he said coldly.

"I'll wager a Heaven-grade artifact against you."

The hall erupted in shock.

"Heaven-grade artifact? Really? Is Li Feng really going that far?"

"Young Master Li Feng must truly love Miss Chu Ziyan! Otherwise, who would be willing to bet a Heaven-grade artifact?"

"No matter what Li Feng bets, it doesn't matter. He's going to win anyway."

...

Even Bai Xueqing, who had been watching from the side, frowned slightly.

A Heaven-grade artifact... even for a powerful clan like the Li Clan, that was no small price.

The Li and Zhao Clans would suffer greatly if Bai Zihan won, but their willingness to bet such a treasure only meant one thing.

They were certain that Li Feng would win.

Bai Xueqing worriedly looked at Bai Zihan.

But Bai Zihan simply leaned back and smirked.

"Now that's more like it."

His eyes flashed with amusement.

"Alright, Li Feng—I accept your challenge."

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 37: The Art of Shamelessness[ 1,255 words ]

### *Chapter 37 - The Art of Shamelessness*

Zhao Chen and Li Feng exchanged a glance.

Finally!

Everything was going back exactly as they had planned.

They had successfully goaded Bai Zihan into accepting the wager, and now all that remained was for Li Feng to crush him in front of everyone.

Once that happened, not only would they stop the marriage alliance between the Bai Clan and the Chu Clan, but Bai Zihan would become the biggest laughingstock in the entire empire.

Li Feng smirked, his confidence returning in full force.

He stepped forward and swept his gaze over the hall.

"Since we've settled the wager, let's not waste any more time," he declared.

His aura surged, sending a sharp pressure through the air. His battle intent burned like a flame, ready to erupt at any moment.

"Bai Zihan, let's begin!"

However, Bai Zihan didn't move.

He remained seated, propping his cheek lazily against his palm, his expression relaxed—almost bored.

Li Feng frowned.

"What's wrong? Have you changed your mind?"

His voice turned mocking.

"Don't tell me—you're scared?"

However, Bai Zihan merely chuckled.

"Scared?"

His lips curled into a smirk as he tilted his head lazily.

"You think I'd be afraid of someone like you?"

Li Feng's expression darkened.

It seemed like, in front of Bai Zihan, his reputation was useless. Bai Zihan has not been taking him seriously at all from the very beginning.

Being disregarded by a waste was something he didn't like, but he endured it.

He thought that soon he would make Bai Zihan regret this moment and etch into his memory just who he was.

"Then why aren't you coming here?"

Bai Zihan sighed as if he were dealing with a bunch of fools. Then, he stretched his arms and leaned back in his chair.

"Before we start, I have a question."

His voice was calm, almost lazy, yet it instantly silenced the hall.

"Where's the prize?"

Li Feng blinked.

"What?"

"The Heaven-grade artifact."

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

"Where is it?"

Li Feng's expression stiffened slightly before he scoffed.

"I'll give it to you after you win."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? So you're saying I have to fight first, win, and then just trust that you'll hand it over?"

He let out a short laugh.

"Do I look that gullible to you?"

Bai Zihan's words made sense.

No one in their right mind would bet something as valuable as a Heaven-grade artifact without first seeing proof that the prize even existed.

However, this was Li Feng—someone from the prestigious Li Clan—and he had made the bet in front of all these people, including his own clan leader and the leaders of top clans in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Unless Li Feng was a scammer or wanted Li Clan's reputation to plummet, there was no way he would break his promise.

But Bai Zihan didn't seem to consider any of that.

He was treating Li Feng like a scammer.

Li Feng frowned.

"Are you doubting my words?"

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Yes!"

Silence!

Indeed, Bai Zihan was completely disregarding Li Feng's status and reputation. He didn't care about giving him any face at all.

"Call me cautious, but I can't just take your word for it. For all I know, you're just making empty promises. So, if the Heaven-grade artifact isn't out in the open before the fight begins..."

He smiled coldly.

"I'll assume you were lying."

Li Feng wanted nothing more than to smack the smirk off Bai Zihan's face—but he couldn't.

Moreover, since he had never planned to lose, he had seen no need to take out the Heaven-grade artifact.

But now...

Without it, Bai Zihan clearly wasn't going to fight.

He had no choice.

He glanced at Zhao Chen, signaling his intent.

Since Zhao Chen had promised to provide the Heaven-grade artifact, it was now his decision to make.

By now, Zhao Chen was furious, his emotions barely hidden behind his expression.

This Bai Zihan was seriously irritating him beyond belief.

To think that a mere weakling could force him into this situation!

Zhao Chen had no choice.

He reached into his storage ring and reluctantly pulled out an artifact.

Although he knew he would get it back, he couldn't help but feel a pang of reluctance as the Heaven-grade artifact left his grasp.

The moment Zhao Chen handed the artifact to Li Feng, a powerful energy fluctuation rippled through the hall.

The crowd's eyes widened in shock.

"That's...!"

A burst of hushed murmurs spread like wildfire.

The artifact Li Feng now held was the Celestial Feather Fan—a legendary Heaven-grade treasure and one of the Zhao Clan's most prized heirlooms.

Even the most seasoned cultivators in the hall couldn't suppress their astonishment.

"The Celestial Feather Fan... That's one of the Zhao Clan's most powerful treasures!"

"I heard it was refined using the feathers of a Divine Sky Roc! It grants incredible wind-based abilities and can even summon storms."

"This proves how confident they are. Zhao Chen must be certain that Bai Zihan will lose, or he'd never risk it."

...

The awe in their voices was undeniable.

A Heaven-grade artifact wasn't just powerful—it was an inheritance-level treasure that most clans wouldn't part with under any circumstances.

Even high-ranking elders of major clans wouldn't necessarily own one, yet Zhao Chen had actually taken one out for a mere wager.

Moreover, it was incredible that a junior, although genius, had obtained a Heaven-grade artifact.

This just showed the incredible achievements and contributions Zhao Chen had made for the Zhao Clan.

Bai Zihan's expression didn't change, but his fingers tapped lazily against the armrest.

Zhao Chen clenched his fists, forcing himself to remain calm. His expression was dark, but he still managed a smile.

"There, you've seen the Heaven-grade artifact."

Li Feng held up the Celestial Feather Fan with a cold smirk.

"Now, will you finally step forward?"

His voice carried arrogance, as if the result was already predetermined.

Bai Zihan glanced at the fan, then back at Li Feng.

His lips curled into a smirk.

"Give it to me."

Li Feng's eyes widened.

"What?"

Bai Zihan's expression was utterly shameless.

"Think of it as advance payment. If you win, I'll give it back."

"You—!"

Zhao Chen couldn't decide whether to be furious or admire Bai Zihan's audacity.

He had never been forced this much in his life.

Not only had he been made to wager one of his most prized possessions, but now Bai Zihan wanted the Celestial Feather Fan in his hands before even fighting?

Just how shameless could one person be?

Li Feng didn't know what to do. Since the artifact wasn't his, it wasn't his decision to make. He simply waited for Zhao Chen's response.

Zhao Chen exhaled sharply. He had already made too many concessions. Letting Bai Zihan hold the fan for a few minutes wouldn't make a difference.

"Give it to him," Zhao Chen said through gritted teeth.

Li Feng hesitated but eventually walked up to Bai Zihan and handed over the Celestial Feather Fan.

"Here you go!"

He said with disdain.

Bai Zihan smiled.

"Good!"

Then, in front of everyone, he casually placed the Celestial Feather Fan inside his storage ring—as if it had belonged to him all along.

Li Feng's expression twitched.

"Now can we fight?"

He asked, his irritation barely concealed.

Bai Zihan stretched lazily before finally rising to his feet.

"Sure."

His lips curled into a confident smirk.

"Get ready to be trashed!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 38: Bai Zihan Vs Li Feng[ 1,373 words ]

### *Chapter 38 - Bai Zihan Vs Li Feng*

The much-awaited fight was finally beginning!

Excitement filled the air as every guest eagerly focused on the unfolding drama.

However, the Bai Clan's side was not in a very good mood.

After all, they all knew the capabilities of their good-for-nothing heir, who only knew how to create trouble.

They all thought that Bai Zihan wouldn't last even three moves against Li Feng.

The one who was the most worried was Bai Zihan's father, Bai Tianheng.

(This stupid son! He could have just shamelessly refused the fight.)

Initially, he thought Bai Zihan was making excuses and trying his best to avoid fighting Li Feng, including when he asked to wager something better than an Earth-Grade Artifact.

But in the end, Bai Zihan accepted, which confused and worried Bai Tianheng even more.

He even began to speculate whether Bai Zihan was intentionally messing around to avoid the engagement, which in this case would only mean that Bai Zihan wanted to get beaten up.

Of course, he didn't interfere and watched with others as he was in the presence of many guests.

If he interfered when it was the juniors competing with each other, it could affect the Bai Clan's standing and reputation.

So, like the Li and Zhao Clan Leaders, Bai Tianheng was also forced to stay and just watch the commotion.

On the other hand, the Li and Zhao Clans were filled with joy, and some were already smiling.

After all, against Li Feng, they thought that even ten Bai Zihans would stand no chance—even if both of their cultivation levels were the same.

They all speculated that the engagement would be canceled, bringing utter humiliation to the Bai Clan.

Other guests also thought the result was already predictable, with Li Feng winning easily.

However, that didn't diminish the entertainment they felt from this, as they wanted to watch Bai Zihan's engagement fail, along with him being beaten up by Li Feng.

The only people who weren't so certain about Li Feng's victory were those who had witnessed the confrontation between Bai Zihan and Bai Jian—such as Chu Ziyang.

Chu Ziyang didn't necessarily think Bai Zihan would lose, especially if he showed the same strength as when confronting Bai Jian.

Although she wasn't sure whether Bai Zihan could defeat Li Feng, she was certain that he wouldn't lose easily.

Bai Xueqing also watched anxiously but there was nothing that she or any other person could do. It was all in Bai Zihan's hand now!

Bai Zihan walked down and stood before Li Feng.

The Bai Clan's mansion was huge, and there was plenty of room for a spar.

The guests had already made enough space for the two to fight comfortably, though many thought it was unnecessary since the fight would end in a jiffy.

"So, how are you going to decrease your cultivation level?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"Don't tell me you'll suppress it yourself and expect me to believe that you'll keep it that way."

Li Feng smirked at Bai Zihan's words but didn't let himself be provoked.

Instead, he reached into his storage ring and retrieved a small, ancient-looking jade pendant.

The pendant emitted a faint, golden glow, inscribed with mysterious runes that pulsed with spiritual energy.

The crowd immediately recognized the item.

"The Spirit-Sealing Pendant!"

Someone from the crowd exclaimed.

"I heard that it can temporarily suppress one's cultivation by restricting the flow of spiritual energy in the dantian," another murmured.

"Once the Spirit-Sealing Pendant activates, it will lock my cultivation at the Core Formation stage for exactly one hour. During that time, I won't be able to access my Golden Core strength at all," Li Feng explained.

"I hope this artifact can put your mind at ease," Li Feng remarked.

"Good enough, I guess. Go ahead, then."

Bai Zihan knew about this artifact and understood that it would be impossible for Li Feng to break out unless one hour had passed.

That meant that even if he were beaten up like a dog, he still wouldn't be able to retaliate as long as he had this pendant on him.

Bai Zihan watched as Li Feng activated the pendant.

Golden light surged around Li Feng's body as the artifact worked its magic.

The overwhelming pressure of his Golden Core realm cultivation rapidly faded, and soon, the aura surrounding him stabilized at the Core Formation stage.

A moment later, the light from the pendant dimmed, its runes fading slightly.

"It is done!"

Li Feng clenched his fist, testing his strength.

His expression remained confident.

Even if his cultivation was temporarily lowered, his combat techniques, battle experience, and physical strength remained superior to Bai Zihan's—or so he believed.

Bai Zihan simply smiled and looked at Li Feng as if he were a moth flying into a flame.

"Hmph! I hope you're satisfied now. Can we finally fight?"

Li Feng asked.

"Sure, sure! Let's not waste my time."

Bai Zihan said, as if he hadn't been the one delaying the fight this entire time.

With that, both fighters took their stances. The crowd held its breath, waiting for the battle to begin.

Li Feng stood tall, his arms crossed over his chest, exuding supreme confidence.

"Well? What are you waiting for?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"Hmph! I don't want to bully you too much. You can have the first move," Li Feng said confidently.

It wasn't that he was arrogant, but he believed that Bai Zihan was no match for him.

He wanted to completely humiliate him by offering the first move and then defeating him easily.

That way, Bai Zihan wouldn't be able to make excuses, and the Bai Clan would be thoroughly shamed.

Bai Zihan's lips curled into a smirk.

"Alright," he said lazily. "I'll oblige."

If some fool wanted to die faster, then who was he to refuse?

WHOOSH!

Bai Zihan moved—perhaps too fast for a Core Formation cultivator.

Before Li Feng could even react, Bai Zihan was already in front of him.

Li Feng couldn't dodge in time and could only rely on his defense, raising his arm to block Bai Zihan's attack.

BANG!

A single, casual-looking punch shot forward, aimed directly at Li Feng's raised arm.

The impact struck like a thunderclap.

The moment Bai Zihan's fist connected, a sickening CRACK! echoed through the hall.

"AAAHHH!!!"

Li Feng let out a pathetic, high-pitched scream that sounded nothing like the composed, arrogant genius from before.

His entire arm bent at an unnatural angle, the bones visibly breaking apart under the sheer force of the punch.

The crowd was stunned into silence.

What just happened?

One punch?! And it caused this much damage?!

Li Feng had even blocked Bai Zihan's punch completely—yet his arm still shattered!

Li Feng stumbled back, clutching his broken arm, his face twisted in agony.

Even with his cultivation suppressed, he never thought he wouldn't be able to defend against Bai Zihan's attack.

Yet the punch had been so powerful that it penetrated his Qi-protected arm and directly broke his bones.

That level of strength was insane—it had completely surpassed his own.

Li Feng's once-confident demeanor shattered as he gasped for breath, sweat pouring down his forehead.

But Bai Zihan wasn't done.

Before Li Feng could even stabilize himself, Bai Zihan stepped forward again.

BAM!

A knee to the gut sent Li Feng doubling over, his mouth opening in a silent gasp. His vision blurred as he felt all the air leave his lungs.

But Bai Zihan still wasn't done.

SMACK!

A palm strike to the face sent Li Feng spinning in the air before crashing into the ground like a ragdoll.

"AAHHHHH!"

The once-proud genius of the Li Clan was now writhing on the floor, his screams echoing through the hall as he trembled in pain.

The crowd watched in stunned disbelief.

"This... This isn't possible!"

"How is Bai Zihan this strong?!"

"Is Bai Zihan really this powerful, or is Li Feng just too weak?"

...

Li Feng's cries filled the hall as the shocked bystanders watched Bai Zihan torment him.

It was now clear as day—Li Feng stood no chance.

The fight was already over!

However, Bai Zihan didn't seem to want to end it just yet...

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 39: Li Feng's Humiliation[ 1,305 words ]

### *Chapter 39: Li Feng's Humiliation*

SMACK! SMACK!

Disregarding everything, Bai Zihan continued to beat up Li Feng.

The faces of the Li Clan changed faster than lightning.

One moment, they were gloating and smiling, and the next, their expressions turned devastated and grim.

The Zhao Clan wasn't faring much better, but at least it wasn't their clan that was being humiliated.

Who could have ever thought that Bai Zihan was so powerful that he had defeated Li Feng with a single punch?

Zhao Chen's face turned pale as he watched Li Feng get thrashed like a helpless child.

Gritting his teeth, he finally stepped forward. But he knew that the moment he did, their plan had already failed.

Now, all he could do was salvage the situation and make Li Feng suffer less, or else he might be implicated by the Li Clan for not helping when Li Feng was being humiliated.

"That's enough, Bai Zihan!"

He snapped, his aura surging.

"You've won! There's no need to continue—"

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan interrupted, tilting his head.

His smirk widened, eyes gleaming with amusement.

"But Zhao Chen, didn't you just say that Li Feng is deeply in love with Chu Ziyan? Shouldn't he endure this pain for the sake of love?"

Zhao Chen's expression froze.

Bai Zihan chuckled darkly.

"I don't think he will give up so easily. He should still be able to endure more for his love!"

He turned back to Li Feng, who was whimpering on the ground, his face swollen and bruised.

"This is nothing compared to the pain of unrequited love."

With that, Bai Zihan raised his foot—

And stomped down hard.

"AAAAAHHHH!!!"

Li Feng's scream pierced through the entire hall.

"Will you stop screaming like a little girl and take it like a man? Otherwise, you won't look good in front of Chu Ziyan!"

PUNCH!

It seemed like despite Li Feng's condition—being unable to fight back and already covered in injuries—Bai Zihan still had no intention of letting him go.

Li Feng also wanted to give up and surrender, but whenever he tried, Bai Zihan would smack him in the face, making him unable to concede.

Just as Bai Zihan was about to land another punch—

BOOM!

A powerful surge of Qi erupted from the Li Clan's side, shaking the entire hall.

"Enough!!"

A thunderous voice echoed like a storm rolling through the room.

The guests shuddered as an overbearing aura descended upon them. Even the weaker cultivators felt suffocated under its immense pressure.

A figure shot forward like a meteor—Li Jianhong, the patriarch of the Li Clan and Li Feng's father.

His expression was dark, eyes filled with seething rage.

He had been watching in silence, enduring his son's humiliation for the sake of decorum, but Bai Zihan's relentless beating was the final straw.

Without hesitation, Li Jianhong raised his palm, his Qi surging violently as he struck toward Bai Zihan with the full force!

The attack was ruthless—fast and fierce, aiming to crush Bai Zihan instantly!

The guests gasped.

"Li Jianhong is making a move!"

"He's actually attacking a junior in front of everyone? Isn't he afraid of his reputation declining?"

"A mere Core Formation Stage cultivator couldn't possibly survive a strike from a Void Refinement Stage expert."

...

Many guests frowned upon Li Jianhong's behavior, but no one dared to interfere. This was a battle between the Bai and Li Clans.

However—

BOOM!

Before Li Jianhong's strike could reach Bai Zihan, a second burst of terrifying Qi erupted!

A figure materialized like a phantom, stepping in front of Bai Zihan.

Bai Tianheng!

The Bai Clan's patriarch—Bai Zihan's father—had finally made his move!

CLANG!

The moment Li Jianhong's palm strike came down, Bai Tianheng's hand shot forward, intercepting it with ease.

A deafening shockwave spread across the hall, causing teacups to shatter and weaker cultivators to stagger backward.

The two patriarchs stood locked in place, their Qi colliding in a silent battle of dominance.

The tension was suffocating—as expected from a clash between two Void Refinement Stage experts.

This was a confrontation between the strongest figures in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Bai Tianheng's gaze was calm but sharp as he stared down Li Jianhong.

"Patriarch Li," he spoke slowly, his voice laced with authority.

"Are you seriously making a move against a junior in front of all these esteemed guests?"

Li Jianhong's face was cold, his fury barely restrained.

"Bai Tianheng, your son has gone too far! There is a limit to everything! Do you expect me to just sit back and watch?"

Bai Tianheng didn't budge. His grip on Li Jianhong's palm remained firm, unyielding.

"And what of your son?"

Bai Tianheng asked coolly.

"Was it not he who challenged my Zihan? Why didn't you stop him then?"

He narrowed his eyes.

"Or are you telling me that the Li Clan can dish out challenges but cannot accept the consequences?"

Li Jianhong's expression twisted.

"You—!"

Bai Tianheng's Qi flared subtly, exerting invisible pressure.

"If you insist on attacking my son," he said, his voice turning icy, "then don't blame me for not showing mercy."

The meaning was clear.

If Li Jianhong attacked Bai Zihan, then Bai Tianheng would retaliate without holding back. Perhaps it could be the start of the war between the two clans.

The entire hall turned deathly silent.

The Zhao Clan, who had been enjoying the spectacle moments ago, now watched anxiously.

This was not part of the plan. Even if Li Feng had humiliated Bai Zihan, it should have been a fight between juniors—not something requiring the intervention of elders.

However, what Li Jianhong was doing was essentially escalating the conflict and turning it into a much larger issue—something the Zhao Clan did not want.

Zhao Chen clenched his fists. With the involvement of the Clan Leaders, there was no place for a junior like him.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan casually dusted off his sleeves, looking completely unbothered.

He glanced at Li Feng, who was still groaning on the floor, and smirked.

"Patriarch Li," he said lazily.

"Are you sure you want to interfere? Do you truly want to be the one to destroy your son's love?"

Li Jianhong's fingers trembled with rage.

That love story was just an excuse to interfere with the engagement, but Bai Zihan had been using that story to his advantage to keep attacking his son.

He wanted nothing more than to crush this arrogant brat, but he knew Bai Tianheng wasn't an easy opponent.

Moreover, although they had similar cultivation levels, Bai Tianheng had always been stronger, and the earlier confrontation proved that he was still superior.

"Tch!"

After a long silence, Li Jianhong withdrew his hand.

"Hmph!"

Bai Tianheng released his grip as well, but his gaze remained sharp.

"You brat! You should know when to stop. Li Feng has already lost!"

Li Jianhong said angrily.

"Oh? So be it. I also don't have any interest in beating up weaklings."

Bai Zihan said casually, further angering Li Jianhong.

Li Jianhong gave Bai Zihan a final glare before turning to his son.

"Li Feng," he said coldly. "Stand up!"

Li Feng, still in pain, trembled as he tried to push himself up.

His legs were weak, his vision spun, but he gritted his teeth and forced himself to stand.

The once-proud genius of the Li Clan looked nothing like before.

Defeated!

Humiliated!

Broken!

The guests whispered among themselves.

"Li Feng lost so miserably."

"Who would have thought Bai Zihan was this strong?"

"What a turn of events..."

Bai Zihan yawned, stretching his arms lazily.

Li Feng's fists clenched, his nails digging into his palms. His shame burned hotter than his wounds.

With one last glare at Bai Zihan, he turned and walked away, his steps unsteady.

The fight was over.

And the one who stood victorious was Bai Zihan.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 40: Engagement Complete[ 1,478 words ]

### *Chapter 40: Engagement Complete*

The entire hall remained in stunned silence, the tension still thick in the air.

Though the fight had ended, the consequences of Bai Zihan's overwhelming victory rippled through the crowd.

"To think... Bai Zihan was this strong all along?"

All the Bai Clan's servants, who had always seen Bai Zihan as an idle young master who only preyed on the weak, swallowed hard.

The way Bai Zihan had beaten Li Feng was far worse than how he would treat them.

At the very least, it was somewhat reassuring to know that Li Feng, the young master of the Li Clan, had suffered more than them, mere servants.

The Bai Clan's elders, particularly Bai Feng, who had always looked down on Bai Zihan, wore expressions of disbelief.

Of course, there were also those elders who didn't particularly side with Bai Feng—some of whom were pleasantly surprised and even happy that Bai Zihan, their heir was strong.

But most of them were different.

If Bai Zihan wasn't weak, then with his marriage to Chu Ziyan, removing him from the position of heir would become nearly impossible.

"How is this possible?"

Bai Feng muttered under his breath.

All these years, Bai Zihan had been nothing but a troublemaker in his eyes—someone unworthy of inheriting the Bai Clan's legacy.

But now... he had crushed Li Feng, one of the most promising young cultivators in the empire, with almost laughable ease.

Although Bai Zihan had lowered his cultivation level to match Li Feng's, that still didn't change the fact that he had completely overwhelmed him.

Even Bai Tianheng was pleasantly surprised and proud.

At first, he had thought Bai Zihan was planning to lose on purpose to escape the engagement, yet instead, he had thoroughly beaten Li Feng.

This made him incredibly proud.

However, one question remained—just how had Bai Zihan become this strong?

As far as Bai Tianheng knew, Bai Zihan had an ordinary physique, perhaps even weaker than most, since he rarely trained seriously.

On the other side of the hall, Bai Xueqing widened her eyes in disbelief.

She had always thought Bai Zihan was arrogant for no reason, relying on his father's status rather than his own abilities.

Yet, the reality before her was undeniable.

"How did he get so strong? Or was he hiding his strength all along?"

She had known Bai Zihan since the day he was born, and she was certain that the latter's sudden strength was impossible.

If he had been hiding his power all along, he would have had to conceal it since childhood.

Yet, the reality before her told a different story. His strength was undeniable—far beyond what was typical for someone at the Core Formation Stage.

Within the same cultivation realm, he was much stronger than what was considered normal.

Even she, the greatest genius of the Bai Clan, wouldn't claim she could defeat Li Feng as easily and decisively as Bai Zihan had, even if she suppressed her cultivation to Li Feng's level.

Yet, her younger brother—who was always lazy in training and had shown no progress for years—had achieved exactly that.

She couldn't help but feel as though everything she had believed about Bai Zihan had been turned upside down.

And then, there was Chu Ziyan.

Her suspicions had been correct.

Since Bai Zihan's confrontation with Bai Jian, she had wondered if he was secretly hiding his true strength—if, in reality, his power was far greater than what everyone assumed.

Now, the truth was laid bare for all to see.

"So you really were hiding it, Bai Zihan."

A soft smile played on her lips, her eyes flashing with an unknown emotion.

Then—

"Let us proceed with the engagement ceremony."

Bai Tianheng's authoritative voice cut through the murmurs.

All eyes turned toward the main stage, where the engagement between Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyan was about to officially take place.

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The tension in the hall shifted. Though the fight had ended, the engagement was far from a simple formality.

Now, every guest viewed Bai Zihan in a new light.

The once-dismissed young master had proven himself to be terrifyingly strong.

Of course, that didn't mean his status had suddenly risen to that of a genius—his cultivation was still relatively low.

After all, no matter how physically strong Bai Zihan was, without cultivation talent, he was still destined to be weak in the long run.

The Li Clan, still fuming from their humiliating loss, could only grit their teeth.

Not only had their plan to ruin the engagement failed, but they had suffered a huge humiliation.

And the Zhao Clan, particularly Zhao Chen, was left frustrated—this was far from the outcome they had planned.

Moreover, their Heaven-grade Artifact, Celestial Feather Fan was also taken away by Bai Zihan.

But regardless of anyone's thoughts, the engagement ceremony proceeded.

The grand stage at the center of the hall was quickly rearranged.

Golden lanterns lit up, casting a warm glow over the intricate decorations.

Jade pillars lined the stage, bearing the Bai Clan's emblem, and an incense burner exuded a fragrant, calming mist.

The guests, still whispering among themselves, turned their attention toward the main stage.

Bai Zihan stepped forward lazily, as if he didn't care about the grand event unfolding before him.

He adjusted his sleeves with a smirk, completely at ease despite the weight of countless gazes.

Chu Ziyang walked toward the stage with measured steps.

Her beauty was undeniable—elegant yet fierce, refined yet untamed.

Her gaze flickered toward Bai Zihan, sharp and knowing.

This man...

Was going to be her fiancé from this moment forward. And perhaps somewhere in the future, she was going to marry him.

As the two stood side by side, the officiator, an elder of the Bai Clan, stepped forward.

His voice rang clearly across the hall.

"Today, before the heavens and all esteemed guests, we witness the union of Bai Zihan, the heir of the Bai Clan, and Chu Ziyang, the cherished daughter of the Chu Clan."

"This engagement marks the bond of two great clans, forging an alliance of prosperity and strength."

Bai Zihan yawned.

"Let's get this over with!"

Despite being the one getting engaged—and to one of the most sought-after beauties of the Desolate Heaven Empire—his lack of interest was obvious.

Any other man would be overjoyed. Marrying Chu Ziyang was not just about beauty; it was about power, influence, and prestige.

The officiator continued.

"By exchanging these betrothal tokens, the engagement shall be sealed."

A servant stepped forward, presenting two jade pendants—one engraved with the Bai Clan's insignia, the other with the Chu Clan's.

Chu Ziyang's fingers brushed over the jade. It was cold, yet oddly heavy.

Without hesitation, she took Bai Zihan's pendant and fastened it onto her sash.

Bai Zihan, still as lazy as ever, took Chu Ziyang's pendant with a casual flick of his wrist, stuffing it into his robe pocket.

The officiator's mouth twitched.

"Ahem!"

(At least pretend to be formal!)

The elder thought. It was a good thing that not many were paying attention to Bai Zihan's attitude, though perhaps with his already low reputation, they don't expect otherwise as well.

Chu Ziyang turned to Bai Zihan, studying him closely.

"You're really good at hiding your strength."

"Huh? Hiding? I never hid my strength nor do I have to."

Bai Zihan replied lazily.

Of course, apart from him, who would believe that his newfound power had only been obtained a few days ago?

As for hiding his strength—if anything, it was already impressive that he wasn't flaunting it.

"Hmm..."

Chu Ziyan wondered whether he was telling the truth or not.

But that was something she wouldn't know.

"So, what do you think about the engagement?"

She asked.

"Nothing. It's not like I can do anything about it."

Bai Zihan answered lazily. He was already resigned to it. He didn't bother protesting, so he might as well go with the flow.

"Is that so? I wonder if you'll keep that attitude after we're married."

For the first time, Bai Zihan's smirk faltered for a fraction of a second.

Marriage?

Oh right. The engagement was just the first step.

In the future, he would need to marry this woman.

Just thinking about it made his head hurt.

Seeing his reaction, Chu Ziyan let out a soft chuckle.

The officiator, unaware of the subtle exchange, raised his hand.

"With this, the engagement is officially sealed."

A round of applause erupted.

Yet beneath the surface, unseen tensions continued to brew.

Bai Zihan had stepped out of the shadows with an overwhelming display of strength, but now all eyes were on him.

The Bai Clan's internal politics.

The Li Clan's growing resentment.

The Zhao Clan's scheming ambitions.

And protagonists lying around to claim his life.

The engagement was complete.

But for Bai Zihan...

This was only the beginning.