

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 351 Uncle Lu Xiangyuan?[1,359 words]

Chapter 351 Uncle Lu Xiangyuan?

"Bai Zihan, he isn't playing a prank, right?"

Bai Xueqing muttered as she waited for Bai Zihan to show up.

She was well-aware that he wouldn't be scared by someone like Lu Xiangyuan, but she also knew him well enough to know that he might not take this fight seriously.

For Bai Zihan, it might just be some insignificant stuff, but for the rest, it was an important fight that might change the influence in the Heaven Sword Sect.

Chu Ziyang didn't know for sure either.

Everyone else began the count in their mind.

Ten breaths.

Each one passed heavier than the last.

By the fifth breath, the crowd's murmurs had grown restless.

By the seventh, whispers had turned into open ridicule.

"Looks like he really ran."

"He actually didn't dare show up..."

Even the Sect Leader's Faction members exchanged bitter, resigned expressions as if they could already feel the political blow crashing down on them.

Elder Wu Heng's smile deepened, smug and satisfied.

Although there wasn't a fight and perhaps the effect would be less than if Lu Xiangyuan won against Bai Zihan, it was still good enough.

All the Disciples should come to know that even Bai Zihan, the one feared by many, ran away in fear after challenging Lu Xiangyuan.

The Anti-Sect Leader Faction's influence would be unmatched.

And Lu Xiangyuan...

He simply watched the empty entrance path with a cold, superior stare. Eighth breath.

Still nothing.

Ninth breath.

His lip curled slightly.

He sneered, his voice dripping with contempt.

"So this is Bai Zihan. Truly fitting-no matter how hyped he becomes, a coward remains a coward."

Lu Xiangyuan raised a hand, ready to declare the obvious.

"A challenger who fails to appear-"

His voice rose proudly.

"...is nothing but-"

He didn't finish.

Because at that very moment-

Gasps rippled across the audience with all looking in the other direction.

Step!

A faint, unhurried footstep echoed from the far end of the walkway.

Slow and steady.

Unrushed-as if the entire sect wasn't waiting on him.

The conversations died instantly.

Thousands of heads turned.

The Elders stopped speaking. All can talk behind his back, but when in front of him, one can't help but swallow those words.

After all, Bai Zihan-if he seeks revenge against you, no matter how much you look down on him, you can't help but be scared for your life.

Bai Zihan walked toward the Dueling Platform with calm and cool composure. Every gaze locked onto him.

Bai Zihan simply walked-each step quiet, but somehow louder than all the noise that came before.

Bai Zihan stepped onto the final stretch of the walkway, his robes fluttering gently in the breeze.

Not hurried. Not tense. Not even remotely apologetic.

He finally stepped onto the edge of the dueling platform, his gaze sweeping lazily across the thousands of disciples, elders, peak masters, and hall masters seated above.

His expression remained calm-unbothered, almost bored.

Then-

Bai Zihan exhaled lightly and spoke in a tone neither loud nor soft, yet somehow every single person heard him clearly.

"Hm? I didn't expect so many people to gather here."

A beat of silence.

Then, he tilted his head slightly, his voice carrying a faint, almost lazy disappointment.

"It seems the Heaven Sword Sect has far too much free time on its hands."

The atmosphere froze.

"Outer Disciples, Inner Disciples, Core Disciples... and even Elders."

He paused, letting his words sink in.

"All of you standing around here watching instead of cultivating. Tsk! Tsk!"

A ripple of outrage exploded through the crowd.

"What did he just say?!"

"He's the reason we're all here-how dare he blame us?!"

"Is he insane?! Does he want the entire sect to hate him?!"

Even those who supported him stiffened in disbelief.

Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang, who almost always focused on cultivating and

practicing, were here today to support Bai Zihan.

And now-he insulted everyone for showing up.

Even they felt a bit angry when they were insulted after they decided to sacrifice their time to come and support him.

Several Elders' faces darkened visibly, their expressions contorting.

"How insolent!"

"Does he have no respect for seniority?!"

"He dares to lecture us?!"

Even Peak Master Qinglan rubbed her temples, silently wondering what she should do to fix that damn mouth of Bai Zihan.

There is no need to say how insulted Elder Wu Heng and the others felt. They just waited for the moment that Lu Xiangyuan would fix Bai Zihan's mouth.

Bai Zihan-he was the reason they were here. If not for him challenging Lu Xiangyuan, none of them would be here.

Yet-here he was, criticizing them for not working harder despite him being the literal reason as to why they were there.

As for Lu Xiangyuan-

His expression twisted, a sharp vein pulsing on his forehead.

This arrogant bastard challenged him before everyone, showed up late, insulted the people for coming to see him, and acted as if he were the one

inconvenienced?

Lu Xiangyuan's qi flared wildly, ripping through the air in jagged waves.

He was angry because Bai Zihan was still focused on doing other things rather than focusing on fighting him.

He expected Bai Zihan to be solely focused on him, but he instead treated it as if the fight with him were his side mission.

"Bai Zihan, you dare make me wait! Come quickly and face your defeat."

Bai Zihan finally turned his attention toward the center of the stage-toward Lu Xiangyuan.

Their gazes met for the first time.

And then...

Bai Zihan's brows slowly knitted together.

Not in hostility.

Not in anger.

But in... genuine confusion.

He tilted his head, stared at Lu Xiangyuan for a long, uncomfortable second-

Then he deliberately looked to his left.

Then to his right.

Then behind himself.

Finally, he looked back at Lu Xiangyuan.

Still confused.

A faint frown tugged at his lips as he asked, voice innocent yet somehow dripping with confusion.

"Why is Lu Xiangyuan still not here?"

The entire sect collectively choked. Lu Xiangyuan's face froze.

Bai Zihan blinked, raised a hand, and politely cupped his fist toward him.

"Uncle, have you seen him? I was supposed to fight a fellow disciple named Lu Xiangyuan today."

Uncle!

The word hit like a meteor.

The disciples gasped as if struck. "U-Uncle?! Did he just-?!" "He called Lu Xiangyuan uncle?!"

"Is he deliberately mocking Lu Xiangyuan or does he really not know?"

Lu Xiangyuan's hand trembled from sheer fury.

He had expected Bai Zihan to mock him for his age-after all, Bai Zihan had done that and used that as justification to challenge him.

He had even prepared his heart before the duel, thinking:

He will definitely jab at my age... stay calm, stay calm.

But this-

This was beyond anything he imagined.

A direct slap.

No-

A slap followed by a kick, followed by being buried alive.

Lu Xiangyuan's jaw twitched violently as his qi surged uncontrollably, the tiles beneath him cracking.

"You" he hissed, teeth grinding, "-are courting death!"

"Uncle, why are you getting angry?"

Bai Zihan looked genuinely startled. Then someone from the crowd called out loudly.

"Young Master Bai Zihan, that uncle is Lu Xiangyuan!"

"Oh?" Bai Zihan blinked innocently. "You're Lu Xiangyuan? I apologize. You just looked a bit... seasoned."

He narrowed his eyes slightly, pretending to inspect him.

"You know-wrinkles here, wrinkles there... I truly thought you were some elder who came to supervise."

Gasps erupted again.

Several disciples physically recoiled while others couldn't help but find this situation hilarious.

Even Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang winced in unison.

This is Bai Zihan's ability. Killing the opponent with his word before the fight even began.

Lu Xiangyuan could no longer restrain his killing intent.

"You-shameless-arrogant-Bai Zihan!!"

His spiritual Qi exploded outward, shaking the platform.

But Bai Zihan simply leaned back slightly, almost leisurely, as if watching a mild tantrum.

He let out a soft sigh.

"Oh, sorry!"

Bai Zihan apologized.

Everyone thought that finally Bai Zihan was apologizing as indeed, he had crossed a line.

But then-

"I thought that Lu Xiangyuan had yet to appear, hence why I waited for him. I thought he got cold feet and didn't accept my challenge."

Bai Zihan continued, as if it were really genuine.

"I didn't think that the referee Uncle was actually Lu Xiangyuan. However, please forgive me, for I didn't think that you would look so old."

Bai Zihan added. His words were as insulting as they could get, hitting Lu Xiangyuan right where it hurt. Lu Xiangyuan's veins bulged so hard one could draw a map from them.

The crowd watched with wide eyes, unable to fathom how Bai Zihan was alive

considering the level of provocation he had achieved within less than a minute. Hatred. Fury. Shock. Disbelief. And in the center of it all-

Bai Zihan stood there, the picture of calm, looking at Lu Xiangyuan with the same expression one might use when examining a curious insect.

The tension thickened like a storm ready to explode.

The duel hadn't even started-

And already, Lu Xiangyuan had lost all composure.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 352 Lu Xiangyuan Vs Bai Zihan! [1,373 words]

Chapter 352 Lu Xiangyuan Vs Bai Zihan!

Lu Xiangyuan's breath came out ragged-sharp, uneven, trembling with suppressed rage.

His qi swirled violently around him like a storm on the verge of breaking loose.

For a moment, it genuinely looked as though he would explode on the spot and charge at Bai Zihan with murderous intent.

But-

He didn't. He forced himself to inhale sharply.

Then exhale.

His clenched fists trembled, veins bulging, but his eyes slowly narrowed from explosive fury to a cold, controlled smile.

"Hah..."

Lu Xiangyuan raised his chin slightly, as if refusing to be dragged down by Bai Zihan's provocations.

"Enough!"

His voice, though steady, cracked with fury.

"Bai Zihan," he said slowly, each word squeezed out through gritted teeth, "you think your childish provocations will unsettle me?"

He jabbed a finger toward Bai Zihan, ignoring how his hand shook.

"You think calling me 'uncle' or mocking my appearance will change anything?"

His voice deepened-cold, deadly serious.

"Such petty insults can only shake those with weak mental fortitude. If you hope to unnerve me before the battle, save yourself the effort."

He wiped the corner of his mouth, as if brushing off the humiliation.

"I am here as you challenged. Let's see whether you have anything to offer except for these words."

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, seemed rather bewildered by the accusation which wasn't true at all.

"Provocation? Look at your face in the mirror and see what lies I have said. You look like an uncle from every angle."

People couldn't help but laugh when Bai Zihan said that in a dumbfounded, completely natural tone.

Especially those who were jealous of Lu Xiangyuan or disliked him, they laughed out loud without holding back.

Bai Zihan continued.

"But well, it's true that it's well past talking and time to start fighting."

Bai Zihan's words certainly added to the insult, but at least it seemed like the fight was going to start.

Lu Xiangyuan vowed to make Bai Zihan regret ever saying those words.

He would show no mercy-though he didn't plan to in the first place.

Finally!

Everyone thought that when Bai Zihan walked up to the arena with his usual confident and arrogant smile.

It seemed like one of the most anticipated fights was going to start.

Bai Zihan and Lu Xiangyuan now stood face-to-face at the center of the arena.

Two figures-one calm, almost lazy... the other trembling with rage he could barely contain.

Around them, thousands of disciples leaned forward, breaths held. Even the elders at the viewing platforms had straightened in their seats.

Every gaze was fixed on the two young men who were about to decide far more than personal pride.

Then there was a referee, an Elder appointed specifically to ensure neither combatant died unintentionally.

Though whether he could even intervene in time... was another question entirely.

And this fight had almost no rules-victory would only be decided when one side surrendered... or died.

"The duel between Bai Zihan and Lu Xiangyuan will now begin."

The referee announced.

However, Bai Zihan and Lu Xiangyuan still didn't get into action immediately.

"Sigh! I really don't feel right abusing an elderly person. But since you dared to bully my fiancée, I shall pay back ten times."

Bai Zihan said.

"You!"

Lu Xiangyuan's anger flared again.

In perhaps decades, no one had ever messed with him like this nor dared provoke him to this extent.

His fury was at a level he had never experienced before. His aura surged- sharp, hostile, undeniably strong.

But his expression twisted into something that looked almost like a smile.

A very murderous smile.

"Bai Zihan," he said, tone suddenly adopting a strange, elder-like patience, "since you clearly don't understand the difference in strength between us..." He took another step, qi crackling underfoot. That was the aura of a Spirit Severing Realm expert, and it was almost at the very peak-just a step away from the Void Refinement Realm.

Even the audience could feel just how strong Lu Xiangyuan was. His strength, even most elders would struggle against it.

Lu Xiangyuan didn't believe Bai Zihan was strong-at most, perhaps comparable to Chu Ziyun.

He didn't believe Bai Zihan could be stronger than that.

Otherwise, Bai Zihan would have participated in the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, where prestige and fame were guaranteed for the truly powerful.

Even Lu Xiangyuan had participated in his time and made it to Top-3, though he couldn't claim the championship.

Still, that achievement had skyrocketed his reputation, and even after more than ten years, his Top-3 placement was still remembered by many-especially those in his generation.

So, Lu Xiangyuan was almost certain that Bai Zihan was a weakling.

He deliberately showed his aura, trying to scare Bai Zihan away and make him look like the coward he assumed he was.

"...this senior brother will give you one last chance to withdraw."

He added the line deliberately to make himself seem like a magnanimous person willing to forgive-even after enduring Bai Zihan's insults.

Lu Xiangyuan spread his hands slightly, as if magnanimous.

"It won't damage your dignity if you step down now and you would avoid being hurt. After all, you're still young. Ignorant. Hot-blooded."

His eyes flicked over Bai Zihan like one would look at a stubborn child.

"And since you clearly know nothing about the world, this senior can forgive your offense... this once."

His gaze sharpened. "Just apologize sincerely, and I will not pursue this further."

He gave a benevolent nod, as though his request were perfectly reasonable.

The audience buzzed with conflicting reactions.

"He's... actually giving Bai Zihan a chance?"

"Senior Brother Lu is too generous!"

"Even after being insulted so many times, he's willing to forgive?"

"As expected of Senior Brother. Despite everything, he still cares for his junior.

Bai Zihan should know the difference in strength and give up before further humiliation."

Bai Zihan blinked.

Stared.

Then slowly tilted his head, as if he truly couldn't comprehend what he was hearing.

"You will let me off?"

His brows rose slightly.

Bai Zihan's gaze traveled up and down Lu Xiangyuan's body-as if assessing livestock.

"Hm..."

He tapped his chin.

"I believe you're misunderstanding something."

He spoke with such serene honesty that it only enraged Lu Xiangyuan further.

"I think you somehow convinced yourself that you're... powerful."

Bai Zihan looked at Lu Xiangyuan, finally noticing that Lu Xiangyuan had increased his Qi and was trying to pressure him.

"Are you trying to scare me? With just this?"

He asked, voice genuinely puzzled.

A small nod.

"Yes, yes... you're definitely trying to intimidate me."

A pause.

"Unfortunately, you're too weak for that."

Lu Xiangyuan's entire body trembled. His qi flared like wildfire, his robes snapping violently.

What he used to intimidate Bai Zihan was instead used by Bai Zihan to humiliate him again.

He raised his aura further, trying to suppress Bai Zihan. However, Bai Zihan remained unbothered-like the increase in pressure meant absolutely nothing. (Can he really remain unaffected before my aura? Or does he have some

artifact protecting him?)

Lu Xiangyuan wondered.

After all, he was releasing everything he had to shake Bai Zihan even a little, but

Bai Zihan showed no sign of being affected at all.

Since Lu Xiangyuan believed Bai Zihan was only at the Soul Formation Realm,

he expected Bai Zihan to at least struggle or bend under the pressure-but no effect.

"You arrogant brat-!"

But Bai Zihan wasn't done.

He sighed again-softly, regretfully.

"Uncl-Senior," he corrected himself lightly, as if soothing a patient, "just shut up and fight me. I still need to cultivate after this. Unlike some people, my time is too important to waste on trash like you."

"Good! Good!"

Lu Xiangyuan muttered, realizing nothing he tried worked against Bai Zihan.

Then there was only one thing he could rely on-his overwhelming strength to make Bai Zihan bow down.

Whoosh!

Lu Xiangyuan's figure blurred.

In an instant, he vanished from his position.

Then reappeared- To Bai Zihan's left.

Then right. Then behind.

Then above.

Each step crackled with qi, leaving afterimages scattered across the stage.

To the audience, it looked like Lu Xiangyuan had turned into a storm of shadows.

"So fast!"

"As expected of Senior Brother Lu!"

"Bai Zihan isn't even moving-he must be overwhelmed!" Even the Elders nodded slightly, impressed by the display of speed.

Lu Xiangyuan smirked inwardly as he flickered across the platform.

(He can't even follow my movements. Pathetic!) With each flash, he changed angles, increasing both speed and pressure. His sword tip sliced the air, carving whistling arcs aimed to confuse Bai Zihan's

senses.

He moved like lightning-

Or so he thought.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan just stood there.

Perfectly still.

Hands in his sleeves.

Expression blank.

(What is he even doing?)

Another blur.

Another pointless zig-zag.

(He's moving around like a monkey on drugs.)

Lu Xiangyuan accelerated again.

Boom! Boom!

Air exploded under his steps as he used everything he had to overwhelm Bai Zihan.

To Bai Zihan, Lu Xiangyuan wasn't fast.

He was just wasting qi. And looked ridiculous doing it.

But Lu Xiangyuan interpreted Bai Zihan's lack of reaction entirely differently.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 353 Fastest in Spirit Severing Realm?[1,011 words]

Chapter 353 Fastest in Spirit Severing Realm?

But Lu Xiangyuan interpreted Bai Zihan's lack of reaction entirely differently.

To him, Bai Zihan must have been frozen-unable to follow even a trace of his movements.

While darting behind Bai Zihan, Lu Xiangyuan finally spoke, his voice echoing arrogantly from multiple directions.

"Heh! Is my speed too much for you?"

A cold laugh followed, dripping with self-satisfaction.

"Unfortunately for you... I have no intention of showing mercy."

His words reverberated around the stage, as if coming from every afterimage at once.

The crowd tensed, believing Lu Xiangyuan had already seized complete control of the fight.

"Bai Zihan looks completely lost!"

"Senior Brother Lu's speed is insane!"

"As expected of a Peak Spirit Severing expert!"

"This fight is already over!"

Elders from the Anti-Sect Leader Faction nodded smugly.

Even the elders from their rival faction had to admit that Lu Xiangyuan's strength was the real deal.

On the stage, Lu Xiangyuan flashed behind Bai Zihan once more.

(Looks like he really isn't able to keep up with my speed.)

His earlier words were just provocation, and the reason he still hadn't attacked was because he was gauging Bai Zihan-checking whether Bai Zihan had some kind of trap prepared.

No matter how much he looked down on Bai Zihan or how much he lost his temper, he knew better than to underestimate Bai Zihan and attack blindly.

But with Bai Zihan still wearing that dumbfounded expression (or so Lu Xiangyuan thought), he was certain Bai Zihan didn't even know where he was. His sword glinted, spiritual qi pulsing along the blade.

He stepped again-faster, faster-leaving crackles of qi where his feet touched. "To think you dared insult me..."

His voice carried the confident tone of someone delivering a verdict.

"Yet you can't even move under my speed."

Finally-finally-he reappeared directly in front of Bai Zihan with arrogance.

Half a hundred afterimages faded behind him in a ripple of blue light.

"You can't even react, can you?"

Lu Xiangyuan held his breath, savoring the moment.

And Bai Zihan just blinked.

"You done?"

He asked with complete, bored sincerity.

"You ran so much I got tired just watching you," he said calmly. "Is your hobby dancing around like a monkey?"

His face twitched.

"You-!"

Bai Zihan calmly raised a hand.

"Don't talk. You'll hurt yourself. You must be tired after having done your monkey dance."

Lu Xiangyuan's rage spiked again.

"YOU BASTARD-!!"

His fury boiled over.

"You are done for!"

Whoosh!

Lu Xiangyuan's figure blurred again, leaving only a streak of light behind as he reappeared behind Bai Zihan in less than a heartbeat.

This time, he didn't test.

He struck.

His sword swept down in a vicious arc, spiritual qi exploding outward with enough force to tear the tiles beneath them.

(There! Let's see you dodge this, you arrogant little-)

But just as his blade sliced through Bai Zihan-

WHOOSH!

His sword passed cleanly through.

No resistance. No flesh. No blood.

A shadow!

Lu Xiangyuan's pupils contracted.

(What-!?)

A calm voice spoke from behind him.

"Do you really think you can hit me with that slow-ass attack?"

(Behind?)

Lu Xiangyuan tried to turn-

SLAP!!

A crisp, brutally clean sound exploded across the arena.

Then-

BOOM!

Lu Xiangyuan shot across the stage like a kicked ball, rolling, flipping, and skidding until he crashed and fell down on the ground.

Silence!

The entire arena blanked out.

".....Huh?"

"W-Wait, wasn't Senior Brother Lu attacking?"

"He was right? He was behind Bai Zihan, about to land a hit!"

"Then why is he the one on the floor?"

The disciples' jaws hung open.

All they saw was Lu Xiangyuan moving like lightning-then suddenly he was on

the floor with a handprint stamped on his face.

A bright, swollen red palm mark.

Elders squinted, their spiritual senses trying to replay what little they could

detect.

Even most of them saw nothing-only a blur and an impact. Only those with powerful sense or eyesight have truly caught on to what happened.

Chu Ziyang had seen Lu Xiangyuan move attempt to strike Bai Zihan; even she thought he succeeded-only for that to be a shadow.

The real Bai Zihan had appeared behind Lu Xiangyuan and slapped him.

Though, even she hadn't seen the moment Bai Zihan moved behind Lu

Xiangyuan.

"...Too fast,"

Chu Ziyang muttered.

"Way too fast..."

Lu Xiangyuan was truly fast, and having fought him before, she knew how

difficult it was to handle him because of that.

But Bai Zihan's speed was even greater.

At the very least, Chu Ziyan could still see Lu Xiangyuan's movements.

But Bai Zihan's?

She couldn't see anything at all.

"That brat... how is he so fast?"

"His speed is even comparable to mine."

These were the elders in the Void Refinement Realm-only they had seen the moment Bai Zihan moved behind Lu Xiangyuan.

But the shock they felt wasn't any less than those who saw nothing. In fact, they were perhaps even more shocked, because none of them had ever expected Bai Zihan to be so much faster than Lu Xiangyuan-whose strength was supposed to lie in his overwhelming speed. They had to acknowledge that Bai Zihan's speed far surpassed the Spirit Severing Realm, and even among Void Refinement cultivators, it was on the

higher end.

At that moment, the Sect Leader Faction rejoiced, while doubt sprouted among the Anti-Sect Leader Faction.

Could it be that Bai Zihan can actually win against Lu Xiangyuan?

Back on the stage-

Lu Xiangyuan groaned, pushing himself up on shaking elbows.

His ears rang.

His face burned.

He touched his cheek-and hissed.

A slap.

He was slapped.

By Bai Zihan.

But what was most unbelievable was that he couldn't even see when Bai Zihan

struck-much less react to it.

"Impossible..." he whispered. "I was behind him... I was faster..."

From across the stage, Bai Zihan stood in the exact same place, hands behind his back, bored expression unchanged.

"Oh, when did you fall down? Senior Uncle, you must be careful-there are too many unstable spots in this arena. With your advanced age, such a fall could be fatal."

Bai Zihan didn't let the chance to mock him slip.

"Bai Zihan! Don't be happy because of a single lucky strike! I will pay you back several times."

Lu Xiangyuan angrily yelled.

He refused to acknowledge that Bai Zihan's speed was far above his own.

His mind simply couldn't accept it.

So he convinced himself that Bai Zihan must have predicted his movements and prepared beforehand.

Otherwise, there was no way Bai Zihan could have reacted and counterattacked like that.

(I am the fastest in the Spirit Severing Realm... No one below the Void Refinement Realm can surpass my speed! There's no way-absolutely no way-

Bai Zihan is faster than me!)

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 354 Lu Xiangyuan In Trouble![1,100 words]

Chapter 354 Lu Xiangyuan In Trouble!

WHOOSH-! WHOOSH-! WHOOSH-!

Lu Xiangyuan's figure blurred again, faster than before, flickering across the stage like a phantom.

He bounced from spot to spot-left, right, high, low-changing directions so rapidly that even his afterimages left afterimages.

(I will increase my speed to the point that he can't react even if he is able to predict my attack.)

This time, he came from the front.

A suicidal angle for most, but the last direction anyone would anticipate-from right in front of Bai Zihan's gaze.

A cruel grin twisted on Lu Xiangyuan's face.

(THERE! React to THIS if you can-!)

He thrust forward, sword trembling with speed enough to split the air-

SLAP!!!

Another crisp, merciless sound cracked across the arena.

Then-

BOOOOM-!!

Lu Xiangyuan was sent flying again, flipping in midair before slamming onto the tiles face-first.

"...He... he got slapped again..."

"No way! That makes two... TWO slaps... And Bai Zihan doesn't seem to take this seriously."

"Why did Lu Xiangyuan even decide to attack from the front? Doesn't he know that Bai Zihan is also very fast?"

The elders stared blankly. After all, they acknowledged Bai Zihan's speed and would have absolutely avoided attacking from the front, which is far easier to counterattack than striking from behind.

To say the least, it was a reckless gamble for Lu Xiangyuan, who thought he could catch Bai Zihan off guard by doing so.

Lu Xiangyuan was once again dumbfounded. Once might be luck, but twice?

"And why does a damn slap hurt so much?"

Lu Xiangyuan realized something strange. Bai Zihan's slap hurt so much that it reminded him of the time before he had started cultivating.

After cultivating and becoming strong, such pain usually came only from powerful techniques, not a mere slap.

It wasn't only because of Bai Zihan's superior strength or the fact that he strengthened his hand with qi-it was the timing,

Right before one launched a full-speed attack, their qi briefly shifted forward, leaving gaps.

Normally, these gaps lasted so little time they were irrelevant.

But if the gap between two fighters was vast, one could exploit it to deliver a counterattack far stronger than normal defenses could withstand.

When Lu Xiangyuan attacked, Bai Zihan struck at the single instant when his qi was most unbalanced-right before impact.

A perfect counter!

A slap at that moment hurt more than a heavy punch.

This was why Lu Xiangyuan felt pain that exceeded even when taking direct hits from stronger attacks.

Lu Xiangyuan's hands trembled as he tried to rise, humiliation burning hotter than the pain.

His ears still rang from the second slap. His cheek burned as if branded with fire.

But the worst pain wasn't physical-It was the creeping, suffocating realization.

(His speed... is comparable to mine... No-faster?)

His pride shattered piece by piece, each fragment stabbing deeper into his chest.

"No... no... that's impossible..."

He clenched his teeth so hard they creaked.

(I am Lu Xiangyuan... the fastest Spirit Severing cultivator below Void

Refinement... No... no matter what, I can still win!)

His trembling stopped. His rage steadied. Resolve-twisted, desperate-lit in his eyes.

"So what if your speed is great?"

He spat, voice cracking.

"You think that's enough to beat me?"

He slammed his sword into the ground.

The air shook.

Gasps rippled through the arena.

"That's...!"

"He's using that technique!?"

"A Heaven Sword Sect Earth-Grade movement art-Heavenly Soaring Steps!"

The ground fractured beneath Lu Xiangyuan's feet as light gathered around him, compressing, condensing-his body becoming impossibly light, his qi surging to its peak.

"Heavenly Soaring Steps!"

Lu Xiangyuan's speed skyrocketed.

His figure blurred-

Then vanished.

WHOOSH!!!

A sonic boom exploded as he reappeared behind Bai Zihan-no, in front-no, above-

Even the Void Refinement elders had to focus intensely just to track flashes of his presence.

"This is Lu Xiangyuan's full power!"

"He's even faster than before!"

Then-

Lu Xiangyuan's voice tore through the air, dripping with murderous determination:

"Bai Zihan-LET'S SEE YOU IF YOU CAN SURPASS THIS!!"

He struck.

A full-power, Earth-Grade, speed-amplified thrust-so fast the sword became a streak of light, space distorting around it.

He felt victory. Certain. Absolute.

Not only was this one of the highest-grade movement speed techniques, Lu

Xiangyuan had also achieved greater mastery over it, making him the fastest cultivator at his realm.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Bai Zihan used the technique-but without a sword, it was naturally incomplete.

He didn't need full offense. He only needed the speed.

Bai Zihan had no intention of ending the fight quickly.

If he wanted, Lu Xiangyuan would already be unconscious. But this wasn't about speed or victory-it was about teaching a lesson.

Lu Xiangyuan-and by extension, the Anti-Sect Leader Faction-had touched his bottom line.

Bai Zihan intended to make this brutal and unforgettable.

He didn't care about the Heaven Sword Sect's politics, nor the Anti-Sect

Leader Faction's schemes.

They had chosen him as their target. That was enough.

He would humiliate Lu Xiangyuan-not merely defeat him, but shatter his confidence in the very skill he prided himself on: his speed.

WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH-!

The arena became a blur of afterimages. Even the Void Refinement elders struggled to track them.

Lu Xiangyuan's figure flickered like lightning, moving with the full force of Heavenly Soaring Steps, his speed amplified beyond anything he had achieved.

(At last... now I can surpass him!)

He thought, teeth gritted.

But he had forgotten one crucial fact.

The Bai Clan-renowned for combat cultivation and strategic mastery- possessed techniques unmatched in speed.

Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, mostly known for its fast and unpredictable attack, required incredible movement speed for full potential.

And Bai Zihan had mastered it.

Lu Xiangyuan's advantage lay in Heavenly Soaring Steps being purely a movement technique, amplifying speed without relying on attack.

Theoretically, this could match the movement component of Nine Shadows

Flowing Light.

But Bai Zihan's base speed had already far exceeded Lu Xiangyuan's. Even with the technique, Lu Xiangyuan could only hope to keep pace-not surpass. A storm of qi exploded across the stage as the two collided. Their afterimages intertwined and multiplied-a hundred afterimages moving faster than the eye could follow. The arena itself seemed to quake under the force of their clash.

Lu Xiangyuan's sword arced, streaking with golden light. Every movement carried the fury of his Heaven Sword Sect training, designed to overwhelm. But Bai Zihan was already there-always a step ahead, always in the perfect position.

SLAP!!!

A crisp, merciless sound tore through the chaos.

Lu Xiangyuan's world spun.

He tumbled uncontrollably, slamming onto the arena tiles with a force that made the crowd gasp.

Dust exploded outward-another reminder of Bai Zihan's supremacy. Even the most elders struggled to track what had happened-Both of their speed was too fast for them to judge.

However, the result spoke for itself. Bai Zihan was too fast for Lu Xiangyuan and the outcome remained the same after both of them used their Techniques.

Lu Xiangyuan groaned, the sting of Bai Zihan's palm igniting fire along his cheek.

(How... How can this be? Even with Heavenly Soaring Steps... I am still slower...

I cannot...!)

But deep in his pride, a stubborn defiance refused to die.

"I... I can still win!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 355 The Fall of Lu Xiangyuan[1,400 words]

Chapter 355 The Fall of Lu Xiangyuan

"I... I can still win!"

He muttered through gritted teeth.

He forced himself to rise, qi crackling furiously, body trembling with both speed and fury. Another attack-another chance.

Bai Zihan stood unmoved, hands behind his back, expression serene.

Lu Xiangyuan's next strike, no matter how fast, was doomed to meet the same fate.

SLAP!!!

Lu Xiangyuan wasn't willing to give up easily. He stood up again, ready to change his tactics and try another method to bring down Bai Zihan.

Lu Xiangyuan tried to utilize every experience, trickery, sword technique- however, everything fell apart before Bai Zihan.

And to make matters worse, those who knew Bai Zihan also knew that Bai Zihan had yet to utilize Sword Intent, an overwhelming power that could make a huge difference, just showcasing how easily Bai Zihan was taking this whole fight.

Another strike! Another humiliation!

Lu Xiangyuan staggered to his feet again, legs wobbling, face swollen with overlapping red palm marks. His hair was disheveled, his robes torn, his breathing ragged.

"BAI ZIHAN!!" he roared, voice cracking. "I'll kill you! I'll—!!"

He didn't finish.

Because Bai Zihan moved.

WHOOSH-!

He appeared before Lu Xiangyuan in a flash.

CRACK!!

A clean kick swept his legs from under him.

Lu Xiangyuan collapsed sideways, hitting the ground with a choked grunt.

Before he could even think of rising-

THUD!!

Bai Zihan's foot pressed lightly onto his chest, pinning him down as if subduing an unruly dog.

This didn't look like a fight between two geniuses but rather a bully on the street, bullying a powerless person.

This also made all those watching realize: Bai Zihan had not taken Lu Xiangyuan seriously at all.

From the beginning to now, Bai Zihan had many opportunities to end the fight or at least deal significant damage to Lu Xiangyuan, but he seemed more focused on humiliating Lu Xiangyuan than winning the fight.

And there was a shocking discovery that they made-Bai Zihan was in the Spirit Severing Realm.

Because Bai Zihan was still holding back, it was hard to gauge and be certain about his Cultivation Realm.

However, looking at everything, anyone could tell that Bai Zihan wasn't in the Soul Formation Realm but rather the Spirit Severing Realm.

Otherwise, how can he toy around with Lu Xiangyuan who is in Peak Spirit Severing Realm.

This was a realm that even a genius like Bai Xueqing, the Champion of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition-who was also older than Bai Zihan-had just reached.

"Bai Zihan... he is in the Spirit Severing Realm?"

"There is no way he isn't in the Spirit Severing Realm. Otherwise, how can he beat Lu Xiangyuan like that?"

"But isn't that fact even scarier than Bai Zihan beating Lu Xiangyuan? Bai Zihan is not even twenty! Heck, he still has two more years to go before he hits twenty"

"Damn! Just what kind of monster is he?"

Disciples began to discuss, and the more they thought about it, the more insane it seemed.

Soul Formation Realm itself was considered difficult and rare to enter for those under 20-but Spirit Severing Realm? There was no such precedent in the

history of the Desoaltea Heaven Empire.

Well, almost none-if they excluded Bai Xinyue, who received the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance and became Spirit Severing Realm even younger than 18.

However, everyone knew that it was because of the Immortal Emperor's

Inheritance.

But Bai Zihan managed to do so without the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance, which in itself spoke of how talented he was.

"If Bai Zihan helps our faction, Elder Wu and others wouldn't be able to gain too much influence from the disciples."

"But Bai Xueqing already declined, and it's well-known that the Bai Clan doesn't like to interfere with the Sect.

The Sect Leader Faction couldn't help but feel convinced, and more than ever wanted to have Bai Zihan join their faction.

With Bai Zihan, there wouldn't be many disciples who would dare to go against them that itself was influenced.

And if Bai Zihan was thought to be in the Sect Leader Faction, many disciples would be inclined to join them.

After all, if someone messed with a disciple of their faction and Bai Zihan stepped up to defend them-with him being invincible among disciples-who

would dare oppose them?

That alone would make people think twice before joining a faction that directly opposed Bai Zihan.

With what Bai Zihan was displaying, anyone could tell that becoming enemies with him was not a very good idea.

So, Sect Leader Faction Elders knew that they had to do everything to try to bring Bai Zihan in their faction.

Lu Xiangyuan blinked, dazed, choking on dust and blood as Bai Zihan's foot pressed into his chest.

His limbs twitched pathetically, like a puppet with its strings cut.

But the moment Bai Zihan lifted his foot-the moment that tiny pressure. vanished-Lu Xiangyuan snapped.

Not in defiance. But in terror.

Bai Zihan had refrained from using powerful techniques and finishing him off when he could.

He thought that with Bai Zihan underestimating him, he could try everything he could and only needed a single win.

However, who could have thought that before his body was destroyed, it was his mind that shattered first?

There was no more trying to fight back. No more pride to defend. All he

wanted was to escape this hell.

He scrambled backward on all fours, palms slipping against the broken tiles,
breath hitching in panic.

"D-Don't-!"

He gasped, voice hoarse.

He kept crawling, kicking wildly, retreating like a cornered animal.

Bai Zihan didn't pursue him.

He simply stood there, hands behind his back, looking almost bored. As if he
were watching a stray dog scamper away after receiving a kick.

Lu Xiangyuan looked too pathetic for Bai Zihan to chase and beat, which somehow made it even worse.

Because Lu Xiangyuan was running away without even looking back-if he did,
he would've realized Bai Zihan wasn't chasing him, and there was no need to crawl and run away so desperately.

So him crawling and running despite no one chasing him looked worse than if
Bai Zihan had actually chased.

He crawled several meters before finally managing to scramble to his feet.

Every few steps he twisted his head around, expecting Bai Zihan to appear like
a phantom and slap him back into the ground.

But Bai Zihan didn't move. Not even once.

Lu Xiangyuan only looked back after he thought that he must have managed to escape, and realized that Bai Zihan wasn't even chasing him.

And what he felt when he realize that was-

Relief.

His chest seized, his knees nearly buckled, and tears pricked at the corners of

his eyes-from fear, from exhaustion, from sheer mental breakdown. He didn't even care about the thousands watching him flee like a beaten dog.

He didn't even think about his ruined reputation. Or that he looked pathetic crawling and running away like a coward.

He didn't care that the disciples were whispering in pity or mockery.

He didn't care that his faction was watching their supposed genius flee without dignity.

He was only relieved that Bai Zihan wasn't chasing after him.

The Anti-Sect Leader Faction's faces were dark.

It was the complete opposite of before this fight began.

Elder Wu Heng's hands clenched so hard the veins bulged out of his skin.

He trembled-literally trembled with rage.

His voice burst out, shaking with fury.

"LU XIANGYUAN!! This fool!"

He couldn't help but curse and blame Lu Xiangyuan, who had seemingly ruined everything he had planned and achieved.

For the past few weeks, they had tried to implant the idea that those from the Anti-Sect Leader Faction were powerful and strong.

The disciples from their faction would go around defeating those who weren't in their faction but still had considerable influence.

They had achieved much of their plan when Lu Xiangyuan managed to win against Chu Ziyang.

This fight would have completed the plan if Lu Xiangyuan won-letting all the disciples know that the strongest disciple is from Heaven Sword Sect.

But all of that changed when Bai Zihan, who was supposed to have been an easy opponent, ended up overwhelming Lu Xiangyuan with ease. Their plan had failed, and despite hoping for another outcome, Elder Wu Heng knew that Lu Xiangyuan stood no chance against Bai Zihan.

That alone wouldn't have been too bad-just a delay, with their plan being perhaps only 95% complete.

However, now that Lu Xiangyuan had lost his mind in fear and was acting like this...

It shattered the image of Lu Xiangyuan-and, in the bigger picture, the image of the Anti-Sect Leader Faction's disciples being tough and powerful.

A simple loss would have been far better. But this? With how cowardly Lu Xiangyuan was acting, and with Bai Zihan's nonchalant

attitude, it became painfully clear who the strongest disciple of Heaven Sword Sect was.

This single scene had undone all the effort and achievements they had made over the past few weeks.

This completely enraged Elder Wu Heng who worked hard to achieve this.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 356 Unbound by Sect Politics[1,425 words]

Elder Wu Heng was enraged, and it was understandable as their hard work was almost undone.

Lu Xiangyuan took the blame but there was someone apart from him who was taking the blame.

Elder Lu Teng, Lu Xiangyuan's father, was seated along with others from the faction, his head down.

They were trying not to be too vocal about their complaints regarding his son because Elder Lu Teng held a fairly high position, but he could feel the elders' gazes occasionally drifting toward him, all blaming him.

His position has increased due to his son and with Lu Xiangyuan set to become an elder soon, their family position in the sect was also going to be risen to the next level.

But who could have thought it would all come crashing down because of a single person.

Elder Lu Teng could only grit his teeth and endure, looking at his pathetic son- whom he vowed to teach a good lesson once this was over.

Unbeknownst to Lu Xiangyuan, he looked somewhat relieved and had calmed down a little after getting away from the Devil.

Bai Zihan looked at Lu Xiangyuan and then at the Anti-Sect Leader Faction and smirked.

He was well aware of what they were trying to achieve by having their talented disciple go after influential geniuses.

But with this, Bai Zihan knew their plan was foiled.

And the only way they could ever undo or salvage their ruined plan was if they could defeat him.

But since Lu Xiangyuan lost, who is already their strongest disciple, there was no way that they could do that.

So, in that sense, their plan was completely destroyed, with no way to recover at all.

Bai Zihan then began walking toward Lu Xiangyuan-deliberately slow.

A thin, icy killing intent seeped out of him.

It wasn't his true killing intent, it was just to scare Lu Xiangyuan.

However, he didn't know that it was quite powerful despite him controlling it. The nearby disciples flinched, shoulders tightening under the suffocating pressure.

To them, it truly felt like Bai Zihan was going to kill Lu Xiangyuan.

Lu Xiangyuan felt it the worst.

His shattered mind couldn't even process it-his body reacted first.

He froze, then convulsed violently, trembling like a child left in a blizzard.

"You... y-you can't kill me...!" he stammered, voice cracking. "This is Heaven Sword Sect-! You can't kill men here!"

It was true as their sect rule dictates.

But it was also pointless for Lu Xiangyuan to say that.

Because Bai Zihan wasn't trying to kill him in the first place-only scare him, and it worked frighteningly well.

Moreover, Lu Xiangyuan-utterly broken-forgot the simplest rule he could've used to leave the place.

The match would have ended the moment he surrendered.

He didn't need to crawl. He didn't need to run away pathetically. He didn't need to humiliate himself further.

He just needed to admit defeat and it would have been over.

But fear had turned his brain into mush, and that single lifeline never crossed his mind.

He forgot that his father and the rest of the faction were watching, and that his life was never in actual danger.

Lu Xiangyuan continued backing away on instinct alone, legs shaking uncontrollably.

Bai Zihan's steps did not quicken as he slowly took his time.

Lu Xiangyuan's teeth chattered as he stumbled back.

Bai Zihan stopped a few steps away, his shadow falling over the trembling Lu Xiangyuan.

His expression remained calm... but his eyes sharpened.

"Do you know," Bai Zihan said quietly, "what wrong you committed?"

Lu Xiangyuan opened his mouth-but only a strangled sound came out.

"I... I... I— I don't know...!"

He stammered, voice shaking, throat tight with panic.

Bai Zihan's killing intent spiked-cold, sudden, suffocating.

"I-I was wrong!!"

He squealed immediately.

"I was wrong for-for-!!"

His mind scrambled desperately, searching for anything that would stop the pressure crushing his chest.

Then it hit him-the reason Bai Zihan even bothered with him in the first place.

He blurted it out like a confession before execution:

"I was wrong for going against your fiancée! I was wrong! I won't- I won't ever offend her again!"

Bai Zihan's killing intent eased... slightly.

A faint smirk curved his lips.

"What else?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Lu Xiangyuan froze. His lips trembled.

His mind already shattered-spun desperately, trying to guess what Bai Zihan wanted to hear.

"What... else...?"

He gulped, panic clawing at his throat as he scrambled to think of anything- anything he had done that might anger Bai Zihan.

"I-I was wrong for... f-for... targeting your fiancée... and... and..."

He squeezed his eyes shut and blurted out the next thing that came to mind.

"...and for challenging your sister!"

His voice cracked pathetically.

"And- and for thinking I could beat you!"

He kept going, words spilling out like a dam bursting.

"And for... for even daring to stand against you in the first place! I-I should've known better! I shouldn't have said you were arrogant! I shouldn't have tried to provoke you! I shouldn't have-"

He gasped for air, chest heaving, face pale.

Lu Xiangyuan's desperation spiked.

"I was wrong! I didn't know I didn't realize- I won't ever do anything like that again!"

He kept rambling, fear pushing out every word, hoping at least one would be the correct answer.

He wasn't apologizing like a genius disciple of a great sect.

"At least you know who you messed with."

Bai Zihan looked down at him for a long moment, hands behind his back, voice smooth and unhurried.

"Since I'm feeling generous," he said, "how about you apologize sincerely... and I'll forgive you."

He didn't need to say it twice.

Lu Xiangyuan seized the chance like a drowning man clutching a rope.

He bowed-then dropped lower-forehead nearly hitting the tiles.

"I'm sorry!! I sincerely apologize! I won't ever dare offend your fiancée again!

Please forgive me!"

His voice cracked halfway through, desperation leaking into every word.

He didn't care that thousands were watching.

He didn't care that elders were watching.

He didn't care that his father was watching. He only cared about not provoking Bai Zihan again.

And Bai Zihan watched him grovel with a calm, almost amused expression-exactly what he intended from the start.

Bai Zihan flicked his wrist lightly-an absent, dismissive gesture.

The action was simple, but to Lu Xiangyuan it felt like divine salvation.

Relief hit him so hard his legs nearly gave out.

He scrambled backward, bowing repeatedly, nodding like a man pardoned from execution.

He practically fled, stumbling away on unsteady feet, grateful beyond measure that Bai Zihan had allowed him to live another day.

Bai Zihan turned away from the fleeing Lu Xiangyuan, his expression returning to its usual composure.

"I'm the winner!"

He declared.

Only then did everyone truly register that the duel had already ended.

Though for most, it already ended the moment Lu Xiangyuan had broken down

and begged for forgiveness, the outcome had been sealed.

He hadn't surrendered formally, but there was no real difference between conceding and groveling on the ground in front of one's opponent.

If anything, it was more pathetic. And far more humiliating.

Claps and cheers filled the arena especially from the disciple who supports

Sect Leader Faction.

But Bai Zihan wasn't done.

Not even close.

His gaze slid past the trembling Lu Xiangyuan-straight to the Anti-Sect Leader

Faction.

The air tightened.

Elder Wu Heng stiffened instantly, fury and humiliation boiling under his skin.

His complexion darkened, veins bulging at his temple. It felt as though he might explode.

Elder Wu Heng glared at Bai Zihan, wanting to skin him alive.

This wasn't the first time that their faction suffered because of Bai Zihan.

"Bai Zihan!"

Elder Wu Heng muttered his name angrily.

Bai Zihan met his gaze and smirked-slow, sharp, deliberate.

He turned slightly, letting his voice carry across the entire arena.

"I don't care," Bai Zihan said calmly, "about your little games."

The words struck like a slap to both the factions. Their struggle and fight was labeled as little game by Bai Zihan.

"You can fight within yourself, " Bai Zihan continued, tone steady, almost bored. "And I don't care who wins."

The statement rippled through both factions like a cold wave.

After all, despite the two factions having existed for a long time, no one would bring that up so openly.

However, Bai Zihan casually brought the two factions who had been fighting for so long in the shadows before everyone.

Everyone was aware of it, but it wasn't something one should mention. Anyways, Bai Zihan meant what he said.

Bai Zihan had no interest in their politics-no loyalty to their factional struggle, no desire to meddle or support either side.

He didn't care that the Sect Leader was his father's friend. He didn't care what happened to the sect, nor who ended up on top.

He had never belonged here in the first place.

The only reason he even came to this sect was because he had been forced to.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept over the Anti-Sect Leader Faction, lingering on Elder Wu Heng just long enough to let the message sink in.

"But if you dare," he continued, voice dropping, "mess with me... or with what's mine..."

His eyes sharpened, cold and merciless.

"...then you will suffer."

It was a warning.

A threat.

A declaration.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 357 Desperate Recruitment[1,483 words]

Chapter 357 Desperate Recruitment

The atmosphere of Heaven Sword Sect had changed.

"Did you hear how Lu Xiangyuan was beaten to the point of him literally begging?"

"I respected and looked up to him, but he was just a coward, relying on his advanced cultivation."

"Shh! Don't say it too loudly. Elder Lu Teng nearly exploded that day."

"Sigh! Who told them to touch Chu Ziyang? Don't you know that the devil will not leave you if you do that?"

"Well, some people only learn about consequences after they experience them."

The disciples who had witnessed the duel firsthand recounted the story with wild gestures, each version somehow more dramatic than the last.

Those who hadn't been present listened with wide eyes, struggling to imagine the scene clearly.

After all, Lu Xiangyuan was considered the strongest among the disciples for a very long time.

But that fight completely shattered that image for most of them who witnessed it.

Within a day, everyone had already heard about the fight, and no one thought it was an honorable loss for Lu Xiangyuan.

There were also rumors that Elder Lu Teng had beaten Lu Xiangyuan for staining their name and had punished him by sending him into seclusion until he could break through to the Void Refinement Realm.

And Bai Zihan-his name also resounded throughout the sect, and once again, he showed why he was the one person you didn't want to mess with.

His name dominated every conversation.

Some whispered with awe. Some with fear. Some with excitement.

But no one, absolutely no one, dared to speak lightly of him again.

It wasn't the victory over Lu Xiangyuan that made the biggest impact. That part was expected; everyone knew Bai Zihan was strong.

It was what happened afterward.

The sight of Lu Xiangyuan, the Anti-Sect Leader Faction's star disciple, reduced to a trembling wreck... apologizing, bowing, begging for forgiveness-

That was what was scary about Bai Zihan.

He would completely bring despair to his enemies and leave you too embarrassed.

Disciples from the Anti-Sect Leader Faction kept their heads low for the first time in years.

Of course, that gave the Sect Leader Faction room to breathe, but it wasn't as though they increased their influence-rather, it was Bai Zihan whose influence grew within Heaven Sword Sect.

Moreover, who could forget the warning Bai Zihan gave to the whole sect?

It wasn't just a warning to the Anti-Sect Leader Faction, but also to the Sect Leader Faction, and perhaps even those who remained neutral.

Bai Zihan clearly didn't care who it was-he will go after anyone who messes with what his.

Bai Zihan's Courtyard!

In his private courtyard, it seemed like there was a guest.

"Okay but please think about it carefully. We can try our best to fulfill any wish you might have."

A man stood at the entrance-an elder-level representative of the Sect Leader Faction. Judging from his slightly stiff expression, this was his final attempt before leaving.

Even without being told, it was obvious: he had been rejected.

No surprise there.

The Bai Clan rarely interfered with internal sect politics.

Traditionally, they remained neutral-supporting neither side unless necessary.

Yet this time, the Sect Leader Faction had taken the initiative and approached Bai Zihan directly, because they saw the huge influence that Bai Zihan

garnered.

With Bai Zihan, their influence would skyrocket. Even if the Bai Clan stayed neutral, Bai Zihan alone was worth the effort.

So they had put forth their most generous offer:

Anything he wanted-resources and status-as long as he joined their faction.

But Bai Zihan had turned them down without hesitation.

Why?

Well, he didn't want to put extra effort into something that would bring him less benefit and more headache.

He wasn't completely uninterested, but at the moment, there wasn't much incentive to join a losing faction.

The representative let out a slow breath, cupping his hands respectfully.

"If you change your mind," he said carefully, "you may contact us at any time."

With that, he excused himself and left the courtyard, expression unchanged but shoulders visibly heavy.

The door closed.

Silence returned to the Bai courtyard.

And Bai Zihan, seated calmly within, looked as though the entire matter had been nothing more than a passing inconvenience.

Soon after he left, Kong Zhanghong hurried into the courtyard, slightly out of breath.

"Young Master Bai," he said quickly, "Elder Wu Heng is also here and wishes to see you."

Bai Zihan didn't even look surprised.

"Let him in!"

Kong Zhanghong bowed and stepped out. It took barely a few seconds before

Elder Wu Heng entered the courtyard.

The elder's expression was stiff and his eyes sharp, but what stood out most was the cold glare he shot at Bai Zihan-dismissing, judging, displeased. Not just because Bai Zihan had ruined his perfectly arranged plan...

But because Bai Zihan sat there looking at him with a calm, indifferent gaze- devoid of the slightest respect.

As if Elder Wu Heng were just another ordinary person. Bai Zihan didn't even greet him when he entered.

As if Bai Zihan were above him.

Elder Wu Heng's jaw twitched, anger threatening to spill out, but he forced himself to remain calm.

He reminded himself of the bigger picture. Losing composure here would gain him nothing.

He took a seat, exhaling once before speaking.

"Bai Zihan," Elder Wu Heng began, voice steady and formal, "our faction recognizes your strength and potential. If you choose to join us, we are prepared to offer you the highest treatment."

He continued.

"With us, you can receive priority access to cultivation resources, personally guided breakthroughs, and political support. No matter what you want, we can help you achieve it."

He leaned forward slightly.

"Our faction is strong and growing. And with your talent and our support you will soar higher than anyone."

Elder Wu Heng spoke sincerely, pitching every possible benefit-status, influence, cultivation, future power.

All Bai Zihan needed to do... was agree.

"Huh? Is that all?"

Bai Zihan asked mockingly.

It might be a good enough deal for any disciple, but it was nothing for someone like Bai Zihan.

He already had almost everything Elder Wu Heng mentioned, so why would he need something he already possessed?

Technique, resources, status-there was nothing that he didn't already have as the heir of the Bai Clan.

Truth be told, Heaven Sword Sect couldn't offer anything that could truly interest Bai Zihan at all.

Elder Wu Heng frowned.

"That is already the highest benefit we can give you. However, if there is something that you want, you can ask for it, and we will do our best to fulfill it."

Elder Wu Heng said.

He knew that bringing Bai Zihan into their faction would be worth more than anything they sacrificed to.

Bai Zihan contemplated. Well... he acted like he was in deep thought, but there wasn't anything that could rope him in the first place.

"Hmmm... First, is it even possible for you to let me join? Wouldn't the Shen Clan be displeased if I joined?"

Bai Zihan asked playfully.

After all, the Shen Clan supported the Anti-Sect Leader Faction because they had agreed to deal with Bai Zihan-at least, according to the information Bai Zihan received from Kong Zhanghong.

So while there are benefits to Bai Zihan joining them, not everyone from the Anti-Sect Leader would agree to that, especially the Shen Clan.

Elder Wu Heng flinched and looked surprised, as if his secret had been

exposed.

He looked at Bai Zihan, and it didn't seem like a wild guess either. "Ahem! I don't know what you are talking about. However, if you are worried

about them, don't be. Past is in the past!"

Elder Wu Heng said.

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Well, the past might be the past-but not me. Ah, I've got a great idea!"

Bai Zihan continued.

"How about this: you destroy the Shen Clan, then I might consider joining your faction."

Bai Zihan declared.

He asked casually, as if destroying the Shen Clan was the same as talking about breaking a toy.

Elder Wu Heng's eyes widened in shock.

He already considered everything but he would have never thought that Bai

Zihan would ask something like this.

It wasn't like they desperately needed Bai Zihan's support. But what they feared more was that he would join the other side, which they needed to prevent. For someone like Bai Zihan, they were willing to even deal with the Shen Clan

and persuade them into giving up their revenge for Bai Zihan.

But who could have thought that Bai Zihan would put forward such a ridiculous

request? The request was too excessive and ridiculous, not to mention that they wouldn't be able to do so even if they wanted to.

The Shen Clan wasn't some small fry like the Mei Clan, which Bai Zihan

destroyed years ago.

They were like the Chu Clan, their status and power just below the top three

clans of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And why would they destroy one of their biggest supporters either?

"Are you serious?"

Elder Wu Heng couldn't tell whether Bai Zihan was truly making such a ridiculous request or just messing with him.

"You asked for the condition, and that's my condition if you want me to join."

Bai Zihan said. Elder Wu Heng took a deep breath, as if he had made a decision. "Looks like you have no intention of joining us. Then, I will leave. However,

please keep my proposal in mind and reach out to me if you change your mind."

Elder Wu Heng stood up, ready to leave. smart person and will make a wise choice!"

"I know you are.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 358 When the Beasts Stir[1,488 words]

Chapter 358 When the Beasts Stir

While the Heaven Sword Sect was undergoing internal shifts and political turbulence, the rest of the Desolate Heaven Empire was also facing huge turmoil.

It began subtly.

A few small villages reported an unusual increase in low-rank demonic beasts appearing near their borders.

At first, it was dismissed as a seasonal migration-nothing that the local militia couldn't handle.

But within a single week... the pattern changed.

Low-level Beast Tide turned into mid-level Beast Tides involving Grade-5-8 Demonic Beasts.

And the number of such Beast Tides had continued to rise despite efforts to stop them.

The fear drove many people from their homes to the Imperial Capital, where the defenses were the strongest.

The same happened with cities located near powerful clans and sects, as those places were generally much safer due to the protection they offered.

Because of this, the influx of refugees continued to grow, reaching numbers that these cities could no longer support.

It reached a point where many cities were forced to turn away people who were desperately trying to enter.

Moreover, the casualties among the cultivators sent to subdue those Beast Tides had been increasing drastically.

Patrols sent into forests didn't return.

Caravans vanished on trade routes once thought safe.

Messages from every direction reached prefectures, cities, clans, and sects, all conveying the same chilling truth.

Demonic beasts had begun attacking everywhere.

By the tenth day, even the Royal Family acknowledged the crisis.

The Ministers of the Imperial Court and the grand elders of the major sects and clans all arrived at the same unsettling conclusion:

This was no natural surge.

Something was forcing the beasts out of their territories.

Rumors spread like wildfire.

Some claimed an ancient Demonic Beast King had resurfaced. After all, all the Beast Tides seemed too coordinated to be random occurrences.

Without a leader, such a thing would be impossible.

Others believed this was a natural retaliation from the demonic beasts and that it would stop once they realized how futile their efforts were.

However, the Ministers of the Imperial Court and the grand elders of the major sects and clans weren't too worried and their stance remained the same.

This was a temporary upheaval.

The Empire had weathered similar beast tides many times before-always chaotic, always bloody, but ultimately short-lived.

However, they also understood that such events caused great unrest among civilians.

People had begun migrating to places they believed were safer, which caused headaches for those cities.

The Imperial Family could not allow this and sought to resolve the problem as quickly as possible.

The fastest method was simple: kill the Demonic Beasts and instill enough fear in them that they would think twice before invading again.

Believing this, the Imperial Court issued orders across the Empire.

Armies were mobilized. Cultivators marched out from imperial camps. Flying ships crossed the Empire, heading towards the Beast Tides.

Soldiers were deployed to every region where demonic beasts had appeared, tasked with eliminating every creature that dared cross into human territory. It was truly a war waged against the demonic beasts.

The fighting that followed was brutal.

Villages burned. Cities shook under the roars of beasts.

The Empire lost tens of thousands of soldiers within days-but the campaign worked.

One by one, the invading demonic beasts were pushed back, hunted down, and annihilated.

Some regions paid staggering prices, yet by the end of the second week, reports began arriving at the capital:

Most of the beast incursions had been contained.

The majority of citizens breathed out in relief. Officials declared that order had been restored.

Everyone believed that it was over, and like always, it was humanity's victory.

But fate had other plans.

Three days later...

The first terrifying wave of messages arrived.

Demonic beasts not of Rank 6 or 7... but Rank 9 and above were sighted on the borders-creatures whose strength rivaled cultivators of the Void Refinement Realm and higher.

And they were not few.

Hundreds of them appeared simultaneously across the Empire.

Some were massive beasts that blotted out the sky. Some were intelligent, not easily falling for traps set by the military.

Moreover, although the one commanding such terrifying demonic beasts had

yet to appear, anyone could tell that to control such a huge force, the leader had undoubtedly reached the Immortal Realm.

Panic rippled through the palace.

There was no longer any illusion that normal imperial forces could handle this.

Yes, the armies could fight.

Yes, the Empire could burn blood and iron to push back the tide.

But the sacrifices... the sacrifices would be unfathomable.

It was a High-Level Beast Tide-a calamity that could very well destroy the

Desolate Heaven Empire.

The Empire was facing something it had not seen in thousands of years-a full-scale Demonic Beast War.

Just when one thought things could not get worse, a letter arrived from the

Demonic Cultivators.

They demanded that the Royal Family and the top sects and clans recognize

their power and submit to them.

Otherwise, they would begin an all-out war.

Another headache-and the timing couldn't have been worse.

Or perhaps the Demonic Cultivators had been waiting for this very moment.

The situation kept snowballing.

What everyone had once believed would be a temporary disturbance... had transformed into a full-scale crisis that threatened the very foundation of the

Desolate Heaven Empire.

Imperial Court Hall!

While panic spread through cities and blood stained the borders, the heart of the Empire was no less turbulent.

The Emperor-gravely ill and incapable of attending court-was confined to his room, leaving governance temporarily to his heirs.

And that... was the problem.

There was no hiding that the princes and princesses had been fighting amongst themselves for the throne.

Without the Emperor's instruction on who would temporarily replace him in court, every prince and princess tried to barge in and claim to be the one deserving of authority.

After all, just by temporarily becoming the ruler, their influence would increase drastically.

Who would want to miss such an opportunity?

Not the ones fighting for the throne, at the very least. Backing down here

meant backing down in the struggle for the crown.

The First Prince, Yu Zidi, stepped forward first, confidently claiming that as the eldest, he was the most mature, stable, and therefore naturally suited to temporarily oversee the court in their father's absence.

But the others were not convinced.

The Third Prince, Yu Wenzhao, swiftly objected, citing the military experience

he gained while assisting the Emperor in suppressing a previous Beast Tide.

He argued that the Empire needed someone who had already proven capable in a crisis, not just someone born first.

The Seventh Prince and Fourth Princess also made their own claims-each presenting credentials, achievements, political alliances, and qualifications that they believed justified their right to preside over the Empire.

Before long, the entire court dissolved into loud arguments, each royal refusing to back down and unwilling to let another seize the opportunity.

Outside, reports of cities falling and beast tides escalating arrived one after another.

Inside, the heirs fought for the seat of power.

The ministers standing below could only shake their heads in frustration.

Many of them were loyal officials who wanted nothing more than to address the real threat-the advancing Beast Tide.

But with no ruler sitting on the Dragon Throne, no decree could be issued, and no unified command could be formed.

The Empire needed leadership.

But with the princes and princesses still arguing in the hall, "leadership" was exactly what the Empire did not have.

At last, the senior ministers could not endure another moment.

The Minister of Civil Affairs stepped forward and struck the jade ceremonial staff against the floor.

The crisp sound echoed through the hall, finally forcing the royal heirs to pause.

He spoke heavily:

"Your Highnesses... this cannot continue. If we fail to act now, there may be no Empire left to rule."

The royal heirs fell silent-not because they agreed, but because they realized the ministers were not going to wait any longer.

Although they were princes and princesses, none wanted to offend a minister who could help them ascend to the throne.

Until they became Emperor, the ministers held more power and influence than them in court.

"We will hold a meeting to decide who will temporarily preside over the Court Meetings."

So the ministers held an emergency council.

For an hour they debated.

In the end, they decided that they could not choose just one prince or princess, as that could potentially lead to more political problems-which they had no authority to resolve alone.

But what they could do was reduce the number of princes and princesses who could attend the Court Meetings and participate in decision-making.

Name after name was brought up-every prince, every princess, every royal eligible to preside in the Emperor's absence.

Some were too young.

Some lacked political backing.

Some had no experience.

Some were clearly unqualified.

Eventually, the ministers reached a difficult but unanimous conclusion.

Only four of the imperial heirs had the power, experience, and influence to face the current disaster:

First Prince-Yu Zidi, Third Prince - Yu Wenzhao, Fourth Princess-Yu Qingya and Seventh Prince-Yu Longxuan.

Not only were the four of them way ahead in the race for the throne, but they also had their own alliances with powerful clans and sects.

The ministers already understood that against the Beast Tide and the Demonic Cultivators, Imperial power alone was not enough.

They needed help from other clans and sects if they wished to deal with such two powerful threats.

Only by uniting the major powers of the Empire could they hope to survive.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 359 The Empire Declares Emergency[1,392 words]

Chapter 359 The Empire Declares Emergency

Letters were sent to all the major powers of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And the Desolate Heaven Empire had declared a state of emergency.

All the Top and Mid Sects and clans that received the letter were asked to send their leader for an emergency meeting, and as for the topic of the meeting, it was to be disclosed in the meeting.

It was an urgent call for a meeting and they were asked to come immediately. Those who failed to do so would be severely punished.

Imperial Palace - War Council Hall!

Before the sun had even fully risen, the Imperial Palace was already in motion.

The Dragon Throne remained empty.

Rows of generals, ministers, court officials, and leaders from powerful sects and clans stood beneath the towering jade pillars.

The four imperial heirs sat in the seats of governance-Yu Zidi, Yu Wenzhao, Yu Qingya, and Yu Longxuan.

A thick stack of intelligence reports lay on the long conference table, sealed with red wax and marked with the words:

"Beast Tide Frontline."

At the center of the hall, the Minister of War-Grand Marshal Xiu Yucheng, a grizzled veteran with scars beneath his armor-stepped forward.

He gave a deep bow.

"Your Highnesses, Clan and Sect Leaders... the latest frontline situation has been compiled and verified. I will now deliver the full report."

"The Empire has suffered severe losses."

His voice was gravelly but steady.

"Within the last five days, we have confirmed over sixty-seven coordinated Beast Tide outbreaks across the Empire."

He raised the next report.

Maps were unfurled by aides-showing red-marked regions spreading like an infection across the continent.

Xiu Yucheng continued.

"This is no longer a regional disturbance. This is a national crisis!"

Murmurs rippled through the hall, but he pressed on.

"Next-classified details regarding the level of Demonic Beasts."

He took a deep breath.

"Multiple sightings of Grade-9 and Grade-10 Demonic Beasts have been confirmed.""

"Grade-10?!"

A Sect Leader blurted out, paling.

After all, those were equivalent to Great Ascension Realm cultivators, and even the leader of a top sect was only at that level.

If multiple sightings of such demonic beasts were confirmed, that meant the sect and clan's Grand Elder needed to get involved.

"Yes!"

Xiu Yucheng confirmed.

The hall turned silent again.

Bai Tianheng and Li Jianghong didn't seem too concerned, as they were at Peak Great Ascension Realm and had forces capable of annihilating Grade-10 demonic beasts.

However, mid-level sects and clans couldn't help but be worried.

One wrong move, and they could very well face extinction when going against such powerful demonic beasts.

Of course, they knew that the strongest of the demonic beasts would obviously be handled by the strongest forces on their side, but still it was frightening when one realized that the enemy had equally powerful forces.

"How many confirmed?"

Bai Tianheng asked calmly.

"By conservative count-over five hundred Grade-9 beasts and more than one hundred Grade-10 beasts have appeared across the Empire."

A cold shock hit the room like a tidal wave.

Even Bai Tianheng was surprised by the number that he didn't expect.

The Beast Tide had almost double of what the Bai Clan's force at the moment.

It meant that even if the Bai Clan sent every one of their Cultivators, they could face defeat.

And that was only what could be confirmed.

Who knows just how many more are waiting.

Li and Zhao leaders also showed grim faces. This wasn't something that they could take lightly as they initially thought.

A heavy, tense silence settled over the War Council Hall.

Zhao Wutian's fingers tapped the table.

"No wonder a state of emergency was declared," he muttered. "This level of Beast Tide has never occurred in the last thousand years."

Others nodded in agreement.

"If this is not resolved quickly, the Desolate Heaven Empire may face devastation worse than any war."

Yet despite the pressure hanging in the air, they all remained composed.

After all-with the combined might of the Top Three Clans and the Top Sect, the Empire was hardly defenseless.

However, that was only if they all cooperated well together. Conflicts existed between each sect and clan.

And the biggest problem in this alliance was the Bai Clan and the Li-Zhao alliance.

Only recently did the three come close to a full war due to Bai Xinyue.

The resentment between the Bai Clan and Li-Zhao Clan can't be put aside just because of a Beast Tide.

It was almost certain that the two sides wouldn't help the other even if they were getting killed.

Rather, there was even a high chance that they would take this as an opportunity to eliminate the other party.

But no one dared bring this up. They can only hope that three of them can see the bigger picture and focus on Beast Tide.

Just then, Grand Marshal Xiu Yucheng raised his hand.

"That's not all. There is something that you must also know."

Everyone turned toward him.

A faint, unsettled expression flashed across his weathered face.

Xiu Yucheng placed the scroll on the table.

"Yan Taifeng, read it."

The Minister of Internal Affairs, Yan Taifeng, stepped forward and unsealed the document.

His voice dropped slightly-as though the words themselves carried danger.

"This... is a letter delivered to us five days ago."

The hall waited.

"From the Demonic Cultivators."

Murmurs spread. Some cursed, asking what they wanted now; others couldn't shake off the bad feeling rising inside.

"They have asked us to surrender under their rule-or else war will be awaiting."

Silence lasted only a heartbeat. Then the War Council exploded.

"Those damned lunatics!"

"What timing is this?!"

"As if the Beast Tide wasn't enough!"

Voices echoed sharply beneath the dome of the Jade Hall.

Clan Leader slammed fists on tables, Sect Leader cursed under their breath, and even experienced generals paled.

"What kind of accursed month is this? First a Beast Tide of unseen scale-and now the Demonic Cultivators declare war?"

"They must have seen the chaos and decided this is the perfect time to strike. Cowards!"

"Do they really think that they can defeat all of us? They surely dream big!"

"However, this is indeed a big threat. We can't just ignore their message. They will surely strike us if we only focus on the Beast Tide!"

"Tsk! I knew we should have slaughtered those bastards when we had the chance!"

The Empire was pressed from the outside by tens of thousands of demonic beasts...

And now from within, by the one faction all righteous cultivators hated. "With the Beast Tide swallowing borders and armies, our forces are stretched

thin. If they launch an attack now, it would be devastating."

Someone else spoke in a low voice-

"...If they send their Immortal Realm experts..."

The entire hall fell cold.

Because everyone here knew:

The Demonic Path still had Immortal Realm powerhouses on par with grand elders of the top sects and clans.

Just like the Bai Clan.

Just like the Heaven Sword Sect.

And an Immortal joining the battlefield didn't change outcomes.

It ended them before it began.

Thousands of Spirit Severing cultivators could be killed in mere seconds if such a powerhouse joined the fray.

The War Council Hall fell into a near-funeral silence.

There was no point pretending otherwise.

The Desolate Heaven Empire was now facing two calamities at once-either one strong enough to cripple a nation, but arriving together meant that the very foundation of the Empire trembled.

The generals and clan leaders didn't need to speak their thoughts aloud; the severity of the situation was written plainly on every face.

The Demonic Cultivators had chosen their moment with terrifying precision.

They had watched the Beast Tide ravage border cities, bleed the imperial armies dry, and force the strongest cultivators to the frontlines. Only then had they revealed their intentions.

The Empire was caught between the jaws of a giant beast-demonic beasts pressing from the outside, and the Demonic Path lurking within, waiting for the moment of collapse.

If the Empire concentrated its Great Ascension and Immortal Realm powerhouses on the Beast Tide, they might be caught off guard by the

Demonic Cultivator.

But if they separate their forces then dealing with Beast Tide would become a lot harder than it needs to be.

There was no avoiding the reality anymore.

If the Empire continued fighting with fragmented strength-each clan and sect guarding only its own territory-then even before the Demonic Path arrived, the Beast Tide alone would tear the map of Desolate Heaven into ruin.

Grand Marshal Xiu Yucheng slowly closed the final document in front of him.

There were no more statistics to read.

No more warnings to give.

Only decisions.

His voice, though calm, carried the weight of an entire civilization:

The Empire had no choice but to expand the scale of its armies immediately.

Each major power present was required to mobilize no less than sixty to seventy percent of their total available cultivators, including core disciples and even their Grand Elders.

Within seven days, all sects and clans must assemble their forces, finalize logistics, and be ready to move.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 360 Bai Tianheng's War Mandate[1,012 words]

Chapter 360 Bai Tianheng's War Mandate

"This is the current situation!"

Bai Tianheng finished explaining all the important information discussed in the emergency meeting.

Since Demonic Beasts were still ravaging the Empire, time was of the essence. They needed to prepare immediately.

Every clan and sect across the Empire had summoned their disciples and elders, even those in seclusion.

The Bai Clan was no different, and Bai Tianheng had managed to gather nearly everyone-including Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan had personally witnessed a small-scale Beast Tide when he returned from the Falling Star Empire.

He had dealt with it fairly easily, but he knew that compared to a High-Level Beast Tide, such skirmishes were insignificant.

The scale, the numbers, and the strength of the current invasion were on a completely different level.

He lowered his gaze in thought.

A sudden large-scale Beast Tide... followed by a warning from the Demonic Cultivators.

(Was it really the Demonic Cultivators taking advantage of the situation, or was there something more?)

Currently, most believed that the Beast Tide was being controlled by an Immortal Realm Demonic Beast.

Such beings possessed the power and intelligence to command a tide of that magnitude and coordinate their attacks.

However, Bai Zihan wasn't convinced.

During the Immortal Emperor Inheritance Trial, he had seen Demonic

Cultivators controlling demonic beasts.

Although their appearance resembled devils and was different from nowadays Demonic Cultivators, the possibility still existed that this Beast Tide can be controlled by the Demonic Cultivators.

Still, that possibility remained low. If they had such means, they would not have waited until now to use it.

Regardless, Bai Zihan knew that the Empire had no choice but to deal with Beast Tide-whether the Beast Tide was being led by an Immortal Realm Demonic Beast or by the Demonic Cultivators themselves.

Bai Tianheng continued speaking.

"All Clans are required to deploy no less than sixty to seventy percent of their strength within seven days. We are no exception."

Murmurs spread through the hall.

Mobilizing that much of their power meant the Bai Clan would be dangerously exposed at home.

A single unexpected attack could cripple them.

However, their most dangerous enemy, the Li-Zhao Clan, would also have to deploy a similar percentage of their strength, lowering the chance of such ambushes.

The Imperial Family kept strict records of every faction's size and manpower, so falsifying numbers was unwise.

Moreover, very few clans ever attempted such deception. Most preferred to send large forces, showcasing their might, and increase their political influence rather than hide troops and risk offending the Imperial Court.

Bai Tianheng swept his gaze across the hall, looking at the elders and disciples standing before him.

"Seventy percent-or more-of our forces will be deployed."

A few eyes widened.

"This is not simply to meet imperial requirements," he said firmly. "The greater our presence on the battlefield, the greater our influence. And more. importantly-if the Li-Zhao Clan or any other hostile faction tries to sabotage us during the Beast Tide, we will not be caught defenseless."

Everyone understood perfectly that external crises never erased internal rivalry. One careless moment could destroy the Bai Clan.

Even so, unease flickered across several faces.

Sending so much strength at once...

If their losses were too great, then even victory over the Beast Tide and Demonic Cultivators would only leave them weak enough for the Li-Zhao Clan to swallow them whole.

Bai Tianheng noticed their worries.

He raised a hand.

"There is no need for excessive worry."

His voice carried unexpected reassurance.

"Our Grand Elders will also be joining us."

More mummers but this time it was filled with excitement and expectation.

Bai Ren alone was a force capable of suppressing almost any threat-and everyone knew he wasn't even the strongest among the Grand Elders.

So, knowing that Grand Elders would be joining filled them with confidence and courage.

Bai Tianheng went on:

"We shall send at least 5 Grand Elders. The number is still up for discussion but know that our strongest will be joining us. So, there isn't much that you would need to worry about."

This number wasn't just for making Clan Members feel safe but because it was deemed necessary.

If the Demonic Cultivators sent their strongest generals, only the Grand Elders of the Bai Clan would be capable of facing them.

For example, Bai Tianheng may have reached Peak Great Ascension Realm-a remarkable achievement for someone of his age-but even he would barely be able to hold out more than a minute or two against someone on the level of Gou Yao unless he fought with everything he had from the very first second. Moreover, if the speculation was true and an Immortal Realm Demonic Beast was truly leading the tide, then even the strongest individual cultivator would have a hard time dealing with it.

A foe of that caliber could only be slain through the combined efforts of multiple Immortal Realm experts.

Naturally, this meant that the other great clans and sects would also be sending their Immortal Realm powerhouses, including the Li and Zhao Clan.

But even so, the Bai Clan remained confident. Of all the major powers in the region, their Grand Elders were regarded as the most formidable.

Whether it is dealing with Demonic Beast, Demonic Cultivator or Li-Zhao Clan, they should be able to do so.

With such figures stepping onto the battlefield, there was no room for fear.

The younger disciples straightened their backs. If even the Grand Elders were mobilizing personally, then they, as juniors, had no right to hesitate or shrink away from the coming storm.

Bai Tianheng's voice grew louder, steady and resolute.

"Ahem! Moreover, those who achieve great merit in the coming battle," he declared, "will be rewarded heavily."

The tense atmosphere shifted immediately. The disciples who had been filled with anxiety moments before now showed hints of barely restrained eagerness.

"This Beast Tide is a calamity," Bai Tianheng continued, "but it is also a chance for every one of you to prove yourselves. The Empire is watching. The world is watching. Let our Bai Clan be the one that shines the brightest!"

His voice echoed powerfully across the hall.

Several young disciples clenched their fists, blood boiling with excitement. The thought of glory and reward burned away their earlier hesitation.

Bai Tianheng swept his gaze across every face-elders and disciples alike. He smiled after seeing their confident and determined expression.

"So-do your best!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 361 Northern Defense Line! [1,130 words]

Chapter 361 Northern Defense Line!

The Desolate Heaven Empire shared borders with countless rival nations, but the north was different.

It did not belong to any empire-not because no one wanted it, but because no one could claim it.

Beyond the northern frontier lay the Great Wilderness, an endless land shrouded in forests, unclimbable peaks and Demonic Beasts.

It was the kingdom of Demonic Beasts-where the strong hunted freely and the weak were consumed without mercy.

Generations of Emperors of various nations had tried to conquer it. They all failed.

Well, not exactly but the part of the Great Wilderness that they were able to claim wasn't valuable and they couldn't keep it for long due to the Demonic Beasts which kept on pouring.

If they want to take a part of Great Wilderness then it is better to just conquer all of it or else you will just lose it back to Demonic Beast.

But such feat might be impossible.

Records dating back thousands of years spoke of terrifying beings deep within the Great Wilderness-Demonic Beasts so old and powerful that their might might touch the realm of a Supreme Immortal or beyond.

Whether that was truth or fearful legend, no one knew. But the blood spilled in every failed expedition proved one thing, it was impossible to conquer the Great Wilderness.

No Empire expanded north anymore.

Instead, they built defenses.

Walls. Fortress cities. Watchtowers. Supply lines. Military stations.

And the most important of them all-

The Northern Defensive Line.

It stretched across the frontier like a gigantic scar, layered with powerful formation.

It was not just a wall-it was a battlefield that never slept.

And right now, that battlefield was roaring with war at a scale never seen before.

Suprisingly the Defensive Line still stood.

For over ten days, the Beast Tide had crashed against the Northern Line like a storm with no end.

Thousands of Demonic Beasts had already died.

Thousands of soldiers had already fallen.

Yet the frontline still had not collapsed.

Torches lit up the night sky as wounded soldiers were carried to the rear. Fresh troops surged forward to replace them.

Supply wagons rushed through the fortified passages, ferrying talismans, pills, arrows, and food to the endless fight.

It was chaos all around.

On a bastion tower overlooking the battlefield, Commander Wei Zongyuan stood with blood-splattered armor and a calm face.

His exhaustion was visible only in the slight tiredness around his eyes.

Despite being in the Great Ascension Realm, he has fought for so many days that it was inevitable for exhaustion to catch up to him.

A soldier approached, saluting with a bloodstained fist.

"Commander, the Third Battalion has rotated out. Fresh forces from the town garrison have taken their place."

Wei Zongyuan nodded.

"Good. Move them in groups of three squads. Do not deploy everyone at once." "Yes, sir!"

Orders flew across the command platform, and runners dashed through the complex corridors of the wall to deliver them.

This was why the Northern Defensive Line had not fallen.

It was not brute force.

It was the strategy that kept them alive.

Wei Zongyuan had long realized that throwing all troops into direct confrontation was suicide.

The Beast Tide was endless-while the forces on his hand were perhaps not even tenth of Beast Tide..

Thus, he adopted an unorthodox method, Rotational Skirmishing.

Instead of standing in place and fighting to the death, his soldiers advanced in short, devastating bursts.

A squad would surge forward with full power-unleashing martial techniques, talismans, and battle formations-slaughtering dozens instantly.

Then, before the Beast Tide could counterattack with its numbers...

They retreated back behind the walls.

They waited for another period of time as another squad would replace them, repeating the cycle.

In this way, they managed to slow down the Beast Tide while keeping their casualties low.

This is how Wei Zongyuan still managed to hold their ground against a High-Level Beast Tide.

However, he also knew the truth. It wasn't just his strategy that worked but because Demonic Beast had yet to send their Grade-10 Demonic Beasts.

If they even send 5 of their Grade-10 Demonic Beasts then the Defensive Line that they managed to hold for so long would crumble under an hour.

Another soldier stumbled up the stone steps, panting, his armor cracked and smeared with dust and beast blood.

He dropped to one knee.

"Commander... urgent report!"

Wei Zongyuan's expression hardened.

"Speak!"

The soldier clenched his teeth, voice trembling with frustration and grief.

"Squad Forty-Three has been wiped out."

Silence fell.

On the command platform, several officers lowered their heads.

Even though death was expected on a battlefield like this, the loss of a full squad was still a heavy blow.

Wei Zongyuan closed his eyes for a moment.

(Squad Forty-Three... your sacrifice won't be in vain!)

The commander's jaw tightened.

"Damn it!"

Rotational Skirmishing had kept casualties low-but low was not none.

They were fighting Demonic Beasts, after all.

A single mistake...

A moment too slow...

And an entire squad vanished from existence.

He took a slow breath, cold fury simmering beneath the surface.

"At this rate..." he muttered, "...even we will eventually be worn down."

He wasn't wrong.

Even with perfect strategy, even with disciplined retreat, even with well-planned formations-

They were fighting a tide.

A tide that didn't care how many it lost.

Every beast that died was replaced by ten more pushing from behind.

A staff officer stepped forward, voice low.

"Commander... if the situation continues unchanged, our estimated line stability is less than three days."

"And that's assuming," another added grimly, "no Grade-Ten Demonic Beast appears."

Wei Zongyuan's gaze turned to the distant horizon, where the ground itself seemed to writhe under endless movement.

If those monsters joined....

Even three...

The wall would fall in less than an hour.

He exhaled through his nose.

"Where are the reinforcements from the Capital?"

His voice was calm, but everyone heard the strain beneath it.

After all, they had been waiting for many days with so many dead, yet there was no reinforcement from the Powerful Clan and Sect. "We have received messages that the Imperial forces and major clans are mobilizing. But Marshal... logistics across the Empire take time. Even if they march at full speed..."

"How long?" Wei asked sharply.

The officer hesitated.

"They told us to hold on for seven days. It was two days ago."

Wei Zongyuan's face darkened.

Five days!

They had maybe three-and that was being optimistic.

The commander's voice dropped to a low, bitter growl.

"If the Capital doesn't hurry, there won't be a Northern Line left for them to reinforce."

A long silence followed.

The battle raged below. Screams, thunderous roars, exploding talismans, the clangor of steel-never stopping, never weakening.

Wei Zongyuan looked out across the battlefield, eyes burning with determination.

"If we fall here... the next to die won't be soldiers."

Behind the Defensive Line lay towns, villages, farms-Families.

Children.

Civilians who didn't even know how to hold a sword.

"If the beasts break through," Wei whispered, "...they will slaughter their way straight to the northern prefectures."

Not tens.

Not hundreds.

Hundreds of thousands would die.

Just then, an officer sprinted up the stone steps, helmet tucked under his arm, sweat mixing with dust on his face.

He didn't even salute. The urgency in his eyes was enough.

He stopped in front of Wei Zongyuan, chest heaving, and forced the words out between desperate breaths.

"Commander, Reinforcements from the Capital had arrived!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 362 Grand Elders Of Bai Clan! [1,451 words]

Chapter 362 Grand Elders Of Bai Clan!

The sound of boots striking stone echoed through the clan grounds as thousands of Bai Clan cultivators marched toward the flying fleet docked above the main plaza.

Platforms glimmered underfoot as, one after another, floating bridges extended to connect the ground to the hovering warships.

They began to board these flying ships slowly, in a disciplined manner.

These clan members were already fully armed with artifacts.

A small clan might struggle to even equip all their elders with artifacts, but the Bai Clan wasn't just any clan.

With their unmatched resources, it was possible to give all the clan members armors and weapons of Profound-Grade Artifact quality.

Truth be told, Bai Zihan also contributed quite a lot by taking out a few more artifacts from the Storage Ring of Immortal Emperor Feilian.

With that, it was possible to equip every Bai Clan with good artifacts.

Anyways, with such preparation, the Bai Clan members would have no problem surviving even if they were to encounter demonic beasts above their

cultivation realm.

Just as the Bai Clan forces were steadily boarding the flying ships, some elders at the front paused.

A quiet murmur swept through the plaza:

"They're here..."

No tremor shook the sky, no blinding light descended-just a group of five figures walking across the air bridge toward the flagship, speaking casually among themselves as though they were simply going on a walk.

Yet the reaction was immediate.

Every elder near the boarding ramp straightened, eyes brightening with unmistakable relief and excitement.

"The Grand Elders have come!"

Many of the younger disciples froze mid-step, staring with wide eyes.

Some had only heard stories, others had seen ancestral portraits, but most had never seen them excluding Bai Ren.

Well, most of the younger generation had only seen one or two of the Grand Elder, as the others had been in seclusion for decades or even centuries.

So, it was inevitable that the younger generation had never seen many of the Grand Elders apart from Bai Ren, who was active right now.

"They... They are the Grand Elders?"

"It is said that there are few Grand Elders even stronger than Grand Elder Bai Ren. Could one of them be?"

"Damn! I can't imagine any one being stronger than Grand Elder Bai Ren. But if that is true then we don't need to worry about those Demonic Beast and Demonic Cultivators."

Excitement was palpable in every clan member. After all, these Grand Elders were the true powerhouses of their clan, capable of overturning wars.

The five looked completely unhurried.

One of them, an elderly man with tied-back hair and simple scholar robes, tapped Bai Ren's shoulder.

"Where is our current heir?"

He asked excitedly.

Although they had been in seclusion, that didn't mean they were completely unaware of what was happening in the clan.

They read reports and everything important happening in the Bai Clan whenever they had time or were bored.

Of course, they didn't intervene unless necessary.

They had heard much about Bai Zihan, although not very favorably at first, which later changed.

They were also well aware of Bai Zihan's contributions, especially the Saint-Grade Artifact and Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique, which had essentially made the Bai Clan invincible in the Desolate Heaven Empire. Not to mention Bai Zihan's talent.

Bai Ren had also been praising Bai Zihan for holding his own against the Seven Void Refinement Realm, even killing one of them.

All of this greatly pleased the Grand Elders and made them excited about the future of the Bai Clan.

So, they want to meet with him as soon as possible.

Bai Ren chuckled at the question. He had already scanned the area and found that Bai Zihan had yet to arrive-not that he expected him to arrive early

anyway.

"Ahem... Elder Chu, you might need to wait a bit," he said with a helpless sigh. "That brat is more audacious than the others. He'll definitely be one of the last

to arrive."

If the younger generation made elders wait, such behavior might be taken as disrespect.

But, well, it is Bai Zihan-someone who has contributed so much when he is still a teenager.

The Grand Elders could tolerate that and even see it as the attitude of the future leader of the Bai Clan.

But, of course, if that had been done by anyone else, they would have been heavily punished and would have greatly displeased the Grand Elders. "With our lifespan, what's waiting a few minutes?" one of them said lightly. "Even a few hours is just a passing breeze for old bones like us."

A few chuckled-clearly in good humor rather than complaint. Time meant something very different to them, who had lived for thousands of years. Besides, Bai Zihan was not the only one they were eager to meet.

Another of the elders spoke up.

"What about the young lady who won first place in the Dragon and Phoenix Competition? Bai Xueqing-is she here?"

Bai Ren nodded.

"Of course! Unlike that brat, she is diligent."

He turned slightly and called out.

"Xueqing! Come greet your seniors."

Light footsteps sounded as Bai Xueqing stepped forward from among the disciples. She saluted formally, expression calm and composed.

"Disciple Bai Xueqing greets the Grand Elders."

Several elders' eyes brightened immediately.

"Good poise."

"She carries herself well."

"So young, yet already Peak Soul Formation."

"Not only talent, but a stable foundation too."

Their praise was not exaggerated. They had evaluated countless geniuses over their long lives-many were flashy, many had potential, but very few had such balanced cultivation, temperament, and progress at the same time.

Bai Xueqing kept her posture steady, though her ears reddened slightly at being judged directly by five Immortal-Realm seniors.

One of the elders-dressed in dark blue robes with a calm, scholarly face-nodded in satisfaction.

"Winning the Dragon and Phoenix Competition at your age is already impressive," She said.

"But your state of mind is even better. The clan has gained another pillar."

The words made several nearby disciples stiffen with envy and admiration.

To be recognized by even one Grand Elder was already a lifetime honor, not to mention, five of them at the same time.

Well, but considering who it was, they too had to admit that it was well deserved.

Minutes passed, and the boarding continued without pause.

The plaza, once filled with orderly lines of Bai Clan cultivators, now hummed with movement as nearly everyone had stepped onto the flying ships. The Grand Elders themselves had taken their places aboard the flagship. It was the largest and grandest vessel in the Bai Clan fleet, almost the size of a small city.

Inside, some of the most talented disciples of the Bai Clan had already gathered.

The Grand Elder also met with them and even gave advice to some of them as they were the future of the Bai Clan.

Although not to the level of Bai Xueqing, there were many talented younger generations like Bai Jian.

Even Bai Tianheng, the current clan leader, had arrived and happily exchanged

words with the Grand Elders.

Being the clan leader, he had met all the Grand Elders and knew them unlike others.

Normally, he would have been seen as a clan leader mismanaging family affairs, which indeed was his biggest failure.

Yet now, he was praised especially for raising Bai Zihan and Bai Xueqing. Compliments flowed, acknowledging his management of the clan's strength, his foresight in preparation, and his careful cultivation of talent.

The atmosphere aboard the ship was one of quiet satisfaction, tempered by anticipation.

Every eye, young and old, was aware of the battle looming ahead, yet there was a sense of pride in the unity the Bai Clan now displayed.

Then, from the lower deck near the boarding platform, movement drew the attention of all assembled.

Bai Zihan finally appeared.

He moved with the same casual, unhurried gait he always carried, yet there was something subtly different today.

His usual emotionless expression lingered, mask-like, but beneath it, faint

sparks of excitement shimmered in his gaze-only those who know him well might be able to notice them though.

A few of the Grand Elders glanced at each other, noting his arrival with faint amusement.

There was no need for one to mention it. Four of them understood instantly that he was Bai Zihan, the moment they saw him.

Just looking at every one reaction as well, they could see that many of them seemed to have admiration and respect in their eyes.

Even those who were once bullied by Bai Zihan, and who looked down on him

for using schemes to overpower them, Bai Jian had no choice but to admit that no one was capable of replacing Bai Zihan as heir.

No one even dared to try now. Even Bai Jian's father, Bai Feng, had stopped mentioning such matters, having realized it was impossible.

The Grand Elders' eyes swept over him, subtle yet piercing.. As they exchanged brief, almost imperceptible glances, a silent understanding

passed between them. No words were necessary.

They could sense his cultivation.

Even from this distance, Bai Zihan's Qi radiated with an aura far beyond that of ordinary Cultivators.

It was refined, pure, and potent-a refinement that surpassed even what most elders in the Great Ascension Realm could achieve.

He was a Real Deal!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 363 The Bai Clan's Fleet Ascends[1,362 words]

Chapter 363 The Bai Clan's Fleet Ascends

Bai Zihan stepped onto the boarding platform, his expression unchanged as always-calm and distant.

The murmurs around him didn't slow his pace. Admiration, awe, reverence... he could feel them, but he didn't care.

Years of being scrutinized and criticized behind his back then suddenly being praised had made him realize that what others thought of you wasn't that important.

It could change as quickly as a gust of wind.

So, for Bai Zihan, other people's opinions or anything else didn't really matter to him.

If admired and loved, good. If hated and loathed, so what?

As he stepped onto the deck of the flagship, he paused. Not because he had forgotten something to bring but because his path was blocked.

Four old people were staring right at him.

Bright-eyed. Eager. Smiling.

Like grandparents seeing a beloved grandson for the first time in years. Bai Zihan stopped.

While he didn't recognize any one of them, he was quick to notice others' looks of reverence and understood that they must be the Grand Elders who were always in seclusion.

After all, in this world, there might be young and weak, but never old and weak.

So, if you saw old people in the Bai Clan, know that they were Grand Elders or something similar.

But of course, he wasn't intimidated or anything. They were the Bai Clan's Grand Elders-what did he, the heir, have to fear?

"What do you want?"

His mouth wasn't refined enough to respect them just because they were Grand Elders.

And their behavior was rather unbecoming of their status anyway.

Otherwise, why block a person and keep staring at him like some specimen? It was just rude no matter who the person was.

"This must be Zihan'er!"

"Good, good. He has the bearing of a leader!"

"Hahaha... Indeed, it was rude of us, but we were just curious to see our heir."

Rather than becoming offended, the four of them seemed even more delighted.

One of the reasons was that they were subtly releasing their presence, which, if one were weak-minded, might have collapsed.

But Bai Zihan was completely unaffected, showing that his mental strength was beyond even his cultivation realm.

Well, Bai Zihan had endured hellish pain for multiple days to refine his body, so it was understandable that while his body had grown stronger, his mental strength had become even more so.

"Zihan'er!"

Bai Tianheng practically slid into the scene, wearing the forced smile of a parent afraid his son might speak his mind a little too freely.

Although the Grand Elders didn't seem to mind, it didn't mean that it was okay to speak like that to Grand Elders.

"You brat, watch your tone. These are the Grand Elders of our clan!"

Bai Tianheng said, thinking that Bai Zihan didn't know.

But Bai Zihan had already realized that, so there was no change in his expression.

Bai Tianheng hopelessly waited for a never-coming apology.

Then Bai Tianheng began introducing them in order, gesturing respectfully.

"This is Elder Bai Chu," the scholarly elder with tied-back white hair-the one who had tapped Bai Ren's shoulder earlier-nodded with a warm smile.

"And next to him is Elder Bai Qingshan," he said, pointing at a tall, broad-shouldered old man with a long beard that gave him a stern martial air. The old man smiled faintly in response.

"This is Elder Bai Yui," Bai Tianheng continued.

The elderly woman studied Bai Zihan carefully, her gaze deep, composed, and impossible to read.

Though the years had left their marks, they had not stolen her beauty. One could easily imagine that, in her youth, she had broken the hearts of more than

a few admirers.

"And finally-Elder Bai Ruhong!"

Bai Tianheng finished, indicating a sharp-eyed elder whose presence was
oppressive even while smiling.

Bai Tianheng let out a relieved sigh after finishing the introductions.

"These four Grand Elders have decided to come out of their seclusion because
of the huge crisis we will be facing"

Bai Zihan stood there, still calm, still unreadable.

"So, why did you suddenly come out like that?"

Bai Zihan questioned.

Silence!

Four Grand Elders blinked.

Bai Tianheng froze mid-breath.

(You brat, can't you save your old man's face?)

Then, in a twist that would have caused half the clan to faint if they heard it.

"Haha... Our apologies, Zihan'er. We acted too abruptly."

Grand Elder Bai Chu said.

The other three followed suit with calm gravitas, as though apologizing to the young was as natural as breathing.

The nearby disciples looked like their souls had left their bodies.

Even Bai Tianheng swayed.

Grand Elder Bai Chu straightened, his expression warm and filled with deep satisfaction.

"But we only acted that way because we have long wished to meet the heir who has been praised by everyone. Haha... We must have startled you!"

His voice carried pride that had been centuries in the making.

"And we weren't disappointed. A dragon has indeed been born in our Bai Clan."

Elder Bai Qingshan stroked his beard.

"Bearing, confidence, mental fortitude-this is how a leader should stand."

Grand Elder Bai Yui nodded.

Grand Elder Bai Ruhong stepped closer with a grin.

His voice lowered conspiratorially-soft enough for only a few to hear.

"And we know," he said with a glint in his eyes, "about the Saint-Grade weapon.

You made a huge contribution to the clan."

Bai Zihan blinked once.

"That?"

That!?

That weapon alone could start a war between empires. However, Bai Zihan didn't seem to think much about it.

Grand Elder Bai Ruhong chuckled.

"No need to act modest, boy. Not only did you obtain it-"

He leaned in slightly.

"-you handed it to the clan."

"Rather than hoarding it or keeping it for personal use, you just gave it away without demanding anything."

Bai Zihan tilted his head.

To him, it had been a small matter.

Feilian's storage rings contained so many artifacts that if he laid them out, the Bai Clan's treasure vault would look like a street vendor's stall in comparison.

Not to mention-

If he ever ran out, the System Store had... everything. Though he would need to save up System Points.

As long as the system existed, there was no treasure he could not obtain.

But the outside world didn't know that.

From the perspective of the Grand Elders-

It was a selfless act that looked at the bigger picture and thought about the Bai Clan.

And the Grand Elders were deeply moved.

Grand Elder Bai Yui sighed emotionally.

"Rare! Truly rare in a young person."

Bai Qingshan added.

"Well, giving it to the clan is also giving it to himself. He is the future clan leader. The artifact will still be in his hands eventually."

The other elders paused-then burst into laughter.

"Hahahaha!"

"Well said!"

"Indeed, indeed!"

Meanwhile-

Bai Zihan just nodded.

"If the clan can use it, then it's better that way."

He said that.

The elders' eyes shone with approval.

Selfless!

Responsible!

Thinking of the family first!

The four of them, who already had a favorable opinion of Bai Zihan, further skyrocketed after this.

The Grand Elders began conversing with Bai Zihan, asking many questions.

Bai Zihan was annoyed but did answer them. Although he didn't show much respect, it wasn't like he hated them or anything,

They are still Grand Elders of the Bai Clan, and he knows that they are very helpful.

With all the clan members finally having boarded, it was time to leave.

The Bai flagship trembled once, powering up, and then-

Rumble-!!

Dozens of formation arrays lit up at once across its surface.

One after another, all nineteen accompanying warships awakened as well-
armors glowing, spirit engines roaring, banners snapping in spiritual wind.

Then-

Twenty Bai Flying Ships rose into the sky simultaneously.

Below, the Bai territory was drowned in shadow.

Countless mortals and outer disciples who were still in the clan grounds looked
up instinctively-

And for a heartbeat, they thought...

Night had fallen.

The sky was completely covered by the fleet.

Many stood in speechless awe as the ground below shivered from the rumbling
of so many engines.

Although Demonic Cultivator involvement was kept secret, many knew about the Beast Tide,
though they didn't know it was a high-level Beast Tide.

So, everyone assumed the fleet from the Bai Clan was for dealing with those

Beast Tides. Many watched, others cheered and called out for them to get back safely. Well,
not like their voices would reach the fleet.

The fleet surged into the clouds, moving like an airborne mountain range
carved from steel and ore.

The journey was smooth and uneventful.

Below, the clouds stretched endlessly, casting shifting shadows over the land as
the massive Fleet cut through the sky.

A few hours and several thousand miles later-

Metallic glints appeared on the horizon.

Four massive fleets hovered in the distance, each nearly rivaling the size and strength of the Bai Clan's own armada.

The Li Clan!

The Zhao Clan!

And, finally, the forces of the Royal Family itself!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 364 Old Enemies, Old Wounds[1,349 words]

Chapter 364 Old Enemies, Old Wounds

The mood on the Bai flagship shifted the moment the other fleets came into full view.

From the deck, Bai Clan cultivators narrowed their eyes.

"Tch... those Li and Zhao dogs are here."

"Just thinking about them trying to attack us in our territory makes me angry."

"Pathetic as well. They always need to be together."

Their voices weren't low, and the hostility was obvious.

It can't be expressed just how much the Bai Clan loathe the other two clans. Even the Elders couldn't hide their irritation when they saw their banner.

While everyone knew that they had to work together to deal with the Demonic Beasts, truth to be told, they hated each other more than they did Demonic Beasts.

Meanwhile, the Grand Elders of the Bai Clan stood side by side, looking down at the distant fleets of their enemies.

Their reactions were only slightly more composed. Though they equally, if not more, hated the two clans.

Grand Elder Bai Qingshan's beard twitched.

"Hmph! I am curious to see which old geezers they brought out. Though no matter who, seeing them would still make my blood boil."

Grand Elder Bai Yui smiled faintly with a grace that made the younger disciples straighten subconsciously.

"Me too. I am curious who they sent..."

Their tones were annoyed-but also faintly curious.

After all-it wasn't one or two times that the Bai Grand Elders had clashed with their Li and Zhao counterparts.

Over the centuries, the powerful of the three clans had fought countless times and knew each of the opposing Grand Elders very well.

Acquaintances?

Yes!

Enemies?

Also yes.

Perhaps the Grand Elders knew about one another more than their own clans did.

It has been more than two decades since they last saw each other, so it was understandable that they were looking forward to their reunion, even though they were enemies.

And on the other side-the reaction was almost identical.

From the decks of the Li and Zhao fleets, their clansmen began jeering at the distant Bai ships.

"The Bai Clan brought almost all their flying ships? Do they think they own the sky?"

"I smell arrogance all the way from here..."

"Heh. If not for that damn Royal Family watching, we'd have already smashed into them."

Li and Zhao Grand Elders narrowed their eyes, smiles forming.

"Oh, look. Those five fossils from the Bai Clan also crawled out of their caves."

"Well, we need to greet each other at least!"

Sparks practically jumped across the air even though the fleets had not yet closed the distance.

If not for the fourth presence in the sky.

The Royal Fleet.

The twenty Bai flying ships slowed, engines dimming as they stood still.

Across from them, the Li and Zhao fleets followed suit-lowering speed and halting once a respectful distance was set.

It was not a peaceful pause.

Rather, it felt like three armies staring at each other across a battlefield.

Thousands of cultivators stood at attention.

None attacked-but all were ready to.

A ripple of profound pressure swept across the sky as the Clan Leaders stepped forward, navigating the open air as if walking on solid ground.

Bai Tianheng clasped his hands politely.

"Li Jianhong! Zhao Wutian! It is good that you two have arrived safely."

The happiness in his voice was about as authentic as a sword made of paper.

Li Jianhong smiled thinly.

"Bai Tianheng, of course there is no one who can go against my clan. I see you brought your entire nest this time. Worried the Beast Tide will swallow you?"

Bai Tianheng's eyebrow twitched.

Zhao Wutian didn't miss a beat.

"Well, it is good that you brought so many of your forces. Looks like you are really serious about the Beast Tide!"

A few Bai Elders snorted.

Bai Tianheng returned the smile, pleasant and empty.

"True. Though it looks like Li and Zhao must travel together even now."

Li Jianhong's eyes twitched. Zhao Wutian inhaled sharply.

Anyone can see that Bai Clan was superior to the other two since it requires Two other Top Clan to keep a single Bai Clan in check.

Meanwhile, Li and Zhao disciples were whispering through clenched teeth.

Then-one figure after another stepped forward from the Li and Zhao fleets- each radiating enough pressure to shatter mountains.

The Li Clan and Zhao Clan had brought three Grand Elders each. Six Grand Elders in total.

Whereas the Bai Clan had five Grand Elders-more than Li or Zhao Clan, but fewer when Li and Zhao were counted together.

The air trembled as they met.

Li Clan's Grand Elder, Li Wufei spoke first with a smile.

"Ah... Bai Chu. I thought your bones would have turned to dust by now."

Grand Elder Bai Chu returned the smile.

"How could I? I was simply waiting for you to finally reach my level. But alas, it looks like your strength is the same as 30 years ago."

Li Wufei's smile stopped.

"Bai Chu, you dare bring that up? If not for my spear breaking in the middle of the fight, how could I have lost to you?"

Li Wufei said angrily.

"Still the same excuse? Li Wufei, grow up. When will you admit your loss?"

Bai Chu said nonchalantly.

At the other side, Grand Elder Zhao Henglong stepped forward, eyes full of mockery.

"Well, well... Bai Qingshan. Seeing you still breathing is truly shocking. I remember the last time we met-you were howling in the middle of my Four-Directions Formation, unable to break free for three whole days."

A loud snort came from the Bai side. Bai Qingshan's beard practically stood on end.

"That is rich coming from the man who set up a formation in advance! Just say it-you were afraid of fighting me directly!"

Zhao Henglong's eyebrow twitched.

"You lost, and yet you speak so loudly..."

"I haven't lost. If you fight me fairly, you would lose a hundred times."

Bai Qingshan snapped.

"Being able to use Strategy is also important but I guess you won't know about it."

Not only them, other Grand Elders were also bringing up their old history, trying to humiliate the others with past events.

In any case, the more they converse, the angrier they were getting.

The air between them crackled like tinder waiting for a spark.

These weren't random insults-they were all real history.

Old grudges.

Old humiliations.

Old victories that still felt fresh.

On any other day, the Grand Elder groups would have started a sky-shattering fight already.

And truthfully?

They looked one sentence away from doing exactly that.

Tension peaked-three groups.

Eleven Immortal Realm experts.

All staring each other down with a thousand years of accumulated hatred, rivalry, and wounded pride.

Which was terrible news-because all three clans were supposed to be allies.

If they started a fight here, the Royal Family would have no choice but to intervene... and that would make everything messier.

Every cultivator on all three fleets straightened immediately.

The Royal Fleet's flagship parted its formation-and a man stepped forward into open air.

War Minister Xiu Yucheng.

"Esteemed Grand Elders of the Bai, Li, and Zhao Clans," he said, voice firm yet polite, "it is a great honor that Immortal Realm experts such as yourselves have chosen to personally join this campaign."

Immediately, the simmering hostility dulled.

Xiu Yucheng continued.

"I understand there are many... memories between your noble clans."

A subtle phrasing, but everyone understood what he meant.

Half of those memories involved shattered mountains.

"But the Beast Tide is gathering even as we speak. The Royal Family humbly requests that the three great clans restrain themselves-for now. And think about greater good!"

The "for now" carried a masterful neutrality.

He wasn't saying they couldn't fight later.

Just...

Not when the Empire still needed them alive.

And truthfully, the Three Great Clans fighting each other was great news to the Royal Family.

After all, the three being on equal standing with the Imperial Family wasn't very good for the Imperial Family.

So, the possibility of their forces weakening was always great news for the Royal Family.

But right now, they can't afford that as they need to deal with High-Level Beast Tide and Demonic Cultivators.

While Xiu Yucheng's words weren't good enough to stop these Old Monsters, in the presence of all the other people, they still needed to maintain their dignity.

So, they didn't argue and stopped arguing with each other. Xiu Yucheng breathed a sigh of relief. If they had started fighting right now, they would have another big problem at hand.

For now-the war between them was shelved.

Xiu Yucheng gave a courteous smile.

"Thank you for your understanding!"

They continued their journey toward the Northern Defense Line where the Demonic Beasts were waiting.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 365 Reinforcement Has Arrived![1,085 words]

Chapter 365 Reinforcement Has Arrived!

Northern Defense Line!

"Commander, reinforcements from the Capital have arrived!"

For a heartbeat, Commander Wei Zongyuan wondered if he had misheard.

(Reinforcements-finally!)

His shoulders, which had been tense for days on end, loosened. A low exhale escaped him, half-relief, half-astonishment.

He wasn't the only one.

Cheering erupted across the command platform. Officers who had been silent moments ago bowed their heads, some hiding the wetness in their eyes.

They were exhausted.

They were scared.

They had lost too many men.

They were close to breaking.

And yet, through grit alone, they had held the defense line that protected millions of people of the Empire.

"They finally came!"

"They surely took their time. I just hope they brought at least one Immortal Realm Cultivator."

"They should have, after we sent the report highlighting the possibility of an Immortal Realm Demonic Beast leading the Beast Tide!"

"Let's go! We should discuss countermeasures to deal with this Beast Tide as quickly as possible. We don't know how long these Demonic Beasts will keep holding back before they send all their forces."

They were happy reinforcements finally came, but they were also worried whether it would be enough.

They had sent reports detailing the size of the Beast Tide, but it was up to the War Council to decide how much reinforcement to send.

Wei Zongyuan immediately straightened, authority returning to his posture.

The disaster wasn't dealt with, so he couldn't show weakness. He still needed to show he was a strong and reliable leader.

"Where are the reinforcements?"

Wei Zongyuan asked.

No answer was needed.

Thunderous sound filled the air, so loud that even the clashing battle below seemed to momentarily dim.

The officers lifted their heads.

The sky darkened.

Flying ships.

Not dozens.

Not hundreds.

Thousands.

A massive fleet of flying ships crossed the clouds, their silhouettes blocking the sunlight as they descended over the battlefield.

They flew in perfect formation-rows upon rows of sturdy, reinforced vessels built for war, their hulls marked with clan and military insignia.

At the front of the vast fleet were four behemoths-colossal flagships so large they dwarfed the fortresses below.

Their insignias burned brighter than the stars:

The Bai Clan.

The Li Clan.

The Zhao Clan.

And finally the Imperial Family!

Four of the greatest powers in the Empire, arriving in their signature fleets.

Wei Zongyuan had expected reinforcements-maybe a few tens of thousands of elite cultivators, maybe a handful of Great Ascension Elders.

He had never imagined this.

Even he, a veteran commander who had seen hundreds of battles, felt his heartbeat stumble.

He stood on the battlements, speechless, gazing up at the massive silhouettes cutting through the heavens.

The sight alone shook the desperate battlefield.

Even the Demonic Beasts seemed to feel it. They roared angrily-some tried to attack the giant flying ships, only to be killed within seconds.

After all, all the flying ships were equipped with powerful weapons, some even capable of killing Great Ascension Realm cultivators-like the Bai Clan's warships.

Not to mention, tens of thousands of cultivators stood ready on the ship decks, prepared to slaughter the Demonic Beasts.

They had not come to reinforce a dying front.

They had come to crush the Beast Tide.

With a fleet of this scale, the Northern Defensive Line would not be overrun today.

For the first time in ten days, Wei Zongyuan's chest fully expanded with a deep breath.

The commander, who had been ready to die at this wall, felt the crushing weight of responsibility ease at last.

With such a fleet overhead, there was only one thought left-

The Northern Line would stand.

No-it must stand.

Otherwise, if even with the support from every sect and clan it fell, then they could say goodbye to the Desolate Heaven Empire as they knew it.

"Let's go greet them!"

Wei Zongyuan said excitedly.

Commander Wei Zongyuan waited as the fleets began their descent.

Thick clouds parted as a thousand ships reduced speed in perfect formation.

The foremost flying ships-four towering flagships-were the first to land followed by others.

Giant gangway platforms unfolded, locking into the battlements with thunderous vibrations.

Wei Zongyuan swallowed once, adjusted his armor, and stood with his officers to receive the arriving forces.

Bootsteps echoed.

Banners fluttered.

And then-

Figures landed.

Wei Zongyuan's breath stopped.

The Clan Leaders themselves had come.

Bai Tianheng of the Bai Clan.

Li Jianhong of the Li Clan.

Zhao Wutian of the Zhao Clan.

Three people who controlled almost 50 percent of the Empire's military strength strode forward calmly, their mere presence suffocating to the onlookers.

Wei Zongyuan's mouth went dry.

(They... they actually came themselves!?)

He barely had time to recover before more spiritual pressures landed in succession-

One.

Two.

Three.

Shock after shock.

Sect Leaders of various great sects-including Heaven Sword Sect, Crimson

Thunder Palace, and Azure Sun Holy Sect-stepped off their ships.

Wei Zongyuan's mind was spinning.

He had mentally prepared for maybe a few high-level Elders.

But this...

This was on a completely different scale.

Then-

From the Royal Fleet, a massive golden emblem shone as a grand platform descended.

War Minister Xiu Yucheng stepped forward, robes billowing in the wind, expression solemn yet composed.

Wei Zongyuan instantly bowed.

"Your Excellency!"

But before Xiu Yucheng could speak-

Three more figures stepped off behind him.

Two young men in imperial armor.

A young woman in phoenix robes.

The Third Prince, the Seventh Prince, and the Fourth Princess.

Wei Zongyuan was frozen in place.

(Even the Prince and Princess!?)

He had never felt both so honored and so horrified at the same time.

A high-level Beast Tide was dangerous.

Yes!

But... it wasn't to the level of needing to mobilize the highest ruling powers of the Empire!?

His thoughts were thrown further into chaos as more figures descended from the flagship-men and women whose cultivation was so deep that even Wei Zongyuan, a Great Ascension expert, could not see their boundaries.

Immortal Realm! He certain about that.

Not two.

Not three.

At least ten by sight.

Wei Zongyuan felt chills race down his spine.

He couldn't imagine how the Empire had emptied this much power into one battlefield.

He forced his breath steady and saluted deeply.

"Wei Zongyuan greets the War Minister, the honored princes and princess, and the Leaders of all Clans and Sects!"

His voice carried across the platform.

He felt many eyes land on him. Wei Zongyuan became nervous thinking about the ranks of the people present.

War Minister Xiu Yucheng stepped forward, speaking calmly. "Commander Wei. You have held the defense line well. The Empire owes you and your soldiers a debt of blood."

Wei Zongyuan felt his chest tighten but kept his voice steady.

"This is our duty!"

Xiu Yucheng nodded.

"You fought well. We mobilized almost all available forces."

Mobilized... all?

Wei Zongyuan didn't know why they had gone to such lengths, though it was good to see that the Empire's powers were willing to set aside their grudges and work together.

Xiu Yucheng continued.

"I know you may think it was overkill to bring such a force-but you will understand the reason soon. And we need to come up with the best strategy to overcome this situation!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 366 Blueprint of the Full-Force Assault[973 words]

"Damn those accused traitors of humanity!"

Wei Zongyuan couldn't help but curse even though it was in the presence of so many high ranking people.

Wei Zongyuan finally understood why such forces were gathered.

Like almost everyone else, he didn't understand why Demonic Cultivators would do such a thing.

If the Demonic Cultivators helped the Beast Tide any further, it wouldn't be just the Desolate Heaven Empire that needed to worry-even the Demonic

Cultivators themselves would be endangered.

After all, they also lived within the Desolate Heaven Empire, albeit in hiding and away from the public eye except for a few.

So if the Demonic Cultivators advanced recklessly, it wouldn't just spell doom for the righteous cultivators, but also for themselves.

But there was no use trying to understand the thought process of people who had long abandoned their humanity.

"Now that you know the situation, you must also understand that we can't just send all of our forces directly into the Beast Tide,"

Xiu Yucheng said.

Wei Zongyuan nodded. At first, he thought the Beast Tide would be over in a matter of days if they simply sent everyone at once.

But with the Demonic Cultivators involved, such a thing wasn't possible.

They also needed to watch out for Demonic Cultivators and keep a large portion of their forces ready to confront them, especially those in the Immortal Realm.

There were 25 cultivators in the Immortal Realm-18 in Immortal Ascension Realm, and 7 in Earth Immortal Realm.

They were the forces that needed to be held in reserve until Immortal Realm Demonic Beasts appeared, or Immortal Realm Demonic Cultivators revealed themselves.

Demonic Cultivators were not to be underestimated.

If they sent every unit into the Beast Tide, there is a high chance that Demonic Cultivator would take this chance to attack when they are busy with Beast Tide.

But of course, with such a huge combined force gathered, fear was the last thing on anyone's mind.

Many even viewed this as the perfect chance to eliminate the Demonic Cultivators once and for all.

"So, shall we come up with the strategy to deal with two threats to our Empire." Xiu Yucheng said.

Everyone stood still, with no one willing to answer. After all, if one came up with incompetent strategy, you could earn scrutiny from all the Leaders present.

Wei Zongyuan took a long breath, then spoke firmly.

"Your Excellency... I have a proposal."

Xiu Yucheng turned his attention toward him.

The surrounding Clan Leaders, Sect Masters, and commanders also quieted.

Wei Zongyuan had been holding the front for ten days-his insight mattered.

Wei straightened his armor and continued.

"Until now, we have been using a hit-and-pull strategy. Attack, retreat, strike again, withdraw. It bleeds the Beast Tide slowly, disrupts their formation, and keeps their advance contained."

He gestured toward the battlefield.

"That was the only way we could last this long. A direct assault would've overwhelmed us."

Wei Zongyuan's eyes sharpened.

"Originally, I intended to keep using the same tactic-bleeding the Demonic Beasts bit by bit and luring out the Demonic Cultivators hiding behind them." He clenched his fist.

"But now... with such a massive fleet descending from the sky..."

He motioned toward the sky where thousands of flying ships still glimmered.

"...there's no point in using such strategy. The moment these fleets appeared, any subtlety we had vanished."

Xiu Yucheng remained calm and thoughtful.

"With respect," Wei continued, "the enemy may not know our full strength, but they are not blind-they know we have received reinforcements."

By that, he was referring to both the Demonic Cultivator and Demonic Beast.

The one leading the Demonic Beast should have a certain level of intelligence and awareness.

"So instead of wasting time with gradual attrition... why not change everything in a single stroke?"

Xiu Yucheng's brows rose slightly.

"Oh? Speak."

Wei Zongyuan bowed slightly, then declared:

"We launch a full-force assault."

The surrounding leaders leaned in.

"We keep back only the Immortal Realm cultivators and the units needed to deal with Demonic Cultivators. Everyone else will push into the Beast Tide with

overwhelming force."

He pointed toward the north where the Beast Tide roared like a living storm.

"These beasts have adjusted to our slow, cautious attacks. A sudden shift-an all-out charge-will catch them completely off guard."

Wei Zongyuan's voice hardened.

"In the best case, we annihilate the Demonic Beasts before the Demonic Cultivators can intervene. Even in the worst case, we can still inflict massive

damage."

Xiu Yucheng fell deep into thought.

With such a vast force gathered, complicated plans were impossible.

They couldn't coordinate hundreds of thousands of cultivators and elites from every major power with delicate maneuvers. Simplicity was strength.

And the plan itself was sound. The fleets had already been seen by both enemies and allies-there was no more hiding their strength.

So instead of trying to conceal anything, striking with everything they had on their first move might produce the best results.

And keeping the Immortal Realm forces in reserve ensured they could deal with any sudden move from Demonic Cultivators.

The War Minister finally exhaled and nodded.

"Commander Wei, an exceptional strategy as well. Does anyone oppose it or have a better suggestion?"

No one spoke.

"Then it is decided."

Silence settled over the command platform as Xiu Yucheng lowered his hand.

"We shall launch a full-force assault."

A ripple of energy spread across the gathered leaders and officers- anticipation, fear, and excitement.

Tens of thousands of cultivators, countless ships, and the elites of the Empire were now committed to a single coordinated strike.

Xiu Yucheng turned toward the vast open-air strategy pavilion.

"Next, we will arrange the distribution and placement of all forces."

The massive jade battlefield map-projected through formation pillars- brightened, countless glowing markers illuminating the Beast Tide, the defensive lines, and the armies of every major power.

This time, the leaders were much more tense.

Why?

Because the placement of their forces could result in their clan or sect's force either with high casualties or low casualties.

After all, everyone knew that those on the frontline and attacking first would definitely be hit back the hardest by the Demonic Beast and were more likely to be killed.

So everyone here wanted to avoid being placed at the front of this assault.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 366 Blueprint of the Full-Force Assault[973 words]

"Damn those accused traitors of humanity!"

Wei Zongyuan couldn't help but curse even though it was in the presence of so many high ranking people.

Wei Zongyuan finally understood why such forces were gathered.

Like almost everyone else, he didn't understand why Demonic Cultivators would do such a thing.

If the Demonic Cultivators helped the Beast Tide any further, it wouldn't be just the Desolate Heaven Empire that needed to worry-even the Demonic

Cultivators themselves would be endangered.

After all, they also lived within the Desolate Heaven Empire, albeit in hiding and away from the public eye except for a few.

So if the Demonic Cultivators advanced recklessly, it wouldn't just spell doom for the righteous cultivators, but also for themselves.

But there was no use trying to understand the thought process of people who had long abandoned their humanity.

"Now that you know the situation, you must also understand that we can't just send all of our forces directly into the Beast Tide,"

Xiu Yucheng said.

Wei Zongyuan nodded. At first, he thought the Beast Tide would be over in a matter of days if they simply sent everyone at once.

But with the Demonic Cultivators involved, such a thing wasn't possible.

They also needed to watch out for Demonic Cultivators and keep a large portion of their forces ready to confront them, especially those in the Immortal Realm.

There were 25 cultivators in the Immortal Realm-18 in Immortal Ascension Realm, and 7 in Earth Immortal Realm.

They were the forces that needed to be held in reserve until Immortal Realm Demonic Beasts appeared, or Immortal Realm Demonic Cultivators revealed themselves.

Demonic Cultivators were not to be underestimated.

If they sent every unit into the Beast Tide, there is a high chance that Demonic Cultivator would take this chance to attack when they are busy with Beast Tide.

But of course, with such a huge combined force gathered, fear was the last thing on anyone's mind.

Many even viewed this as the perfect chance to eliminate the Demonic Cultivators once and for all.

"So, shall we come up with the strategy to deal with two threats to our Empire." Xiu Yucheng said.

Everyone stood still, with no one willing to answer. After all, if one came up with incompetent strategy, you could earn scrutiny from all the Leaders present.

Wei Zongyuan took a long breath, then spoke firmly.

"Your Excellency... I have a proposal."

Xiu Yucheng turned his attention toward him.

The surrounding Clan Leaders, Sect Masters, and commanders also quieted.

Wei Zongyuan had been holding the front for ten days-his insight mattered.

Wei straightened his armor and continued.

"Until now, we have been using a hit-and-pull strategy. Attack, retreat, strike again, withdraw. It bleeds the Beast Tide slowly, disrupts their formation, and keeps their advance contained."

He gestured toward the battlefield.

"That was the only way we could last this long. A direct assault would've overwhelmed us."

Wei Zongyuan's eyes sharpened.

"Originally, I intended to keep using the same tactic-bleeding the Demonic Beasts bit by bit and luring out the Demonic Cultivators hiding behind them." He clenched his fist.

"But now... with such a massive fleet descending from the sky..."

He motioned toward the sky where thousands of flying ships still glimmered.

"...there's no point in using such strategy. The moment these fleets appeared, any subtlety we had vanished."

Xiu Yucheng remained calm and thoughtful.

"With respect," Wei continued, "the enemy may not know our full strength, but they are not blind-they know we have received reinforcements."

By that, he was referring to both the Demonic Cultivator and Demonic Beast.

The one leading the Demonic Beast should have a certain level of intelligence and awareness.

"So instead of wasting time with gradual attrition... why not change everything in a single stroke?"

Xiu Yucheng's brows rose slightly.

"Oh? Speak."

Wei Zongyuan bowed slightly, then declared:

"We launch a full-force assault."

The surrounding leaders leaned in.

"We keep back only the Immortal Realm cultivators and the units needed to deal with Demonic Cultivators. Everyone else will push into the Beast Tide with

overwhelming force."

He pointed toward the north where the Beast Tide roared like a living storm.

"These beasts have adjusted to our slow, cautious attacks. A sudden shift-an all-out charge-will catch them completely off guard."

Wei Zongyuan's voice hardened.

"In the best case, we annihilate the Demonic Beasts before the Demonic Cultivators can intervene. Even in the worst case, we can still inflict massive

damage."

Xiu Yucheng fell deep into thought.

With such a vast force gathered, complicated plans were impossible.

They couldn't coordinate hundreds of thousands of cultivators and elites from every major power with delicate maneuvers. Simplicity was strength.

And the plan itself was sound. The fleets had already been seen by both enemies and allies-there was no more hiding their strength.

So instead of trying to conceal anything, striking with everything they had on

their first move might produce the best results.

And keeping the Immortal Realm forces in reserve ensured they could deal with

any sudden move from Demonic Cultivators.

The War Minister finally exhaled and nodded.

"Commander Wei, an exceptional strategy as well. Does anyone oppose it or

have a better suggestion?"

No one spoke.

"Then it is decided."

Silence settled over the command platform as Xiu Yucheng lowered his hand.

"We shall launch a full-force assault."

A ripple of energy spread across the gathered leaders and officers-
anticipation, fear, and excitement.

Tens of thousands of cultivators, countless ships, and the elites of the Empire
were now committed to a single coordinated strike.

Xiu Yucheng turned toward the vast open-air strategy pavilion.

"Next, we will arrange the distribution and placement of all forces."

The massive jade battlefield map-projected through formation pillars- brightened, countless
glowing markers illuminating the Beast Tide, the defensive lines, and the armies of every major
power.

This time, the leaders were much more tense.

Why?

Because the placement of their forces could result in their clan or sect's force
either with high casualties or low casualties.

After all, everyone knew that those on the frontline and attacking first would
definitely be hit back the hardest by the Demonic Beast and were more likely
to be killed.

So everyone here wanted to avoid being placed at the front of this assault.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 367 Who Wants To Be
Vanguard?[1,618 words]

Chapter 367 Who Wants To Be Vanguard?

The jade map flickered, illuminating the faces of every clan leader and sect master with green light.

Lines shifted. Markers rearranged.

The frontlines were drawn in bold crimson.

Those crimson lines felt like death warrants.

Xiu Yucheng clasped his hands behind his back.

"We will now determine which forces will take the vanguard."

A faint tremor passed through the gathering.

No one dared show fear-yet no one wanted that position.

First to move was the Celestial Jade Hall Sect Leader. She stepped forward gracefully, bowing lightly.

"Our sect's strength lies in high-speed support and wide-area effects. I think it would be best for us to stay behind the line for maximum efficiency."

Ning Shuqing, Celestial Jade Hall's Sect Leader, said calmly.

She really didn't have any ulterior motive, and it was indeed true that the disciples and elders of their sect weren't suited for being the vanguard.

Everyone agreed to that. Xiu Yucheng also arranged a position where they could support the best.

But of course, not everyone was like Ning Shuqing.

One by one, sects and clans stepped forth, all dressed in politeness and honor, yet each sentence crafted meticulously to avoid the lethal front.

"We can provide aerial support."

"Our formations need time to activate."

"Our alchemists must remain near the rear lines."

Beautiful words. Cowardly intentions.

Most of them were clearly afraid of being sent as Vanguard yet they didn't admit that and rather made beautiful excuses.

Wei Zongyuan's jaw twitched, but he said nothing.

This was expected. Being the vanguard was the most dangerous position, and no one wanted their own forces to suffer more compared to others.

Finally, the War Minister raised his hand, quite annoyed that almost everyone was avoiding the vanguard position and trying to secure other placements.

"If no one volunteers for the vanguard, we will—"

Before he could finish, Zhao Wutian stepped forward, smiling broadly.

"Minister Xiu, allow me to speak."

All eyes turned to him.

Zhao Wutian cupped his fist humbly, but everyone knew he wasn't stupid enough to volunteer his own clan.

"Although our clan's strength is indeed great... it pales compared to others here."

A lie so obvious even the stones wanted to roll their eyes.

They were in the Top Three Clans; only three forces, including the Imperial Family, might surpass them.

"In fact, I must praise the Heaven Suppression Pavilion," he said, pointing toward a sect master who immediately stiffened, "whose battle formations are unparalleled against Beast Tide assaults!"

The Heaven Suppression Pavilion Master forced a smile.

"That is... a generous compliment, Patriarch Zhao, But our formations are support-oriented. Without a powerful frontline to anchor us, we might be unable to exert our full power."

"Indeed?"

Zhao Wutian chuckled lightly.

"Well then, perhaps the Golden Flame Valley-renowned for their offensive might should take the vanguard instead?"

The Valley Master coughed sharply.

"Ahem-Demonic Beasts resist fire-type attacks quite effectively. Surely you would not waste our strength where it would be least effective?"

Zhao Wutian nodded sagely, as if the answer truly enlightened him.

"Ah, yes, yes... then perhaps-"

He smiled even more gently.

"-the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

Azure Sun Holy Sect Leader, lifted his chin with pride.

"Our clan is naturally willing to bleed for the Empire."

He paused.

"However our forces specialize in disrupting enemy formations. That only works if someone else holds the line. We would hate to see our abilities wasted."

Everyone could feel it-

Zhao Wutian was circling the real target.

Every clan was refusing the front politely...

But someone would eventually be cornered.

And Zhao Wutian's eyes drifted-subtly, but unmistakably-toward the Bai Clan representatives.

Bai Tianheng's expression remained unreadable.

Zhao Wutian's smile widened.

"At times like this," he said gently, "the Empire requires a truly powerful clan to step forward."

He let the words hang.

A powerful clan.

And then-

"The Bai Clan," he declared loudly, voice echoing across the meeting hall.

"is known across the Empire as the strongest clan of this generation. Their younger generation dominates every tournament, and their Patriarch's strength is unquestioned."

He turned fully toward Bai Tianheng.

"With such glory behind them... surely this is the perfect opportunity for the

Bai Clan to demonstrate their might."

Li Jianhong chimed in immediately.

"Yes! The Bai Clan standing at the vanguard would inspire every soldier and cultivator on this battlefield."

A murmur rippled through the assembly.

The trap had snapped shut.

And everyone knew it.

For the Bai Clan to refuse... would be admitting weakness.

Cowardice and a great loss of face.

And the Bai Clan were the most arrogant-those who never backed down before a challenge.

Dozens of eyes turned toward Bai Tianheng.

Waiting.

Watching.

Some were sympathetic while others were waiting to enjoy the spectacle.

At least if the Bai Clan were sent as vanguard, they wouldn't have to worry about being chosen.

Bai Tianheng's eyelids lowered slightly.

(Scheming bastards.)

Of course he knew.

Of course everyone knew.

Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong weren't even trying to hide the trap. It was a

blatant attempt to make the Bai Clan suffer more in this battle.

But Bai Tianheng had no choice.

No matter how well he argued, it would either cause the loss of face or they would be forced to become Vanguard.

Because the Bai Clan were the strongest.

Because they were the most suitable for taking the vanguard position.

The Bai Clan's image demanded they accept.

The Empire demanded they accept. And his own pride demanded he accept.

Slowly, Bai Tianheng stood up.

Zhao Wutian's smile sharpened.

Li Jianhong's eyes brightened with satisfaction.

Xiu Yucheng straightened slightly, watching closely.

Although Zhao Wutian was trying to make the Bai Clan take the Vanguard position, he couldn't argue that there was anyone else better than them to take the position.

Bai Tianheng cupped his fist with a perfect mix of politeness and boldness.

"The Bai Clan," he said, voice steady and confident, "has stood at the forefront of the Empire for generations."

The leaders nodded.

He continued.

"If others are too afraid to become vanguard for this battle... then the Bai Clan shall do it for you."

Bai Tianheng had insulted almost every clan and sect present. Of course he had -and it was true.

Zhao Wutian smirked.

Li Jianhong folded his hands behind his back, pleased.

After all, words and insults faded quickly, but the loss of manpower would significantly weaken the Bai Clan's overall power.

Xiu Yucheng inclined his head deeply.

"Patriarch Bai, your sense of duty and courage brings honor to the Empire."

But Bai Tianheng didn't return the smile.

He simply lowered his hand slowly.

Then-

He spoke again.

"However!"

Zhao Wutian's eyes narrowed.

Bai Tianheng's gaze swept the jade map, then the faces of the assembled leaders.

"The Beast Tide this time is unlike any before. A hidden intelligence commands them, and the Demonic Cultivators lurk behind, waiting for our weakest moment."

He clasped his hands behind his back-the same posture Xiu Yucheng had taken earlier, but with far more authority.

"Even if the Bai Clan is willing to take the vanguard... we must ensure there will be no collapse. No break in formation. No opportunity for Demonic Cultivators to exploit."

Everyone leaned in.

Zhao Wutian's brow twitched.

Li Jianhong's smile froze.

Bai Tianheng's voice deepened.

"So I would like to suggest-"

His eyes locked onto the two patriarchs.

"-that the Zhao Clan and Li Clan stand with us at the vanguard."

Bai Tianheng continued, expression unchanging.

"With the Top Three Clans united on the front lines, any Beast Tide, no matter how fierce, will crumble. With our strength combined, even the Demonic

Cultivators will not dare interfere."

He paused deliberately.

"And since both Patriarch Zhao and Patriarch Li have spoken so highly of the Bai Clan's power... surely they will not hesitate to join us?"

A perfect reversal.

If I die, you die as well. Bai Tianheng wants to take Li and Zhao Clan with him as well.

Zhao Wutian's face stiffened instantly.

Li Jianhong's lips twitched violently.

They too were in the similar position as Bai Tianheng was previously.

But Bai Tianheng wasn't done.

He turned toward Xiu Yucheng.

"Minister Xiu," he said clearly, "for the sake of the Empire's stability and the safety of our combined forces, the Bai Clan is willing to take the center position of the vanguard."

He pointed at the jade map.

"But the flanks should be entrusted to the Zhao and Li Clans-whose abilities in large-scale warfare are, without question, among the greatest of this generation."

With that remark, Li and Zhao Clan can't decline and if they did, it would be more than a loss of face especially since Bai Clan was willing to take the Center

Position of the Vanguard.

"You two don't have a problem, do you?"

Bai Tianheng asked.

Zhao Wutian tried one last escape.

"Bai Tianheng, surely there's no need for such a large force at the vanguard? Concentrating the Top Three Clans together is... too much."

Li Jianhong followed quickly.

"Yes, yes. Too much strength in one place may unbalance the formation—"

Bai Tianheng cut them off.

"Unbalanced?" His tone was flat.

"Most positions already have other Clan or Sect who are more suitable. We already heard from almost all the Clans and Sects why they are suitable for other positions. That leaves us with Li and Zhao Clan who aren't as strong as

my Bai Clan but are equally suitable."

Zhao Wutian's expression froze.

Li Jianhong's hands tightened behind his back.

Bai Tianheng continued calmly.

"So, I think it would be best if Li and Zhao Clan can also take part in Vanguard."

Silence!

Zhao Wutian's lips twitched.

"For the Empire, the Zhao Clan will comply."

Li Jianhong bowed stiffly.

"The Li Clan has no objections."

They had no way out.

Bai Tianheng inclined his head.

"Good. With our three clans at the front, the Beast Tide will break easily."

Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong's expressions were sour, but they said nothing.

Xiu Yucheng exhaled slowly.

(This was beautiful.)

Everyone here knows what Zhao Wutian was aiming for and why Bai Tianheng suggested Li and Zhao Clan as well.

And it is indeed good if the Top 3 Clan can be Vanguard as that would result in fewer casualties for others.

He nodded firmly.

"A sound and reasonable suggestion!"

Zhao Wutian's jaw clenched.

Li Jianhong's face darkened.

Bai Tianheng had dragged them onto the battlefield with him.

Xiu Yucheng lifted his hand.

"Very well. The vanguard shall be composed of the Bai Clan at the center, with the Zhao Clan on the left flank, and the Li Clan on the right."

The jade map shifted to reflect the new formation.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 368 Tonight, Before the Beast Tide[1,378 words]

Chapter 368 Tonight, Before the Beast Tide

At the same time, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were waiting for their leaders.

Most of them were chatting and catching up with old friends that they had not seen for many years.

There were also enemies throwing insults at each other but no violence. They were strictly told to restrain themselves by their Sect or Clan Leaders.

And the rest were just looking around with nothing to do.

"Ziyan'er, you came?"

Bai Xueqing was surprised because Chu Ziyan had been injured in her fight against Lu Xiangyuan, so she assumed Chu Ziyan would still be recuperating.

She didn't know Chu Ziyan would join, so she didn't go to see her either.

"How are your injuries? You should still be resting!"

Bai Xueqing said.

"I have already recovered. Xueqing'er, you don't need to worry too much!" Chu Ziyan replied.

Bai Xueqing's brows drew together, the worry on her face lingering despite Chu Ziyan's confidence.

"You... you always say that," Bai Xueqing muttered. "Last time you said you were 'fine, you injuries relapsed."

Chu Ziyan only smiled.

"I really am fine this time.""

Bai Xueqing sighed in defeat.

(This girl... once she decides something, she never listens. So stubborn!)

If Bai Zihan could hear her thoughts, he would have vomited blood listening to his sister call someone else stubborn when she was the most stubborn of all.

Helpless, Bai Xueqing turned toward the one person who might be able to sway Chu Ziyan.

"Bai Zihan," she said.

"Can you talk to Ziyan'er? She shouldn't go to the front this time."

Bai Zihan lifted his eyes and looked at Chu Ziyan.

Their gazes met for a brief second-and Chu Ziyan immediately lowered hers, fingers brushing the hem of her sleeve.

After a moment, she peeked back up.

Bai Zihan was still watching her, calm and serious.

He was checking whether she had really recovered.

Her qi flow was steady, her breathing smooth.

And externally, she looked completely normal.

Compared to the last time he saw her, it seemed she truly had recovered from her injuries.

Bai Xueqing expected Bai Zihan to support her and tell Chu Ziyang to stay behind. Chu Ziyang wouldn't ignore his words like she did with hers.

Instead-

"She looks fine."

Bai Zihan said simply.

Bai Xueqing froze. She glared at Bai Zihan, who had already averted his gaze toward the other cultivators.

He understood what she wanted from him, but since Chu Ziyang was truly fine, he didn't think it was necessary to interfere in her decision.

Chu Ziyang's lips curved into a triumphant smile.

"See? Even Bai Zihan agrees."

"Hmph! What would he know?"

Bai Xueqing scoffed almost angrily.

Though honestly, even her angry scoff made her look pretty.

Most of the male cultivators staring at her right now would have agreed.

It wasn't just Bai Xueqing-Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyang also had many eyes on them.

They were famous, almost like celebrities among cultivators.

With hundreds of thousands gathered, countless people who have never seen them were curious to see what they looked like.

And of course, not all those gazes were friendly.

Many held grudges.

Bai Zihan especially seemed to have accumulated a rather large number of enemies.

There was animosity from the Zhao and Li Clans, the Azure Sun Holy Sect glared like he had killed their ancestors, and Lu Xiangyuan from the Heaven Sword Sect openly stared at him with hatred.

Bai Zihan didn't care and looked around.

While it may seem like he was doing nothing, that wasn't truly the case.

(Huh. No Heaven Chosen One?)

With such a large gathering, Bai Zihan expected at least one or two Heaven Chosen Ones to appear. But so far, none.

(Did the Desolate Heaven Empire run out of Heaven Chosen Ones?)

Perhaps so.

He has met Five Heaven Chosen One which can be said a lot for a single Empire.

He was also trying to see whether Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Xueqing's ex-fiancé, would show up.

Normally someone like him should appear in such a grand event. But Bai Zihan hadn't spotted him yet.

"Young Master Bai!"

Lin Xuan stepped out from the Heaven Sword Sect group and greeted Bai Zihan.

Lin Xuan was still at the Nascent Soul Realm, but it looked like it was only a matter of time before he advanced to the Soul Formation Realm.

It seemed the Sect Leader had decided this Beast Tide was a good opportunity for Lin Xuan to gain experience.

Otherwise, considering how he was being nurtured as the next Sect Leader of the Heaven Sword Sect, they wouldn't have brought him.

Seeing Lin Xuan respectfully call Bai Zihan "Young Master" only made the Anti-Sect Leader Faction even more certain that Bai Zihan was supporting the Sect Leader's side.

Not that the Sect Leader's faction liked it much either.

They understood why Lin Xuan respected Bai Zihan, but they wanted him to

maintain the dignity of a future Sect Leader.

But to Lin Xuan... nothing mattered more than his loyalty to Bai Zihan.

Lin Xuan bowed deeply.

"Senior Sister!"

His tone warmed as he turned.

"Mistress Ziyan."

Chu Ziyan blinked, a little startled-as she always was whenever Lin Xuan

addressed her like that-but she didn't correct him this time.

Not like he was wrong.

Lin Xuan finally faced Bai Zihan again.

"Young Master Bai... it has been too long. I came to greet you."

He bowed even deeper.

"And... I must apologize. I have neglected my duties."

Bai Zihan gave him a flat look.

"What duties?"

Lin Xuan straightened with an earnest, almost embarrassed expression.

"Cultivation and training have occupied most of my time lately. The Sect Leader has been pushing me very hard to break through... and I understand why. Still

He scratched the back of his head, almost sheepish.

"I haven't been able to clean your courtyard personally these past months." Bai Xueqing blinked. Chu Ziyan hid a small laugh behind her sleeve. Lin Xuan was after all treated as quite a high status since there was a high chance he would become the next Sect Leader of heaven Sword Sect.

But before Bai Zihan, he was always acting like a Servant.

Lin Xuan continued seriously, as if discussing a matter of life and death.

"When I truly couldn't go myself, I made sure to assign trustworthy juniors to take care of it. But still..."

Bai Zihan pinched the bridge of his nose.

(...He's still doing that?)

Lin Xuan had been cultivating harder than ever these past months. Everyone in the Heaven Sword Sect believed it was simply because the Sect

Leader was pushing him to break through sooner-after all, he was being molded into the next Sect Leader.

But that wasn't the full truth.

The real reason ran deeper.

Lin Xuan wanted to be useful to Bai Zihan. To repay him for believing in him and helping him when he was at his lowest.

No matter how busy he was, no matter how strenuous the training became, that thought stayed at the center of his heart.

It was why, even while being thoroughly trained, he still made time to clean Bai Zihan's courtyard.

And on the days he couldn't go himself, he carefully arranged for fellow disciples to do it, personally ensuring none of them slacked.

Yet despite all his efforts, a quiet frustration had grown within him.

He cultivated endlessly, pushing his limits again and again-only to realize that Bai Zihan had already climbed to an even greater height each time.

The gap only widened. It felt impossible to catch up.

Even so, Lin Xuan never resented it. If anything, it only strengthened his resolve to continue.

Bai Zihan sighed and shook his head lightly.

"Don't worry about that," he said, his tone firm enough that even Lin Xuan wouldn't mistake it for indifference.

"Your cultivation comes first."

Lin Xuan straightened instinctively, as if receiving an order.

Bai Zihan continued, his voice lowering just a little-as if speaking only to Lin

Xuan, though everyone around could hear.

"And stay alert during this Beast Tide. One mistake might cost you your life!" (Although I shouldn't need to worry too much about him.)

With him being Three Star Fated Heaven Chosen One, his life shouldn't be in danger.

But he still said those words, not to appeal to Lin Xuan but because he really cared about him.

Lin Xuan was delighted to hear those words.

Lin Xuan bowed, eyes bright with determination.

"I will keep those words in my heart for sure, Young Master Bai!"

He said solemnly.

Bai Zihan was satisfied with his response. He looked around where the

atmosphere was mostly festive but-

Tomorrow, everything will change.

Tonight was probably the last time they could talk like this so casually, with

laughter, mild bickering, and old habits resurfacing. Starting dawn, the atmosphere would shift.

No matter how mighty their clans or sects were, no matter how powerful they

themselves had grown... the Beast Tide did not care. Those Demonic Beast would kill and destroy until nothing is left!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 369 Charge of the Top Three Clans[1,538 words]

Chapter 369 Charge of the Top Three Clans

The Next Morning!

Dawn broke across the Northern Defense Line, casting light over thousands of cultivators standing in formation.

The three massive armies-Bai, Zhao, and Li-lined the vanguard positions, their ranks stretching like three steel walls across the horizon.

Bai Zihan stood at the center position with the Bai Clan's forward division.

Around him were older clan members-men and women in their late thirties and forties, all hardened cultivators in the Spirit Severing Realm.

No team of his own generation, or even those ten years older, was strong enough to match his strength.

They couldn't put him in a junior squad-he'd be too strong for them.

Though it was possible for him to become the Group Leader who would command the group, but because he was still young, that too was not possible.

So, Bai Zihan was put in a group much older than himself. Mostly unknown clan members whom Bai Zihan had never interacted with.

Well, they too were geniuses and strong in their own way, but of course, they weren't anything compared to Bai Zihan, who managed to reach their cultivation realm at 18.

If it were a normal situation, Bai Zihan would have gotten nervous being placed somewhere he didn't quite belong-among older people.

Yet the opposite happened.

The Older Clan Members were supposed to be the ones guiding him. Yet they were the ones stealing nervous glances at him.

After all, they were standing with the biggest star of the Bai Clan-one destined to lead them.

Not to mention, they had also heard about Bai Zihan's personality and how he doesn't like being wronged.

And none were foolish enough to look down on Bai Zihan just because he was young.

Many disciples their age had escorted Bai Zihan to the Falling Star Empire, and how he handled the seven Void Refinement experts had already become common knowledge in their rank.

So, they were also well aware that Bai Zihan could kill them if he wanted to.

The Group Leader, Bai Lumei, also looked a bit nervous.

She was in the Late Spirit Severing Realm and had led many groups of talented people. She was considered quite good at what she did.

However, she never expected the Clan Leader to assign the Heir to her group, which previously consisted only of people she was familiar with.

Now that Bai Zihan was placed in her hands, she didn't know how things would go.

After all, not all clan members had ever interacted with the Heir of their clan. Though they were from the prestigious Bai Clan, there was ranking even within the clan, and obviously, Bai Zihan was at the top.

They weren't privileged enough to know him, nor did they want to- considering all the troublesome incidents surrounding him.

Though now the Bai Clan praised Bai Zihan, it had been quite different two

years ago, and many still considered Bai Zihan a problematic child they couldn't discipline because of his status.

If the previous rumors were true, they feared Bai Zihan might not even listen to her, who was just a Group Leader.

After all, he had even defied the Elders-and that was before he had any notable achievements.

Now that he was considered a jewel of the clan, with his arrogance, Bai Lumei lamented whether Bai Zihan would truly follow her orders.

(I can only do my best!)

If Bai Zihan wouldn't listen to her, what could she do?

There was nothing that she or anyone here could do.

On the other hand, Bai Zihan, arms folded and expression calm, didn't seem to notice or care.

He wasn't nervous.

Not even a little.

He looked at the other group members-15 in number including himself.

Groups were formed to hunt Demonic Beasts efficiently, execute different orders while maintaining cohesion, and increase survivability.

Everyone had already received the results of the previous meeting: they were placed as the vanguard.

While few had complaints-since they were the strongest-everyone already knew that there was a high possibility of this happening.

It was an important position, and also the most dangerous.

They would be the ones to face the Demonic Beasts head-on from the start.

One of the Clan Members tried to converse with Bai Zihan.

"Y-Young Master Zihan, if there is anything you require during the battle, feel free to give us orders."

A woman next to him immediately nodded.

"Yes. We will coordinate with you."

"We... we trust your judgment."

Bai Zihan blinked slowly.

"Just listen to the Group Leader here."

Everyone nodded their heads, while Bai Lumei felt relieved. If Bai Zihan issued orders that conflicted with hers, cooperation would collapse.

At least she changed her assumption that Bai Zihan was too arrogant to listen to others.

The commanding platform lit up as Minister of War Xiu Yucheng stepped forward.

His armor gleamed like a burning sun-golden and crimson, engraved with the Imperial crest.

When he raised his hand, hundreds of thousands of cultivators immediately fell silent.

The entire staging ground-once buzzing with chatter, tension, and restless anticipation-became still enough to hear the wind shift.

Xiu Yucheng's gaze swept across the endless army before him.

"Warriors of the Desolate Heaven Empire," he began, his voice amplified by spiritual energy, booming across the plains.

"Today, you march not as clans, not as sects, not as rival factions-but as ONE EMPIRE."

Xiu Yucheng continued.

"For too long, those filthy Demonic Beasts have rampaged across our borders!"

"For too long have they dared to bare their fangs at our people-our families- our homeland!"

His voice rose, each word steeped in righteous fury.

"Today, they shall finally understand what it means..."

He stabbed his spear toward the distant mountains, where a dark fog churned ominously.

"...to face the might of the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

A thunderous roar erupted from the sea of cultivators.

"FOR THE EMPIRE!!!" The ground trembled. The sky vibrated. The atmosphere ignited.

Bai Lumei felt her heart pounding-even she, hardened as she was, felt the rising fire.

Xiu Yucheng thrust his spear forward.

"VANGUARD-ADVANCE!"

The three great armies surged forward as one unstoppable tide.

"Let the Beast Tide know FEAR!"

The first shockwave signaled the charge.

The Bai Clan's vanguard division moved.

Bai Lumei shouted, voice sharp: "Group Seven-MOVE!"

Her group sprang into motion.

All except Bai Zihan, who simply stepped forward half a beat later-perfectly aligned with them despite giving no outward indication of following.

Ahead of them, the forest shook-trees splitting, birds fleeing, the earth vibrating.

RRRWWRRR!

A massive roar tore through the air.

The Demonic Beast had sensed them.

Bai Lumei drew her sword.

"Brace yourselves!" The first wave of Demonic Beasts-Thousands of them-burst from the tree line.

And then the vanguard collided with the Beast Tide like heaven's hammer crashing into a storm.

The moment the two forces clashed, earth and sky trembled.

A shockwave rippled outward as the first rank of Demonic Beasts was torn apart by the sheer weight of the Empire's charge.

Yet something was immediately clear-

The Demonic Beasts were unprepared.

They had not expected the humans to launch a preemptive strike at dawn.

Their formations were scattered.

And-most importantly-not a single beast above Grade-9 appeared. Only the towering silhouettes of Grade-9 Demonic Beasts-massive, armored monstrosities equivalent to Void Refinement cultivators-emerged with thunderous snarls.

But that was exactly what the three clans had prepared for.

From the sky above the vanguard, three streaks of brilliance cut downward:

Bai Clan's Elder.

Li Clan's Elder.

Zhao Clan's Elder.

Their presence alone crushed the surrounding air, each aura erupting like a falling star.

"All Grade-9 targets-leave them to us!"

The Bai Clan Elder's voice boomed as he descended, his palm glowing with a blinding golden light.

The three Elders struck simultaneously.

Three devastating attacks-three explosions-three Grade-9 Demonic Beasts died before they even understood what happened.

The ground trembled violently. The shockwaves ripped entire clusters of lesser beasts into pieces.

The battlefield was instantly divided.

The Elders hunted down the Grade-9 Demonic Beasts, moving like reapers through a field of chaos.

The Spirit Severing cultivators, including Bai Lumei's group, were left to deal with the Grade-8s.

And then there were other groups which consisted of Soul Formation Realm and below, who should be dealing with weaker Demonic Beasts. Dozens of massive, fanged creatures-each radiating power equal to Spirit Severing-charged toward them, snarling and smashing aside the panicked Grade-6 and Grade-7 beasts around them. "Grade-8 incoming-hold formation!"

Bai Lumei shouted, forcing confidence into her voice.

Her group snapped into position. Weapons unsheathed.

But even so, many swallowed nervously. Even if they were in their forties, for many, it was their first time facing such a huge number of Demonic Beasts.

A massive Grade-8 Demonic Bear barreled toward them, ripping apart uprooted trees with every step.

Bai Lumei tightened her grip. "Enga-!"

She didn't finish.

A flash of silver cut past her.

A single sword light-silent, precise and powerful.

The Grade-8 Bear froze mid-charge.

A line of red appeared across its neck.

Its massive head fell.

Thud!

Bai Zihan calmly sheathed his sword, expression unchanged.

Behind him, the group stared in shock. Someone's knees nearly buckled.

(So fast-!)

(Looks like rumors are true about his strength!)

(Damn! Is he really 18? His strength is already like that of an Elder!)

Even Bai Lumei's heart skipped.

(...I didn't even see the sword come out.)

Another Demonic Beast roared and leapt forward.

Bai Zihan stepped lightly.

Second kill!

More Grade-8 Demonic Beasts surged toward them, instinctively targeting the most dangerous aura on the battlefield-

Bai Zihan!

Bai Lumei inhaled sharply.

"Hold position! Don't scatter! Support him from behind!"

But the reality was-

He didn't need support.

Bai Zihan moved forward alone, steps steady, expression calm amidst the screams, roars, and explosions.

To him-these Grade-8 beasts were nothing more than warm-up targets. Around him, Bai Clan cultivators-older, tougher, more experienced-watched the 18-year-old walking calmly into a wave of beasts and felt a chill run down

their spines.

This is who is going to lead them in the future!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 370 The Morning Stroll of a Monster! [1,505 words]

Chapter 370 The Morning Stroll of a Monster!

The first surprise attack was devastating to the Demonic Beasts.

With many Grade-9 Demonic Beasts killed in the opening minutes and waves of Demonic Beasts falling under the coordinated assaults of the vanguard, the Empire's forces carved deep into the Beast Tide.

For a moment-just a moment-it felt as though victory was assured.

Thousands of Demonic Beasts collapsed under the humans' offensive.

Their roars turned into panicked screeches as their frontline broke apart. The initial chaos created by the dawn strike had crippled their formations completely.

But that brief advantage did not last.

The Beast Tide adapted. And the number of Demonic Beasts killed was not felt, as more Demonic Beasts joined to fill the gap.

Their scattered ranks tightened. Dozens upon dozens of Grade-9 and Grade-8 Demonic Beasts regrouped, joined by more Demonic Beasts from the Wilderness.

The same was true for weaker Demonic Beasts, with thousands of Grade-7 and Grade-6 beasts rushing to fill gaps.

It was almost like the number that had been reduced... wasn't reduced at all. At least, on the battlefield, it hadn't reduced.

Within minutes, the battle shifted.

"Damn it... They're reinforcing too quickly! Damn! Just how many Demonic Beasts are there?"

"Don't tell me that all the Demonic Beasts from the Great Wilderness have come?"

Lines that had been breaking moments ago were suddenly holding. And where the humans pushed, the Beast Tide pushed back just as hard.

A stalemate was forming, just as it was before the reinforcements.

Across the battlefield, the Bai Clan, Zhao Clan, and Li Clan divisions slowed, their momentum grinding against the coordinated defense of countless beasts.

Even the Elders, having slain the Grade-9 threats, now found themselves fighting the oncoming Grade-9 Demonic Beasts without making any progress.

But there was one exception.

Bai Zihan!

Where everyone else struggled to move forward, he alone continued advancing as though unaffected by the shift.

His path through the battlefield was a straight line of carnage.

Grade-8 Demonic Beast lunges-over.

Grade-8 shields-split.

Grade-8 roars-silenced.

Each time a hulking beast leapt to intercept him, a flicker of silver appeared, and the creature fell apart midair.

Bai Lumei's group could only stare in disbelief.

Bai Zihan wasn't slowing down.

He wasn't even struggling.

While entire squads struggled against a single Grade-8, Bai Zihan slaughtered them as though they were ants crossing his path.

His expression unchanged. It was a huge battle-but he looked like he was taking a morning stroll.

"Is... is this real?"

One man whispered, parrying the claw of a Grade-7 beast while sneaking a glance at the youth carving through monsters meant for Spirit Severing elites.

Another woman felt her mouth dry.

"How is an 18-year-old doing this-?!"

Bai Zihan didn't simply overpower the Grade-8 Demonic Beasts.

He erased them.

One beast lunged-a White-Eyed Tiger of Grade-8.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

A silver arc flashed.

Blood sprayed.

The tiger split in half, collapsing before its roar could finish.

More beasts charged, drawn to him instinctively, sensing the danger he posed.

But to them, approaching him was like diving willingly into death.

His group desperately tried to support him-but it was pointless.

Their attacks rarely reached their targets before Bai Zihan had already ended them.

"Young Master Zihan, we've got your flank!"

But before his warning even finished, Bai Zihan had already taken the heads of the two beasts that were supposedly threatening him.

"...Right."

The battlefield shook again, more beasts rushing to reinforce the front.

Everywhere he stepped, the Beast Tide buckled. Their stalemated lines crumbled whenever he neared.

However... Although Bai Zihan carved down Grade-8 Demonic Beasts like wheat before a scythe, in the greater scheme of the battlefield, his actions were

but small ripples against a tidal wave.

No matter how many beasts he slew, their numbers seemed endless.

Ten died another ten surged in.

A hundred fell-another hundred replaced them.

The battlefield was a living nightmare where death only opened space for more death to follow.

Even Bai Zihan could not shift the entire tide alone.

But his presence did something else.

It shattered the confidence of the younger generation.

Not just the Bai Clan's juniors-but the Li Clan's... and the Zhao Clan's.

Groups fighting nearby stole glances at the youth carving through Grade-8s with an ease that should have been impossible.

"Is... is he really our age?"

"No. Impossible. To reach Spirit Severing at eighteen is one thing-but fighting like that?"

"Are we even the same species?"

A Li Clan prodigy swallowed hard, watching Bai Zihan's silver sword flash through three beasts in a single breath.

"... How do you compete with someone like that?"

Their confidence-built through years of training, praise, and battle-cracked before the sight of Bai Zihan treating Grade-8 monsters as morning exercise.

And it was more despairing when thinking about how their clan wants them to go against this monster.

Bai Zihan did not care for their awe or their despair. "Looks like Grade-8 Demonic Beasts are no problem for me."

Well, there is no need for much more evidence than all the bodies that lay in his

killing spree.

Demonic Beasts' bodies are considerably tougher than humans, and people often found that annoying-especially given their numbers.

However, Bai Zihan had a Heaven-Grade Sword, and his strength itself was

higher than even a Void Refinement Realm cultivator, so cutting down Grade-8 Demonic Beasts wasn't too difficult.

It was his first time fighting against the Grade-8 Demonic Beasts yet they posed

no challenge to him.

After killing perhaps around 30 or so, he realized that no Demonic Beasts at Grade-8 could surpass him in speed, strength or endurance.

Just as he was moving along, he sensed a Demonic Beast whose strength was

unlike the ones he had killed.

A Grade-9 Demonic Beast!

Bai Lumei felt her heart jolt. "Bai Zihan! Fall back-!"

But it wasn't an accident.

Far above, on the left flank where the Zhao Clan's Elder battled another

Grade-9 beast, the old man's palm "slipped," striking his opponent sideways instead of killing it.

The massive Demonic Beast-freed-roared and bolted in a straight line... toward Bai Zihan angrily.

The Zhao Elder made a show of clicking his tongue, calling out.

"Ah-my apologies! I must've misjudged my strike! Young Master Bai should be careful!"

But his eyes-narrowed, sharp, and cold-betrayed his intentions.

Anyone remotely experienced could see it.

He had done it on purpose.

Bai Lumei gritted her teeth, fury swelling in her chest.

(That old bastard...!) Around Bai Zihan's group, several Bai Clan members' qi flared-rage simmering

beneath their fear.

But the battlefield was chaotic, and Elders could always hide malice behind "mistakes."

The Grade-9 Demonic Beast-a massive Armored rhinoceros beast-charged forward like a living mountain, its murderous aura crushing everything in its path.

The Armored Rhinoceros roared in frustration at failing to kill the Zhao Elder- who also provoked it.

Its footsteps made the earth shudder.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Dozens of weaker beasts were thrown aside as it barreled toward Bai Zihan.

Bai Lumei's voice rang out, sharp and frantic.

"Bai Zihan!! Evade-!!"

But Bai Zihan did not hear her.

Or perhaps-

He simply didn't care.

The young heir slowly lifted his eyes, sword tilting slightly in his grip as he calmly watched the Grade-9 monster thunder toward him.

The Zhao Elder smirked subtly from afar.

(Go on, boy. Die on the battlefield. No one will blame me!)

Rather, he would be rewarded heavily if this succeeded by both his Clan and the Li Clan.

After all, Bai Zihan had been a thorn in their path and had been making waves.

The monstrous rhinoceros roared, dark qi exploding from its body as it lunged -directly at Bai Zihan.

"Hmph! I was getting bored anyway."

Bai Zihan wasn't angry or scared at all. Rather, he thought it was a good opportunity to fight a Grade-9 Demonic Beast and understand how powerful they were.

The armored rhinoceros tore across the battlefield, each step a thunderous quake.

The beast's horn gleamed with pitch-black qi, sharp enough to skewer Spirit Severing experts like paper dolls.

It lunged.

BOOOOM!!

A mountain of death crashed down but Bai Zihan wasn't there.

In the instant before impact, he tilted his body a hair's breadth to the left, letting the horn tear through the air where he had stood.

The force alone gouged a canyon into the ground behind him.

The rhinoceros skidded, earth exploding beneath its feet as it whipped around with a frenzy-filled bellow.

Bai Zihan tightened his grip on his silver sword.

"Quite sturdy!"

The Grade-9 beast charged again, horn lowering.

This time, Bai Zihan stepped into the charge.

A silver streak flashed.

SLAASH!!

A fountain of blood erupted as his sword carved across the beast's flank-deep enough to reach bone, yet...

"It didn't fall?"

Even with a wound that would've bisected any Grade-8 beast, the rhinoceros only grew more enraged.

Black qi surged around its body, muscles tightening like iron cables as it roared heavenward.

The Zhao Elder smirked faintly.

Bai Zihan raised his sword slightly.

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

"Alright then. Let's see how you fare against this!"

The rhinoceros thundered forward for the third time, aura exploding in a wave of crushing force.

Bai Zihan didn't step back.

He stepped forward.

His Sword Intent surged, sharp enough to cut through the sky.

Then Bai Zihan swung.

A single, clean arc of silver.

SZZZZZT-

The blade passed through the rhinoceros' neck as though slicing through silk.

BOOM!

Its head hit the ground an instant later.

Its massive body remained standing for a breath-shuddering-before
collapsing like a falling mountain.

Silence rippled outward across the battlefield.

Bai Lumei's mouth fell open.

The younger generation of all three clans stared, unable to speak.

"That... was a Grade-9..."

"And he killed it... with two strikes..."

"No... the last one doesn't even count as a strike."

Bai Zihan flicked the blood from his blade, expression completely calm.

"Grade-9s are sturdier than I expected."

He stepped forward, as if nothing had happened.

"But still too fragile."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 371 The Grade-9 Demonic Beasts Harvest Begins

Chapter 371 The Grade-9 Demonic Beasts Harvest Begins

Bai Zihan killing a Grade-9 Demonic Beast was witnessed by many-especially those from the Li and Zhao Clans who wished for his demise.

However, the greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment.

But more than disappointment, what filled them was shock.

An eighteen-year-old-already unbelievably at the Spirit Severing Realm-had just killed a Grade-9 Demonic Beast.

Not only that, he did it so easily and effortlessly that he seemed stronger than the Void Refinement Realm Elders who were still struggling against their own Grade-9 opponents.

Far above, the Zhao Elder froze mid-air, pupils shrinking to pinpricks.

(...Impossible. That boy... that boy is a monster.)

He had been fighting that Armored Rhinoceros himself, and he knew exactly how tough its body was.

To kill it within two moves-something even he couldn't do-was simply impossible.

Gulp!

Bai Zihan on the other hand felt nothing when killing the Grade-9 Demonic Beast.

Bai Zihan also found Grade-9 Demonic Beasts vulnerable, though they definitely required more effort than the Grade-8 ones.

He sent a cold glare toward the Zhao Elder, who quickly looked away in anger and fear.

Zhao Elder's scheme had failed.

But that changed nothing.

Someone had tried to kill him.

And Bai Zihan was not going to let him off easily.

Ting!

Just then-

He heard a sound. A notification chime that only his System could make.

"System!"

He was confused. He had never heard that sound before.

But when he checked the System Interface, nothing had changed.

Even more confused, he opened the Reward section.

[Unclaimed Rewards Available]

Killed Grade-9 Demonic Beast: [100 Points]

His eyes widened. He didn't know killing Demonic Beasts could give System Points.

Yet he had gotten nothing for killing Grade-8 beasts.

"Could it be that only Grade-9 Demonic Beasts are considered achievements? Or maybe because their level is higher than mine...?"

He wasn't sure why Grade-9 kills gave points, but it didn't matter.

"Finally!"

He had been worrying about how to earn System Points-and now the answer had fallen into his lap.

If killing Grade-9 Demonic Beasts gave points, then there was no reason to waste time on Grade-8s anymore.

"Are you okay?"

Bai Lumei asked worriedly after seeing Bai Zihan standing still, expression blank.

She thought he might have overexerted himself fighting the Armored Rhinoceros or suffered an unseen injury.

After all, fighting a Grade-9 Demonic Beast alone was far too much-even for a prodigy like him.

But before she could say more-

"Hahahaha...!"

Bai Zihan's sudden laughter made her jump, even frightening her a little.

(Did he finally lose his mind?)

In the middle of an intense battlefield, Bai Zihan was laughing like a madman.

Anyone witnessing it would assume he had gone insane.

But in truth, Bai Zihan was simply excited about the huge number of System

Points he could earn from killing Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

He already understood their strength-they were no big deal.

Even a group of them wouldn't be a problem for him.

And the sight of hundreds-maybe thousands-of Grade-9 beasts hidden in the wilderness made him imagine the mountain of points he could obtain.

Potentially hundreds of thousands.

Impossible for him to wipe them all out, of course-but that didn't stop him from calculating.

"Bai Lumei, you can return to the group. I'll be hunting the Grade-9 Demonic Beasts."

Bai Zihan declared.

He originally planned to follow orders and fight normally.

But the situation had changed.

He couldn't let go of such an opportunity.

Following the group would only slow him down.

"Huh? Bai Zihan, you can't! You must follow my orders!"

Bai Lumei immediately protested-not because she cared about authority, but because if something happened to Bai Zihan, all the blame would fall on her.

"I won't repeat myself."

Whoosh!

Bai Zihan vanished, already heading toward the nearest Grade-9 Demonic Beast.

"W-Why is he going toward a Grade-9 Demonic Beast?!"

Her anxiety worsened as Bai Zihan rushed straight toward the battlefield where the Elders were fighting the Grade-9 monsters.

"What should I do?!"

She paced back and forth. She couldn't decide whether to chase him or stand back as told by Bai Zihan.

But with her strength, she would be useless against a Grade-9.

Thinking back to how Bai Zihan killed the Armored Rhinoceros so effortlessly, she could only hope he would manage on his own.

Sigh...

"I just hope he comes back safely. Otherwise my life will be miserable..."

There was no way to catch up to Bai Zihan's speed, especially in a battlefield crawling with Demonic Beasts.

And she couldn't abandon her duties and leave her group leaderless.

Whoosh!

Bai Zihan sprinted toward the nearest Grade-9 Demonic Beast-a Python Tiger.

But between them stood several Grade-8 and lower Demonic Beasts.

Bai Zihan erased them instantly.

The Python Tiger flinched when Bai Zihan suddenly appeared before it.

Or perhaps...

It was offended that someone like Bai Zihan, who is in the Spirit Severing Realm dared to challenge it.

RRRWWWRRRR!

Bai Zihan shot forward, silver brilliance trailing behind him as he closed the distance.

RRRWWWRRRR!

The Python Tiger reared back, venomous breath hissing between its fangs. Its massive body coiled and tensed, muscles surging with power-yet its eyes flickered with something it hadn't expected:

Unease.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword."

Whoosh-!

Nine silhouettes of Bai Zihan erupted outward like phantoms, each one moving with identical speed, pressure, and killing intent.

The Python Tiger lashed out wildly, claws swiping through the illusions with explosive force.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Each strike shattered a shadow but not the real Bai Zihan.

By the time the beast realized none of the afterimages were real-A cold breath brushed past its ear.

"Second Form: Phantom Light Strike."

Shing!

A single streak of argent light flickered across the battlefield.

Then-

SPLAT!

A crimson line traced itself across the Python Tiger's massive neck. Its body froze, pupils dilating as its head slowly slid from its shoulders.

Thud!

The colossal Grade-9 Demonic Beast toppled, severed cleanly in a single move.

Even with its famed resilience, even with its monstrous vitality-there was no resistance.

A Heaven-Grade Sword Art, amplified by sword intent, wielded with a Supreme

Dao Bone?

For the Python Tiger... It was an execution, not a battle.

Bai Zihan didn't even spare it a glance as he stepped past the corpse.

He looked at the System Interface and indeed another 100 Points were added.

Indeed, killing Grade-9 grants him 100 Points.

He didn't stand around, looking for another target.

There was no need to wait as his Qi which has been used has already been replenished.

With Myriad Breathing Technique and Supreme Dao Bone, he has no need to worry about his Qi reserve.

Not to mention, the endless amount of high-grade pills that he has.

As long as he didn't use the Saint-Grade Technique, he could fight without stopping.

Indefinitely.

And that was exactly what he intended.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 372 The Battlefield Witnessed a True Monster[918 words]

Chapter 372 The Battlefield Witnessed a True Monster

The battlefield had long fallen into chaos.

The vanguard lines clashed violently with the wave of Demonic Beasts, steel and claws ringing together in a deafening rhythm.

Explosions of Qi, screams, battle cries, and beastly roars mixed into a storm of noise that swallowed everything.

Support teams stood behind, healing, throwing talismans, firing arrows, or using formations.

Others had also joined the Bai, Zhao, and Li Clans in Vanguard to deal with the never-ending Demonic Beasts.

But even then, they were overwhelmed-Demonic Beasts responded far more aggressively than predicted, coordinating unnaturally well, almost as if commanded by a strategic commander.

It was a full-scale war.

A Heaven Sword Sect disciple swung his blade again and again, managing to pin down a Grade-8 Demonic Beast.

"Rong! Help me finish this!"

He shouted to the companion beside him.

But Rong did not move.

Instead, he stood frozen-eyes wide, mouth slightly agape, staring at something in the distance.

"Tch!"

The disciple clicked his tongue and, through sheer effort and desperation, cut down the beast himself.

He whipped around, furious.

"What the hell are you doing?! You almost got me killed! Where are you even looking?!"

Rong didn't answer.

His lips trembled.

His hand slowly rose and pointed forward.

"Look!"

The disciple turned-

And his entire body locked in place.

There-

Not far beyond the frontline, past the corpses of toppled beasts, an unbelievable sight unfolded:

A lone young man-slender and dressed in blood-stained robes-laughing wildly as he carved through Grade-9 Demonic Beasts like weeds.

One laugh, one kill.

Two laughs, two kills.

It was as if his sword moved faster every time he smiled.

A Thunder-Horned Ape roared and swung its massive arm-

Shing!

Its arm flew into the air.

Shing!

Its head followed.

A Flame-Scaled Direwolf lunged with fangs blazing-

Crack!

Its jaw shattered before it even reached Bai Zihan.

Every beast-a towering monster that even the Top-3 Clan Elders struggled to suppress-fell in a single breath when confronted by him.

Many were entranced by that scene, including the Elders in the Void

Refinement Realm.

It was like the battlefield had come to a halt, with many people's attention on Bai Zihan.

After all, who wouldn't be stunned by a teenager hunting down Grade-9 Demonic Beasts-one of the strongest-as if they were common animals? Even the Demonic Beasts themselves felt fear and hesitation after all the slaughter.

Bai Xueqing was also stunned by Bai Zihan's strength. She had long ago admitted that Bai Zihan was stronger than her, but not to this extent.

Not only her, but every disciple and Clan Member who once thought of competing with Bai Zihan felt the same.

Even those 20 years older couldn't help but admit that they could never catch up to Bai Zihan.

His strength was already at the level of the Elders-no, perhaps even the Clan Leader.

Only those in the Great Ascension Realm could ever fight like this.

The Sect Leaders and Clan Leaders who were commanding from behind were

also shocked when they saw the scene.

Bai Tianheng couldn't be more excited.

"This brat... how can he leave his group behind and fight alone?"

While it seemed like he was scolding Bai Zihan, the excitement in his voice and face betrayed the true meaning behind his words.

It was only years ago when he still thought of Bai Zihan as a troublemaker who lacked the actual strength to survive, but now, he was slaughtering Demonic

Beasts like they were nothing.

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian's jaws almost fell.

Even those Clan and Sect who had nothing to do with Bai Clan felt awe and fear

when they saw Bai Zihan.

Each and every rumor that they heard about Bai Zihan wasn't exaggeration, it was underestimation.

Many thought that Bai Zihan was a weakling since he didn't even participate in Dragon and Phoenix Competition including the competitors.

But now, they felt relieved that Bai Zihan didn't participate. Otherwise, what

they would have felt wouldn't be helplessness but despair.

They wouldn't even have guts to come to the arena if their opponent was Bai

Zihan.

No doubt Bai Zihan has become the center of the battlefield.

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, was just busy counting the System Points that he

has gained.

"25... 26th!"

Which meant he earned 2600 System Points. Well, it wasn't even enough to buy Earth-Grade Technique but Bai Zihan's wasn't discouraged.

He just thought of this as a start!

"Come!"

Bai Zihan declared as Demonic Beasts backed off from Bai Zihan.

Unlike before, slaughtering Grade-9 Demonic Beasts had seriously shifted the battle in humanity's favor.

With the number of Grade-9 Demonic Beasts significantly reduced, it gave Void Refinement Realm Elders the power to handle the other, weaker Demonic Beasts.

And in this way, the battle was slowly turning in humanity's favor.

Perhaps the Demonic Beasts have sensed that.

ROOOOAAAAR!

The roar tore through the battlefield like a shockwave.

Every cultivator-human or beast-felt their bones shudder.

Even the vicious Grade-9 Demonic Beasts froze mid-movement, their bodies instinctively lowering as if pressured by a predator.

The ground cracked.

The sky dimmed.

A suffocating aura rolled across the plains like a collapsing mountain.

"G-Grade... Grade-10 Demonic Beasts!"

Someone whispered with a trembling voice.

The battlefield, which had just started shifting in humanity's favor thanks to Bai Zihan's merciless slaughter, instantly turned heavy again.

From the depths of the Demonic Beast horde, massive silhouettes began emerging.

First one.

Then another.

Then another!

Each step they took made the earth groan.

Their presence alone twisted the air, distorting spiritual Qi and making even Spirit Severing Realm and Void Refinement cultivators choke for breath. A colossal Hellridge Basilisk, its scales glowing like molten iron.

A towering Ancient Bloodmane Lion, each exhale shaking debris off the ground.

A four-winged Storm Devouring Roc, crackling with lightning that scorched the air.

More and more Grade-10 Demonic Beasts made their appearance.

The battlefield instantly tensed.

Even Elders in the Void Refinement Realm felt sweat sliding down their temples.

Grade-10 Demonic Beasts...

These were monsters only Great Ascension Realm experts could face.

Chapter 373 Great Ascension Realm Experts Joins The Fight!

Chapter 373 Great Ascension Realm Experts Joins The Fight!

Grade-10 Demonic Beasts!

Their arrival alone bent the battlefield.

A suffocating aura crashed outward in waves, flattening entire squads of cultivators and sending even Demonic Beasts stumbling backward.

Humans and beasts alike were forced down to one knee, spines creaking under the pressure.

The air turned heavy-so heavy it felt as if the heavens themselves were descending.

The Hellridge Basilisk's molten gaze swept the battlefield.

The Ancient Bloodmane Lion's mane flared like burning banners.

The Storm Devouring Roc screeched, lightning tearing apart the sky.

And many more.

All of their eyes turned toward the same point.

The epicenter of the butchery.

The reason why they had to step up.

Bai Zihan!

Multiple Grade-10 Demonic Beasts locked onto him at once.

Their killing intent surged like a tidal wave, focused entirely on him.

But amid the crushing pressure that made even Void Refinement cultivators tremble-

Bai Zihan stood straight.

His blood-stained sword rested lazily on his shoulder.

He was still calm despite the overwhelming killing intent that he felt from the Demonic Beasts.

Rather his eyes were annoyed.

He tilted his head slightly as the Hellridge Basilisk's molten pupils locked onto him.

"Grade-10 Demonic Beasts."

Pressure weighed on him like mountains-but he didn't budge an inch.

"It should be difficult to kill."

There was no fear or excitement-just simple acknowledgment.

Because he already knew.

Even if he fought one seriously, it wouldn't be easy to take them down like Grade-8 and Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

However, it wasn't impossible. Unlike before, he had now acquired Fate Severing Slash, and coupled with Sword Intent at Intermediate Level, he should be able to kill a Grade-10 Demonic Beast.

"With this, I should be able to kill one," he said softly.

"Probably!"

After all, it wasn't like he had ever tested it against a Grade-10 Demonic Beast before.

But even if it didn't kill them outright, it should still deal significant damage. And that was more than enough.

After all his body had once withstood an Immortal-Realm punch.

Against Great Ascension Realm strength, he wasn't guaranteed to win...

But he was confident he wouldn't die.

However, there was no need for him to step up.

The moment the Grade-10 Demonic Beasts appeared-

BOOM!

A violent aura surged skyward, powerful enough to blow back dust and debris from hundreds of meters away.

All eyes turned.

In the command area-where the highest echelons of humanity stood-several figures stepped forward, their feet sinking slightly into the earth as if the land itself bowed beneath their weight.

The first to move was Bai Tianheng.

His long robes flapped wildly despite the still air.

A grin stretched across his face-feral, unrestrained, the grin of someone who had waited far too long.

"Heh. Finally," Bai Tianheng said, cracking his knuckles.

"I was getting bored to death just watching."

Bai Feng followed with the other high Elders in the Great Ascension Realm of the Bai Clan.

They moved quickly-they knew those Grade-10 Demonic Beasts were targeting their heir.

Of course, they couldn't allow that.

The Li Clan and Zhao Clan wanted to wait and watch, even hoping for Bai Zihan's death.

However, Bai Tianheng had already moved, and their dream remained just that -a dream.

To avoid being seen as people who abandoned their duties, they also followed, bringing their Great Ascension experts.

The other Great Ascension Elders from the allied sects stepped out as well.

The Heaven Sword Sect Leader cracked his neck.

"Finally something on our level. I was starting to feel useless."

Another Sect Leader added,

"Well, watching the young fight so well was interesting. But it's time to show just how real experts fight!"

Laughter rolled through the command lines-but it was laughter steeped in power and confidence.

Then-

BOOOOM!

Multiple Great Ascension Realm auras erupted at once.

The sky shook.

Spiritual Qi rioted violently, as if bowing to the pressure of heaven-shaking giants.

For a breath, the battlefield went silent.

Then-

13:18 -

Cheers erupted from the human side, louder than any beast's cry.

Disciples who were moments away from despair now shouted with wild excitement.

Veterans who had fought in countless battles felt their blood ignite anew.

Even wounded cultivators forced themselves upright just to witness this moment.

"They're moving!"

"Clan Leader Bai! Clan Leader Zhao! Clan Leader Li!! The Top 3 Clan Leaders are

making their moves!"

"The Sect Leaders are also joining them! Those Demonic Beasts are as good as dead!"

For many juniors, this was a once-in-a-lifetime sight.

For countless others, it was their chance to witness the strongest fight.

Morale soared.

The previously trembling human lines now felt unstoppable.

The appearance of the Great Ascension Realm wasn't just power-it was hope incarnate.

And the Great Ascension experts answered that hope with action.

CRACK!

Bai Tianheng vanished from his spot, leaving a crater and a deafening shockwave behind.

Li Jianhong followed, tearing through the air.

The Heaven Sword Sect Leader flickered forward, his sword humming with destructive intent.

Bai Feng and the veteran elders surged forth like a storm of ancient titans.

Wherever they passed-

Beasts died.

Casually.

Effortlessly. Without slowing.

Grade-7? Their bodies burst into bloody mist.

Grade-8? Split in half with a single flick of the wrist.

Grade-9 Demonic Beasts could hold their own-briefly. But against several Great Ascension Realm experts, in the end they too were reduced to piles of blood and bone.

It was not a battle.

It was a mass execution.

A sweeping tide of overwhelming force.

Human cultivators stared with wide eyes as the strongest of humanity punched through the beast horde, carving a straight path with nothing but raw might and ancient dominion.

And when they reached the end of that path-

When the dust settled and the monstrous silhouettes blocked their advance-

They finally stood face to face with the Grade-10 Demonic Beasts.

The Hellridge Basilisk lowered its massive head, molten scales rumbling.

The Storm Devouring Roc spread its wings, lightning tearing apart the clouds.

The Ancient Bloodmane Lion exhaled, shaking the earth beneath it.

Many Grade-10 Demonic Beasts weren't affected by the death of their followers-and they were definitely not intimidated by Great Ascension Realm cultivators.

They too were ready to face the Great Ascension Realm of Humanity.

And then-

It began!

The moment the Great Ascension experts stepped forward, the battlefield ruptured into a new layer of chaos-one where only titans dared stand.

BOOM!!!

The Hellridge Basilisk lunged first, molten scales clattering like armor forged in a volcano. Its massive tail swung, carving a trench hundreds of meters long. Bai Tianheng met it head-on.

"Come then," he growled, eyes blazing with battle intent. "Show me what a Grade-10 truly amounts to!"

He punched.

A simple punch-but backed by the full force of a Great Ascension Realm warrior who had crushed his way through countless life-or-death battles.

KRAAAACK!

The air split. Shockwaves rippled outward in concentric circles, blasting aside lesser beasts like leaves in a storm.

The Basilisk didn't dodge.

Its magma-coated hide glowed brighter-then it slammed its tail into Bai Tianheng's fist.

BOOOOOM!

The collision shook the sky.

Flames erupted like a volcanic eruption. Shockwaves blasted crater after crater into the earth.

Even Void Refinement cultivators had to anchor their Qi to avoid being thrown. Bai Tianheng skidded back several steps-deep footprints gouged into the ground.

He stared.

And then he laughed.

"Hahaha! Good! It's been so long since someone pushed me back!"

The Basilisk hissed venomously, molten light flowing through its scales like rivers of fire.

Bai Tianheng's knuckles cracked.

The Basilisk's tail split open, magma dripping like blood.

Round two began instantly.

Elsewhere-

Li Jianhong clashed with the Ancient Bloodmane Lion.

Every swing of his spear produced destructive power capable of crushing mountains, yet the lion's mane-glowing crimson like burning embers-blocked them all with explosive force.

Zhao Wutian fought the Storm Devouring Roc alongside another Great Ascension elder.

The Roc screeched, wings spanning nearly a kilometer, lightning storms forming with every flap.

One-on-one.

Two-on-one.

Every Great Ascension expert found themselves matched by a beast of equal

tyranny.

The battlefield fractured into zones of cataclysmic collisions-each one a clash capable of erasing entire armies.

For a moment, it truly looked like a war of giants.

Meanwhile-

Bai Zihan absolutely didn't care.

While the heavens shook and the earth cracked under the Great Ascension clashes, he remained completely uninterested.

"Ah, looks like I can still earn my points."

He sighed with relief as he stabbed a Grade-9 Direhorn Behemoth through the eye.

Shing!

Another Grade-9 beast fell.

(28th. Good.)

His sword flashed again-killing a second Grade-9 beast before it even realized he'd moved.

(29th!)

"You all line up properly," Bai Zihan muttered as a group of terrified Grade-9 Demonic Beasts backed away from him.

"How am I supposed to farm efficiently if you run away?"

Despite the distant explosions of Great Ascension-level battle....

Bai Zihan ignored it all.

His focus was single-minded.

His target-System Points.

With the Grade-10 monsters kept busy by the Great Ascension powerhouses, the battlefield once again became his hunting ground.

He moved through Grade-9 Demonic Beasts like a reaper of death, his laughter echoing faintly beneath the thunderous clash of titans.

Once again it was time to farm System Points!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 374 Déjà Vu, Grade-10 Demonic Beast's Turn[1,378 words]

Chapter 374 Déjà Vu, Grade-10 Demonic Beast's Turn

The war between the Desolate Heaven Empire and the Demonic Beasts waged on.

For a moment, it looked like a stalemate all over again.

But of course, with Bai Zihan mowing down the Grade-9 Demonic Beasts, it was slightly in favor of the humans.

However, that wasn't the main fight. It was between Grade-10 Demonic Beasts and Great Ascension Realm cultivators.

The ones who came out on top would most likely dictate the flow of the battle. But taking down Grade-10 Demonic Beasts wasn't easy, which could also be said about the Great Ascension Realm cultivators.

Unless one let down their guard or the opponent used a super-powerful attack, a fight between such powerhouses would last hours or even days if they choose to do so.

The reason was their immense reserve of Qi, and secondly, they didn't fight with full power.

They waited for the perfect opportunity.

Otherwise, if they kept using full power, they would run out of Qi before their opponent and that would be disastrous.

This could be said about others too. Everyone knew they had to maintain their Qi reserve to sustain themselves for who knows how long.

However, one person didn't seem bothered by that at all.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Bai Zihan had been using a Heaven-Grade technique in quick succession many times in a row.

What was left wasn't an exhausted Bai Zihan but rather a pile of bodies.

Demonic Beasts had also tried to ambush Bai Zihan in groups, but he was too slippery-escaping their ambush and killing them one by one when they were confused.

Bai Zihan seemed especially happy when those Demonic Beasts came in groups instead of feeling scared.

Wei Zongyuan overlooked the situation and felt that it was slowly turning in their favor.

"I didn't know the Bai Clan's heir was this powerful!"

He muttered.

Well, he was cooped up at the Northern Defense Line and had only heard a few rumors, so he wasn't too aware.

Unlike others who envied or feared such talent, Commander Wei felt relieved.

If such talent was cultivated, then why would they fear Beast Tides in the future?

Not only Bai Zihan-there were many young people leading the charge against the Demonic Beasts.

Bai Xueqing cooperated well with her group, freezing large numbers of Demonic Beasts with her Glacial Heaven Seal-Absolute Frost Domain Technique, while the other group members killed the frozen targets.

They even managed to kill a Grade-8 Demonic Beast together, though it was mostly Bai Xueqing who did the job.

Then there were those from the Zhao Clan, especially Zhao Chen, who fought from behind using long-range attacks and formations when facing large numbers of Demonic Beasts.

There was Li Meiying from the Li Clan, who easily tore apart Grade-6 Demonic Beasts and even defeated quite a few Grade-7 ones.

However, no matter who, no one held a candle to Bai Zihan, who was casually tearing through Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

"Just how many Demonic Beasts does he plan on killing?"

Commander Wei shook his head after losing count past thirty. Still, there was no sign of Bai Zihan stopping or even exhausting himself-only growing more excited.

"Even I'm starting to pity those Demonic Beasts..."

One of the officers accidentally muttered.

However, everyone watching the scene unfold felt the same. The Demonic Beasts couldn't put up any resistance as Bai Zihan massacred them.

Bai Zihan alone had slain more Demonic Beasts in a single battle than many veterans who had spent their entire lives guarding the Northern Defense Line. "Don't let your guard down yet! Have all units remain at their best and locate the Demonic Cultivators as soon as they appear!"

Commander Wei ordered.

"Yes, sir!"

The officers saluted.

"Five thousand points!"

Hours went by, but Bai Zihan was focused only on the points he gained.

Although drenched in blood and reeking of iron, he didn't care. His goal now was to reach ten thousand points.

But it wasn't like he was ignoring everything except killing the Grade-9

Demonic Beasts.

He glanced at how his clan was doing-and they were doing great, especially

Bai Xueqing.

She seemed to have already broken through, and her Qi was even more profound, containing Powerful Ice Qi that might even freeze a Void Refinement cultivator for a few seconds.

She might even be able to defeat a Spirit Severing Realm cultivator.

Bai Zihan even thought that perhaps Lu Xiangyuan would have been defeated

by her if not for him.

The Heaven-Grade cultivation technique he gave her seemed to be working

better than he hoped.

Chu Ziyang was also faring better than expected.

So, there was no need to worry much about them-although subconsciously, he was killing powerful Demonic Beasts that were heading toward them.

SLASH!

Bai Zihan leapt onto another Demonic Beast's skull, driving his sword straight

through its brow.

"Five thousand two hundred points."

The number echoed in his mind with far more importance than the beast's dying scream.

Blood mist showered around him as he spun, blade flashing like rippling moonlight.

Every time the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword descended, another Grade-9 beast collapsed-cleanly bisected, mutilated, or simply erased from existence.

He didn't slow down. If anything, he became faster.

More reckless.

More excited.

To others, this battlefield was a hellish war.

To Bai Zihan, it was a hunting ground dressed in red.

BOOM!

A thunderous crash sliced through the battlefield.

High above, Azure Sun Holy Sect's Sect Master-Yun Huanfeng, famed for his

blazing sun-like Qi-staggered backward, blood spraying from his lips. The Grade-10 Demonic Beast he had been holding at bay roared triumphantly,

its massive form breaking free from the clash.

And it turned.

Not toward another Great Ascension expert.

Not toward any other powerful Void Refinement group.

It charged straight toward Bai Zihan.

"Grade-10 Demonic Beast is heading toward Bai Zihan!"

"Damn! Bai Zihan should run away! This isn't a Grade-9 like earlier!"

"Why is he not moving? Don't tell me he plans on facing it?" "Did he get too overconfident from killing all those Grade-9 beasts?"

Many were stunned and worried.

More importantly, Bai Zihan wasn't even moving. Knowing him, they knew it wasn't due to fear.

If he feared, he wouldn't have killed over fifty Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

Bai Zihan let out a cold laugh.

A very familiar scene.

Last time, it was the Zhao Clan's elder "accidentally" letting go of a Grade-9 beast toward him.

This time, the Azure Sun Holy Sect's esteemed leader.

A coincidence?

An honest mistake?

He didn't believe that for a single breath.

Although Yun Huanfeng's performance was better than the Zhao elder's, and there was also public knowledge that the Bai Clan and Azure Sun Holy Sect had no enmity...

So it could be seen as an honest mistake.

However, Bai Zihan knew that with Jin Yuanzhan in his hand, they feared their dark secret would be exposed.

Hence why Yun Huanfeng might have gone so far as to get seriously injured just to kill him through the Grade-10 beast.

Although Yun Huanfeng had put on a convincing show of being "gravely injured," Bai Zihan still sneered inwardly.

He was convinced this was his scheme to kill him with borrowed knife.

But then-

"Ahhh! Sect Leader Yun is dying!"

"No! Someone help the Sect Leader!"

"His Qi is collapsing! He's really dying!"

Bai Zihan's expression twitched.

"... What?"

He looked up again-and even he was caught off guard.

Yun Huanfeng wasn't performing.

He was actually in a miserable state-his robes shredded, half his arm hanging uselessly, spiritual veins visibly ruptured under his skin.

His complexion was pale as paper, and his eyes unfocused. One of his Elders dragged him away in a panic, shouting for healers.

"Senior Brother! Senior Brother, stay with me!"

More Elders rushed in, forming a protective barrier.

The Sect Leader's head lolled to the side.

He coughed up blood.

A lot of blood.

Bai Zihan blinked once.

"...Huh."

(So... that idiot really was dying?)

He thought it was a ploy like the Zhao Clan's elder, but looking at Yun Huanfeng -who was practically stepping into reincarnation-he began to doubt his earlier thought.

If this was an acting then Bai Zihan must commend Azure Sun Holy Sect and recommend them to turn to acting instead of Cultivation. The battlefield fell into chaos.

"The Sect Leader of Azure Sun Holy Sect has been gravely injured!"

"Quick! Protect him!"

Meanwhile, the Grade-10 Demonic Beast-who logically should have finished off Yun Huanfeng-did not.

Instead, it lowered its massive head and charged even faster-

Straight At Bai Zihan!

Bai Zihan sighed.

He didn't know whether it was deliberate or really an accident, but either way,

it seemed this Demonic Beast held a grudge against him.

Well, he wasn't one to talk-with piles of corpses under his feet.

Just looking how many Demonic Beasts he killed, one might even think that his

parents had been killed by Demonic Beasts.

"Do you want to take revenge for your family? Then come and see whether you are worthy!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 375 Against Voidstep Razorhorn! [964 words]

Chapter 375 Against Voidstep Razorhorn!

RRRWWRRRR!!

An earth-shattering roar ripped across the battlefield as the Grade-10 Demonic Beast Voidstep Razorhorn charged in a blur of shadow, wind, and murderous intent.

Bai Zihan's senses sharpened instantly.

He knew a Grade-10 Demonic Beast would be nothing like the creatures he had slaughtered so far...

But this one was even worse.

Just tracking it was difficult.

Its physical body was almost invisible-the only reason he could follow its movements at all was the suffocating aura it exuded.

If one relied on sight alone, they wouldn't even catch a flicker.

Bai Tianheng's eyes widened as he noticed what was happening.

"No!"

He tried to break away to intercept the Voidstep Razerhorn, but his opponent refused to let him go easily.

Hellridge Basilisk blocked his path and it wasn't going to easily let go of Bai Tianheng.

The same was true for every Great Ascension Elder of the Bai Clan-each time they attempted to disengage and move toward Bai Zihan, the Demonic Beasts they were fighting suddenly pressed harder, violently dragging them back into the clash.

The Bai Clan grew frantic.

Meanwhile, the Li and Zhao Clan experts... quietly smirked.

Heaven was doing their work for them.

A Grade-10 Demonic Beast targeting Bai Zihan was nothing short of a divine blessing.

Void Refinement Realm Bai Elders also tried to rush forward-but they were far, far too slow.

By the time any of them could reach Bai Zihan... the Razorhorn would have already torn him apart.

Still, Bai Clan members-including Bai Xueqing-instinctively attempted to rush to him the moment danger appeared, but they too were pinned down.

Hundreds of beasts blocked the path.

In the end, it was painfully clear-

No help would reach Bai Zihan in time.

Well, not like Bai Zihan has thought about relying on anyone to survive. Whoosh!

Bai Zihan didn't even consider dodging.

The Voidstep Razorhorn was simply too fast-its movement tore space, its afterimages overlapping like layers of ghostly storms.

Trying to evade would only get him killed.

So instead-

He planted his feet firmly.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

Waves of Sword Qi rippled outward as he redirected the incoming strike.

A booming impact followed as the Razorhorn's charge slammed into his technique.

Bai Zihan was blasted backward-

But only ten meters.

His sword technique had diverted most of the force, and the Razorhorn's strength clearly leaned toward speed rather than raw power.

If it had been a strength-type Grade-10 beast, that single hit would've sent him flying across the battlefield.

Yet here he stood-uncathed.

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Hmph. Looks like you aren't such a big deal after all."

As if understanding the mockery, the Voidstep Razorhorn's fury spiked.

ROAR!

Wind exploded beneath its hooves as it lunged again-faster, sharper, deadlier.

And Bai Zihan braced to meet it head-on.

CLANK! CLANK!

The Voidstep Razorhorn's attacks collided against Bai Zihan's sword.

While Bai Zihan quickly realized that the Voidstep Razorhorn's speed far outclassed his own, its raw strength wasn't overwhelmingly higher.

Of course, it was still stronger than what he could muster-but not by much. As long as he handled things properly, he could defend himself against its assaults.

"Nine Shadow Flowing Light Sword!"

His figure split into nine shadows, attempting to deceive the Voidstep Razorhorn and maybe land a strike or two.

However, the Voidstep Razorhorn instantly shredded every shadow before they

could even act.

"Looks like this isn't going to be easy," Bai Zihan muttered.

It shouldn't have been easy from the beginning. The fact that he was still alive could already be considered a miracle.

But Bai Zihan didn't merely survive-he had taken all of the Voidstep Razorhorn's attacks and emerged unscathed.

This obviously didn't go unnoticed.

"This Bai Zihan... he's fighting a Grade-10 Demonic Beast!"

"I thought he'd die in seconds, but the Voidstep Razorhorn still hasn't landed a single hit!"

"Damn! Isn't Bai Zihan only in the Spirit Severing Realm? How can he even see the Voidstep Razorhorn's attacks?"

The shock was immense. Compared to Bai Zihan killing Grade-9 Demonic Beasts, this was on an entirely different level.

One had to understand: aside from experts in the Immortal Realm, Grade-10 Demonic Beasts and Great Ascension Realm cultivators were the strongest existences in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Almost every top clan or sect leader resided at that level. Yet Bai Zihan-who wasn't even a proper adult-was already fighting their equivalent.

This wasn't mere genius. It exceeded everything they had ever known.

Bai Tianheng and the other Bai Clan members were frantically worried and stunned.

They even stopped trying to break away from their opponents to rush over and help Bai Zihan.

"Hahaha... that's my son!"

Bai Tianheng laughed-partly out of relief, partly from overwhelming pride.

He remembered how Bai Zihan had survived against Gou You, someone on par with Bai Ren.

But even so, he couldn't completely calm down. Bai Zihan's opponent was still a Grade-10 Demonic Beast.

But at the very least, he realized his son wouldn't fall as easily as he had feared. However, the Hellridge Basilisk still refused to let Bai Tianheng go. "Hmph! It seems you Demonic Beasts are hell-bent on killing my son. But you

should know-it won't be easy."

Bai Tianheng snarled.

On the other side, Bai Zihan continued his battle with the Voidstep Razorhorn.

He noticed several Bai Clan Elders-at the Void Refinement Realm-trying to reach him.

"Stay back. You'll only get in my way," Bai Zihan ordered.

He understood that against the Voidstep Razorhorn, numbers meant nothing.

It could kill dozens of Void Refinement Realm cultivators before anyone even blinked.

They would only end up as casualties.

Unlike them, Bai Zihan was confident his body could withstand several rounds even if he took a direct hit.

!!!

The Bai Clan Elders froze upon hearing his command, unsure of what to do.

They had been prepared to risk their lives to bring Bai Zihan out alive.

But now... he was fighting the Voidstep Razorhorn without any issue.

If they interfered, they truly might become burdens. They understood that.

And it seemed like Bai Zihan could escape anytime he wanted.

In the end, they obeyed his order-but they didn't retreat. Instead, they turned to fight the other Demonic Beasts that might try to assist

the Voidstep Razorhorn.

"Looks like you and I are going to be stuck together for quite a while!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 376 Bai Zihan Vs Voidstep Razorhorn! [1,511 words]

Chapter 376 Bai Zihan Vs Voidstep Razorhorn!

"Looks like you and I are going to be stuck together for quite a while!"

Bai Zihan said.

And it wasn't a lie.

CLANK! CLANK!

Steel rang against the horn again and again as they clashed.

Though "clashed" wasn't entirely accurate-it was mostly the Voidstep Razorhorn attacking relentlessly, while Bai Zihan quietly observed and analyzed.

Each time Voidstep Razorhorn vanished, space rippled.

Each time it reappeared, Bai Zihan's sword was already there, meeting the blow.

But the Razorhorn was getting agitated.

Very agitated!

After all, it was a Grade-10 Demonic Beast, a creature on par with Great Ascension Realm experts...

Yet it had been fighting a mere Spirit Severing Realm human for this long-

And still hadn't killed him.

RRRWWWAAAARRR!!

Its roar tore through the battlefield as frustration boiled over.

Wind gathered violently around its legs, spiraling upward like a tornado forming in an instant.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

(It's using a skill.)

SHRRRIPPPP!!

A crescent of compressed wind-sharper than any blade-exploded from the Razorhorn's charge and cleaved toward him.

A Wind Scythe!

Fast! Too fast!

There was no dodging it.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

Swoosh-!

Layers of flowing Sword Qi spiraled in front of him like a rotating river, intercepting the massive strike.

BOOOOM!!!

The Wind Scythe smashed through the first layer.

The second.

The third.

Bai Zihan braced himself-

And was blasted backward as the remnants of the attack slammed into his body.

Cracks spread across the ground where he skidded to a stop.

Dust swirled.

Voidstep Razorhorn seemed to think that he has killed Bai Zihan.

But then-Bai Zihan stepped out of the smoke, completely unharmed.

His strong physical body had taken the blow, and the Heaven-Grade defensive artifact around his torso shimmered faintly, having absorbed most of the fatal force.

However, it wasn't like Bai Zihan was completely unscathed. There were a lot of cuts on his body though none were fatal.

Bai Zihan exhaled, steady.

Remembering the Azure Sun Holy Sect Leader's miserable state, it was clear

the Voidstep Razorhorn had used this skill to injure him earlier.

Fortunately, Bai Zihan made the correct decision to face the skill head-on

instead of trying to dodge and getting hit directly.

Otherwise, even with all the Defensive Artifact and Refined Body, he might have lost one or two limbs.

The Razorhorn's eyes widened in disbelief.

A Spirit Severing ant had survived its Wind Scythe?

Bai Zihan didn't give it time to think.

"Chance!"

His eyes flashed with killing intent as he leapt forward, Sword Intent erupting like a blazing tide.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

SHING-!

His blade traced a clean arc, sharper than the very wind that had struck him.

For the first time-

PUCH!

Blood sprayed.

A shallow line appeared along the Razorhorn's flank.

The beast froze in disbelief.

It had been injured.

By him.

A weak human.

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue.

"Tch! As expected, not enough."

He had hoped to break through its hide.

Instead, he'd merely drawn blood.

His disappointment was clear.

But for the Razorhorn-it was the opposite.

Its shock twisted into pure, seismic rage.

RRRRRRRWOOOOAAARRRR!!!!

Wind exploded outward as the beast's aura surged to a new height, eyes glowing with murderous fury.

Being wounded by a human in the Spirit Severing Realm-unforgivable.

And now it wanted nothing more than to tear Bai Zihan apart limb by limb.

"Are you annoyed?"

Bai Zihan asked mockingly.

"It should be me who's annoyed! You're stopping me from earning my points."

Bai Zihan shouted back angrily at the persistent beast that refused to die. On any other day, he would have considered fighting a Grade-10 Demonic Beast a good opportunity to learn about his and his opponent's strength. But not today-today he was hell-bent on farming System Points.

The more he thought about his loss, the angrier he got. "Since you have no intention of backing away, I will kill you as quickly as

possible!"

Bai Zihan declared arrogantly.

He prepared to use Fate Severing Slash. By now, he was certain that as long as

he managed to land the technique on the Voidstep Razorhorn, it would die.

Even the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword had managed to injure it. Compared to Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, Fate Severing Slash was a far more devastating technique-and a Saint-Grade technique at that. However, there was one problem. While the Voidstep Razorhorn's defense was

slightly lacking compared to other Grade-10 Demonic Beasts, its speed far outclassed any other Demonic Beast.

Being able to hit it was almost impossible, especially with a technique requiring time and focus to use.

Not to mention, if he failed to hit the Razorhorn, his Qi would be drained.

While he had far more Qi reserves than others, Saint-Grade techniques consumed an enormous amount.

So, he can't just use it like other techniques or else he would be exhausted.

Bai Zihan knew he had to create an opportunity where the Voidstep Razorhorn absolutely could not move.

But how?

Clank! Clank!

His fight continued as Bai Zihan began to formulate his plan.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

Their clashes continued-explosive, violent, and fast enough to blur the air itself.

Bai Zihan parried, redirected, stepped back, stepped in-always watching, always thinking.

The Voidstep Razorhorn refused to give him even a breath of stillness. It attacked like a storm with no eye-only endless, suffocating speed.

Bai Zihan's eyes darted across every movement of the Voidstep Razorhorn, looking for even the slightest hint of an opening.

Every feint, every flash of speed-it all had to be analyzed, measured, predicted.

The two clashed repeatedly, each strike blurring the air itself. But the Razorhorn was no novice.

It had fought for decades-centuries, perhaps-and its senses were sharp, its reactions near perfect.

Every time Bai Zihan tried to create an opportunity, the beast adjusted instantly.

(I need one moment... one breath... one instant where it can't move...)

But there was nothing.

Nothing.

The Voidstep Razorhorn's guard was flawless. Its speed was unmatched.

Every potential opening Bai Zihan considered was sealed before he could even act.

Bai Zihan's mind raced, but time and again, his strikes were blocked, parried, or simply avoided.

Minutes stretched, or perhaps seconds-time seemed meaningless under such pressure.

Frustration began to coil in Bai Zihan's chest.

(Enough of this!)

He thought. The endless dance of attack and defense, the wasted time which he could have used to earn more points-it was making him impatient.

He unconsciously loosened his grip, allowed a hair's breadth of distraction to creep into his stance.

And that was all the Voidstep Razorhorn needed.

RRRSHHHHH!!

It vanished and reappeared instantly, horn glowing with concentrated wind essence-a spear of pure killing intent aimed straight at him.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed. He thought of an idea.

He didn't flinch. He didn't dodge. He didn't even redirect.

Bai Zihan tightened his grip.

(Here it comes-)

RRRSHHHHH!!

The Razorhorn reappeared right in front of him, its horn glowing with a concentrated swirl of violent wind essence.

An advanced piercing skill.

A killing blow.

Too fast!

Even Bai Zihan barely registered it before-

CRRRACK!!

The horn slammed directly into his stomach.

The impact tore apart the ground behind him as his body was launched like a cannonball, smashing through several boulders before grinding to a halt.

Bai Zihan staggered, blood dripping down his stomach.

The Razorhorn stood frozen, expecting its opponent to collapse.

Instead-Bai Zihan slowly lifted his head.

A crazed grin stretched across his blood-stained face.

"You're... the first in a while," he said, voice low and cold.

"One of the few who's managed to make me bleed."

Bai Zihan looked thrilled instead of being afraid which made Voidstep Razorhorn confused.

Well, anyone would be confused-after landing such a powerful blow, your opponent should be terrified... not smiling.

"Congratulations!"

He grabbed the Razorhorn's horn with one hand-forcing it to stay embedded in his body, not letting it pull away.

"The prize for that..."

His killing Intent erupted.

"...is that you get to die by my hand!"

His entire body surged with Qi-raging, violent, overwhelming. The very air trembled.

Saint-Grade Sword Technique-Bai Zihan raised his sword.

Every drop of Qi in his meridians raced toward the blade.

Voidstep Razorhorn also sensed a huge amount of Qi and understood that a powerful attack was incoming.

The Voidstep Razorhorn tried to retreat in fear-but Bai Zihan's grip tightened like an iron vice.

"Looks like you realized it... but you're too late to escape."

"Fate Severing Slash!!!"

The technique detonated like divine judgement.

A blinding arc of Sword Qi-thicker than a mountain's shadow-erupted point-blank into the Voidstep Razorhorn's body.

There was no dodging.

No blocking.

No speed in the world fast enough to outrun a Saint-Grade technique

unleashed at zero distance.

A blinding radiance burst forth.

For a heartbeat, the world fell silent.

Then-

SLASH!

The Fate Severing Slash tore through reality itself.

Not merely space-reality.

A colossal arc of Sword Qi exploded outward, so bright it carved a white streak

across the sky like a second sun being born.

Clouds split apart in a perfect line. The heavens themselves seemed to recoil as

if the slash had nearly severed them in two.

The ground beneath the Voidstep Razorhorn buckled.

The air shattered.

Everything the blade touched-wind, stone, essence-was ripped apart without

resistance, as if the world had been waiting to be cut all along.

The Voidstep Razorhorn didn't even have time to scream.

The sword light swallowed it whole.

For a moment, its entire form was outlined in the blinding arc-caught,

suspended, doomed.

Then-

The massive beast split apart from horn to tail, its body cleaved into two

perfect halves.

Even its famed spatial speed and wind essence meant nothing before a Saint-Grade technique unleashed at point-blank range.

Half a breath later-

BOOOM!

The Sword Qi detonated behind it, carving a canyon-like wound through the landscape. Trees, boulders, terrain-everything for miles was sliced cleanly, as if erased.

The sky itself still carried the scar of the slash,a thin white line stretching to the horizon, refusing to fade.

Dust, wind, and spiritual essence swirled violently-and then slowly settled.

THUD!

Two halves of the Voidstep Razorhorn hit the ground with a final, lifeless thud.

It was Bai Zihan's victory!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 377 Demonic Beasts Retreated?[954 words]

Chapter 377 Demonic Beasts Retreated?

Bai Xueqing's breath caught the moment she saw it.

The Voidstep Razorhorn's horn punched straight through Bai Zihan's stomach- clean, brutal, merciless.

Her eyes widened, a rare crack in her normally expressionless mask.

Even she, who almost never showed emotion, visibly trembled.

(He... got hit? Directly?)

Chu Ziyang screamed.

"No No no no..."

Her voice broke, panic surging.

She refused-refused-to believe what she had just seen.

Bai Tianheng's veins bulged on his fists as he swung his sword at the Hellridge Basilisk.

For a moment, even he felt his heart seize.

But he forced down the dread.

"Zihan won't fall so easily," he muttered, jaw tightening.

Then-blood poured from the hole in Bai Zihan's abdomen.

Yet his grin... was sharp and confident. Like he had caught his prey.

That familiar scheming smile.

Bai Xueqing exhaled sharply-relief and disbelief mixed on her face.

Having known him for so long, she knew what that expression meant. It meant that he caught the prey in his trap.

And then-

The world trembled.

A power so immense it made even the clouds tremble suddenly surged from Bai Zihan.

Everyone felt it.

Everyone!

On the far distant battlefield, the Immortal Realm experts waiting for the Demonic Cultivators or Immortal Realm Demonic Beasts froze mid-breath.

"What is this power...?"

"It's too strong... is that an Immortal Realm Demonic Beast?!"

Bai Ren sensed a familiar Qi but didn't fully recognize it.

"Should we go check?"

One of the Immortal Cultivators suggested. After all, if an Immortal Realm enemy had appeared without being sensed, it would be a disaster.

But one of the officers hurried in and clarified the situation.

"Immortal Sirs, please be at ease. Someone from our side is using a powerful technique."

He didn't go into details-it would require too much explanation if he told them that "someone" was only eighteen years old.

"Oh ho? Who is this person? Looks like he might rise to the Immortal Realm soon!"

One Immortal Cultivator laughed.

The officer only offered a strained smile.

Next Immortal? He isn't even in the Void Refinement Realm yet...

An invisible pressure slammed across heaven and earth!

A technique so mighty that even beings at the peak of the mortal felt a sense of crisis.

A blade of light carved the sky open-splitting the heavens like paper.

A single slash.

A single instant.

The Grade-10 Voidstep Razorhorn was bisected cleanly down the middle.

Silence.

Shock.

Reverence.

When the dust cleared, a lone figure stood in the devastated landscape...

Bai Zihan!

Blood dripped from the hole in his stomach, yet smirking like it had all gone according to the plan.

For a second, everything became silent.

Even the Demonic Beasts seemed to understand what had happened. Like the

humans, they too were too shocked to accept it.

The first to kill a Grade-10 Demonic Beast wasn't a Sect Leader or a Clan

Leader.

It was an eighteen-year-old in the Spirit Severing Realm.

Bai Zihan, unaware of the significance of his achievement, took a pill to heal his wound and then turned his gaze toward the Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

"I wasted too much time."

He muttered as he pulled out his System Interface and checked how many points he gained for killing a Grade-10 Demonic Beast.

"1000 points? Not too bad."

However, risking his life wasn't worth it. He would've earned far more total points slaughtering Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

So while getting ten times the points for one kill sounded nice, it didn't justify the risk and time involved.

Not only were Grade-10s much tougher, he had to risk his life.

Even though he had planned to take the hit to force the Voidstep Razorhorn into close range, he hadn't expected the beast's attack to be that powerful. If his body hadn't been refined multiple times, he would have died on the spot. Not to mention, he could probably only use Fate Severing Slash one more time. So, if he was lucky then perhaps he could kill one more Grade-10 Demonic Beast and earn 1000 points and that was it.

Fighting Grade-9s was far more efficient.

His Qi expenditure was negligible-moreover, several Grade-9 Demonic Beasts died in under a single second.

Slash! Slash!

Bai Zihan returned to his slaughter of Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

"Wha-What is he doing?"

"He still wants to continue fighting? Doesn't he get tired?"

"After using such a terrifying technique? And his injuries are already healed?"

Just what kind of body does he have?"

Everyone was stunned. Bai Zihan had just survived a life-threatening situation, but instead of retreating, he was already back to killing.

Just what kind of motivation was this?

Anyway, the Grade-10 Demonic Beast was dead. But the advantage wasn't entirely one-sided because the Azure Sun Holy Sect Leader could no longer fight.

If not for Bai Zihan, the Demonic Beasts would have had the advantage with One of the Great Ascension Realm Cultivators down on their side.

But now, he had reversed the situation-and even granted them an advantage by mowing down the weaker beasts.

Then-

"RRRAAOOOHHH!!!"

A desperate command roar surged across the wilderness.

Grade-9 and Grade-8 Demonic Beasts flinched, seemingly receiving an order from the remaining Grade-10s.

They turned and ran.

Massive shapes thundered across the broken terrain, retreating deeper into the Wildlands.

"Are they... actually fleeing?"

"Damn! Since when do Demonic Beasts know how to retreat?"

The Humans Held Their Ground

"Don't chase!"

A Sect Leader barked, raising his arm.

This could easily be a trap set by the Demonic Beasts. Who knew what they would encounter if they charged in recklessly?

Moreover, after such a heaven-shaking battle, even Great Ascension Cultivators felt fatigue creeping into their bones.

Compared to the Demonic Beasts who kept sending in reinforcements, many human cultivators had been fighting all day.

They didn't have the energy to pursue them into their home ground.

But...

One person clearly didn't give a damn.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Bai Zihan's voice echoed coldly through the carnage.

He took a step.

Then vanished.

Swoooooosh-!

He reappeared among the fleeing beasts like a phantom.

His sword flashed once-

SLASH!

A Grade-9 Demonic Beast collapsed into two halves.

Then another.

And another.

"Is he insane?!"

"He's chasing them alone! Does he want to die!?"

"Does he even feel fear?!"

"Just what kind of grudge does Bai Zihan have against Demonic Beasts- especially Grade-9s? He must have killed hundreds by now!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 378 A Person That Can No Longer be Ignored[1,412 words]

Chapter 378 A Person That Can No Longer be Ignored

The clash between humans and Demonic Beasts finally drew to an end, at least for today.

With the retreat of the remaining Demonic beasts, the battlefield grew eerily quiet-aside from the distant echoes of Bai Zihan butchering fleeing monsters. For the first time in a full day of slaughter, the human cultivators were able to breathe.

Some collapsed to their knees.

Some sat on broken stones, gasping for air.

Some simply stared blankly at the carnage, unable to believe they were still alive.

"We survived!"

"We actually pushed them back."

Bodies of fallen comrades and Demonic Beasts were scattered everywhere, yet the living felt a surge of pride.

They had won.

Not without losses, but victory was unmistakable.

Excitement ran through the ranks.

Relief and tears of joy.

The exhilaration of having survived a battle that should have killed them all.

Yet one person did not share the sentiment.

Far above, as the battlefield settled and relief swept through the cultivators, a lone figure landed lightly on a boulder.

Bai Zihan looked over the battlefield with a deep frown, clearly dissatisfied.

Bai Zihan sheathed his sword with a click and muttered under his breath, irritation thick in his voice.

"Tsk! They escaped."

He stared toward the depths of the Wildlands as if gazing at prey that slipped from his grasp.

"Should've slaughtered more Grade-9s."

He clenched his jaw, visibly displeased.

To the others, the day had been a desperate struggle for survival...

To him, it was an unfinished hunt.

A missed opportunity.

A loss of potential points.

A shadow descended beside him.

Bai Tianheng landed calmly, his boots crunching against shattered stone.

His gaze swept over the ruined valley-then fell on his son, who was still glaring into the Wilderness as if personally offended by the existence of retreating beasts.

He saw Bai Zihan's lips moving.

"What are you dissatisfied about this time?"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue again, expression full of irritation.

"These Demonic Beasts... Tch! They have no conviction at all."

He crossed his arms, still frowning deeply.

"How can they run away the moment things get tough? Demonic Beasts are supposed to be fierce. Yet they sprint faster than rabbits."

He sounded genuinely aggrieved.

"As soon as I get into the rhythm, they scatter. Shameless creatures. If they were going to retreat anyway, why didn't they let me kill them first?"

Bai Zihan replied as he glanced at the System Points he earned. Including the points from killing Voidstep Razorhorn, it was 8000 points.

Bai Tianheng slowly turned his head toward his son with an expression that hovered between disbelief and exasperation.

"...Son," he said, blinking. "What nonsense are you even saying?"

He stared harder. He also wondered if there was anything these Demonic Beasts had done to him but knew that they hadn't.

So, he didn't understand how Bai Zihan became so obsessed with killing.

Well, compared to his habit of tormenting other people because of his anger, this was much better.

Moreover, his son had killed a Grade-10 Demonic Beast, a being that even he would have a hard time killing.

And there was that Heaven Shaking Sword Technique that Bai Tianheng felt he, too, would die from if it hit him.

He wanted to ask just what that technique was.

However, he felt that it was too invasive into his privacy and that Zihan had already contributed a lot.

Not to mention, whatever it was, it was his son who had it-which was all good for the Bai Clan.

Bai Tianheng had a lot of questions in mind but knew that this wasn't a good place to ask them.

He just ruffled Bai Zihan's hair.

"You have done a great job!"

He simply complimented Bai Zihan.

Then he looked at the Great Wilderness with a serious expression.

That retreat wasn't a retreat of permanent defeat. It looked like they were scheming something, and he knew they would be back soon.

As Bai Tianheng and Bai Zihan returned, the battered battlefield slowly shifted its attention toward them.

Then whispers spread.

Then silence fell-heavy, reverent, almost awed-as the father and son descended onto solid ground.

All eyes turned to Bai Zihan.

Those who had witnessed even a fraction of his slaughter trembled.

"Did you see? He alone cut down dozens of Grade-9 beasts!"

"Not dozens-over fifty! Some swear it was closer to sixty!"

"No, think about it-he also killed a Grade-10 Demonic Beast! Even one of those would've made someone the top contributor in the entire war!"

"That's right. A single kill of that level is enough to earn lifetime glory... and he killed both a Grade-10 and more Grade-9s than the rest of us combined."

"Monstrous... absolutely monstrous."

They didn't speak with envy.

They spoke with fearful admiration.

A kind of reverence only reserved for beings who existed on the boundary between human and myth.

Some disciples lowered their heads when his gaze swept past them, unable to meet his eyes.

Some straightened up, hoping to hide their trembling.

Some looked as though they wanted to approach and thank him-but didn't dare.

Bai Clan Elders watched him with relief, pride, and a little disbelief.

Who would have thought that within two years Bai Zihan could change from being an embarrassment to the absolute pride of the Bai Clan?

He wasn't the troublesome brat anymore but someone who wielded power equal to that of the Clan Leader already.

Only those from the Li and Zhao Clans reacted differently.

Their faces twisted.

Jaws clenched.

Teeth gritted. They glared at him with a mix of anger, humiliation, and something they tried hard to hide-fear.

The Li-Zhao Clan, who had treated Bai Zihan like a troublesome youth, now looked at him like a High Elder who could already change the battlefield on such a scale.

If they wanted to deal with Bai Zihan, they knew that underhanded tactics and sending a few assassins wouldn't be enough.

They needed to treat Bai Zihan like how they treated Bai Tianheng-with extreme caution.

Their glares grew colder by the second-but their hands subtly trembled

beneath their sleeves.

Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian felt immense regret for not having taken care of

Bai Zihan previously when he was still a powerless person.

Bai Zihan ignored them all.

Their hatred wasn't even worth acknowledging.

He simply walked forward, yawning lightly, looking bored rather than triumphant.

Bai Zihan stretched his shoulders as he walked back toward the temporary camp, a faint sigh slipping out.

The battle was over.

The beasts had retreated.

There was nothing left to kill.

Which meant...

"...Guess I can rest now," he muttered.

Not because he was tired-his Qi reserves were practically untouched.

Though it was at 20%, that was more than enough to kill more, and it was recovering at an insane speed.

But there wasn't anything to do other than rest.

A nap suddenly felt like a reasonable option.

He turned toward the Bai Clan's camp, fully intending to vanish inside a tent and lie down for a few hours-

But fate, as always, refused him peace.

A streak of blinding white light descended from the sky.

Bai Zihan halted mid-step.

The flash of white light dimmed, and dozens of figures stepped out of the air.

The Bai Clan Grand Elders had arrived.

And they arrived loudly.

Very loudly.

The first to land-the oldest, loudest, and most shameless of them-Bai Chu.

He threw his head back and let out a booming laugh that shook dust from the mountainsides.
"Hahahahaha! Wonderful! Wonderful! This old man's blood is boiling!"

He jabbed a finger at Bai Zihan as if pointing at a celestial treasure.

"Look at him! Look carefully! That monster down there is my grandson!" The other Grand Elders landed beside him.

"Hahahaha! Zihan'er, my boy! You slaughtered those beasts beautifully! What a fine show! Come, come-stand straight! Let them all see what true talent looks like!"

Bai Zihan stared at him blankly, his expression somewhere between confused, resigned, and mildly annoyed.

"Old man, can you not?"

But the Grand Elder only laughed louder.

"Not? How can I NOT?! Do you know how long I've waited for this day?! For the Bai Clan to have someone who can slap the faces of all those self-important old fossils?" He turned dramatically toward the other clans' Immortal experts.

"You see?! This is the Bai Clan's younger generation! The future Immortal Emperor my grandson!"

The entire battlefield went silent.

The Li and Zhao Immortals froze. Even Bai Tianheng raised a brow from afar.

Another Bai Grand Elder coughed lightly.

"Elder, perhaps don't make such grand declarations so casually-"

The Grand Elder slapped his back so hard the man stumbled forward.

"What casual? Look at him! A Grade-10 Demonic Beast fell under his sword! I'm being humble!"

The other clans collectively:

"..."

The Grand Elder kept going, voice filled with shameless pride.

"You old relics better keep your juniors polite from now on! If anyone from

your clans provokes him again, don't blame us when he slaps them into the ground! He's stronger than your elders already!"

The Zhao Grand Elder nearly coughed up blood from anger.

The Li Grand Elder's eyelid twitched violently.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan felt his headache worsening. He had intended to rest, but it looked like that was a distant dream now.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 379 Return of the Endless Tide[1,405 words]

Chapter 379 Return of the Endless Tide

The next few days passed in an unsettling calm.

Too calm.

The battlefield that had once been a devouring maw of smoke, blood, and roars now lay still beneath the gray morning skies.

Desolate Heaven Empire's cultivators patrolled the perimeter in rotating shifts, tension woven deep into their expressions.

Every snapping twig made someone grip their weapon; every rustle in the tall grass had a guard narrowing their eyes.

Because everyone knew, a Beast Tide never ends like this.

Not without price.

Not without a final frenzy.

Not without a last, desperate push.

But the Great Wilderness remained silent.

Rather than letting down the guards due to such rare peace, it made things the opposite.

Guards doubled and scouts tripled.

But no roaring tide came.

No beasts charged.

Nothing moved within the first ten miles of the Wilderness.

Gossip and speculation had been spreading among the cultivators, especially the young who loved nothing more than gossip.

Many thought that perhaps the Bai Zihan massacre had scared off the Demonic

Beasts.

Others speculated that perhaps they were waiting for them to let down their guard so that they could launch a surprise attack.

Anyway, there was no need for more speculation since after three days, the Beast Tide continued.

This time, Grade-10 demonic beasts joined from the start and led the Beast Tide.

Of course, in response, the Great Ascension Realm from their side also joined from the start.

The return of the Beast Tide was not dramatic.

There was no earth-shaking roar.

No thunderous stampede.

Scouts burst back through the treeline, panic twisting their faces.

"They're coming!"

"The Beast Tide has returned!"

"Grade-10s-multiple Grade-10s-leading the front!"

In an instant, the Desolate Heaven Empire's cultivators were brought out to confront the Beast Tide again.

Since Grade-10 Demonic Beasts were joining the battle, the Desolate Heaven Empire did the same by having their Great Ascension Realm join them.

The number of Demonic Beasts was similar to what it had been when they had run away with their tails between their legs.

Of course, the only thing was that it seemed like more Grade-9 Demonic Beasts had joined in since Bai Zihan killed many of them.

This made others a bit nervous since it was like Bai Zihan's massacre had no effect on the overall Beast Tide, while on the other hand Bai Zihan couldn't be

happier.

More Grade-9 Demonic Beasts, more points that he could gain.

Infinite Grade-9 Demonic Beasts were equal to infinite points.

Well, it wasn't too big of a deal. At least the Grade-10 Demonic Beast was still missing one which had been killed by Bai Zihan.

On their own side, one crucial pillar was missing.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect's Leader-one of the few Great Ascension experts strong enough to hold back a Grade-10 beast-remained unconscious, locked in deep recuperation.

But strangely enough, the morale didn't falter.

Not even a little.

Because one figure was still fresh in their minds.

Bai Zihan!

If the situation remained the same, wouldn't this just be a repeat of what had happened in the previous confrontation?

Bai Zihan would obviously start mowing down those Demonic Beasts, and no

one could stop him since even Grade-10 Demonic Beasts failed.

The second wave began much like the first-an ocean of techniques and killing intent spilling out of the Great Wilderness.

Even without words, every cultivator felt it.

The Beast Tide rolled forward in coordinated layers.

The weaker beasts formed the front line, charging like a living tidal wave.

Behind them, the Grade-8s and Grade-9s marched with frightening discipline, as if some unseen force were arranging them.

The Grade-10 Demonic Beasts remained in the rear, their oppressive auras sweeping outward like the slow opening of a monstrous eye.

Human forces moved in response.

Commanders gestured, Elders stepped forward, formations lit up across the battlefield.

Great Ascension Realm experts rose into the air, preparing to intercept the monstrous leaders of the horde.

Bai Zihan was in the same position as previously; however, it was clear as daylight that he wouldn't cooperate with Bai Lumei's group.

Not like they could keep up with him. Even a Void Refinement Elder found it hard to keep up with him, so cooperation would only slow him down.

Perhaps only with Great Ascension Realm experts could Bai Zihan cooperate well.

But for now, it was better that Bai Zihan acted alone.

And after the previous battle, no one had the qualification to stop him.

He had killed fifty-plus Grade-9 beasts on his own.

He had decapitated a Grade-10 beast in full view of the entire army.

He had saved thousands, probably tens of thousands, simply by existing.

So even if Bai Zihan were to break from his group and act on his own, there was no one who could stop him-nor did they have a reason to stop him when he was making such a huge contribution.

Behind him, cultivators felt their earlier anxiety ease.

Not because the Beast Tide was weaker-it wasn't.

If anything, there were more Grade-9 beasts this time.

But because Bai Zihan was there.

Just as he had been last time.

Just as he would be now.

The first collision began.

The opening wave-hundreds of Grade-6 and Grade-7 beasts followed by the stronger ones who rushed forward with thunderous force.

Bai Zihan moved.

Or rather-

He disappeared. A streak of cold brilliance sliced through the front lines, cutting apart everything in its path.

Beast corpses were flung into the sky like shredded leaves caught in a gale.

The battlefield trembled from the sheer violence of the opening exchange.

Human cultivators carved their own paths through the horde, but their gazes kept drifting toward the lone figure who had already plunged deep into enemy

ranks.

Even from afar, they could see it:

Wherever Bai Zihan passed, the Beast Tide broke.

Lines collapsed.

Momentum shattered.

Grade-8 beasts fell before they even realized he had reached them.

Grade-9 beasts lifted their heads, instincts screaming danger, but their reactions were always a fraction too slow.

It was the beginning of the massacre.

Just like the last battle. However, it seemed the demonic beasts had learned something from the previous fight.

Unlike before-when a single, prideful Grade-9 had charged in alone-this time five Grade-9 Demonic Beasts surged forward together, their auras intertwining like a storm of feral wills.

They didn't bother with subtlety.

They came straight for Bai Zihan,

As if the entire Beast Tide had been reorganized around a single objective, to kill Bai Zihan.

The ground cracked beneath their combined pressure, shockwaves rippling out.

Human cultivators staggered back, blood qi rattled, and even seasoned Elders felt their hearts squeeze under the crushing presence of five apex predators

moving in unison.

But Bai Zihan?

He just stood there.

Rather than fleeing because of Grade-9 teaming up to kill him, he rather wants to give thumb up to whoever came up with such a plan.

Hunting down Grade-9 beasts one by one was tedious, not to mention wastage of time.

If they wanted to come together and save him the trouble of searching for them, even better.

So as the five colossal monsters lunged at him, Bai Zihan stepped forward with genuine appreciation.

"Good beasts," he said softly, sword rising. "Come die!"

And the slaughter began anew.

The clash was instantaneous.

Five monstrous bodies crashed down with enough force to collapse mountains, but Bai Zihan's sword tore through the incoming shockwaves as if splitting fragile mist.

A spray of beast blood erupted into the sky.

The battlefield shook as the massive figures staggered-some skidding, some

roaring, some caught completely off guard by the sheer sharpness of Bai Zihan's opening counterattack.

Grade-10 Demonic Beast also made their moves and the Great Ascension Realm experts moved as well.

They intercepted the Grade-10 beasts scattered across the battlefield, meeting them mid-air in clashes that made heaven and earth tremble.

Light and shadow danced as titanic auras collided, the sky itself warping under the power released.

It was, once again, the same dance of destruction as before.

Great Ascension against Grade-10!

Many battles fell into slow, grinding stalemates.

But Bai Zihan?

He was different.

The demonic beasts had brought what could only be described as an endless supply of Grade-9 beasts-far more than last time.

And disturbingly, a frightening number of them focused solely on him.

One group of five died.

Another five immediately took their place.

Then another.

And another.

There was no hesitation.

No fear.

No instinct for survival.

They came at him without retreat, without pause, without even the instinctive terror beasts should have felt after witnessing his slaughter.

By now, Bai Zihan had already amassed more than thirty Grade-9 kills-and

barely an hour had passed.

They kept coming.

Endlessly!

Bai Zihan titled slightly-not out of worry, but confusion. Demonic beasts, for all their savagery, possessed raw animal instinct. After

seeing their brethren reduced to heaps of mangled flesh, they should have fled. Instead, they threw themselves at him like moths into a blazing inferno.

He assumed, for a moment, that perhaps they hoped to exhaust him by giving

him no space to breathe.

Of course, the truth couldn't have been farther from that.

But Bai Zihan didn't complain.

Not even a little.

Instead, the corner of his lips pulled upward.

This was good.

Too Good!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 380 Demonic Cultivators Join in![938 words]

Chapter 380 Demonic Cultivators Join in!

At this point, the atmosphere among the Desolate Heaven Empire's forces had shifted.

The Beast Tide no longer felt like an apocalyptic calamity-because Bai Zihan had turned it into a harvest.

"Look at that!"

One junior cultivator whispered as Bai Zihan cut down another Grade-9 beast with casual elegance.

"They just keep lining up to die."

"Do these beasts not learn?" another snorted. "Throwing more bodies at him won't change the result!"

"Honestly, are we sure this is a High-Level Beast Tide?"

A spear-bearing inner disciple chimed in.

Laughter spread through the ranks.

Even the Elders cracked faint smiles.

Last time, they had been terrified by just the sheer numbers.

This time?

Watching Bai Zihan massacre wave after wave of Grade-9 beasts made them relax-perhaps too much.

Some began treating the battle like a spectacle between their own attacks, shouting comments that bordered on playful:

"Hey, the next group is coming! Guess how long he'll take to kill this batch?"

"I put my allowance on ten breaths!"

"Ten breaths? You dare underestimate Young Master Bai? Five breaths at most!"

The tension that had suffocated them for days was finally loosening.

Well, after all there was not much pressure for them to kill their enemy.

As long as they could just stall them enough, Bai Zihan would reduce the number of Grade-9 Demonic Beasts making it easy for elders to come help them.

If it continued this way, it was for certain that this time too would be their absolute victory.

But then-

A sound tore across the battlefield.

SLASH-SLASH-SLASH!

Multiple sharp cracks ripped through the eastern flank, each one followed by a spray of blood and a body collapsing.

"AAAHHHHH!"

Screams erupted instantly.

Cultivators who had been talking just moments before were suddenly cleaved apart-some falling in halves, others dropping like puppets with severed strings. Limbs hit the ground.

Blood mist rolled through the air.

The formation lines buckled as dozens of Desolate Heaven Empire cultivators crumpled without even seeing the attack.

Panic rippled outward in a wave as the survivors stumbled back, staring in horror at the carnage blooming among their ranks.

No one understood what had just happened immediately.

The battlefield, already tense, seemed to freeze.

Every gaze whipped toward the eastern flank, where corpses lay scattered, freshly cut, their blood steaming in the cold air.

Then-

Thousands of demonic qi tendrils burst forth like a blooming flower of death.

"Hehehe... what easy prey..."

"Look how fragile they are..."

"Slice them apart-leave none standing..."

The voices were sharp, layered with madness and bloodlust, like broken glass scraping across bone.

A chill ran through the Desolate Heaven Empire's forces.

Only then did everyone finally understand.

These deaths were not caused by beasts.

It was Demonic Cultivators.

They had infiltrated the battlefield, hiding in the shadow of the Beast Tide, waiting for the perfect moment to strike-and now their malicious laughter spilled into the open as their silhouettes emerged fully from the inky haze.

They had arrived without warning.

Without sound.

Without being sensed.

Commander Wei Zongyuan's expression twisted from relaxed confidence into shock and fury.

"What... what are the scouts doing!?"

He roared, Qi flaring violently.

"How did such a large number of Demonic Cultivators get into our formation without-"

Commander Wei wanted to blame the scout for failing to do their duty but he realized something and was truly shaken.

Not only had the scouts failed since Demonic Cultivators that too in such numbers managed to infiltrate, then it meant even Immortal Realm cultivators hadn't sensed them.

If they had sensed them, they would have at least warned them beforehand.

Which meant that whatever method that they used, they were able to hide their Qi even from Immortal Cultivators.

That was when a scout, drenched in blood, staggered into view, gasping, half-kneeling before Commander Wei.

"R-report!"

Wei Zongyuan ordered, "Speak!"

The scout's voice shook uncontrollably.

"Commander... we-the forward scouting units-we... we just discovered..."

He swallowed hard.

Even speaking the next words seemed to terrify him.

"...multiple large groups of Demonic Cultivators... surrounding us from all sides."

Commander Wei's expression hardened.

Who would have thought that Demonic Cultivators were nowhere to be seen but in a blink, without their knowledge they had managed to surround them.

Although they knew that the Demonic Cultivators wouldn't just sit and watch the Beast Tide get slaughtered again.

Otherwise, their long-awaited plan would amount to nothing.

Although they had already prepared countermeasures for this exact scenario, Commander Wei Zongyuan still couldn't stop the unease gnawing at him-

especially after seeing how the Demonic Cultivators had slipped so close

without anyone noticing.

Wei Zongyuan exhaled slowly. Anyways, they had to just go with the countermeasures that they had prepared.

Then his commanding voice rang out like a war horn.

"Reserve units-MOVE!!"

All the reserve forces that had been waiting for this moment surged forward.

"As expected," Wei Zongyuan muttered, voice low and biting, "the Demonic Cultivators wouldn't just sit and watch their beasts die."

He swept his arm toward the spreading demonic mist.

"They wanted to use the chaos to seize the Desolate Heaven Empire's

territory... to steal the title of strongest force."

He laughed once-short, humorless.

"But now they've walked right into our jaws."

Looking at their force, he was filled with confidence again.

After all, they had the best of the best of Desolate Heaven Empire and there is

no way that they would lose.

Commanders barked orders, reorganizing the formation to brace for a

two-front war.

The atmosphere-once relaxed, careless-tightened like a bowstring drawn to

its limit.

Scouts scrambled into position.

Immortal Realm elders surged forward, however, they didn't join right away.

They had to wait for the Immortal Realm opponent from their opponent's side.

The reserves filled the gaps in the eastern flank where bodies lay strewn across the grass.

Wei Zongyuan raised his sword high, qi radiating like a blazing pillar.

"Today," he roared, "we eliminate BOTH scourges of the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

His killing intent exploded outward.

"BEAST TIDE AND DEMONIC CULTIVATORS—"

"WE WIPE THEM OUT TOGETHER!"

The troops, shaken but rallying, shouted back with renewed fervor.

War drums thundered from the rear.

Qi surged like a rising tide. This is time for real war!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 381 Demonic Cultivator's Launches Attack![920 words]

Chapter 381 Demonic Cultivator's Launches Attack!

"Hehehe... finally, a chance to teach these arrogant righteous dogs what true power looks like."

"Let them struggle. Their panic... their despair... it's the sweetest offering"

"Let's see how long they last."

"This is the time for a new era!"

The Demonic Cultivators' voices were filled with anticipation, bloodlust, and hatred.

But all those jeering whispers quieted as a single figure stepped forward.

Mo Tianji!

The Saint Son of the Crimson Demon Sect.

His gaze burned with hatred.

"Bai Zihan..."

The name slipped past his lips like venom.

Around him, dozens of Demonic Cultivators fell silent instantly, sensing immense bloodlust from Mo Tianji.

Mo Tianji's standing has fallen quite a lot after what had happened in the Ancient Ruins.

However, his strength has shut down many doubters and he was able to maintain his status.

Mo Tianji's fingers clenched into a fist as he remembered the greatest humiliation of his life.

He wished for nothing more than to teach Bai Zihan a lesson himself.

Yet he knew the truth. Bai Zihan had become far stronger than him-so strong that even their Elders would struggle against him.

They had been warned, especially him, not to recklessly challenge Bai Zihan.

"Hmph! While I can't kill you myself, you will certainly die this time."

Mo Tianji muttered.

His hatred was not unique. Many Demonic Cultivators held grudges against the righteous sects.

Some felt oppressed. Others had clashed with them before. And some, like Mo Tianji, bore personal hatred toward prodigies like Bai Zihan.

In any case, this time, they were determined to execute their grand plan and seize the Desolate Heaven Empire for themselves.

It was finally time for them to become its rulers.

A deep, commanding voice cut through the demonic murmurs. "Silence!"

A senior executive of the Demonic Cultivators stepped forward.

His presence alone pushed the surrounding mist aside-a Great Ascension Realm powerhouse, cloaked in bone-carved armor and drenched in killing qi. "We begin when the signal comes."

His gaze swept over the army of cloaked silhouettes.

"The assassins have already infiltrated their formation."

A cruel smile twisted his lips.

"When their blades fall-when the righteous cultivators start dying in chaos- that is when you move."

The gathered Demonic Cultivators straightened almost reverently, bloodlust simmering under control.

He raised one hand, pointing toward the distant battlefield.

"Our objective has not changed."

"Entrap the righteous forces between us and the Beast Tide. Do NOT obstruct the demonic beasts."

"Force the righteous into a pincer of death."

His voice dropped into a hungry growl.

"When they are crushed by us... the Desolate Heaven Empire will be ours."

Mo Tianji exhaled slowly, hatred burning fiercely behind his eyes.

(Bai Zihan, it is your bad luck that the Great Ascension Realm is after your life.)

"Good... Let Bai Zihan enjoy his last moments."

The demonic mist churned violently around them, pulsing with excitement and murderous intent, as they awaited the first signal of slaughter from their hidden assassins-

SLASH-!

A single, bone-chilling sound split through the air.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

Then another.

And another.

From the eastern flank, dozens of shadows flickered into existence-assassins cloaked in demonic qi, their blades dripping with fresh blood.

The signal had been given.

The senior executive's lips curled into a savage grin.

"Now!"

His command echoed like a death knell.

In an instant, the demonic mist surged forward as thousands of Demonic Cultivators stepped out from their concealed positions, forming waves of dark silhouettes spreading across the battlefield like an eclipse swallowing the horizon.

Their killing intent rolled outward in a suffocating tide.

The war drums thundered like a storm breaking over the battlefield.

Only then did the cultivators who were fighting the Beast Tide truly see the encirclement.

From the north, south, east, and west...

From every direction where the forest met the clearing...

Waves of inky mist swelled outward like a colossal, suffocating tide.

And within it-

Countless silhouettes stood silently, as if they had always been there, watching, waiting.

Some perched atop twisted branches like vultures waiting for corpses.

Others stood with blades lowered, their bodies still but their killing intent pressing down like lead.

A realization settled over the Desolate Heaven Empire's cultivators like a hammer blow:

They were surrounded.

This wasn't a small infiltration.

This wasn't a surprise attack from a single flank.

This was a premeditated, coordinated encirclement by a massive Demonic Cultivator force-one large enough to rival the Beast Tide itself.

Ten of Thousands of Demonic Cultivators revealed themselves as they marched towards them.

Whispers died.

Breaths stopped.

Even the Void Refinement Realm elders felt their spines stiffen.

If the Demonic Cultivators truly joined the Beast Tide, even with their reserve forces, it was uncertain whether they could hold.

Beside the churning battlefield, Bai Tianheng's eyes narrowed as he surveyed the mist, expression grim.

The Demonic Cultivators weren't hiding their strength anymore-he could already sense several Great Ascension Realm auras.

"Looks like they're going all out."

Bai Tianheng muttered.

He slowed his attacks, conserving qi for the inevitable clash with the demonic forces.

Many others followed suit.

Because now, it was clear:

Demonic beasts were no longer the only threat.

But at the very front-

Standing alone, unbothered, untouched by tension-

Was Bai Zihan!

Grade-9 beast blood still dripped from his blade, sizzling on the ground.

The moment he sensed the Demonic Cultivators tightening the circle, he exhaled sharply.

Annoyed and irritated but not even remotely afraid.

"More nuisance."

He muttered.

No fear.

Just frustration that they dared interrupt his slaughter and his points.

Although annoyed, he still continued to kill the Demonic Beasts without holding back.

Rather, seeing the nuisances were going to join soon, he rather increased the speed at which he was killing Grade-9 Demonic beasts.

His thought process was that after Demonic Cultivators join, he wouldn't have the opportunity to earn as many points, so he should do it when he can.

Only when the Demonic Cultivators were within 200 meters radius did he stop focusing on Demonic Beasts.

His eyes lifted slightly, sweeping across the countless figures. "Would I gain points if I slaughter Void Refinement Demonic Cultivators?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 382 The Blooming of Demonic Qi! [1,383 words]

Chapter 382 The Blooming of Demonic Qi!

"Well, that would definitely be nice!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

Anyways, the Demonic Cultivators made contact soon after.

And it was devastating.

The eastern flank collapsed almost instantly as a tide of shadowy figures crashed into the already-strained Desolate Heaven Empire lines.

Demonic qi collided with Desolate Heaven Empire cultivators.

Explosions lit the battlefield like violent fireworks.

Already having their hands tied fighting the Demonic Beasts, the cultivators of the Desolate Heaven Empire had no spare attention to deal with Demonic Cultivators as well.

If they shifted their focus to the Demonic Cultivators, then the Demonic Beasts would shred them to pieces.

However, it wasn't as if they could ignore Demonic Cultivators, who would obviously not miss such a golden opportunity.

The Beast Tide did not pause or slow-it surged even harder, crashing into their backs while the Demonic Cultivators cut down the front.

The result-

Carnage. Immediate, bloody carnage!

Screams drowned beneath the roar of demonic spells.

Bodies were hurled into the air.

Formations shattered.

And because the Demonic Cultivators revealed themselves too abruptly without being detected-the reserve units stationed farther back were not quick enough to respond.

Commander Wei Zongyuan's expression twisted as he saw the slaughter unfolding.

They had anticipated an infiltration.

They had prepared countermeasures.

But not even he had expected the Demonic Cultivators to get this close, undetected, before springing the trap.

And now, in the first few minutes, the Desolate Heaven Empire lost more cultivators than they had in the entire battle before the ambush.

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue as a corpse flew past him.

"Tch! Annoying."

He could no longer afford to focus solely on killing Grade-9 beasts.

If these Demonic Cultivators broke past him-they would crash directly into the area where the Bai Clan's forces were stationed.

Although they wouldn't go down easily, there would definitely be casualties, and that wasn't something good.

He immediately stopped advancing forward and instead stepped back several meters.

His foot pressed lightly against the blood-soaked ground-

BOOM!

A shockwave erupted beneath his heel as he propelled himself backward, carving a clear, controlled path through beasts and enemies.

Landing atop a pile of still-twitching monster corpses, he adjusted his stance.

The Demonic Cultivators surged toward him like a black tsunami.

He swept his gaze coldly across their ranks.

Now, instead of advancing deeper into the Beast Tide, he positioned himself squarely between the incoming demonic army and the Bai Clan's position behind him.

But the Demonic Cultivators did not rush at him.

Not the way Demonic Beasts did.

Instead-

Their charge stuttered.

Their steps slowed.

Many outright stopped several dozen meters away, skidding to a halt as if hitting an invisible wall.

Whispers rippled through their ranks.

"D-Don't go near him..."

"That's Bai Zihan!"

Even the most deranged, battle-hungry Demonic Cultivators valued their lives

when reality slapped them across the face.

Because Bai Zihan was not a simple prodigy.

He was a walking calamity.

They weren't stupid enough to not know what Bai Zihan had done.

Not only because of the news about him killing Grade-10 Demonic Beasts- there were rumors about Bai Zihan having survived Gou You's punch.

That was an Immortal Realm expert's punch. And he survived.

A single person.

And yet-

A large group of Demonic Cultivators-thousands strong-hesitated.

Some instinctively stepped back when Bai Zihan's gaze happened to sweep over them, as if his eyes alone could sever their heads.

Even the Void Refinement Realm Elders paused, faces tight and grim.

They had originally planned to rush forward and carve through the righteous forces.

But now?

A single young man had stopped their advance.

One person.

Bai Zihan!

The Void Refinement Elder leading the east flank gritted his teeth, veins bulging on his temples.

"We cannot allow this brat to hold us here!"

His roar snapped many out of their fear, but not their caution.

He quickly assessed the chaotic battlefield and came to a swift decision.

"Spread out! A group will circle around him and hit the rear!"

He pointed toward the distance where the Bai Clan's forces were stationed.

"If we wait too long, reinforcements will arrive, and our ambush will fail!"

His voice turned razor-sharp.

"Before that happens, we must reduce their strongest force-the Bai Clan!"

Several elders nodded grimly.

This wasn't just a raid.

It was a decisive strike meant to cripple the Empire.

They could not afford hesitation.

"Three teams will move past Bai Zihan and charge the rear lines! Do not engage him unless absolutely necessary!"

"And the rest of you-"

His eyes locked on Bai Zihan, the youth standing alone like a solitary mountain carved from arrogance and unshakeable calm.

"-will stop him here!"

The order sent ripples of fear through their troops, but obedience won out.

Dozens of Void Refinement experts exchanged glances.

None wanted to be the first.

None wanted to test the sword that butchered beasts like weeds.

But they had no choice.

"Stall him. Hold him until the Great Ascension Elders arrive!"

The plan was desperate.

Risky.

Maybe even foolish.

But it was their only option.

As the first wave of Void Refinement Demonic Cultivators tightened their grips on their weapons and slowly, reluctantly stepped toward Bai Zihan-

The air thickened.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, eyes narrowing faintly.

"Oh?"

A faint, mocking smile tugged at his lips.

"Looks like you finally decided to move."

His blade hummed with cold light as he lifted it slightly.

"But going around me..."

His voice dropped to a dangerously soft murmur.

"...did you really think I'd allow that?"

The ground trembled-

As Bai Zihan moved.

The moment Bai Zihan shifted his stance, ten Void Refinement Realm Elders burst forward at once.

"Form the cage!"

Demonic qi ignited like ten pillars of black flame, weaving together into a dome of murderous pressure around Bai Zihan.

In an instant, the young man was surrounded-cut off from every direction. A perfect encirclement.

Or so they wished.

The Elders grinned sharply, their fear masked by forced bravado.

"He's trapped!"

"Good! Hold him here!"

But-

Bai Zihan simply raised an eyebrow.

"Trapped?"

He always found it amusing how people became confident just because he took it easy and didn't respond immediately.

SHOOOM!

A dozen demonic cultivators broke away from the main group, rushing toward the rear where the Bai Clan's forces held the line.

"There! Move past him!"

"Kill the other Bai Clan cultivators first!"

"Hehe... They're preoccupied fighting the Demonic Beasts. They won't be able to fight back."

They were fast.

But...

Bai Zihan's fingers tightened around his sword.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

The blade flickered-

And vanished.

Then-

SHLICK!

SHLICK!

SHLICK!

Nine streaks of blinding silver ripped across the air, weaving through the gaps between the Elders encircling him.

The fleeing demonic cultivators froze mid-stride.

A heartbeat later-

Their bodies slid apart like sliced fruit.

Blood sprayed in nine perfect arcs, painting the battlefield crimson.

The Elders who had trapped Bai Zihan widened their eyes.

"T-This speed-!"

"Is he really in the Spirit Severing Realm?!"

The next wave of Spirit Severing and Nascent Soul demonic cultivators who attempted to slip around him halted instantly-trembling.

Even through their fear, the ten Void Refinement Elders roared in fury.

"Damn you-!"

"Stop him!"

They lunged simultaneously, their combined assault shaking the ground and distorting the sky.

But Bai Zihan didn't even flinch.

His sword moved in clean arcs, blocking, slicing, redirecting-each clash

sending one or two

Elders stumbling back, coughing blood.

Even surrounded, he wasn't pressured.

He stepped forward once-

BOOM!

Three Elders were blown back tens of meters.

"S-Stop him!"

"Don't let him break the formation!"

But Bai Zihan was already moving again.

The remaining demonic cultivators-those who were supposed to bypass him and charge toward the Bai Clan-stopped completely.

None dared to take a single step.

Not after seeing dozens of their comrades butchered as if they were chickens in a slaughterhouse.

Fear rooted them to the ground.

The Void Refinement Elder leading the assault noticed their hesitation mid-battle.

His expression twisted with rage.

"You cowards!" he roared, barely blocking a strike that sent cracks spiderwebbing beneath his feet.

"What are you doing?!"

He swung his blade with all his might, forcing two of his fellow Elders to reinforce him just to stay standing.

"You're wasting the precious opportunity we created! Go around him and kill the Bai Clan before their reinforcements arrive!"

Just thinking about the immense pressure and the possibility of death for them to only cower like this made the Elder furious.

Though with his command, they finally managed to move-slowly, cautiously.

Bai Zihan tried to break away but failed. This time, the Demonic Elders were going all-out and stopping him with everything they had.

"Tsk!"

Although he didn't want to, he had to accept the fact that taking care of ten Void Refinement Realm elders was too much for his current strength. He had fought against seven Void Refinement Realm elders in the Falling Star

Empire, and while he still held the advantage back then, it was because their cultivators had inferior techniques.

On the other hand, the Demonic Cultivator elders all had at least Earth-Grade techniques-and there were more of them.

Of course, Bai Zihan didn't think he would die, but trying to do anything

beyond holding them back was out of the question.

(Well, I did all I could.)

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 383 Bai Xueqing Vs Dugu Lianxin: Rematch![1,409 words]

Chapter 383 Bai Xueqing Vs Dugu Lianxin: Rematch!

The Bai Clan prepared themselves as thousands of Demonic Cultivators made it past Bai Zihan.

They were also fighting with Demonic Beasts, so in a sense they were already preoccupied.

However, they weren't overly worried since they weren't fighting using their full strength either.

Ever since Bai Zihan gave a Heaven-grade Cultivation Technique to the Clan, the once-secret Earth-Grade Cultivation Technique, Azure Dragon Breathing Method which was reserved for the Bai Clan's elite was taught to everyone in the Bai Clan.

With that, they-who were already the strongest in the Desolate Heaven Empire-had become invincible. In the same realm, there was hardly anyone who could match them.

They had been keeping their true strength hidden because they didn't only need to worry about external threats but also allies.

They didn't want to show too much to the Li-Zhao and other enemies from the alliance, so they kept fighting without showing their full strength.

So, while they were fighting Demonic Beasts, it was not as if they were struggling against them.

Moreover, Bai Zihan was keeping the annoying Demonic Elder pests away.

So, Bai Clan Elders could contribute more toward fighting weaker opponents and finish them off easily.

Also, the ones who managed to slip past Bai Zihan were far fewer than the Demonic Cultivators had initially planned.

And even those few-were marching straight into a nightmare.

"Don't hold back! Kill these Demonic Beasts and focus on the Demonic Cultivators!"

One of the Elders commanded.

Fighting on both fronts would be very difficult even with their strength, so it was better for them to take care of them one by one.

As the command was given out, Bai Clan members-who were seemingly struggling against the Demonic Beasts-suddenly increased their qi and then-

Slash! Slash!

Thousands of Demonic Beasts who had been fighting dropped to the ground.

!!!

This obviously startled the Demonic Cultivators, but since they had already pushed through, they couldn't stop now.

Not to mention, they assumed that the Bai Clan must be exhausted after expending so much qi to handle the Demonic Beasts.

The first clash erupted like a thunderstorm.

"Kill them! Don't let-"

CRACK!

The leading demonic cultivator's voice froze mid-command.

More accurately-

He froze.

Everything froze.

A wave of glacial light swept across the battlefield as Bai Xueqing flicked her fingers.

"Glacial Heaven Seal-Absolute Frost Domain!"

The temperature plummeted so abruptly that frost burst along the ground like crystalline flowers.

Within a heartbeat, dozens-no, hundreds-of Demonic Cultivators were sealed from the knees up in transparent, crystal-blue ice.

Their limbs froze mid-motion.

Their qi circulation halted.

And then-

crack... crack... CRAAAACK!

Several shattered instantly as the ice expanded, tearing their bodies apart.

Those who survived were left unable to move even a fingertip.

The Bai Clan's frontline didn't hesitate.

"Finish them!"

Spirit Severing and Soul Formation Bai cultivators surged forward like a sharp blade cleaving through rotted flesh.

Frozen bodies broke apart like brittle sculptures.

Limbs scattered.

Blood misted the air.

Then there was the Bai Clan's Elder- even without any support, they were enough to kill five Spirit Severing Realms by themselves.

Without themselves having Many Void Refinement Demonic Cultivators on their side due to being preoccupied with Bai Zihan, there weren't many who could stop them.

The Demonic Cultivators who came expecting to butcher the Bai Clan instead found themselves being erased before they could even form a proper battle

line.

The battlefield erupted into chaos.

The Demonic Cultivators who had broken through felt triumphant for all of three seconds until the Bai Clan surged forward like a silent, icy tidal wave.

Swords flashed.

Seals ignited.

Frost blossomed.

Every Bai Clan cultivator, from Soul Formation to Nascent Soul, moved with the same terrifying precision-as if their every movement was part of a greater, unified killing formation.

Even while still fending off roaming Demonic Beasts, their formation tightened with lethal efficiency.

Then-

A ripple of sinister qi.

A screech of twisting demonic mana.

From the cluster of Demonic Cultivators emerged a woman in crimson robes with her signature Black Scythe.

Her eyes glowed purple.

Her aura twisted the air.

Dugu Lianxin!

Saintess of the Hundred Sins Hall.

The battlefield itself seemed to darken at her arrival.

Her lips curled.

"Bai Xueqing!"

Bai Xueqing, still hovering above frost-coated ground, lifted her gaze coldly.

Last time in the Ancient Ruins, their clash had been even though it was only a short clash.

However, this was not the same Bai Xueqing as before, and it could be said the

same about Dugu Lianxin.

Dugu Lianxin snarled and launched forward first.

Her scythe tore through the air with a shriek that split the battlefield.

WAAAHHH!

Sinful demonic qi exploded outward, twisting into writhing specters that clawed at the earth itself. Every arc of her weapon seemed to drag the cries of

tormented souls behind it.

"Ninefold Sin Execution-Severing Wraith Slash!"

A crescent of purple-black light howled toward Bai Xueqing, carving a trench across the ground before it even made contact.

Bai Xueqing didn't blink.

With one smooth motion-

SCHING!

Her sword flicked upward.

Her sword was filled with Ice Qi, and despite just using pure swordsmanship, it was as if she was using an Ice Technique.

SHHAAAA-!

Cold light met demonic sin head-on.

The two attacks collided.

BOOOOM!!!

A shockwave blasted outward in a blinding sphere of white and violet.

Demonic cultivators not even involved in the duel were sent skidding across the battlefield.

Some slammed into the ground hard enough to cough blood. Frost steamed off their bodies.

The ground beneath Dugu Lianxin cracked like shattered glass.

She staggered back half a step.

Just half.

But Bai Xueqing... didn't move at all.

Dugu's pupils shrank.

"Impossible...! You-!"

Bai Xueqing stepped forward, cold air swirling around her like a divine mantle.

Dugu Lianxin grit her teeth and lunged again.

"Don't get arrogant!!"

Her scythe wove a deadly dance-spinning, slicing, tearing, every motion a killing blow.

Her demonic qi roared like a storm.

"Hundred Sins-Chains of Eternal Damnation!"

Dark chains erupted from the ground, writhing and snapping like venomous serpents, aiming to bind Bai Xueqing from every direction.

But Bai Xueqing's gaze didn't waver.

Bai Xueqing's eyes sharpened.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

FWOOOOSH!

Nine afterimages burst from her body-nine silhouettes of Bai Xueqing, each perfectly identical, each wielding the same frost-laced sword.

They moved like flowing moonlight, weaving between the demonic chains so fluidly that even shadows failed to catch them.

Dugu Lianxin's expression warped.

"What-?!"

The chains stabbed into one Bai Xueqing-

It vanished.

Another was cleaved in half by her scythe-

Again it vanished.

But the real Bai Xueqing slipped through the chaos like a phantom.

One step.

Two steps.

Three-

She appeared behind Dugu Lianxin.

Her blade flashed.

SHHNK-!

Dugu Lianxin felt ice kiss her throat.

Instinct saved her-she twisted her entire body, scythe sweeping back in a desperate arc.

"DAMN YOU!"

CLAAAAANG!!

The clash of blade and scythe sent both women flying apart.

Dugu Lianxin skidded back dozens of meters, boots carving deep marks in the frost-covered ground.

Her breathing turned sharp. Frost clung to her arms, forming crystalline veins beneath her skin.

"How-how are you THIS strong...?"

Her voice trembled with fury and disbelief. She has been going through intense training and hardly resting and in hope of surpassing Bai Xueqing.

Bai Xueqing didn't even pant.

Her condensed breath drifted calmly into the air.

Bai Xueqing's sword rose.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

SHHHK!

Her body blurred.

Then split.

Nine flickering silhouettes burst outward like streaks of flowing starlight,

weaving effortlessly through the forest of demonic chains.

Even a Spirit Severing expert couldn't tell which was real.

Dugu Lianxin swung her scythe in a wild arc.

"Sever them all!"

BOOM!

Her scythe tore through two shadows-

Only for them to melt into light.

A cold whisper brushed past her ear.

"You attacked the wrong one."

Dugu whirled-

SHING!!!

A fine cut appeared across her cheek, so thin it didn't bleed for a second.

Then-

drip...

A single drop rolled down.

"You-!"

Dugu Lianxin recoiled, fury igniting in her eyes.

She roared, demonic qi flooding out again, crushing the ground beneath her.

"Don't think you're the only one who improved!"

Her scythe spun like an executioner's wheel, dark runes igniting along its edge.

"Hundred Sins-Soulflayer Reap!"

The attack tore through several of the shadows at once, shredding them into

drifting fragments of sword-light.

But-

Bai Xueqing was already behind her.

SHILING!

Dugu blocked, barely in time.

Sparks erupted.

The scythe trembled from the force-this time she was pushed back three steps.

"What...? You weren't this strong before!"

Bai Xueqing advanced without responding to her words.

Bai Xueqing stepped in-

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Each motion forced Dugu back.

Each stroke targeted a weakness in the scythe's rotation.

Dugu Lianxin gritted her teeth and roared again.

Demonic qi erupted from her body in a violent storm.

"Chains of Eternal Damnation-Bind Her!"

Hundreds of dark chains erupted at once, twisting toward Bai Xueqing like
starving serpents.

But Bai Xueqing wasn't there anymore.

She stepped lightly-

And vanished.

A heartbeat later-

She appeared above Dugu Lianxin, blade descending in a vertical line of
blinding radiance.

"Icebound Severing Sword!"

Dugu Lianxin raised her scythe in a desperate guard.

BOOOOOOM!!!

The ground cratered beneath her feet.

Her arms trembled.

Her knees buckled.

Her scythe vibrated as cracks spider-webbed along its spine.

The force sent her skidding backward tens of meters, boots digging trenches in the dirt.

She spat blood.

She looked up, blood trailing from her lips-only to realize she was standing before a wall she could never break, a peak she could never surpass.

Chapter 384 Bai Zihan Vs Ten Demonic Cultivator's Elders!

Chapter 384 Bai Zihan Vs Ten Demonic Cultivator's Elders!

At the same time-

A storm of Demonic Qi and Sword Qi collided again and again-each clash ripping cracks through the clouds.

At the center of that chaos-

Bai Zihan stood alone!

He faced not one opponent.

Not two.

Not three.

But-

Ten Void Refinement Demonic Elders, each radiating murderous intent.

And Bai Zihan... wasn't even showing a hint of panic on his face.

A skeletal elder with horns snarled, sin qi writhing around him like tentacles. "Bai Zihan... you're certainly strong. Far stronger than the rumors." Another stepped forward, licking his lips with a

forked tongue. "But you've overestimated yourself. Ten of us... against one of you." A third elder, cloaked in swirling violet demonic flames, smirked.

"You're surrounded. Even you must know resisting is pointless."

Then one of the elders laughed.

"Bai Zihan... have you ever considered joining us?"

The other demonic elders grinned one by one.

"Your actions are all known to us. You would flourish pretty great among us." Finally, the leading elder chuckled.

"We can give you a status equivalent to-perhaps even higher than the Saint and Saintess. In the future, you might even become a leader and lead everyone as the Absolute Ruler!"

He gave a tempting offer.

Although it looked like they had the advantage with ten Void Refinement Elders, they knew better than to feel confident.

Bai Zihan was someone capable of killing even Grade-10 Demonic Beasts.

Moreover, many believed that Bai Zihan was someone perfectly suited to becoming a Demonic Cultivator.

A man who loved power above all else-that was how Bai Zihan appeared in the eyes of many.

If they could recruit him, it was indeed not a dream to even make him the Leader of Demonic Cultivators with his talent.

Silence!

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

"You are correct."

Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"I do agree that I would flourish among you."

Their grins widened-

But Bai Zihan continued.

"But..."

His sword shifted an inch.

"I don't like listening to people weaker than myself."

Their smiles froze.

"-What?"

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

Bai Zihan raised his sword.

"If you are scared of fighting me, just say so and get out of my way. Why are you disrupting my hunting?"

Bai Zihan asked, annoyed.

"Arrogant brat...!"

"You stand alone-while we are ten Void Refinement cultivators!"

"Check for yourself who is weaker!"

The ten elders erupted with Demonic Qi filled with rage.

A tidal wave of killing intent crashed toward Bai Zihan.

But Bai Zihan only exhaled.

Slowly and Calmly.

Bai Zihan lifted his sword. His aura exploded.

Bai Zihan's voice echoed like thunder:

"Come!"

The ten elders were already charging.

Their Demonic Qi formed a storm.

They roared together:

"BAI ZIHAN-DIE!"

The ten Void Refinement Elders descended like a collapsing sky.

Demonic Qi tore open the clouds, twisting the heavens into a vortex of chaos.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

His eyes narrowed-not in fear, but in focus.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

WHOOOOSH-!!!

His figure shattered into nine afterimages, each moving with impossible fluidity.

It was as if nine Bai Zihans stepped out of him, each light as flowing wind, each faster than the blink of an eye.

The first elder slashed downward-

But his blade cut only air as a Bai Zihan flickered past his shoulder.

The second elder thrust forward-

A Bai Zihan spun around him, his sword slicing a shallow mark across the elder's cheek before vanishing.

"Tsk! Not this one either!"

A third elder roared and unleashed a demonic vortex-

Only for three Bai Zihans to weave through it simultaneously, their combined sword arcs forcing him back a dozen meters.

Every time they struck, Bai Zihan wasn't there.

Every time they defended-

He was.

His sword flickered like dancing sunlight-

SHILING-!

SHILING-!

In less than a breath, three elders' robes were torn open, blood spraying where his blade had grazed their shoulders, ribs, or arms.

Then-

"Don't let him move freely! FORMATION!"

The ten demonic elders unleashed their trump card, forming a large-scale killing array mid-air.

Pitch-black runic light surged between them, locking Bai Zihan inside a spinning cage of demonic qi.

From below, it looked like a dark sun had formed in the sky.

The formation tightened.

Even Bai Zihan could feel it.

This was the difference between demonic beasts and humans.

No matter how many demonic beasts came together, they could never coordinate as well as humans.

The ten Void Refinement Demonic Elders roared in unison as the demonic runes ignited-

A tidal wave of pitch-black killing intent surged toward Bai Zihan from every direction.

Spears of condensed Demonic Qi.

Blades made from Qi.

Fangs of devouring darkness.

Claws formed from miasma thick enough to corrode spirit artifacts.

A true slaughter array.

Everything thrown at the same point:

Bai Zihan!

It was overkill for Spirit Severing and even not used for ordinary Great Ascension Realm Cultivator.

After this, perhaps the ten Demonic Elder could no longer fight because of exhaustion of their Qi.

However, that only showed how much of a threat Bai Zihan is truly seen by the Demonic Cultivator.

The sky itself darkened from the sheer killing intent converging on one man, "Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

The air itself bent.

A shimmering arc of sword light unfurled around him, like a stream turning into a vast, rolling tide.

WHOOOOOOOSH-!!!

A circular wave of sword qi erupted outward.

It wasn't violent.

It was inevitable.

Every demonic spear that pierced toward him-

Melted into dust as it touched the flowing sword light.

Every claw of sin qi-Was pulled aside, redirected into harmless flows.

Every demonic flame-extinguished before it made it to Bai Zihan. Even the combined kill formation shook violently as its attacks were split,

dissolved, or swept aside by Bai Zihan's serene yet unstoppable river-like Sword Qi.

The ten elders' eyes widened.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

Still within the formation. Yet Bai Zihan has no intention of just taking all the

attack and waiting like a sitting duck.

Bai Zihan turned his sword sideways-About to counterattack.

But-

"Now!"

BOOOOOOOM-!!!

Demonic Elders have been waiting for this. When Bai Zihan fell for the opening that they deliberately showed, they would attack them.

A claw strike cut into his side-blood spraying into the air.

The ten elders burst into victorious howls.

"That's it! He got directly hit!" "KEEP PRESSURE-HE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP!"

"Hahahahaha! We hit him! We finally hit-"

Before he could finish-

Bai Zihan's afterimage surged out of the blow, eyes cold.

His sword sliced across the elder's chest so cleanly the wound didn't even bleed for a moment.

Then-

BOOOOSH!!!

Blood erupted like a fountain.

"ARGH!"

The elder screamed and fell back.

Bai Zihan didn't bother looking at him. The other nine elders froze. Their laughter died in their throats.

For a moment- Everything went silent.

"How...?"

"No way..."

"That attack-he took it head-on...!"

Their shock rippled through the formation like thunder.

The elder who landed the hit staggered backward, clutching his chest as the gash Bai Zihan left finally tore open fully.

But Bai Zihan?

He stood exactly where he had been.

No trembling.

Not even a hint of pain on his face.

His robes fluttered from the shockwave, but not a drop of blood stuck to them.

The wound they thought they inflicted-

Was gone.

Completely gone.

As if nothing had ever touched him.

Bai Zihan stood there like an invincible Emperor looking down upon the common people. "Come," Bai Zihan challenged.

"Let us continue!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 385 When the Reserve Unit Marches

Chapter 385 When the Reserve Unit Marches

Dugu Lianxin staggered.

Her vision spun.

Her grip on the scythe faltered, fingers numb from the ice burrowing into her meridians.

Bai Xueqing landed lightly before her-cold and calm.

She raised her sword for the finishing strike.

"You've lost!"

Dugu Lianxin's pupils shrank.

She tried to summon Demonic Qi-but her dantian had been frozen by Bai Xueqing's last strike.

The shadow of death loomed over her.

Bai Xueqing's blade fell-clean, decisive.

SHHNK-!

But it never reached its target.

BOOOOOM!!!

A colossal force detonated between them, flinging Bai Xueqing back dozens of meters. The ground split apart, forming a massive jagged crater.

A towering figure materialized in front of the Saintess like a ghost of slaughter.

A Void Refinement Elder of the Hundred Sins Hall.

Dugu Lianxin coughed blood.

"E-Elder..."

The Elder's voice rumbled like a funeral drum.

"Saintess. Step back!"

Then his gaze snapped toward Bai Xueqing, killing intent surging like a tidal wave.

He was shocked beyond words. One of their greatest talents couldn't even withstand long against someone younger than herself.

He-or any demonic cultivator-never expected Bai Xueqing to almost kill Dugu Lianxin, their Saintess, in such a short time.

Bai Zihan was a different story, but for Bai Xueqing to be this powerful as well... the Demonic Elder knew he had to kill her now, or she might become another Bai Zihan.

He stepped forward, Demonic Qi collapsing the air around him into twisting spirals.

He blurred-

A clawed hand shot toward Bai Xueqing's neck.

The space around it tore.

But-

CLAAAAANG!!!

Another force smashed into the Demonic Elder's attack, diverting it so violently the sky cracked.

A figure appeared between them-Bai Clan's Elder, Bai Wei.

He flicked his wrist, and this time a blade flashed into existence.

A slender longsword, its edge humming with coiled draconic qi.

Before the Demonic Elder could react-

SHIIIIING!!!

A single sword arc swept out.

The Demonic Elder's pupils shrank.

However, he managed to put up a barrier at the last second.

BOOOOOOOM!!!!

The impact detonated like a collapsing star.

The Demonic Elder skidded backward-

Three full steps!

His boots carved trenches in the frozen ground before he finally stabilized,

Demonic Qi trembling chaotically through his meridians.

Bai Wei lowered his sword, its tip gently tapping the air as if disappointed it had hit nothing substantial.

"Interfering with juniors' battles?"

He asked mockingly.

"Old man, have you no shame left?"

The Demonic Elder's expression twisted.

"You-!"

The Bai Elder continued, voice dripping with mockery:

"These two girls are both peak geniuses of their generation. And yet you barge in because your Saintess can't keep up?"

He cupped his ear theatrically.

"Tell me are your Demonic Cultivators this weak?"

The surrounding demonic cultivators erupted with fury.

"You dare-!"

"Bai dog!"

"Courting death!!"

The Demonic Elder's killing intent exploded.

His voice thundered.

"Our Saintess is the pillar of the Hundred Sins Hall! You think I would let her die just because of your junior's little trick that caught our Saintess off guard?"

The Bai Elder snorted.

"Yeah, yeah! Even a stray dog would come up with a better excuse than you."

The Demonic Elder's killing intent surged like a volcanic eruption.

"You are courting death."

Bai Wei only smiled. "Funny," he said lightly, tapping his sword against his shoulder.

"That's exactly what I was about to tell you. How dare you try to lay your hands on Xueqing!"

Before the demonic elder could lash out-A thunderous roar shook the battlefield.

ROOOAAAARRRR!!!

The roar wasn't from a beast.

It was the sound of thousands of Cultivators who were joining the battlefield.

The Demonic Cultivators froze.

"...No way..."

"They-They are already here?!"

"Damn it! I still haven't killed a single one."

From the eastern flank, shadows surged-

The Bai Clan Reserve Unit had arrived.

The ground trembled beneath their synchronized march, each step echoing like a war drum.

"RESERVE UNIT-ADVANCE!!"

"CRUSH EVERY DEMONIC CULTIVATOR IN FRONT OF YOU!"

Tens of thousands roared back in unison, their battle intent erupting into the heavens.

"MARCH! KILL THOSE DEMONIC CULTIVATORS!"

"This is what we were waiting for!"

"Finally! Filthy Demonic Dogs-FEEL MY SWORD!"

"I didn't rush here just to watch-SLAUGHTER THEM!!!"

"FOR THE BAI CLAN!!!"

The Reserve Unit slammed into the battlefield like a falling mountain. The air exploded with shockwaves.

Demonic cultivators were blown off their feet.

The Bai Clan had prepared their Reserve Unit-20% of their elites-waiting in full formation, untouched by Demonic Beasts.

And now, at this decisive moment...

They finally joined the battlefield.

Bai Wei grinned coldly.

"Demonic filth," he said, gesturing with his chin toward the horizon,

"you already missed your only chance."

He pointed his sword at the demonic elder.

"Your surprise attack failed. And now you will pay the price!"

He tilted his head mockingly.

He chuckled, low and cruel.

"You all are finished!"

Slaughter began.

The tide of battle flipped in an instant.

A heartbeat ago, the demonic cultivators were pressing forward, tearing through scattered lines and laughing with bloodlust.

Now-They were the ones being hunted.

BOOOOOM!!!

The first clash of the Reserve Unit struck like a divine hammer.

A single unified formation crashed into the demonic ranks, shattering bodies, bones, and morale all at once.

Their screams were drowned beneath the thunder of the Bai Clan's advance.

But it was too late.

The Bai Clan elites-rested, uninjured, and burning with righteous fury-fell upon them like wolves upon cornered sheep.

A spear cultivator skewered three demonic disciples in a single sweeping thrust, sending their corpses flying like broken dolls.

A group of Bai Clan archers unleashed a barrage-each arrow glowing with dense spiritual light.

The sky turned into a storm of streaking death.

Hundreds of demonic cultivators dropped before they even understood what hit them, bodies riddled with feathered shafts.

The Bai formation tightened, disciplined as a war machine.

The demonic side crumbled-chaotic, panicked, roaring not with bravado but with naked fear.

The battlefield turned into a red, trembling sea.

The Bai Clan... had taken full control.

A complete reversal.

A 180-degree turn.

From what seems to be inevitable defeat-To overwhelming dominance.

The battlefield shook with slaughter.

Victory seemed certain.

The Reserve Unit pressed forward, their momentum crushing everything in their path.

The sky darkened with swirling qi.

The ground trembled beneath tens of thousands of marching steps.

The Bai Clan had turned the battlefield into hell.

But-

Far away, across the vast plains, the other flanks of the battlefield were nothing like this.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 386 Li-Zhao Clan Vs Demonic Cultivators![1,373 words]

Chapter 386 Li-Zhao Clan Vs Demonic Cultivators!

Far away-the other flanks of the battlefield were nothing like this.

Zhao Clan!

The moment the Demonic Cultivators descended in a massive swarm, they spread almost evenly.

Though it seemed like they made more effort to destroy the Bai Clan, as the Demonic forces toward them were more than the others.

Everyone noticed that, and the Li and Zhao Clans were especially happy about that.

"Ha! Looks like the Bai Clan angered them the most."

"Good! This might be the start of the downfall for the Bai Clan."

"They'll take the heavy losses. We only need to hold our side."

They thought that they could take care of the Demonic Cultivators but wouldn't. They would act as if they were struggling and not be able to reinforce the Bai Clan.

They would hold on like that as long as it took for the Bai Clan to suffer heavy losses.

At least... that's what they believed.

The Zhao Clan wasn't stupid. Rather, they had some of the greatest strategists in their ranks.

They had come prepared for such a situation.

Despite already having a strategy, the Zhao Clan didn't fully depend on that and devised their own method to deal with when the Demonic Cultivators joined the fight.

Their Formation Masters began constructing a Grade-6 Defensive Formation Barrier around their entire flank.

A hexagonal dome of shimmering blue qi slowly rose from the ground, patterns weaving across its surface like living runes.

A Grade-6 Formation was no joke, especially when done so by several Formation Masters.

Unless an Immortal Realm expert personally intervened, this barrier could withstand the assault of thousands of attackers for many hours.

With this, the Zhao Clan felt confident.

The plan was set:

Hold the barrier.

Finish off the Demonic Beasts.

Wait for their Reserve Unit to arrive.

Then handle the Demonic Cultivators at their leisure.

They were absolutely certain they could handle both Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators this way without needing to suffer any damage.

And they fully expected the Bai Clan to be the one drowning in blood.

The Zhao Clan's morale rose.

"We've got this."

"Once the beasts are dead, the demonic filth will fall as well. Well, some unlucky clan might also be dead by then."

But then-

Everything fell apart.

Just as the final runes of the Grade-6 Formation locked into place-

Just as the barrier finished rising-

Just as the Zhao Clan felt safe-

SLASH!

"Ahhhhh!"

A scream tore through the ranks.

Silence hung for a heartbeat.

The Formation Masters froze, eyes widening.

"Wha-?"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

One by one-the Formation Masters were cut down, their heads rolling across the ground.

Their murderer?

A Zhao disciple.

No-an assassin disguised as a Zhao disciple.

His eyes gleamed crimson.

The entire unit reeled in shock.

"INTRUDER-!?"

"ASSASSINS?! HOW DID THEY-!!"

But it was already too late.

The Formation Masters who were maintaining the barrier had been killed, and without anyone maintaining it-

CRRRRACK!

CRACK!

The Grade-6 Formation Barrier shattered like glass.

The protective dome collapsed instantly.

And the thousands of Demonic Cultivators waiting outside sprinted forward with killing intent boiling like hellfire.

"Finally, the barrier is down!!"

"Hehe... Did they think that we didn't prepare for such a situation?"

"Hiding like a coward, as expected from the so-called righteous Cultivators."

The Zhao Clan wasn't prepared.

Because they had expected hours.

Instead, they got seconds.

And to make matters worse...

They were still surrounded by Demonic Beasts. Now, they were trapped from both sides-Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators.

The Zhao Clan's defensive lines collapsed instantly.

Cultivators died without even being able to retaliate. While others who decided to deal with the Demonic Cultivators were killed by the Demonic Beasts who didn't miss their opportunity.

Blood ran across the plains like a river.

The corpses of Zhao disciples fell one after another, their screams drowned beneath the roars of the demonic horde.

What they thought would be a controlled, calculated stalling tactic became a massacre.

The Zhao Clan, who smirked at the Bai Clan's supposed misfortune, was now paying the price for their arrogance.

The Li Clan was no different.

On their flank, the battlefield moved according to their expectations or so they believed.

Unlike the Zhao Clan, the Li Clan prided themselves on their strength.

They had prepared a simple but effective plan:

First, eliminate the Demonic Beasts.

Not caring about their qi, they needed to go all out and kill the Demonic Beasts as soon as they could.

Second, regroup and form a defensive stance to stall the Demonic Cultivators.

No need to fight with full strength-not that they could, since they would be expending much of their qi to quickly deal with the Demonic Beasts.

So they would stall for time and just hold on. Which should be quite easy after they took care of the Demonic Beasts.

Third, wait for their Reserve Unit to arrive.

Once reinforcements came, they would crush the Demonic Cultivators with ease.

Everything proceeded exactly as they planned.

Their elites struck down the Demonic Beasts one after another. Blades flashed, qi bursts rippled through the forest, and monstrous corpses dropped like rain.

Of course they had to expend a large portion of their qi to do it.

But that was fine.

They weren't expecting to fight immediately afterward. Stalling only required discipline, formations, and defensive positioning.

And so, the Li Clan stood on the blood-soaked ground, breathing heavily but in good formation, as they faced the oncoming wave of Demonic Cultivators. "We only need to delay them. No need to force anything."

"By the time our reserves arrive, these Demonic Cultivators won't even be an issue."

But-that optimism shattered the moment the first Demonic Cultivator reached them.

The Cultivator let out a maddened roar-and charged straight into the Li Clan's spearline, taking the spear through his abdomen just to swing a pitch-black blade that obliterated three Li disciples behind the spearman.

"W-What?!"

Another Demonic Cultivator slammed into a sword formation, allowing his arm to be severed only to drive his fist through an Elder's chest, crushing his heart.

More and more surged forward, eyes bloodshot, veins glowing with demonic sigils.

"Why aren't they defending?!"

"They're not even dodging-!!"

The Elders felt a cold dread.

Demonic Cultivators usually fought with brutality, but even then they wouldn't be so cruel to themselves.

They seemed to focus on attacking and didn't bother to defend.

This wasn't wild aggression. It seemed like some kind of tactic to deal with the Li Clan.

They didn't evade. They didn't retreat.

They simply took the hit and retaliated with something far stronger.

And because the Li Clan had expended so much qi on the Demonic Beasts, their counterattacks lacked force.

Most of the time, even if a Li Clan member struck flawlessly, without much qi, their attack lacked the power to finish off the Demonic Cultivators.

On the other hand, the Demonic Cultivators struck back with their full force, which instantly killed many Li Clan members.

Clang! BOOM! SLASH!

Li Clan disciples were flung back like dolls, coughing blood.

"How are they still this strong after taking such damage?!"

"Why are they going all out like maniacs?!"

An Elder roared in frustration and disbelief as he parried another reckless charge. "DAMMIT! These lunatics aren't worried about their Qi reserves!! They should be conserving Qi-do they want to go all out from the start?"

But that was the cruel reality:

The Demonic Cultivators had no intention of stalling. They seemed to know that the more they waited, the more likely they were going to fail.

So, they were making full use of their sudden appearance and taking out many Cultivators before their reinforcement arrived. They were here to break the Li Clan now.

And their suicidal ferocity smashed the Li Clan's stalling tactics instantly.

Defensive lines buckled.

Disciples screamed as the crimson tide surged into their ranks.

The Li Clan, who planned to wait, now struggled just to stay alive.

Massacre of Cultivators began, and the Demonic Cultivators had gone all out right from the beginning.

It wasn't until the Reserve Unit arrived that they were finally able to breathe in relief.

Only after the Reserve Unit arrived did the Demonic Cultivators also stop attacking like crazy as well.

"Damn! They finally stopped!"

Only then did the Li and Zhao Clan's forces get time to breathe and look around, where they saw many corpses.

Looks like Desolate Heaven Empire's forces had suffered many more casualties than anticipated.

Li and Zhao Clan members' only relieving thought was that if they suffered so much, then the Bai Clan-who was attacked by a much larger force-should have suffered much more.

But when the Li and Zhao Clans finally looked over...

They saw...

The Bai Clan stood there with barely any casualties.

The shock was indescribable.

"...They're... fine?"

A Li elder whispered, numb. "...How...?"

A Zhao disciple muttered.

"... We've lost so many men but they... they look as if they didn't fight against Demonic Cultivators."

Looking at their own force, which had lost almost 25% of their men, the Bai Clan was almost like they didn't go through the same disaster.

How can this be?

Chapter 387 A Signal in the Sky, A Retreat in Shame

Chapter 387 A Signal in the Sky, A Retreat in Shame

The arrival of reinforcements finally gave the battered forces of the Desolate Heaven Empire a chance to retaliate.

The Li Clan.

The Zhao Clan.

And the many sects and clans that had nearly been torn apart by the Demonic Cultivators' sudden assault.

Fresh troops surged forward, full Qi and stamina intact. With their arrival, those already fighting could finally breathe.

Of course, this wasn't a complete reversal, nor was it a counterattack.

The Desolate Heaven Empire still had to fight Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators at the same time.

The reinforcements merely ensured that the Demonic Cultivators no longer held an overwhelming advantage.

This was nothing like the original plan.

The Reserve Units were meant to ambush the Demonic Cultivators when they revealed themselves.

That plan had already failed.

The Demonic Cultivators had slipped past detection.

They had infiltrated the army itself.

They had struck first.

It was now painfully clear-their plans had been leaked.

Still, with the Reserve Units entering the battlefield at full strength, the Empire managed to stabilize the situation.

Once again, the battlefield sank into a tense, grinding stalemate.

Except for one place.

On Bai Zihan's side, the pressure shifted abruptly.

Five Void Refinement Realm Elders descended from the sky, landing beside him with heavy steps that cracked the earth beneath their feet.

Their auras surged outward-steady, immense.

"Young Master," one of them asked, unable to hide the concern in his voice,

"Are you alright?"

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly and nodded.

"I'm fine!"

The Elders exchanged glances.

They knew.

Everyone on this flank knew.

The reason the Bai Clan had suffered so few casualties-despite being targeted by a larger concentration of Demonic Cultivators-was standing right in front of them.

Bai Zihan had single-handedly held back ten Void Refinement Realm Demonic Cultivators.

Ten.

If even half of them had slipped past him, the Bai Clan's losses would have rivaled those of the Li and Zhao Clans.

Yet here they were.

Although Bai Zihan hadn't killed any of them, neither had he been pushed into desperation.

In fact it was the Demonic Cultivators who bore deep wounds from his attacks.

Even without reinforcements, Bai Zihan likely wouldn't have fallen.

And now-

With five Void Refinement Realm Elders backing him-

The Demonic Cultivators could only dream of killing him.

On the opposite side, the Demonic Cultivators cursed openly.

"Damn it...!"

"This wasn't how it was supposed to go!"

Several Demonic Elders spat blood, their eyes burning with hatred as they glanced toward the Bai Clan's formation.

Not only had their infiltration plan failed-

The group sent specifically to crush the Bai Clan had failed as well.

That was the greatest failure.

Their formations were already destabilizing.

And now-the Bai Clan Elders stepped forward.

"Young Master," one Elder said calmly, his gaze locked onto the Demonic Cultivators,

"We will support you."

"Alright!"

Bai Zihan agreed. He no longer wanted to waste time dealing with these Demonic Cultivators-he wanted to return to farming System Points.

The moment Bai Zihan agreed, the battlefield around him shifted.

Slash! Slash!

Bai Zihan moved first.

His figure blurred as his blade tore through demonic qi, each strike sharp, precise, merciless.

The sword carved open space itself, forcing the Demonic Cultivators to retreat step by step.

Behind him, the five Void Refinement Realm Elders advanced in perfect coordination.

Boom!

An Elder's palm strike crushed a Demonic Cultivator's chest, shattering bones and sending the body flying.

Another Elder's sword pierced through layers of demonic qi, pinning a shrieking enemy to the ground before finishing him with a cold thrust. Despite still having the numerical advantage, the Demonic Cultivators were

being pushed back.

They could feel it.

The pressure.

The imbalance.

At the center of it all was Bai Zihan.

Every swing of his sword created openings-large, undeniable openings.

And the Bai Elders did not waste a single one.

Whenever Bai Zihan forced an enemy to stumble, stagger, or retreat-

An Elder struck.

Whenever Bai Zihan shattered their defense-

An Elder followed through.

Yet-they weren't going to go down easily.

"Hold formation!"

"Defensive stance!"

They refused to be killed easily.

Layers of Demonic Qi overlapped, reinforcing one another.

They weren't advancing anymore but they weren't collapsing either.

For a moment-

The clash entered a brutal deadlock.

And then-

BOOOOM!!

The sky exploded with a thunderous detonation.

Dark light burst open above the battlefield, forming a massive demonic sigil

that blotted out the clouds for a heartbeat.

Demonic Cultivators pupils shrank.

"...The signal."

"Retreat!"

No hesitation followed.

The formation shifted instantly-not toward attack, but withdrawal.

Even the ten Void Refinement Realm Demonic Elders fighting Bai Zihan turned

without a word, forcefully disengaging as they retreated toward the rear. Now that the signal to retreat has been given, they no longer what to stay with

this monster.

But Bai Zihan's eyes flashed coldly.

"You think you can just leave?"

He moved.

Faster than before.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

One Demonic Elder barely managed to turn-

SLASH!

His head flew into the air, Demonic Qi dispersing violently as his body

collapsed.

He wasn't done, Bai Zihan appeared before another Elder in a blur.

The blade pierced straight through the Demonic Elder's throat, annihilating his core in an instant.

Two Void Refinement Realm Demonic Elders fell before they could retreat.

The remaining Demonic Cultivators didn't stop.

It seemed they had decided to abandon those who couldn't keep up.

They didn't even bother to look back, and because of that, they were able to withdraw safely while Bai Zihan was focused on killing those two Demonic

Elders. One might think the same would happen elsewhere-that the Demonic Cultivators would suffer heavy losses during their retreat. However, the truth couldn't be further from that.

They were able to retreat relatively safely because the Desolate Heaven

Empire's forces couldn't move freely from their positions.

They still had to deal with the Demonic Beasts they were already fighting.

Because of this, the Demonic Cultivators managed to withdraw with minimal losses across most of the battlefield-

Except for the Bai Clan's area.

There, the Demonic Beasts had almost been completely dealt with, and with

reinforcements present, the Bai Clan was able to inflict devastating casualties on the retreating Demonic Cultivators.

But the fight didn't end just because the Demonic Cultivators retreated.

There were still Demonic Beasts to worry about.

However, now with the reinforcements, the number of human cultivators far exceeded that of the Demonic Beasts.

The Demonic Beasts began to suffer heavily.

Bai Zihan once again went berserk, charging forward as he began mowing down Grade-9 Demonic Beasts one after another.

Roars echoed across the battlefield as massive bodies collapsed.

In the end, even the Demonic Beasts chose to retreat after sustaining unbearable losses.

Once again, it was a complete victory for the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 388 Preparing for the Next Strike

Chapter 388 Preparing for the Next Strike

The battlefield slowly quieted.

Not with peace-but with exhaustion.

The sky was still stained with lingering, devastating Qi.

The ground was torn apart, cratered and soaked in blood, littered with shattered weapons and lifeless bodies.

The air itself felt heavy.

Survivors stood where they were, chests heaving, hands trembling as the adrenaline finally ebbed away.

Some leaned on their weapons. Others dropped to their knees, staring blankly at the carnage around them.

Only now-when the fighting truly paused-did everyone begin to count.

And the difference was impossible to ignore.

Across the Desolate Heaven Empire's forces, casualties were severe.

Many sects and clans had lost large portions of their elites during the Demonic Cultivators' sudden assault.

Defensive lines had collapsed, formations had been torn apart, and countless cultivators had fallen before reinforcements could arrive.

But among all of them-the Li Clan and the Zhao Clan stood out the most.

Their forces were in shambles.

Nearly a quarter of their forces were gone.

Twenty-five percent.

Dead!

The faces of the Li and Zhao Clan members told the story without words.

Shock!

Anger!

Regret!

Some stared silently at the ground, fists clenched until blood seeped from their palms. Others sat slumped against rocks, eyes hollow, unable to even grieve yet.

The pride they once carried was nowhere to be found.

They had been targeted-just like the Bai lan.

But unlike the Bai Clan....

They had not withstood it.

Compared to the devastation suffered by the Li and Zhao Clans, the Bai Clan looked as if they had fought an entirely different battle.

Excitement rippled through their ranks.

Disciples laughed in disbelief, clapping one another on the shoulders. Some looked at Bai Zihan with open reverence, eyes shining with pride.

Meanwhile, the Li and Zhao Clans could only watch.

Their gazes drifted toward the Bai Clan, expressions dark and complicated. Envy mixed with bitterness, disbelief twisted with resentment.

Just by looking at their faces-anyone could tell.

One side was celebrating victory.

The other was drowning in loss and suffering.

The aftermath did not last long.

Soon, orders were passed down.

The leaders were summoned for an emergency meeting.

Sect Leaders and Clan Leaders gathered one after another, their expressions grim.

Bloodstains still marked many of their robes, and the smell of iron had yet to fade from their bodies.

Dissatisfaction simmered openly.

The reason was obvious.

The losses they had suffered at the hands of the Demonic Cultivators were simply too great.

Many gazes turned toward the front.

Toward Commander Wei.

The man stood straight, his expression firm yet heavy, hands clasped behind his back. He did not attempt to evade their stares.

He knew this outcome was tied directly to his failure to detect such a massive infiltrating force.

Without hesitation, he stepped forward, cupped his fists, and bowed deeply.

"This failure lies with me," Commander Wei said firmly. "I take full responsibility."

He straightened, his gaze steady.

"We failed to detect their infiltration. That much is undeniable."

Then his tone shifted-heavier, colder.

"However," he continued, "the Demonic Cultivators employed a method we did not anticipate."

"They used a concealment technique capable of blocking even Immortal Realm senses."

A ripple of shock spread through the pavilion.

Commander Wei did not exaggerate.

"Even Immortal Realm cultivators failed to detect their presence until the attack began," he said calmly. "By the time their Demonic Qi was revealed, it was already too late."

Silence followed.

Li Jianhong's clenched fists loosened slightly.

Other leaders exchanged looks, their expressions shifting from anger to disbelief.

If even Immortal Realm cultivators couldn't sense them-then what could ordinary scouts have done?

What countermeasures could they reasonably have prepared?

And just how were Demonic Cultivators able to hide such a large force without being detected?

The dissatisfaction did not disappear. But it lost its direction.

If there was anyone truly to blame for the losses they had suffered, then it could only be their own lack of strength.

Commander Wei remained still for a brief moment before speaking again.

His voice carried neither defensiveness nor evasion.

"I did not anticipate this when the plans were drawn," he said plainly. "That is my failing."

He clasped his fists once more.

"However, dwelling on what has already happened will not bring back the dead,"

Commander Wei said.

"What matters now is what we do next!"

The pavilion grew even quieter.

"If the Demonic Cultivators can bypass detection and strike from within," he said slowly, "then we can no longer rely on our previous plans!"

Several brows furrowed.

"If this happens again, there is a very real chance we will not know until they have already attacked."

Commander Wei continued.

"And if that is the case then our only option is to deploy all available forces and be prepared to face them head-on."

He lifted his gaze.

"All units must be positioned where they can immediately respond the moment the Demonic Cultivators reveal themselves."

A few leaders nodded instinctively.

"We must assume infiltration at all times, and when they strike-we retaliate without hesitation. Is there any objection?"

For a moment, no one spoke.

Then-Zhao Wutian stood up.

His expression was calm, but his eyes were sharp.

"I have no objections to that," Zhao Wutian said, nodding. "If they cannot be detected, then meeting them head-on is the only choice left."

Several leaders murmured in agreement.

"But," he said, his tone changing subtly, "there is a bigger problem we need to address."

Commander Wei turned to him.

"What problem?"

Zhao Wutian's gaze swept across the gathered leaders-one by one and stayed on Bai Tianheng for longer than others.

Then he spoke.

"There is a spy among us."

The words landed like a blade.

The air instantly tightened.

Several leaders stiffened. Others narrowed their eyes.

"A plan known only to high command was compromised," Zhao Wutian continued coldly.

"The Demonic Cultivators knew when to strike, where to strike, and how to bypass our defenses."

He let the silence stretch.

"That cannot be a coincidence."

No one refuted him.

Because deep down-they all knew he was right.

If the Demonic Cultivators could infiltrate the army...

Then it was entirely possible- They had already infiltrated the command itself.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 389 Discord Sharper Than Demonic Claws[1,009 words]

Chapter 389 Discord Sharper Than Demonic Claws

Although many harbored doubts, the matter was deliberately left unspoken. Without solid evidence, raising such accusations would only breed distrust. And distrust was the last thing anyone wanted-especially when they were already struggling to deal with Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators on multiple fronts.

"A spy, you say?"

Minister Xiu Yucheng repeated the words slowly, his gaze fixed on Zhao Wutian.

His expression neither hardened with suspicion nor softened with denial. Instead, it grew thoughtful-heavy with caution.

"What you say makes sense," Minister Xiu Yucheng admitted calmly.

"But," he continued, his voice steady, "is it not too quick to arrive at such a conclusion?"

Accusing the presence of a spy without concrete proof was no small matter. This was not a case of a Demonic Cultivator hiding among them.

If it were, their Demonic Qi would have betrayed them long ago.

Such a thing could not be concealed forever-especially within a gathering of high-ranking experts.

Everyone present had fought with all their strength, and none had used Demonic Qi. That much was beyond doubt.

Which meant that no Demonic Cultivator had infiltrated their ranks.

Then there was only one terrifying possibility left.

A righteous cultivator, a powerful leader at that, was siding with the Demonic Cultivators.

That was what made the situation truly frightening.

It meant that a traitor-someone who cultivated righteous Qi-had forsaken their humanity to assist those inhumane beings.

If it were a Demonic Cultivator who had infiltrated them, identifying the culprit would have been easy.

But if one of their own had betrayed them...

Then finding such a person would be unimaginably difficult.

Pursuing the matter recklessly would only give rise to suspicion and paranoia.

Allies would begin to doubt one another. Unity would fracture. The army would weaken itself-long before the enemy struck again.

At a time when they were already struggling against Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators alike-

Distrust was the last weapon they could afford to turn inward.

Their only hope would be to catch the traitor red-handed-at the moment they made contact with the Demonic Cultivators.

The atmosphere grew heavy.

The silence that followed felt oppressive, as if the air itself were pressing down on the gathered leaders.

Minister Xiu Yucheng finally spoke again, his voice measured and firm.

"Suspicious alone are not enough," he said, his gaze steady as it settled on Zhao Wutian.

"Do you have any concrete proof?"

Zhao Wutian did not respond immediately.

"No," he admitted at last. "I do not have solid evidence."

A brief stir passed through the pavilion.

"But," Zhao Wutian continued, lifting his head, "I do have a suspect in mind."

Minister Xiu Yucheng's brows knitted together.

"A suspect? Who?"

Zhao Wutian did not answer immediately.

Instead, his gaze shifted-

Slowly and Deliberately.

And finally settled on Bai Tianheng.

Every eye in the pavilion followed his line of sight, and in an instant, the atmosphere changed.

Zhao Wutian spoke again, his voice steady, yet edged with something sharp.

"Bai Clan Leader," he said, "among all the forces present here... your Bai Clan suffered the least losses today."

The words struck like a hammer.

Some leaders frowned deeply. Others exchanged uneasy glances. A few looked conflicted, clearly uncomfortable with where this was heading.

Compared to the devastation suffered by the Li and Zhao Clans-

The Bai Clan's condition was indeed striking.

Bai Tianheng's eyes narrowed instantly.

"Zhao Wutian," he said coldly, stepping forward, irritation unmistakable in his

voice,

"What exactly are you trying to say?"

The tension snapped tight-like a bowstring drawn to its limit.

"I am not accusing you," Zhao Wutian replied, "but it is suspicious that your Bai Clan suffered almost no casualties despite the Demonic Cultivators' invasion."

"Heh? So what?"

Bai Tianheng let out a mocking laugh.

"Zhao Wutian, don't blame me for your Zhao Clan's inadequacies. What? Should

I have ordered my men to die like your Zhao Clan members?"

Zhao Wutian was clearly angered by the reply, though he forced himself to remain composed.

"Bai Tianheng," he said sharply, "you must be colluding with the Demonic Cultivators. Otherwise, it makes no sense that your Bai Clan lost almost no

one!"

"Tch! How foolish can you be?"

Bai Tianheng snorted.

"Yes, my Bai Clan suffered the fewest casualties-but we also killed the most Demonic Cultivators. How many did your clan kill?"

He continued relentlessly.

"It's obvious your clan failed to perform, yet you dare accuse us? You bring up spies and point fingers at me-Zhao Wutian, isn't this the act of sowing

discord?"

"Aren't you the one helping the Demonic Cultivators? Just looking at how much your clan has killed them, I doubt whether your Clan deliberately let them off."

"Bai Tianheng, Zhao Wutian snapped, "do you have evidence for such claims?"

"Then do you?"

The argument quickly devolved into open bickering between the two.

From Zhao Wutian's perspective, it was understandable.

He had lost too many clan members-while his rival clan had barely suffered losses at all.

No wonder he was furious.

No wonder he was so quick to point fingers.

"Enough!"

Minister Xiu Yucheng finally intervened, raising his voice.

"That's enough, both of you. Calm down!"

He felt a headache coming on.

He had thought the two had settled their differences previous-but now, here they were again, arguing like children in the middle of a crisis.

"For now," Minister Xiu Yucheng said firmly, "there is no need to pursue the matter of traitors."

"We will uncover the truth slowly and carefully."

He swept his gaze across the room.

"At present, our priority remains unchanged. Demonic Beasts And Demonic Cultivators."

Minister Xiu Yucheng let the silence settle before continuing.

"Another matter which has been bugging me is that the Demonic Cultivators did not deploy their Immortal Realm experts."

A heavy silence followed.

The realization weighed heavily on everyone present.

~

"If they were willing to sacrifice so many Demonic Cultivators and Demonic Beasts without committing their Immortal Realm forces," Minister Xiu Yucheng

continued, "then this battle was never meant to decide anything."

"It was preparation!"

His gaze swept across the leaders.

"And if that is the case, then the next battle will be very different."

No one spoke. "When the Demonic Cultivators strike again," Minister Xiu Yucheng said gravely, "they will not hold back."

"This time," he continued, "they will come with their full strength."

"We must assume that the next confrontation will be decisive," Minister Xiu Yucheng said. "If we are unprepared, there will be no second chance."

He paused, letting his words sink in.

"From this moment on," he declared, "all forces must remain on high alert." "Perhaps the Next Clash against them might be our last!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 390 Mó Zūn[946 words]

Chapter 390 Mó Zūn

The next day arrived beneath a sky heavy with foreboding.

From the moment dawn should have broken, alarm rang to sound the arrival of Demonic Beasts.

Across the battlefield's perimeter, cultivators stood in tense silence, weapons already in hand.

Many had not slept at all. Those who had managed to rest did so fitfully, eyes snapping open at the slightest disturbance, minds still trapped in memories of blood and screams.

They had barely finished clearing the corpses.

Barely finished counting the dead.

And yet-

The Demonic Beasts came again.

RRWWWRRR!

A low, rumbling roar rolled across the horizon, vibrating through the earth like distant thunder. It grew louder with every passing breath, until the ground itself began to tremble.

"They're attacking again?!"

The cry spread through the ranks, disbelief laced with anger.

"Just one day later?!"

"Have they gone mad?!"

Complaints erupted openly this time. Cultivators clenched their weapons, faces pale with exhaustion, eyes bloodshot from sleeplessness.

"We haven't even had time to recover!"

"Our Qi hasn't fully stabilized yet!"

Some cursed aloud. Others laughed bitterly.

"So they really don't intend to give us a moment to breathe..."

Yet beneath the fatigue-

There was fury. They, already angered by the invasion, were even more furious

because they were not given any time to rest.

"Good! I was just looking for a place to vent."

"They'll pay for yesterday. Every single one of them."

However, they were not alone.

The Demonic Cultivators stepped into view without the slightest attempt at concealment.

For a brief moment, the battlefield fell into stunned silence.

Then-

Someone scoffed.

"Oh? They're finally showing their faces?"

"So the cowards decided to stop hiding?"

More voices joined in, sharp with mockery despite the tension.

"What, afraid we didn't notice you yesterday?"

"Come out at last, huh?"

"Maybe they got tired of playing hide and seek!"

Despite their blatant appearance, the Demonic Cultivators did not attack.

They simply stood there, as if waiting for something.

That was when unease truly began to spread.

Murmurs rippled through the ranks of the Desolate Heaven Empire, low and anxious.

"Why aren't they moving?"

"Are they stalling for time?"

"It makes sense for Demonic Cultivators to hold back, but why aren't the Demonic Beasts charging?"

That was the strangest part.

The Demonic Beasts-creatures driven by bloodlust and instinct-stood

unnaturally restrained.

Their massive forms loomed across the battlefield, claws digging into the earth, fangs bared yet unmoving.

They, too, seemed to be waiting for something.

And then-

Everything changed.

The air cracked. A pressure descended without warning-vast, suffocating, and absolute.

It was Immortal Qi. Not faint. Not restrained. Overwhelming.

The sky itself seemed to lower, clouds compressing as if crushed beneath an invisible hand.

Countless cultivators felt their knees buckle, chests tightening as though an unseen mountain had been placed upon them.

Before anyone could react-

The Demonic Beasts moved. They lowered their heads.

Massive, ferocious creatures-beasts that had torn through elite formations-

bowed in unison, like subjects greeting a monarch.

From behind the Demonic Beast horde, colossal figures emerged. Their auras were ancient, tyrannical, and terrifyingly refined.

Immortal Realm Demonic Beasts!

Each step shook the battlefield, the earth cracking beneath their weight.

Their eyes burned with intelligence far beyond ordinary beasts-cold, calculating, and predatory.

The murmurs died instantly.

But the shock did not end there.

From the ranks of the Demonic Cultivators, figures stepped forward as well.

Their movements were calm, unhurried. Demonic Qi no longer churned violently around them; instead, it was perfectly controlled, dense to the point

of distortion.

Immortal Realm Demonic Cultivators!

The realization hit like a hammer.

"So... this is what they were waiting for."

Across the battlefield, alarms rang out. High above, powerful auras surged in response.

One by one, figures ascended into the air from the Desolate Heaven Empire's side.

Qi clashed against Demonic Qi as Immortal Realm cultivators revealed themselves, stabilizing the trembling battlefield.

"Looks like they are really serious," Bai Ren muttered, amusement flickering across his face.

He stared at the Demonic Cultivators, including Gou You, whom he had faced previously.

Alongside Gou You were two others of Earth Immortal rank, including the Lord

of the Demonic Cultivators himself-Mó Zūn.

And that was only on the Demonic Cultivator side.

On the Demonic Beast side, several Immortal Beasts also emerged. Among them, one stood out most of all: a colossal, half-Qilin creature.

It resembled a Qilin but was clearly not purebred-a hybrid with the bloodline

of a Qilin running through it. Its presence alone was enough to make both human and beast alike shiver.

Every massive Demonic Beast bowed before it, an act of obedience almost sacred in its precision.

It was clear why such powerful beasts followed orders without question, despite the rarity of such discipline.

The creature at their center was no ordinary beast-it was a scion of the Qilin, radiating majesty and authority that could bend even the feral to its will.

Demonic Beasts were creatures defined by their bloodline.

Strength, instinct, and dominance all flowed from lineage as much as from cultivation.

The mightiest among them could bend lesser beasts to their will simply through presence and pedigree.

And the half-Qilin before them...

Its bloodline was everything. Its authority was absolute; its strength immeasurable. It was no wonder, then, that the other Demonic Beasts, fearsome in their own right, obeyed without hesitation, moving with the precision and discipline of elite soldiers under its command.

No growl, no hesitation, no rebellion-only the silent, deadly unity of creatures aligned under a sovereign they could neither contest nor defy.

Then, the creature spoke.

Not with a roar or a snarl-but with a voice that rolled across the battlefield,

deep, resonant, and terrifyingly intelligent.

The sound seemed to vibrate through bone, earth, and sky alike, freezing the hearts of all who heard it.

"Humans..."

The words carried the weight of inevitability, the finality of judgment.

"Your lives, your blood, your lands-they are mine to take..."

A tense pause followed. Cultivators froze, clutching their weapons, eyes wide. Even the most battle-hardened warriors felt the oppressive aura of authority pressing down upon them.

"But I shall bestow upon you a last chance," the Qilin Scion continued, its gaze sweeping across the assembled humans like a storm.

"Surrender, and your life may be spared. Resist, and none shall live to see the next sunrise."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 391 Immortals Take Their Positions[1,384 words]

Chapter 391 Immortals Take Their Positions

The pressure exuded by the half-Qilin was something none of them had ever faced before.

Even the Immortal Realm cultivators couldn't help but feel a hint of unease.

With its cultivation at the very peak of the Earth Immortal Realm-and its terrifying bloodline-it could be said that there was no one present who could confidently stand against the half-Qilin alone.

Minister Xiu had not anticipated that the one commanding such a high-level Beast Tide would be something so terrifying.

He immediately relayed orders and sent urgent messages to the Imperial Palace, reporting the half-Qilin's appearance and requesting further reinforcements-specifically Immortal Realm cultivators.

"This isn't an opponent we can fight while preserving our strength."

He and the others had believed that the forces they brought would be more than enough. After all, such a lineup could raze a neighboring empire within days.

Almost more than 50 percent of Desolate Heaven Empire's was present here.

They had even thought it might be excessive-even if Demonic Cultivators were added to the equation.

Yet who could have imagined that the Beast Tide would be led by a Demonic Beast with Qilin blood-one standing on the verge of breaking through to the Golden Immortal Realm?

"Surrender, and your lives may be spared," the half-Qilin declared calmly.

"Resist, and none of you shall live to see the next sunrise."

The ultimatum was delivered.

Now, it was their turn to respond.

But who would step forward in such a situation?

On any other day, many would have eagerly seized the opportunity to speak- asserting dominance, establishing prestige before the forces of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

But now?

Anyone who stepped forward risked becoming the half-Qilin's immediate target.

Standing against such a monster merely for influence or reputation was hardly a wise bargain.

And yet, someone had to speak.

Otherwise, they would appear nothing more than cowards before everyone present.

"Bold words for mere beast!"

The voice rang out clearly across the battlefield.

"Do you think we are your servants-like those Demonic Beasts behind you?" All eyes turned towards the speaker of such bold words.

Bai Ren!

He was not the strongest Immortal Realm cultivator present-nor even the strongest among the Bai Clan's Immortals.

Yet the moment he spoke, there was no dissatisfaction among the Bai Clan's Grand Elders.

On the contrary-it suited him perfectly.

Bai Ren stood tall, his expression relaxed, almost mocking, as he met the half-Qilin's gaze without flinching,

"If you want to fight, then fight. What's with all this nonsense about surrender?"

If you're scared, turn around and crawl back to where you came from."

The battlefield seemed to freeze as Bai Ren continued to further provoke the Half-Qilin.

All had to agree that Bai Ren possessed a heart of steel.

Who else but him could speak such words, and in such a manner, before a mythical creature?

It had to be someone like Bai Ren.

Yet the half-Qilin did not respond with anger.

It did not roar.

Instead, its massive eyes narrowed slightly-calm and cold.

"Very well," it said indifferently.

"That is your decision."

Its gaze swept across the human forces.

"You may blame only him for choosing foolishness. You all will die here today!"

The moment those words fell-the half-Qilin lifted its head.

And the battlefield erupted.

With a thunderous roar, it issued its command.

Hundreds of thousands of Demonic Beasts surged forward in unison.

The ground shook violently as the Beast Tide advanced, claws tearing into the earth, howls ripping through the air like a storm unleashed.

At the same time-

Mó Zūn raised his hand.

"Attack!"

The command was simple and absolute.

The Demonic Cultivators moved instantly, pouring forth like a black tide, their Demonic Qi flaring without restraint as they charged into battle.

Gulp!

Facing the full invasion of Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators-both led by Immortal Realm existences-the forces of the Desolate Heaven Empire couldn't help but feel fear claw at their hearts.

If they were struck even once by such beings, death would come before they could even comprehend it.

Bai Ren's voice rang out once more-loud, unwavering.

"There's no need to be intimidated by this trash!"

His gaze swept across the ranks of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

"Do exactly what you've been doing!"

His lips curled into a confident smile.

"We'll handle the troublesome ones."

His words ignited morale.

"So what if they brought out their Immortals? Don't we have them too?"

"They've lost twice already. We'll give them their third lesson today!"

"Cowards! I hope you don't run away so easily this time!"

...

The Desolate Heaven Empire surged forward as well, meeting the two invading forces head-on.

The moment the tides collided, the battlefield descended into similar chaos as before.

The Immortals did not descend immediately.

For now, the battlefield below belonged to the Great Ascensioj Realm and below just like the previous two clashes.

It was the same brutal chaos as before-but this time, there was a crucial

difference.

The enemy had Demonic Cultivators from the beginning while they had their

Reserve Units fighting alongside them.

Three forces collided head-on.

The Desolate Heaven Empire's cultivators Vs The Demonic Beasts and the

Demonic Cultivators.

The battlefield instantly transformed into a grinding meat grinder.

Cries of rage, pain, and fury echoed endlessly. Techniques detonated one after another, tearing apart land and sky alike.

Amid this chaos-A figure moved like a tempest unleashed.

Bai Zihan!

His eyes gleamed with excitement, a faint smile playing at his lips as he tore through a cluster of Demonic Beasts.

He laughed softly as he moved.

With Reserve Units taking care of Demonic Cultivators, he can once again, focus on Grade-9 Demonic Beasts and earn System Points.

Bai Zihan leapt into the densest clusters of Grade-9 Demonic Beasts, his movements sharp and decisive.

Each strike was clean. Each kill is efficient. His sword danced like a streak of cold light, carving a bloody path through the Beast Tide.

Around him, Demonic Beasts roared in fury, sensing the threat he posed.

Several turned their attention toward him at once, their killing intent surging.

Bai Zihan welcomed it.

Yet no matter how much he killed, it didn't matter much because the Main

Battle wasn't between them.

The outcome of Immortal's fight would decide the outcome. The Desolate Heaven Empire's Immortals were the first to move.

Bai Ren moved, his gaze locked onto familiar figure among the Demonic Cultivators.

Gou You!

Vicious, oppressive Demonic Qi coiled around him like living serpents.

Even among Immortal Realm Demonic Cultivators, he stood out as one of the most dangerous.

Bai Ren let out a low chuckle.

"We meet again!"

It could be said that their meeting was recent, even though it had taken place two years ago.

For Immortal Realm cultivators, who rarely crossed paths with one another, even a meeting ten years apart could be considered recent-let alone one that occurred only two years ago.

Gou You also focused on Bai Ren, making him his target.

Without another word, Bai Ren stepped into the air. Immortal Qi erupted around him as he shot toward Gou You like a streak of light.

The moment their auras collided, space itself distorted.

At the same time, a far more terrifying presence stirred.

Mó Zūn!

The Lord of the Demonic Cultivators stood calmly amid the chaos, hands clasped behind his back, as though the raging battlefield meant nothing to him.

And then-

A figure appeared before him.

Bai Chu!

The strongest of the Bai Clan's five Grand Elders.

Among all the Immortal Realm cultivators present, there were few-if any-who dared claim superiority over him.

Their eyes met.

No words were exchanged.

None were needed.

As Bai Chu took a single step forward, Immortal Qi surged like a rising tide, pressing directly against Mó Zūn's Demonic Qi.

The clash between the two was silent-

Yet infinitely more terrifying than any explosion below.

Meanwhile, the earth trembled violently.

A shadow blotted out the sky.

The half-Qilin moved.

Each step it took caused the battlefield to quake, Immortal Qi and beastly pressure rolling outward in suffocating waves.

Its presence alone crushed countless weaker cultivators to their knees.

Facing it, three figures rose into the air.

The Li Clan's Grand Elder.

The Zhao Clan's Grand Elder.

And the Imperial Family's Ancestor.

Three of them were all in the Earth Immortal Realm. Each radiated age, experience, and overwhelming power. Individually, none could confidently suppress the half-Qilin. But together-there is a high chance of victory.

The half-Qilin's eyes gleamed with interest. Three Earth Immortals.

Enough to make things... entertaining.

As for the remaining Immortal Realm threats-

They were dangerous, yes.

But compared to Gou You, Mó Zūn, and the half-Qilin, they were secondary. Other Immortal Realm cultivators of the Desolate Heaven Empire intercepted them, preventing devastation below and keeping them from interfering with those three fights.

The war had been divided.

Battlefields within battlefields.

Above-Immortals clashed, each exchange capable of reshaping the land. Below-Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators crashed into defensive lines, meeting cultivators who-despite fear and exhaustion-refused to retreat.

One truth became clear to everyone present.

This was no longer a test.

No longer a probing assault.

This was a full-scale war.

And only one side would remain standing when it ended.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 392 Bai Grand Elder's Unexpected Strength!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 392 Bai Grand Elder's Unexpected Strength!

Chapter 392 Bai Grand Elder's Unexpected Strength!

Bai Ren went all out against Gou You. He had no intention of sparing him-not after what he did two years ago.

Perhaps it was also his guilt over his own carelessness back then, but the memory of Gou You attacking Bai Zihan was still etched deeply into his mind, refusing to fade no matter how much time had passed.

This time, Bai Ren vowed to make Gou You pay.

Many had expected the outcome to be just like two years ago-a prolonged stalemate that could last a very, very long time.

After all, battles between Immortal Realm cultivators-when there was no overwhelming difference in strength-could drag on for days, sometimes even weeks.

CLANG! CLANG!

The first exchange exploded the moment their weapons met.

Immortal Qi and Demonic Qi collided head-on, sending ripples through the surrounding space.

Shockwaves tore outward, forcing nearby Immortal Realm cultivators to instinctively retreat.

But before Gou You could even stabilize-

CLANG!

Bai Ren stepped in again.

His sword descended in a clean, precise arc, forcing Gou You to retreat half a step.

Then another strike followed immediately, and another-each blow perfectly linked, leaving no room to breathe.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Sparks scattered as Gou You was driven backward through the air.

His expression shifted subtly.

Every strike carried an oppressive weight, the Immortal Qi within them dense and refined, pressing down on him like an invisible mountain.

Bai Ren, on the other hand, looked almost relaxed.

His movements were fluid and effortless-each step measured, each swing controlled. It was as though he were dictating the rhythm of the battle entirely. CLANG!

Gou You grunted as he blocked another strike, his arm vibrating violently from the impact.

He hadn't even launched a proper counterattack yet.

Bai Ren pressed forward once more, blade flashing.

CLANG!

This time, Gou You was forced back several meters, his feet skidding through the air as he struggled to regain balance.

Only then did Bai Ren laugh.

"Haha, it has been 2 years and your skills are still stuck at this level!"

His tone was light, almost amused, yet the contempt behind it was unmistakable.

Gou You's face darkened.

He couldn't say anything back.

He didn't know how, but in just two years since he had last seen Bai Ren, Bai

Ren had clearly advanced far more than he should have been able to.

He could feel it.

He was at a disadvantage.

(How? Did he hold back two years ago?)

That was the only explanation that made sense.

Otherwise, at their level, making any noticeable progress was extremely difficult-certainly not enough to push an opponent back like this.

He remembered clearly that two years ago, at the Ancient Ruins, he had been able to go toe-to-toe with Bai Ren without any issue.

But now-It was obvious.

He was being pushed back.

Bai Ren excitedly threw another attack.

SLASH!

Gou You was forced back another three meters as he struggled to defend.

The reason for Bai Ren's sudden increase in power was simple.

It was all due to the Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique that Bai Zihan had given them.

A cultivator inevitably encountered limitations as their cultivation rose higher and higher.

Earth-Grade Cultivation Techniques, in particular, made advancement within the Immortal Realm exceedingly difficult.

But with a Heaven-Grade Cultivation Technique, the Qi refined was far purer and denser.

Although Bai Ren's cultivation realm itself hadn't changed much, the quality of his Qi had undergone a drastic transformation.

Every attack he unleashed now carried far greater power than before.

Thus, Gou You-who had initially been full of confidence-was now beginning to regret his decision to go against Bai Ren.

CLANG! CLANG!

Bai Ren attacked casually, treating Gou You as nothing more than a practice target.

Gou You could clearly feel it.

Bai Ren was blatantly looking down on him.

Him?

The Third General of the Demonic Cultivators?

"Bai Ren, don't think that you can take me down so easily!"

Gou You roared as Demonic Qi surged violently around him. His aura exploded outward as he clasped his hands together.

"Demonic Heaven-Shattering Slash!"

A crescent of condensed Demonic Qi tore through space itself, carrying destructive power capable of cleaving mountains.

Even the surrounding Immortal Realm cultivators instinctively retreated, unwilling to be caught in its path.

Gou You's eyes burned with vicious confidence.

This was one of his strongest killing techniques.

Yet-

Bai Ren merely raised his sword, his expression unchanged.

CLANG!

The Demonic slash shattered like glass.

Its remnants dispersed harmlessly into the air, unable to advance even half a

meter further.

Gou You's pupils shrank violently.

"What-?!"

Bai Ren laughed heartily.

"Haha! Bai Zihan was right!"

He stepped forward casually, his sword resting on his shoulder.

"Your attacks feel like a soft massage!"

Gou You was reminded of Bai Zihan's words-words hurled at him after surviving his failed ambush.

His face twisted with humiliation and fury.

The Third General of the Demonic Cultivators-reduced to a joke.

Elsewhere-

The clash between true giants shook the heavens.

Bai Chu stood firm against Mó Zūn, his Immortal Qi surging in steady, crushing waves. Each exchange distorted space itself, yet neither side gained clear dominance.

But something was wrong.

Very wrong.

Mó Zun's eyes narrowed as yet another of his attacks was neutralized.

Several years ago, Bai Chu had been inferior to him-there was no doubt about it.

Yet now?

They were evenly matched.

At moments, Bai Chu was even pressing him back.

Mó Zun's gaze swept across the battlefield.

Bai Ren was overwhelming Gou You.

Other Bai Clan Immortals were dominating their opponents as well-each far stronger than before.

This was no coincidence.

"This kind of growth..."

Mó Zún said coldly, Demonic Qi churning beneath his calm exterior.

"It cannot be explained by mere enlightenment."

His eyes locked onto Bai Chu.

"What did you all do?" Bai Chu smiled faintly, Immortal Qi swirling around him like an unyielding tide.

"Like hell I'd tell you."

He stepped forward, pressure surging.

"Why don't you force it out of me-like you Demonic Cultivators always do?"

Mó Zūn's expression darkened.

(The Bai Clan must have obtained some kind of treasure.)

He came to a conclusion.

(Whatever it is-it shall be mine!)

CLANG!

But for that to happen, he would first have to kill Bai Chu and destroy the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And that was proving to be far more difficult than he had anticipated.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 393 The Heaven and Earth Obliterating[1,045 words]

Chapter 393 The Heaven and Earth Obliterating

Thousand-Mile Spear

Yet despite the Bai Clan's overwhelming advantage-the situation was far from ideal.

Because the most critical battlefield had yet to be decided.

BOOM!

The earth split apart.

The sky trembled.

The half-Qilin roared, its voice carrying the weight of ancient blood and absolute authority.

Even while facing three Earth Immortal cultivators-the Li Clan's Grand Elder, the Zhao Clan's Grand Elder, and the Imperial Ancestor-it stood unbowed.

If anything-it was they who were struggling.

Each exchange sent shockwaves tearing through the battlefield. Immortal techniques shattered against its scales, barely leaving a mark.

Blood stained the air.

"He's too strong!"

The Zhao Clan's Grand Elder, Zhao Wujin, gritted his teeth as he was forced back.

Even three Earth Immortals weren't enough to gain the upper hand.

The half-Qilin's eyes burned with disdain.

"So this is the best you can offer?"

Its voice rumbled like rolling thunder-ancient and contemptuous.

"You disappoint me."

The moment the words fell-The half-Qilin reared back.

Immortal Qi condensed violently within its chest, compressing into a blazing sphere of crimson-gold light.

Then-

BOOOOM!

The attack erupted like a divine cannon, a beam of annihilating force tearing through the heavens and crashing straight into the three Earth Immortals. "Defend!"

Li Zhenhe roared.

The three instantly formed a defensive formation, Immortal Qi surging outward as they braced themselves.

Yet-

CRACK!

Their defenses shattered.

Li Zhenhe, Zhao Wujin, and Yu Xuande were sent flying backward like broken leaves, crashing into the ground miles away.

The earth split apart where they landed.

Dust and rubble billowed skyward.

"Damn it!"

Li Zhenhe coughed violently as he forced himself upright, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

His arm trembled uncontrollably, the Qi within it in complete chaos after taking the brunt of the attack.

Even now, numbness crawled through his meridians.

(That single strike... nearly shattered my arm.)

He clenched his teeth, forcing the tremor to subside.

Zhao Wujin staggered to his feet nearby, breathing ragged, while Yu Xuande steadied himself with his sword buried deep in the ground, his expression grim.

Li Zhenhe lifted his gaze toward the towering half-Qilin.

Its scales were unmarred.

Not even a scratch.

At that moment, a bitter thought surfaced in his mind.

(Perhaps... I should have chosen to fight Mó Zūn instead.)

Originally, he had believed this to be the safer choice.

Compared to facing the Lord of the Demonic Cultivators alone, joining forces with two other Earth Immortals to suppress a demonic beast-even one with Qilin blood-had seemed far more manageable.

But now?

That judgment felt laughably naïve.

Who could have imagined that-even without being a pure-blooded Qilin-this half-Qilin would possess such a terrifying body?

Their combined attacks barely left marks.

And that cannon-like strike just now, it had taken everything they had just to survive it.

Li Zhenhe's gaze darkened.

(If this continues... I won't last.)

Li Zhenhe forced himself to steady his breathing.

He was an Earth Immortal.

A Grand Elder of the Li Clan!

Someone who had stood at the peak of the Desolate Heaven Empire for hundreds of years.

Yet for the first time since he had stepped into the Immortal Realm, a sense of helplessness crept into his heart.

"We can't fight it head-on anymore," Yu Xuande said grimly, wiping blood from his lips.

"Its body is too strong!"

Zhao Wujin nodded, his expression pale.

"If this continues, we'll be worn down one by one."

Li Zhenhe's eyes hardened.

"Then we change tactics."

Li Zhenhe continued.

"My Li clan's Technique," he said.

"The Heaven and Earth Obliterating Thousand-Mile Spear. It consumes nearly everything I have-but if it lands cleanly, even the half-Qilin won't escape

unscathed."

Zhao Wujin inhaled sharply.

"That technique... Are you sure?"

Zhao Wujin knew what technique Zhao Wujin was talking about.

The most destructive technique of Desolate Heaven Empire but it took time to charge and also a large amount of Qi.

"We don't have much choice."

Li Zhenhe replied confidently.

There was no hesitation after that.

"Zhao Wujin," Li Zhenhe said, "Yu Xuande-hold it back. Don't let it interrupt me. Just buy me time."

Zhao Wujin tightened his grip on his weapon.

Yu Xuande's sword rang softly as he raised it.

"We won't let it reach you."

The three moved at once.

Zhao Wujin charged head-on, Immortal Qi surging violently as he unleashed a storm of techniques, each strike aimed not to wound-but to occupy.

Yu Xuande followed closely, his sword flashing like lightning, cutting off the half-Qilin's angles of approach and forcing it to respond.

To their surprise-It worked.

The half-Qilin stepped back once.

Its massive claws deflected their attacks, its movements precise but... restrained.

Zhao Wujin's eyes flickered.

(Why does this feel easy?)

The half-Qilin's gaze never left Li Zhenhe.

It watched him calmly as Qi gathered around Li Zhenhe's body in terrifying density.

(Just a little more...)

Behind him, Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande fought desperately, pouring everything they had into keeping the half-Qilin at bay.

Still-The beast did not press them.

It merely endured.

Then-

Li Zhenhe's eyes snapped open.

"Now!"

He stepped forward, thrusting both palms toward the half-Qilin.

"Heaven and Earth Obliterating Thousand-Mile Spear!"

The spear blazed with a radiant, crushing light, extending like a comet streaking across the battlefield.

Li Zhenhe's figure became a blur, and all the Qi poured into that single strike.

The attack landed squarely.

BOOOOOOM!!!

The explosion swallowed the half-Qilin entirely. The shockwave flattened everything for miles.

Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande were blasted backward, barely managing to stabilize themselves as they stared at the epicenter in disbelief.

"Haha... This is what happens when you underestimate me!"

Li Zhenhe was already bathing in victory. After all, his attack had landed perfectly and he had used much of his Qi.

The smoke cleared.

The half-Qilin stood there.

Blood dripped slowly from a shallow wound along its chest.

(That was all?)

Li Zhenhe's heart raced-this was the culmination of everything, the final strike.

It should have erased the half-Qilin into nothing.

But all it did was put a scratch on Half-Qilin's body?

The half-Qilin's eyes narrowed-not in anger, but in disappointment.

"I gave you an opportunity," it said calmly.

Its gaze swept over the three of them.

"And this... is all you had?"

A chill ran down Zhao Wujin's spine.

At that moment, realization struck him like lightning.

(It wasn't struggling before... It never had the intention to disturb Li Zhenhe!)

The half-Qilin lifted its head.

The air screamed.

Immortal Qi and beastly power condensed once more within its chest, far denser and more violent than before.

Li Zhenhe's pupils shrank.

"No-!"

The half-Qilin exhaled.

BOOOOM!!!

A cannon-like beam of annihilation erupted forth, tearing through space and swallowing Li Zhenhe whole.

There was no scream.

No resistance.

Li Zhenhe's body was erased instantly-Immortal Qi, flesh, and soul obliterated in a single breath.

The beam continued onward, carving a canyon through the land before finally dissipating.

Silence fell!

Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande stood frozen, blood running cold. Where Li Zhenhe had stood-there was nothing.

The half-Qilin lowered its head slightly, its voice indifferent.

"Disappointing!"

And as its gaze turned toward the remaining battlefield-

True despair took root.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 394 The Fall of an Earth Immortal[1,345 words]

Chapter 394 The Fall of an Earth Immortal

Silence spread across the battlefield.

An Earth Immortal had fallen.

For a brief moment, no one moved.

No one breathed.

Cultivators-mortal and immortal alike-stared at the place where Li Zhenhe had stood only moments ago.

There was no corpse. No shattered bones. No lingering soul that could be revived either.

Nothing!

As if he had never existed.

"He... he's dead?"

A trembling voice broke the stillness from somewhere on the battlefield.

That single sentence was enough.

Panic rippled outward.

Li Zhenhe!

The Grand Elder of the Li Clan.

An Earth Immortal who had stood at the pinnacle of the Desolate Heaven Empire for centuries.

A figure whose name alone could suppress sects and intimidate enemies. Gone-just like that.

For many of the Immortal Realm cultivators present, Li Zhenhe was not a distant legend. He was someone they acknowledged and had even fought. They knew his strength.

They knew that the Heaven and Earth Obliterating Thousand-Mile Spear was not merely powerful-it was destruction itself.

A technique spoken of with awe, something believed capable of heavily injuring even Earth Immortal peers.

And yet-

It had barely injured the half-Qilin.

That realization struck harder than any physical blow.

"If... if Grand Elder Li couldn't do anything..."

A sect master's face turned deathly pale.

"What chance do we have?"

Despair erupted within the Li Clan's ranks.

"No... Grand Elder...!"

A hoarse cry rang out as several Li Clan elders stumbled forward, eyes bloodshot, faces drained of all color.

Others stared blankly into the distance, their minds refusing to accept what their eyes had seen.

Li Zhenhe was not merely a Grand Elder.

He was a pillar of the Li Clan.

A living foundation that had protected them through countless storms, internal strife, and external threats.

Now-

That pillar had collapsed.

"Impossible... This has to be an illusion... As long as Grand Elder's soul is still intact, we can revive him!"

One Li Clan elder muttered, his voice shaking as he desperately scanned the battlefield, hoping-praying-to sense even the faintest trace of Li Zhenhe's soul.

But there was nothing.

No residual Immortal Qi.

"He's... really gone..."

Another elder's voice broke as tears streamed down his face.

An Immortal Realm cultivator-someone who had lived for centuries-was openly weeping, his Dao heart cracking under the weight of reality.

The Li Clan disciples fared even worse.

Many froze where they stood, weapons slipping from numb fingers.

Some collapsed entirely, sobbing as fear and grief overwhelmed them.

Their strongest protector had died in an instant.

What hope did they have left?

At the center of it all, Li Jianhong stood rooted to the ground.

His body trembled.

Not from fear alone-but from shock so deep it felt as though his very foundation had been shaken apart.

(Grand Elder Zhenhe... lost?)

He remembered the countless times Li Zhenhe had guided him, corrected his mistakes, and reminded him of the dignity and responsibility of bearing the Li

Clan name.

Li Jianhong clenched his fists so tightly that blood seeped from his palms, yet

he felt no pain.

(If even he couldn't stop it...)

His gaze drifted toward the towering half-Qilin, and for the first time in his life

True fear took hold.

Around him, Li Clan elders struggled to maintain order, but their voices lacked conviction.

"Hold your formation!"

"Don't panic!"

Their commands rang hollow, drowned beneath the weight of despair.

However, they didn't have time to mourn. They still had to deal with their opponents or end up dead, as some already had from letting their guard down.

Despair took root-not gradually, but violently.

The morale of the battlefield collapsed in an instant.

Even Immortal Realm cultivators felt it.

Zhao Wujin stood frozen, his mind blank.

His ears rang, drowning out the sounds of battle.

He could still hear Li Zhenhe's voice from moments earlier.

"Now!"

His hands trembled uncontrollably.

(That attack... did nothing.)

Yu Xuande felt his throat tighten.

Cold sweat ran down his back as a terrifying truth settled into his bones.

(This beast was never something the three of us could defeat.)

He reckoned that they might need at least five or six Earth Immortals if they wanted a shot at defeating the half-Qilin.

And even that was by no means assured.

The half-Qilin stood amid the devastation, its massive form radiating calm indifference.

Blood still dripped from the shallow wound on its chest-a wound so insignificant it might as well not exist.

Its gaze swept across the battlefield.

Wherever it looked, fear followed.

Zhao Wujin swallowed hard, forcing his stiff body to move. He quickly informed Minister Xiu through telepathy.

"Minister Xiu! We can't hold him back!"

Zhao Wujin clenched his teeth as he steadied himself.

"Li Zhenhe is dead. Yu Xuande and I-" he paused, forcing the words out, "-we are not enough."

His words carried the weight of absolute certainty. After all, even with Li Zhenhe, they had been struggling.

After his death, it was certain they couldn't do anything to stop the half-Qilin.

Minister Xiu Yucheng's heart sank.

For a moment, his sharp mind-one that had guided the Desolate Heaven Empire through countless crises-went completely blank. Minister Xiu slowly clenched his fists.

"Reinforcements?"

Zhao Wujin pressed, desperation creeping into his voice.

"The other Earth Immortals-can they arrive?"

Minister Xiu's lips parted... then closed.

His silence was answer enough.

After witnessing the half-Qilin's power, he realized they would need far more and had already asked for reinforcements-but those reinforcements wouldn't arrive so quickly.

Who would have thought that Li Zhenhe would be killed so quickly, so easily?

That alone showed just how severe the crisis truly was. Unfortunately, they weren't prepared for such a scenario.

"It might take a few hours at the earliest."

Zhao Wujin's heart sank.

Hours?

They wouldn't last minutes.

Minister Xiu turned his gaze across the battlefield, searching for options-any option.

But what he saw only deepened the despair.

Bai Chu was locked in a brutal clash with Mó Zūn, neither able to disengage. The other two Earth Immortals were engaged with their own Earth Immortal demonic beasts. They were clearly struggling and couldn't withdraw.

He couldn't ask Immortal Ascension Realm Grand Elders to help-they would only get in the way.

The only hope was Bai Ren. While he too was busy fighting Gou You, he held overwhelming advantages.

The only one Minister Xiu could ask was Bai Ren.

On the other side of the battlefield-

CLANG! CLANG!

Swords and demonic blades collided violently as Bai Ren continued to press Gou You back.

Every strike was heavy.

Every exchange forced Gou You to retreat further, his demonic Qi growing increasingly unstable.

And then-

The cannon-like roar echoed across heaven and earth.

BOOOOM!!!

Bai Ren's eyes flickered.

For a split second, his blade slowed.

So did Gou You's.

Both of them felt it.

That overwhelming, annihilating pressure.

They turned almost simultaneously, their gazes snapping toward the distant battlefield.

And what they saw-

Silence.

A vast stretch of devastated land.

And the unmistakable absence of an Earth Immortal's presence.

Gou You's pupils shrank-then slowly widened.

"Heh!"

A grin crept onto his face.

A cruel, satisfied grin.

"Hahaha! Li Zhenhe has fallen. Looks like it's only a matter of time before you all follow him."

Gou You said, his voice dripping with mockery.

He let out a low laugh, demonic Qi swirling around him like smoke.

His gaze slid back to Bai Ren.

"So, cease this useless effort, Bai Ren. Your side can't win!"

Bai Ren's expression darkened.

CLANG!

He knocked aside Gou You's weapon with a sharp twist of his wrist, forcing him back several steps.

"Talk a lot for someone getting beaten like a dog" Bai Ren replied flatly.

His sword pointed forward, Immortal Qi surging steadily around him.

"You should worry about your own life first."

Gou You's smile faltered for just a fraction of a moment.

Bai Ren stepped forward.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Another flurry of strikes exploded forth, forcing Gou You to retreat again, sparks flying as his defenses screamed under the pressure.

Yet-

Despite his words-

Bai Ren's heart was not calm.

(Li Zhenhe... dead?)

Li Zhenhe was an enemy and he didn't feel much about his death. However, it was true that his death left a hole in their formation.

(That half-Qilin...)

Bai Ren's grip tightened imperceptibly.

If even Li Zhenhe's Heaven and Earth Obliterating Thousand-Mile Spear had only left a scratch-

Then Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande wouldn't last long.

Bai Ren's gaze sharpened.

(If they also fall... the battlefield collapses.)

Gou You noticed the flicker in his eyes and laughed loudly.

"Haha! What's wrong?" he taunted. "Scared?"

"Realizing that no matter how strong you get-today is still your end?"

Bai Ren's response was immediate.

SLASH!

A terrifying sword are tore through the air, forcing Gou You to hastily defend.

CRACK!

Gou You was sent skidding backward, his arm numbed from the impact.

Bai Ren stepped forward again, his voice low and dangerous.

"Enough nonsense. If you want to see how I die-"

His eyes burned.

"Live long enough first!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 395 An Earth Immortal for an Earth Immortal

Chapter 395 An Earth Immortal for an Earth Immortal

CLANG! CLANG!

Gou You went full defense mode then on. He wasn't attacking much and only focusing on defending himself.

"Grand Elder Bai Ren, can you support Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande?"

Minister Xiu asked through telepathy.

Bai Ren didn't reply instantly.

Gou You had likely realized that he couldn't defeat him, which was why he had gone into full defense.

To take care of him quickly and then support Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande would be difficult-unless Bai Ren used their trump card.

Yes! It would be difficult as long as he continued hiding their trump card.

The Saint-Grade Artifact!

As long as he used it, Bai Ren didn't think dealing with Gou You would be too troublesome. He was already winning without using it.

He swept his gaze across the battlefield and found that almost all of their forces were looking down, their morale severely shaken by the death of their Earth Immortal.

(Perhaps it's time.)

If he waited any longer, the situation would only worsen-especially since there was no one left to keep the half-Qilin in check.

If they lost Zhao Wujin or Yu Xuande, then it would almost be impossible to take care of Half-Qilin.

"Tianheng, I'm going to use it!"

Bai Ren informed Bai Tianheng through telepathy.

"... I understand!"

Given the circumstances, Bai Tianheng had no objections to Bai Ren using the Saint-Grade Sword.

Although this revelation would undoubtedly bring complications later, if they didn't use it now, they might not even survive long enough to worry about those problems.

"Bai Ren, what happened?"

Gou You sneered as he noticed Bai Ren's attacks slowing.

"Did you finally realize how futile your efforts are?"

"You wish!"

Bai Ren replied coldly, his eyes locked onto Gou You.

"Gou You, I would've played with you a little longer-but the circumstances no longer allow it. Prepare to face death!"

Gou You burst into laughter.

"Hahaha! Face death?"

He spread his arms wide as demonic Qi surged around him, forming a thick, defensive shell.

"Bai Ren, don't tell me you're trying to scare me with empty words?"

His gaze swept briefly across the battlefield.

The despair.

The crumbling morale.

Li Zhenhe's disappearance.

A twisted smile curled on his lips.

"Look around you," Gou You mocked.

"Your side is already collapsing. Even an Earth Immortal couldn't survive. And you think a few harsh words will change anything?"

He leaned forward slightly, his tone dripping with disdain.

"Stop pretending. If you had anything else, you would've used it long ago."

Yet-

Despite his words-

A faint unease stirred in Gou You's heart.

Bai Ren was too calm.

He didn't look like someone who believed he had already lost. As long as his morale hadn't broken, it meant he still believed he could survive.

Bai Ren didn't reply.

Instead, he slowly raised his hand.

Space itself seemed to hesitate.

Then-

A sword appeared in his grasp.

The moment it emerged, the world changed.

Qi across the battlefield shuddered violently, as if bowing before something far beyond its station.

Even Demonic Qi recoiled instinctively, retreating from Bai Ren's position.

A chill ran straight down Gou You's spine.

His pupils contracted sharply.

(What... is that?)

The pressure it exuded seemed to disorder the very laws of the world.

This was no ordinary artifact.

"That sword-!"

Gou You's breathing faltered for the first time.

A single thought echoed uncontrollably in his mind.

(Saint-Grade...)

Before he could finish the thought, Bai Ren spoke.

"Goodbye!"

The word had barely left his lips-when Bai Ren moved.

There was no flourish.

No grand technique.

No explosion of light.

He raised the sword-

And swung.

A single, clean arc.

Yet the moment the blade descended, the heavens split.

Sword Qi surged forth like an ancient decree, crushing everything in its path. Gou You's demonic defenses shattered instantly-like paper before a raging

inferno.

His eyes widened in disbelief.

"No-!"

Too late.

The sword passed through him. There was no pain.

No time to scream.

Gou You's body froze mid-motion.

Then-

It separated.

His Demonic Qi collapsed in silence, his soul extinguished before it could even attempt to flee.

One breath.

One strike.

Gou You-gone.

The battlefield fell deathly still once more.

The Demonic Qi that had once flooded Gou You's position collapsed completely, dispersing like smoke before the wind.

There was no corpse.

No lingering aura.

Only an empty stretch of scorched air where an Earth Immortal demonic cultivator had stood moments ago.

Gou You-dead.

For the Demonic Cultivators-It was a catastrophe. Just like when Li Zhenhe had fallen.

"That... that was Gou You?!"

"An Earth Immortal Demonic Cultivator... erased in a single strike?!"

Panic erupted instantly.

They had grinned when it happened to the righteous cultivators-but now that it had happened to them, they couldn't comprehend it.

Gou You was no ordinary figure.

One of the top five strongest demonic cultivators in existence.

A pillar of their invasion.

And he had fallen-cleanly, decisively, without even the chance to resist.

Fear spreads faster than fire.

Some demonic cultivators instinctively retreated.

Others hesitated mid-attack, their resolve shattered.

For the first time since the invasion began-The Demonic Cultivators' morale collapsed.

At the same time-

A thunderous roar erupted from the Desolate Heaven Empire's side.

"GOU YOU IS DEAD!!!"

The shout spread like lightning.

"He was killed by Grand Elder Bai Ren!"

"He's gone! An Earth Immortal demonic cultivator is gone!"

Shock turned into elation.

Despair transformed into blazing hope.

Cultivators who had been on the verge of collapse straightened their backs, eyes burning with renewed fighting spirit.

"So what if we lost an Earth Immortal?! They lost one too!"

"Their so-called top expert-slain in a single strike!"

Laughter broke out-wild, cathartic laughter born from surviving the brink of despair.

The morale that had been plummeting moments ago didn't merely recover-It exploded.

Battle cries echoed across the heavens.

"We still have a chance!"

"As long as Grand Elder Bai Ren stands-this battle isn't over!"

From the skies, Minister Xiu Yucheng exhaled sharply, his tightly clenched fists finally loosening.

His gaze locked onto Bai Ren's figure.

(An Earth Immortal for an Earth Immortal...)

The balance had shifted.

And as Bai Ren turned-his gaze moving toward the half-Qilin-

Both sides understood the same truth:

The battle had entered its most critical phase yet.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 396 The Targeting of the Chu Clan[1,187 words]

Chapter 396 The Targeting of the Chu Clan

Slash!

Another Grade-9 Demonic Beast died by Bai Zihan's hand.

He didn't even know how many Grade-9 Demonic Beasts he had killed by now, but he was steadily closing in on 100,000 System Points.

He couldn't stop grinning.

Even if he wanted to buy Saint-Grade techniques, he could afford two of them with ease.

But that didn't mean he planned to stop.

He would keep going-for as long as he could.

Even when Li Zhenhe fell on their side of the battlefield, Bai Zihan didn't spare a single glance.

He simply continued slaughtering Grade-9 Demonic Beasts.

Morale may have plummeted elsewhere, but in Bai Zihan's vicinity, none of the cultivators could imagine him being stopped.

Of course, at first, some had worried that the battlefield might shift in favor of the Demonic Beasts and Demonic Cultivators.

But Bai Zihan kept killing.

Relentlessly!

So much so that such thoughts never had time to take root-at least not where he stood.

Slash! Slash!

Blood sprayed.

Bodies fell.

In Bai Zihan's corner of the battlefield, despair never arrived.

Elsewhere-The opposite was happening.

Laughter erupted among the Demonic Cultivators.

Maniacal.

Unrestrained.

"Hahaha!"

"Did you see that?! You'll all end up like that!"

"I never thought those righteous cultivators would be this weak!"

With the half-Qilin rampaging freely and multiple battle lines collapsing, the Demonic Cultivators surged forward with renewed ferocity.

They attacked more viciously than ever, Demonic Qi roaring like black tides as

they pressed the Desolate Heaven Empire's forces back step by step.

Formations shattered and Defensive lines buckled.

"Push them!"

"Crush them before their reinforcements arrive!"

Under the combined pressure, the Desolate Heaven Empire was driven dangerously close to the brink.

And amid that chaos-a particular battlefield drew sinister attention.

The Chu Clan!

A group of elite Demonic Cultivators targeted them.

At their center stood Mo Tianji.

His gaze was cold.

Calculating!

Cruel!

"So this is the Chu Clan..."

His lips curved upward slowly.

He knew.

He knew exactly who they were.

And more importantly-

He knew who stood among them.

"Bai Zihan's fiancée," Mo Tianji murmured, eyes gleaming with malice.

"Chu Ziyang!"

He raised his hand.

"Kill them!"

Demonic Qi exploded outward as the assault began.

The Chu Clan's defensive formations flared desperately, but the pressure was immense.

Demonic techniques rained down, tearing into shields and shattering protective arrays.

Mo Tianji moved personally.

His figure blurred as he descended straight toward the heart of the Chu Clan's formation.

"Found you!"

His gaze locked onto a young woman clad in flowing robes, standing calmly amid the chaos.

"You should consider it an honor," Mo Tianji said coldly, demonic Qi coiling around his palm.

"Your death will be Bai Zihan's punishment."

He struck. A ruthless killing blow-fast enough to annihilate a Soul Formation expert in an instant.

And yet-Chu Ziyang moved.

Her eyes sharpened.

She stepped forward, fingers forming seals with flawless precision.

BOOM!

Her attack met his head-on.

Shockwaves tore through the air as demonic Qi and righteous energy clashed violently.

Mo Tianji's expression shifted.

"What?"

Chu Ziyang didn't retreat.

She followed up instantly-her movements fluid, her techniques precise and devastating.

Strike for strike.

Move for move.

She blocked.

She countered.

She advanced.

Mo Tianji was forced back a step.

Then another.

His eyes widened slightly.

He couldn't believe what he was experiencing.

Chu Ziyang's gaze was cold and unwavering.

"Did you get scared of Bai Zihan," she said calmly, "so you thought killing me would be easy?"

Mo Tianji gritted his teeth.

That was exactly what he had thought.

He knew he was no match for Bai Zihan-a monster he instinctively avoided.

But revenge didn't need to be direct.

What better way than to target someone Bai Zihan cared about?

Bai Xueqing would've been ideal-but she, too, had proven terrifyingly strong.

So he turned to Chu Ziyang.

Bai Zihan's fiancée.

He thought it would be easy.

After all, he was the strongest of the younger generation-aside from Bai Zihan.

Or so he believed.

Who would have thought killing Chu Ziyang would be this troublesome?

But the situation around them was far from stable.

While Chu Ziyang held Mo Tianji in check, the Chu Clan itself was struggling.

The earlier collapse in morale across the Desolate Heaven Empire had left deep scars.

Demonic Cultivators seized the opportunity, slaughtering without restraint and encircling the Chu Clan.

Blood splashed across shattered formations as they pressed harder, deliberately targeting Chu Clan members.

The pressure mounted.

Chu Ziyang noticed immediately.

Her heart tightened as familiar auras vanished one after another.

(At this rate... we won't last.)

She wanted to retreat.

Wanted to rush back and stabilize their lines.

But she couldn't.

Mo Tianji stood before her like a wall of demonic intent.

Two years ago, she wouldn't have even dared to imagine facing him.

Back then, Mo Tianji was far beyond her reach.

Now-

She was fighting him evenly.

And yet...

It wasn't enough.

If this continued, the Chu Clan would be ground down piece by piece-until nothing remained.

Mo Tianji sensed her distraction and sneered.

"Hah... worried about your clan?"

Demonic Qi surged violently as he attacked again.

"Don't worry. You'll join them soon."

Chu Ziyang blocked, her arm trembling from the impact.

And then-

BOOM!

A terrifying pressure descended.

The battlefield froze for a heartbeat.

Two massive corpses were hurled aside like trash, smashing into the ground with thunderous force.

Spirit Severing Realm Demonic Elders.

Dead!

Their eyes were still wide open-frozen in disbelief.

Mo Tianji's laughter died instantly.

His pupils shrank.

Slow footsteps echoed forward.

A familiar figure emerged through the carnage, sword dripping with fresh demonic blood.

Bai Zihan!

(How?)

The Bai and Chu Clan forces weren't close enough for him to arrive instantly.

Then Mo Tianji saw it-

A straight line of corpses leading toward them.

Every Demonic Beast.

Every Demonic Cultivator.

Slaughtered.

Bai Zihan's cold gaze locked onto Mo Tianji.

The air grew heavy.

"So," Bai Zihan said calmly, his voice carrying effortlessly across the battlefield.

"What is a weakling like you doing here?"

Mo Tianji's body stiffened.

Fear surged up his spine-colder than anger.

(This monster...)

But he clenched his teeth.

He had to respond.

He had to maintain his image.

Demonic Qi erupted as Mo Tianji roared.

"Bai Zihan! Today, I'll kill you!"

The words rang hollow.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

Then smiled.

"Oh?"

"Then come."

He stopped and even stored the sword in the storage ring, completely open.

"I'll be standing right here."

Silence followed.

Mo Tianji's fists trembled.

His legs refused to move.

(Kill him?)

Bai Zihan chuckled softly.

"As expected."

He shook his head.

"Big words. No courage."

Mo Tianji could only seethe in humiliation.

Bai Zihan moved forward slowly.

Demonic Cultivators rushed to stop him.

Slash! Slash!

Three heads flew.

Bodies collapsed.

Bai Zihan advanced, carving a straight path to Mo Tianji.

"Run if you want," his voice drifted casually.

"I'll catch up eventually."

Mo Tianji's face turned deathly pale.

Cheers erupted from the Chu Clan.

"Bai Zihan is here!"

"As expected of our son-in-law!"

Despair shattered instantly.

As long as Bai Zihan stood-

They would not fall.

Chu Clan elders roared orders, formations stabilizing as morale surged.

At the center, Chu Ziyan stood frozen, eyes fixed on his back.

Relief flooded her chest.

(He came...)

Warmth spread quietly through her heart.

(So... he does care.)

Just then-

"ENOUGH!"

The roar shook the battlefield.

A crushing pressure descended.

The Demonic Cultivators parted in fear.

An old man stepped forward-withered, eyes glowing crimson.

Great Ascension Realm!

A true heavyweight. "Young brat," he said coldly.

"You've done enough."

He raised his hand.

"I will stop you myself."

He lunged. The world collapsed inward.

Bai Zihan lifted his sword.

CLANG!!!

Blade and palm collided.

Shockwaves exploded outward.

Both figures slid back.

The elder's eyes narrowed.

(He blocked it?)

"A Great Ascension Realm elder," Bai Zihan said casually.

"Good enough!"

He stepped forward.

"Let's see if you can actually stop me."

The battlefield trembled.

As Bai Zihan exchanged hundreds of blows with the Great Ascension Realm

Demonic Cultivator-

His expression suddenly shifted.

Far away-A Saint-Grade Artifact's aura erupted.

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes.

"Looks like the situation is more dire than I thought."

Bai Zihan muttered.

If Bai Ren was forced to show Saint-Grade Sword, then it was for sure that

circumstance didn't look good.

He tightened his grip on his sword.

"I'll have to end this quickly."

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 397 Bai Ren Vs Half-Qilin! [1,466 words]

Chapter 397 Bai Ren Vs Half-Qilin!

After killing Gou You, it was understandable that the next thing for Bai Ren was to deal with the Half-Qilin.

The Half-Qilin narrowed its eyes and looked at the weapon in Bai Ren's hand.

While he can sense immense power from it, he didn't think that it could change anything.

"You want to be next?"

The Half-Qilin asked arrogantly.

"You can try!"

Bai Ren replied, showing no hint of fear.

Of course, while he appeared confident, it wasn't as if he didn't know who he was facing-

A being who had easily killed an Earth Immortal.

"Zhao Wujin! Yu Xuande! Support me!"

Bai Ren called out. He wasn't arrogant enough to believe he could take on the Half-Qilin alone just because he possessed a Saint-Grade Sword.

!!!

Zhao Wujin snapped out of his stunned state. He stared at Bai Ren's sword with a mixture of envy and greed.

After all, regardless of how this battle ended, once everything was over, they would return to being enemies of the Bai Clan.

To think the Bai Clan possessed such a terrifying trump card...

He couldn't help but shudder. If they had truly attacked the Bai Clan and been met with such a sword-

Even he might have ended up like Gou You.

"S-Sure!"

Yu Xuande responded.

Zhao Wujin clenched his teeth, forcibly suppressing the turbulent thoughts in his mind.

He needs to first deal with their immediate threat.

He took a deep breath, his gaze sharpening as his aura surged.

"Fine," Zhao Wujin said heavily. "Let's do this!"

Yu Xuande was already moving.

"We'll keep it occupied like earlier!"

Yu Xuande shouted, his voice strained but resolute.

"Bai Ren, attack while we suppress it!"

Zhao Wujin didn't hesitate.

He stepped forward, blood essence burning as his aura surged violently.

"Sky-Binding Suppression!"

The heavens trembled as invisible chains descended, locking onto the Half-Qilin's massive form.

At the same time, Yu Xuande's sword flashed.

Space warped, folding in on itself as layers of restrictive force wrapped around

the Half-Qilin from all directions-exactly like before.

For a brief moment-It seemed to work.

The Half-Qilin's movements slowed.

Zhao Wujin's eyes lit up.

"Now!"

Bai Ren stepped forward-

And then the Half-Qilin laughed.

A deep, rumbling sound filled with pure contempt.

BOOM!

An overwhelming aura exploded outward.

The suppressive chains snapped instantly, shattering like brittle glass. The distorted space collapsed violently, sending Yu Xuande flying as he coughed up blood.

Zhao Wujin's face turned pale.

"What?!"

He couldn't understand how Half-Qilin easily broke free when earlier he couldn't.

"So fragile," it said coldly.

With a single step forward-

CRACK!

The ground within hundreds of meters collapsed.

With a casual sweep of its arm, a terrifying wave of force erupted.

Zhao Wujin was struck head-on.

PUFF!

Blood sprayed as his body was hurled backward like a broken doll, smashing through several mountain ridges before finally skidding to a stop.

"Zhao Wujin!"

Yu Xuande barely had time to react before a massive claw descended from above.

BOOM!

His protective artifacts shattered one after another. His formations collapsed instantly, and his body slammed into the earth as blood poured from his mouth.

"Argh!"

Both were heavily injured.

The Half-Qilin looked down at them with indifference. Earlier-it was an assumption that it had been acting but now it's confirmed.

Deliberately allowing them to believe they were suppressing it.

The Half-Qilin bared its fangs at Yu Xuande.

"Enough, I've indulged you long enough."

Yu Xuande's pupils shrank.

His defensive artifacts were broken.

He couldn't dodge.

He couldn't block.

(Is this it...?)

The claw descended.

Just as the killing blow was about to land-

CLANG!!!

A deafening metallic roar tore through the battlefield.

The shockwave ripped outward, flattening the earth and scattering Qi in violent spirals.

The Half-Qilin's claw was stopped.

Bai Ren stood between it and Yu Xuande, both hands gripping the Saint-Grade

Sword, his feet sunk deep into the fractured ground.

Cracks spiderwebbed beneath him, spreading for hundreds of meters.

Yet-

He did not retreat.

Yu Xuande stared in disbelief.

"B-Bai Ren...!"

The Half-Qilin's eyes narrowed.

"Oh?"

It said, surprised.

"You blocked that?"

Bai Ren exhaled slowly, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

The impact had shaken him to the core, his arms trembling from the sheer force behind the strike.

"Get back," Bai Ren said calmly, without turning his head.

"Both of you!"

The Half-Qilin snorted.

"How admirable," it mocked.

"But pointless!"

Its claw pushed down harder.

The ground beneath Bai Ren collapsed another layer, his knees bending slightly -but the sword held firm.

"Move!"

Bai Ren roared.

Zhao Wujin, battered and bloodied, forced himself upright. He gritted his teeth, grabbed Yu Xuande, and pulled him back at once.

The moment they cleared the area-

Bai Ren twisted his wrists and exploded backward, disengaging as the Half-Qilin's claw slammed into the ground, detonating the earth into a massive crater.

Dust and debris filled the sky.

When it cleared-the three stood together once more.

Breathing heavily.

Bloodied.

But alive.

Bai Ren straightened, wiping the blood from his lips with his sleeve.

Against Gou You, he won easily using the Saint-grade Sword. Even with the support of Yu Xuande and Zhao Wujin, they were struggling.

This showed just how powerful Half-Qilin was compared to a typical

Earth-Immortal.

"Don't hold back!"

Bai Ren said firmly.

Yu Xuande and Zhao Wujin nodded their heads.

The three spread out, forming a triangular formation around the Half-Qilin.

Yu Xuande gathered all his Qi.

"Void-Sealing Domain!"

Space trembled.

Invisible boundaries snapped into existence around the Half-Qilin, compressing the surrounding void and disrupting the flow of demonic Qi. It wasn't meant to kill-only to restrain.

The Half-Qilin immediately felt it.

"Hmph!"

It stomped forward, flames roaring as the sealing domain cracked violently.

"You insects think this is enough?"

But Zhao Wujin didn't give it time.

"Skyfall Suppression Art!"

It was a Heaven-Grade Technique which was many times more powerful than the suppression technique he used earlier.

He slammed his palm downward.

The heavens responded.

A colossal, invisible pressure descended, forcing the Half-Qilin's movements to slow-if only for a fraction of a second.

That fraction was enough.

Bai Ren stepped forward.

Sword Qi condensed to an absurd degree, sharp enough to slice through laws themselves.

The surrounding cultivators-friend and foe alike-felt their souls prickle as if standing before an execution blade.

"Don't let it move!"

Bai Ren commanded.

Yu Xuande roared as blood seeped from the corners of his mouth.

"Hold it-now!"

The Half-Qilin's eyes burned crimson as it struggled, its massive body trembling under the combined suppression.

"You dare-!"

Even if it was for millisecond, he was angry that the people he considered to be ants were able to restrain him.

Bai Ren raised the sword with both hands.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

One sword-

Split into nine.

Nine identical sword shadows burst forth, each carrying terrifying sword Qi that could cut through a mountain.

Like light bending through space, the nine shadows weaved along impossible trajectories, appearing from every direction at once-above, below, left, right, and even from the void itself.

Unlike Bai Zihan, Bai Ren had clearly reached Perfect Mastery of the technique, even confusing the Half-Qilin.

"Attack!"

Zhao Wujin roared.

He thrust both palms forward, pouring his entire cultivation into the suppression art.

The pressure doubled.

The Half-Qilin snarled.

"So many tricks!"

It swung its massive arm in a wide arc.

BOOM!

Flames erupted, swallowing two sword shadows whole.

They shattered instantly.

Another shadow was crushed beneath its claw, exploding into scattered sword light.

But the remaining shadows did not retreat.

They slipped past its guard like flowing water.

CLANG! CLANG!

Several shadows struck the Half-Qilin's scales.

Sparks flew.

The sound rang like metal striking divine iron.

Yet-nothing happened.

The sword shadows dispersed, unable to pierce its terrifying defense.

The Half-Qilin laughed, its voice booming with disdain.

"Pathetic!"

Then-

Bai Ren moved.

Unlike the sword shadows, his real body stepped forward silently, perfectly
blending with the fading light.

The Saint-Grade Sword descended in a clean, precise arc.

SLASH!

The blade bit into the Half-Qilin's body.

This time-

Blood burst forth.

A massive gash tore across its side, ripping through scales, flesh, and Qi alike.

Black blood sprayed into the air, sizzling as it touched the ground.

The Half-Qilin's laughter stopped.

Its pupils shrank violently.

It staggered back, releasing a furious roar that shook the heavens.

ROOOAR-!

Zhao Wujin's eyes widened.

Yu Xuande's breath caught in his throat.

The wound did not close.

The torn flesh twitched as its body desperately tried to regenerate-

But it failed.

The wound remained.

It was as if the injury were permanent, immune to any healing ability.

The Half-Qilin stared at its own body, disbelief flashing across its ancient features.

"This... this is impossible..."

It had been wounded before.

Even Li Zhenhe's desperate attack had injured it—but those wounds had healed almost instantly.

This one didn't.

Slowly, the Half-Qilin lifted its gaze to Bai Ren.

Its expression was no longer arrogant.

Nor amused.

It was furious.

And for the first time-

Cautious.

Not of Bai Ren himself-

But of the Saint-Grade Sword in his hand.

It knew!

It was because of that sword that its injuries were not healing as they should.

Zhao Wujin stared, his heart pounding.

Yu Xuande's knees buckled as he gasped for breath.

"That... actually hurt it."

Hope ignited in their hearts.

If the Half-Qilin could be injured-then it could be killed.

For the first time, victory in this impossible battle seemed within reach.

The Half-Qilin's gaze locked onto Bai Ren.

Murderous.

It straightened, Qi surging wildly as power continued to boil within its body.

"You may injure me," it said coldly.

"But killing me-"

It took a step forward, the pressure of a supreme existence crashing outward.

"-is far beyond you."

Bai Ren tightened his grip on the sword.

Sweat trickled down his temple, though his expression remained calm.

While injuring the Half-Qilin was a huge relief, he knew it wouldn't be easy to repeat.

Especially now that the Half-Qilin was wary of the Saint-Grade Sword.

He might not get the same opportunity again.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 398 398: War of Attrition, War of Schemes[1,461 words]

As Bai Ren expected, the fight didn't become one where he dominated and defeated the Half-Qilin like many Righteous Cultivators had hoped.

Instead, it dragged on.

A brutal, grinding exchange where neither side could afford recklessness.

The Half-Qilin attacked again.

Its movements were still overwhelming—each step cracking the land, each swipe carrying enough force to shatter mountains—but it no longer advanced with the same unchecked dominance as before.

Its eyes never left Bai Ren's sword.

Every strike it unleashed carried restraint, trying to avoid getting hit by Bai Ren's sword.

It avoided overcommitting, wary of exposing itself to another clean hit from the Saint-Grade blade.

After all, its injuries had yet to recover.

It didn't understand why, but it knew the sword possessed some kind of ability that prevented it from healing.

Still then, Half-Qilin was able to overwhelm the three of them.

The pressure was immense.

Even blocking indirect shockwaves sent pain rippling through Bai Ren's arms and meridians despite having Saint-Grade Sword and multiple Heaven-Grade Artifacts equipped.

Blood seeped from his lips again and again as he forced himself to remain steady.

Behind him—Zhao Wujin and Yu Xuande were faring no better.

Their auras fluctuated violently, injuries worsening with each exchange.

Zhao Wujin's Qi was running low after using Heaven-Grade techniques so many times, his face pale as death as he repeatedly reinforced suppression techniques just to slow the Half-Qilin for brief instants.

Yu Xuande also couldn't proactively help like before, as most of his Heaven-Grade defensive artifacts had been broken.

One more solid hit and he might as well die. Though he didn't stop supporting Bai Ren.

They were clearly suffering.

Yet—The Half-Qilin was not overwhelming them as it should have.

Each time it pressed forward, Bai Ren was there.

The Saint-Grade Sword flashed again and again—with precise, relentless cuts.

Not all of them landed cleanly.

But every time the blade bit into flesh—

The damage stayed.

Small wounds accumulated.

Shallow gashes refused to close.

Even when the Half-Qilin forcibly circulated its Qi to regenerate, the scars left by the sword resisted, disrupting the flow within its body.

Its breathing grew heavier.

Its aura, once vast and suffocating, began to waver.

The decline was subtle—

But undeniable.

The Half-Qilin realized it as well.

Its expression darkened with every failed regeneration.

Each injury dragged down its strength, little by little.

Meanwhile, Bai Ren was reaching his limits.

His movements slowed.

His grip tightened until his knuckles turned white.

Every swing sent tremors through his arms, but he did not stop.

He couldn't.

As long as he held the sword—

The Half-Qilin could not act freely.

That was the balance.

A fragile one.

The battlefield became a war of attrition.

Bai Ren's group was battered, bleeding, barely holding together.

But the Half-Qilin was no longer invincible.

Its strength was steadily declining.

And for the first time—

Time was no longer on its side.

While Bai Ren and his group was taking care of Half-Qilin, an equally important and decisive battle was also taking place.

CLANG! CLANG!

"Looks like your Bai Clan has managed to acquire some troublesome artifact," Mó Zūn said.

What he had thought would be an easy victory was turning out to be far more difficult.

First, the inexplicable increase in the Bai Clan's strength.

Now, they even possessed a Saint-Grade Sword—one capable of permanently injuring the Half-Qilin.

This was no longer as favorable as he had anticipated.

Bai Chu laughed.

It was calm, steady, and filled with quiet confidence.

"You could say that we, the Bai Clan, have been blessed," Bai Chu said, glancing at Mó Zūn.

He then continued,

"But what I find more curious is this," he said, turning his gaze fully toward Mó Zūn.

"How did you manage to cooperate with the Half-Qilin?"

Silence!

The sounds of battle below filled the pause.

"You know," he went on, his voice calm but sharp,

"even if you somehow win here—if you truly manage to wipe us out—what then?"

He gestured subtly toward the Half-Qilin.

"Demonic Beasts do not build empires. They do not share territory."

His eyes locked onto Mó Zūn.

"In the end, you Demonic Cultivators would be killed as well!"

The air grew heavier.

Still, Mó Zūn said nothing.

Bai Chu exhaled softly, almost amused.

"So I truly don't understand," he said.

"Why help Demonic Beasts at all?"

"..."

Mó Zūn remained silent for a moment, then smirked.

"Bai Chu," he said slowly, his voice calm yet filled with absolute conviction,

"You don't know anything."

Bai Chu's eyes narrowed slightly.

Mó Zūn continued, his gaze cold and unwavering.

"You will die here," he said flatly.

"And after that—I will rebuild the Desolate Heaven Empire."

The words carried weight.

Not rage.

Not desperation.

But certainty.

Mó Zūn then glanced toward the distant battlefield, where the Half-Qilin roared as Bai Ren's Saint-Grade Sword carved yet another wound into its flesh.

"Hmph!"

He snorted.

"As for those beasts," Mó Zūn said dismissively, "you don't need to worry."

Mó Zūn's eyes gleamed faintly.

"After they finish killing you all," he said, "I will handle them myself."

Bai Chu stared at him, disbelief flickering in his eyes.

(Handle them... himself?)

His gaze instinctively shifted back toward the Half-Qilin.

A supreme Demonic Beast.

A being whose body was tougher than even Heaven-Grade defensive artifacts.

A creature whose regeneration bordered on the absurd—capable of recovering from near-fatal injuries in moments.

Even now, only the Saint-Grade Sword was capable of leaving lasting wounds.

Without such a weapon—killing the Half-Qilin was virtually impossible.

Bai Chu's thoughts raced.

Even if it were him or Mó Zūn on the battlefield against the Half-Qilin, the chances of victory were pitiful.

Less than twenty percent.

And that was being generous.

Without a Saint-Grade Weapon suppressing its regeneration—

The odds dropped to almost zero.

So where was Mó Zūn getting this confidence?

Bai Chu looked back at him carefully.

Mó Zūn stood relaxed, hands clasped behind his back, his posture utterly unshaken by the chaos consuming the battlefield.

There was no bluff in his eyes.

(He's hiding something.)

Bai Chu thought grimly.

Bai Chu shook his head lightly.

"Well," he said, his tone suddenly firm, confidence unmistakable, "it doesn't matter."

What Mó Zūn planned to do with the Half-Qilin didn't matter.

Because Bai Chu had no intention of letting Mó Zūn leave this place alive.

"You won't win either way," Bai Chu declared.

Mó Zūn suddenly laughed.

It was loud, Filled with mockery.

"Won't win?"

He repeated, shaking his head.

"Bai Chu... your arrogance truly hasn't diminished one bit."

SLASH! SLASH!

Black demonic light tore through the air as Mó Zūn attacked again, his saber dancing with ruthless precision.

Each strike carried killing intent dense enough to chill the soul, forcing Bai Chu to respond immediately.

Bai Chu's expression hardened.

His sword swept out, intercepting the blows head-on as shockwaves rippled outward, tearing the clouds apart.

"Arrogance?"

Bai Chu snorted coldly.

"You're the one dreaming if you think this ends well for you."

Mó Zūn smirked as their weapons clashed again, sparks exploding between them.

"You misunderstand," he said calmly. "I never said I could kill you."

Mó Zūn's smile widened.

"But just because I can't kill you..." he continued, his voice lowering, turning sharp and cruel, "doesn't mean the same applies to the rest of your Bai Clan."

Bai Chu's heart skipped a beat but didn't show on his face.

"Hmph! Mó Zūn, do you think my Bai Clan is so easy to kill? You should worry about your Demonic Cultivators being killed by them!"

Just then—

Boom!

Somewhere far away, a terrifying fluctuation erupted.

The heavens trembled.

Qi surged violently as an unfamiliar yet overwhelming aura burst forth, carrying with it a pressure that made even Immortals distracted.

Bai Chu turned his head toward the source.

"That technique...!"

It was the same technique Bai Zihan had used before.

Yet this time—It was even stronger.

And Bai Zihan was still only at the Spirit Severing Realm.

Across from him, Mó Zūn also paused.

His saber slowed mid-swing as he turned his gaze toward the distant battlefield, his eyes narrowing slightly.

"Another troublesome person," Mó Zūn said softly.

Then—

Mó Zūn stepped back half a pace, his eyes glinting with amusement.

"Bai Chu, I wonder," he continued casually, "whether you would still be able to remain this calm—"

His smile turned vicious.

"—after Bai Zihan is dead."

Bai Chu's pupils shrank violently.

In that instant, he turned his head.

On the side of Bai Zihan—

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying auras erupted one after another.

Demonic Qi surged into the sky like pillars of darkness.

One.

Two.

No.

More.

The oppressive pressure of multiple Great Ascension-level Demonic Cultivators flooded the battlefield from Bai Zihan's direction.

Bai Chu's blood ran cold. It seems like Demonic Cultivators was set on killing Bai Zihan today.

His eyes widened, shock and fury flashing across his face.

"You dare!"

Bai Chu roared, his killing intent erupting uncontrollably as he snapped his gaze back to Mó Zūn.

"If Bai Zihan is killed," he said, his voice trembling with suppressed rage, "I swear on my Dao—"

"I will hunt down every last Demonic Cultivator!"

"We will exterminate your sects, your bloodlines until nothing is left!"

The killing intent in his words was so dense that even the surrounding space trembled.

Mó Zūn burst out laughing.

"Hahaha!"

His laughter echoed across the battlefield, filled with ridicule.

"Go ahead," he said mockingly. "You can try."

He leaned forward slightly, eyes sharp and merciless.

"But if you do that," Mó Zūn continued coldly,

"do you really think the Bai Clan will survive?"

Bai Chu stood frozen, his chest rising and falling violently as he stared toward Bai Zihan's direction once more.

Multiple Great Ascension auras.

Even for Bai Zihan who managed to kill Grade-10 Demonic Beasts, it would be difficult for him to survive.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 399 Bai Zihan Vs Great Ascension Demonic Elder! [1,405 words]

Chapter 399 Bai Zihan Vs Great Ascension Demonic Elder!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Sword and palm collided repeatedly, the sound ringing like divine bells struck in rapid succession.

Each clash tore space apart, shockwaves flattening everything within a hundred meters.

Demonic cultivators caught too close were pulverized into mist before they could even scream.

Bai Zihan had been fighting the Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elder for quite some time.

The Demonic Elder's expression hardened.

"So fast!"

Although he clearly held the upper hand in almost every aspect, Bai Zihan's speed was something he found unexpectedly troublesome-even for himself.

Still, it wasn't something he couldn't handle.

"Blood Nether Annihilation Palm!"

He unleashed his Earth-Grade technique.

A colossal palm projection descended, carrying the power of a Great Ascension Realm cultivator-absolute, tyrannical, crushing.

Bai Zihan's pupils contracted.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

BOOM!!!

The impact sent Bai Zihan flying backward. His feet plowed two deep trenches through the ground before he barely managed to stabilize himself.

Blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

Despite that, Bai Zihan wasn't surprised.

He had known from the start that dealing with a Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elder would not be easy.

To be injured only to this extent-it could already be considered very good.

The Demonic Elder laughed harshly.

"Good! Very good! You survived my Blood Nether Annihilation Palm!"

He stepped forward again, pressure mounting with every step.

"But how many more can you take?"

The Chu Clan watched in horror.

"He's not holding back!"

"Why hasn't any Great Ascension Realm cultivator from our side come to help?!"

Chu Ziyang was still fighting Soul Formation Demonic Cultivators, but she couldn't help worrying about Bai Zihan.

She wanted to help-but she knew her place. She couldn't even properly deal with Mo Tianji, much less a Great Ascension Realm cultivator.

Even Spirit Severing Realm cultivators would only become a burden in a battle at this level.

Perhaps if it was someone like Bai Zihan-

But the chance of encountering another monster like him was almost zero.

Seeing Bai Zihan stagger, the Demonic Elder thought he had finally gained the upper hand.

(To think I would struggle this much to kill a Spirit Severing Realm... No wonder he's on the priority kill list.)

Although he appeared arrogant, he was keenly aware of the truth.

To fight him to this extent-Bai Zihan was a monster beyond reason.

Moreover, Blood Nether Annihilation Palm was not a technique that could be used repeatedly. It consumed enormous Qi and required preparation.

If this dragged on, even he could be exhausted.

The Demonic Elder lunged again.

CLANG!

Sword and palm collided once more, Demonic Qi and Sword Intent exploding outward in a violent spiral.

Palm after palm fell like collapsing mountains, each strike heavy enough to crush a Spirit Severing cultivator into paste.

The ground cracked, sank, and collapsed beneath them, unable to withstand the pressure of their clash.

Yet Bai Zihan did not retreat further.

He blocked, parried and countered.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Despite the blood staining his robes, Bai Zihan's movements remained steady- terrifyingly so.

The Demonic Elder frowned.

He had seen countless geniuses.

He had crushed countless so-called monsters before they could mature.

But this-this made no sense.

He had injured Bai Zihan.

Yet Bai Zihan fought as if nothing was wrong, as if pain did not exist.

What's more, he noticed that the injuries Bai Zihan had suffered earlier seemed to have already healed, as though they had never existed.

"What kind of body is that...?"

The Demonic Elder muttered, irritation and disbelief seeping into his voice.

Bai Zihan stepped forward instead of retreating.

His sword flashed.

Slash!

The Demonic Elder was forced to pull back, Demonic Qi surging to reinforce his defenses as a thin line of blood appeared across his forearm.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly, his gaze sharp and calm.

Despite fighting with Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elder, he wasn't just paying attention to him.

Bai Zihan could sense Bai Ren fighting the Half-Qilin. That alone told him everything he needed to know about the battlefield.

(The battlefield has entered a critical phase.)

He understood seeing that Bai Ren used the Saint-Grade Sword and fighting the Leader of Demonic Beasts.

(I'd love to end this quickly... but it isn't that easy.)

Unlike Demonic Beasts, the Demonic Elder did not charge recklessly.

And despite being arrogant and confident, this Demonic Elder was not overcommitting-he still remained cautious.

In fact, dealing with a Great Ascension Realm Demonic Cultivator was even more troublesome than fighting the Voidstep Razerhorn.

But-

He wasn't fast. Not nearly as fast as the Voidstep Razerhorn.

So landing attacks on him wasn't as difficult as it was on Voidstep Razerhorn.

Bai Zihan only needed a bit of space-an opening-to accumulate Qi and unleash the Fate-Severing Slash.

"Where are you looking?!"

The Demonic Elder lunged forward, killing intent surging wildly as he noticed Bai Zihan's attention drift.

He attacked relentlessly.

Palm after palm descended without pause-heavy, violent, merciless-cach strike flowing seamlessly into the next.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The battlefield shook as though an entire mountain range were being smashed into the earth repeatedly.

The pressure was suffocating.

The Demonic Elder gave Bai Zihan no room to breathe.

"Die!"

He pressed closer, faster, his attacks overlapping, driving Bai Zihan back step by step.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

Bai Zihan responded calmly.

Sword intent flowed like a boundless river-every strike absorbed, redirected, softened.

CLANG!

Force surged-and dispersed.

Another palm fell.

CLANG!

Again, the impact flowed away, diverted into the ground, into the air, into nothingness.

No matter how violent the assault, Bai Zihan remained unbroken.

The Demonic Elder's brows twitched.

(Why isn't he collapsing?!)

He pushed harder, believing Bai Zihan must be at his limit.

He forced more power into his strikes, ignoring the strain, ignoring the backlash.

"Break!"

CLANG!!!

The collision shook both of them.

For the first time-

The Demonic Elder's breathing faltered.

Just a fraction.

His Qi circulation stuttered for an instant under the accumulated strain.

And Bai Zihan saw it.

!!!

"Chance!"

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

His figure split.

Nine shadows appeared, each radiating genuine sword intent, each movement perfectly synchronized yet subtly distinct.

In an instant, the battlefield was filled with flashing blades.

Nine Bai Zihans attacked from every angle-above, below, left, right-sword light weaving into a suffocating

The Demonic Elder snorted coldly.

"Hmph!"

Demonic Qi surged violently.

"I've already seen through this technique of yours," he said with disdain.

"Bai Zihan, you're merely delaying your inevitable death."

His eyes flicked rapidly between the shadows, perception expanding as Demonic Qi spread across his pupils.

Palm strikes lashed out.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

One shadow shattered.

Then another.

Demonic Qi tore through sword light, dispersing projections one after another.

But-

The Demonic Elder's brows furrowed.

(Where is he?)

The shadows were too real.

Each carried enough presence to force him to respond seriously. Even destroying them required effort-effort he could not afford to waste.

At that moment-

Behind the collapsing shadows-

Bai Zihan stood completely still.

Utterly motionless.

His sword was drawn back.

Qi surged.

Every drop of Qi, every trace of sword intent, every ounce of will was gathered.

The world seemed to slow.

Bai Zihan's gaze locked onto the elder's back.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

The sword descended.

Then-

BOOM--!!!

The air split.

Space itself screamed.

A thin, absolute line carved through the battlefield, erasing everything in its path.

The Demonic Elder's eyes widened in pure terror.

"What-?!"

He roared as Demonic Qi exploded outward. Heaven-Grade defensive artifacts activated one after another in desperation.

Layers of protection unfolded.

A barrier shattered.

Then another.

His palm came up in a final defense, Qi burning violently as he sacrificed everything to survive.

CRACK!

The slash struck.

Blood exploded.

The Demonic Elder was sent flying like a broken puppet, crashing into the earth miles away.

When the dust settled-the Demonic Elder lay in a massive crater, his body twisted, armor shattered, blood pouring uncontrollably from his mouth and chest.

His Demonic Qi was in chaos.

His aura flickered wildly.

One arm hung limp.

His chest was split open, a horrifying wound that refused to close-fate itself resisting his regeneration.

Shock!

Panic!

Fear!

All flashed across his face.

(I... I almost died.)

If not for his Heaven-Grade artifacts-

If not for that final, desperate defense-

He would have been obliterated.

His breathing turned ragged.

Blood continued to spill.

He looked up. Bai Zihan stood at the edge of the crater, sword lowered, breathing slightly heavy-but his eyes were calm.

The Demonic Elder's heart sank.

For the first time since stepping onto the battlefield-

He felt genuine terror.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

Each step echoed like a death knell.

The Demonic Elder struggled to rise, his body trembling violently as blood continued to spill from his mouth.

Bai Zihan raised his sword.

"This ends here!"

Fear finally overwhelmed the Demonic Elder's eyes.

"W-Wait-!"

Before the sword could fall-

"Kekeke..."

A hoarse, chilling laugh echoed across the battlefield.

The air twisted.

Two terrifying auras descended simultaneously.

BOOM! BOOM!

The ground shattered as two figures appeared beside the crater, Demonic Qi surging like tidal waves.

Two more Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elders.

One was hunched and skeletal, his eyes glowing an eerie green. The other stood tall, his body wrapped in dense demonic runes that pulsed like living veins.

"Kekeke... what an unexpected harvest," the skeletal elder crooned, eyes fixed

on Bai Zihan.

"A young prey," the second elder added coldly, gaze sharp as a blade. "Who would've thought you'd push one of us to this state?"

The injured Demonic Elder's face twisted with relief and humiliation.

"S-Save me-!"

Bai Zihan stopped. (This is troublesome!)

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 400 Heaven's Mandate Reversal! [1,018 words]

Chapter 400 Heaven's Mandate Reversal!

Bai Zihan's gaze darkened.

Obviously, fighting a single Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elder had already pushed him to the edge.

Now-two more had joined the battlefield.

Worse still, the one he had nearly killed was being healed.

Demonic Qi surged as the two newcomers placed their palms on the injured elder's back, stabilizing his shattered meridians.

He also swallowed several healing pills, which quickly stabilized his condition to certain extend.

However, no matter what they did, the injury left by the Fate Severing Slash refused to heal completely.

It was as if he had received a permanent wound-one that had already been accepted as the new natural state of his body.

"Dammit! Why isn't it healing?"

The Demonic Elder couldn't help but curse. His left arm was the one which got directly hit and it refused to heal no matter what he or the other two Great Ascension Realm did.

Still, he gradually regained his strength.

Not his full power-

But enough.

Enough to fight again.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly.

Three Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elders.

One wounded-but still far more powerful than a Void Refinement Realm elder.

And two others who were equally strong, if not stronger.

Even for him, this was no longer a matter of skill or tactics alone.

There was a sheer disparity in numbers and cultivation.

At that moment, an ancient voice echoed within his sea of consciousness.

(Do you need my help?)

Immortal Emperor Feilian's soul stirred.

Bai Zihan remained silent.

For a brief moment, his grip tightened.

Then-

He shook his head.

"No!"

He flat out refused, which surprised Feilian as well.

(Does he have any other trump cards?)

She wondered.

"Ask for my help immediately if your life is in danger." "Sure!"

With Feilian's help, he could deal with the three of them-but in the presence of so many Immortals, there was a high chance they would notice her presence.

If that happened, Immortal Realm cultivators might be sent to assassinate him in the future.

Not to mention, assisting him would consume Feilian's Soul Power, delaying her recovery.

And even if she helped him now-who knew when such a situation would arise again?

He needed a method that would help him now-and in the future.

(Looks like it's time to use those System Points.)

Fortunately, there was already a solution.

He had accumulated close to a hundred thousand System Points-more than enough to purchase an extremely powerful technique.

"System!"

He called out, instantly opening the System Store.

He already knew what he wanted.

Like many protagonists in novels-a technique that could temporarily boost his cultivation or combat power.

He ignored everything below Heaven-Grade and went straight to the countless Saint-Grade techniques.

There was no time to carefully compare or select the best one.

The Demonic Elders had finished healing, and the three of them were already moving toward him with clear killing intent.

Bai Zihan's eyes locked onto the most expensive technique in the category of temporary cultivation enhancement.

"Heaven's Mandate Reversal Technque!"

Price: 50,000 System Points-far higher than the average 40,000 required for most Saint-Grade techniques.

But it was clearly a high-tier art-perhaps one of the strongest Saint-Grade Techniques.

The description was concise.

Heaven's Mandate Reversal Technque is an extreme, fate-defying cultivation art that forcefully overturns the limitations imposed by Heaven itself.

To use it, the cultivator must possess an extraordinarily powerful physical body and an immense reserve of Qi.

Without meeting these prerequisites, the Technique cannot function properly and can be dangerous.

A weak body will be torn apart by the surging power-meridians collapsing,
bones shattering.

Insufficient Qi will result in only a partial increase in cultivation-or none at all, depending on the amount available.

The technique does not grant power gently.

It forces both the body and cultivation to rise simultaneously, dragging the cultivator to heights they were never meant to be.

Unlike ordinary forbidden techniques, however, Heaven's Mandate Reversal Technique has no fixed limit.

As long as the cultivator's body can endure the strain and their Qi supply remains uninterrupted, the state can be maintained indefinitely-and the cultivator's realm may continue to rise without restriction.

There is no predefined ceiling.

The only true limit is the cultivators themselves.

Those who cannot withstand Heaven's reversed mandate will be crushed by it.

Those who can-stand beyond fate.

The technique itself was not complicated like the Fate Severing Slash, and the conditions fit Bai Zihan perfectly.

With Primordial Chao Body Refinement Technique, his body should be the strongest of strong.

As for whether it would work or not-he would only know after buying it and using it.

If it failed, then he could only curse his own luck.

"Well, if the worst comes to pass, I can still ask Feilian for help."

Bai Zihan muttered.

The skeletal Demonic Elder let out a shrill, grating laugh.

"Kekeke... what's this?"

He tilted his skull-like head, eerie green flames flickering in his hollow eyes.

"Did you freeze up because of fear?"

Bai Zihan stood still, sword lowered, aura seemingly calm.

To the three Demonic Elders, the situation was obvious.

A Spirit Severing Realm brat, surrounded by three Great Ascension Realm experts-one of whom he had barely survived against-finally realizing the hopelessness of his fate.

It was only natural. Who wouldn't despair?

Even Great Ascension Realm cultivators would feel pressure in such a situation, let alone a junior who hadn't even stepped into Void Refinement.

The tall Demonic Elder sneered.

"Even if you ran, the outcome would have been the same. You only saved us the trouble of chasing you down."

The wounded elder wiped blood from his mouth, his gaze venomous.

"You should feel honored. Three Great Ascension Demonic Elders are personally going to end your life."

They took a step forward.

The killing intent pressing down was enough to crush mountains.

At that moment-

Bai Zihan opened his eyes.

"Hmph," he said lightly. "Consider it your honor instead."

He raised his head, gaze sweeping across the three elders with blatant arrogance.

"You're going to be my practice dummies."

Laughter erupted.

"Hahaha!"

"Kekeke-truly the last bravado of a dying man!"

"Gone insane already?"

But before the mockery could continue-

"Heaven's Mandate Reversal!"

BOOM!

The air around Bai Zihan collapsed inward.

His Qi surged violently-no longer flowing like a river, but like a raging sea unleashed.

The ground beneath his feet cracked instantly.

"What-?"

The skeletal elder's laughter cut off.

Bai Zihan's aura exploded. Early Spirit Severing Realm-

Late Spirit Severing Realm-

His cultivation surged in a single breath, shattering bottlenecks as if they didn't exist.

His meridians roared.

His dantian expanded violently.

BOOM!

Void Refinement Realm!

Pressure swept outward like a tidal wave, forcing all three Demonic Elders to halt mid-step.

Their expressions finally changed.

Shock.

Disbelief.

His Qi was still rising.

Still climbing. And it showed no signs of stopping. "Let's see who ends up dead today!"