

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 41: Leaving Bai Clan[1,458 words]

Chapter 41: Leaving Bai Clan

The morning sun barely peeked over the horizon, casting long shadows across the Bai Clan's grand estate.

The estate, usually a picture of serenity at this hour, was anything but peaceful today.

Despite the early hour, the entire Bai Clan was in an unusual state of activity.

Servants rushed about, preparing for the departure of their young master, Bai Zihan.

His admission to Heaven Sword Sect had been announced right after the engagement ceremony, and the designated day had finally arrived.

Excitement buzzed in the air.

For most of the Bai Clan, Bai Zihan leaving for the Heaven Sword Sect was a joyous occasion.

Many of the servants, who had suffered under his past arrogance and whims, whispered amongst themselves, secretly relieved that their young master would no longer be around to torment them.

"Finally, peace will return to the Bai Clan."

One of the servants muttered, exhaling as if a heavy weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"Yeah," another agreed, nodding quickly. "No more walking on eggshells, worrying about when Young Master Zihan will throw another tantrum."

A younger servant, who had only been working in the Bai Clan for a short while, who didn't know much asked.

"Was he really that bad?"

An older servant scoffed.

"Hah! You weren't here when he used to order people around like we were ants. If you so much as spilled a drop of tea, you'd be trembling for days."

"Remember Old Liu?"

Another servant chimed in.

"The poor guy got scolded for an entire hour just because the soup was too salty. In the end, he got fired over this issue!"

"But after what he did to Li Feng... I don't know," a maid interjected, frowning.

"Maybe he's changed?"

"Changed?" the older servant laughed bitterly.

"Maybe. But people like him don't just turn over a new leaf. He'll probably be causing trouble at the Heaven Sword Sect instead."

The group chuckled, some nodding in agreement.

"Well, at least it won't be our problem anymore."

One servant said with a relieved sigh.

"Let the Heaven Sword Sect deal with him."

And with that, the tension that had loomed over the Bai Clan for years seemed to lighten—at least for them.

However, not everyone shared this sentiment.

The kitchen staff weren't in a good mood knowing that the Food God, which was considered Bai Zihan, would no longer be cooking new dishes.

But more than anyone else, Luo Qing, his personal maid, felt a deep unease.

Luo Qing had served Bai Zihan since childhood.

While she was often fearful of him and his unpredictable moods, she knew no other life.

The thought of him leaving filled her with uncertainty.

Bai Zihan stood at the center of the courtyard, arms crossed, his expression one of complete indifference.

His long dark hair was tied back neatly, his white robes embroidered with the Bai Clan's insignia.

To an outsider, he appeared calm and composed, but in truth, his mind was busy with calculations.

He had thought a lot about what awaited him at the Heaven Sword Sect.

If his guesses were correct, he would inevitably run into a few "protagonists."

These so-called chosen ones, blessed by fate, always seemed to have ridiculous luck, endless trump cards, and an inexplicable ability to overcome obstacles.

But Bai Zihan was no longer the same person he had once been.

At the very least, he had ensured that he would have the ability to escape when necessary.

He had taken numerous artifacts from the Bai Clan's treasury, though none of them were Heaven Grade.

Even so, they were valuable enough to provide a decent level of protection.

More importantly, his recent fight with Li Feng had yielded unexpected rewards from the System.

[Unclaimed Rewards Available]

Ruined Li Clan's plan: [10x Cultivation Speed Card (3 Days)] Ruined Zhao Clan's plan: [10x Cultivation Speed Card (3 Days)] Defeated Li Feng: 2000 points

Naturally, Bai Zihan had wasted no time in using these rewards.

He had spent the days following the engagement ceremony in strict seclusion within his training chamber, pushing his cultivation to new heights.

His efforts had paid off.

[**Host Info**]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 16

Cultivation Realm: Core Condensation (Early)

Constitution: None

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

With the 10x cultivation speed boost, the additional resources he received from the various clan as part of his engagement gifts, and his mastery of the Myriad Breathing Technique, he had successfully broken through to the Core Condensation Realm.

This was a major step forward in his path of cultivation, but he was well aware that it was still not enough.

Every disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect was at least in the Core Condensation Realm.

Even those younger than him had reached this level, and for those his age, the Golden Core Realm was the norm.

Compared to them, he was still lagging behind.

However, he had no intention of remaining at the bottom for long. He was catching up, and soon, he would surpass them all.

Bai Tianheng, his father and the Bai Clan's patriarch, stood before him, arms clasped behind his back.

His sharp eyes studied Bai Zihan, observing him in silence.

In the past, Bai Tianheng would have taken this moment to warn his son, to remind him not to cause trouble, not to bring shame to the Bai Clan.

However, after Bai Zihan's actions during the engagement ceremony, Bai Tianheng had begun to reassess his son's potential.

Perhaps, at long last, Bai Zihan was starting to grow up.

Rather than reprimanding him, Bai Tianheng chose instead to encourage him.

"You've proven that you are not as useless as others thought," Bai Tianheng said, his tone calm but firm.

"However, the Heaven Sword Sect is no place for arrogance. Even among its outer disciples, you will find geniuses far beyond what you've encountered so far."

Bai Zihan smirked.

"I know!"

Perhaps he understood better than anyone just how unfair the world was.

There were those who struggled for years to grasp a single technique, while others could master it effortlessly with just a glance.

There were those who would never see a Heaven-grade Artifact in their lifetime, while others seemed to obtain them at every step they took.

He was not naive.

Bai Tianheng nodded slightly.

"Good! Then I expect you to rise beyond them."

He waved his hand, and a servant stepped forward, carrying a black storage ring.

"This contains resources for your cultivation—elixirs, talismans, and a few protective artifacts. Use them wisely."

Bai Zihan took the ring and scanned its contents with his spiritual sense. While nothing inside was of the Heaven Grade or Grade 6 pills, there were still some high-tier treasures.

"At least you're sending me off properly," Bai Zihan muttered.

Bai Tianheng ignored the remark and turned to Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang, who stood nearby.

"Xueqing, Ziyang, you are Core Disciples of the Heaven Sword Sect. Help Zihan if he gets in trouble."

Bai Xueqing scoffed at her father's comment.

"So I'm expected to babysit him now?"

Chu Ziyang, his fiancée, merely smiled and replied, "Uncle, don't worry. Zihan will be fine with me in the sect."

Before they could depart, a hesitant figure approached from the side.

It was Luo Qing.

The timid maid stood near the courtyard's edge, clutching the hem of her dress. She seemed as though she wanted to say something, but the words wouldn't come out.

Bai Zihan noticed her and raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

Luo Qing flinched.

"I—um..."

She lowered her head.

"Young Master... take care."

There was a brief pause. Bai Zihan hadn't expected her to say that.

He clicked his tongue.

"Tch! Why are you acting like I'm never coming back? Don't be so dramatic."

Bai Zihan let out a sigh and reached out, patting her head lightly.

"Just wait for me to return," he said, his tone unusually gentle.

"I'll be back before you know it."

Luo Qing's eyes widened in surprise. It was rare—no, unheard of—for him to be this gentle.

She stared at him for a moment before quickly lowering her head, her fingers tightening around the fabric of her dress.

"Y-yes, Young Master!"

She murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

Bai Zihan withdrew his hand and turned away, stepping toward the grand flying carriage without another word.

"Alright, let's depart!"

With that, the three of them boarded, and the carriage rose into the sky.

As Bai Zihan gazed at the shrinking Bai Clan estate below, he couldn't help but feel a strange mix of relief and anticipation.

The Heaven Sword Sect awaited.

And so did his next set of troubles.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 42: Heaven Sword Sect[1,167 words]

Chapter 42: Heaven Sword Sect

In the Desolate Heaven Empire, whispers filled the air as news spread of Bai Zihan's unexpected victory over Li Feng, adding to the already incredible news of his engagement to Chu Ziyuan.

For days, the Empire had buzzed with rumors and speculation about the battle between the two heirs.

Li Feng, once the pride of the Li Clan, had been humiliated by the infamous "waste" of the Bai Clan.

"He actually defeated Li Feng... the genius of the Li Clan?"

"I heard Li Feng stood no chance and just begged for mercy. For Zihan to pull it off... it's astonishing!"

"Damn! This trash... If only he had won, Mrs. Chu Ziyuan wouldn't need to be engaged to someone like Bai Zihan. It seems like his reputation was all but a lie."

Adding to the humiliation that Li Feng received from Bai Zihan, the people were angry at Li Feng because he could have prevented Chu Ziyan's engagement but failed.

Everyone thinks that Bai Zihan doesn't deserve Chu Ziyan, and that sentiment stayed true despite the news of Bai Zihan defeating Li Feng.

After all, Bai Zihan was still in the Core Formation Stage, and his misdeeds were known to everyone.

They thought that a girl like Chu Ziyan would suffer under Bai Zihan's hand, not knowing that it was just the opposite.

"I also heard that Bai Zihan is going to be admitted to the Heaven Sword Sect as their disciple."

"What? How can that be?"

"With his talent, it is impossible for him to be qualified to enter the Heaven Sword Sect."

"Damn! This Bai Clan must have bribed some elders of the Heaven Sword Sect."

"Looks like chaos is going to befall the Heaven Sword Sect. I don't think their disciples are going to appreciate this."

...

And indeed, as many thought, the news had also spread to the Heaven Sword Sect, and many were not happy about it.

The Sect disciples, most of whom had been diligently training for years to gain recognition, were increasingly frustrated by the announcement that Bai Zihan would be admitted.

Not only admitted, but also immediately accepted as an Inner Disciple rather than starting as an outer disciple.

"Can you believe it? That waste Bai Zihan is being made an Inner Disciple. On what basis? Even a 14-year-old has a higher cultivation level than him."

"He's barely entered the Core Condensation realm, and yet he is already an Inner Disciple?"

"What about us? We've been slogging away here for years, having entered the Core Condensation Realm but still an outer disciple? Now, some random kid gets to leap over us just because he has a good background? Where is the integrity of Heaven Sword Sect? I am going to protest!"

The group of disciples who gathered in the courtyard exchanged disgruntled looks.

Most of them had entered the Sect at a young age, training tirelessly. They could easily be considered geniuses anywhere else, but here, they were just outer disciples.

The news of Bai Zihan's sudden admission as an Inner Disciple struck a nerve with them.

And more than that, they were angry at another fact.

"And this trash dares to be engaged to Senior Sister Chu!"

"I can't believe Senior Sister Chu would willingly be engaged to someone like Bai Zihan. She must have been forced."

With Chu Ziyang's beauty and talent, there was no end to her admirers and pursuers in Heaven Sword Sect, almost equivalent to that of Bai Xueqing.

Of course, those male disciples couldn't help but be jealous and angry at Bai Zihan for his engagement to Chu Ziyang as well.

"I heard Senior Brother Liu Tian is furious about this."

"Senior Brother Liu Tian? The one who has pursued Senior Sister Chu for years? If that's true, Bai Zihan won't have a peaceful day the moment he steps into the Sect."

"Hmph, not just Senior Brother Liu Tian. There are hundreds of disciples angry about this. Some because of his engagement, others because of his ridiculous admission as an Inner Disciple."

"Senior Brother Liu Tian even declared that he would challenge Bai Zihan the moment he steps into the Heaven Sword Sect."

"Challenge? More like humiliate him!"

"But he is the brother of Senior Sister Bai Xueqing and fiancé of Chu Ziyang. Won't they stop them?"

"Hmph! He must accept the challenge, otherwise, no one will accept him as an Inner Disciple unless he proves himself in front of everyone."

"We should go as well! If enough of us protest, the Sect Elders will have to reconsider."

With that, a restless energy spread among the disciples.

Bai Zihan hadn't even stepped into the Heaven Sword Sect yet, but already, a storm was brewing, waiting for his arrival.

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, was comfortably resting in the grand carriage, which was about to land at the Heaven Sword Sect.

The grand flying carriage soared through the sky, cutting across a sea of rolling clouds as it neared the Heaven Sword Sect.

Bai Zihan leaned back against the cushioned seat, arms crossed, his expression one of feigned indifference.

Yet, his eyes occasionally flickered toward the window, taking in the scenery below.

The landscape beneath them was breathtaking.

Towering mountain ranges stretched into the horizon, their peaks crowned with mist.

Rivers of crystalline water cut through the valleys, their surfaces shimmering under the golden rays of the morning sun.

Verdant forests, dense and ancient, sprawled across the land like a vast emerald carpet.

And then, emerging through the mist, stood the Heaven Sword Sect.

Perched atop the highest peaks of the Azure Sky Mountain Range, the sect resembled a celestial fortress.

Grand temples and pagodas, their roofs adorned with golden tiles, gleamed under the sunlight.

A colossal stone gate marked the entrance to the sect, its surface etched with the words "Heaven Sword Sect" in bold, flowing script.

The aura surrounding the place was profound, the very air thick with spiritual energy. It was a land where only the strong could stay.

As Bai Zihan took in the sight, Bai Xueqing spoke up from beside him, her tone cool and instructive.

"Listen up, Bai Zihan. Since you're going to be an Inner Disciple, you should at least know the basic rules of the Heaven Sword Sect."

Bai Zihan sighed dramatically, tilting his head toward her with an exasperated look.

Bai Xueqing continued to explain all the rules, big or small, but Bai Zihan wasn't listening at all.

Finally, the carriage reached the Heaven Sword Sect.

As the carriage descended, Bai Zihan's expression shifted slightly as he noticed the massive gathering below.

Hundreds—no, thousands—of disciples had assembled in the grand courtyard at the sect's entrance.

They stood in clusters, their gazes locked onto the descending carriage. The atmosphere was tense, whispers and murmurs spreading like wildfire.

Bai Zihan stepped forward, peering down at the gathering with a lazy smirk.

"I didn't think I was so popular at Heaven Sword Sect!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 43: Unwelcome at Heaven Sword Sect [1,240 words]

Chapter 43: Unwelcome at Heaven Sword Sect

Bai Zihan remarked arrogantly, his voice carrying a hint of amusement.

He could easily tell that these disciples were here for him—though not to welcome him, judging by their expressions.

But did he care about what others thought of him?

Since they had gathered because of him anyway, calling himself "popular" wasn't exactly wrong, even if it wasn't in a positive sense.

Bai Xueqing sighed, rubbing her temples.

"Popular? More like hated," she said bluntly.

"Don't be an idiot. They're not here to welcome you."

Indeed, the expressions among the disciples varied—some filled with disdain, others with barely concealed fury.

Many were glaring at Bai Zihan as if he were a pest that needed to be removed.

Bai Zihan chuckled, unfazed.

"Hate and admiration aren't so different. Either way, they're here for me."

The carriage landed smoothly, the sect's disciples watching with expressions ranging from disdain to outright hostility.

The moment Bai Zihan stepped out, a wave of hushed murmurs spread through the crowd like wildfire.

"There he is!"

"The so-called Inner Disciple!"

"Trash like him doesn't belong here!"

Despite the venomous words, Bai Zihan remained composed, his smile never leaving his face.

He leisurely scanned the crowd, as if appraising a group of insignificant insects.

Then, a voice boomed from the center of the crowd.

"Bai Zihan!"

A tall figure stepped forward, his aura domineering.

Liu Tian!

Dressed in the traditional white and blue robes of the Heaven Sword Sect, he exuded an aura of sharpness, like an unsheathed sword ready to cut down anything in its path.

His gaze was piercing, and his expression was anything but welcoming.

"You dare to step into the Heaven Sword Sect so shamelessly?"

Liu Tian's voice carried authority, his cold eyes locked onto Bai Zihan.

"An Inner Disciple? You don't deserve it. And worse, you forced Chu Ziyang into an engagement?"

A murmur of agreement spread through the crowd.

Bai Zihan tilted his head, amused.

"Oh?"

He placed a hand on his chin.

Anyone could tell that Liu Tian had an agenda against him, and Bai Zihan could easily figure out why just from that last remark.

(This guy must be one of Chu Ziyang's pursuers.)

Bai Zihan thought.

He had already anticipated that some lovesick fool would crawl out to cause trouble for him, but he hadn't expected it to happen so soon—right when he had just arrived at the Heaven Sword Sect.

Moreover, with the Bai Clan backing him, what gave Liu Tian the guts to confront him so openly?

There were many who would openly challenge him even if they wanted to.

"Who are you?"

Bai Zihan tilted his head as he asked.

"Hmph! I am Liu Tian."

Liu Tian spoke arrogantly. His name was well-known, and he expected Bai Zihan to recognize him immediately after giving his name.

"Who?"

However, how could Bai Zihan, the arrogant young master of the Bai Clan, bother remembering someone like Liu Tian?

He genuinely had no idea who this man was.

"You—!"

Liu Tian's aura flared, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

He thought Bai Zihan was deliberately pretending not to know him.

After all, he—Liu Tian—was no mere bystander.

His Liu Clan might not be as powerful as the Bai Clan, but it was comparable to the Chu Clan.

Moreover, he himself was a genius acknowledged by the Heaven Sword Sect.

Though his cultivation talent wasn't as high as Chu Ziyang or Bai Xueqing, he possessed a rare physique called the Sword Body—a trait that granted him extraordinary affinity with sword intent, allowing him to comprehend sword techniques at an incredible pace.

Within the Heaven Sword Sect, Liu Tian was regarded as one of the top sword geniuses of his generation.

Not only within the sect but throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire, his swordsmanship was renowned.

Yet, despite all his achievements, the woman he had pursued for years—Chu Ziyang—had never been interested in him and had rejected him countless times.

And now, instead of a genius like him, she was engaged to a waste like Bai Zihan.

The sheer injustice of it burned within him.

Moreover, this arrogant bastard had the gall to pretend he didn't even know who he was?

Liu Tian clenched his fists, his sword trembling in its sheath as his aura flared even further.

The disciples watching could feel the pressure exuding from him—sharp and cutting, like an invisible blade.

"Bai Zihan!"

Liu Tian growled, his voice filled with suppressed fury.

"Enough of your arrogance! If you have any dignity, fight me right now! If you do, I will at least acknowledge your courage!"

Bai Zihan let out a lazy yawn, stretching his arms as if Liu Tian's challenge was nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

"You sure are noisy," Bai Zihan muttered, shaking his head.

"First, you cry about my engagement. Now, you want to fight me? What's next? Are you going to beg me to call off the engagement?"

Liu Tian's expression twisted with rage.

His sword finally left its sheath, gleaming under the sunlight.

The moment it was drawn, a chilling sword aura spread through the courtyard, forcing several weaker disciples to instinctively step back.

"If you have any pride as a cultivator, then fight me! Or are you afraid to prove that you're nothing but a waste hiding behind your clan's name?"

Liu Tian roared.

Bai Zihan chuckled.

"So? Let's say I am. What is your problem?"

Bai Zihan said.

He wasn't some shallow fool who did everything for the sake of fame or saving face.

In the end, those things didn't matter much.

As the saying went, only the poor use morality to act superior—because they have nothing else.

It was the same here.

Liu Tian had no real justification for his anger and could only resort to slander as an excuse to challenge Bai Zihan.

"You—!"

Liu Tian's patience snapped.

Against Bai Zihan, who seemed completely indifferent to his reputation, there was little Liu Tian could do—unless he was willing to attack first and force a fight.

But that would mean making an enemy of the Bai Clan, and who knew what kind of trouble that would bring to his own family?

Moreover, with Bai Xueqing present, any attempt at an attack would be futile. She would intercept him effortlessly—and likely beat him to a pulp.

"That's enough!"

Chu Ziyang stepped forward, stopping the conflict from growing further.

"Liu Tian, you have no right to challenge Bai Zihan."

Chu Ziyang declared.

A stunned silence fell over the courtyard.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow, smirking slightly.

"Well, well, looks like my fiancée is quite protective of me."

Bai Zihan intentionally said, further angering Liu Tian and other boys who pursue Chu Ziyang.

Liu Tian clenched his jaw. His crush was here in front of him defending another boy, how could he not be hurt by this.

"Junior Sister Chu, you—"

Chu Ziyang's gaze sharpened.

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

Liu Tian trembled with frustration but knew he couldn't go against her.

With a deep breath, he withdrew his sword and took a step back.

"This isn't over," he muttered darkly.

Chu Ziyang ignored him and turned to Bai Zihan.

"You. Come with me!"

Bai Zihan's smirk widened.

"So eager to be alone with me? How bold!"

Chu Ziyang's eye twitched.

"Shut up and move!"

As the two walked away, the crowd could only stare in shock.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 44: Meeting With Old Enemy[1,089 words]

Chapter 44: Meeting With Old Enemy

Bai Zihan, while accompanying Chu Ziyang, was feeling a bit nervous.

(Did I play too much?)

He thought that his earlier words, which were meant to anger Liu Tian and the others by sounding affectionate with Chu Ziyang, had somewhat angered her as well.

However, thinking about his new body, he realized that even if Chu Ziyang beat him up, he wouldn't feel any pain.

Though, it would be a different case if she were to seriously attack him using her Nascent Soul Realm cultivation.

"Sorry!"

Contrary to what he had expected, Chu Ziyang immediately bowed and apologized.

"This is happening because of me."

Chu Ziyang's apology greatly shocked Bai Zihan. He almost jumped up in surprise, suspecting that she was scheming something.

However, after a long silence, it seemed like Chu Ziyang was just seriously apologizing.

"Don't worry. This is nothing!"

Not knowing what to say to the apologetic Chu Ziyang, he could only express his honest thoughts.

Really, he hadn't thought much about what had happened.

Even if he weren't engaged to Chu Ziyang, as long as he was the one who came to the Heaven Sword Sect, those disciples would have troubled him anyway.

The only reason they thought they could act this way was that they all believed he was unworthy of joining the Heaven Sword Sect and of being Chu Ziyang's fiancé.

He didn't care either way.

Perhaps, more than that, he found it amusing. After all, most of the people in the Bai Clan feared him and never retaliated against him.

Making these disciples submit could be a new source of entertainment for him—at least, that was what Bai Zihan was feeling.

(In the end, I am a villain!)

Bai Zihan thought while self-reflecting on his perspective of the situation.

He never considered compromising or trying to be friendly with those people.

His first instinct was to toy with them and make them realize who they were messing with.

"Haha... Indeed, something like this wouldn't affect Young Master Bai, who is famous for making trouble everywhere."

Chu Ziyang laughed.

"Hey!"

(Tsk! One moment you pretend to be apologetic, and the next, you make fun of me.)

Bai Zihan thought.

"Then, let's go to the admission office. We need to register you as an Inner Disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect. Xueqing should be waiting for us!"

With that, the two of them made their way to the admission office.

During that time, many people were looking at them, probably drawn to Chu Ziyang.

But there were also those glaring at Bai Zihan with expressions completely opposite to those admiring Chu Ziyang.

Bai Zihan could really feel that he wasn't welcomed by these disciples of the Heaven Sword Sect.

Soon, they reached the admission office, where Chu Ziyang spotted Bai Xueqing and immediately made her way toward her.

The admission office of the Heaven Sword Sect was located within a grand hall, its architecture exuding an aura of prestige and authority.

As Bai Zihan and Chu Ziyang stepped inside, the air grew tense. The disciples present immediately took notice, whispering among themselves.

At the front of the hall, Bai Xueqing was already waiting, her arms crossed, her face carrying an expression of mild annoyance.

She had been handling Bai Zihan's admission process while waiting for him to arrive.

However, judging from her irritated gaze, things weren't going smoothly.

As Chu Ziyang approached, Bai Xueqing sighed and shook her head.

"They're refusing his admission," she said flatly.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow, his amusement growing.

"Oh? On what grounds? Wasn't it already agreed that Bai Zihan would be admitted as a disciple?"

Bai Xueqing gestured toward an elder sitting behind a large desk, his expression one of cold disapproval.

He was Elder Lu, one of the elders in charge of sect affairs. From the way he looked at Bai Zihan, it was clear he wanted nothing to do with him.

"The Bai Clan might be powerful, but that doesn't mean we'll blindly accept just anyone as an Inner Disciple," Elder Lu said, his tone sharp.

"The Heaven Sword Sect has its standards!"

Chu Ziyang frowned.

"Elder Lu, Bai Zihan's admittance was already approved by my master and the sect's higher-ups. Why are you making things difficult now?"

Elder Lu sneered.

"Even if there was approval, the final admission process requires the acknowledgment of the elder in charge. As an elder, I have the authority to deny anyone who does not meet the standards of our sect."

Bai Zihan chuckled.

"Interesting... So despite the decision being made by those above you, you think you have the authority to overturn it? Truly ignorant!"

Elder Lu's face darkened.

"You—!"

"Bai Zihan, can't you keep your mouth shut for a second?"

Bai Xueqing reprimanded him.

Although Elder Lu was making things difficult, he was still an elder of the Heaven Sword Sect and should be respected.

But alas, as expected of Bai Zihan, he didn't care and even called the elder ignorant.

Before Elder Lu could continue, a voice suddenly cut through the hall.

"Well, well. If it isn't Young Master Bai."

A tall figure entered, his steps confident as he approached the group.

It was Shen Liang!

The man's eyes glowed with amusement as he looked at Bai Zihan, clearly enjoying the situation.

"What a surprise! I heard that you are joining the Heaven Sword Sect," Senior Brother Shen Liang said, smirking.

Bai Zihan looked at Shen Liang for a second and asked,

"Who?"

Bai Zihan intentionally asked. Unlike when he genuinely didn't know who Liu Tian was, how could he not recognize Shen Liang, whom he had recently humiliated?

However, he didn't want to give him the satisfaction of thinking that he was worthy of being remembered.

Moreover, considering the timing of his appearance, Bai Zihan could already tell that it must have been him interfering with his admission.

Shen Liang was taken aback by the question but quickly regained his composure.

"Haha... It seems like Young Master Bai has memory problems. I was at the Bai Clan a few weeks ago and even had a conversation with you."

Shen Liang said sarcastically.

"Oh!"

Bai Zihan suddenly smacked his palm against his other hand, as if just remembering.

"You're that troublemaker who dared to cause a scene in the Bai Clan and refused to apologize even though you were in the wrong!"

Bai Zihan continued his act.

"I see! You must be colluding with this elder to make trouble for me."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 45: Want To Get Slap Again?[1,193 words]

Chapter 45: Want To Get Slap Again?

Bai Zihan openly exposed Shen Liang's scheme.

"YOU—!"

Shen Liang couldn't help but get angry.

He had been falsely accused at the Bai Clan and even got slapped without justice, and now he was being defamed again by Bai Zihan.

Though this time, it was true that it was all his scheme.

Bai Zihan's accusation had already caught the attention of the surrounding disciples, who were eagerly watching the commotion.

"Does Senior Brother Shen have a problem with Bai Zihan?"

"What's this about Senior Brother Shen causing trouble in the Bai Clan? Did he really do it, or is Bai Zihan falsely accusing him?"

"Senior Brother Shen has a good relationship with Bai Xueqing. He shouldn't make things too difficult for Bai Zihan, or she might hate him. After all, blood is thicker than water!"

...

The conflict between Bai Zihan and Shen Liang had drawn quite the audience which was already growing bigger because of the presence of Bai Zihan, Chu Ziyan and Bai Xueqing.

It was unexpected since everyone knew that Shen Liang was pursuing Bai Xueqing, and he wouldn't want to get on the bad side of her family if he wished to win her heart.

Moreover, Bai Zihan's first accusation might have been questionable, but the second one was quite plausible.

After all, the head of the admission office was Elder Shen—Shen Liang's uncle.

It wouldn't be difficult for him to instruct Elder Lu to block Bai Zihan's admission using his uncle's name.

Perhaps, at another time, the disciples might have criticized Bai Zihan for making such accusations, but instead, they were pleased—after all, it meant he couldn't enter the Heaven Sword Sect.

"Bai Zihan, stop with your false accusations. I was just curious about why so many disciples were gathered here and happened to stumble upon you."

Shen Liang gave a reasonable excuse.

He then immediately looked at Bai Xueqing, wanting to see what kind of expression she had and whether she believed Bai Zihan's words.

However, her expression remained unreadable, though there was a mild annoyance on her face.

"Junior Sister, please believe me! I don't know why your brother hates me, but he has been targeting me since we met at the Bai Clan. You can't believe him!"

Bai Xueqing, meanwhile, remained indifferent.

She glanced at Bai Zihan, who looked completely unbothered, then turned to Shen Liang, her tone flat.

"Senior Brother, let's not waste time with unnecessary words. If you truly have nothing to do with this, then don't interfere. I need to quickly register his name as a disciple of Heaven Sword Sect."

Shen Liang felt a chill at her distant response.

For a moment, frustration flickered in his eyes. He had spent so much effort trying to get closer to Bai Xueqing, yet she remained cold toward him.

He even felt that she was more distant than before her engagement was cancelled.

Suppressing his emotions, Shen Liang let out a forced chuckle.

"Of course, Junior Sister. I simply thought there might be something I could do to help you."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?"

Shen Liang nodded, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"This situation with Elder Lu... If I vouch for you, he might reconsider."

Shen Liang continued.

"But for that to happen, Bai Zihan... you need to show some sincerity."

Bai Zihan smirked. He had been waiting for this.

"And what kind of 'sincerity' are you asking for, Shen Liang?"

Shen Liang smiled, his eyes sharp.

"It's simple," he said, stepping closer.

"You just need to admit that you falsely accused me back at the Bai Clan. That you were the one who harassed my junior sisters."

His voice was calm, but his intent was clear.

"Apologize for your mistake, and I will personally ensure your admission goes smoothly."

Silence fell upon the hall.

The surrounding disciples watched intently. Some whispered, already assuming Bai Zihan would refuse.

Others, who disliked him, smirked, hoping to see him humiliated—just like Liu Tian, who was thinking about how unlucky Bai Zihan was to have gotten on Shen Liang's bad side.

Unlike him, Shen Liang was at the Nascent Soul Realm. Even in the presence of Chu Ziyang or Bai Xueqing, there was no need for him to be scared.

Bai Zihan stared at Shen Liang for a moment.

Then, suddenly—

"Pfft! Hahaha!"

He burst into laughter.

His laugh echoed through the hall, filled with amusement and mockery.

The disciples of Heaven Sword Sect frowned upon seeing him laugh as if he were mocking them.

Shen Liang's expression darkened.

"Bai Zihan—"

But Bai Zihan raised a hand, cutting him off.

"Shen Liang, let me get this straight."

His lips curled into a smirk.

"You want me to admit to something I didn't do... bow my head to you... and then, you'll 'help' me?"

Shen Liang didn't respond immediately, but his silence was already an answer.

Moreover, he wanted to curse at Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan was acting as if he truly hadn't done anything while, in reality, he had—but time and again, he accused him instead, making it seem like Shen Liang was the one fabricating everything.

Bai Zihan's eyes gleamed with amusement.

"I'll ask this question again. Who do you think you are?"

His words were light, but the sharpness behind them was undeniable.

Bai Zihan's eyes shifted from playful mockery to a cold, piercing gaze—one that carried the weight of absolute superiority, as if he were looking down at an insignificant ant.

"Sorry, but I don't need your help."

Shen Liang's jaw clenched.

Bai Zihan took a leisurely step forward, now standing face-to-face with him.

"In fact," he continued, his tone playful, "I don't even know why you dared to show your face here. Want to get slapped again?"

Shen Liang's hand twitched.

(This bastard!)

"Senior Brother was slapped?"

"I heard rumors, but I didn't think they were true."

"No wonder he's making trouble for Bai Zihan. How could he let go of such hatred?"

...

He could feel the eyes of everyone in the hall on him.

While some were surprised by Bai Zihan's words, others felt like laughing—after all, the respected and admired Senior Brother had been slapped by the so-called waste of the Bai Clan.

Wasn't that too funny?

Shen Liang wanted nothing more than to shut Bai Zihan's mouth, but Bai Xueqing was watching.

Shen Liang gritted his teeth.

(You dare mention this?!)

Elder Lu, who had been silent, now stepped forward, his voice cold.

"Since Bai Zihan refuses to show sincerity, then there is nothing more to discuss."

He looked at Bai Zihan with disdain.

"The Heaven Sword Sect does not accept arrogant, dishonorable individuals."

Bai Zihan chuckled.

"Ah, so now I'm dishonorable for refusing to bow to someone's petty ego? Seems like you aren't even hiding the fact that you're being ordered around by Shen Liang. Now, who is the dishonorable one?"

Elder Lu's face twisted with anger.

Shen Liang, feeling the moment slipping out of his control, spoke again.

"Bai Zihan, this is your last chance."

But Bai Zihan simply smirked.

"Tsk! I don't take orders from losers."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 46: Elder Qinglan[1,076 words]

Chapter 46: Elder Qinglan

Shen Liang's expression turned cold, his hands clenched into fists.

A flicker of killing intent flashed in his eyes, but he quickly suppressed it.

No matter how much he wanted to slap Bai Zihan across the face, he couldn't afford to act recklessly—not when other disciples were present.

After all, this was his territory, and he believed he could get justice for what he had suffered unfairly at the Bai Clan.

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, remained utterly relaxed, even tilting his head slightly as if daring Shen Liang to make a move.

Elder Lu, unwilling to let this mockery continue, spoke again.

"Enough!"

His voice boomed through the hall.

"Bai Zihan, since you don't want to compromise, your admission to the Heaven Sword Sect is denied. You are not welcome here!"

A silence fell over the disciples.

For many, this was exactly what they wanted—to see Bai Zihan get kicked out.

But instead of looking concerned, Bai Zihan simply raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? Is that so?"

Bai Zihan said, almost happily.

If that was really the case, Bai Zihan couldn't help but feel happier.

After all, he wasn't interested in joining the Heaven Sword Sect to begin with.

He could quietly grow stronger at home without needing anyone else's help—only the System.

He turned to Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing, as if checking whether they had anything to say.

Bai Zihan wasn't going to take any initiative to enter the Heaven Sword Sect, but he needed to see what Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang would do.

Chu Ziyang frowned.

"Elder Lu, you do not have the authority to reject his admission like this. My master already agreed—"

Elder Lu snorted.

"The decision has already been made. If you want to challenge it, take it up with your master."

Bai Xueqing sighed and shook her head.

"Fine! Seems like I'll have to bring my master."

If Elder Lu didn't want to register Bai Zihan, then she couldn't do anything except complain to her master.

Just as she was about to turn—

"No need!"

A clear, calm voice echoed from the entrance.

Everyone turned their heads sharply.

And then—she appeared.

A graceful figure in flowing azure robes descended from the sky, landing silently at the entrance to the hall.

Her presence alone silenced the crowd.

Every step she took carried the weight of authority and elegance. In that moment, even the arrogant Elder Lu froze, as if struck by lightning.

Tap! Tap!

The sound of light footsteps echoed as the woman entered.

She wore flowing azure robes, her long black hair trailing behind her like a silken stream. Her eyes were sharp like polished jade, radiating a calm intensity that could silence storms.

Even her simple stance exuded natural elegance—like a sword in its sheath. Hidden, but deadly.

"Master!"

Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing called out in unison, quickly stepping aside with respect.

"Peak Master Qinglan!"

The disciples immediately lowered their heads and clasped their fists in deep respect.

Elder Qinglan—a name known throughout the Heaven Sword Sect and even across the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Once a prodigy of the sect, she had reached the peak of the Nascent Soul Realm before the age of 18 and was rumored to be undefeated in her generation.

She was also one of the few cultivators personally recognized by the Sect Leader.

Years ago, she had single-handedly repelled a demonic invasion at the Southern Frontier.

"I heard there was an issue with my new disciple."

Bai Zihan looked at the approaching woman who declared herself his new master—something he expected, as Inner Disciples needed to choose a master and join a peak.

His default master was Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing's Master—who had already accepted him.

Elder Qinglan's gaze swept across the hall before landing on Bai Zihan.

"So, this is the heir of the Bai Clan and my new disciple."

She could identify him easily by his clothing and, more notably, because he was the only disciple who hadn't greeted her.

Indeed, with Bai Zihan's personality, it was impossible for him to display humble manners.

The way he carried himself was arrogant—even in front of the elders of the Heaven Sword Sect, including the renowned Elder Qinglan, his future master.

However, she didn't seem to mind his lack of courtesy or care about such displays—unlike some people who become offended when not properly greeted or acknowledged.

Those with power often demanded deference. But Elder Qinglan appeared indifferent to such things—which was fortunate for Bai Zihan, who didn't know anything about respecting others.

Elder Qinglan turned to Elder Lu.

"Now, explain to me... on whose authority did you reject Bai Zihan's admission?"

Elder Lu tried to maintain composure.

"I—I simply judged his character unfit. He even dared to insult me, an elder of the Heaven Sword Sect—"

"That is your excuse?"

Elder Qinglan cut him off, her tone serene but laced with unmistakable pressure.

Before her, Elder Lu was nothing. Their positions were worlds apart.

As a Peak Master, Elder Qinglan held far more authority than Elder Lu.

Only someone like Elder Shen—the head of the Admission Office—was her equal in the sect's hierarchy.

"His recommendation was approved by me and personally acknowledged by the Sect Leader. If you believe he is unfit, then you are questioning the Sect Leader's judgment. Do you intend to take responsibility for those words, Elder Lu?"

The hall fell into dead silence.

Elder Lu's lips quivered.

"I... I didn't know..."

He tried to offer an excuse.

But he had been warned—both Chu Ziyan and Bai Xueqing had informed him, yet he remained adamant about rejecting Bai Zihan.

He intended to cause trouble on Shen Liang's behalf. After that, he wouldn't need to do anything more—Elder Shen would handle the rest.

But no one had expected Elder Qinglan to personally appear while he was deliberately making things difficult for Bai Zihan.

Even Shen Liang could only keep his head down, cold sweat beading on his forehead.

"Hmph! I don't want to waste my time. Quickly register him as Inner Disciple under my Mystic Moon Peak."

Elder Lu's legs nearly gave out beneath him.

He lowered his head.

"...I understand."

He breathed a sigh of relief that Elder Qinglan wasn't taking further action.

Indeed, Elder Qinglan didn't usually involve herself in matters that didn't concern her, especially sect politics.

She was a person focused primarily on cultivation and guiding her disciples.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 47: Joining The Heaven Sword Sect[1,074 words]

Chapter 47: Joining The Heaven Sword Sect

Elder Lu took no time to register Bai Zihan as a disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect under the angered looks of the surrounding disciples.

However, the disciples knew better than to protest in front of Elder Qinglan, who had even made Elder Lu afraid.

Even Shen Liang quietly stayed in his place without interfering.

He consoled himself that Bai Zihan would remain in the Heaven Sword Sect, where he was the influential one and could take revenge anytime he wanted.

Other disciples also had similar thoughts—that they could make Bai Zihan's life difficult within the sect and force him to quit voluntarily.

Elder Qinglan turned to Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing, then to Bai Zihan.

"We're leaving."

Elder Qinglan declared.

"Yes, Master!"

They said in unison, following Elder Qinglan.

Bai Zihan did the same, though he didn't forget to flash a triumphant expression toward Shen Liang and the others.

Obviously, this angered Shen Liang and the rest.

But there was nothing that they could do with Elder Qinglan by Bai Zihan's side.

As they left, Elder Qinglan walked beside Bai Zihan.

She placed a hand on his shoulder and then said, "You're not as simple as you seem."

Bai Zihan tilted his head.

"Neither are you!"

He replied arrogantly, as if he was powerful enough to comment about Elder Qinglan.

She let out a soft laugh.

"Maybe! That makes two of us."

It was the first time she had taken such an interesting disciple as Bai Zihan. Her other disciples were very respectful and would never utter such words to her.

Initially, she had only agreed to accept Bai Zihan as a disciple of her peak because the Sect Leader had asked her.

And the reason the Sect Leader chose to accept Bai Zihan into the sect in the first place seemed to stem from some sort of promise made with the Bai Clan.

The reason for choosing her peak was because Bai Zihan was Bai Xueqing's brother and Chu Ziyang's fiancé, both of whom were her disciples.

It would be convenient for Bai Zihan to stay on the same peak as his fiancée and sister. Moreover, Mystic Moon Peak had the fewest disciples among the various peaks.

Elder Qinglan agreed, since it was the Sect Leader's request, but she was not someone who would accept a disciple easily.

All the disciples she chose were either very talented or worked extremely hard.

If Bai Zihan displayed either trait, she wouldn't mind. But if he showed neither, she was planning to expel him within a year.

She had recently heard that Bai Zihan managed to defeat Li Feng, a well-known genius—which suggested Bai Zihan wasn't as hopeless as many believed.

Now that she had seen him with her own eyes, she reaffirmed that he wasn't what others said about him.

Earlier, when she placed her hand on Bai Zihan, she had used at least Mid Golden Core Stage power, yet Bai Zihan showed no signs of discomfort.

This revealed that his physique was stronger than most cultivators, at least at the level of Golden Core Stage.

That alone indicated that he possessed some form of extraordinary talent.

Though his cultivation wasn't too high—she had already checked that as well.

"Your Core Condensation cultivation is too low for being a disciple of Mystic Moon Peak. I hope you don't slack off in your cultivation and try to reach the Golden Core Stage as soon as possible."

Qinglan said as she handed over the disciple token to Bai Zihan.

"I have something to do. Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing would show you around Mystic Moon Peak and help you."

She said, disappearing quickly before Bai Zihan.

Chu Ziyang and Bai Xueqing, who were behind, widened their eyes in shock.

First of all, the fact that their master said he wasn't too bad suggested that Bai Zihan was somewhat talented.

How could they—who knew all too well about Bai Zihan's lack of talent—not be surprised by that?

And although they found it hard to believe, they also knew that their master must have seen something they couldn't—though it was still difficult to imagine, considering the person in question was Bai Zihan.

After recovering from the shock, Bai Xueqing immediately smacked the back of Bai Zihan's head.

"Ouch!"

Bai Zihan exclaimed, clutching his head where his sister had struck him.

"Why did you do that?"

Bai Zihan asked with a pained voice.

"You!"

Bai Xueqing, with anger on her face, continued.

"Who do you think you are to comment on Master's strength? 'Neither are you!' Can't you keep your arrogance shut for one second?"

Bai Xueqing reprimanded.

Although she was well aware of her master's personality and knew she wouldn't mind, it would be different if it were any other elder.

Such words could easily offend someone, and while they wouldn't act against Bai Zihan because he was from the Bai Clan, they would definitely hold a grudge.

"What did I do wrong? I just told her honestly what I thought. I was praising! Praising!"

Bai Zihan said.

"This boy..."

Bai Xueqing didn't know whether he was being serious or not.

"Bai Zihan, remember this. Elder Qinglan is our master, and you need to show respect and speak respectfully. Don't talk to her like that."

Bai Xueqing said.

Even though Master Qinglan didn't mind, that didn't mean she herself didn't mind. To her, it was only right to show respect to their esteemed master.

Moreover, while Qinglan was "just" a Peak Master, her strength was not beneath that of the Sect Leader—and was even said to be equal or greater.

The only reason the Sect Leader held that position was because he was her senior and she had no interest in managing the sect.

Otherwise, it was said that Qinglan could very well have become the Sect Leader of the Heaven Sword Sect.

That was also why so many disciples wished to become her disciples—but due to her harsh criteria, not many could join.

"Hey, Ziyang, say something to this idiot as well. I don't know what kind of trouble he'll get into with this attitude and mouth of his."

Bai Xueqing asked for Chu Ziyang's help. Now that Chu Ziyang was her brother's fiancée, she figured the burden should be shared.

But Chu Ziyang seemed lost in thought.

"Sure—but before that... Bai Zihan, when did you reach the Core Condensation Stage?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 48: Mystic Moon Peak[1,039 words]

Chapter 48: Mystic Moon Peak

It is publicly known that Bai Zihan is only in the Early Stage of the Core Formation Stage and has yet to reach the Core Condensation Stage.

Judging by his current speed, many speculate that Bai Zihan would take nearly three years to break through to the Core Condensation Stage—which is also why he is called a waste.

After all, with the resources of the Bai Clan, even a cultivator with poor talent would have reached the Core Condensation Stage by his age.

However, Bai Zihan couldn't even do that. Truly a waste of resources poured into him by the Bai Clan and his parents.

Although Bai Zihan is believed to still be in the Core Formation Stage by everyone, Elder Qinglan mentioned that he was already in the Core Condensation Stage and that he needs to work hard to reach the Golden Core Stage.

Judging by those words, it was easy to conclude that Bai Zihan was indeed in the Core Condensation Stage—there was no reason to doubt Elder Qinglan's words.

Although it was unknown exactly when or how she found out, Elder Qinglan wouldn't make a mistake in detecting someone's cultivation level especially if the person were as weak as Bai Zihan.

That meant Bai Zihan had reached the Core Condensation Stage, and Chu Ziyang couldn't help but ask when he broke through to that realm.

Although the Core Condensation Stage wasn't anything significant in her eyes, it was a different matter if the one who reached it was Bai Zihan.

After all, it hadn't even been a year since Bai Zihan entered the Core Formation Stage.

The speed was impressive. Even with Bai Xueqing's talent, it had taken her more than a year to go from the Core Formation Stage to the Core Condensation Stage.

Of course, by Bai Zihan's age, Bai Xueqing had already reached the Golden Core Stage—at its peak, no less.

Bai Xueqing also turned her head toward Bai Zihan with the same curiosity, perhaps even more.

She knew more than anyone about Bai Zihan and understood that he wasn't hiding his cultivation like some people might assume.

It wasn't that he had broken through earlier and was concealing it.

That simply wasn't how Bai Zihan operated. If anything, it would be good if he didn't flex his weak strength.

Bai Zihan looked at Chu Ziyan and Bai Xueqing without any worry.

It wasn't like he was trying to hide his cultivation level like those secretive protagonists. He just didn't feel the need to announce it.

"Just a few days ago. You remember I went into seclusion after the engagement, right? I broke through then," Bai Zihan answered truthfully.

"A few days ago?"

Chu Ziyan muttered.

Indeed, she remembered Bai Zihan had said he was going into seclusion after their engagement, though she had assumed that was just an excuse to avoid her.

She didn't expect that Bai Zihan was really cultivating.

Bai Xueqing had a similar thought.

She also assumed his so-called "seclusion" was just laziness, and that just a week-long session wouldn't yield any results.

But it turned out she was wrong. In just that one-week period, her brother had broken through to the Core Condensation Stage.

Although still not impressive for someone of his background, at least it was enough to stop people from calling him a complete waste.

And with his powerful physique, both of them started to think that perhaps their master was right—he wasn't as simple as he seemed.

After Bai Zihan gave his answer, both girls fell into an eerie silence. Not only did they stop talking—they stopped moving altogether.

"..."

"Shouldn't we go to Mystic Moon Peak? I want to check out my room."

Bai Zihan finally said, once his patience wore thin.

He didn't want to interrupt and risk angering his sister, but at this rate, they'd be standing there all day.

"Follow me," Bai Xueqing said, snapping out of her thoughts.

She gave Bai Zihan a strange look before turning her head.

(Is this stupid brother really hiding something from everyone?)

Thinking back on Bai Zihan's past actions, she refused to believe he had the capability to hide his abilities.

She also didn't think he had worked hard to cultivate—though recently, he had trained more than before.

He was also visibly less irritated and even made eye contact with the other party when speaking, though it still felt as if he were looking down on them.

Still, she didn't believe it mattered much.

Bai Zihan was still that same brat with his arrogance in the sky despite all those positive changes.

Still causing trouble and making enemies wherever he went.

Bai Xueqing decided she would show Bai Zihan to his room, then the important locations of Mystic Moon Peak, and return to cultivating.

With everything going on, she felt like she was already falling behind and needed to make up for the time she had lost.

Chu Ziyang stayed silent as she followed Bai Xueqing up the winding mountain path.

The higher they went, the more ethereal the scenery became.

Mystic Moon Peak truly lived up to its name—mist floated lazily through the air, sunlight filtered down through ancient, towering trees, and the distant sound of flowing water made everything feel serene.

"Here!"

Bai Xueqing stopped in front of a refined courtyard. A shimmering formation glowed faintly at its gate.

"This is your residence."

Bai Zihan looked around.

"A bit small."

He complained the moment he saw the house.

While it was refined and well-kept, compared to what he was used to, this felt more like a hut.

Bai Xueqing's eyes twitched. The residence was the same as she had but Bai Zihan had a gall to insult it.

The outer disciples didn't have the luxury of a private courtyard like Bai Zihan—in fact, they often had to share cramped rooms with others.

But Bai Zihan showed no sign of appreciation, likely because he never experienced the hardships of an outer disciple.

"But it'll do," Bai Zihan quickly added after seeing Bai Xueqing's expression.

"You should settle in first," Chu Ziyan said.

"Tomorrow, we'll take you around Mystic Moon Peak so you can get familiar with the place."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 49: A Tour of Heaven Sword Sect [1,078 words]

Chapter 49: A Tour of Heaven Sword Sect

The courtyard was protected by some kind of formation and reacted when he approached with his disciple token.

Bai Zihan stepped past the shimmering barrier into his new residence, taking a moment to scan the surroundings.

The courtyard was modest, yet elegant.

The air was thick with qi, clearly enhanced by the formation inscribed around the perimeter.

Although he would like to praise the formation, its efficiency was almost ten times lower than what he had in the Bai Clan.

So rather than being an upgrade, it was actually a downgrade for him—though perhaps those from poorer backgrounds might see it differently.

Inside, the residence was divided into three sections: a bedroom, a meditation chamber, and a bathroom.

The furnishings were simple but of good quality—a sturdy wooden bed with soft cushions, and a meditation mat placed directly beneath a small skylight for natural illumination.

Bai Zihan walked to the center of the room, running his fingers along the wooden table.

Though smaller than his lavish quarters in the Bai Clan, this place carried a unique tranquility. A quiet solitude that he found... acceptable.

Sitting down on the meditation mat, he leaned back slightly, gazing at the ceiling as thoughts swirled in his mind.

What now?

If he could peacefully cultivate without needing to worry about other matters, then perhaps becoming a disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect wasn't too bad.

However, Bai Zihan knew the Heaven Sword Sect was far from peaceful.

Not to mention the disciples dissatisfied with his enrollment as an Inner Disciple—and as the fiancé of Chu Ziyan—he also had to be cautious of his sister's enemies.

Given how high-profile Bai Xueqing was, there were undoubtedly people who disliked her, and they would likely target him instead, the easier prey.

There was already an ex-fiancé of Bai Xueqing, but Bai Zihan believed there would still be time before that person sought revenge.

But there might be others in Heaven Sword Sect who wouldn't need to wait.

There was already Shen Liang who was making things difficult, and the only saving grace was that he hadn't tried to take revenge directly—likely to save face and because he was still pursuing Bai Xueqing.

If it were someone like Bai Zihan himself, he wouldn't bother with elaborate schemes. If the other party was weaker, he'd simply crush them head-on.

Still, Bai Zihan knew he needed to be wary of Shen Liang.

There was also Liu Tian—while Bai Zihan didn't consider him a threat, he was still a potential problem, clearly dissatisfied and bitter with his crush's engagement.

"Anyway, I need more information about the Heaven Sword Sect and its different factions," Bai Zihan muttered.

"Should I seek out the other Bai Clan members?"

He recalled that, apart from himself and Bai Xueqing, several other Bai Clan members had joined the Heaven Sword Sect.

He could have them run errands and gather information for him.

"But where are they?"

Normally, they should've come to receive him. But earlier, there was no sign of them. Not a single Bai Clan member showed up.

Of course, knowing Bai Zihan was coming, how could they possibly show up just to act as his lackeys?

As soon as they heard the news of his admission to the Heaven Sword Sect, many of them went into seclusion or took long-term missions.

"I should try to figure out their whereabouts tomorrow."

Bai Zihan, still unaware of the truth, assumed he'd find them eventually.

The Next Day, Chu Ziyang appeared the next morning to show Bai Zihan around Mystic Moon Peak and other important places in the Heaven Sword Sect.

It seemed Bai Xueqing had decided her presence was unnecessary since Chu Ziyang was already taking care of things, and instead went into cultivation.

Bai Zihan didn't care—actually, he preferred it. She wouldn't be around to annoy him.

The tour began at the central plaza, where disciples often gathered for announcements, sparring sessions, and tasks.

"This is where you'll see most disciples during the day. Don't go causing trouble, or the senior disciples will put you in your place," Chu Ziyang warned, half-serious and half-joking.

Most disciples of Mystic Moon Peak were well-behaved, but with Bai Zihan's arrogant attitude, she doubted they'd be able to deal with him calmly.

After all, if someone could remain calm even when dealing with Bai Zihan, they had to be a saint.

Along the way, they met various disciples from Mystic Moon Peak, who cheerfully greeted Chu Ziyang but frowned upon seeing Bai Zihan.

Still, their attitudes were much better than the ones he encountered the previous day.

Some didn't seem to care about him at all, which Bai Zihan didn't mind.

Next, they arrived at the Spirit Spring Pavilion, where disciples cultivated using natural Qi gathered by formation arrays.

A faint blue mist lingered in the air, and the space buzzed with concentrated Qi.

"Each disciple gets an hour here every three days. Unless you impress the Master, don't expect anything extra," Chu Ziyang explained.

They continued on to the Alchemy Hall, the Weapon Forging Yard, and the Task Board—where disciples accepted missions in exchange for contribution points.

Tasks ranged from herb gathering and escort missions to demon subjugation for higher-ranked disciples.

When they visited areas outside of Mystic Moon Peak, Bai Zihan realized how few disciples the peak actually had.

What's more, the disciples in those other areas were far more hostile—some even hurled insults at him.

Most of these were outer disciples, clearly resentful that Bai Zihan had entered as an Inner Disciple thanks to connections, while they had struggled for years with no such luck.

However, with Chu Ziyang beside him, no one dared act rashly.

Moreover, News had already spread about what happened the day before, and how Elder Qinglan had personally accepted Bai Zihan as her disciple.

By the time the tour ended, the sun had begun to set.

"I think that's it. There are other places, but they're not that important. You'll learn about them gradually," Chu Ziyang said.

Bai Zihan didn't mind. Although he still hadn't seen any of the other Bai Clan members during the tour, he didn't think much of it.

He had no idea they were intentionally avoiding him and assumed he'd meet them sooner or later.

Just when he thought the tour had ended and he could return to his residence, a System Notification appeared.

[Heaven Chosen detected!]

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 50: First Encounter with a Protagonist[1,547 words]

Chapter 50: First Encounter with a Protagonist

[Heaven Chosen Detected!]

The golden text flashed in Bai Zihan's vision like a divine decree from the heavens.

His steps halted mid-way, eyes narrowing as another line followed.

[Scanning...]

[Heaven Chosen Profile Unlocked.]

Name: Lin Xuan

Age: 17

Fate Grade: ★★★ (Three Stars)

Cultivation Base: Core Formation (Mid)

Destiny: Lin Xuan possesses an unnatural talent for learning that far surpasses the limits of ordinary mortals.

His mind is like a vast, open field that effortlessly absorbs knowledge, be it martial arts, alchemy, formation crafting, or the most ancient and profound secrets of the world.

In addition to his prodigious learning ability, Lin Xuan's soul is immensely powerful, naturally resistant to any form of mental manipulation or illusion. His mind cannot be easily swayed or corrupted, and he is almost immune to mind attacks, spiritual coercion, and soul-damaging techniques.

"Lin Xuan?"

Bai Zihan muttered his name under his breath.

He turned his head slightly, trying to remain subtle, but his eyes darted across the square, scanning the crowd like a hunter spotting his first prey.

(So the System could do this?)

Bai Zihan blinked, stunned for a moment. He hadn't known the System possessed this functionality until now.

This was a game-changer.

He had always assumed he'd need to rely on instinct, caution, and careful maneuvering to avoid getting tangled with those protagonists.

That was also why he had never been afraid of people like Liu Tian or Shen Liang—individuals who flaunted their strength and ambition in an overt and flashy way.

That kind of behavior was too high-profile, too "loud" to be the style of a true protagonist.

But the unassuming ones—those who lurked in the shadows, unnoticed—that's who he feared more.

And now... he didn't need to rely on instincts alone.

Not anymore!

The System could detect Heaven Chosen and reveal their destinies.

Not only that—it told him what kind of protagonist they were.

This was huge.

Still, it was his first encounter with a confirmed protagonist. A part of him was wary.

Would this Lin Xuan suddenly fly into rage, assume he was an enemy, and try to fight him?

But... it didn't seem like there was any hostility.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept the training grounds once more. Disciples practiced sword forms, sparred, meditated.

Dozens of them, all in the same robes. Yet none stood out—at least, not at a glance.

But the name... the name was already etched into his memory.

Lin Xuan!

He repeated it silently, letting the System's golden words echo again in his mind.

There was no divine aura, no shimmering glow, no destiny-mark hovering above his head.

The System didn't highlight him with a red arrow or paint a target on his back.

Bai Zihan turned to Chu Ziyan, who was preparing to leave.

"Hey," he said casually.

"Do you know anyone around here named Lin Xuan?"

Chu Ziyan blinked, clearly caught off guard by the sudden question.

"Lin Xuan?"

She repeated, her brows furrowing slightly.

"Why are you asking about him?"

(Jackpot!)

Judging by her reaction, Chu Ziyan clearly knew who he was.

"Just overheard someone talking about him. Sounded interesting."

Bai Zihan replied smoothly.

Chu Ziyan didn't seem entirely convinced, but after a brief pause, she responded anyway.

After all, it wasn't like it was some kind of secret and Bai Zihan could easily find the information from other disciples anyways.

"He's... not someone you'd normally notice," she said slowly.

"He's not even an Outer Disciple. Officially, he's just a servant. A handyman."

That definitely caught Bai Zihan's attention.

(Not even an Outer Disciple? Then what's a Mid Core Formation cultivator doing as a servant?)

No wonder people used to call him a waste.

Even a handyman in the Heaven Sword Sect, had higher cultivation than he did before his memories returned.

Moreover, he had more resources, status, and connections than Lin Xuan—and yet, Lin Xuan's cultivation is higher than his, before he had regained his memories.

Chu Ziyan continued.

"He was picked up by the Master about ten years ago during a sweep in the Eastern Front. A demonic cult attacked a small village. She arrived too late—everyone was dead. Except for him."

(As expected of a protagonist.)

Even when powerless, doomed, and left to die, a protagonist survives. Their tragedies shape their destiny.

Otherwise, how is it not weird that a whole village is ruined but only one person remains alive.

Just from the backstory alone, Lin Xuan screamed "main character."

And his current status as a servant?

Temporary for sure.

Bai Zihan was certain that soon enough, Lin Xuan would rise.

He'd be accepted as a disciple, then soar like a dragon and have his name spread throughout the Azure Sky Empire.

"So... he was taken in out of pity?"

Bai Zihan asked, feigning casual interest.

Chu Ziyang nodded.

"Pretty much. He's quiet. Keeps to himself. Does odd jobs around the sect. Cleans, delivers things, that sort of stuff."

Bai Zihan glanced toward the far side of the courtyard.

"And you're sure he's not a disciple of Heaven Sword Sect?"

Chu Ziyang shot him a sideways glance.

"Not yet. He doesn't have the talent or the backing, apparently. But a few elders have taken notice. There are rumors he might be brought in as a formal disciple if he passes the next examination."

Bai Zihan stayed quiet for a moment, letting her words settle.

(So that's how it begins...)

The cliché—so familiar, yet always dangerous. A tragic past. A humble servant. Looked down upon, stepped over.

But one day, he would rise from the mud, sword in hand, and shake the heavens.

That was his fate.

Bai Zihan's lips curled into a slow, intrigued smirk.

(Interesting!)

Chu Ziyang, still eyeing him, narrowed her gaze slightly.

"Why do you care about him anyway?"

Bai Zihan turned to her with a calm expression and a faint smile.

"No reason," he said softly.

"I'm just curious about all my... fellow sect members."

She didn't look convinced.

The rumors surrounding Bai Zihan—that he didn't even treat his own servants as people—weren't exactly baseless.

Though it can be argued that it wasn't just limited to the servants and pretty much every person.

Anyways, this sudden curiosity which was out of nowhere made Chu Ziyang think about just how Lin Xuan caught Bai Zihan's eyes.

Still, she didn't press him.

"Don't cause trouble for him," she warned. "He's already had a rough life."

Bai Zihan let out a low chuckle, his gaze drifting toward the shadowed edges of the mountain path.

"Don't worry," he said quietly, voice unreadable.

"Perhaps... being noticed by me would be his fortune."

Chu Ziyang frowned slightly, not understanding what he meant.

She turned and left for her residence.

Bai Zihan stood alone in the courtyard, his eyes locked on a figure in the distance.

Lin Xuan.

He was there, as expected. Performing the lowliest tasks around the outer courtyard.

A few disciples gathered nearby, clearly treating him as nothing more than a tool.

They tossed chores at him without a shred of respect.

And yet, Lin Xuan never resisted. He accepted each task in silence—whether it was mopping the floor, lifting heavy barrels of water, or scrubbing stone tiles.

His expression remained calm, stoic, and unreadable.

No resentment. No anger. Just quiet diligence.

Despite the grime covering his clothes and the dirt smudging his face, Bai Zihan noticed something strange.

Lin Xuan was handsome. Strikingly so.

Even covered in dust and sweat, he had refined features and a natural presence—his black hair matted against his forehead, his jaw sharp, his eyes steady and unwavering.

That must've been why some of the other male disciples treated him so harshly.

Envy!

They saw how some of the female disciples were kind to him—treating him gently, occasionally sparing him kind words or a smile.

The jealousy was clear in how they treated him worst than servants and even ordered him in harsh words.

Still, Lin Xuan never flinched. Never retaliated.

He just endured.

Bai Zihan observed silently, taking it all in.

Though Lin Xuan's situation was pitiful, Bai Zihan couldn't help but feel pleased—because his suffering meant there was a chance to offer help and bind him with a debt of gratitude.

(Right now... he's vulnerable. Looked down on. Overlooked. If I approach him now, befriend him, show him kindness... I might be able to control him.)

It was a rare opportunity.

Without another thought, Bai Zihan began to walk across the courtyard.

He didn't rush. His steps were slow, deliberate, and filled with silent authority.

The moment he began moving through the square, murmurs spread.

"Hey, look—it's Bai Zihan."

"Tch! Look at that arrogance. Thinks he's something special just because he got accepted as an Inner Disciple with connections."

"Hmph! I'd never respect someone like him."

"Wait... is he heading toward Lin Xuan?"

"Yeah, he is! What's going on? Did Lin Xuan offend him?"

Whispers spread like wildfire as Bai Zihan strode through the crowd.

Even Lin Xuan paused in his task, lifting his head slightly to watch the infamous Bai Zihan approach.

Everyone was watching.

Curious. Cautious. Anxious.

Bai Zihan finally came to a stop before Lin Xuan.

He said nothing.

He simply stood there, staring at him.