

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 451 Heaven Sword Sect Splitting?

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While chaos was slowly descending upon the Desolate Heaven Empire, somewhere else, all hell had broken loose.

Once, the Heaven Sword Sect had been known as a place of serenity.

A sect where swords were tempered by discipline rather than ambition, and where disputes were settled through duels-not factions and shouting.

That Heaven Sword Sect no longer existed.

Since the end of the war against the Demonic Forces, the sect had quietly-but unmistakably-split apart.

There had already been a crack in their unity, ever since Elder Han and the Anti-Sect Leader faction began pushing to remove Tian Yuheng.

It had only grown worse as more and more disciples chose sides between the Bai Clan and the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Inner halls became divided spaces. Even the training grounds carried tension thick enough to taste.

There was no longer respect for the sect itself.

Many cared more about which alliance someone belonged to than the fact that they were fellow disciples of the same sect.

The cause was obvious.

The Heaven Sword Sect's cultivation technique-once praised as refined and powerful-had fallen behind.

Even the technique reserved for Core Disciples, rumored to be Earth Grade, paled in comparison to the High Earth-Grade cultivation techniques now circulating openly through the Bai Clan and the Li-Zhao Alliance.

It wasn't even close.

One offered stability, tradition, and honor.

The other offered power.

Immediate, overwhelming power.

Faced with such a choice, many disciples asked themselves a forbidden question:

Why become a Core Disciple at all?

Yes, the sect still provided pills.

Yes, there were supplementary sword techniques and inheritance manuals.

But for most disciples, that was no longer enough.

Not when cultivators of the same age-once inferior-were now leaping realms simply by choosing the "right" side.

The Outer Disciples were cultivating a Cultivation Technique much superior than the Core Disciples.

And so resentment festered.

That resentment had a leader.

Elder Han!

His faction grew larger even though it had slowed since Lu Xiangyuan lost against Bai Zihan.

Anyways, their faction has become powerful and its influence was absolute.

Since the war's end, Elder Han and those aligned with him had stopped hiding their hostility.

They openly challenged the sect leader's orders.

Ignored Tian Yuheng's authority.

And mocked his ideals.

His influence had waned.

Respect for him had thinned.

Those who had joined or were curious about-the Anti-Sect Leader faction

gathered.

Elders.

Core Disciples.

Inner Disciples.

Even outer disciples crowded near the doors, craning their necks to listen.

At the center, Elder Han stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his voice echoing clearly through the hall.

"Stability and history?"

He let out a cold laugh.

"Sect Leader Tian speaks of stability and history as if they will raise our cultivation!"

Murmurs rippled through the crowd.

Elder Han turned, sweeping his gaze across the assembled disciples.

"Tell me how many of you broke through during the war?"

Silence!

"And how many of you have watched others-disciples from other clans- surpass you since the war ended?"

The silence grew heavier.

"That is not a coincidence," Elder Han continued, his voice sharp. "That is stagnation!"

He raised a finger.

"Our Heaven Sword Sect is one of the top sects of the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

His voice rose.

"And yet what do we do?"

"We bow our heads."

"We smile politely."

"We cling to outdated techniques and call it dignity!"

His eyes narrowed.

"All while the Bai Clan spreads High Earth-Grade cultivation techniques as if they were scraps."

A ripple of anger moved through the hall.

"Is that strength?"

"No!"

"Is that dignity?"

"No!"

Elder Han's voice dropped, venomous.

"It is weakening"

The murmurs exploded.

"Tian Yuheng only knows how to lick the Bai Clan's boots! He can't even secure the cultivation technique that's being handed out freely!"

Gasps echoed.

Some disciples clenched their fists.

Others nodded.

Elder Han spread his arms.

"We are the Heaven Sword Sect!"

"Swords do not kneel!"

"Swords do not beg!"

"If the Bai Clan truly wishes to stand above us-then they should fear us!"

Not curry our favor.

Not receive our smiles.

But fear the Heaven Sword Sect rising once more!

His words ignited the hall.

"We should lead! We should soar higher than anyone!"

Applause erupted from the hall.

Fierce and unrestrained.

Not once did Elder Han mention the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Not once did he speak of support.

Yet in the end, it was all the same.

Elder Han accused Tian Yuheng of licking the Bai Clan's boots-but he himself

was no different.

He spoke of destroying the Bai Clan, of rising above them, yet in the end, he would simply become a dog of the Li-Zhao Alliance.

There was no difference, no matter how righteous or ambitious he tried to sound.

Tian Yuheng heard every word Elder Han said through his men stationed inside.

Elder Han knew about it and no longer seemed to care.

Tian Yuheng knew it.

More and more people were beginning to agree with him.

Tian Yuheng listened in silence as the report ended.

The final words still echoed in his mind.

Lick the Bai Clan's boots.

He exhaled slowly.

Not in anger.

In exhaustion.

The Heaven Sword Sect's main hall was empty at this hour.

Incense burned low. Sword racks stood in neat rows, unchanged-unyielding witnesses to a sect that no longer recognized itself.

"So it has come to this..."

Tian Yuheng murmured.

He had known. Of course he had known.

The Desolate Heaven Empire was slowly being divided between two forces-
the Bai Clan and the Li-Zhao Alliance.

He would be a fool to think Elder Han was not backed by the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Elder Han was no fool.

He never spoke of outright treason.

Never named Li or Zhao.

Yet every sentence pointed in one direction.

Rise higher. Take the lead.

Make the Bai Clan fear us.

Pretty and ambitious words.

Yet the truth was far uglier.

As a sect, Heaven Sword could not openly swear loyalty to either side.

If they changed their cultivation technique entirely, would they not lose their

identity? But history and identity meant nothing in the face of power. Many clans and sects had
already abandoned their original cultivation

techniques and switched to the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art.

Tian Yuheng closed his eyes.

If this continued, he would not merely lose his position.

He would lose his life.

And worse- He would lose the sect.

If Elder Han took control of the Heaven Sword Sect, it might as well be
renamed another lapdog of the Li and Zhao Clans.

After a long moment, Tian Yuheng stood. "Looks like I can't cling to old traditions."

He walked into the inner chamber and activated a concealed formation.

Spiritual light rippled across the walls, isolating the space completely.

Only then did he take out a jade slip.

His thumb hovered for several breaths.

Then-

He sent the message.

Far away, within the Bai Clan.

Bai Tianheng received the transmission while reviewing clan reports.

The moment he sensed Tian Yuheng's voice, his brows knit together.

"Tian Yuheng?"

He activated the slip.

Tian Yuheng's voice emerged, calm but undeniably weary.

"Bai Tianheng... I will not waste words. The Heaven Sword Sect is tearing itself apart."

Bai Tianheng's expression hardened.

"Elder Han?"

"Yes!"

A brief silence followed.

Then Tian Yuheng spoke again, slower this time.

"The Heaven Sword Sect cannot swear loyalty to the Bai Clan!"

Bai Tianheng said nothing.

He waited.

"But I ask this as a Sect Leader with his back against the wall."

Tian Yuheng's voice lowered.

"Is it possible-for me, and for my sect-to cultivate the High Earth-Grade technique you possess?"

The words hung heavy between them.

Bai Tianheng leaned back.

His fingers tapped lightly against the armrest.

Another voice surfaced in his mind.

If it's someone you trust, there's no need to give the technique.

Bai Zihan had said that-and Bai Tianheng understood why.

Anyone who practiced the lower version would always be suppressed by those cultivating the higher one.

Tian Yuheng was someone he trusted.

And the Heaven Sword Sect was a sect even he himself had once learned from.

Bai Tianheng did not answer immediately.

After all, no matter the drawbacks, it could not be denied-the technique was powerful, and its results were undeniable.

"Is the situation really that dire?" Bai Tianheng asked.

A bitter smile crept into Tian Yuheng's tone.

"Yes! In the first place, why would you even share such a powerful cultivation

technique with outsiders? If not for that, I might have had time to deal with Elder Han myself..." Tian Yuheng slipped into complaint mode.

After all, while Elder Han was the main culprit, it couldn't be denied that the Bai

Clan's aggressive recruitment-and the distribution of such powerful

techniques-had accelerated everything. "Alright, alright. Stop complaining" Bai Tianheng finally interrupted him.

He had hesitated because of the risks, but since Tian Yuheng wanted it this

badly, he saw no reason to refuse.

"I'll send it to you," Bai Tianheng said calmly.

"Teach it to whomever you wish." Then, after a brief pause-

"Even Elder Han!"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 452 New Sect Leader Of Heaven Sword Sect! [1,242 words]

Chapter 452 New Sect Leader Of Heaven Sword Sect!

[Host Info]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 18

Cultivation Realm: Void Refinement (Early)

Constitution: Supreme Dao Bone

Martial Arts:

Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword (Major Mastery)

Eternal Flowing Water Sword (Greater Mastery) Fate Severing Slash (Greater Mastery)

Heaven's Mandate Reversal (Beginner Mastery)

"Not bad!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

He has managed to break through to the Void Refinement Realm and also

stabilize it.

He exhaled.

"How long was I in there...?"

He paused, calculating by instinct alone.

"More than two months."

At the very least, he thought.

Bai Zihan rose from the cultivation platform and stretched lightly.

His robes were heavy with dried spiritual residue and sweat-hardly suitable for meeting anyone.

Before anything else...

"I need a bath."

After taking a bath, he called for Kong Zhanghong but the transmission talisman had no response.

Seeing that contacting Kong Zhanghong was pointless, Bai Zihan decided to walk around the Bai Clan.

The Bai Clan was lively.

Far livelier than before the war.

New buildings had risen. Training grounds echoed with the sound of clashing weapons.

Disciples moved about with purpose, their auras sharper, steadier-stronger. Everywhere Bai Zihan went, people noticed him.

And everywhere-

They bowed respectfully.

No whispers.

No pity.

No awkward avoidance.

As if his crippled state had changed nothing at all.

Bai Zihan observed this quietly.

He passed familiar places-old courtyards, quiet corners where he had once trained or rested.

Yet when he stopped and looked around-

There was no one to talk to.

No one to casually exchange words with.

Almost unconsciously, a name surfaced in his mind.

"...Luo Qing"

Bai Zihan paused.

At the very least, when she was here, he could talk with her for a bit. But now,

there was no one.

Bai Zihan stood alone in the courtyard.

"I really don't have friends anymore."

He smirked as those words left his mouth.

"It's not like I cared much to begin with."

Yet the silence lingered a little longer than before.

Days passed peacefully.

Normally, Kong Zhanghong would have appeared soon after receiving the message, but something seemed to have delayed him.

Bai Zihan wasn't too hurried.

He cultivated lightly, walked the clan grounds, and observed the changes brought by time and power.

Then-

On the fourth day-

Kong Zhanghong appeared before him, kneeling on one knee without

hesitation.

"Young Master!"

Bai Zihan looked at him calmly.

"You took your time."

Kong Zhanghong lowered his head further.

"My apologies. Something came up that required my immediate attention."

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

"Report!"

Kong Zhanghong hesitated-just for a fraction of a second.

Then spoke.

"Sect Leader Tian Yuheng has been outcast."

The peaceful days ended there.

Kong Zhanghong's voice remained steady, but the weight behind his report was unmistakable.

While Bai Zihan had entered seclusion, Clan Head Bai Tianheng honored his promise.

He sent the High Earth-Grade cultivation technique to Tian Yuheng without requiring the Heaven Sword Sect to align itself with the Bai Clan.

However, it was already too late.

The damage had been done long before the technique arrived.

By then, many disciples-especially outer, inner and core disciples-had already obtained the cultivation method through other channels.

Some came from the Bai Clan's side.

Others originated from the Li-Zhao Alliance.

The sect's internal imbalance had already solidified.

Inefficiency, after all, bred resentment faster than outright denial.

Rather than stabilizing the Heaven Sword Sect, Tian Yuheng's decision became another weapon in Elder Han's hands.

Elder Han publicly accused him of further "boot-licking" the Bai Clan, claiming

that even at the brink of collapse, the sect leader chose to beg for favors instead of leading with strength.

The timing could not have been more perfect.

The disciples were already dissatisfied.

The elders were deeply divided.

Several Grand Elders chose silence-and in such matters, silence was nothing short of endorsement.

With the backing of the Anti-Sect Leader faction, Elder Han convened an internal tribunal.

Tian Yuheng was accused of incompetence, loss of authority, and endangering the sect's future.

The outcome was inevitable.

He was forced to step down.

Tian Yuheng didn't fight since doing so would lead to Civil War among the Heaven Sword Sect which he wanted to avoid at the very least.

He felt that stepping down was the best decision he could make for the Heaven Sword Sect.

So, what many thought was waiting for an internal strife didn't happen.

Tian Yuheng's life was spared.

His cultivation remained intact, and he was permitted to retain an Elder's position.

Yet Tian Yuheng relinquished that role himself-without hesitation.

He knew that Elder Han only wanted to give him the position to humiliate him.

"Elder Han has ascended to the position of Sect Leader."

For a brief moment, the courtyard fell silent. Standing beneath the shade of a tree, Bai Zihan paused.

The conclusion was neither surprising nor difficult to understand.

Kong Zhanghong continued.

"Officially, the Heaven Sword Sect now claims 'internal restructuring!'

Unofficially-"

"They belong to the Li-Zhao Alliance," Bai Zihan said flatly.

There was no way that they didn't play a big role in this.

"Yes," Kong Zhanghong replied.

"All key positions are now controlled by Elder Han's faction. Resources, disciples, external communications-everything"

Bai Zihan's gaze turned distant.

He did not care who became Sect Leader.

He did not care if Tian Yuheng ruled-or Elder Han did.

But-

"For Li and Zhao to gain a top sect like this..."

"That, I can't allow."

Kong Zhanghong was once again shaken by Bai Zihan's words.

No matter the opponent, Bai Zihan never seemed to hesitate.

Kong Zhanghong wanted to say something, but hesitated again.

Bai Zihan noticed immediately.

"You have more to report?"

Kong Zhanghong clenched his fist lightly, then relaxed.

"Yes,"

He straightened and met Bai Zihan's eyes.

"Please speak freely," Bai Zihan said. "Don't hold anything back."

Kong Zhanghong inhaled deeply and continued.

Elder Han did not waste time consolidating power within the Heaven Sword Sect.

The moment Tian Yuheng stepped down, sweeping changes followed-fast, decisive, and merciless. The first move was internal purification.

Any disciple openly aligned with the Bai Clan was expelled.

Resistance naturally followed.

Protests erupted among inner and core disciples.

Several elders voiced dissent.

Some sword halls even refused to comply.

But it did not matter.

With Elder Han now seated as Sect Leader, his word had become final law.

Those who resisted were labeled remnants of the old regime.

Those who argued were accused of sabotaging the sect's future.

And those who hesitated were treated no differently.

What shocked many was not the expulsions themselves- But the scale.

It was not only the Bai Clan-aligned disciples who were purged and not also those from Sect Leader faction.

Even those who had remained neutral were dragged into the storm.

Among them-

Qinglan!

The master of both Bai Zihan, Bai Xueqing and even Kong Zhanghong.

She had not taken sides during the whole conflict.

She had neither supported Tian Yuheng nor opposed Elder Han.

Yet neutrality had become a crime.

Under the new order, neutrality was treated as quiet defiance.

Qinglan was placed under "temporary restriction."

Her authority was stripped.

Her movements were monitored.

Her disciples-likewise.

Bai Xueqing, in particular, reacted fiercely.

She was furious.

Unlike Bai Zihan, she had deep emotional ties to both the Heaven Sword Sect and Qinglan.

To make matters worse, Bai Xueqing and all Bai Clan Members were later issued an expulsion order.

She was told to leave the sect.

For now, she remained within the Heaven Sword Sect-but it was clear that Elder Han had no intention of reversing his decision.

Elder Han's faction continued tightening its grip. Disciples who once supported Tian Yuheng were quietly restrained. Those who raised questions were summoned for so-called "disciplinary talks."

Even elders who had remained silent were now under scrutiny.

The Heaven Sword Sect had changed.

It was no longer divided. It was unified- Through fear and dominance.

Kong Zhanghong finished his report with a grave expression.

As a former disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect himself, witnessing its fall left a bitter taste in his mouth.

"The Heaven Sword Sect is now firmly under Li-Zhao control," he concluded.

"And Young Miss is being treated like an enemy."

The air around Bai Zihan seemed to grow colder.

This time, it was no longer a matter of influence or balance.

Lines had been crossed.

And Elder Han had made it personal.

It seemed the man no longer cared to hide his allegiance.

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Kong Zhanghong," he said calmly, "prepare my ship." "Let's meet this fool."

"And remind him of his place!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 453 Changed Heaven Sword Sect

Chapter 453 Changed Heaven Sword Sect

The Heaven Sword Sect had changed.

Not in name.

But in spirit.

What was once restrained discipline had rotted into open disorder.

Sword halls that once echoed with controlled sparring were now filled with raised voices and cruel laughter.

Patrols existed only in name. Rules were enforced selectively-if at all.

Those aligned with the former Anti-Sect Leader faction walked openly, arrogantly.

They no longer feared consequences.

After all, there was no one left to punish them.

In one of the outer courtyards, a small crowd had gathered.

Not to cultivate.

Not to train.

But to watch.

At the center, a female disciple was forced to her knees, her sword knocked aside, robes torn at the shoulder.

Dust clung to her palms as she struggled to rise-only to be kicked back down.

"Did you hear her?" one disciple sneered. "She actually asked why her senior brother was detained."

Another laughed loudly.

"Asking questions now counts as defiance, junior sister. Didn't anyone teach you that?"

The girl clenched her teeth, trembling-not from pain, but humiliation.

"I... I only wanted to know-"

Slap!

Her head snapped to the side.

A red mark bloomed on her cheek.

"Know your place," a tall disciple said coldly. "Your master didn't help Sect Leader Han. That already makes you suspicious."

Another stepped forward, crouching down to her level.

"Be grateful," he said mockingly. "If this were yesterday, you'd already be expelled."

The surrounding disciples laughed.

One of them nudged her fallen sword with his foot.

"Pick it up."

The girl reached out-

He stepped on her hand.

She gasped, biting back a cry.

"Look at her," someone scoffed. "Still pretending she's a Heaven Sword disciple."

No one intervened.

No elder appeared.

Those passing by averted their eyes.

This was normal now.

Then-

A cold wind swept through the courtyard.

The laughter faltered.

Footsteps approached-calm, unhurried.

The disciples turned instinctively.

A figure in pale robes stood at the courtyard entrance, sword at her waist, eyes cold as frost.

Bai Xueqing!

And along with her was Chu Ziyan.

She took in the scene with a single glance-the girl on the ground, the torn robes, the smug expressions that had not yet faded.

Her gaze settled on the disciple standing on the girl's hand.

"Move!"

Two syllables.

Flat.

The disciple stiffened.

"...Senior Sister Bai."

He hesitated-but slowly lifted his foot.

The girl pulled her hand back, cradling it, eyes red.

Bai Xueqing stepped forward.

Chu Ziyan followed half a step behind her, already kneeling beside the injured disciple.

"Can you stand?"

Chu Ziyang asked quietly, her voice gentle.

The girl nodded shakily.

With support, she was helped to her feet. Her sword was retrieved from the ground and pressed back into her hands.

The trembling did not stop-but the humiliation in her eyes slowly gave way to disbelief.

Who would have thought that she, a proud disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect would face such humiliation here at her own sect?

Bai Xueqing did not look at her again.

Her gaze was fixed on the group.

Cold and unyielding.

She stood there-silent-for a breath longer than necessary.

The courtyard seemed to shrink under her presence.

Then-

"Explain!"

The word fell like a blade. It was definite from her voice that Bai Xueqing was furious.

If it had been anyone else any other disciple-they would have laughed it off, dismissed it, or turned their cruelty outward once more.

But this was Bai Xueqing.

Princess of the Bai Clan.

The woman hailed as the Desolate Heaven Empire's greatest talent of this generation.

Even arrogance had limits.

And even if they dared to-did they even have the strength to go against Bai Xueqing?

One of the disciples swallowed hard and stepped forward, forcing a smile.

"Senior Sister Bai, this... this is-"

The disciple who had spoken took a step back.

Then another.

"No offense intended, Senior Sister Bai," he said quickly. "This was a misunderstanding!"

"Let's go," someone whispered urgently.

They did not wait and immediately made a run for it.

They didn't think that Bai Xueqing would dare to break sect rules like they had -and indeed, she didn't chase after them.

One by one, the group retreated-eyes lowered, movements stiff, fleeing the courtyard as if chased by something unseen.

None of them looked back.

When they were gone, silence returned.

Bai Xueqing exhaled slowly.

Her fingers tightened at her side.

"This place..." she said quietly.

Chu Ziyang glanced around the empty courtyard, her expression dark.

"...is no longer the Heaven Sword Sect we knew."

The injured disciple bowed deeply, tears finally falling.

"Thank you, Senior Sisters..."

Bai Xueqing turned away, jaw clenched.

Chu Ziyang watched Bai Xueqing's clenched jaw for a moment, then let out a soft sigh that sounded almost amused.

"How did this become like this?"

Bai Xueqing couldn't help but sound helpless.

"Well," Chu Ziyan said lightly, brushing dust from her sleeves, "isn't your clan one of the reasons why these people became so desperate?"

She said it teasingly, but there was truth in her words.

Bai Xueqing paused.

For a moment, she said nothing.

She knew Chu Ziyan wasn't wrong.

In fact... It was painfully accurate. Though it wasn't Bai Clan's fault, they did accelerate things.

She didn't understand it either-her father and her brother.

Releasing such a cultivation technique to everyone without much condition.

She knew there had to be a reason.

Bai Zihan never acted without one. But understanding that didn't make things easier.

Especially not when she was forced to witness this.

Bai Xueqing let out a slow breath.

As they continued walking through the sect grounds, the atmosphere grew heavier instead of calmer.

Whispers followed them.

Eyes darted away too quickly.

Too many people were watching.

Then-

A large group had formed before them, even bigger than the one before.

Bai Xueqing stopped mid-step.

Her eyelid twitched. "...Again?" she muttered.

She lifted a hand and pressed it to her forehead, rubbing lightly.

"For heaven's sake," she sighed. "Who is it this time?"

Chu Ziyang's smile faded.

"This one sounds... bigger."

Bai Xueqing quickened her pace, already resigned.

Bullying again, she thought.

But as they drew closer, Bai Xueqing's steps slowed.

Her brows furrowed.

There was no cruel laughter.

No mocking jeers.

Instead-

Shock.

Confusion.

And fear.

The crowd ahead wasn't circling inward.

They were backing away.

Making space.

At the center of the commotion stood several disciples frozen in place, faces

pale, expressions stiff as if their souls had been seized. People naturally gave way to Bai Xueqing as she got closer, though she was still

far from being able to see anything clearly with such a dense crowd.

"What's all this commotion about?" Bai Xueqing couldn't help but ask.

The disciple nearby didn't dare refuse her question. "Senior Sister Bai," he said hurriedly, "Young Master Bai is here!"

Bai Xueqing's and Chu Ziyang's eyes widened in surprise. "What is this idiot doing here?"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 454 Return to the new Heaven Sword Sect

The flying ship cut through the clouds, its formation steady and unhurried. The Heaven Sword Sect's mountain range soon appeared on the horizon- towering peaks, sword-shaped ridges, familiar yet strangely distant.

Kong Zhanghong stood at the bow, taking in the cool air.

Bai Zihan remained seated inside the cabin, eyes closed.

As the ship approached the outer airspace of the sect, formations shimmered to life.

Then-

A sharp fluctuation.

The ship slowed abruptly.

Several flying figures shot up from below, swords beneath their feet, robes marked with the Heaven Sword Sect insignia.

Guards.

One of them raised a hand, Qi amplifying his voice.

"Halt!"

"This is Heaven Sword Sect airspace!"

"All incoming flying ships are required to undergo thorough inspection before landing!"

Kong Zhanghong's eyes narrowed.

(Inspection?)

In the past, Bai Zihan's ship could descend freely.

He stepped forward, voice sharp.

"Inspection?" Kong Zhanghong said coldly. "Do you know whose ship this is?"

One of the guards glanced at the ship's markings, then scoffed.

"Heh. Of course we know."

Another guard laughed quietly.

"Isn't this the crippled young master's ship?"

"We're just following orders," he added lazily. "Rules are rules now."

The words had barely fallen-

Bang!

A blur crossed the air.

The guard who had spoken was sent flying, blood spraying as his body smashed into a distant cliff face.

His sword shattered mid-air.

Silence exploded outward.

The remaining guards froze, faces draining of color.

Kong Zhanghong stood where he was, fist still clenched, killing intent leaking freely.

"Say that again," he said calmly.

The pressure of a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator descended like a mountain.

Golden Core Realm guards couldn't even breathe properly under it.

"You dare attack sect guards?!" one of them shouted, fear barely hidden beneath forced outrage.

"Kong Zhanghong, do you know what you are doing?!"

Kong Zhanghong laughed.

A short, humorless sound.

"Hmph! So what?"

He said coldly.

Seeing Kong Zhanghong being so fearless, they knew their threat was useless.

Others clenched their swords but did not dare draw them.

After all, they were in the Golden Core Realm while Kong Zhanghong was in the Nascent Soul Realm.

Inside the cabin, Bai Zihan finally opened his eyes.

His expression was indifferent.

He did not stop Kong Zhanghong.

After all-

Why should he?

This was the Heaven Sword Sect.

And there was no one here he needed to fear.

He could also see that these guards were intentionally making trouble for him.

Perhaps Elder Han ordered it-or perhaps it was someone else.

Bai Zihan rose from his seat and stepped out of the cabin.

The moment he appeared, the air seemed to still.

No matter what his cultivation-or lack thereof-might be, his presence always made people nervous.

He looked down at the guards hovering before the ship, his gaze sweeping over them without interest.

"Land," Bai Zihan said flatly.

Two words.

No anger.

No threat.

Just command.

"If you have a problem," he continued, tone unchanged, "you can tell it to me directly!"

The guards stiffened.

Not one of them dared meet his eyes.

Moments ago, they had barked orders with confidence. Now, their mouths were sealed as if glued shut.

Slowly, the formation below parted.

The flying ship descended.

No one spoke.

No one stopped them.

And yet everyone was watching.

The moment the ship touched down at the Heaven Sword Sect's outer platform, people gathered.

People who were curious, and people who were clearly looking for trouble.

Bai Zihan had arrived.

The guards had already sent word of Bai Zihan's arrival long before they went to look for trouble.

They did not wait long.

Footsteps echoed across the stone platform.

Arrogant.

A group of figures emerged from between the sword pillars.

At the center was a man in dark blue robes embroidered with sharp-edged cloud patterns. His posture was relaxed, chin slightly raised, eyes carrying open

disdain.

Han Shenwu!

Behind him followed several disciples-his lackeys-each wearing expressions of smug anticipation.

Kong Zhanghong's eyes darkened.

Bai Zihan, however, remained calm.

Han Shenwu stopped a few steps away and let his gaze roam freely over Bai

Zihan, lingering deliberately-cruelly-on his dantian.

Then he smiled.

"So you really came," Han Shenwu said lazily. "I thought you'd hide behind the

Bai Clan forever."

His eyes gleamed with malice.

"Look at you now. A Cripple!"

A few of the disciples behind him chuckled.

Han Shenwu folded his arms.

"You know," he continued, tone mocking, "I once gave you a chance."

"An opportunity. To stand on the right side. To join us."

He shook his head exaggeratedly.

"But you refused. Now look at where you are."

He leaned slightly forward.

"Lost all your cultivation."

Han Shenwu smiled wider.

"What are you even doing here?"

Silence followed.

Then-

Bai Zihan laughed.

Just a soft, amused sound.

"Opportunity?" Bai Zihan repeated.

He raised his head and finally met Han Shenwu's gaze.

His eyes were calm.

Cold and fearless.

"By the likes of you?"

The smile on Han Shenwu's face froze.

"Are you even serious?" Bai Zihan mocked.

Han Shenwu stared at Bai Zihan for a moment longer than necessary.

The calm.

The arrogance.

The complete lack of fear.

It didn't fit.

For just a heartbeat, confusion flickered through his eyes.

Then he laughed.

"Hah! Still putting on airs?" Han Shenwu shook his head. "So this is it? Losing your cultivation finally broke your mind?" He sneered openly now.

"A cripple who can't even circulate Qi anymore, acting like he's still the young master."

His gaze hardened.

"Tell me something, Bai Zihan," Han Shenwu asked, voice turning serious. "Why are you even here?"

The laughter from his lackeys died down.

They, too, were watching closely.

Bai Zihan didn't answer immediately. Instead, he looked around.

At the familiar sword pillars. At the stone platform engraved with sect laws.

At the sky above the Heaven Sword Sect.

Then he looked back at Han Shenwu. "This is my sect," Bai Zihan said calmly.

"For what reason do I need to explain my return?"

Han Shenwu froze for a split second.

Then his expression twisted into disbelief.

"My sect?"

He repeated, as if he'd heard a joke too absurd to process.

Han Shenwu's smile turned cold.

"Wake up," he said sharply. "This isn't the past anymore."

"My father is the Sect Leader now."

He took a step forward, authority dripping from his tone.

"You've already been expelled. There is no reason for you to be here."

"This sect no longer welcomes you"

The air tensed.

Several guards subtly shifted positions, waiting for Bai Zihan's reaction.

Bai Zihan listened quietly. Then-

He waved his hand lightly.

As if brushing away dust.

"Your words," Bai Zihan said indifferently, "carry no authority"

Bai Zihan continued, unhurried.

"You're not the Sect Leader. You're not even an Elder. A weakling like you wants to give orders to me?"

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"If you truly want to expel me," Bai Zihan said flatly, "then have your father say

those words."

"Let him say it to my face."

The courtyard fell into a dead silence.

Han Shenwu's expression darkened instantly.

"You-!"

Han Shenwu clenched his fists, rage boiling beneath his skin.

"Fine," Han Shenwu said coldly after a moment.

"If that's how you want it."

He turned slightly and sneered.

"Follow me! I'll have my father personally expel you!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 455 The Sect Leader's Ambition

Chapter 455 The Sect Leader's Ambition

Han Shenwu's cold voice echoed across the platform as he turned, robes fluttering with authority he believed he possessed.

Several disciples moved aside, already forming a path.

But before Bai Zihan moved, a hand reached out.

It stopped Bai Zihan.

"Wait!"

The voice was familiar.

Bai Xueqing!

At her side, Chu Ziyang followed, surprised and a little embarrassed as she recalled how Bai Zihan had treated her previously.

Han Shenwu paused mid-step and glanced back, irritation flashing across his face.

"Bai Xueqing?" he frowned. "What is this? Are you planning to interfere too?" Bai Xueqing ignored him completely.

She stepped closer to Bai Zihan and leaned in slightly, lowering her voice so only he could hear.

"What are you doing here?"

She whispered.

Her tone wasn't reproachful.

She knew that Bai Zihan wasn't cripple, and with his strength, he should be able to take care of Elder Han.

However, this was still enemy territory, and who knew what would happen once he entered their den?

Bai Zihan didn't even bring any Grand Elder with him.

(How did Father even let him go?)

Bai Xueqing thought.

With him believing Bai Zihan was crippled, there was no way he would let him leave the Bai Estate-especially after that assassination attempt.

And even if he did, he would at least send a Grand Elder as his guardian.

Bai Zihan turned his head slightly to look at her.

So close that she could clearly see his face.

And for a split second-

Her brows knit together.

(... Did he grow taller?)

The thought slipped into her mind unbidden.

She didn't know what it was, but she could clearly feel that something about him was different than usual.

She dismissed the distraction and focused.

Bai Zihan looked at her.

He smiled.

"Dear Sister," Bai Zihan said teasingly, his voice low but clear, "there's no need to worry about me."

He glanced past her, toward Han Shenwu.

"It's just Elder Han that I'm meeting"

The words fell lightly.

But the effect was immediate.

Han Shenwu's expression twisted.

"Elder?"

He snapped, rage flaring in his eyes as he turned fully around.

"Watch your mouth, Bai Zihan!"

His aura surged, sharp and oppressive.

"My father is the Sect Leader now! Show some respect when you speak!"

Bai Zihan looked at him as if he were looking at something mildly amusing.

Then he shrugged.

"Why should I?"

The platform fell silent.

Bai Zihan continued, his voice calm and unhurried.

"I killed several Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elders."

A pause.

"Several Grade-10 Demonic Beasts."

He tilted his head slightly.

"What has Elder Han achieved compared to me?"

The words struck like a hammer.

Undeniable, brutal truth.

The surrounding disciples stiffened.

Some inhaled sharply.

Han Shenwu's mouth opened-

Then closed.

His face darkened.

He had no rebuttal.

Because everyone knew it was true.

"You-!" Han Shenwu finally snarled, then sneered harshly. "That was the past!"

He pointed accusingly at Bai Zihan.

"Now you're a cripple! You can't even circulate Qi! You're not even worthy of carrying my father's shoes!"

His eyes burned with malice.

"Enough talk," Han Shenwu said coldly. "Follow me!"

"I'll have you expelled-properly-just like you want."

Han Shenwu didn't want to argue with Bai Zihan any longer; it felt like he was losing years off his lifespan just standing there.

"I'm coming too!"

Bai Xueqing said immediately, stepping forward.

Han Shenwu's reaction was instant.

"No!" he barked sharply, almost too fast. "This has nothing to do with you!"

His tone was defensive.

Too defensive.

Bai Xueqing frowned.

Suspicion flickered in her eyes.

Bai Zihan noticed it as well.

He glanced at Bai Xueqing, then shook his head faintly.

"It's fine," he said calmly. "You don't need to come."

He leaned in slightly, his voice soft enough that only she could hear.

"I'll be back in a jiffy"

Han Shenwu scoffed but didn't say anything.

Bai Xueqing was still worried, but she nodded anyway.

There was nothing she could do and she feared that she would get in Bai Zihan's way.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

Kong Zhanghong followed immediately, half a pace behind him, his expression cold and vigilant.

Han Shenwu glanced back once, saw Kong Zhanghong trailing along, and sneered.

But he didn't stop him.

As if Kong Zhanghong's presence didn't matter.

The group moved deeper into the Heaven Sword Sect.

Sword pillars passed by.

Courtyards unfolded one after another.

Along the outer training grounds, disciples were cultivating openly.

Qi surged.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept across them casually.

Then-

His eyes narrowed, and he stopped walking.

Han Shenwu frowned and turned back impatiently.

"What now?"

Bai Zihan looked toward the training ground.

Several disciples sat cross-legged, Spiritual Qi flowing around them in a very familiar pattern.

Their Qi circulation followed a precise rhythm-drawing Heaven and Earth's spiritual essence into their meridians, refining it through a harmonized cycle

that Bai Zihan could recognize even with his eyes closed.

Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art!

"Are they all cultivating Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art?"

He asked casually.

Han Shenwu scoffed, as if he'd just heard something ridiculous.

"What?" he sneered. "What are you implying now?"

He crossed his arms.

"Don't tell me you want to accuse the Heaven Sword Sect of stealing your Bai Clan's technique?"

His lips curled upward mockingly.

Bai Zihan shook his head lightly.

"No," he said. "I was just asking"

His gaze shifted back to Han Shenwu.

"Do you cultivate it too?"

Han Shenwu stiffened for half a breath.

Then he laughed loudly.

"So what if I do?" he said arrogantly. "Everyone cultivates it now."

He leaned closer, eyes full of disdain.

"If you have a problem," Han Shenwu sneered, "then go ask your Bai Clan."

"Wasn't it your people who gave it away for free?"

Bai Zihan listened quietly.

Then-

He smiled.

"I see," he said softly.

He turned forward again and resumed walking, unhurried.

Kong Zhanghong glanced at him, then at the cultivating disciples, his eyes darkening-but he said nothing.

Behind them, Han Shenwu snorted.

"Putting on airs," he muttered. "Still acting like you matter."

Bai Zihan didn't respond.

But inwardly, his thoughts were clear.

(This will be easier than I thought.)

The Main Hall loomed ahead.

Bai Zihan stepped inside.

Kong Zhanghong followed, his gaze sweeping the surroundings with quiet vigilance.

The moment Bai Zihan crossed the threshold, his eyes lifted to the front of the hall-

And paused.

At the highest point, where the Sect Leader's seat once stood simple and restrained, a throne now occupied the space.

Not a scat.

A throne.

Carved from jade, elevated higher than before, its armrests etched with domineering sword patterns meant to inspire awe and submission.

Bai Zihan's lips curved faintly.

(So he even changed the chair.)

Ambition, laid bare.

Han Shenwu strode forward eagerly, unable to hide the excitement in his steps. "Father!" he called out loudly, pride clear in his voice. "I've brought Bai Zihan!"

It was then that Bai Zihan understood.

From the moment Han Shenwu intercepted him-

This had always been the goal.

Bring him here.

The hall fell silent.

At the throne, Elder Han sat with his eyes closed, hands resting calmly on the armrests, as if he had been waiting all along.

Slowly-

His eyes opened.

Sharp and calculating.

They settled on Bai Zihan.

"I see," Elder Han said calmly, his voice echoing across the hall.

"Good work!"

His gaze lingered on Bai Zihan, measuring, probing.

The faintest smile tugged at his lips.

Then-

Boom!

The massive stone doors slammed shut.

Runes flared to life along the seams, sword formations snapping into place with a sharp, metallic hum.

Kong Zhanghong's expression changed instantly.

He spun around, his hand already reaching for his weapon-

Only for several figures to appear behind him in a blur.

Han Shenwu's lackeys.

Prepared and waiting.

Their combined auras surged as they locked him in place, the formation suppressing his movement.

"Kong Zhanghong!" one of them barked. "Don't move!"

Kong Zhanghong struggled, veins bulging as he forced his head to turn.

"Young Master!" he shouted urgently. "Leave-now!"

The pressure around him intensified.

Yet-

Bai Zihan didn't move.

He didn't even turn around.

He stood calmly in the center of the hall, hands behind his back, posture relaxed as if the sealed doors and activated formations were nothing more

than decorations.

Elder Han watched this with visible amusement.

"Bai Zihan," he said slowly, leaning back against the throne, fingers tapping lightly on the armrest.

"Do you even know what kind of trouble you're in?"

His eyes gleamed.

"Do you truly think you can walk out of here?"

Bai Zihan finally looked at him.

His gaze was calm.

Almost bored.

He chuckled softly.

"And what exactly can someone like you do?"

Bai Zihan asked lightly.

"Lick Li or Zhao Clan's shoe?"

The temperature in the hall dropped instantly.

Elder Han's expression darkened.

His fingers clenched.

"How dare you," he snapped, aura flaring violently. "I need no one's help!"

He rose from the throne, sword intent bursting forth like a storm.

"I am the Sect Leader of the Heaven Sword Sect," Elder Han declared proudly.

"The strongest sect in the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

His voice thundered through the hall.

"With the Heaven Sword Sect under my command, who would I need to bow to?!"

Bai Zihan nodded slowly.

"Of course," he said dryly.

"Of course!"

The sarcasm in his tone was unmistakable.

Then he tilted his head slightly.

"Then," Bai Zihan continued calmly, "for what reason do you need me?"

The question landed cleanly.

Elder Han stared at him for a long moment.

Then-

He laughed.

A low, satisfied sound.

"Hostage," Elder Han said plainly.

The word echoed. "You may not be worth much in my eyes," he continued, his gaze sharp and calculating,

"but to the Bai Clan?"

He smiled.

"You are priceless."

"I will trade you for the technique rumored to be Saint-Grade!"

Elder Han said confidently.

His eyes gleamed with naked greed.

In his mind, an image resurfaced-

Bai Ren.

The Grand Elders.

That overwhelming strike.

That power that made heaven and earth tremble. (With that power...)

(What Li Clan? What Zhao Clan? What Bai Clan?)

(Even the Imperial Family would bow.)

Elder Han's smile widened. "With you in my hands," he said slowly, "everything will come to me!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 456 The Arrogance of a Would-Be Ruler

Chapter 456 The Arrogance of a Would-Be Ruler

Elder Han thought that he could really rule the Empire.

With Bai Zihan in his hands, forcing the Bai Clan to hand over their precious techniques would be effortless.

Although oblivious to why the Bai Clan still cared about such a cripple, he knew that they would be willing to do so.

But Elder Han had never intended to stop there.

Even after the Bai Clan fulfilled their promise, he never intended to keep his word.

A slow, cold smile crept onto his face.

Once the technique was obtained-once that Saint-Grade Sword Technique fell into his grasp he would give Bai Zihan to the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Elder Han's eyes gleamed.

There was a huge reward for capturing Bai Zihan, and he intended to claim it after obtaining the technique from the Bai Clan.

And when the Bai Clan inevitably discovered the truth?

Did he fear retaliation?

Of course not!

They might be furious, but there would be nothing they could do at that point other than deal with the Li-Zhao Alliance who would have Bai Zihan.

He knew for sure that the Li-Zhao Alliance would use Bai Zihan as a bargaining chip to threaten the Bai Clan, forcing them into confrontation.

All he needed to do was wait for them to plunge into a full-scale war.

Elder Han's breathing slowed, anticipation curling in his chest like sweet poison.

(Let them fight!)

By the time the dust settled, both sides would be exhausted-wounded beasts tearing at one another's throats.

And him?

While he agreed to help Li-Zhao Alliance, he didn't intend to keep those words either.

He will be watching and waiting.

(When both sides are weak...)

Elder Han's smile widened, his eyes narrowing into slits.

(That will be my time.)

By then, with the Saint-Grade technique in hand and resources accumulated from both sides-

He would descend like a blade.

Not as a sect leader.

But as a ruler.

Elder Han leaned back into the throne, laughter bubbling softly in his chest, barely restrained.

"Hehehe..."

That day.

That glorious day-

(It will come very soon!)

Lost in his fantasies, Elder Han reclined against the jade throne, eyes half-lidded.

In his mind, the future had already unfolded.

The Bai Clan kneeling.

The Li-Zhao Alliance bleeding.

The Empire trembling beneath his feet.

He could almost taste it.

Bai Zihan watched him quietly.

Then-

He scoffed.

A short, sharp sound.

"Fu... Hahaha!"

The sound echoed clearly through the silent hall.

Elder Han's daydream shattered instantly.

His eyes snapped open, sharp and irritated.

"What are you laughing at?" Elder Han demanded, frowning deeply. "What is so funny?"

Bai Zihan lifted his head slightly, finally meeting Elder Han's gaze.

There was no fear in his eyes.

Only amusement-and pity.

"I was just thinking," Bai Zihan said lightly, his tone relaxed, almost casual, "how frightening ambition can be... when it grows faster than one's abilities."

Elder Han's expression darkened.

Bai Zihan continued, unhurried.

"You truly believe everything will go exactly as you planned," he said, shaking his head faintly.

"That capturing me and blackmailing the Bai Clan is so simple."

His smile widened-cold and mocking.

"If only things in this world were that easy!"

His gaze sharpened.

Bai Zihan realized that Elder Han was someone who counted his chickens before they hatched-

A man who believed everything would unfold exactly as he imagined.

Perhaps succeeding in rising to the position of Sect Leader had made him delusional.

Bai Zihan took a slow step forward.

"You should know your place," he added calmly.

"And learn to control your greed."

Elder Han's eyes flared.

"You already seized the position of Sect Leader," Bai Zihan said, his voice steady and piercing.

"Yet you still want more?"

He shook his head.

"Biting off more than you can chew will only lead to one ending."

He paused.

"Death!"

Bai Zihan warned.

"Hmph!" Elder Han snorted harshly.

His face twisted with disdain rather than doubt.

"Arrogant brat," he sneered. "You speak as if you understand the world."

He stood, sleeves snapping as his aura surged.

"You are nothing more than a crippled hostage," Elder Han said coldly.

"A frog at the bottom of the well."

He waved his hand dismissively.

"Elders," he commanded.

At once, several figures stepped forward.

Their expressions were solemn.

"Restrain Bai Zihan," Elder Han ordered.

"Keep him alive."

His lips curled into a cruel smile.

"I will contact the Bai Clan soon."

The elders exchanged brief glances, then nodded.

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

They moved.

Two elders stepped forward.

Their footsteps echoed heavily against the stone floor as they closed in on Bai

Zihan, their eyes filled not with caution-but excitement.

One of them sneered.

"So this is Bai Zihan," he muttered, his voice dripping with mockery. "The so-called terror of the battlefield."

The other elder chuckled softly.

"Hmph! Times really do change," he said. "To think that even someone like him would end up in such a state."

They stopped just a few steps away.

Seeing that Bai Zihan neither resisted nor released any aura, their confidence swelled.

After all-

When would they ever get another chance like this?

Bai Zihan!

The man whose name once made demonic cultivators flee.

The man who even the allies couldn't help but fear. Now standing quietly before them like a lamb to be slaughtered.

"What a joke," one elder said arrogantly as he reached out. "Fearsome? Heh. Without cultivation, you're nothing"

The other elder pulled out a pair of suppression cuffs, runes faintly glowing. "Don't worry," he said with cruel amusement. "We'll make sure you're kept

very... comfortably." They moved closer.

Bai Zihan scoffed softly.

But he didn't speak.

That silence only emboldened them further.

Just as the cuffs were about to close around his wrists-

Suddenly-

A sharp, searing pain exploded in both elders' chests.

"-UGHH!"

The first elder stiffened, eyes bulging in disbelief. "What is happen-ARGH!"

The second elder let out a strangled gasp as his knees buckled.

Thud!

Thud!

Both of them dropped to their knees directly in front of Bai Zihan, hands clutching their chests as if their hearts were being crushed by an invisible force.

"Now," Bai Zihan said calmly, looking down at them. "That is the posture you should use when speaking to me."

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 457 Fear Appears in a Sect Leader's Eyes

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 457 Fear Appears in a Sect Leader's Eyes

Elder Han's face darkened.

"What are you two doing?"

He barked, irritation flaring in his voice.

From where he stood, all he saw were two elders kneeling before Bai Zihan- backs hunched, heads lowered-as if paying respects.

His brows knit together.

"Have you lost your mind?" Elder Han snapped. "Why are you bowing to him?"

The two elders trembled violently.

Their mouths opened, but no sound came out.

Their faces were deathly pale, veins bulging at their temples as sweat poured down like rain.

It was as if an invisible hand had seized their hearts and crushed them mercilessly.

"Stop playing around!" Elder Han roared, anger surging. "Get up! Capture him!" Still-

No response.

The kneeling elders could not even lift their heads, let alone stand.

A faint sense of unease crept into Elder Han's heart.

But he crushed it instantly.

"Hmph! Useless trash!"

His gaze snapped toward the remaining elders, who stood frozen in shock, eyes wide as they watched the scene unfold.

"What are you standing there for?" Elder Han shouted. "Take him down! Now!"

The remaining elders hesitated only for a heartbeat.

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

They moved together this time-three elders stepping forward at once, their auras erupting as they circulated their cultivation.

One of the elders snorted coldly as he stepped forward.

"I don't know what trick you used," he said, his voice sharp and disdainful, "but don't think it will work on us as well."

His eyes gleamed with confidence.

They spread out slightly, forming a loose triangle around Bai Zihan, each step measured, each breath controlled.

Their auras surged without restraint.

Qi roared through their meridians as they circulated their cultivation to the limit-no holding back, no hesitation.

They advanced.

Slowly and carefully.

But the moment they came close to Bai Zihan-

All three stiffened.

Their faces twisted in shock.

A sharp, crushing pain detonated in their chests.

"-PUFF!"

Blood sprayed from one elder's mouth as his eyes rolled back.

"ARGH!"

Another clutched his heart, fingers digging into his robes as if trying to tear the pain out.

Before any of them could even come within arm's reach-

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

All three collapsed heavily to their knees, stone cracking beneath them.

Their swords slipped from their grasp.

Their auras shattered like glass.

They couldn't even lift their heads.

They couldn't even scream.

They had not touched a single strand of Bai Zihan's hair.

Silence swallowed the hall.

A suffocating, deathly silence.

Bai Zihan stood there calmly, hands behind his back, robes unmoved.

He glanced around at the kneeling elders-one by one-then shook his head slowly.

Every single one of them had cultivated the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art.

But he didn't think it was their fault or mistake-after all, who could resist the temptation of such a technique?

But that was precisely why one should never take candy from a stranger.

Who knows what is really inside?

Elder Han's pupils shrank violently.

Han Shenwu's breath hitched.

They stared at the scene before them-five elders collapsed on the ground,
faces ashen, bodies trembling as if on the brink of death.

Not one.

Not two.

Five!

And Bai Zihan had not even lifted a finger.

"What... what did you do...?"

Han Shenwu muttered under his breath, disbelief creeping into his voice.

He couldn't even tell what method had been used.

No spiritual fluctuation.

No formation.

No artifact activation that he could sense.

Just-

Collapse!

On the other side of the hall, Kong Zhanghong-restrained by Han Shenwu's lackey-who had been tense to the point of suffocation, finally exhaled.

His clenched fists loosened.

A faint, bitter smile tugged at his lips.

Of course...

It really is him.

Bai Zihan!

How could nameless elders like these ever deal with him?

Relief washed through Kong Zhanghong's heart.

Elder Han, however, felt the opposite.

Fury burned in his chest-but beneath it, something colder stirred.

Caution.

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan, sharp and probing.

No...

This isn't brute strength.

It must be a trick.

An artifact!

Something that activates only when people approach him.

That had to be it.

Otherwise, none of this made sense.

Elder Han inhaled deeply, forcing his rage under control.

He did not advance.

Instead, he straightened, his voice turning cold and authoritative.

"Bai Zihan," he said slowly, "your tricks end here."

He sneered.

"Surrender now!"

"As long as you kneel and surrender, I won't treat you badly."

The hall was silent.

Then-

Bai Zihan laughed.

"Spare my life?" he repeated, tilting his head slightly.

His eyes curved faintly, filled with mockery.

"If you're scared," Bai Zihan said calmly, "you should just say so."

"Better yet-"

"Why don't you beg for forgiveness?"

The temperature in the hall seemed to drop.

Elder Han's face twisted.

"You-!"

His teeth ground together audibly.

"So that's how you want to play it," he said, voice low and venomous.

"I've already seen through your little trick."

He raised his hand.

A sharp clang echoed as a sword leapt from its sheath, landing firmly in his grasp.

Spiritual light surged along the blade, qi condensing as Elder Han poured his cultivation into it.

"A proximity-based method," he sneered. "As long as I don't approach you-" "I'll see how you block this."

He drew the sword back, qi gathering violently.

The air screamed.

From across the hall, Bai Zihan looked at him-and shook his head.

"I wouldn't," Bai Zihan said lightly.

The warning was calm.

Almost bored.

Elder Han's lips curled.

He took it as fear.

As confirmation of what he thought.

"Hmph!"

With a cold laugh, Elder Han readied to swing his sword.

But-

Before the attack could even fully form-

Elder Han's body stiffened.

His eyes widened.

A sharp, suffocating pain exploded in his chest.

It felt as if something invisible had clenched around his heart.

"T-This-?!"

His sword trembled violently.

(How?)

He didn't know-Bai Zihan was still where he stood, meters away, and he didn't seem to have done anything.

The sword qi dispersed midair, shattering into motes of light.

Elder Han staggered, blood surging up his throat.

"PUFF!"

He spat out a mouthful of blood, his face draining of all color.

His knees buckled.

And for the first time-

Fear surfaced unmistakably in Elder Han's eyes.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 458 Aren't You Glad to Be Useful?[1,408 words]

Chapter 458 Aren't You Glad to Be Useful?

Elder Han's vision swam.

His body refused to obey him.

No matter how fiercely he tried to circulate his qi-no matter how desperately he commanded his limbs to move-nothing responded.

It was as if his cultivation had been severed from his flesh.

As if his body no longer belonged to him.

His knees trembled violently, muscles spasming against his will. The sword slipped from his numbing fingers and clattered uselessly onto the stone floor. Clang!

That sound echoed far louder in Elder Han's ears than it should have.

Panic surged.

This feeling-

It looked like what those elders had experienced.

Realization struck him like a hammer.

So this is why they fell.

Cold sweat drenched Elder Han's back.

He tried to speak, to roar, to do something-

But even his breath came out ragged and shallow.

His eyes lifted shakily toward Bai Zihan.

Confusion twisted his features.

Fear!

And something closer to disbelief.

"What... did you do...?"

Elder Han rasped, his voice hoarse, almost broken.

He stared desperately, searching.

No formation.

No talisman.

No fluctuation of qi.

Nothing.

Even now, he still couldn't tell what had happened to him.

Or when it had begun.

Bai Zihan looked at him.

Then-

He laughed.

Just an easy, amused laugh, as if he were watching a child struggle with a puzzle far beyond him.

"Haha..."

Slowly, Bai Zihan began to walk forward.

One step.

Then another.

His footsteps were unhurried, calm-each one landing clearly against the stone floor.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Great Ascension cultivators are indeed different. You can still talk!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

Actually, he was pretty satisfied and impressed with his first experiment.

Although he knew it would work, reading a description and seeing it for real were two different things.

He could now also confirm that it worked on those in the Great Ascension Realm as well.

Those in the Immortal Realm and above might be able to resist better than this.

Though this was just him not putting in any effort-if he did, then even those Immortals who cultivated the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art wouldn't escape his claws.

Bai Zihan stopped right in front of Elder Han.

He looked down.

Then-

He stepped forward.

Crack!

The sole of his foot pressed firmly against Elder Han's chest, forcing him flat against the cold stone floor.

The impact wasn't heavy, yet Elder Han felt as if a mountain had descended upon him. His ribs screamed, breath bursting from his lungs in a strangled

gasp.

Bai Zihan leaned down slightly, increasing his weight just enough to make the humiliation unmistakable.

"So this is the man who wanted to blackmail the Bai Clan," Bai Zihan said

thoughtfully.

He tilted his head, studying Elder Han from above, as if examining a curious

insect.

"Tsk... I really overestimated you!"

Elder Han's eyes burned red with rage and fear, veins bulging as he struggled uselessly beneath Bai Zihan's foot.

"You climbed to the position of Sect Leader," Bai Zihan continued calmly,

"gained power and authority..."

His foot pressed down a little harder.

"And instead of knowing contentment, you decided to gamble your life on

greed?"

He smiled faintly.

"Impressive hard worker."

The words felt like knives.

Elder Han wanted to scream.

To curse.

But all that came out was a hoarse, broken wheeze.

At that moment-

"STOP!"

Han Shenwu's voice rang out, sharp and panicked.

Bai Zihan's foot paused.

Han Shenwu stood rigid, sword trembling in his grip, one arm hooked tightly around Kong Zhanhong's neck.

The blade pressed close enough that a thin line of blood trickled down Kong Zhanhong's skin.

"Take another step," Han Shenwu shouted, eyes bloodshot, "and I'll kill him!"

Han Shenwu's chest heaved.

"Undo whatever you've done to my father!" he roared. "Now! Or I swear-!"

Bai Zihan turned his head.

He looked at Han Shenwu.

Just one glance.

Nothing more.

No killing intent.

Yet-

In that instant, Han Shenwu's pupils shrank to pinpoints.

A crushing pressure slammed down like divine judgment.

"-UGHH!"

His legs buckled violently.

Around him-

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Every one of his lackeys suffered the same fate.

Bodies hit the ground one after another, groans dying in their throats as consciousness slipped away.

Only one person remained standing.

Kong Zhanhong.

The blade fell from Han Shenwu's hand as he crumpled unconscious at Kong

Zhanhong's feet.

The hall returned to silence.

Bai Zihan looked away, utterly uninterested.

He lifted his foot from Elder Han's chest and turned back, as if nothing had interrupted him.

"Now where was I...?"

Bai Zihan said, tapping his chin lightly.

He took a slow step forward.

Then another.

Stopping beside Elder Han once more.

"Right," he said casually. "I was thinking about how to deal with an idiot."

He glanced toward Kong Zhanhong, eyes glinting with amusement. "Kong Zhanhong," Bai Zihan asked playfully, as if discussing the weather, "What

do you recommend?"

Kong Zhanhong had already moved after being freed and now stood a step

behind Bai Zihan-back straight, posture respectful, like a loyal retainer who had finally returned to his rightful place.

He looked at the scene before him-the kneeling elders, the collapsed lackeys,

Elder Han pinned to the floor like a dying beast-and fell into thought.

After a moment, Kong Zhanhong spoke.

"For such a display and lack of respect toward the Young Master, they should be tortured to death."

The words fell plainly.

Elder Han's pupils constricted violently.

The elders kneeling nearby felt cold sweat explode across their backs.

Killed?

They were elders of the Heaven Sword Sect!

Supreme figures who once decided life and death with a word!

If they could speak, they would have screamed.

If they could move, they would have cursed.

Inside their minds, rage and humiliation boiled over.

(Someone like him dares-!)

(Watch your mouth! Of course you would casually say that-you are not one of us!)

(Aren't you a disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect? Shouldn't you have some compassion?)

But not a single sound escaped.

Kong Zhanhong continued, oblivious to their glares.

"We can deal with them here and now," he said calmly. "The consequences will be insignificant even if everyone finds out, and we can always find a scapegoat."

His gaze flicked briefly to Elder Han.

"If Young Master kills him, Tian Yuheng will naturally return to the position of Sect Leader. With the Heaven Sword Sect cleansed, there will be no need to fear retaliation either." That much was obvious.

It was taking care of the immediate problem with the least amount of trouble.

But Kong Zhanhong shook his head slightly.

"However," he said slowly, "that would only revert things to how they were before."

Bai Zihan turned his head slightly.

"Continue," he said.

Kong Zhanhong inhaled.

Then his eyes sharpened.

"These people," he said, gesturing faintly at Elder Han and the other elders,

"occupy precious positions."

Sect Leader.

Elders.

Moreover, individuals trusted by the Li-Zhao Alliance.

"Killing them is easy," Kong Zhanhong continued. "But if Young Master controls them instead..."

A faint, meaningful pause.

"They could be extremely useful when dealing with much more difficult opponents."

It was clear who he meant.

The Li-Zhao Alliance.

Bai Zihan smiled.

Indeed, Kong Zhanhong-who had been managing the Black Lantern Society and gathering information for him-had grown.

Having Elder Han, whom he could control easily, would indeed be better than Tian Yuheng, who, although somewhat an ally, could never offer one hundred percent obedience.

"Still, that is too much work, isn't it?" Bai Zihan asked. "We already have a spy in the Li-Zhao Alliance. What's the need for these people?"

(Spies?)

Elder Han and the other elders were stunned.

Of course, there would be one or two spies-but from Bai Zihan's tone, it seemed their positions were as high as their own.

Which meant that from the beginning until now, Bai Zihan had already been aware of most of their schemes-especially their attempt to overthrow Tian Yuheng as Sect Leader.

Just when they thought they might survive, Bai Zihan said such words.

Now, they pinned all their hopes on Kong Zhanhong to come up with a

convincing reason to spare their lives. Kong Zhanhong did not hesitate. "The more, the better," he said simply. Information was never gathered from a single mouth.

...

Some things one person would know. Other things another would uncover.

Sometimes, even the same person would provide accounts that were similar... or contradictory.

That was how falsehoods were filtered out-and how he determined which

information required further verification.

This was how he had always worked, collecting the most accurate information

possible for Bai Zihan.

"Having more spies is never a disadvantage," Kong Zhanhong concluded calmly. "Especially when they sit at Elder Han's level." Elder Han's heart pounded violently.

He had never imagined that a single word would decide whether he lived or

died.

"Moreover, if news of their deaths spreads, it will definitely alert the Li-Zhao Alliance."

Bai Zihan tapped his chin lightly, eyes narrowing in thought. Indeed! Elder Han was nothing more than a minor inconvenience-insignificant

in the grand scheme.

The real enemy had never been the Heaven Sword Sect.

It was the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Killing these people would solve nothing-only warn the enemy that something

had gone terribly wrong.

Bai Zihan nodded slowly.

"That makes sense."

Relief-sharp, dizzying relief-flooded through the elders.

Cold sweat soaked their robes as they clung to that single nod like drowning

men grasping driftwood.

Bai Zihan's gaze drifted lazily across them.

Then he smiled.

A smile filled with amusement.

He stepped forward, hands clasped behind his back, and looked down at Elder

Han once more.

"Well," Bai Zihan said lightly, "Aren't you all glad that you're still useful?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 459 What Can Happen?[
1,341 words]

Chapter 459 What Can Happen?

Outside the main hall, chaos simmered beneath forced calm.

Many had come to see what would happen to Bai Zihan, who had been taken away by Han Shenwu.

Those from the Elder Han faction were excited and looking forward to what would happen to Bai Zihan.

Obviously, many of them disliked Bai Zihan for various reasons.

While others, they were thinking that even someone like Bai Zihan who is from the Bai Clan must bow his head towards them from now onwards.

At the edge of the crowd stood Qinglan.

Her expression was cold, but her fingers clenched tightly within her sleeves.

She was under house arrest-an order given by Han Sha, who feared her influence and possible rebellion.

In truth, she had remained neutral and hadn't truly helped either side. And she didn't want to start a Civil war now.

But obviously, Han Sha wasn't convinced and had even prepared to expel her.

She had obeyed his command without resistance, thinking that he would come to his senses.

But he never did.

She wondered whether she should even stay here.

Perhaps leaving would be better.

Then news came that Bai Zihan had been taken away by Han Shenwu.

"Han Sha, you are going too far!"

She was especially worried since she had heard that Bai Zihan was crippled.

If not for that, there would have been no need to worry-Bai Zihan could have easily killed people like Han Sha.

Disobeying the Sect Leader's explicit order to remain in seclusion, Elder Qinglan came out from her room.

She knew Han Sha intended to use Bai Zihan for his own ambition.

She hadn't interfered when he ousted Tian Yuheng-because even if there were schemes involved, it had been done through proper means.

But targeting a disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect-

This, she could not allow. Especially when it was Bai Zihan, who was her disciple, at least in name.

It didn't take much time for her to reach the Main hall where a small crowd had formed.

"Xueqing! Ziyang!"

She immediately noticed two of her disciples.

The two of them had been waiting outside the main hall, clearly worried about Bai Zihan.

"Master!"

They called out in relief and surprise.

"Is Bai Zihan inside?" she asked urgently.

They nodded, confirming what she heard.

She waited before the hall, which had been forcefully sealed and protected by a formation.

This kind of measure was only used when enemies infiltrated the sect.

Yet now, it is being used now.

It was enough to confirm that Bai Zihan was being deliberately trapped inside. Qinglan took a step forward.

Another step-

"Master!"

Bai Xueqing grabbed her sleeve, eyes wide.

"If you force your way in now-"

"I know," Qinglan said quietly.

But she did not stop.

Her gaze remained fixed on the closed doors.

Just as she prepared to raise her hand-

The doors creaked open.

A figure stepped out.

Bai Zihan.

Qinglan's breath caught.

"...Bai Zihan?"

He looked unharmed.

There was a little blood on his shoes and robe-which was from Han Sha and his elders, not his own.

Still, it didn't look like anything serious had happened to him.

Even so, Qinglan remained wary. She wanted to keep him safe and take him back to the Bai Clan immediately.

Before she could take another step-

Footsteps followed.

Someone emerged behind him.

Han Sha.

But-

Qinglan's pupils shrank.

The once-imposing Sect Leader of the Heaven Sword Sect now walked half a step behind Bai Zihan, his back subtly hunched, shoulders drawn inward.

A forced smile was plastered on his face, as if he feared offending Bai Zihan.

There was no arrogance.

No authority.

Qinglan stared.

The surrounding disciples stared stunned.

Silence crashed down like thunder.

"Sect Leader Han?"

Qinglan asked slowly.

He was definitely Han Sha-at least in appearance-but there was no authoritative presence at all, making him seem almost like a different person. Elder Han also noticed the crowd and immediately changed his expression.

The hunched shoulders straightened.

The forced smile vanished as if it had never existed.

Han Sha stepped forward, his robes snapping sharply as his aura rolled outward-not overwhelming, but enough to remind everyone who he was

supposed to be.

But of course, although he was trying to keep his image, he still remained

behind Bai Zihan.

Then he noticed Qinglan and was angered.

His voice turned cold and authoritative.

"Elder Qinglan," he said sternly.

"Why are you here?"

The words fell like a gavel.

It was the tone of a sect leader reprimanding an elder who had broken the rules

-almost like scolding someone placed under restraint.

However, just then, Bai Zihan gave him a displeased glare.

Han Sha's breath caught.

A chill crawled up his spine.

He hadn't even turned around yet, but he already knew.

Bai Zihan was looking at him.

Just a calm, flat gaze-one that carried a weight Han Sha now understood far

too well.

The kind of look that said:

You've overstepped!

Han Sha's pupils shrank.

His thoughts screamed.

(Right-Elder Qinglan was his master.)

...No.

Not truly. Everyone knew it.

Bai Zihan had never learned anything from her.

He had merely been registered under her peak-a formality, nothing more.

Bai Zihan was far stronger than Elder Qinglan. There was nothing she could teach him in the first place.

Someone who could slaughter countless Void Refinement cultivators in the blink of an eye-what could she, who was in the same realm, possibly teach

him?

Still, it does look like he still treats Elder Qinglan with respect.

Han Sha swallowed.

His tone changed instantly.

"...Elder Qinglan," he said again, far more restrained.

Qinglan stared.

Han Sha exhaled slowly, then turned fully toward her and clasped his hands.

"Thinking back on it," he continued, voice steady but tight, "The punishment imposed upon you was a little excessive."

Murmurs rippled through the crowd.

How can this be? When did the almighty Sect Leader ever feel guilty for doing something excessive?

He even expelled several disciples and elders simply because they refused to join his faction.

And that was him being lenient. Others-those who belonged to Sect Leader Tian's faction-were imprisoned instead, with various reasons fabricated against them.

Han Sha forced himself to continue with a smile.

"For something you did not do," he said carefully, each word chosen with precision, "such treatment was inappropriate."

Then, louder-so everyone could hear: "From today onward, Elder Qinglan's punishment is lifted." The words echoed across the plaza.

Shock spread like wildfire.

Disciples gaped.

Elders exchanged stunned glances. Qinglan stood still.

For a long moment, she said nothing.

Her gaze drifted-not to Han Sha-but to Bai Zihan.

She knew that Han Sha's obedience-and even the lifting of her punishment- was entirely because of Bai Zihan.

She had initially been worried, especially after hearing that Bai Zihan was crippled. But looking at the situation now, she realized that had clearly been false.

Clearly, where no one has seen anything, Bai Zihan has done something to Han Sha.

And considering Bai Zihan's personality, it was closer to violence than through words.

"Bai Zihan!"

Chu Zihan stepped forward quickly, eyes scanning Bai Zihan from head to toe.

It didn't look like he had fought at all-yet the bloodstains remained.

So something had definitely happened in the Main hall.

"They didn't do anything to you, right?"

Chu Zihan asked worriedly.

Bai Xueqing followed half a step behind her.

Bai Zihan glanced at them.

"What can happen?"

He replied.

"I was merely talking with the Sect Leader about the future of the sect."

His eyes flicked-briefly, casually-toward Han Sha.

"And congratulating him on his new position," Bai Zihan added.

"Right?"

Han Sha stiffened as Bai Zihan turned to him.

There was no need to ask twice. He knew what response to give.

He nodded vigorously.

"Of course!" Han Sha said quickly, his voice a little louder than necessary.

"Young Master Bai Zihan is a precious disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect.

Naturally, I felt it necessary to speak with him personally and seek his opinion on improving the sect."

He forced a benevolent smile, clasping his hands like a model sect leader. "After all, I have only recently risen to the position of the Sect Leader of Heaven

Sword Sect. It would be unacceptable if there were any dissatisfaction among the disciples and elders."

"So, I wanted to discuss with a brilliant disciple like Bai Zihan and improve my

way of management." Concern!

Consideration!

Care!

Every word sounded perfect.

Many of the naive disciples have even believed such blatant lies.

Chu Ziyang blinked.

Bai Xueqing's lips twitched ever so slightly.

Elder Qinglan said nothing-but her gaze sharpened, lingering on Han Sha's

rigid posture, the faint tension in his shoulders, and the way his eyes avoided

Bai Zihan for more than a heartbeat.

They could all see it.

Clear as day.

Whatever had happened inside that hall-

Bai Zihan had done something horrible to Han Sha.

To the point that he doesn't seem to have any will to disobey him at all.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 460 Familiar Faces[1,326 words]

Chapter 460 Familiar Faces

Well, not many were convinced by Han Sha's words; however, they had no choice but to accept what was given.

Those from his supporting faction didn't believe that Bai Zihan had defeated him and were more inclined to accept his explanation. Some even muttered about how generous and kind their Sect Leader was.

Anyway, it seemed that things had settled between Bai Zihan and Han Sha.

Even if one remained unconvinced, there was nothing Bai Zihan could do about it.

"Anyway, I've finished what I came here for,"

Bai Zihan declared.

(Beating me?)

Han Sha couldn't help but want to curse. After all, all Bai Zihan had done after coming here was beat him.

So in the end, what Bai Zihan had come here for was to beat him which he has indeed finished doing.

And here he was, regretting it all, thinking that if he hadn't gotten involved with Bai Zihan, then none of this might have happened.

But it seemed that no matter what, the moment he aligned himself with the Li-Zhao Alliance, he had been doomed to face this fate.

Even if he had not gone for him, he would have come for him.

(Dammit!)

Anyways, it seems like Bai Zihan is leaving the Sect now.

Bai Zihan then turned slightly, his gaze sweeping over Bai Xueqing.

"You should return to the clan,"

He said calmly, as if stating an obvious fact.

After all, the Heaven Sword Sect was less safe than Bai Clan and who knows,

perhaps someone like Han Sha who wants to make use of him might appear to target Bai Xueqing.

Anyways, it was better for her to return to the clan.

Then he added,

"You too."

He said it to Chu Ziyang.

"Okay!"

Chu Ziyang agreed easily.

Bai Xueqing hesitated, clearly wanting to say something, but Bai Zihan was

already turning away.

"I'll wait at the flying ship."

As Bai Zihan walked alongside Kong Zhanhong toward the mooring platform, he noticed streams of disciples moving about, their expressions animated, voices buzzing with excitement.

"Looks like something else is happening" Kong Zhanhong remarked casually.

After all, the crowd outside the main hall had been sparse. He had thought that was simply because people didn't know Bai Zihan had been taken by the Sect. Leader.

Otherwise, considering human nature, many would have flocked over to watch. But clearly, something far more entertaining was happening elsewhere.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept through the crowd-

And paused.

Two familiar figures stood among them.

Yun Qingmei and Fei Ling.

They were Bai Xueqing's senior sisters-his as well, now.

They were also part of the group that had once visited the Bai Clan after Bai Xueqing dissolved her engagement.

Seeing them, a wicked smile appeared on Bai Zihan's face.

"Hey!"

Bai Zihan called out, waving his hand.

Fei Ling noticed him almost immediately.

Her expression stiffened.

Displeasure flickered across her face-though only briefly.

Memories weren't easily forgotten, and despite Bai Zihan's recent rise in fame, they knew exactly who he was.

There was no way she could ever have a good opinion of him.

Although she didn't hate him, she was extremely wary of him.

"Fei, your expression!"

Yun Qingmei warned her.

Yun Qingmei inclined her head politely when their eyes met.

"Young Master Bai!"

"Well, well, if it isn't my beautiful senior sisters,"

Bai Zihan teased.

Bai Zihan hadn't forgotten who they were. After all, they were the first people he had seen after regaining his memories from Earth.

Fei Ling snorted softly, crossing her arms.

Unpleasant memories resurfaced.

Yun Qingmei's lips curved into a gentle smile.

"I'm glad you still remember us, Young Master Bai," she said softly. "After all...

it's been quite some time."

Her tone was calm-warm, even.

Fei Ling shot her a sharp sideways glance.

(Glad?)

She almost scoffed.

Bai Zihan's smile widened slightly-the same maddening, unrepentant curve

that had once caused endless trouble.

"How could I forget?" he replied lightly. "Senior sisters who left such a deep impression-especially you, Senior Sister Fei."

Fei Ling's brows twitched.

Her arms crossed tighter.

This bastard-

Nothing had changed.

At least, not where his mouth was concerned.

Yun Qingmei, however, showed no irritation. She merely shook her head helplessly, like someone indulging a mischievous junior.

"You really haven't lost that habit," she said.

"That's because it works,"

Bai Zihan replied without shame.

Fei Ling inhaled slowly.

Then, without moving her lips, her voice echoed in Yun Qingmei's mind.

"Qingmei, what are you doing?"

Her mental tone was sharp, restrained irritation simmering beneath it.

"Why are you speaking to him like this?"

Yun Qingmei's expression didn't change, but her reply came smoothly.

"Fei, things are different now."

Fei Ling's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Different?" she shot back. "He's still the same lecherous schemer who lies

without blinking and manipulates everyone around him. Look at the way he talks-does that look different to you?"

Yun Qingmei sighed inwardly.

"I'm not talking about his personality," she replied. "I'm talking about his position."

Fei Ling hesitated.

Yun Qingmei continued calmly.

"His reputation, power, and influence now stand above even some Sect

Leaders. Whether we like it or not, Bai Zihan is no longer someone we can judge by past standards."

Fei Ling's gaze flickered.

"And don't forget," Yun Qingmei added, "he's recognized as one of the heroes of the war against the Demonic Forces."

That gave Fei Ling pause.

Only for a moment.

"Still..."

she clicked her tongue mentally.

Her eyes flicked back to Bai Zihan, who was leaning slightly closer, clearly enjoying her discomfort.

"Look at him," Fei Ling insisted. "Power or not, hero or not-he's still the same bastard!"

As if summoned by her thoughts, Bai Zihan tilted his head.

"Senior Sister Fei," he said cheerfully, "if you keep staring at me like that, others might misunderstand."

Fei Ling's eye twitched.

"Misunderstand what?" she snapped aloud.

"Who knows?"

Bai Zihan teased.

Silence!

Then-

"Bai. Zi. Han."

Fei Ling ground her teeth.

Yun Qingmei covered her mouth lightly, laughter dancing in her eyes.

"... You really haven't changed in the ways that matter," she said.

Bai Zihan chuckled, straightening.

"Maybe," he said. "But do I even need to change?"

Fei Ling took a step forward- Then stopped.

Her gaze hardened.

"So? Did you think about what I said previously?"

Bai Zihan asked.

"???"

Fei Ling and Yun Qingmei were confused.

"What do you mean, Young Master Bai?"

Yun Qingmei asked politely.

Bai Zihan blinked once.

Then smiled.

"As my concubines, of course."

For half a breath, even the surrounding noise of the crowd seemed to fade.

Yun Qingmei's smile cracked.

Fei Ling's pupils shrank.

And Kong Zhanhong-who had been standing half a step behind Bai Zihan this entire time-nearly choked.

"...Huh?"

(Young Master... wants them as concubines?)

His mind spun. This made no sense.

Absolutely none.

Over the past months-no, the past year-countless women had thrown themselves at Bai Zihan.

Talented geniuses. Sect fairies. Clan princesses. Women superior in cultivation, background, beauty, and influence.

Every single one of them had been rejected.

Kong Zhanhong had assumed it was because Bai Zihan loved Chu Ziyan.

And now-

These two?

Kong Zhanhong instinctively glanced at Yun Qingmei and Fei Ling again.

Since he was also from Misty Cloud Peak, they were technically his junior sisters-though far more talented than him. It wasn't that they were lacking.

But compared to what Bai Zihan had turned down?

... Young Master's tastes were truly something else.

Then another thought struck him, and cold sweat broke out on his back.

(What about Miss Chu?)

If Chu Ziyan ever heard this-

No.

He didn't even want to imagine it.

Fei Ling recovered first.

Her face flushed-not with embarrassment, but fury.

"You-!"

She took a sharp step forward.

"You're still joking about that nonsense?!"

Her voice was low, dangerous.

"Even now?!"

Yun Qingmei was stunned for a heartbeat longer.

Then she let out a helpless laugh, rubbing her temples.

"Young Master Bai," she said with forced calm, "while it is flattering in a way-"

She paused, then added dryly,

"Junior Sister Chu would kill us."

Her gaze sharpened slightly. "So please stop joking about this already."

For a moment, Bai Zihan simply looked at them.

Then-

The smile vanished.

Just like that.

The teasing curve of his lips flattened. His posture straightened. Even his eyes changed-losing that lazy, provocative glint and becoming calm, clear, and sharp.

"Very well. Let's stop."

He waved his hand lightly, brushing the topic aside.

"Now," he continued, his tone businesslike, "care to explain something?"

Yun Qingmei followed his line of sight.

"So many people," Bai Zihan said, eyes narrowing slightly.

"Where are you all heading?" The playful lecher was gone. What stood there now was the Bai Zihan they had heard about-

The one who made sect leaders cautious.

The one whose name carried weight.

"...It seems you really don't know.""

Fei Ling snorted softly.

"And here I thought you came because you were worried about him."

"Him?"

Bai Zihan frowned slightly. "Who?"

"Lin Xuan," Fei Ling replied. "Junior Brother Lin is going to fight."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 461 The Provocation of Yuan Jie[1,606 words]

Chapter 461 The Provocation of Yuan Jie

"Young Master Bai, you didn't know?"

Yun Qingmei asked confusedly.

She thought for sure that the reason why Bai Zihan was here was because he heard that his servant was fighting against one of the seniors.

But looking at his reaction, it was for certain that it wasn't the case.

Bai Zihan was surprised when he heard that.

"Lin Xuan... fighting?"

He repeated, brows knitting slightly.

Beside him, Kong Zhanhong also stiffened.

"Fighting?" he echoed. "With whom?"

Bai Zihan's gaze snapped back to Yun Qingmei.

"Tell me more!"

After the former Sect Leader stepped down, Lin Xuan's existence had quickly become a thorn in the side of the new leadership.

His past was impossible to ignore-he had once been a serious candidate for the position of next Sect Leader, personally nurtured and favored by the former Sect Leader himself.

That background, once a mark of prestige, had turned into a liability the moment Han Sha took power.

The new Sect Leader and his faction had never trusted Lin Xuan. At first, their actions were subtle.

His cultivation resources were reduced little by little-pills became scarce and access to key cultivation grounds was quietly restricted.

Then came the privileges. Rights he had enjoyed for years were suddenly deemed inappropriate, revoked under various justifications.

It should have worked.

But it didn't.

Despite the suppression, Lin Xuan's cultivation speed never slowed-not even slightly.

Well, it was because more than the Heaven Sword Sect, the Bai Clan was also helping him, including providing him with Cultivation pills.

So there was no way those things would have a huge impact on him.

That alone was enough to make the ruling faction uneasy. Their pressure escalated, and eventually, they resolved to deal with him once and for all.

Yuan Jie-Han Shenwu's lackey-had deliberately insulted and provoked Lin Xuan.

Of course, being a handyman previously, he was used to it and didn't even get angry.

Yuan Jie also realized that, but he had no intention of giving up.

If personal insult wouldn't have any effect, then there was someone else who Lin Xuan revered more than anyone.

He began insulting Bai Zihan and even called him a helpless cripple who he would take care of if he ever showed up before him.

Lin Xuan had endured the loss of resources, the restrictions, and the humiliation in silence. But that insult crossed a line he refused to tolerate.

His temper flared.

The challenge was issued.

And Yuan Jie accepted without hesitation.

There was also a bet between the two.

If Yuan Jie wins, Lin Xuan would serve Han Shenwu as his servant; and if Lin Xuan wins, he would grovel and beg for forgiveness before Bai Zihan.

"This is how this fight came to be!"

By the time Yun Qingmei finished explaining, they had reached the fighting arena and were seated where a lot of eyes were directed in their direction.

"Tsk! How could you not know about this?"

Fei Ling asked, a bit angrily at Bai Zihan.

After all, as Lin Xuan's senior sister from Misty Moon Peak, she knew very well about his loyalty to Bai Zihan and how he would talk about him in admiration.

Well, she didn't believe most of what Lin Xuan said, as she personally knew Bai Zihan's real face, but she didn't say much considering Bai Zihan had helped him before he joined the sect as a disciple.

Bai Zihan's thoughts shifted as the pieces finally aligned.

So that was why Yuan Jie had not been by Han Shenwu's side earlier.

Han Shenwu's most loyal lackey had been absent not because he had been tasked with something else entirely.

Lin Xuan!

Bai Zihan's gaze flicked briefly toward the arena, then inward.

Han Shenwu himself likely hadn't even thought much about it anymore.

Han Shenwu likely saw him as bigger trouble than Lin Xuan, and perhaps Lin

Xuan being targeted might even be because of him.

Anyway, it seemed that he believed Yuan Jie could win against Lin Xuan.

The situation on the surface, however, looked painfully clear.

Yuan Jie stood at the Soul Formation Realm-his cultivation solid, aura stable, and foundation built through years of sect missions and bloodshed.

He was not a pampered genius, but a veteran disciple who had clawed his way upward.

Experience favored him.

While Lin Xuan was in the lower realm, at Nascent Soul.

To most onlookers, the outcome seemed obvious.

Whispers rippled through the arena stands, eyes filled with anticipation.

Fei Ling's tension was evident, her arms crossed tightly as she stared toward the arena. Unlike her, however, Bai Zihan felt none of that unease.

Not even a trace.

He leaned back slightly, posture relaxed, eyes calm.

To him, this scene felt... familiar.

A public stage.

An opponent who looked overwhelming on paper.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly.

Others saw a doomed fight.

He saw this as an opportunity for Lin Xuan.

A moment tailor-made for someone like Lin Xuan to tear apart expectations-to show everyone who he was.

This wasn't a trap. It was a spotlight meant for Heaven Chosen.

And when the curtain rose, Bai Zihan was certain of one thing-

Everyone here was about to be reminded exactly who Lin Xuan was.

"Young Master Bai, shouldn't you stop the fight?"

Yun Qingmei asked worriedly.

"Why should I?"

"Eh? Wouldn't Lin Xuan be forced to become Han Shenwu's lackey if Yuan Jie wins?"

Yun Qingmei asked.

She was certain that Bai Zihan would stop this nonsense match once he came to know about it.

"Well that is if he wins. I don't think that is possible though."

Bai Zihan said calmly.

Kong Zhanhong nodded beside him.

"Qingmei, what do you expect from this heartless man? He probably would abandon Lin Xuan as soon as he loses!"

Fei Ling scoffed.

A low murmur swept through the arena.

Moments later, two figures stepped onto the dueling platform from opposite ends.

Lin Xuan emerged first.

There was no killing intent leaking from him, no visible agitation-only a quiet steadiness, like a sword resting in its sheath.

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Across from him, Yuan Jie strode onto the arena with heavy steps.

His presence was immediately oppressive.

Soul Formation Realm.

His qi rolled outward in waves, deliberately unrestrained, pressing down on the platform like a warning.

Scars lined his hands and forearms-marks earned from countless sect missions and brutal encounters.

The contrast between the two was stark.

One looked plain.

The other looked dominant.

An elder descended onto the arena platform, robes fluttering as he landed between them.

He swept his gaze across both disciples before speaking, his voice amplified by spiritual qi and echoing throughout the arena.

"This is an official sect duel. The terms have been verified and recorded."

"If Yuan Jie wins, Lin Xuan will enter the service of Han Shenwu as a personal subordinate."

A ripple ran through the crowd.

The elder continued without pause.

"If Lin Xuan wins, Yuan Jie will kneel, grovel, and beg forgiveness before Bai Zihan-publicly."

That time, the reaction was louder.

Some scoffed. Some smirked. Some glanced instinctively toward Bai Zihan's seating area.

The elder's gaze hardened.

"No outside interference will be tolerated. The duel will end upon concession

or incapacitation."

Lin Xuan's hand rested calmly on the hilt at his waist.

Yuan Jie's lips curled into a cruel grin.

He turned his head slightly, eyes flicking toward Lin Xuan with open contempt.

"So you really came," Yuan Jie said, voice carrying easily across the platform. "I thought you might finally learn to stay in your hole." Lin Xuan didn't respond.

That only amused Yuan Jie more.

"Don't look at me like that," Yuan Jie continued. "You should be grateful. Once this is over, you'll finally have a master who knows how to use you properly."

His grin widened.

"I'm doing you a favor!"

A faint metallic sound rang out as Yuan Jie slowly drew his sword.

Lin Xuan finally moved.

With a smooth, unhurried motion, he drew his own sword.

The air around Lin Xuan sharpened.

The elder stepped back.

"Begin!"

Yuan Jie moved first.

He exploded forward, Soul Formation qi surging violently as he swung his sword in a powerful, descending arc.

The blade howled through the air, carrying overwhelming force meant to crush rather than cut.

Lin Xuan stepped aside.

The sword passed where his head had been a heartbeat earlier, slamming into

the arena floor and carving a deep groove into the stone.

Before Yuan Jie could recover, Lin Xuan's sword flicked out.

A clean, precise slash.

Steel met steel.

Clang!

Sparks flew as the two blades collided.

Yuan Jie's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Oh?"

Lin Xuan slid back a step, dispersing the impact cleanly through his stance.

The second exchange came immediately after.

Yuan Jie pressed forward, his attacks heavy and relentless, sword strikes layered with brute force and experience.

Each swing carried enough power to overwhelm a Nascent Soul cultivator outright.

Yet Lin Xuan met every strike.

Sometimes he parried. Sometimes he redirected.

Sometimes he avoided entirely, his movements economical, efficient-almost indifferent.

From the stands, confusion began to replace confidence.

This wasn't how it was supposed to look.

Up above, Bai Zihan watched silently.

His posture remained relaxed, eyes calm, but there was a faint glint of amusement deep within them.

As swords clashed again and again, a simple truth began to surface-one that

only a few perceptive eyes caught early.

Lin Xuan wasn't struggling.

He was testing.

And once he was done-

The real fight would begin!

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Chapter 462 Lin Xuan vs Yuan Jie!

The clash continued.

At first glance, it was exactly as everyone had predicted.

After the unexpected resistance from Lin Xuan, Yuan Jie dominated the tempo with his overwhelming power.

His Soul Formation qi surged endlessly, each strike heavier than the last.

His sword techniques were not refined or elegant, but they were brutally effective-battle-tested moves forged through countless life-and-death

missions.

Every swing carried killing intent; every step forced Lin Xuan closer to the edge of the arena.

Boom!

Another downward strike smashed into the platform, cracking stone and sending fragments flying.

Lin Xuan slid backward, boots scraping against the ground. His sleeve was torn, a thin line of blood appearing along his arm.

The crowd stirred.

"That's more like it."

"Nascent Soul can't compete with Soul Formation after all."

"Yuan Jie hasn't even used his full strength yet."

Fei Ling's brows furrowed deeply. Her fingers clenched unconsciously.

Yun Qingmei bit her lip, eyes glued to the platform.

Even Kong Zhanhong was worried as he watched Lin Xuan being pushed back.

Only Bai Zihan remained unmoved.

In the arena, Yuan Jie laughed, the sound loud and confident.

"What's wrong?" he taunted. "Is this all you've got? You really thought you could cross realms and beat me?"

He was worried at first because of Lin Xuan's unexpected speed but after using his full power and pushing Lin Xuan back, he got his confidence back.

He stepped forward, aura flaring even stronger.

His sword erupted with dense qi, the blade glowing faintly as he unleashed a full-powered technique.

"Crushing Severance!"

The sword descended like a mountain.

The pressure alone made weaker disciples in the audience feel their breathing grow heavy.

This time, Lin Xuan did not retreat.

He raised his sword.

Clang-!

The impact rang out sharply, far louder than before.

Lin Xuan was forced down to one knee, the platform beneath him fracturing further, spiderweb cracks spreading outward.

A collective gasp rose from the stands.

Yuan Jie's grin widened.

"There it is," he sneered. "Kneel!"

But then-

Lin Xuan's sword trembled.

A subtle shift occurred, one so small that most failed to notice it. Lin Xuan's qi circulation changed-no longer defensive, no longer restrained.

The pressure around him sharpened.

Yuan Jie's expression flickered.

"What?"

Lin Xuan pushed upward.

Slowly and steadily.

The mountain-like pressure broke.

Yuan Jie was forced back half a step, eyes widening in disbelief.

"That's impossible-!"

Lin Xuan rose to his feet, dust settling around him.

Despite Yuan Jie giving his all, Lin Xuan remained unfazed.

Yuan Jie's confidence wavered, irritation flashing across his face.

"So you were hiding your strength," he growled. "Fine. I'll crush you anyway!" He surged forward again, this time unleashing everything-his strongest techniques layered one after another, sword light filling the arena in violent

arcs.

Lin Xuan moved.

His footwork shifted subtly, angles tightening, steps precise to the inch. Yuan Jie's overwhelming strikes began to miss-not by chance, but by calculation.

Slash!

Parry!

Redirect!

Each exchange drained Yuan Jie slightly more, while Lin Xuan remained steady as he calmly predicted every move of Yuan Jie.

(Something was wrong!)

Yuan Jie thought as ever after using his all, he was once again not able to hit Lin Xuan.

Yuan Jie's breathing grew heavier.

His attacks, once fluid, became impatient.

"Why won't you fall!?"

Yuan Jie roared, pouring even more qi into his blade.

That impatience was the opening.

Lin Xuan's eyes sharpened.

In that instant, Lin Xuan's sword intent erupted.

A sharp, invisible edge swept across the arena, and every cultivator present-sword user or not-felt it brush against their skin like cold steel.

The air changed.

The world seemed to narrow, as if everything except that single sword had been cut away.

For a heartbeat-

Silence!

Then the arena exploded.

"S-Sword Intent?!"

"No way-how is that possible?!"

"That's impossible! Only true sword cultivators who've trained for hundreds of years can form sword intent!"

Gasps, shouts, disbelief-order collapsed instantly. Elders half-stood from their seats.

Disciples stared with wide eyes, some even unconsciously clutching their own swords as if responding to an unseen call.

Fei Ling froze.

Her breath caught.

"Sword... intent?" Yun Qingmei's eyes shone, shock and awe mixing uncontrollably.

Even the overseeing elder's composure cracked, his pupils shrinking as he stared at Lin Xuan as though looking at a monster.

Above them all, Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened slightly.

Sigh!

(What a monster!)

Bai Zihan thought. He too had Sword Intent, but that was something gifted by the System-not something he had earned himself.

On the platform, Yuan Jie staggered backward as if struck by an unseen force.

His sword trembled violently in his grasp, emitting a strained hum, as though resisting its master.

"Impossible..." Yuan Jie muttered hoarsely. "This is impossible!"

His face was drained of color.

Sword intent wasn't something that could be obtained through force.

It wasn't something granted by the Cultivation realm.

It was comprehension-an understanding of the sword so deep it transcended technique itself.

And the only other person in the Heaven Sword Sect known to possess such a thing-

Was Bai Zihan!

Lin Xuan stepped forward.

His sword was still plain.

His stance unassuming.

Yet with sword intent woven through it, even the simplest movement felt like a fatal strike waiting to happen.

"All of this," Lin Xuan muttered to himself, "is thanks to Young Master."

It wasn't as if Bai Zihan had taught him the sword or anything like that. After watching Bai Zihan use sword intent time and time again—watching how he cut through enemies, how his sword did not merely swing but decided—Lin

Xuan had begun to imitate him.

At first, it was instinct.

Then habit.

Then obsession.

Imitation alone should never have been enough.

No amount of copying could grant something so profound.

But Lin Xuan was Lin Xuan.

A Heaven Chosen!

A cultivator with monstrous talent and terrifying comprehension ability.

What began as imitation became understanding.

What began as observation became insight.

And at some point, even Lin Xuan himself hadn't realized it—

He had crossed the threshold.

Back in the arena, Yuan Jie screamed, his fear finally boiling over.

"No! Even with sword intent, you're still beneath me!"

He lunged forward desperately, sword blazing with unstable qi.

Lin Xuan moved.

One step.

One swing.

No technique.

No flourish.

Just a sword, carrying intent.

Slash!

The sword light cut through Yuan Jie's attack like paper, cleaving through qi, blade, and confidence in a single line.

Yuan Jie's sword shattered.

His body was sent flying backward, crashing heavily into the edge of the arena before slumping to the ground, blood spraying from his mouth.

Lin Xuan stood where he was.

Sword lowered.

Silence swallowed the arena whole.

Then-

The realization struck everyone at once. This fight had never been close.

From the moment sword intent appeared-

It had already ended.

Yuan Jie lay sprawled at the edge of the arena, his body half-embedded in cracked stone.

His sword lay several meters away, shattered into dull fragments, its spiritual light completely extinguished.

Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, but the pain in his body was nothing compared to the shock flooding his mind.

He... lost?

No!

It wasn't just losing.

He had been overwhelmed.

Yuan Jie's eyes trembled as he stared at Lin Xuan standing calmly at the center of the platform.

The same Lin Xuan he had provoked.

The same Lin Xuan he had believed he could trample at will.

Slow footsteps echoed across the arena.

Lin Xuan approached, sword lowered, no killing intent leaking from him. His expression was calm-almost gentle.

He stopped a few steps away.

"Do you want to continue?"

Lin Xuan asked quietly. The words were simple. But to Yuan Jie, they were heavier than any sword strike.

Continue?

With what?

His sword was broken.

And more importantly-

His confidence had been shattered beyond repair.

Yuan Jie clenched his fists, nails digging into his palms. His lips trembled as he tried to speak, but no sound came out at first.

The entire arena held its breath, waiting for Yuan Jie's answer.

Finally-

"...I give up!"

The words were hoarse, barely louder than a whisper.

The moment those words fell, something inside Yuan Jie collapsed completely.

Lin Xuan nodded once.

"Then I hope you keep your word."

He turned away without another glance, walking back toward his original position as if the matter had already ended. For several heartbeats, no one moved.

Then the overseeing elder snapped back to himself.

He stepped forward, his voice carrying authority as spiritual qi amplified his words.

"The duel is concluded!"

His gaze swept across the arena.

"Yuan Jie has conceded. Lin Xuan is the victor!"

A shockwave of sound erupted from the stands.

Cheers, gasps, exclamations-some excited, some fearful, some disbelieving.

Nascent Soul defeating Soul Formation.

Sword Intent appearing! Total suppression.

It felt unreal.

And only then did everyone truly realize-

This was not just Lin Xuan's victory.

It was a declaration.

A reminder.

And a warning to the entire Heaven Sword Sect.

No matter who the Sect Leader was, he was still the same Lin Xuan!

No! More Powerful Lin Xuan!

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Chapter 463 Kneel Before the Young Master

The waves of noise had yet to settle when the overseeing elder's sharp voice cut cleanly through the chaos.

"Yuan Jie!"

The elder's gaze was cold and heavy.

"You made a wager before this duel began. You will need to keep it!"

Still half-propped against the shattered edge of the platform, his expression stiffened.

The bet.

If he lost, he would kneel before Bai Zihan and apologize publicly for his earlier provocation.

At the time, he had been certain of victory. The wager had been nothing more than a display of confidence.

Now-

It was a blade hanging over his neck.

Yuan Jie slowly pushed himself upright. His body trembled-not from injury, but from humiliation.

"I... understand. I will do it when I see Bai Zihan."

He nodded stiffly.

Outwardly compliant.

Inwardly-

(Keep my words? Fine!)

(After today, I'll simply enter closed-door cultivation. I'll stay hidden for months -years if I must. People will forget quickly.)

By the time he reappeared, this incident would be an old story.

Who would still care?

Yes!

That was the best solution.

A flicker of calculation returned to his eyes.

But before he could move-

A calm, faintly amused voice drifted across the arena.

"No need to wait. You can do that right now!"

The crowd stirred.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

The moment he appeared, the atmosphere shifted subtly.

"It can be done now."

His tone was gentle.

Yet it left no room for evasion.

Lin Xuan froze for a split second.

Then his face lit up with unmistakable excitement.

"Young Master!"

He immediately sheathed his sword and hurried over, completely forgetting the solemn atmosphere from moments ago.

"When did you come?"

His voice carried genuine joy, like a disciple eager to show his achievements.

Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"I've been watching. You have grown stronger."

Bai Zihan's compliment filled Lin Xuan with excitement-and a bit of embarrassment, since he hadn't known he was being watched.

If so, he thought that he wouldn't have wasted young master's time and ended

the match without giving Yuan Jie any chance from the start.

Some disciples thought the praise was lacking compared to what Lin Xuan had accomplished.

Others understood it differently.

To Bai Zihan, who had already achieved far more, comprehending Sword Intent might not seem like such a great achievement.

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered on Lin Xuan for a brief moment-approval clear within it-before shifting past him.

And settling on Yuan Jie.

The arena filled with anticipation.

Everyone understood.

The wager.

This was it.

Yuan Jie stiffened under countless gazes.

Sweat gathered at his temples.

His pride screamed in defiance.

(Why is he here?)

He absolutely didn't want to. Not before so many people. If he did, wouldn't his reputation be completely ruined?

Seconds passed.

Then more.

The silence began to grow uncomfortable.

Murmurs rippled through the crowd.

"What is he waiting for?"

"He said he'd do it."

"A wager is a wager." "Keep your word!"

One voice shouted-

"Do it!"

Another followed-

"Do it!"

Soon the chant spread, echoing across the arena in growing waves.

"Do it!"

"Do it!"

"Keep your word!"

The pressure mounted visibly on Yuan Jie's face.

His fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white.

Before him stood Bai Zihan-calm, composed, hands loosely folded behind his back.

Time stretched unbearably.

The chanting continued.

"Do it!"

"Bow!"

"Keep your word!"

Yuan Jie's breathing grew uneven.

His pride.

His status.

His face.

All of it trembled on the edge of collapse.

And before the entire Heaven Sword Sect-

He had no escape.

Yuan Jie swallowed.

His throat felt dry.

The chanting pressed in from all directions.

His gaze flickered toward Bai Zihan.

Perhaps... perhaps there was still room to salvage this.

He forced a stiff smile, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth.

"Young Master Bai," Yuan Jie began, his voice hoarse but trying to remain steady, "about earlier... It was merely a moment of heated words between disciples. We are of the same sect. There's no need to escalate matters to such an extent."

A pause.

"Keep your word!"

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A pause.

"If Young Master is willing, I can compensate for the offense. Gold, pills, rare materials-"

He forced himself to continue.

"I recently returned from a mission. I obtained a Thousand-Year Frost Crystal. I

can offer it as an apology"

A faint murmur ran through the crowd.

A Thousand-Year Frost Crystal was no small treasure.

A Grade-5 treasure that could be refined into a Grade-6 pill with the help of a

Grade-6 alchemist.

But Bai Zihan did not react.

He did not look tempted.

He didn't even look interested.

Instead, he tilted his head slightly.

"Finished?" Two simple words.

Yuan Jie's heart sank.

Bai Zihan's gaze was calm-almost indifferent.

"When," Bai Zihan asked gently, "will you begin?"

No anger. No sarcasm.

Just a simple question.

As if discussing something trivial.

Yuan Jie's fingers trembled.

Negotiate with Bai Zihan?

Impossible!

If it were anyone else, perhaps wealth would work. Perhaps resources.

Perhaps favors.

But this was Bai Zihan.

The man who is rumored to be the richest cultivator in the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

The one whose personal wealth surpassed that of many sects and clan leaders.

What could he possibly offer?

Treasures?

Connections?

Bai Zihan had everything.

And more.

The worst part-

Bai Zihan seemed hell-bent on seeing this through.

Yuan Jie understood then. Delaying would only make this uglier.

The longer he resisted, the more pitiful he would look.

The chanting had not stopped.

"Bow!" "Do it!"

"Keep your word!"

His jaw tightened.

His teeth ground together.

His pride screamed.

But under the weight of thousands of eyes-

He moved.

Slowly.

Stiffly.

Yuan Jie stepped forward.

Then-

His knees bent.

The sound of fabric brushing against stone seemed thunderous in the silence.

He knelt before Bai Zihan.

His head lowered, fists clenched against the platform so tightly that fresh blood seeped from his palms.

"...I was wrong."

The words scraped out of him like broken glass.

"I spoke arrogantly and disrespected Young Master Bai."

A tremor ran through his shoulders.

"I apologize!"

Silence fell over the entire arena.

Even the wind seemed to pause.

For a Soul Formation cultivator-

A core disciple-

Someone who used his status as Han Shewu's lackey-the son of the new Sect

Leader-to throw his weight around-

To kneel publicly like this-

It was unforgettable!

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 464 Kneel Properly

Chapter 464 Kneel Properly

Bai Zihan looked down at him for a moment.

His expression did not change.

"Do it properly,"

Bai Zihan said calmly.

Yuan Jie's shoulders stiffened.

Bai Zihan's gaze lowered slightly, observing the rigid back, the clenched fists, the bowed head that seemed more forced than repentant.

"I cannot feel any sincerity in your words."

Yuan Jie's head snapped up slightly, disbelief flashing across his face.

(What?)

He was already kneeling.

Already apologizing.

What more did Bai Zihan want?

His humiliation had reached its limit.

"Young Master Bai, Yuan Jie forced out, his voice trembling, "I have already-"

Bai Zihan raised a single hand.

Yuan Jie's words died instantly.

"If you must kneel," Bai Zihan continued, his tone mild, "then kneel properly." His eyes were no longer indifferent.

"Lower your head. Straighten your back. Speak clearly."

"If you apologize, do so with sincerity."

Bai Zihan spoke as if bowing properly were something taught extensively.

Yuan Jie's breathing grew ragged.

This was unreasonable.

He was a Soul Formation cultivator.

A core disciple.

And now-

Not only was he forced to kneel-

He was being corrected on how to kneel.

His pride roared in protest.

"I-"

His voice shook.

"I have already admitted my mistake. Young Master Bai, must you go this far?"

A faint smile touched Bai Zihan's lips.

It did not reach his eyes.

"You think this is far?"

The temperature in the arena seemed to drop.

Yet Yuan Jie felt as if a mountain had descended upon him.

"Who told you to make the bet in the first place?"

Yuan Jie's lips parted-but no sound came out.

He regretted it. He regretted it immensely.

"Try again," Bai Zihan said.

It was not a suggestion.

Yuan Jie's mind exploded.

Try again?!

His humiliation had already been laid bare before the entire sect!

He wants him to do it again?

"This is unreasonable!" Yuan Jie burst out, his voice trembling between anger and desperation.

"I have already kept my word!"

His eyes turned abruptly toward the overseeing elder.

"Elder! You witnessed it. I knelt. I apologized. I fulfilled the wager!"

Several disciples stirred uneasily.

Technically-

He had.

The elder's brows furrowed slightly, clearly caught between positions.

Before he could speak-

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted.

The faint smile disappeared entirely.

"I have already said that your apology has no sincerity. Do it again!"

Yuan Jie's face flushed red.

His pride snapped.

"I already bowed!" he shouted hoarsely. "How much lower do you want me to go?!"

The words echoed sharply in the arena.

Bai Zihan's expression turned cold.

"You should understand something. When I ask you to try again-it is not about your pride."

His gaze locked onto Yuan Jie's trembling eyes.

"It is what you should do."

Cold and unforgiving.

Yuan Jie's heartbeat pounded violently in his ears.

"You should know the consequences of failing to honor a wager properly."

Bai Zihan did not elaborate.

He did not need to.

Yuan Jie understood without needing to be told.

It would not be his pride that would be crushed, it would be his life if he failed to do so.

He was Bai Zihan. Although crippled, he still had the background to make Yuan Jie regret ever being born.

His earlier defiance evaporated.

His breathing turned shallow.

The chanting crowd had gone utterly quiet.

They were waiting and watching.

Yuan Jie's resistance shattered completely.

Slowly-

His spine bent again.

Lower than before.

Both knees pressed firmly to the ground.

His hands flattened against the stone.

His forehead descended until it touched the cracked platform.

This time-

There was no stiffness.

No forced arrogance.

Only fear. "... Young Master Bai," he whispered, his voice trembling uncontrollably.

"I was arrogant and insulted Young Master Bai. I offended you."

His forehead pressed harder into the stone.

"Please, I sincerely beg for forgiveness."

The words rang clear.

Not loud.

But undeniable.

No one doubted his sincerity now.

Because it was carved from terror.

Silence lingered.

However, Bai Zihan wasn't satisfied this time either.

"Again," Bai Zihan said.

"What?!"

Yuan Jie was flabbergasted.

However, he was in no position to refuse the man who has authority to kill him and his whole clan.

He once again bowed.

"Again!"

"Again!"

At first it was funny, then it was pitiful.

Even those who were once bullied by Yuan Jie pitied his current appearance.

Indeed, there is always a bigger bully out there.

Only after knowing how many times Yuan Jie bowed his head was Bai Zihan finally satisfied.

"Good! Now, I can feel the sincerity. I hope you don't make the same mistake."

Yuan Jie was exhausted, no longer caring about the humiliation he had displayed before everyone.

"...Thank you for being merciful, Young Master Bai!"

His voice was hoarse.

Empty.

Bai Zihan regarded him for a brief moment, then withdrew his gaze as if the matter no longer held any significance.

"Kong Zhanhong" he said calmly, turning slightly.

Kong Zhanghong, Fei Ling and Yun Qingmei were already there, waiting for Bai Zihan.

Kong Zhanhong straightened instinctively. "Young Master?"

"We should leave!"

Just like that.

As though what had just happened was nothing more than a minor interlude.

Kong Zhanhong nodded immediately.

"Yes!"

The crowd slowly began to stir again.

Whispers spread like ripples.

Fei Ling couldn't help but feel a chill on her spine.

"As expected, Bai Zihan, you are truly evil."

Bai Zihan stopped.

Turned slightly.

"Evil?"

He repeated, faint amusement touching his voice. "What did I do? I did not force him to wager."

His gaze flicked briefly toward Yuan Jie, who still knelt on the platform like a discarded puppet.

"He wanted to, and I merely fulfilled his wish."

Fei Ling rolled her eyes, unable to believe how Bai Zihan could shamelessly

claim such things.

Yun Qingmei stepped in quietly, her voice softer.

"Fei Ling, he deserved it."

Her eyes drifted toward Yuan Jie.

"How many outer disciples has he humiliated like that? He doesn't deserve any sympathy."

She shook her head faintly.

"This is simply karma."

Fei Ling did not respond.

She knew Yun Qingmei wasn't wrong.

Still, wasn't it a bit excessive?

Yun Qingmei's expression shifted slightly as another thought surfaced.

"...But Han Shewu won't stay silent," she said, lowering her voice. "Yuan Jie is one of his people. Now that he has been defeated-and humiliated like this-he may interfere."

A faint tension returned to the air around them.

Lin Xuan's expression hardened instantly. Indeed, now that his lackey had been defeated, he would definitely intervene himself.

However, he was confident that even if it was Han Shenwu himself, he could handle it.

But there was Sect Leader Han behind him, and that would be troublesome to deal with.

Bai Zihan simply scoffed.

"Interfere?"

There was faint disdain in his voice.

"I don't think he has the guts to mess with my people."

He began walking again, robes swaying lightly with each step.

"We do not need to worry about it."

The certainty in his tone was absolute.

Though Fei Ling has her doubts, she didn't think it was her problem to worry about.

After a few steps, Bai Zihan paused again, glancing toward the sect entrance.

"Xueqing and Chu Ziyan should have arrived by now."

His voice softened slightly at the mention.

"We shouldn't keep them waiting. Let's go!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 465 Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirate!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 465 Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirate!

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The wind roared past the hull of the Bai Clan's flying ship, clouds splitting like torn silk as it cut through the sky.

Bai Xueqing stood near the railing, sleeves fluttering sharply in the rushing air.

She was still mildly irritated.

Not furious anymore.

But not pleased either.

She had hurried. Actually hurried. Packed quickly, skipped a proper farewell with Master Qinglan-

All because she didn't want to keep Bai Zihan waiting.

Only to arrive and find that he hadn't arrived.

One minute.

Five.

Ten.

By the fifteenth minute she was convinced he was doing it deliberately.

And when he finally arrived-calm as always-she had unleashed her complaints without restraint.

"Where have you been? Do you know how long I was waiting?"

Only after hearing about Lin Xuan's fight against Yuan Jie did her anger gradually dissolve.

More so when he talked about Yuan Jie kowtowing several times.

After all, he was one of those annoying pests who were misguided into thinking that borrowed authority was their own and went around bullying everyone in the Sect.

She thought that it was fitting punishment for someone like him.

Now, as the flying ship sailed steadily above the sea of clouds, silence settled comfortably among them.

Bai Zihan stood with hands clasped behind his back, gaze distant.

Then-

Bai Zihan sensed something, followed by Bai Xueqing and then Chu Ziyang.

Kong Zhanhong was the last one.

"Young Master!"

Before he could say more-

A ripple spread across the clouds ahead.

Then another to the left.

And to the right.

From three directions, massive shadows pierced through the mist.

Flying ships.

Not one.

Not two.

Three!

They emerged in tight formation, hulls dark and armored, sails marked with an unfamiliar insignia.

Within moments, they had surrounded the Bai Clan's ship in a wide arc.

Not close enough to collide.

Close enough to block every escape route.

The central enemy ship advanced slowly forward.

Then-

A figure stepped onto its deck.

Tall and broad-shouldered.

Clad in dark armor etched with faint spiritual patterns.

His cultivation aura was undisguised.

He looked down at them as if examining trapped prey.

His voice boomed across the sky.

"We've been waiting!"

A slow grin spread across his face.

Kong Zhanhong's eyes narrowed the moment he saw the insignia clearly.

A jagged silver hawk, wings broken by a streak of crimson lightning.

His expression changed.

"Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates," he muttered under his breath.

Kong Zhanhong stepped forward, gaze fixed on the surrounding ships.

"Young Master, they've become infamous in the past years. They specialize in intercepting flying vessels along major trade routes."

His jaw tightened.

"They target merchant ships, minor clans, sect disciples traveling without protection... anyone they judge weak enough."

Bai Xueqing's brows furrowed.

"Bandits?"

"Yes," Kong Zhanhong replied grimly. "But not ordinary ones!"

His eyes lifted toward the armored man standing proudly on the central ship.

"Even the Imperial Family couldn't deal with them because of two main reason."

"First-caution. They never strike unless they are certain of their advantage. They scatter immediately if anything feels wrong."

"Second-strength."

His voice lowered.

"Their leader is rumored to possess Great Ascension cultivation."

The air seemed to grow heavier at those words.

Great Ascension Realm!

Someone capable of shaking a region.

Kong Zhanhong continued quickly.

"Large-scale operations have been organized before. Several major sects tried to encircle them."

He gave a short, bitter laugh.

"They escaped every time. Their mobility is terrifying"

"And small operations would be crushed mercilessly," Kong Zhanhong said bluntly.

Across the gap between ships, the armored man began clapping slowly.

"Impressive!"

His grin widened.

"To recognize us so quickly."

His eyes shifted toward Kong Zhanhong.

"And even more impressive to recite our reputation so accurately."

His gaze sharpened, locking onto Bai Zihan.

"As for the rumors..."

A pulse of pressure radiated outward from him.

Not fully unleashed.

But enough.

The clouds beneath his ship churned violently.

Spiritual energy trembled.

The oppressive aura pressed downward like a descending mountain.

Great Ascension Realm, confirmed.

The man spread his arms casually.

"You are correct!"

His voice deepened, losing its earlier theatrical tone.

"I am the leader of the Yun Mo Kou (Cloud Demon Marauders) Sky Pirates."

A faint, dangerous smile curved his lips.

The surrounding ships shifted slightly, as if emboldened by his declaration.

Spiritual cannons along their hulls hummed with gathering power.

The pirate leader tilted his head.

"So surrender!"

He said confidently.

Bai Zihan remained calm.

"State your purpose," he asked flatly.

The man laughed.

"What can our purpose be other than looting you?"

He said as if that were natural.

Well, Bai Zihan believed none of that nonsense.

They might be Sky Pirates, but right now, the way they had approached and surrounded them at such a perfect time-

It was certain that they had been waiting particularly for them.

Bai Xueqing stepped forward, chin lifting.

"Do you know who you're dealing with?"

Her voice was sharp.

"Do you even understand the consequences of targeting us?"

The leader threw his head back and laughed loudly.

The other ships' decks filled with figures, all watching with amusement.

"Oh, we know exactly who we're dealing with."

Bai Xueqing's expression turned icy. The man's gaze shifted toward her lazily.

"You must be Bai Xueqing, princess of the Bai Clan."

He chuckled.

"And you must be Bai Zihan, correct?"

His eyes gleamed mockingly. "Crippled genius of the Bai Clan!"

"Do you think we came without knowing who you are?"

His eyes narrowed, mockery turning colder.

"But what can you do?"

He spread his arms theatrically.

"You are alone right now!"

His gaze swept around their relatively small escort.

His smile widened.

The wind howled louder between the ships. Spiritual cannons along the enemy hulls began to glow faintly.

Bai Xueqing's heart thudded once in her chest-but her face did not show it.

"You dare?"

She said coldly.

"Dare?" the man repeated. "Young miss, this is the open sky. Accidents happen."

His voice dropped lower.

"And even if your Bai Clan seeks justice later..."

He shrugged.

"Would they even find out who did it? And even if they did, could they catch us?"

"Haha...."

Several Sky Pirates laughed and obviously didn't think much about the Bai Clan.

After all, unlike clans and sects, which can be pinned down once they are identified as the culprit, the Sky Pirates roam the skies and are much more difficult to deal with.

The pirate leader's laughter gradually subsided.

The grin on his face remained-but his eyes had turned cold.

He raised one hand slightly, and the humming of the spiritual cannons intensified.

"Let me give you a final piece of advice," he said lazily. "Surrender quietly!"

The word echoed across the open sky.

His gaze lingered meaningfully on Bai Xueqing before shifting to Bai Zihan.

"If you cooperate, I may be kind enough to leave you alive."

A pause. "Otherwise..."

The temperature in his voice dropped several degrees.

"Don't blame me for being cruel."

The surrounding pirate ships adjusted formation slightly.

Array patterns began lighting up along their hulls-interlocking, layered, suppressive.

They had done this many times before.

Bai Xueqing stared at him for a long second.

Then-

She scoffed.

The sound was sharp and undisguised. "Kind?"

Her lips curled faintly. "You really shouldn't pretend."

The pirate leader's eyes narrowed.

"If you came to rob random merchants, you wouldn't need three ships."

"If you came by coincidence, you wouldn't surround us the moment we left the sect."

Her gaze sharpened.

"If you're here to capture us, then admit it."

She tilted her chin slightly.

"But don't insult our intelligence with your bad acting."

A faint ripple passed through the pirate ranks.

The leader's smile disappeared completely.

For the first time-

His expression turned solemn.

The playful bandit façade fell away like a discarded mask.

His aura surged subtly, pressing down harder against the Bai Clan ship. "...Sharp," he muttered.

Then his voice rang out, no longer theatrical.

"Attack!"

The word fell like a blade.

Instantly-

The five pirate ships erupted with light.

Spiritual cannons roared to life.

Beams of condensed qi tore through the sky, ripping apart clouds in their path

as they converged on the Bai Clan vessel. "Defensive array!"

Kong Zhanhong shouted.

The Bai Clan ship trembled as protective formations flared into existence-

golden barriers layering over the hull.

BOOM-!

The first cannon strike slammed into the barrier.

The entire ship shook violently. Shockwaves rippled outward, scattering clouds for hundreds of meters.

Another blast struck.

Then another.

The golden barrier flickered.

Although five ships were simultaneously attacking Bai Zihan's flying ship, they

still weren't able to break through.

Well, compared to their flying ships, Bai Zihan's flying ship was top-notch, and

it wouldn't be an exaggeration to call it the best of the best.

But of course, even the best ship under constant attack would eventually

crumble.

"The defensive formation can't take many more attacks. Get ready to fight!"

Bai Xueqing said as she took out her sword.

It was the same for Chu Ziyan and Kong Zhanhong.

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 466 Trouble in the Sky!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 466 Trouble in the Sky!

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Spiritual light burst from Bai Xueqing's blade the moment it left its sheath.

Chu Ziyan stepped forward with her sword as well.

Above-

The three pirate ships maintained their triangular formation.

Another volley of cannon fire gathered.

"Break their shield first!"

Sky Pirates shouted.

Before the next barrage descended, Bai Xueqing moved.

She stepped off the deck.

Her figure shot upward.

A slash tore through the sky, colliding with an incoming beam.

BOOM-!

The blast scattered.

But the remaining beams struck.

The Bai Clan's defensive formation flared violently.

Light rippled across the barrier like a storm-tossed sea.

One impact.

Then another.

Cracks of pale light began to spread across the protective dome.

Chu Ziyan's expression changed.

"They're focusing on a single point!"

The triangular formation above shifted subtly.

All three pirate ships redirected their cannons toward the exact same section of the shield.

A concentrated bombardment.

BOOM-!

The barrier trembled.

The spiritual veins carved into the hull flickered erratically.

BOOM-!

A sharp, piercing sound rang out-

Like glass splintering.

Thin fractures webbed outward from the impact point.

The defensive array groaned under the pressure.

For a brief moment, it held.

Then-

CRACK!

A section of the barrier shattered.

Spiritual light burst outward in fragments, dissolving into the air.

The protective dome collapsed entirely.

The sky above lay open.

Now-

They could enter.

And they did.

"Board them!"

A pirate roared.

Chains shot forward, latching onto the Bai Clan ship's barrier and draining its energy.

The Sky Pirates surged forward as the barrier was broken, launching their attack from multiple directions.

Bai Xueqing reacted immediately, freezing the chains midair and disrupting their formation.

Chu Ziyang leapt after her, severing several more in a single strike.

Many Sky Pirates fell on the spot; however, many more were able to board Bai Zihan's flying ship.

Bai Xueqing's eyes turned cold.

"Glacial Heaven Seal-Absolute Frost Domain."

The air

ature plummeted instantly.

A wave of frost erupted outward from her position, spreading across the deck

like a blooming glacier.

Ice crystallized midair, forming a translucent domain that expanded with precise control-never touching the ship's core formations, never damaging the

hull.

Sky Pirates who had just landed froze mid-motion.

Frost crawled up their legs.

Across their torsos.

Over their weapons.

Those below the Soul Formation Realm had no time to resist.

They were locked in place within a breath.

Statues of ice scattered across the deck.

Only a handful of stronger pirates managed to shatter the encroaching frost,
retreating hastily into the air.

Chu Ziyang did not hesitate.

Her figure blurred.

Precise strikes followed.

Frozen enemies shattered under her sword.

The battlefield tilted sharply in their favor.

However, it did not seem to matter much in the grand scheme of things, as several more Sky Pirates replaced them as if nothing had happened.

Below them, Kong Zhanhong gritted his teeth.

He knew his limits.

Against opponents of this scale, reckless heroics would only create openings
for the enemy.

He focused entirely on clearing stray attackers and ensuring he did not
obstruct Bai Xueqing or Chu Ziyang's movements.

Keeping himself alive was what he could do at the moment.

Above-

The pirate leader watched.

His subordinates were falling too quickly, but that seemed to be within his
expectations.

Bai Xueqing's breathing remained steady.

Chu Ziyang moved like flowing water, eliminating threats efficiently.

They were holding.

More than holding.

They were dominating the lesser pirates.

But-

It was not enough.

Among them stood three figures apart.

They were Void Refinement Realm cultivators!

Nothing but weaklings to Bai Zihan; however, still too strong for Chu Ziyang and

Bai Xueqing.

The pressure they exuded was fundamentally different from the rabble before

them-no reckless roars, no wild charges.

Only cold, deliberate killing intent.

One of them stepped forward, boots landing softly on the frozen deck.

The ice beneath him cracked-not from brute force, but from spatial distortion.

"Killing Soul Formation cultivators?" he said with faint amusement. "Impressive for your strength. Indeed, you deserve to be called the number one talent of

the Desolate Heaven Empire."

Bai Xueqing did not respond. Her blade rose.

The temperature dropped further.

The Void Refinement cultivator vanished.

No-

He did not move fast.

The space around him folded.

He reappeared behind her.

A palm struck toward her back, wrapped in distorted Qi.

Bai Xueqing twisted midair, her blade intercepting the strike.

Clang-

The impact rippled like water struck by a stone.

Her arm trembled.

The difference in cultivation was no longer subtle-it was absolute.

Another Void Refinement pirate attacked simultaneously from the flank.

His spear pierced forward, the tip phasing in and out of reality, bypassing layers of frost as if they were illusions.

"Absolute Frost Domain!"

She expanded it further.

Ice condensed around the spearhead, slowing it by a fraction of a breath.

That fraction saved her.

She slid back, robes fluttering, leaving a shallow tear across her sleeve instead of her flesh.

Chu Ziyang attempted to intervene.

Her Qi surged, targeting the weakest fluctuation in the spatial distortions around the third pirate.

Her strike was flawless.

It passed through him.

The pirate's figure shattered-

An afterimage.

The real body emerged from the void above her, palm descending like a collapsing sky.

Boom-!

Chu Ziyang was forced down to one knee, her defensive seals cracking.

Bai Xueqing steadied herself.

Her breathing finally grew uneven.

She shifted stances.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

In an instant, her figure fractured into nine streaks of glacial radiance. Each carried an identical aura, identical killing intent.

Frost rippled across the deck as afterimages moved in impossible angles-some attacking from above, some from below, others phasing between layers of space like reflections on shattered ice.

The Void Refinement cultivator narrowed his eyes.

"Interesting. The Bai Clan's famous technique."

He thrust his palm forward. Space folded outward in a circular wave, distorting perception, attempting to

collapse the false shadows.

Two images shattered.

Then three more.

But the remaining four shifted unpredictably, weaving through the warped void

as if skating across thin cracks of reality itself.

For the first time-

His expression changed.

One shadow flickered.

A real fluctuation.

(There!)

Bai Xueqing's true body slipped between spatial folds, her blade thrusting toward the seam where his void distortion overlapped imperfectly.

An opening.

Her sword pierced through-

Cold erupted inward.

Frost spread across his chest.

For a heartbeat, ice crystallized over his meridians.

She pushed forward.

But-

Qi surged violently from within him.

The frost shattered.

His body blurred backward, a shallow cut marking his robe.

No blood.

Only a thin line of torn fabric.

He looked down at it. Then back at her. "Impressive," he admitted quietly.

Behind her-

The spear-wielding pirate descended again. This time, he did not test her frost.

He pierced directly through space, the spearhead appearing inches from her ribs without warning. Chu Ziyan intercepted.

Her blade met the spear with a sharp ring, but the force sent her sliding across the deck, boots carving deep gouges through ice.

The third pirate pressed forward relentlessly, void palms crashing against her defensive seals.

Each strike cracked another layer.

Chu Ziyan's breathing grew ragged.

Bai Xueqing rejoined her instantly, the Frost Domain compressing to shield them both.

But three Void Refinement cultivators were too much.

Every exchange demanded perfect timing.

Every clash drained spiritual energy at an unsustainable rate. Above them-

More Sky Pirates circled like vultures, waiting for a decisive opening.

And beyond-

The pirate leader observed in silence.

His eyes gleamed with measured approval.

For cultivators of the Soul Formation Realm to force Void Refinement experts
into genuine defense-

It was unusual.

Very unusual.

Bai Xueqing's Nine Shadows continued flickering across the deck, weaving
through void distortions.

She found another opening.

Slashed again.

The strike landed-

But only forced a stagger.

Nothing decisive.

Chu Ziyang attempted to entangle one opponent with her technique, but a single
stomp shattered it before it could fully form.

They were extraordinary geniuses.

But the cultivation realms existed for a reason, and to kill opponents two major
realms above them was extremely difficult. Gradually-

The Frost Domain thinned.

Void Refinement Realm pressure thickened.

The deck beneath them cracked under spatial stress.

The pirate leader finally stepped forward slightly, his voice carrying clearly

across the battlefield.

"Good!"

All movements paused subtly.

"You two possess talent worthy of greater skies. To force my Void Refinement subordinates this far at your age... admirable." His gaze lingered on Bai Xueqing.

A faint smile curved his lips.

"Surrender! I will give this chance for your commendable resistance."

Silence answered him.

Bai Xueqing lifted her blade again.

Her spiritual sea trembled from strain.

Chu Ziyang steadied herself beside her, pale but resolute.

"Never!"

The pirate leader sighed softly.

"A pity!"

Qi gathered once more.

The three cultivators moved simultaneously-

Killing intent converging.

And at that exact moment-

A calm voice interrupted.

"You speak too much!"

The pirate leader's gaze shifted.

Bai Zihan stepped forward from the deck below.

His robes fluttered lightly in the residual frost.

His expression-

Unchanged.

"You will regret this!"

No overwhelming aura.

No dramatic surge.

He simply raised his hand.

Then-

Lowered it.

A single slash.

A straight, quiet line that severed space without resistance.

The three Void Refinement cultivators froze mid-motion.

Void distortions halted.

Their expressions did not even have time to shift.

Then-

They disappeared.

Erased.

As though that section of reality had been rewritten.

Bai Xueqing slowly lowered her sword, breathing heavily.

(Looks like you have decided to stop hiding.)

Above-

The pirate leader's smile vanished.

For the first time since his arrival-

His eyes turned solemn.

Now, his opponent was someone who has killed several Great Ascension Realm!

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 467 Sky Pirate Leader's Power

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 467 Sky Pirate Leader's Power

"Y-You are not crippled!"

The words tore from his throat before he could restrain them.

Shock and disbelief.

A flicker of fear.

The rumors had spread widely across the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Though he had never witnessed it personally, the stories were abundant-of how Bai Zihan slew Great Ascension Realm demonic cultivators as if cutting weeds.

He had dismissed them as exaggerations, though he didn't completely think they were lies, seeing how many people were talking about it.

He had even heard it from someone who personally witnessed it.

However, he assumed that Bai Zihan should have struggled and that he should have had help from others.

But the three Void Refinement subordinates-

Erased.

His breathing grew heavy for a fraction of a second.

He had thought that it was going to be easy work because Bai Zihan, even if the rumors were true, was crippled now.

Then-

He forcibly composed himself.

He was not alone.

Three flying ships.

Hundreds of subordinates.

He himself stood at the Great Ascension Realm.

Even if Bai Zihan wasn't a cripple-

So what?

Those Great Ascension demonic cultivators he killed might have been weakened.

Moreover, he believed that he too could have done the same to them if he had been the one there.

"Go!"

His voice thundered across the battlefield.

"Kill him!"

The Sky Pirates hesitated for the briefest instant.

Then they roared in unison, suppressing their unease.

Figures surged forward once more.

The three pirate ships shifted positions simultaneously, their spiritual cannons recharging.

If Bai Zihan wished to fight-

Then they would crush him with numbers.

Below-

Bai Zihan did not move.

He simply looked up.

His gaze was calm.

He tried to see whether he could control these Sky Pirates like he did with Han Sha and the others back at Heaven Sword Sect.

But it looked like none of these Sky Pirates had yet practiced that technique.

(Tsk! A pity!)

He could have instantly subdued them and gotten important information from them without much resistance.

The charging pirates had barely advanced a dozen meters-

"Fate Severing Slash!"

SLASH!

The sky itself seemed to split along its path.

The charging Sky Pirates froze mid-flight.

Their bodies passed through the line-

And separated.

No blood.

No scream.

They were cleaved so cleanly that even their consciousness did not have time to register what had happened.

It reached the first flying ship.

Its defensive formation flared instinctively-multiple layers activating in rapid succession.

They shattered instantly.

Like mist before sunlight.

The hull-

Split!

Cleanly in two.

The second ship attempted to defend.

Too weak!

The slash passed through.

The third flying ship also met the same fate.

The three flying ships hung in the sky, motionless.

Then slid apart silently.

No thunderous explosion.

No dramatic collapse.

Just severed existence.

Fragments drifted downward, dissolving into the clouds.

The Sky Pirates-

Gone!

Erased along with their vessels.

Silence descended.

Only wind remained.

Above-

The Sky pirate leader stood alone in the sky.

His face had gone pale.

His aura wavered uncontrollably for the first time.

Three fully armed flying ships.

Hundreds of cultivators.

Destroyed.

With one slash.

"This-"

His voice caught in his throat.

No matter how much he wished to deny it-

There was no denying it.

He had witnessed it with his own eyes.

The rumors were not exaggerated at all.

Not to mention-

The aura he now sensed clearly from Bai Zihan was not Spirit Severing.

It was-

Void Refinement Realm!

The pirate leader's pupils trembled.

He had gathered intelligence before this operation. Every report stated Bai Zihan was crippled.

At best, Spirit Severing prior to that.

But this-

This was Void Refinement cultivation.

Below-

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

"Oh ho?"

He had expected the Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates leader to flee the instant his strength was revealed.

Yet-

The man remained.

He did not retreat.

He did not seem to be enraged over his destroyed fleet or subordinates.

He did not appear paralyzed by fear either.

Perhaps- He still possessed the pride of a Great Ascension Realm expert.

Perhaps he still believed that he could win against Bai Zihan.

Or perhaps he simply refused to accept reality.

Either way-

This was better.

Bai Zihan did not particularly enjoy chasing prey across the sky.

"You didn't run away?"

His lips curved faintly.

"I commend your courage, at least."

His tone carried unmistakable arrogance. The Sky pirate leader stared at him for a long moment.

Then-

He laughed.

Low at first.

Then louder.

"Hahaha... So it's true. They said you were arrogant."

His gaze sharpened.

"And they were correct"

He lifted his chin slightly, pride reasserting itself in his posture.

"Do not think you have already won."

His aura surged outward violently. The clouds within several kilometers trembled.

Spiritual pressure descended like a collapsing mountain.

Great Ascension Realm-

Fully unleashed. "You forced my hand."

His voice deepened. The air trembled.

Then-

Something changed.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

The Sky pirate leader's aura-already at the Top of Great Ascension-did not simply expand.

It swelled violently.

His cultivation surged upward in abnormal waves, like a tide ignoring the laws of heaven and earth.

The clouds above darkened unnaturally, spiraling inward as if drawn toward him.

Cracks began to form across the surrounding space.

Heat followed.

At first, it was merely warm wind.

Then-

Flames erupted.

These flames were crimson-black, tinged with faint strands of violet lightning.

They coiled around his body like living serpents, devouring the spiritual energy in the air.

His robes burned away instantly.

His skin, however, did not char.

The surge did not stop.

It climbed.

Higher.

Higher.

Bai Zihan's brows lifted slightly. "Oh?"

He could clearly sense it now.

This was no ordinary Great Ascension pressure.

It had surpassed it.

Not fully stepping into the Immortal Realm-

But extremely close.

Half a step.

Or perhaps-

A forced imitation of it.

The pirate leader's laughter echoed again, but now it sounded distorted, layered with something inhuman.

"Do you still think you can defeat me?"

The flames intensified.

The space around him began to warp visibly, bending under the strain of his presence.

Bai Zihan watched calmly.

His expression did not change.

But his mind moved. (Now, where have I seen this before?)

It was pretty similar to what he had seen before, though not the same.

Well, anyway, it was certain that the Sky Pirate Leader's confidence wasn't completely unfounded.

He still had such a trump card. No wonder he wasn't too scared.

The pirate leader stepped forward.

The sky beneath his foot shattered like glass.

Each movement left streaks of fire in the air.

He raised a hand, flames gathering into a blazing spear of condensed spiritual fire.

"Let me show you-what true overwhelming power looks like!"

BOOM!

His aura exploded outward again.

For a brief instant-

The pressure felt almost indistinguishable from the Immortal Realm.

Not true transcendence.

But close enough to blur the line.

Bai Zihan finally straightened slightly.

His robe fluttered gently in the rising inferno winds.

Interesting.

His lips curved faintly. "Good!"

His eyes sharpened.

"At least you're worth one more slash."

The Sky pirate leader moved first.

The flaming spear in his hand expanded violently, compressing layers upon layers of spiritual fire until even space began to distort around its tip.

Then-

He thrust.

The spear descended like a falling sun.

The air screamed.

Below, the flying ship trembled. Defensive formations flickered instinctively under the pressure.

Within it, Bai Xueqing and the others felt the suffocating heat press down upon them.

Bai Zihan did not move.

He did not dodge.

Instead-

The Eternal Spirit Sword appeared in his hand.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

The blade shimmered gently, its aura calm and endless-like a river that had flowed since the dawn of time.

He raised it.

The flaming spear collided.

BOOM!

Fire swallowed the sky and sea of clouds alike.

The impact shattered the surrounding space in concentric rings. Flames surged outward violently-but were split in half by a thin veil of flowing sword intent.

The spear ground against the sword's surface, unable to advance even a single inch further.

Bai Zihan's sleeves fluttered violently from the force.

His feet sank half an inch into empty air-

But he did not retreat.

He did not allow the spear to pass.

Because behind him-

Was the flying ship.

If he dodged, even slightly-

The aftershock alone would tear through the vessel.

Bai Xueqing and the others would suffer.

Above-

The Sky pirate leader's lips curved.

"Oh? You don't dare move?"

His eyes flashed.

Then he twisted the spear violently.

Flames erupted outward-not toward Bai Zihan-

But around him.

Angles calculated.

Trajectory precise. Every attack forced toward positions where-

If Bai Zihan evaded-

The ship would be struck.

The Sky pirate leader was not stupid.

Even with that unstable power surging through his veins, his mind remained sharp.

He obviously wouldn't waste such a good chance.

Bai Zihan blocked again.

And again.

And again.

Fire rained down like meteors.

The Eternal Flowing Water Sword transformed each impact into ripples, dispersing force into the void.

Yet the strain was visible.

The void around them fractured repeatedly.

The sky howled.

The Sky pirate leader laughed.

"So that is your weakness!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 468 Crimson Flames Extinguished Beneath a Single Slash

Chapter 468 Crimson Flames Extinguished Beneath a Single Slash

The Sky Pirate Leader laughed wildly.

"So that is your weakness!"

His eyes gleamed with vicious understanding.

"If you won't move-then die protecting them!"

The flaming spear dispersed into countless condensed fire-lances, each one burning with half-step Immortal pressure.

His target was set now. It wasn't Bai Zihan but the Flying Ship behind him.

The reason was easy to guess. Strike at Bai Zihan and he could easily dodge. However, when he targeted the Flying Ship, Bai Zihan was forced to block the attack.

And while Bai Zihan was able to do so right now, gradually he would tire himself out and eventually be struck.

The deck below trembled violently as the formation screens flared under the residual heat alone.

Bai Xueqing's jaw tightened.

She understood instantly.

He was forcing Bai Zihan into a defensive stance.

Every strike was calculated.

"Shouldn't we leave the Flying Ship?"

"No! If we do so, it will be much more difficult to maneuver with all this heat, not to mention we would become easier targets"

Chu Ziyang answered.

They could abandon the Flying Ship and try to flee, but that would be far more dangerous compared to staying.

Not to mention, she and Bai Xueqing might be able to escape, but Kong Zhanhong and the others operating the Flying Ship wouldn't be able to.

The Sky Pirate Leader pressed forward aggressively, the spear reforming in his grasp again and again.

"Try this!"

"Again!"

"Let's see how long you can endure!"

BOOM!

Another collision shook the heavens.

Bai Zihan's sword intent rippled outward like flowing water, intercepting each assault at the precise point of impact. Flames split. Shockwaves dispersed.

But he did not advance.

He did not counterattack.

He remained-

Exactly where he stood.

Because if he moved even half a step-

The flying ship would be reduced to ash.

The Sky Pirate Leader felt it.

"With this enhancement, my spiritual qi is almost inexhaustible!"

His aura surged again, violently unstable yet overwhelmingly oppressive.

"You won't be able to escape!"

The sky fractured under repeated collisions.

Space screamed.

Firestorms raged.

The pressure descended like divine punishment.

The Sky Pirate Leader thrust again.

And again.

And again.

Each strike was more vicious than the last.

He could almost taste victory.

Even if Bai Zihan was in the Void Refinement Realm-

Even if his sword intent was terrifying-

Under constant defense-

He would eventually falter.

But then-

"Tsk!"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue in irritation.

He looked mildly disappointed.

"I thought..."

His voice was calm.

"...there would be something interesting about your power."

Another spear came crashing down.

Bai Zihan blocked it casually.

"But there is none!"

He didn't look like someone who was pushed into a corner. He didn't seem pressured at all.

"I guess holding back so that I don't accidentally kill you made you believe you can win."

Bai Zihan said as he gathered his Qi.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

It appeared across the burning sky.

The Yun Mo Kou Leader's attack was swallowed whole without much resistance, as if it didn't matter.

The Yun Mo Kou Leader's instincts screamed.

He tried to dodge.

Too slow!

The line passed through his right arm.

Clean and effortless.

The flaming spear vanished.

His arm separated at the shoulder.

For a moment-

There was no pain.

He stared blankly at the empty air where his limb had been.

Then-

"ARGH-!!!"

Agony erupted.

Crimson-black flames destabilized violently around him.

Bai Zihan watched with indifferent eyes.

"Hmm... Looks like I can control it if it is this much."

He had been afraid he might kill him accidentally, but it seemed he was able to precisely control it and, as planned, only took his arm.

"I won't kill you easily!"

The Sky Pirate Leader tried to retreat-

"But you would wish I did."

"Fate Severing Slash!"

SLASH!

His left leg was severed at the thigh.

Blood sprayed this time-half-step Immortal regeneration unable to keep up

with severed fate itself.

He screamed, his body convulsing as he struggled to stabilize midair.

The flames around him flickered chaotically.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

"No resistance?"

Moreover, his qi had increased quite a bit, and even after using three Fate

Severing Slashes, he still had more than 50% remaining.

The Yun Mo Kou Leader hovered in the sky, one arm gone, one leg gone, his

aura collapsing from the unstable enhancement.

Fear finally replaced arrogance in his eyes.

The half-step Immortal aura that had once shaken the heavens now flickered

like a dying candle.

Then-

It went out.

The crimson-black flames that had wrapped around the Sky Pirate Leader's

body like a sovereign's mantle sputtered violently, shrinking inward. The enhancement technique that had forcefully pushed him to the threshold of

the Immortal Realm began to unravel.

His skin cracked.

Veins bulged darkly beneath the surface.

The violent surge of borrowed strength receded like a collapsing tide, leaving

behind nothing but ruin.

His cultivation-

Plummeted.

The oppressive pressure that had bent the clouds moments ago now felt

hollow and thin. Even the surrounding space, once trembling under his might,
gradually stilled.

He swayed in midair.

One arm gone.

One leg severed at the thigh.

Internal meridians scorched from forced enhancement.

His aura now-

Was weaker than before he had activated the secret art.

Below-

Silence!

The firestorms gradually subsided. The oppressive heat thinned. The shattered clouds began to drift apart.

On the deck of the flying ship, no one spoke.

They were no longer worried, however, they were stunned.

It seemed their worries had been unfounded. Bai Zihan could have taken care
of the Sky Pirate Leader whenever he wanted.

Bai Xueqing exhaled softly.

Only now did her clenched fists relax.

"So..."

Her gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan. "...that's his current strength." There was no longer worry
in her eyes.

Only something more complicated.

Awe.

And perhaps-

A sense of inferiority.

Even against someone brushing the threshold of the Immortal Realm-

He had looked... bored.

Beside her, Chu Ziyang stood quietly, sword lowered.

Her eyes had not left Bai Zihan for a single moment.

Bai Xueqing glanced sideways at her.

Then, in a low voice-

"Are you sure you want to marry someone so ruthless and merciless?"

Look at him.

There was no fury in his expression.

No hatred.

Yet he was deliberately tormenting his opponent.

Bai Xueqing's lips curved faintly.

"He looks like he's enjoying it." Chu Ziyang did not answer immediately. Her gaze remained fixed on the sky.

"Well, at least he is good to me."

Bai Xueqing didn't say anything to that.

Indeed, although ruthless toward his enemies, he had always been especially kind to those he considered his own.

Above-

The Sky Pirate Leader trembled violently, trying to stabilize his body with one remaining leg.

"You-monster-!"

His voice was hoarse.

Rage and terror intertwined.

Bai Zihan took another slow step forward.

The sky seemed to lower with him.

"You were the one who wanted to play," he said mildly.

His fingers lifted slightly.

"So, let's play till the end!"

"Tsk! Useless!"

Bai Zihan's voice carried neither anger nor frustration.

Only mild annoyance.

The Sky Pirate Leader hung limply in the air, barely conscious. His enhanced flames had completely extinguished.

The forced half-step Immortal aura had collapsed, leaving behind only a broken

Great Ascension cultivator whose meridians were in ruins. Even without Bai Zihan's beating, he might have suffered backlash from

forcefully raising his cultivation.

Anyway, Bai Zihan wasn't able to get any information despite significantly torturing him.

No matter what Bai Zihan asked-

No matter how he pressured-

The man didn't answer any of his questions.

Bai Zihan sighed faintly.

Then he reached forward.

Space rippled.

The pirate leader's body jerked as an invisible force dragged him across the shattered sky.

Like a rag doll-

He was pulled downward.

Toward the Flying Ship.

The deck grew quiet as the broken figure was thrown down.

Thud!

The Sky Pirate Leader landed hard, blood staining the polished wood, one arm gone, one leg severed, aura in complete disarray.

Everyone stared.

This-

Was the result of crossing Bai Zihan.

Even a Great Ascension Realm expert-

Reduced to this.

Kong Zhanhong felt a chill crawl up his spine.

He had once believed that Great Ascension stood near the summit of the cultivation world. Untouchable.

Invincible to most.

Yet-

Today he witnessed two of them completely helpless against Young Master Bai.

One, the Sect Leader of a Top Sect, had begged for his life.

Another lay half-dead at their feet.

Bai Zihan descended lightly onto the deck.

He didn't even look like someone who had fought against a Great Ascension Realm cultivator, as though he had merely exercised slightly.

Bai Xueqing stepped forward.

Her eyes flicked once toward the mutilated pirate before settling on Bai Zihan.

"Did you find out who sent them after us?"

Her tone was calm.

Bai Zihan shook his head.

"No!"

He glanced down at the pirate leader.

A pause.

Then his lips curved faintly.

"But I think I have an idea."

Bai Xueqing's eyes narrowed.

If he said something like this, ninety percent of the time, he already knew who was behind it he just wasn't completely certain.

"Let's go to the Bai Clan!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 469 Identity of Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirate's Leader

Chapter 469 Identity of Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirate's Leader

Bai Zihan decided to keep going to the Bai Clan because he didn't think there would be any problem even if another ambush was waiting for him.

Unless a Top Clan or Sect went all out to kill him, there weren't many who could pose a problem to his current strength.

However, there was none, and soon enough they reached the Bai Clan without any problem.

The Flying ship descended smoothly onto the main docking platform.

As soon as it stabilized-

Bai Zihan stepped down.

"Greetings, Young Master!"

The stationed guards bowed deeply.

Bai Zihan did not waste time on pleasantries. "You!"

He pointed at one of the nearby servants.

"Find Jin Yuanzhan and bring him to me."

His tone was mild.

But there was no room for delay.

The servant startled slightly.

"Yes, Young Master!"

The servant hurried off at once.

Minutes passed.

The courtyard remained quiet.

Then-

Footsteps approached from the stone path leading from the inner residences.

Jin Yuanzhan appeared with a hurried step.

Behind him walked a young girl, her hair tied neatly with jade pins.

They stopped several meters away.

Both bowed.

"Jin Yuanzhan greets Young Master Bai."

His voice was respectful, neither hurried nor trembling.

Beside him, the girl followed suit.

"Jin Yuelin greets Young Master."

Bai Zihan studied them calmly.

His gaze lingered for a fraction of a second longer on Jin Yuanzhan.

"Looks like you have healed completely,"

Bai Zihan said.

Jin Yuanzhan bowed again, excitement flashing across his face.

"It's all thanks to Young Master's generosity!"

His voice was full of gratitude, and there was genuine sincerity in it.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted to the girl.

"You too. Looks like you are working hard."

"Hehe... I want to repay the Young Master as soon as possible."

Jin Yuelin replied with a hint of shyness.

Chu Ziyang glanced at Jin Yuelin, not very pleased with how she was acting toward Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan, however, noticed no such undercurrents.

He walked forward slowly, stopping several steps away from Jin Yuanzhan.

"Let's get to the topic. The reason why I called you is because of this."

Saying that, Bai Zihan lifted his hand.

Space distorted.

The air twisted as though something heavy was being dragged through an unseen fold.

Then-

Thud!

A broken body fell onto the courtyard's polished stone.

The Sky Pirate Leader.

Or what remained of him.

His limbs were severed. His meridians were charred and collapsed. The once domineering aura of a Great Ascension Realm

than a faint, unstable flicker.

Yet-

His face was intact.

Deliberately so.

was now little more

Jin Yuanzhan's pupils contracted-but only for a fraction of a breath.

"We were ambushed on our way back by-"

His tone was calm.

"Sky Pirates."

Jin Yuanzhan's brows furrowed.

"Sky Pirates...?"

He glanced at the man who lay on the ground. One could already imagine the consequence of trying to ambush Bai Zihan's Flying Ship.

"This man forcefully raised his cultivation to half-step Immortal Realm during battle."

He spoke evenly.

"The technique he used..."

A slight pause.

"...resembled the one you used before in the Dragon and Phoenix Competition."

The wind seemed to thin.

"I thought," Bai Zihan continued, "perhaps you might recognize him."

Jin Yuanzhan did not answer immediately.

He stepped forward.

He knelt beside the mutilated Sky Pirate Leader. Carefully-very carefully-he lifted the man's chin.

He studied the face.

The bone structure.

The spiritual residue lingering around the dantian.

His expression gradually changed from confusion...

To grave concentration.

He placed two fingers lightly against the pirate's wrist.

Closed his eyes.

His spiritual sense extended inward.

The moment his perception entered the shattered meridians-

His breathing paused.

The pattern-

The burn scars.

The crystallized sun-like residue embedded deep within the core pathways.

His heart sank.

Sun Core Dao Stone.

Or rather-

A fragment of Sun Dao fused directly into the cultivation foundation.

Exactly like his own.

The structure was unstable and even more violent than his.

Even the backlash scars-

Were almost identical.

Jin Yuanzhan opened his eyes slowly.

His hand trembled faintly before he withdrew it.

He bowed deeply.

"Please forgive me, Young Master. I do not recognize him."

His voice was steady, though quieter than before.

"If he were a former elder or a known expert within Azure Sun Holy sects, I

should have recognized his face immediately-especially since he is in the Great Ascension Realm."

If that was the case, then it was more likely that the Sky Pirate Leader wasn't

from the Azure Sun Holy Sect, as Bai Zihan had initially thought.

Bai Zihan remained silent.

Jin Yuanzhan continued, more solemn now:

"However..."

He looked down at the broken pirate once more.

"There is no doubt."

"This man underwent the same type of forced fusion experiment as I did. That is something that I am certain of."

The word experiment lingered in the air.

"The Sun Core Dao Stone-or more precisely, a fragment of Sun Dao-was embedded into his body."

His gaze hardened slightly.

"But unlike mine, his integration was even cruder. He relied entirely on external stimulation to awaken it."

"Which is why his meridians collapsed so violently after the enhancement faded."

Bai Zihan's expression remained calm.

"So," Bai Zihan said softly, "the Azure Sun Holy Sect does know this man?"

Jin Yuanzhan lowered his head further.

"Yes!"

After all, only they were capable of such experiments, and they should be able to recognize someone who successfully integrated a fragment of the Sun Dao Stone.

But just because the Azure Sun Holy Sect knew him, it wasn't certain that they were the ones behind the attack on Bai Zihan-and he knew that.

However-

"The Azure Sun Holy Sect has been bothering me quite a bit. I guess it's time to

settle the score with them."

Whether it was during the war with the Demonic Forces or their decision to join the Li-Zhao Alliance, it was certain that the Azure Sun Holy Sect had chosen to oppose him to the end.

Now that an opportunity had appeared, he intended to take it and settle every grievance.

"Jin Yuanzhan, get ready! We are going to the Azure Sun Holy Sect!"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 470 Experiments with Sun Dao Fragments[925 words]

Chapter 470 Experiments with Sun Dao Fragments

"Argh! Argh!"

"P-Please, just kill me!"

"Why are you doing this to me? Ahhh..."

A scream echoed through the stone corridors.

It reverberated against walls carved with blazing sun motifs, rising and falling like a dying ember struggling against the wind.

Then-

Silence!

Thud!

The metallic scent of blood thickened the air.

Inside the underground chamber, a formation array pulsed with searing golden light.

Runes shaped like miniature suns rotated slowly in midair, each inscribed with ancient characters that radiated scorching heat.

At the center-

A body convulsed violently.

Skin cracking.

Veins bulging black beneath a surface glowing molten red.

Golden flames erupted from within the flesh, burning outward.

The figure arched once-

Then collapsed.

Charred.

Dead!

The golden runes dimmed.

The chamber fell quiet except for the faint hum of formation lines cooling.

A man stood nearby, hands folded behind his back.

His robes were embroidered with a radiant sun crest-threads of gold that shimmered even in the dim chamber light.

His expression did not change.

Not at the scream.

Not at the death.

Only his eyes moved-cold, analytical.

"Another failure."

His voice was calm.

Almost bored.

A subordinate standing several steps behind immediately lowered his head further.

"My apologies, Elder."

The man ignored the apology.

He stepped forward, crouching beside the corpse. Two fingers extended, lightly touching the blackened chest.

A thread of spiritual sense seeped into the remains.

He examined the meridians.

The dantian.

The shattered spiritual pathways.

"Compatibility ratio... twenty-three percent."

He muttered to himself.

"Better than the previous batch. But still insufficient"

He straightened slowly.

The golden array flickered again as he lifted a small shard from within the corpse's ruined dantian.

A fragment no larger than a fingernail.

It glowed faintly-

Like a dying sun.

The Sun Dao Fragment.

He clicked his tongue.

"The human body remains too fragile. At the slightest mistake, they end up dead."

His gaze drifted toward the far side of the chamber.

There-

Iron cages lined the wall.

Some empty.

Some not.

Small hands gripped the bars.

Eyes wide.

Trembling.

They were just materials.

Nothing more.

"Bring in another specimen."

His tone remained steady.

The subordinate didn't hesitate.

"Yes, Elder!"

He turned and gestured.

Two disciples dragged forward a frail teenage boy, chains clinking against the stone floor.

The boy struggled weakly, tears streaking down soot-stained cheeks.

"Please-please don't-!"

The Elder did not respond.

His fingers traced a seal in the air.

The formation array flared once more.

Golden light swallowed the chamber.

Screams resumed.

The Elder's eyes narrowed slightly-not at the suffering-

But at the reaction of the Dao fragment within the boy's body.

The fragment pulsed violently.

"Unstable. Too much rejection."

The meridians began to rupture almost instantly.

"Hmm."

He observed clinically.

"No structural adaptation. Immediate collapse. It seems the materials they brought were of low quality."

The screaming cut off abruptly.

Smoke rose from the formation's center.

Another corpse.

Another wasted fragment.

The Elder exhaled slowly.

Irritation.

Not grief.

The Elder flicked his sleeve lightly.

Ash scattered across the formation platform. "Bring three more."

His tone was no different than before.

As if requesting additional herbs for alchemy.

The subordinate stiffened.

Silence stretched.

The Elder did not turn around.

But the golden aura around him flickered faintly.

"Is there a problem?"

The subordinate immediately dropped to one knee. "E-Elder... there are not that many left."

The chamber seemed to grow colder.

Behind the iron bars, several children instinctively shrank back.

The Elder slowly turned his head.

"Tsk! Supply has been declining."

He turned toward his subordinate.

"The last shipment yielded only three success."

His tone sharpened faintly.

"That is unacceptable." The subordinate swallowed.

"Well, people have become more careful, and it has become harder to acquire materials-especially high-quality ones."

The Elder's eyes cooled.

"Damn! If only the war with the Demonic Forces had continued longer, we would have obtained far more material without any problems."

He began pacing slowly before the formation array, golden light reflecting off the polished stone floor.

During the height of the war, entire cities had been emptied overnight. Villages burned to ash. Refugee caravans vanished without a trace. Investigation had been impossible.

The Imperial Family's forces had been deployed to the frontlines, and the great clans had been bleeding their elites dry.

There had been no time to track the missing, no attention to the children who disappeared, the wandering cultivators who never returned, the entire refugee groups that were simply gone.

All had been swallowed by the chaos, their fates ignored in the wake of greater disasters.

Reports had been filed, suspicions raised, but the battlefield had demanded every capable hand.

Experts could not be spared for searching for the missing people. Those had been the Elder's golden month. The chaos had offered freedom.

Entire shipments moved without obstruction. Even when rumors surfaced, they were dismissed as collateral damage, nothing more than background noise in a world at war.

It had been the perfect cover to conduct experiments freely, without oversight, without restriction.

Hundreds of trials had been completed, the success rate climbing steadily, the refinement of techniques accelerated by the lack of interference.

Now, the war had ended. The Demonic Forces had retreated, the frontlines

stabilized, armies were returning home.

The rulers and sects, freed from urgent threats at their gates, had turned inward.

The Imperial Family had begun internal audits, minor trafficking networks were being uncovered and uprooted, scrutiny increased across every region. The freedom that had once allowed unimpeded experimentation had vanished. Acquisition channels had to be smaller, indirect, more cautious.

Materials were scarce, lower in quality, and with lower-quality materials came lower compatibility. Experiments stagnated.

The Elder's frustration simmered beneath the surface, golden qi pulsing faintly around him in reaction.

"Expand the acquisition radius. It doesn't matter whether they are mortals or cultivators-bring in everyone we can." His voice lowered slightly.

"If we delay any longer, the Sect Leader will start becoming displeased."

The subordinate bowed deeply. "Yes, Elder!"

The golden light dimmed again.

The Elder looked once more at the dying glow of the Sun Dao fragment in his palm.

"So many failures..."

His lips curved faintly.

"But the success rate has been climbing slowly. Once we reach more than fifty percent..."

The fragment brightened subtly in response to his spiritual qi.

"...then we will be able to rule this world!"

He closed his hand.

The fragment vanished.

"Go."

His voice returned to its indifferent calm.

"Resupply!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 471 The Underground Experiment Chamber[1,406 words]

Chapter 471 The Underground Experiment Chamber

"Yes, Elder!"

The subordinates turned, immediately leaving to carry out the order.

His footsteps echoed sharply against the stone floor as he strode toward the massive iron doors at the end of the chamber.

The doors were thick-engraved with blazing sun patterns and reinforced with multiple protective formations.

His hand had just reached toward the door-

BOOM!!!

The entire chamber trembled violently.

The iron doors exploded inward.

A single surge of overwhelming force tore through the defensive formations as if they were nothing more than paper.

Fragments of reinforced black iron scattered across the chamber like shrapnel.

A subordinate was sent flying backward, crashing against the wall before sliding down in a daze.

Dust and smoke filled the air.

The golden array flickered erratically.

The cages rattled violently.

And through the settling debris-

A figure stepped forward.

Calm and unhurried.

Bai Zihan!

The Elder froze with confusion and then disbelief.

Then-

A flicker of fear.

Qi around the Elder flared instinctively.

"Do you know what you are doing?"

His voice sharpened, attempting to regain authority.

"This is a highly restricted area of the Azure Sun Holy Sect."

His gaze hardened.

"Surrender yourself, or you will answer to the Azure Sun Holy Sect!"

The children in the cages trembled.

Some in fear, others with hope.

The subordinate struggled to rise.

Bai Zihan looked around slowly.

His gaze passed over the charred corpses.

The blood-stained formation.

The iron cages.

The trembling hands gripping the bars.

His expression did not change.

"Looks like we got the correct room."

Bai Zihan spoke as another man followed behind him.

It was Jin Yuanzhan, who was sweating from keeping up with Bai Zihan.

They had already determined that the Sky Pirate Leader was someone connected to the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Bai Zihan made the decision to invade them-especially the place where the experiments were being carried out.

Since he had Jin Yuanzhan with him, finding the way to the location was easy- as long as they hadn't changed it.

It was unlikely to have changed since changing the location would be difficult, considering everything involved: relocating the equipment and reconstructing the protective formations.

So there was a high chance the place hadn't changed which didn't.

Anyways, invading Azure Sun Holy Sect by himself would be quite difficult. So, Bai Zihan needed to convince his father and get the support from the clan.

At first, Bai Tianheng intended to demand the identity of the Sky Pirate Leader from the Azure Sun Holy Sect and did not want Bai Zihan to get personally involved-especially since he had lost his cultivation.

But Bai Zihan revealed that he had recovered, circulating Qi freely and even breaking through to the Void Refinement Realm.

Bai Tianheng had stared at his son for several breaths, unable to speak.

"You... recovered?"

There had been disbelief in his voice.

Bai Zihan nodded calmly.

"Xi Yu gave me a Grade-8 Healing Pill."

He did not elaborate further.

A Grade-8 Healing Pill!

It wasn't something just anyone could even see in their lifetime.

Bai Tianheng's eyes reddened faintly.

Relief washed over him in a tide so strong he nearly lost his composure.

For months, he had carried the silent weight of guilt, believing he should have stopped Bai Zihan.

And now-

Recovered.

Not merely restored.

But stronger.

Void Refinement Realm!

Bai Tianheng had laughed then-loud and clear, a rare sound within the solemn grand hall.

"Good! Good!"

The hesitation he had shown earlier-his reluctance to let Bai Zihan personally go to the Azure Sun Holy Sect-vanished.

This was the same Bai Zihan who had once slain Great Ascension Realm cultivators.

Now even stronger.

Still-

The Azure Sun Holy Sect was not an ordinary faction.

It was a Top Sect.

A force with Immortal Realm experts hidden within its depths.

Even if Bai Zihan could suppress Great Ascension Realm cultivators, Immortals were another matter entirely.

Bai Tianheng had not been careless.

Two Grand Elders were dispatched alongside him.

Bai Ren and Bai Ruhong.

If the Azure Sun Holy Sect dared immobilize their Grand Elders-

Then the Bai Clan would respond in kind.

Anyway, it was quite an invasion.

With a powerful flying ship, the Bai Clan easily broke through the Azure Sun

Holy Sect's formation and entered its territory.

Of course, the guards appeared, but it didn't take much time to deal with them.

Bai Zihan didn't even needed to get involve since other Bai Clan member easily took care of them.

With Jin Yuanzhan leading them, he guided them to the place where the experiments were conducted.

Although only Bai Zihan and Jin Yuanzhan entered the underground chamber, the others remained outside to block anyone who attempted to interfere.

Now, back in the underground chamber.

The Elder's gaze flicked between Bai Zihan and Jin Yuanzhan.

Recognition sparked faintly when his eyes landed on Jin Yuanzhan.

"You...!"

His voice trembled.

Jin Yuanzhan's face darkened as he looked at the cages.

At the corpses.

At the formation array he knew all too well.

The familiar patterns carved into the stone. The resonance frequency of the Sun Dao fragments.

There was no doubt.

This was the place.

His hands clenched at his sides.

"They didn't move it..."

Jin Yuanzhan's voice was low, almost hoarse.

The formation lines carved into the floor.

The faint scorch marks along the walls.

The iron rings bolted into stone where chains once held struggling bodies in place.

Every detail was the same.

The air itself felt the same.

Reeking faintly of burnt flesh and medicinal reagents.

For a moment-

The present blurred.

He remembered the day they dragged him here.

Remembered the weight of the chains. How he was tortured endlessly just so he could fuse with the Sun Dao Fragment.

The feeling of something foreign being forced into his dantian-

A burning sun pressed into mortal flesh.

He had screamed.

He had begged.

He had cursed.

No one had listened.

Days.

Weeks.

He no longer remembered how long he endured.

There had been no distinction between night and day underground.

Only pain.

Only experiments.

Only cold voices discussing "compatibility ratios" while his meridians tore themselves apart.

And standing above him-

Always watching.

Always observing.

That man.

The Elder's eyes widened slightly as recognition fully dawned.

"Jin... Yuanzhan."

His expression twisted.

"Traitor!" His voice sharpened with fury. "How dare you bring an outsider here?!"

His Qi flared, though faintly unstable under the pressure filling the chamber.

The Elder remembered Jin because he was a successful specimen-one of the highest synchronization rates with the Sun Dao Fragment he had ever achieved.

Jin Yuanzhan had even managed to become a disciple of the Azure Sun Holy

Sect because of that.

His tone was both accusatory and possessive.

"You betrayed the Sect that fed you!"

Jin Yuanzhan slowly raised his head.

His eyes were cold.

"It was you all," he said quietly, "who abandoned me first."

The Elder's expression darkened.

Suddenly-

His Qi surged.

Spirit Severing Realm!

Though far inferior to Bai Zihan's Void Refinement pressure.

Golden flames burst from his body as he thrust both palms forward.

He didn't aim carefully.

He didn't hesitate. He attacked.

A surprise strike.

If he could injure one- Create chaos-

Then escape-

But before he could even cross half the distance-

He froze.

The flames flickered-

Then collapsed.

As if grasped by an invisible hand.

Bai Zihan hadn't even moved.

He simply stood there.

A faint ripple of Qi emanated from him.

That was all.

The oppressive force pressed downward like the weight of a mountain.

The Elder's body locked in place.

His knees buckled.

He crashed to the ground with a heavy thud.

The flames around him extinguished instantly.

"What-?!"

His voice broke.

He tried to rise.

He couldn't.

He tried to circulate Qi.

It refused to obey.

The suppression was absolute.

Bai Zihan glanced down at him, mildly bored.

"You thought a Spirit Severing Realm sneak attack would surprise me?"

His tone carried faint amusement.

It was ironic-when he was in the Spirit Severing Realm, he used to kill Void Refinement cultivators like insects.

The Elder's pupils trembled. Void Refinement!

The pressure-

It wasn't something he could resist.

Not even close.

Jin Yuanzhan stared.

Even though he had witnessed Bai Zihan's strength before-

Seeing a Spirit Severing Realm expert reduced to nothing so effortlessly still sent a shock through him.

Bai Zihan turned slightly.

"Do whatever you want."

His voice was calm.

"But don't kill him yet."

He looked down at the suppressed Elder.

"I still need him."

Jin Yuanzhan's gaze darkened. He did not hesitate.

This opportunity- He would not let it slip.

He stepped forward. Each footstep echoed slowly.

The Elder struggled weakly against the invisible pressure pinning him down.

"You-ungrateful-!"

His voice cracked.

Jin Yuanzhan crouched in front of him.

Their eyes met.

"You remember," Jin Yuanzhan said quietly, "the third trial?"

The Elder froze.

"You said that my body was compatible and increased the fragments to be integrated. My meridians ruptured. My dantian nearly shattered."

His voice did not rise with emotion.

"That day... you said my screams were proof that the fragment was integrating."

The Elder's breathing grew ragged.

Jin Yuanzhan reached forward. Placed his palm gently against the Elder's dantian.

Qi seeped inward.

The Elder's body jerked.

His meridians began to heat from within.

A familiar sensation.

Burning uncontrollable just like when he felt when integrating with Sun Dao Fragments.

"You wanted to observe structural adaptation under pressure."

Jin Yuanzhan tilted his head slightly. "Let's observe yours!"

"ARGH! STOP! ARGHHHH!"

The Elder screamed as soon as it began.

As loudly as the children had.

As desperately as the failed specimens.

Jin Yuanzhan watched without blinking. For the first time- He was the one standing.

And the Elder-

Was the one screaming.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 472 Justice in the Dark Chamber

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 472 Justice in the Dark Chamber

"Aaargh...!"

The Elder's screams echoed throughout the experiment room.

They rose, broke, and cracked into hoarse sobs before surging again.

Jin Yuanzhan did not feel any sympathy.

Even if that Elder were to suffer a hundred times worse than this, it still would not make up for all the sins he had accumulated.

Bai Zihan stood a short distance away, hands folded behind his back, not a single fluctuation in his expression despite the horrendous scene before him.

He did not interfere-even if that meant giving the Azure Sun Holy Sect time to send more cultivators.

He knew that the kind of grudge Jin Yuanzhan carried could only be erased after he obtained his revenge.

He did not want to interfere or leave Jin Yuanzhan unsatisfied after finally getting the opportunity to exact vengeance.

Jin Yuanzhan's voice remained low.

"Circulate your qi."

The Elder trembled.

"I-can't-!"

A pulse of scorching force exploded within his meridians.

His body arched violently, veins bulging black beneath his skin.

"You can," Jin Yuanzhan said calmly. "You told me the same!"

Another surge.

The Elder screamed until his throat tore.

Bai Zihan watched as Jin Yuanzhan disrupted the qi within the Elder's body. Jin Yuanzhan was precise.

He avoided destroying the dantian completely and killing the Elder.

He simply inflicted the maximum amount of pain without ending his life.

A faint curve touched Bai Zihan's lips.

(Not bad!)

He had worried-slightly-that Jin Yuanzhan might lose himself in hatred. But he hadn't.

He was still calm and seemed to handle things quite well.

Another howl split the chamber.

The children in the cages pressed themselves into the corners, eyes wide.

Some covered their ears.

Some stared in stunned silence.

One small boy-no more than eight-clutched the bars so tightly his knuckles turned white.

What shone in his eyes was not fear, but the kind of satisfaction that only comes when one finally witnesses revenge.

Perhaps he thought the evil man had finally met his karma and now understood the pain they had endured.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted toward them.

He walked slowly in that direction.

The iron cages were crude compared to the formation array.

After all, behind the bars were weak children who could barely walk, much less break something like this-even if it was fragile.

He paused before one cage.

Inside, three children huddled together.

Their clothes were dirty.

Burn marks marred their sleeves.

One girl flinched when his shadow fell over her.

Bai Zihan crouched slightly - not out of kindness, but simply to examine them more closely.

They were frightened and starved.

"Tsk!"

Even if they were conducting experiments, at least they could have fed them something. It wasn't as if a Sect like theirs lacked resources.

Mortal food costs almost nothing.

They might even have had more survivors if they had kept them in better
ion.

But what was the use of lecturing these fools?

He glanced at them for a bit longer, waiting for anger.

For outrage.

For something to flare inside his heart at the sight.

It did not come.

He understood, rationally, that this was vile.

He understood that innocent lives had been reduced to "materials" for the
strong.

Yet his heart remained steady.

Cold and detached.

Perhaps it was because he had already expected such things.

Or perhaps it was simpler.

The perpetrator was already being punished.

Justice-if such a word could exist in this world-was unfolding behind him in
screams.

There was no need for fury over something that had already happened.

He was not kind enough to worry about every injustice.

Perhaps he was even more cruel to his enemies.

If he suddenly felt rage and began preaching morality, it would only be hypocrisy.

Behind him-

"ARGHHH-! I'll tell you-anything-!"

The Elder's voice cracked.

Jin Yuanzhan did not respond.

Another wave of controlled qi surged into the Elder's dantian.

The Elder convulsed violently.

Bai Zihan rose.

He extended a finger lightly toward the cage lock.

Crack!

The lock shattered.

It fell open with a dull clang.

The children stared.

None moved.

"You can leave," Bai Zihan said calmly.

His tone was neither warm nor cold.

They hesitated.

The youngest stepped forward first.

Bare feet touched the stone floor outside the cage.

He looked up at Bai Zihan with uncertain eyes.

"Are... are we going to die?"

Bai Zihan regarded him for a moment.

"No!"

The boy swallowed.

The others did not seem to trust Bai Zihan's answer, which was understandable given their situation.

But Bai Zihan did not need to explain anything.

He had no desire to become a hero who saved everyone and delivered justice.

That was not him.

Behind him-

The Elder's aura had diminished significantly.

His face was pale.

Sweat drenched his robes.

Meridians swollen and distorted beneath the skin.

His current state was worse than that of a cripple.

Jin Yuanzhan finally withdrew his hand. The Elder collapsed face-first onto the stone floor.

He no longer had the strength to scream.

He trembled instead.

Jin Yuanzhan stepped back from the crumpled figure.

His breathing was steady, his expression clear.

He looked at the man who had once given him nightmares.

His revenge was completed, yet he felt neither happiness nor sadness.

After all, while he had endured pain that would kill most, it had given him the opportunity to save his sister and meet Young Master.

Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise.

"Young Master, I am done. I think he is ready to answer your questions without a speck of a lie."

Bai Zihan gave a slight nod.

He walked forward and stopped before the broken man.

The Elder's condition could hardly be called human anymore.

He no longer possessed the arrogance of a Spirit Severing Realm expert.

Under Bai Zihan's calm gaze and the lingering pressure of Void Refinement suppression, resistance did not even form as a thought.

The questioning began.

The first matter concerned the Sky Pirate Leader - did he know the leader of the Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates?

The answer came quickly.

Indeed, the leader of the Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates was one of the successful experimental subjects.

However, his case had been different from the others.

He had not been captured.

He had not been forced to undergo the experiment like many others.

He had come of his own accord.

Before the experiment, he had merely been a nameless cultivator among a minor pirate band.

That group had been annihilated by the Imperial Family during a regional purge. Their ships, destroyed. Their resources, seized. Their members were all executed except him.

He alone survived.

It was unclear how he learned of the experiments conducted beneath the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Perhaps he overheard rumors.

Perhaps someone careless leaked information.

What was certain was that he had not reported it to the authorities.

He was a Sky Pirate, after all.

He had not ignored it either.

Instead, he sought them out.

He presented himself not as a victim, but as a candidate.

He requested power.

His motivation had not been revenge against the Imperial Family.

Not grief.

It was his ambition.

Pure and unadorned.

He understood the risks. Understood the mortality rate.

Understood that most who entered the formation left as ash.

He wanted to be experimented on anyway.

To the Elder, this had been convenient.

A willing subject required no concealment-though they had remained cautious.

The synchronization rate had exceeded expectations.

He survived.

Not only survived but rose even further.

His compatibility with the Sun Dao Fragment ranked among the highest recorded.

As his power rose rapidly, the Azure Sun Holy Sect did not discard him.

They invested in him.

Resources were provided discreetly.

Contacts arranged. Flying ships supplied.

Under their covert support, the Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates were established.

On the surface, they were merely another pirate faction-raiding trade routes, intercepting merchant vessels, clashing with small sect convoys. But their true purpose lay elsewhere.

They kidnapped people and supplied them for experiments.

He provided "materials."

In return, he received resources he needs.

The Sky Pirate Leader understood the arrangement fully.

The Elder described it as mutually beneficial cooperation.

The pirate leader's ambition did not wane after gaining strength.

If anything, it deepened.

He expanded further than expected, and thanks to his efforts, the experiments continued more smoothly than before, no longer lacking subjects.

"Then, did your Sect ask him to capture me as well?" Bai Zihan finally asked.

Was it personal?

Or the Azure Sun Holy Sect's design?

"This... I don't know!"

The Elder's voice cracked as he lay sprawled on the cold stone, body twitching from residual pain.

Jin Yuanzhan's eyes narrowed instantly.

He stepped forward and drove his foot into the Elder's ribs.

Crack!

A muffled snap echoed through the chamber.

The Elder screamed, curling instinctively, though the suppression pressing down on him made even that movement pitiful.

"You don't know?" Jin Yuanzhan's voice was low and dangerous. "You expect us to believe that? Answer Young Master honestly, otherwise-"

"I-truly-don't!"

The Elder gasped, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

"I oversee the experiments only! I rarely leave this place! Matters involving external operations are handled by others!"

Jin Yuanzhan grabbed him by the collar and lifted him slightly despite his broken state.

"Last chance!"

"I swear!"

The Elder cried hoarsely.

"Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirates operate with autonomy! He delivers materials, he receives resources from the Sect! Beyond that I don't know anything." Another kick.

This time to the abdomen.

Jin Yuanzhan searched his face.

There was fear.

Pain.

Desperation.

But no flicker of calculation.

He truly did not seem to know. "Useless!"

Bai Zihan had watched quietly the entire time.

His expression did not change.

It did not matter much whether the Elder answered this or not.

He would speak with the Sect Leader of the Azure Sun Holy Sect anyway.

Truth would surface there.

He stepped closer.

The Elder immediately looked up at him with trembling hope.

"I've told you everything I know!" he pleaded.

Bai Zihan's gaze remained calm.

He turned slightly toward Jin Yuanzhan.

"We've heard what we needed." The Elder's eyes widened. For a brief second, relief flashed across his face.

He thought he would live.

He thought cooperation had bought survival,

Bai Zihan's next words extinguished that illusion.

"There is no need for him to keep breathing"

The Elder's pupils shrank.

"Wai-"

Slash!

A streak of cold light flashed through the chamber.

Jin Yuanzhan did not hesitate.

His blade moved cleanly and decisively.

The Elder's head separated from his body before the plea could finish.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 473 Azure Sun Holy Sect Surrounds the Intruders[1,316 words]

Chapter 473 Azure Sun Holy Sect Surrounds the Intruders

The Elder's head rolled across the stone floor, leaving a thin streak of red in its wake before coming to a stop against the leg of a broken experiment table.

His body remained kneeling for a breath longer-

Then collapsed.

Thud!

Blood pooled slowly outward, dark and thick, creeping along the grooves between the stone tiles.

The chamber no longer echoed with screams.

Only the faint drip... drip... drip of blood breaking the stillness.

Jin Yuanzhan flicked his blade once.

The blood slid cleanly off the edge.

Behind them-

The children were staring.

Not one screamed.

Not one cried.

Not even the youngest.

Their eyes were fixed on the severed head lying on the floor. That face.

That same face that had watched them burn.

That same face that had called them "materials."

That same mouth that had smiled while they screamed.

Now it lay twisted in shock, eyes frozen wide, lips parted in a plea that would never finish.

There was no fear in the children's expressions.

Only relief and satisfaction.

However, the children did not rejoice loudly.

They did not cheer.

They simply stood there, staring, as if committing the image to memory.

The nightmare had ended.

Bai Zihan turned toward them.

His gaze swept across their thin frames, their hollow cheeks, the dirt caked into their sleeves.

"Follow me if you wish to leave this place," Bai Zihan said.

Knowing that these children were living evidence of the Azure Sun Holy Sect's crimes, it was certain that the Sect would never let them leave this place.

"If you do not, you may remain here."

His eyes shifted briefly to the blood-stained formation array.

"Or find your own way."

He did not force them. But considering that the outside would be swarmed with Azure Sun Holy Sect members, it was unlikely that anyone could escape this place without his help.

But well, in the end, it was their decision on what they wanted to do.

Jin Yuanzhan glanced at the children but didn't say anything and just followed Bai Zihan.

Behind them-

The children exchanged uncertain glances.

Trust was not something they possessed easily anymore.

But the corpse on the floor was proof enough.

The one who had tormented them was dead.

Killed without hesitation.

Killed without negotiation.

If the Elder were still alive, perhaps they would have doubted.

Perhaps they would have thought this was merely another test.

Another manipulation.

Another cruel trick.

But he was dead.

Killed on the order of the person who offered them a way out.

They knew that at least there was hope that Bai Zihan might really help them.

Moreover-

What other choice did they have?

They did not know the way out.

If they remained here, someone else would eventually come.

Another robed figure.

Another calm voice declaring:

"Another failure!"

It was better to follow Bai Zihan and get out of here.

Better to gamble on what might be their last chance to escape this hell.

Better to follow the enemy of their enemy.

After a few seconds, everyone began to move and follow Bai Zihan and Jin

Yuanzhan.

Bare feet padded softly against stone.

Thin figures lined up behind the two cultivators.

None of them strayed.

None of them looked back.

When Bai Zihan sensed their presence gathering behind him, he did not turn.

He simply continued walking.

Though there was a faint smile on his face.

Outside-

The hidden courtyard of the Azure Sun Holy Sect was no longer tranquil.

Spiritual light clashed violently across the sky.

Blades flashed.

Talismans ignited.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect had responded immediately knowing that they had been invaded.

Now-

The courtyard had become a battlefield.

A Bai Clan disciple cleaved through a descending flame technique, his palm striking forward with crushing force.

A wave of white qi swept outward, sending three Azure Sun core disciples crashing into pillars.

Despite that, another batch of disciples rushed forward to confront him.

"Hold the formation!"

"Do not let those bastards retreat!"

"Kill them!"

Orders rang out one after another.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect Leader stood atop the main pavilion stairs, robes whipping in the wind from colliding spiritual currents.

His expression was dark, cold, and furious.

He had immediately made the decision to send all available forces to confront the invaders, knowing the direction they were heading.

His fingers tightened behind his back.

"Bai Clan... That traitor Jin must have led them."

His gaze sharpened.

Years ago, when Jin Yuanzhan detonated his Sun Dao Fragment to forcibly elevate his strength, he had judged him as good as dead.

Though the Elder failed to take care of Jin Yuanzhan because of Bai Zihan, he did not think it would become a big issue.

Even if Jin Yuanzhan told Bai Zihan the dark secrets of their Sect, it would not matter much without solid evidence.

Even the Bai Clan could not do much to their Sect without concrete proof. Jin Yuanzhan's words alone were not enough.

He had not considered Jin Yuanzhan a priority target afterward.

One reason was that getting Jin Yuanzhan back would mean confronting the Bai Clan directly.

At that time, leaving that be was a wise decision.

Now-

Regret flickered in his eyes.

He had underestimated them.

Who would have thought that the Bai Clan would act on the information from Jin Yuanzhan without much to back it up?

The moment he heard that the Bai Clan was heading towards the experiment place, he did not hesitate.

He issued a single command. "Mobilize everyone available."

And he meant it.

Core disciples.

Inner hall elders.

Enforcement squads.

Even those in seclusion were notified.

Their dark secret could not be exposed. The experiment chamber-

The Sun Dao Fragment research- Kidnapping of the childrens- None of it could be allowed to surface.

If even a fraction reached the wrong ears, the Sect would not merely face the

Bai Clan.

They would face the whole Empire.

"I should have killed that traitor."

His gaze shifted toward the sealed underground entrance.

Then-

A Bai Clan elder near the forefront paused mid-strike.

"Young Master..."

Across the courtyard-

The stone slab covering the underground stairwell exploded outward.

Fragments scattered in every direction.

Dust rose.

And from within that haze-

Two figures stepped out first.

Bai Zihan.

Jin Yuanzhan.

Behind them-

A line of thin, trembling children emerged into the light.

The courtyard fell into a strange silence.

Even in the middle of battle-

Eyes turned.

The Sect Leader's pupils contracted slightly when he saw the children.

Out in the open.

Living evidence.

His gaze then shifted to Jin Yuanzhan.

And finally-

Bai Zihan!

Calm as ever.

As though he had merely taken a stroll through a garden instead of breaching a forbidden laboratory.

(Even he is here?)

The Sect Leader's expression darkened further.

"So."

His voice carried across the battlefield, infused with spiritual force.

"You dare invade my Azure Sun Holy Sect? A cripple?"

Bai Zihan's gaze met his.

"So? What can you do about it? Experiment on me like those children?"

A ripple spread through the Azure Sun disciples.

Some stiffened.

Some avoided looking at the children. Others were genuinely confused, since not every disciple knew about the dark secrets of their sect.

The Sect Leader's eyes narrowed.

"Slander!"

He stepped forward.

The oppressive aura of a peak expert descended upon the courtyard like a

blazing sun.

The temperature seemed to rise.

"Bai Zihan, you bring your clan here on baseless accusations, kill my elders, and abduct my disciples-"

Jin Yuanzhan let out a short, humorless laugh.

"Disciples?"

He gestured slightly behind him.

"Are you sure that they are your disciples? How about we ask them?"

The Sect Leader's gaze hardened.

"That's none of your business!"

A faint murmur rippled across both sides.

The Sect Leader did not respond to that.

He only looked at Bai Zihan.

"You think you can leave?"

His tone dropped. Low and threatening.

"You have stepped into my territory. Don't think you can return safely. Even if you are from the Bai Clan, you will still have to face the consequences!"

Bai Zihan's lips curved faintly.

"You overestimate yourself. It is you who needs to prepare to face the consequences."

The Bai Clan elders behind him adjusted their stance.

The Sect Leader glared at Bai Zihan. Killing him would become a big deal and he would then need to deal with the full force of the Bai Clan.

But if Bai Zihan left alive-

Everything would unravel.

It would be the Empire that he would need to face, not the Bai Clan.

Not even the Li-Zhao Alliance can help him then.

His gaze sharpened.

"Seal the perimeter! Do not let single one of them escape."

Instantly, formation pillars along the courtyard edges ignited.

A dome of blazing golden light began forming overhead.

No one would leave.

Not the Bai Clan. Not the children.

Not the traitor.

He would bury the truth here. And then-

He would personally tear them apart.

This time-

He would not make the same mistake again.

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 474 Azure Sun Holy Sect Vs Bai Clan!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 474 Azure Sun Holy Sect Vs Bai Clan!

Chapter 474 Azure Sun Holy Sect Vs Bai Clan!

"Sect Leader Wen Haoyu, I have informed the Ancestors!"

A telepathic message was received by Wen Haoyu, the Sect Leader of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

"Good!"

The only ones he truly feared from the Bai Clan were the two Grand Elders who were in the Immortal Realm.

If they participated, then it would be dangerous for them even if they had a huge numerical advantage.

So, to curb them, he had to use their Ancestors who were in the same Immortal Realm.

Of course, considering Bai Ren's strength, Wen Haoyu knew better than to think that they could win against them.

But there was no need to defeat them. As long as those two Grand Elders could be held back, they would be able to defeat the others.

With Bai Zihan in their hands, he reckoned that those two Grand Elders could be threatened with Bai Zihan's life.

The dome of formation light sealed the sky.

With all the preparations complete, Wen Haoyu truly felt that Bai Zihan and his forces would fall here today.

"Haha... Bai Zihan, stop this useless resistance and surrender. There is no escape for you or anyone who dares enter my territory. Just accept your fate!"

Bai Zihan didn't even spare him a glance.

"I wouldn't worry about others if I were you," Bai Zihan replied.

He didn't care about the formation that had just been activated, whose sole purpose seemed to be preventing them from running away.

(Run away? Why?)

Bai Zihan thought when he saw the Formation.

He never had the intention to do so, so all the preparations Wen Haoyu made to prevent it were absolutely of no use.

"Big words! Kill them!"

The Sect Leader roared.

The Azure Sun disciples surged forward like a tide of blazing robes and burning blades.

They outnumbered the Bai Clan almost five to one.

Perhaps even more.

"Just surrender!"

"Today, the Bai Clan is going to suffer, and I will reap a huge reward!"

"Delusional! It is I who will kill those bastards!"

Flame techniques filled the courtyard.

Hundreds of palm seals descended at once, turning the sky into a falling rain of fire.

For a brief moment-

It looked overwhelming.

Then-

The Bai Clan moved.

They did not yell.

They did not panic.

They did not even rush.

They stepped forward calmly.

A Bai Clan elder raised a single finger.

The air in front of him split like a silk curtain.

The incoming flame spears shattered into sparks before even reaching his sleeve.

Another elder swung his sleeve outward.

A ripple of white spiritual qi expanded in a perfect circle.

The first wave of Azure Sun disciples flew backward as if struck by an invisible mountain.

Bones cracked.

Blood sprayed.

They had not even touched him.

the same

tion level-

The difference was horrifying.

An Azure Sun core disciple lunged toward a Bai Clan youth, sword blazing with condensed Sun Dao fire.

"Die!"

The blade descended.

The Bai youth sidestepped.

One palm struck lightly against the disciple's chest.

The Azure Sun disciple's body caved inward as if struck by a battering ram.

He flew across the courtyard and embedded into a wall, unmoving.

The Bai youth did not even glance at him again.

He had used less than thirty percent of his strength.

Elsewhere-

Three Azure Sun elders combined their attacks, forming a tri-layered solar array mid-battle.

Golden chains of light descended.

A Bai Clan elder stood within the formation.

He looked at the chains wrapping around his limbs.

Then-

He flexed. The golden chains shattered like brittle glass.

Before the three elders could react-

He vanished.

Three crisp sounds rang out in succession.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The three elders dropped lifelessly, their foreheads pierced cleanly.

The Bai elder reappeared where he had been standing before.

His sleeves were unwrinkled.

His breathing unchanged.

"Weak," he muttered.

The battlefield tilted quickly.

Azure Sun disciples began to realize something was wrong.

They had numbers.

They had formations.

They had the advantage of home territory.

But none of it mattered.

They could not hold the line.

Even when ten attacked one-

It only delayed defeat by seconds.

Even when elders joined forces-

They were dismantled methodically. The Bai Clan did not rush.

They did not expend excessive qi.

Every movement was calculated.

Every strike was efficient.

They conserved strength as if this were merely a warm-up.

If they had chosen to unleash their full power-

The courtyard would have already been reduced to ruins within a dozen breaths.

But of course, doing so would have weakened them for the next fight, which is why it was taking longer than it might have otherwise.

Moreover-

"Argh! What's happening? I can't control my body!"

"Hey! Move! What are you doing in the middle of the fight?"

"Quit messing around and help me!"

All around the battlefield, many Azure Sun Holy Sect members fell without any apparent reason.

They were all people from Azure Sun who had cultivated the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art!

Bai Zihan quietly caused them to lose control of their qi, and thus the battle- which was already easy-became even more one-sided.

Bai Zihan also tried to see whether he could do the same to Wen Haoyu, just like he had done to Han Sha, but was unsuccessful.

It seemed that Wen Haoyu hadn't fallen to temptation, or perhaps he was cultivating a similarly powerful cultivation technique.

But regardless, he had avoided being controlled by Bai Zihan. Confusion filled the atmosphere as both the Bai Clan and Azure Sun didn't understand what was happening to some of them.

Of course, it didn't last long, and the Bai Clan members took this chance to eliminate them without mercy.

They didn't care what went wrong with them. The fact that they had crossed

Bai Zihan was enough to warrant death.

The Sect Leader stood atop the pavilion stairs, watching.

His face was drained of color.

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

He had known the Bai Clan was stronger.

Of course he had.

He had personally seen that with his own eyes during the war with the Demonic Forces.

But this-

They were even stronger than he had thought.

At equal cultivation levels, his core disciples were being defeated in moments.

At higher levels, the gap widened further.

The Bai Clan's spiritual qi was denser and purer.

Their techniques were more powerful.

They did not waste qi. They did not overextend.

Even while fighting, they preserved energy for the next opponent.

It was as if they were not engaged in a desperate battle-

But conducting a training exercise.

Moreover-

Some of his own elders and disciples were collapsing without reason.

Wen Haoyu's fingers trembled behind his back.

"How... "What did you do, Bai Zihan?"

Wen Haoyu didn't know what was happening, but he immediately assumed it had something to do with Bai Zihan.

There was no way he was unrelated to this. Just yesterday many of them had no problems, and today they were collapsing as if severely injured.

The Sect Leader staggered back half a step. Impossible!

Absolutely impossible.

His gaze darted across the battlefield, seeking any sign of reversal.

Then he saw the weakest link of the Bai Clan and also something that might turn things in their favor.

Bai Zihan!

But of course, he didn't think it would be easy, considering that the two Grand

Elders had yet to make move.

They could easily intercept anyone below the Immortal Realm.

Then-

"Elders! One of you, attack Bai Zihan, and another, kill the evidence!"

He sent a telepathic message to two of the elders. There was no need to guess what Wen Haoyu was aiming for.

With Bai Zihan being targetted, it was certain that all the elders and Grand Elders near him would move to protect him.

So while they were doing so, they could take care of the children.

Wen Haoyu thought that as long as he eliminated those experimental specimens, then the Bai Clan would lack concrete evidence. Without them, even if the Bai Clan knew about their dark secret, they couldn't

do much with it. "Understood!"

Two Elders in the Void Refinement Realm replied.

Whoosh! They immediately moved to fulfill the order.

First, it was the attack on Bai Zihan.

"Young Master Bai, you are done for!"

He shouted at the top of his lung.

The first elder made as much commotion as he could to attract as much attention as possible.

While the other waited a second before quietly moving toward the children.

The children didn't even seem to notice him, and the others were all distracted by the commotion caused by the first elder.

"You should have stayed behind," he muttered as he moved to kill the children, who were still unaware of his presence.

A white blur flashed past him.

Bang!

The elder's head spun into the air.

His body continued forward three more steps before falling.

One of the Bai Clan Elders had appeared.

His expression was cold.

"Hmph! Do you think we can't see through your plan?"

Behind him, the children huddled closer together after realizing what had almost happened.

As for the elder whose target was Bai Zihan-

His body had already been split into two.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 475 Wen Haoyu Panics[1,115 words]

Chapter 475 Wen Haoyu Panics

A Void Refinement Realm Elder was nothing more than a weakling before Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan could see what they were planning without even needing to think about it.

He immediately asked one of the Bai Clan's Elders to keep an eye on the children and protect them.

As for himself, there was no need to worry.

"Hah! Bai Zihan, die!"

The First Elder made the scene as dramatic as he could.

But of course, rather than concentrating on the attack, he was thinking about how to escape afterward.

He knew that the Bai Clan would target him after this.

So, to survive, he only needed to attract their attention, and when the

opportunity came, instead of killing Bai Zihan, he needed to focus on escaping.

Or, if possible, capture Bai Zihan and threaten the Bai Clan.

Whoosh!

It didn't take long for him to reach Bai Zihan at arm's length.

(Huh? This is surprisingly easy!)

He thought.

Seeing how powerless Bai Zihan stood, with apparently no helper in sight, his mind raced.

This was an opportunity!

An opportunity to capture Bai Zihan.

Not only could that guarantee his safety, but he reckoned that he would also be considered a hero in the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Wasting no energy, he now focused on capturing Bai Zihan.

His smile widened-and before it could even close-

Slash!

Bai Zihan swung his sword and cut his body in half.

With him already heading towards Bai Zihan, there was no way that he could dodge or even react otherwise to someone whose speed far outclassed him.

The body fell in two clean halves.

Blood sprayed outward in an arc, staining the stone tiles dark red.

For a heartbeat-

Silence!

Even amidst the chaos of clashing techniques and exploding qi, that single slash seemed to mute the entire courtyard.

The Void Refinement Elder did not even understand how he died.

His eyes remained open as his upper body slid from his lower half. He had been smiling.

He had thought he was about to seize victory.

Instead-

He had walked into death.

Bai Zihan lowered his sword casually.

Across the battlefield-

Wen Haoyu felt it clearly.

Bai Zihan had used qi.

His pupils shrank violently.

For a brief second, his mind rejected what his eyes had witnessed.

"Y-you...!"

His voice trembled.

"You... you are not crippled!"

The words tore out of his throat.

It was not a question born out of curiosity, but fear.

The kind that crawled up from the spine and strangled the heart.

Because he remembered.

He remembered the war against the Demonic Forces.

He remembered watching Bai Zihan slaughter Demonic Beasts like cutting grass.

He remembered him stepping across battlefields littered with corpses of Demonic Cultivators, his expression unchanged.

And they were all powerful-comparable to his own strength.

If that Bai Zihan stood before him-

Then formations meant nothing.

Numbers meant nothing.

No cultivators under the Immortal Realm could handle him.

Around him, several Azure Sun elders had also seen it.

Their faces drained of color.

"He used qi, right? Didn't they say that his meridians were destroyed?"

"He... wasn't crippled?"

"That means-"

The thought did not need to be finished.

If he was the same Bai Zihan from before-

It would only end one way.

Massacre!

Wen Haoyu staggered backward another half step.

His mind raced.

Impossible!

It wasn't just a rumor that Bai Zihan was crippled. It was a known and proven fact spread among the Li-Zhao Alliance.

Although he didn't know how they tested it, they were certain that Bai Zihan's meridians were destroyed.

That was why he dared provoke Bai Zihan.

But now-

The truth stood before him.

"You... you deceived the entire Empire..."

His voice was hoarse.

Bai Zihan finally looked at him.

His gaze was indifferent.

"I never said I was crippled."

It was accepted as truth-something others convinced themselves of, and

something he never explicitly corrected nor admitted.

Several Azure Sun disciples instinctively retreated a step.

The battlefield shifted again.

Until now, they had believed that at least the so-called cripple Young Master of the Bai Clan was harmless.

That if they could capture him-

They might turn the tide.

But now?

Gulp!

An elder near the perimeter swallowed hard.

"This... this is unwinnable..."

Another glanced toward the edge of the formation and toward the exit.

His eyes flickered.

Escape!

The thought appeared simultaneously in many minds.

If they remained-

They would die.

The Bai Clan was already overwhelming them.

And now Bai Zihan himself had revealed he was fully recovered.

This was not a battle.

This was extermination.

Fear spreads faster than fire.

It dulled movements.

It fractured formations.

The Azure Sun disciples' attacks began losing coordination.

Palm seals faltered.

Sword strikes lacked conviction.

After all, wasn't this all meaningless in the end?

They knew that they could never win against Bai Zihan. Running away and safe yourselves was the only choice.

Meanwhile-

The Bai Clan did not change pace.

They advanced steadily.

Wen Haoyu felt it.

The shift.

If this continued-

Their Entire Sect's Collapse would not take long.

He clenched his fists so tightly his nails pierced his palm.

No!

He refused to accept this. He still had the formation.

He still had his Ancestors coming.

He still-

His thoughts halted.

Because Bai Zihan had begun walking.

Step by step.

Toward him.

Each step echoed strangely loud across the courtyard.

Azure Sun disciples instinctively parted from his path.

No one blocked him.

No one dared.

Bai Zihan stopped several dozen meters away from Wen Haoyu.

"Before I begin beating you up, I have a question," Bai Zihan said.

???

Wen Haoyu was surprised by the unexpected situation before him. Bai Zihan didn't wait for him to agree and continued.

"Did you order Yun Mo Kou Sky Pirate's Leader to attack me?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Wen Haoyu widened his eyes when he heard the question.

(So that's why!)

He finally understood why Bai Zihan had chosen this time to invade the Azure

Sun Holy Sect.

""

There was silence.

"Well, it doesn't matter-"

Bai Zihan didn't finish his sentence when-

"Indeed, I did!"

Wen Haoyu confirmed it.

"Oh! I didn't expect you to agree so easily," Bai Zihan said, honestly surprised.

Considering what he had experienced previously, he figured that Wen Haoyu wouldn't answer unless he was beaten up and forced to spill the truth.

But unexpectedly, Wen Haoyu agreed on the spot.

"Haha... Yes, I ordered him to kill you. So what?"

Wen Haoyu arrogantly declared, as if it didn't matter whether Bai Zihan knew this or not.

Well, compared to knowing their dark secret, such a thing wasn't as problematic.

Moreover, there was a reason why he needed to do so.

"Seeing how you accept so easily, would you be so kind as to tell me the reason?"

Bai Zihan asked casually.

"Hmph! Of course it was because you had Jin Yuanzhan at your side and risked

our dark secret being revealed. As expected of that traitor-we should have killed him. I made the right decision." Wen Haoyu answered while glaring at Jin Yuanzhan. "Previously, it was difficult, but after knowing you had become crippled, it

should have been easy. Who would have thought that you would manage to deceive everyone!"

Wen Haoyu looked disappointed, but it still didn't seem like he was answering out of fear.

Then he smiled like things were finally turning in his favor. "Haha... Bai Zihan, you should have taken care of me while you can instead of

wasting time."

Boom!

Four figures appeared before Wen Haoyu, all emitting the aura of the Immortal Realm.

"Now you have lost your only opportunity!"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 476 Bai Ren's Dominance[1,171 words]

Chapter 476 Bai Ren's Dominance

Immortal aura rippled outward in waves, pressing down upon the courtyard like collapsing heavens.

One of the newly arrived figures stepped forward first. His robes were deep gold, embroidered with blazing solar patterns that seemed alive.

His hair was streaked with white, yet his posture remained upright and imposing.

"Haoyu," he said calmly, though his voice carried across the entire battlefield. "Are you alright?"

Wen Haoyu immediately bowed deeply, relief flooding his face.

"Ancestor! This junior is unharmed."

The pressure weighing on his heart lessened the moment the four Immortals appeared.

Another asked, "What's the situation? Why is our Sect still losing?"

Wen Haoyu straightened slightly and added quickly, "As long as we capture Bai Zihan, we will win this fight!"

His eyes burned with urgency. Everything hinged on that.

If Bai Zihan captured-

The Bai Clan would hesitate.

The two Grand Elders would be restrained.

The tide could still turn.

The Immortal aura intensified.

It descended upon Bai Zihan like a mountain crashing from the sky.

The stone tiles beneath him cracked.

The air trembled.

Spiritual qi warped and bent under the sheer density of their presence.

Yet-

Bai Zihan did not tremble.

His sleeves fluttered gently in the oppressive pressure.

A faint smile curved his lips.

The four Immortals narrowed their eyes.

One of them-an older man with sharp features and piercing golden pupils- studied Bai Zihan carefully.

He was the strongest here, in the Earth Immortal Realm.

He was the one who had participated in the war against the Demonic Forces months ago.

He had seen it.

He had witnessed Bai Zihan walking through seas of Demonic Beasts as if strolling through a garden.

Even then, he had been impressed.

But this-

Standing calmly beneath the combined pressure of four Immortals?

That was another matter entirely.

"You truly are remarkable," the Earth Immortal Ancestor said slowly.

"I witnessed your performance in the war. Your talent was unparalleled among your generation."

His eyes sharpened.

"I did not expect that you would be able to stand so steadily before us."

The Immortal continued, almost regretfully.

"In another time... I might have liked to take you as a disciple."

A faint murmur rippled among the Azure Sun disciples.

To be accepted as a disciple by an Immortal Ancestor-

That was a supreme honor for them.

"But," the Immortal's tone hardened, "since you dare to invade our sect and slaughter our people, you must face the consequences."

Silence!

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

Then-

He scoffed.

A soft, dismissive sound, as if he had just heard the biggest joke in the world.

"If I were to acknowledge someone like you as my master," he said calmly, "it would be too embarrassing."

The Immortal's expression froze.

A vein twitched at his temple.

"You-!"

The surrounding spiritual pressure surged violently, cracking more stone beneath Bai Zihan's feet.

Yet Bai Zihan remained unmoved.

Before the Immortal could speak further-

A voice echoed from above.

"I agree!"

Bai Ren appeared.

"With what qualification can you be our heir's master? What can you weaklings even teach him?"

He spoke arrogantly, the sword pointed toward them.

The moment it appeared-

The four Immortals stiffened.

Cold sweat formed along Wen Haoyu's back.

The Saint-Grade Weapon!

The strongest weapon in the entire Empire.

Its aura did not flare wildly.

It did not need to.

Everyone knew exactly what kind of weapon it was.

Gulp!

All four of them instinctively took half a step back.

If they were struck by it, there was a high chance they could be killed. After all, even the Half-Qilin had not survived against it.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor who had spoken earlier forced himself to remain composed.

"Bai Ren," he said slowly, "are you declaring full war between our forces?"

Bai Ren's gaze was indifferent.

"You already declared it the moment you laid hands on our heir"

The Saint-Grade blade gleamed faintly.

The Bai Clan elders straightened subtly.

"As you have said, one must face the consequences of their actions. And for trying to lay your hands on our heir, it shall be your Sect's destruction."

"Arrogant!"

The Azure Sun Ancestors stepped forward, immortal qi surging violently around him.

"No matter how strong you are, Bai Ren, do you think a single Saint-Grade Weapon can overturn a Top Sect of the Desolate Heaven Empire?"

"Hmph! Today, you shall know our power!"

Boom-!

Four Immortal auras erupted at once.

Golden light intertwined, forming a massive solar array in the sky. The formation dome above the sect began resonating with their qi, amplifying and reinforcing it.

Below-

Another figure appeared beside Bai Zihan.

Bai Ruhong!

He stood beside Bai Zihan, hands clasped behind his back.

The Azure Sun Immortals' expressions darkened further. Two Immortal Realm Grand Elders of the Bai Clan had arrived.

But-

Bai Ren did not even glance sideways.

"Ruhong"

His tone was simple.

"I will handle them."

Bai Ruhong looked at the four Immortals briefly.

Measured them.

Then nodded.

"Very well!"

He truly did not think he was needed. Moreover, he could remain behind to protect Bai Zihan in case the enemy had some unknown scheme.

The battle began without further words.

One of the Azure Sun Ancestors struck first.

A massive flame palm condensed in the sky, spanning dozens of meters.

It descended toward Bai Ren like a falling sun.

Bai Ren raised his sword casually.

Slash!

A single horizontal cut.

The technique split cleanly down the middle.

It did not explode.

It did not resist.

It simply parted like mist before a blade of wind.

The two halves dissipated into nothing.

The four Immortals' pupils contracted. Another Immortal immediately followed up.

A blazing spear artifact shot forward, trailing solar fire. It was a Heaven-grade artifact, forged over decades, infused with their sect's core Sun Dao.

It pierced toward Bai Ren's chest.

Bai Ren did not dodge.

He stepped forward.

His sword descended.

Clang!

For half a breath, the spear resisted.

Then-

Crack!

A thin line appeared along its length.

The Immortal's eyes widened.

Crack!

The spear shattered into fragments of burning metal.

The Immortal staggered backward violently, blood spraying from his mouth.

His powerful artifact- Destroyed in one strike.

Earth Immortal Ancestor roared in fury.

"Attack together!"

Golden light surged again.

Three Immortals formed hand seals simultaneously. A tri-layered defensive

formation unfolded around them, layered with immortal inscriptions and blazing solar shields.

They advanced together this time.

If one Saint-Grade Weapon was terrifying-

Then they would overwhelm it with numbers.

Three massive pillars of golden fire shot downward at Bai Ren.

The sky warped.

Space trembled.

Bai Ren's expression remained unchanged.

He stepped forward into the attack.

Slash!

The Saint-Grade blade cut through the first pillar like silk.

Second slash-

The second pillar collapsed instantly.

Third-

The final beam shattered.

Before the fragments of flame could disperse-

Bai Ren was already in front of them.

His movement was not fast.

It was inevitable.

"Defensive artifacts!"

One shouted. Three shields materialized instantly.

Ancient bronze mirror.

Heavenly golden bell. Azure Jade Shield. Each radiated a powerful aura.

Together, they formed a layered barrier capable of withstanding

mountain-shattering blows.

Bai Ren's sword descended.

The bronze mirror cracked on contact.

Shatter!

And Azure Jade Shield was cut like butter.

Slash!

It split cleanly in half.

The golden bell rang once-

A sharp, desperate sound-

Then it too was cleaved apart.

Three defensive Immortal artifacts-

Destroyed within a few breaths.

The shockwave blasted the three Immortals backward.

Their robes tore.

Blood spilled from their mouths. Their immortal aura flickered violently.

Earth Immortal Ancestor roared and lunged again, attempting to strike Bai Ren from the side.

Bai Ren turned slightly.

A single upward slash.

The Immortal's arm separated from his body.

Blood erupted into the sky.

"ARGH!"

He screamed.

The remaining Ancestors felt cold from head to toe.

This was not equal.

This was not slightly unfavorable.

This was domination.

Bai Ren was not just an Immortal-his strength was on an entirely different scale.

Even though they included one Earth-Immortal like Bai Ren and three Immortal

Ascension Realm experts, they were no match for him at all. "Now," Bai Ren said calmly, sword lowered slightly, "who here wants to continue

this?"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 477 Vanished in the Chaos[1,152 words]

Chapter 477 Vanished in the Chaos

The Earth Immortal Ancestor clutched his severed shoulder, blood cascading down his torn sleeve.

His qi surged desperately to seal the wound, but even that required effort-the Saint-Grade Sword's intent lingered within the cut, suppressing regeneration. His pupils trembled.

Continue?

How could they continue?

Behind him, the other three Immortals were pale, their auras unstable. Their Heaven-grade artifacts-treasures refined over centuries-lay in shattered fragments across the courtyard like discarded scrap metal. One exchange.

That was all it had taken.

They had not even managed to stall him.

The Earth Immortal's breathing grew heavier.

Originally, even if they could not defeat Bai Ren, they believed they could at least delay him.

Four Immortals against one-even with a Saint-Grade Weapon-should have bought time.

Time for others to deal with the other Bai Clan members.

But reality had crushed that illusion mercilessly.

They had not delayed him.

They had not pressured him.

They had not even forced him to take a single serious step.

He had walked through their attacks as if strolling through falling petals.

Bai Ren didn't even use the powerful technique that had slain the Half-Qilin and was instead defeated by his casual attacks.

Moreover, across the battlefield, the situation elsewhere was no better.

The Bai Clan forces were advancing steadily.

Even though the Azure Sun Sect held numerical superiority-disciples filling the skies in waves of golden robes-they were being destroyed mercilessly. The was clear.

They were losing, with no sign of victory.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor clenched his jaw.

They had miscalculated from the beginning.

They had underestimated not just Bai Zihan-

But the entirety of the Bai Clan.

If they continued-

At best, they might injure Bai Ren slightly before dying.

At worst-

They would all perish here without being able to even touch his hair.

And the Azure Sun Sect would lose its foundation entirely.

Without Immortals-

What was a Top Sect?

Nothing!

A carcass waiting to be divided.

His pride screamed in protest.

Surrender?

To kneel before the Bai Clan?

Unthinkable!

Yet-

He looked again at his severed arm.

At the shattered artifacts.

If they persisted, the sect would truly be destroyed.

Bai Ren's earlier declaration echoed in his mind.

"For trying to lay your hands on our heir, it shall be your Sect's destruction."

It had not been arrogance. It had been a statement of fact.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor slowly exhaled.

The rage in his eyes dimmed.

He lowered his head slightly.

"We..."

The word tasted like ash.

He forced it out.

"We surrender!"

The battlefield seemed to freeze.

The remaining three Immortals stared at him in disbelief; however, no one objected.

After all, they had pride, but before the mountain that was Bai Ren, it amounted to nothing.

His voice rang across the battlefield, infused with qi.

"All disciples of the Azure Sun Sect-cease fighting immediately!"

He continued,

"We lost!"

The word echoed across the mountains.

Some disciples faltered mid-strike.

Others froze in horror.

But when they saw their Immortal Ancestors-bloodied, defeated, weapons shattered-

Resistance crumbled.

One by one-

Golden-robed figures lowered their weapons.

The blazing formations in the sky flickered.

Then dimmed.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Weapons fell to the stone ground.

Silence replaced chaos.

The Bai Clan forces halted, though they did not lower their guard.

Bai Ren watched the Earth Immortal Ancestor calmly.

"You surrender? So easily?"

Bai Ren sounded disappointed rather than pleased to see them give up so quickly.

The Earth Immortal nodded stiffly.

"We acknowledge our defeat."

His voice was heavy.

"We will accept whatever terms the Bai Clan imposes."

The courtyard wind stirred faintly.

Bai Ren studied him for a moment longer.

Then-

He withdrew the Saint-Grade Sword slightly.

The oppressive killing intent eased, though its presence remained undeniable.

"You made the correct choice."

Behind him, Bai Ruhong finally spoke for the first time since the battle began.

"If you had continued," he said mildly, "there would be no Azure Sun Sect left by sunset."

The statement was delivered without mockery.

Without threat.

Just the truth.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor's shoulders sagged slightly.

He believed it.

Completely.

Bai Ren turned his gaze toward Bai Zihan.

"Zihan," he said calmly, "how do you wish to proceed?"

Bai Zihan did not answer immediately.

But a sovereign passing judgment. He clenched his jaw.

"There is... only one explanation."

Bai Ren's eyes narrowed.

"Speak clearly."

sect possesses a Heaven-Grade artifact."

The Bai Clan elders' expressions shifted subtly.

A Heaven-Grade artifact was not rare for a Top Sect.

But the tone in which he spoke-

Made it clear this was no ordinary treasure.

"It is called the Void-Obscuring Mantle," the Earth Immortal continued hoarsely.

"An artifact designed specifically for concealment."

Bai Ruhong's brows furrowed. "Concealment?"

The Immortal nodded.

"It can erase one's presence completely."

He swallowed.

"Qi fluctuations and everything related to one's aura. Even an Immortal's spiritual sense would not be able to detect the user once it is activated."

A faint ripple passed through the Bai Clan ranks. Such a treasure was absolutely rare and precious.

Right now, Wen Haoyu had used it to escape-but what if it were used for assassination?

Wouldn't an assassin never fail their mission if they possessed such a treasure?

After all, with guards down even Nascent Soul Real Cultivator might be able to kill Immortals.

Bai Zihan's gaze darkened faintly.

"So Wen Haoyu used it to run away."

The Earth Immortal lowered his head.

"It seems likely."

He answered, though he wasn't fully confident.

After all, the Sect Leader abandoned everyone and ran away by himself-he didn't believe Wen Haoyu was someone like that.

"He must have activated it during the chaos... when all attention was focused on the battle between us and Elder Bai Ren."

Bai Ren's aura subtly cooled.

"You mean to say... your Sect Leader fled before his own Ancestors surrendered?"

The words were quiet.

But they struck harder than any blade.

The three remaining Immortals closed their eyes briefly.

Humiliation burned hotter than their wounds.

After all, Wen Haoyu must have thought that his Ancestors would lose the fight. Otherwise, he wouldn't have done so.

That means Wen Haoyu didn't believe in them.

"Yes!"

The Earth Immortal forced it out.

"He likely judged that once defeat was certain, he would not be able to escape afterward."

Bai Ruhong's voice was icy.

"So he ran."

"Hmph! Coward!"

Even they could not defend that.

Bai Zihan stood silently. His thoughts moved swiftly.

A Heaven-Grade artifact capable of erasing presence completely.

He lifted his gaze slightly.

"How long does it last?"

"Three days at most," the Earth Immortal replied immediately. "After that, its concealment effect weakens."

Bai Ren's eyes narrowed.

"Three days of absolute concealment is more than enough for someone at his level."

The Earth Immortal did not argue.

Within three days, Wen Haoyu could cross several regions. With his strength, even going into a different Empire was a possibility. There was no easy way to catch someone like him during that period.

Bai Zihan's expression remained composed.

Bai Ren looked toward Bai Zihan.

"Shall I tear open space and pursue?"

His tone was calm.

But beneath it lay killing intent.

If Bai Ren personally pursued with the Saint-Grade Sword-

Even three days of concealment might not guarantee safety.

Bai Zihan was silent for several breaths.

The wind brushed across the ruined courtyard.

The surrendered disciples knelt in rows.

Azure Sun Sect's fate now rested entirely in the Bai Clan's hands.

Finally-

Bai Zihan spoke.

"No!"

Bai Ren raised an eyebrow slightly. He didn't think Bai Zihan was kind enough to let go of someone who had tried to kill him.

Bai Zihan's voice was steady.

"Let him run."

He continued calmly,

"A Sect Leader whose Sect is no more-what can he even do? Even if he survives, there is nothing he can accomplish."

His gaze shifted slightly toward the kneeling Immortals. "We already have their strongest in our hands. There is no need to trouble yourselves in finding someone like him."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 478 Where's the Treasure?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 478 Where's the Treasure?

Chapter 478 Where's the Treasure?

Azure Sun Holy Sect has completely surrendered!

Even their esteemed Sect Leader has abandoned them. So, they knew they were totally finished.

Bai Zihan wasn't going to spare them so easily either.

He looked down at the kneeling sea of golden robes, then at the four Immortals prostrated at the very front.

"Since you chose to surrender," he said flatly, "then surrender properly."

No one understood what he meant-

Until his next words fell.

"All disciples and elders of the Azure Sun Sect."

"Kneel fully. Foreheads to the ground."

A ripple passed through the crowd.

They were already kneeling.

But this-

This was complete prostration.

"What? Do you dare disobey me?"

Bai Zihan asked. It looked as if, if they did disobey, he would massacre them completely.

Knowing Bai Zihan, everyone believed that this might be what he would do.

After all, wasn't the Mei Clan destroyed just because they dared to help Shen Liang accuse Bai Zihan?

And this time, their crime was going after his life. There was no way he would let them off easily.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor closed his eyes briefly.

Begging for survival was far better than dying.

Then he lowered his head until it touched the stone.

The other three Immortals followed.

Like a collapsing tide-

Thousands bent forward.

Foreheads struck the ground.

"Confess your arrogance. Confess your greed. Confess that the Bai Clan showed mercy to vermin like you."

The courtyard trembled with suppressed rage and humiliation.

But no one dared remain silent.

"We were arrogant!"

"We were blind!"

"We thank the Bai Clan for sparing us!"

...

Voices overlapped chaotically.

Some choked.

Some cracked.

Some nearly screamed.

"Again!"

They repeated, and the whole Azure Sun Holy Sect began condemning themselves while praising the Bai Clan at the top of their lungs.

Bai Zihan listened without expression, nodding, satisfied with them.

"Good! You have learned some humility."

He said, seemingly satisfied.

Many were relieved since they thought that it was finally ending.

However, then Bai Zihan said,

"Give yourselves one hundred slaps."

Silence!

"Isn't this too much? We already surrendered?"

The Earth Immortal Ancestor tried to reason with Bai Zihan.

"Huh? You tried to kill me and I am being merciful to you. Do you think that I am some kind of pushover?"

Bai Zihan said, his voice cold and threatening.

Gulp!

Looking at Bai Zihan's eyes, it didn't seem like he was joking when he said that he was being merciful.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor's jaw tightened.

He raised his remaining hand.

Slap!

The sound was loud in the stillness.

Azure Sun's disciples and elders were shocked to see such a scene, something they had never expected in their lifetime.

The other Immortals followed.

Slap! Slap!

Across the courtyard-

Thousands of hands rose.

And fell.

The sound multiplied until it became a thunderous rhythm echoing through the mountains.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Faces reddened.

Then they swelled.

Blood began to drip onto the stone.

Faces reddened.

Then they swelled.

Blood began to drip onto the stone.

Among the kneeling crowd, one Soul Formation disciple narrowed his eyes slightly.

One hundred slaps?

Fine!

But no one said how hard.

He raised his hand high-

Smack!

The sound was loud enough.

But his palm barely touched his cheek.

Again.

Smack!

His head tilted dramatically, acting as if he had struck himself with force.

In truth, he barely felt pain.

As long as he completed the count, what did it matter?

He even sneered inwardly.

The young master can't possibly monitor thousands of people at once...

A shadow fell over him.

The disciple's heart skipped.

Before he could look up-

A calm voice sounded above him.

"Is this how you slap yourselves?"

It was Jin Yuanzhan. He was already notified on what to do by Bai Zihan.

The Soul Formation disciple stiffened.

Smack!!!

A terrifying palm struck across his face.

Qi-enhanced force exploded on impact.

His head twisted violently, bones cracking as blood and teeth sprayed from his mouth.

He was sent rolling across the courtyard before crashing into a pillar.

The entire plaza froze for a split second.

Jin Yuanzhan stepped forward slowly, his aura steady despite being only at the Nascent Soul Realm.

"Since you don't know how," he said coldly, "let me show you properly."

He dragged the half-conscious disciple up by the collar.

Then-

Smack!

Smack!!

Each strike carried condensed qi.

The Soul Formation cultivator couldn't circulate his own power to defend himself under the Bai Clan's suppression.

His face caved in.

Blood poured.

By the tenth strike, his consciousness shattered.

By the twentieth-

He went limp.

Jin Yuanzhan let the corpse drop like trash.

Silence crushed the courtyard.

Many who had secretly harbored the same idea felt cold sweat trickle down their backs.

Their hands, which had been moving lightly-

Immediately grew fierce.

Slap! Slap!!

Skin split.

Better to suffer their own palms than have someone else use qi and get beaten.

The thunderous rhythm resumed, louder than before.

Even the Immortals struck themselves without holding back.

By the hundredth strike-

The courtyard was silent again.

Swollen faces.

Broken teeth.

Blood staining golden robes.

Bai Zihan swept his gaze across them.

"Seal their cultivation!"

Bai Clan elders stepped forward immediately.

They moved with extreme precision and blocked their meridians, making it difficult to circulate their Qi.

When it was done, thousands knelt there-powerless.

Bai Zihan turned toward the four Immortals.

"The treasury"

The Earth Immortal Ancestor's face twitched faintly.

"...This way!"

He rose slowly and led them deeper into the sect.

Bai Ren walked beside Bai Zihan without a word. His senses swept the surroundings continuously.

Even in surrender, no risks could be taken, especially when it came to Bai

Zihan's life. They passed through courtyards and inner halls until they reached a massive bronze gate embedded into a cliff wall behind the main peak. Ancient formations flickered faintly across its surface. The Earth Immortal raised his hand and pressed his palm against the seal.

Layers of restriction unraveled.

The gate rumbled open.

A wave of dense spiritual energy poured outward.

Inside-

Rows upon rows of artifacts floated in arrays. Blades, spears, shields, robes.

Earth-grade materials stacked in crystal cases.

Gold piled like small hills.

Bottles of every tier of pills. The accumulation of thousands of years.

The Earth Immortal lowered his head stiffly. "This is our sect's treasury." Bai Zihan stepped inside calmly.

His gaze swept across everything once.

Then twice.

No change in expression.

Nothing here compared to what he already possessed.

Nothing surpassed the Bai Clan's own treasury either.

Bai Ren snorted lightly.

"Azure Sun Holy Sect is poorer than I expected."

"Well, just what I expected from them." Bai Zihan also agreed.

Those words felt like a slap to Ancestor's face.

Thousands of years of hard work resulted in this treasury, and Bai Ren dared call it poor.

Of course, while he wouldn't deny that it might not compare to the Bai Clan, it

was still plentiful.

Moreover, despite insulting their sect's treasury, Bai Zihan still moved to take everything here. Everything began to vanish into Bai Zihan's storage ring.

Even the ores and low-tier materials were not spared.

In less than a dozen breaths-

The vast treasury was stripped clean.

Bare walls remained.

The Earth Immortal felt his vision blur slightly.

Not a single item left.

Not even scraps.

His hands trembled faintly within his sleeves. Thousands of years.

Generations of accumulation. Carefully preserved for future prosperity.

He had once refused to squander these resources even when the sect expanded, always thinking of tomorrow. Who would have thought-

That tomorrow would come like this? All of it.

In another person's pocket.

He suddenly wished he had wasted more.

At least then, it wouldn't feel like watching someone carry away their entire history in a single wave of a sleeve.

The treasury was emptied.

Bai Zihan stood at the entrance for a brief moment.

The Azure Sun Ancestor thought that this would be it.

But then-

Bai Zihan's eyes shifted back to him. "There is one more thing." The Earth Immortal's heart tightened.

"Where is the Sun Dao Fragment?"

The four Immortals stiffened.

The Earth Immortal forced a strained smile. "That... is a sacred inheritance of our sect. Surely the Bai Clan does not intend

to strip us of even-"

He didn't finish.

Bai Zihan looked at him.

Just a look.

But those cold, dark eyes held absolute indifference.

Azure Sun was already in his palm.

Whether they lived or died depended on his mood.

The Earth Immortal's throat went dry.

"...This way, please!"

He turned immediately.

They traveled deeper into the forbidden mountain.

This time, the path led beneath the main peak, descending into an underground chamber carved from black spiritual stone.

At the end stood a colossal gate.

Unlike the treasury door- This one radiated ancient authority. Powerful arrays intertwined across its surface like a blazing sun frozen in time.

Complex runes pulsed rhythmically, releasing waves of scorching Dao intent.

Even approaching it caused the air to distort.

The Earth Immortal stopped several dozen steps away.

"This is where the Sun Dao Fragment is sealed."

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 479 Sun Dao

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 479 Sun Dao

Bai Zihan waited for him to open it just as he had done with the sect's treasury.

However, the Azure Sun Ancestor didn't seem to have any intention of doing that.

"It is protected by our sect's ancestral formation. Only the Sect Leader possesses the core key. Without it-no one can open this gate."

He lowered his head slightly.

"In truth, even we four cannot force it open."

There was the faintest hint of hope in his voice.

Wen Haoyu had fled.

Without the key-

Perhaps this one treasure could be preserved.

If at least this was protected, he still had hope that Azure Sun Holy Sect could be revived.

After all, no treasure could amount to what this was, which was their true foundation.

This was also the reason why, despite knowing that once the experiment became known, they would be condemned and hunted down as if they were Demonic Cultivators, they still kidnapped and experimented.

He believed that the Sun Dao was the answer to invincibility, and once they succeeded, there would be no one they couldn't defeat in this world.

Bai Zihan glanced at them and it seemed like they were telling the truth. Well, even if they lied, he didn't care.

Bai Zihan stared at the massive formation.

"Grand Elder, break it!"

Bai Ren's lips curved upward immediately.

"It seems that is the only way."

He stepped forward, the Saint-Grade Sword resting casually on his shoulder.

He examined the formation with interest.

"Let's see how sturdy you are."

Slash!

A casual swing.

The sword light streaked forward like a crescent moon.

It struck the formation-

And dispersed.

The arrays rippled slightly.

Then it returned to normal.

Bai Ren blinked.

"Oh?"

He tilted his head slightly.

"Interesting!"

Even the Half-Qilin couldn't recover after being slashed by his sword. However, this formation barely seemed to have been affected.

Another slash.

This time stronger.

The blade light roared like a descending star.

Boom!

The underground chamber trembled violently.

Dust rained from the ceiling.

The formation flared brighter-

Not even a crack.

Seeing this, the Azure Sun Ancestor's eyes lit up.

They believed that in the end, even the strongest person in the Desolate Heaven Empire couldn't do anything to their Sect Ancestral Formation.

Bai Ren's eyes lit up.

He laughed softly.

"Good!"

His aura rose.

Bai Ren adjusted his grip.

"Let's see if you can endure this as well."

This time-

He did not hold back.

Qi gathered and his aura surged.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

A powerful attack so strong that it could even kill the Half-Qilin.

The four Immortals tried to cast their barrier, but with their Qi blocked, they couldn't.

Bai Zihan, on the other hand, didn't even bother.

With Bai Ren's skill, there was no way that he could be hurt even by collateral damage.

BANG!

Bai Ren's attack clashed with the formation in a fierce collision.

It lasted for a few seconds before Bai Ren stopped. The formation was still active and it seemed like Bai Ren had failed.

For a breath-

Nothing happened and Azure Sun Ancestors breathe in relief.

Then-

Crack!

A tiny fracture spread across one golden rune.

The Earth Immortal's face went white.

The fracture widened.

Like ice breaking beneath pressure.

The golden arrays flickered erratically.

Bai Ren's smile widened.

"Ah! There you are."

The formation shattered like glass.

The massive gate exploded inward as fragments of spiritual light rained across the chamber.

Scorching heat burst outward like a tidal wave.

The four Immortals staggered back instinctively, their sealed meridians unable

to circulate Qi to resist the sudden pressure.

Bai Zihan stepped forward calmly.

Bai Ren walked beside him, sword still humming faintly.

The four Immortals soon followed behind.

They had no power to stop them-

But they wanted to see this through until the end.

Inside the chamber-

At the very center-

Suspended in midair-

Was the Sun Dao Fragment.

It was like a miniature sun.

A blazing sphere of golden radiance, rotating slowly, emitting waves of scorching heat that distorted the very space around it.

The air shimmered violently.

Even standing dozens of meters away felt like being inside a furnace.

Fortunately, there seemed to be a formation keeping the heat in check.

Otherwise, even a Void Formation Realm cultivator's spiritual Qi would instantly boil.

Even most Great Ascension experts would struggle to remain here for more than a few seconds without activating full defensive techniques.

The heat radiating from it was overbearing.

Dominant.

Unyielding.

Like a true sun that refused to be approached.

The four Immortals' breathing grew heavy.

Sweat formed instantly on their foreheads.

Their skin reddened under the pressure.

Fortunately, although they couldn't use any defensive techniques to protect themselves, their bodies were still those of Immortals.

Otherwise, they would have died.

Yet in the midst of that terrifying heat-

Bai Zihan stood there calmly.

His robes fluttered slightly under the waves of scorching force.

But his expression did not change in the slightest.

The blazing temperature that could melt high-grade artifacts-

Did not even cause his skin to redden.

This was because his body had long been refined into a Primordial Chaos Body and had been tempered under extreme high temperatures for days.

As such, even standing before the Sun Dao, he didn't feel much different.

The Sun Dao's heat washed over him-

And dispersed.

Like sunlight falling upon a mountain peak.

Harmless.

"So this is where the Sun Dao Fragment is extracted."

Bai Zihan muttered in amusement.

Indeed, he could see why they needed to extract small pieces from it rather than use it whole.

The power-

It was real.

He could tell that it was a supreme treasure unlike anything he had seen

before.

Perhaps even the Saint-Grade Sword in Bai Ren's hand might not be up to par with it.

But of course, in terms of immediate value, the Sun Dao Fragment was just a heater at the moment, while the Saint-Grade Sword was a usable artifact which could be used to dominate this Empire.

But if one could gain control over such a treasure as the Sun Dao Fragment, perhaps the power gained might surpass that of possessing a Saint-Grade Sword.

But obviously, he knew that it wouldn't be easy.

Even the Azure Sun Holy Sect had been conducting experiments for so many years-and that too only on the small pieces extracted from this.

So, the success of one being able to control the Sun Dao was almost impossible.

Still, that only shows just how powerful this supreme treasure was.

"I will take this!"

Bai Zihan declared.

He stepped forward to store the Sun Doa as well.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor immediately stepped forward despite the scorching heat biting into his skin.

"Young Master Bai-please wait!"

His voice was strained, but urgent.

Bai Zihan's eyes shifted toward him.

The Earth Immortal swallowed. "The Sun Dao cannot be stored in a storage ring"

He bowed slightly, forcing himself to endure the pressure.

"If it is placed inside, the internal space will not withstand it. Everything inside will be burned to ashes including the ring itself."

He continued.

"It is not an ordinary flame. It burns through space itself. Even spatial folds and time-sealed compartments cannot suppress it." Bai Ren's brows lifted faintly.

The Earth Immortal hurried to add,

"We are not trying to deceive you! In the past, we attempted to store even a fragment shard in a high-grade storage artifact."

"It lasted three breaths. Then the spatial pocket collapsed and everything within was reduced to nothing"

If Bai Zihan were to place the Sun Dao Fragment into his storage ring and his treasures were destroyed, the blame would inevitably fall upon them.

Their warning was given to avoid misunderstanding and to demonstrate complete submission.

It was far better to warn him in advance and earn even the slightest goodwill than risk further punishment later.

The Sun Dao continued to rotate slowly in midair.

Its radiance intensified subtly, as if responding to Bai Zihan's intent.

Golden light washed across the chamber walls, turning the black spiritual stone red-hot.

Bai Zihan observed it calmly.

He did not doubt their warning.

He could already sense the instability within the surrounding space. Even the air felt thinner, distorted and warped by the constant burning.

A normal storage ring-

Would indeed collapse.

"Seems troublesome."

Bai Zihan muttered. However, for such treasure, such a thing could barely be called troublesome.

"It seems that you all can only carry it to my room."

Bai Zihan said to the four Immortals with a smile.

If it can't be stored then just have someone else carry them and fortunately there were four such capable people standing before him.

"Huh?"

The four of them were confused and startled when Bai Zihan said those words to them but then realized that Bai Zihan was serious.

They nervously looked at the Sun Dao.

It was something that could scorch everything that it touched. Even if it was sealed in the Formation, would they be able to carry it?

The four of them look at Bai Zihan, thinking that perhaps he might change his mind.

"I hope that you don't refuse for your own sake!"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 480 Golden Rebirth[1,058 words]

Chapter 480 Golden Rebirth

The news of the Bai Clan attacking Azure Sun Holy Sect spread like wildfire across the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Such a commotion was impossible to conceal.

Every major power maintained spies within the others.

The moment Bai Zihan invaded the Sect, information had already begun flowing outward through various channels.

Within a single day-

All the great clans and sects received the same shocking report.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect had been crushed.

Subdued entirely by a few elites from the Bai Clan and Bai Ren.

But even more explosive than that-

Bai Zihan was not crippled.

Many people had already accepted the fact and thought that the Empire had lost a great genius, but it was false.

Moreover, he was in the Void Refinement Realm.

A realm that even those in their fifties struggle to advance to for many geniuses, and for many others, something that they could only dream about.

Each piece of information alone would have shaken the Empire. Together-

They were earth-shattering.

The political balance trembled.

Many felt fear. They knew that the Bai Clan was very powerful, but still, to be able to defeat a top Sect without utilizing even 50% of their force within a day

That was too bizarre.

Then what if they were to give their all? Would there be any force that could even resist in the Desolate Heaven Empire?

Many felt that even the Imperial Family or the Li-Zhao Alliance mightn't be able to withstand that.

Meanwhile-

At the Bai Clan estate.

Within Bai Zihan's residence.

The Sun Dao hovered at the center of a newly constructed grand formation of Grade-6.

Dozens of layered arrays overlapped beneath it, stabilizing space and isolating the heat from spreading outward.

The four Immortals stood at the edge of the formation, pale and exhausted.

Their immortal physiques had endured the journey, but not without cost. Sleeves were scorched. The skin was cracked. Pride was long gone.

Bai Zihan had them carry this for the entire journey from the Azure Sun Sect and the Bai Clan.

Since if the Sun Dao were to touch the flying ship, it would burn them. He had them personally fly and carry it as well.

With Bai Zihan's personality, he also didn't allow them to rest, and that was how they ended up in such a state.

"You can leave now!"

Bai Zihan commanded.

The four Immortals, despite dissatisfaction and full of complaints, still bowed and left the place.

Even if they want to complain, would they dare?

He also told Bai Ren and other Bai Clan members to leave, which they did despite their worries.

Bai Zihan stood before the suspended miniature sun.

His eyes reflected golden light.

The Sun Dao rotated slowly, emitting a steady hum that resonated with heaven and earth.

Bai Zihan extended a strand of spiritual sense toward it.

The moment it touched-

Heat surged up the connection like a tidal wave.

Ordinary cultivators would have had their consciousness burned instantly.

He touched it without any Qi protection.

He could feel the heat and even felt like his hand would burn if this continued.

This was the first time since his body was refined.

His Primordial Chaos Body absorbed and dispersed some of the heat, stabilizing his meridians as if tempering them further.

Bai Zihan smiled.

A slow, satisfied smile.

He had been worried.

For a very long time, his body was able to withstand everything and no longer refined as he wished.

The Primordial Chaos Body had grown terrifyingly strong, yes.

But it had also become difficult to refine without stronger materials. And the one thing he was lacking more than anything was a very powerful flame.

He thought he had already reached a bottleneck with resources from the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Without better materials, others would just become waste.

But he thought it was wasteful, since he felt that if he refined his body further, he was almost at the threshold of reaching the first stage of the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

But now-

Standing before the Sun Dao-

Feeling his skin finally sting.

Feeling his flesh threaten to burn.

He could finally see a way for him to further improve his body.

Bai Zihan glanced at the golden sphere.

"Perhaps," he muttered softly, "I will be able to reach the first stage of the Primordial Chaos Body refinement technique."

For a long time, he had believed that requirement to be almost impossible within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Now-

The opportunity floated before him.

When he achieved that, he felt that he would no longer worry about anyone in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Perhaps even those foreign forces hiding in the Empire, he might be able to take care of them.

He withdrew his hand slowly.

The skin of his palm was red.

Faint cracks appeared like dried earth under drought.

They healed within breaths.

He did not activate Qi protection.

He wanted the pure effect.

Without hesitation, Bai Zihan waved his sleeve.

One by one-

Treasures appeared around him.

Ancient crimson dragon marrow from the Bai Clan treasury.

Void-refined Black Star Sand.

Heavenly Yang Stone cores seized from Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Dozens of top-tier fire-attributed spiritual herbs.

Sealed jade boxes containing Ninefold Sun Essence.

Even rare beast blood and bone fragments from Feilian's storage ring.

The courtyard trembled slightly under the sheer density of spiritual energy released.

Every item here would cause sect wars if revealed outside.

Now they lay scattered like firewood around him.

The Sun Dao pulsed brighter.

Golden radiance intensified as if sensing provocation.

The temperature within the formation rose further.

The courtyard stones began cracking.

Air twisted visibly.

Bai Zihan stepped into the very center.

Directly beneath the miniature sun.

He removed his outer robe.

Not ceremoniously.

Simply because cloth would not survive.

His bare skin reflected golden light, faint chaotic patterns surfacing beneath
like ancient runes awakening.

He activated the formation. The materials ignited simultaneously.

Dragon marrow liquefied into molten crimson.

Star Sand dissolved into shimmering particles.

Yang Stone cores released concentrated solar essence.

All of it was drawn upward-

Toward him.

And toward the Sun Dao.

The miniature sun flared.

Heat multiplied.

The first wave struck him fully.

No barrier.

No Qi shield.

Only flesh.

Skin split instantly.

Thin lines of blood evaporated before they could fall.

Muscles trembled.

Bones emitted faint cracking sounds as internal moisture vaporized.

Pain-

Pure and overwhelming.

For the first time in years-

Bai Zihan felt agony.

His lips curved further. "Good!"

If there was no pain-

There would be no progress.

The Sun Dao pressed downward like a celestial furnace lid.

The materials beneath amplified the process, forcing every inch of his body to
be reforged under the Sun Dao.

Flesh burned.

Healed.

Burned again. His hair ignited and turned to ash.

Regrew slowly in chaotic strands. Internal meridians glowed red-hot.

Impurities that had survived countless previous refinements were finally forced
out, evaporating into nothing.

Time seemed distorted.

Space trembled. The Sun Dao rotated faster.

As though testing him.

As though asking-

Will you endure?

Bai Zihan did not retreat.

He stood upright within the furnace of a star fragment.

And let himself be destroyed.

Again. And again.

And again!

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 481 A Clan Above the Law[942 words]

Chapter 481 A Clan Above the Law

For several weeks, people had been talking about Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The news of the Azure Sun Holy Sect's downfall at the hands of the Bai Clan could not be contained.

Despite the Sect's attempts to maintain their dignity, issuing carefully worded statements to deny the scale of the destruction, the reality had already spread too far.

The four Immortals had done their best to brush off the representatives from different sects and clans who were sent to inquire about the situation.

"It is merely a misunderstanding between us and the Bai Clan!"

"We were not subdued by the Bai Clan. As you can see, we are totally fine!"

They spoke with measured tones, carefully maintaining the image of a powerful Sect.

But appearances could only go so far.

Several people had already seen it, not to mention the disappearance of the Sect Leader, which couldn't be explained otherwise.

The Azure Sun tried to lie that Wen Haoyu was merely in seclusion to increase his cultivation, but the lies couldn't be bought easily since, not long ago, he had broken through.

To go into seclusion after that was most unlikely.

The attempt to preserve Azure Sun's image of strength could not reverse what had already happened.

And yet, despite the gravity of this crisis, the reaction from the Li-Zhao Alliance was unexpected.

One of their Alliance members had been almost eliminated-or at least severely crippled and yet, instead of panic or fear, there was excitement.

It took time for the reason for their excitement to become clear.

The destruction of Azure Sun Holy Sect by Bai Clan's hands had created a precedent.

One that many viewed as proof that the Bai Clan's power, while undeniable, was too destructive.

As the full scale of the news spread, the Empire's murmurs became shouts.

The Bai Clan was being called arrogant.

A bully!

A force that acted above the law.

"How can they just attack another Sect like this? And it was Azure Sun Holy Sect who sacrificed too much to protect the Empire."

"Are they above the Empire's laws now? Is nothing going to stop them?"

Merchants whispered about the Bai Clan's overreach, and the scholars debated the ethics of power.

Some said the Bai Clan had grown too bold, too confident, and too willing to act on their desires without regard for morals.

Others speculated that no Sect-no matter how powerful-could oppose them without suffering similar fates.

If they aren't stopped now, they might be under the tyranny of the Bai Clan. Azure Sun Holy Sect, despite their attempts to preserve honor, had become a symbol of the consequences of defiance.

And Bai Zihan's name already infamous in some circles-grew larger by the day.

Many said that he deliberately deceived others, so that he could be given the justification to invade other territories.

Others said that Bai Zihan was the one to initiate the invasion on the basis that Li Clan members were disciples of Azure Sun Holy Sect.

They were concerned with the audacity of the Bai Clan and the fear it inspired.

The people, the courts, and even rival clans and alliances began questioning the very foundations of law and order in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Could a single clan act with impunity?

Could they dismantle another Sect simply because they had the strength to do so?

Every rumor carried a tinge of outrage, a mix of awe, and a deep, uneasy curiosity about just how far the Bai Clan could go.

"What is the Imperial Family even doing? Shouldn't they impeach the Bai Clan for breaking the law?"

"Perhaps the Imperial Family is scared of the Bai Clan."

"Moreover, Azure Sun Ancestors are all saying that it is just a misunderstanding.

So, how can they step up when the information isn't even accurate?"

Just as many thought that the Bai Clan might be able to walk off without any consequences, the Imperial Family called Bai Tianheng to their Court.

The summons from the Imperial Court sent ripples of tension across the Empire.

Who would have thought that the Emperor still had the guts to challenge the Bai Clan?

Wasn't he scared of being replaced by the Bai Clan?

And why now-why did they choose to call Bai Tianheng to the Court?

The reason for the sudden court summons quickly became clear: Wen Haoyu, the Sect Leader of Azure Sun Holy Sect, had spoken.

Contrary to the carefully crafted statements of the four Immortals, Wen Haoyu confirmed every shocking rumor that had circulated.

He stated plainly that the Bai Clan had invaded Azure Sun Holy Sect.

That disciples had been taken as hostages.

That elders had been killed.

That the Sect had been subjugated, despite what the Ancestors had insisted publicly.

His words cut through the denials like a blade.

All of the careful face-saving measures, all of the attempts to preserve Azure Sun's dignity, were rendered meaningless in a single breath.

The four Ancestors of Azure Sun Holy Sect, who had stood so firmly before, were now helpless.

Every effort they had made to maintain their image of invincibility crumbled.

Many people had already suspected that the Ancestors were covering up. Now, Wen Haoyu's confirmation left no room for doubt.

Between the two parties, they knew well enough who was lying to save face, while they did not know why Wen Haoyu revealed the truth, which would damage his Sect's reputation.

Wen Haoyu did not stop at merely confirming the rumors.

He formally lodged a complaint against the Bai Clan.

He cited the invasion of his Sect, the hostage-taking of disciples, and the deaths of elders.

He called out the breach of conduct, highlighting how the Bai Clan had acted with impunity, trampling the laws of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

With Wen Haoyu, the Sect Leader of Azure Sun Holy Sect, formally lodging the complaint, they had to investigate the truth and punish those who had committed the grave crime.

So, Bai Tianheng was called to the Court, and he accepted without much hesitation.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 482 A Week Before Judgment[1,375 words]

Chapter 482 A Week Before Judgment

Five days have passed since Bai Zihan went through another brutally torturous refinement process.

The grand Grade-6 formation gradually dimmed.

The golden miniature sun that had once blazed like a divine furnace now rotated in measured calm, its radiance steady rather than violent.

The cracked stones of the courtyard had melted and reformed into glass-like surfaces.

At the very center stood Bai Zihan.

His skin no longer bore the crimson fissures of burning.

Instead, faint chaotic patterns flowed beneath his flesh like living constellations -appearing, fading, and reforming in silent rhythm.

"System!"

[Host Info]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 18

Cultivation Realm: Void Refinement (Mid)

Constitution: Primordial Chaos Body

Supreme Dao Bone

Martial Arts:

Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword (Major Mastery)

Eternal Flowing Water Sword (Greater Mastery)

Fate Severing Slash (Greater Mastery)

Heaven's Mandate Reversal (Beginner Mastery)

The First Stage of the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique-

Achieved!

His body had crossed a threshold.

No longer merely durable.

No longer simply resistant.

It had transformed into something fundamentally different.

Bai Zihan slowly raised his hand toward the suspended Sun Dao.

Before, its heat had scorched him.

Before, it had forced him into repeated cycles of destruction and reconstruction.

Now-

The moment his palm approached, the golden radiance surged as usual.

The temperature rose sharply.

The air twisted.

Yet instead of burning-

The heat flowed.

It entered his skin like a current.

His flesh trembled slightly, not from pain, but from adjustment.

The chaotic patterns beneath his skin brightened as they broke down the invading solar essence and reconstructed it into neutral, absorbable energy. The Sun Dao's flames were no longer purely destructive to him.

They became his nourishment though not without limit.

The closer he stepped toward the miniature sun, the more violent the pressure became.

When he moved within several feet of it, his skin still reddened faintly. Muscles tightened. Internal organs vibrated under the strain.

He was not immune.

Far from it.

If he attempted to absorb everything at once, his body would still reach saturation.

There was a threshold.

A limit to what he could break down at any given moment.

But still, it was incredible.

His body could now deconstruct any energy, dismantle its structure, and reconstruct it into something usable.

The implications were terrifying.

Fire.

Lightning.

Yin Qi.

Yang essence.

Even certain corrosive or violent spiritual forces-

As long as the intensity did not exceed what his body could endure in that instant, he could gradually absorb and convert them.

Of course, it was not absolute.

Initially, when he read the description of the Technique, he thought he could absorb every attack thrown at him like some characters he had seen in movies

on Earth.

However, that was not possible. Or rather, it was possible in theory-but he could not possibly absorb powerful attacks.

An attack from a Great Ascension Realm expert or above at full power-

He could not simply stand there and consume it whole.

The sheer density and speed would overwhelm his current capacity.

His body would still suffer catastrophic damage before it could process the energy.

But against energies at or below a certain level-

He could devour them.

Turn an enemy's power into his own Qi.

Anyway, it was somewhat useless in battle because if the attack came from a weak person, he wouldn't even need to defend properly since his body was already too strong for them to injure him.

So, this ability in combat wasn't as useful as he had initially thought.

Bai Zihan extended his hand fully and pressed his palm against the outer layer of the Sun Dao's radiance.

Golden flames wrapped around his fingers.

The chaotic patterns ignited brilliantly.

The heat entered him.

Slowly.

Steadily.

Instead of burning through him, it diminished-strand by strand-converted into pure cultivation energy that flowed into his meridians.

He exhaled softly.

He no longer needed rare tempering pills or a place rich in Qi.

As long as there existed a powerful energy source-

He could cultivate.

The Sun Dao was no longer merely a treasure.

It was a perpetual furnace.

A cultivation engine.

He withdrew his hand.

He would like to take this chance to cultivate properly and further increase his cultivation with his new body.

His cultivation had already increased from Early to Mid Void Refinement Realm.

But he had sensed a presence two days ago, seemingly waiting for him at the door.

The person did not disturb him and had been waiting patiently.

It was likely that someone needed his presence, and he wanted to find out what the matter was before continuing his cultivation.

He stepped forward. The heavy stone doors of the cultivation chamber creaked open.

Outside, a man in dark Bai Clan robes stood respectfully with his head lowered.

The moment he sensed the door move, he immediately bowed deeply.

"Young Master, you have finally come!"

His voice carried both relief and urgency.

"The Clan Leader wishes to see you."

Bai Zihan's gaze rested on him for a brief second.

The subordinate felt a faint, indescribable pressure.

It was not deliberate.

Yet standing before Bai Zihan now felt like standing before a dormant furnace-

calm on the surface, but capable of swallowing everything. Moreover, Bai Zihan's appearance, although it had not changed drastically, still

felt somewhat different from what he remembered.

But of course, who was he to comment on the appearance of the Young Master of the Bai Clan?

Bai Zihan gave a small nod.

"I understand!"

He stepped past the man without another word.

The subordinate exhaled only after the Young Master had walked several steps away.

The Bai Clan estate was unusually quiet.

Servants moved cautiously.

Elders who passed along the corridors stopped briefly to salute him.

He soon arrived at his father's study.

Two guards stationed outside immediately bowed.

"Young Master!"

Bai Zihan pushed the door open without hesitation.

Inside, Bai Tianheng stood by the window, hands clasped behind his back.

Without turning around, Bai Tianheng spoke.

"You've come. I was waiting for you."

Bai Zihan closed the door behind him.

Bai Tianheng slowly turned.

His sharp eyes scanned his son from head to toe.

As one of the people closest to Bai Zihan, it was inevitable that he would notice the change in him.

"Mid Void Refinement," Bai Tianheng said calmly.

"You advanced?"

"Yes!"

Bai Tianheng nodded faintly. He tried to appear composed before his son, but inside he was filled with excitement.

To break through after reaching the Void Refinement Realm within months- even if it had taken a year-would already be an extraordinary achievement. Still, he could not completely lose face before his son.

"Ahem! The reason why I called for you is because-"

Then his expression grew slightly colder. "The Imperial Family has summoned me to court."

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan was a bit surprised, though he had expected something like this might happen.

Still, he believed that the Imperial Family would refrain from taking action against them unless they had solid evidence.

And since he had threatened the Immortals of Azure Sun, he did not think they would be the ones pursuing the issue.

"Wen Haoyu has shown himself. He was the one who filed the complaint."

Bai Zihan nodded in understanding.

"That coward should have just stayed in hiding," Bai Zihan said.

Bai Tianheng looked at his son steadily.

"They have given us one week to appear before the Imperial Court," he said calmly. "If you had not come out, I would have departed in two days regardless."

His gaze sharpened slightly.

"But since you are here, I wanted to hear your thoughts."

Bai Tianheng folded his sleeves behind his back.

In truth, this matter was not something Bai Tianheng was particularly worried about. Even if they had invaded Azure Sun Holy Sect, they had justification.

Not to mention, they had attempted to kill Bai Zihan and were conducting insane experiments involving children.

Moreover, with their strength, the Imperial Family could not do much to them.

However, since it was Bai Zihan who had led the invasion, he wished to know whether Bai Zihan had anticipated this outcome and prepared for it.

Bai Zihan stood calmly under his father's gaze.

Then-

He smiled.

"That coward," he said lightly. "First he hid behind his Ancestors. Then he abandoned his Sect, only to file a complaint?" His eyes held faint disdain.

Bai Zihan's tone turned indifferent.

"Father, you do not need to think too much about this. I anticipated that something like this might happen."

The moment he decided to invade Azure Sun Holy Sect-

He had already calculated the aftermath.

After all, his enemies would not miss an opportunity to condemn him if they could. Though he did not expect Wen Haoyu to be the one to step forward after running away.

Bai Tianheng did not interrupt.

He simply watched his son. Calm and confident.

Not the slightest hint of anxiety.

He did not know the specifics.

But he knew his son well enough.

Bai Zihan never moved unless he was certain.

Bai Tianheng slowly nodded.

"I see!"

He did not ask what exact preparations had been made.

He did not demand details.

"We shall go to the court the day after tomorrow then."

Bai Zihan shook his head.

"Father," he said calmly, "you do not need to go. I alone should suffice."

Chapter 483 Imperial Court Convenes

The Imperial Court of the Desolate Heaven Empire had not seen such a gathering in years.

Golden pillars carved with coiling dragon motifs rose toward the vaulted ceiling. Vast curtains of crimson silk draped behind the throne platform.

The air itself felt heavy-thick with suppressed auras and restrained hostility. Today was no ordinary court session.

Today was judgment day for the Bai Clan.

One by one, the most powerful figures of the Empire took their places.

The Clan Leader of the Li Clan, Li Jianhong, stood near the front, robes embroidered with silver qilin patterns.

His expression was stern, his eyes sharp with undisguised anticipation.

Not far from him stood the Zhao Clan Leader, Zhao Wutian, hands folded within wide sleeves, his gaze calm but cold.

The Sect Leader of the Heaven Sword Sect, Han Sha, was also present. It was clear-

They had not come merely to observe.

They had come to ensure that the Bai Clan would not walk away untouched. Not only those from the side of the Bai Clan's enemies were present, but also those from their own side, including the Chu Clan Leader, Chu Xing.

Today, the Imperial Family was determined to make the Bai Clan and its alliance understand that no one was above the law.

Perhaps it was also to show exactly what kind of clan the Bai Clan was-and to divide their alliance.

At the very top of the hall, upon the elevated dragon throne, sat the Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

His expression was mildly irritated.

The reason was obvious to everyone present.

One party still remained absent.

The Bai Clan-the ones to be judged.

A faint murmur rippled through the hall.

Li Jianhong's brows furrowed.

"What is Bai Tianheng doing?" he said coldly. "Does he intend to make us wait forever?"

Zhao Wutian glanced toward the throne before speaking evenly.

"To make even His Majesty wait... does the Bai Clan believe itself above the Empire?"

While he said those words, he was smiling inwardly.

The more the Bai Clan behaved this way, the more they would estrange themselves from the Imperial Family-which was good for him.

Many nodded in agreement.

Of course-

There was still time.

The official session had not yet begun.

One minute remained.

But when summoned by the Emperor, one should arrive early-not at the final second.

Especially not when standing accused.

A court official stepped forward and struck the ceremonial staff lightly against the floor.

The sound echoed.

"Court will begin in one minute."

The murmurs grew louder.

"Arrogant."

"Presumptuous."

"If they do not arrive, it will be considered defiance."

"Declining an Imperial Summons is rebellion."

The air grew colder.

Thirty seconds remained.

Twenty-nine.

Twenty-eight.

Li Jianhong folded his arms.

"Let us see whether Bai Tianheng dares not to appear."

Twenty seconds.

The tension thickened.

"Perhaps they realized their guilt."

"Or perhaps they fear facing the Emperor."

Fifteen seconds.

Ten seconds.

A few people's lips curved faintly.

Li Jianhong's gaze sharpened.

"If they do not arrive-"

Four... Three... Two-

Thud!

The sound was not loud.

But in the silent hall, it struck like a falling mountain.

The massive court doors swung open.

Every head turned.

Golden light from outside filtered in briefly before a figure stepped across the threshold.

Bai Zihan!

He walked forward unhurriedly.

Each step echoed softly against the polished floor.

No guards accompanied him.

No elders followed.

No Bai Tianheng.

He came alone.

A ripple of surprise passed through the gathered powers.

Li Jianhong's eyes narrowed immediately.

"Where is Bai Tianheng?"

He demanded.

Bai Zihan did not even glance at him and completely ignored his question. It

was not as if he was required to answer him.

"YOU!"

Li Jianhong could not hold his anger. Even a young Bai Clan heir was blatantly

ignoring him.

Bai Zihan walked to the center of the court floor.

His eyes met the Emperor's.

The entire hall felt it-

That subtle, oppressive aura surrounding him.

He appeared to be a youth before them, yet the pressure he exuded was that of

a Clan Leader of a top-tier clan.

Li Jianhong's expression darkened.

"The Bai Clan dares send a mere fledgling? It seems the Bai Clan is looking

down on the Imperial Court."

He said coldly.

This time, Bai Zihan glanced at him briefly.

His gaze was indifferent.

"For such small matters, why would our Clan Leader need to come here? I am more than enough!"

The simple reply stirred the hall once more.

Arrogance!

Unmistakable arrogance.

Not to mention, it was blatantly dismissive of the Emperor who had summoned

Bai Tianheng.

Although Bai Zihan had come, was that enough?

Obviously not-when every sect and clan had sent their leaders and even the Emperor himself was presiding over the matter.

Yet the one being accused of breaking the law had not even sent their leader.

That meant the Bai Clan was looking down on everyone present-including the Emperor.

"The Imperial Court now convenes!"

The Court Official declared, despite being mildly irritated by the Bai Clan's arrogance.

Since it was time, they had to proceed with procedures.

Silence fell instantly.

All eyes shifted toward the dragon throne.

The Emperor's gaze rested on Bai Zihan. "Where is the Bai Clan Leader?"

The Emperor asked solemnly.

"My father remains within the clan attending to more important matters."

A faint stir spread through the hall.

The implication was clear. This session with the Emperor was less important than whatever Bai Tianheng was doing.

The Emperor immediately frowned.

Bai Zihan seemed to have no intention of hiding it-his words clearly carried a hint of disregard for the throne.

No!

He was deliberately implying it.

The Emperor's eyes narrowed slightly.

His voice, when he spoke again, was calm-but the pressure behind it deepened.

"Can you represent the Bai Clan and accept today's result?"

The question was simple.

But everyone understood its weight.

If Bai Zihan answered yes, then whatever judgment fell today—punishment, reparations, or condemnation-would bind the entire Bai Clan. Hundreds of gazes locked onto him.

Bai Zihan stood straight beneath the dragon throne.

"If the result is fair and reasonable," he replied evenly, "why not?"

The hall froze.

It was subtle.

But not subtle enough.

Zhao Wutian's eyes flickered faintly.

Fair and reasonable?

The implication hung heavily in the air.

If the result was fair, the Bai Clan would accept it.

If not-

Then what?

Moreover, he was implying that the Imperial Court isn't always fair and reasonable.

The Emperor's expression darkened slightly.

It was not open defiance.

But it was unmistakably a line drawn.

Bai Zihan was not here to plead. For a brief moment, the Emperor said nothing.

Bai Zihan was obviously not going to accept anything from the Emperor.

When the Li and Zhao Clans had invaded the Bai Clan under the pretense that

Bai Xueqing had seized the Immortal Emperor's Inheritance...

The Imperial Family had not intervened.

They had not condemned them.

They had not summoned a court to question their action.

They had even shown signs of willingness to participate. After all-

An Immortal Emperor's Inheritance was no small matter.

In the cultivation world, strength dictated morality.

The Empire had not acted then because Bai Xueqing was taken away by Flowing Moon Sect.

Moreover, now that they were effectively aligned with the Li-Zhao Alliance, he

did not expect anything beyond an attempt to punish the Bai Clan-whether they were in the right or not.

So Bai Zihan did not expect justice now.

He had come for one reason only-

To see what justification they would construct.

And to respond accordingly. The Emperor exhaled slowly.

"Since you claim to represent the Bai Clan," he said, "then this court shall proceed."

A court official struck the ceremonial staff.

"Bring forth the Azure Sun Holy Sect Leader!"

The massive doors opened once more. Footsteps echoed across the polished stone floor.

Wen Haoyu entered.

He wore formal sect robes, though his complexion was slightly pale. His eyes flickered briefly toward Bai Zihan.

For the briefest moment-

A trace of fear surfaced. Then it vanished.

Replaced by indignation.

He stepped forward and bowed deeply toward the throne.

"This humble sect leader greets Your Majesty."

"Rise," the Emperor said.

Wen Haoyu straightened and turned slightly so that his voice carried clearly across the hall.

"Your Majesty, honored leaders," he began solemnly, "the Azure Sun Holy Sect has served the Empire faithfully for generations. We have abided by Imperial law and upheld sect conduct."

He paused deliberately.

Then his tone sharpened.

"But ten days ago, without any justification, the Bai Clan invaded our sect."

Murmurs rippled through the court.

"They broke through our mountain gates, slaughtered elders, destroyed

formations, and seized countless resources."

His fists clenched.

"Our ancestors were gravely injured. Our disciples perished in large numbers."

He turned fully toward Bai Zihan.

"And the one who led this invasion-was him."

All eyes shifted back to Bai Zihan.

Wen Haoyu's voice trembled slightly-but whether from anger or something else, no one could tell.

"We had no intention of conflict. Yet he attacked without reason."

Then he bowed before his majesty.

"Today, I ask the Imperial Court to deliver justice."

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 484 Righteousness and Hypocrisy[1,329 words]

Chapter 484 Righteousness and Hypocrisy

Wen Haoyu's final words echoed across the vast hall.

The Emperor's gaze shifted slowly toward Bai Zihan.

"Bai Zihan, do you admit to the charges brought against you?"

Hundreds of eyes locked onto the lone youth standing at the center of the court.

Bai Zihan did not hesitate.

"Admit?" His tone was calm. "What evidence does he have?"

"Surely," Bai Zihan continued, his gaze sweeping across the gathered people, "the Imperial Court does not intend to determine guilt based solely on one man's words?"

His eyes briefly met the Emperor's.

"Or is testimony alone sufficient when it comes to punishing my clan?"

The implication was clear.

One without evidence, offering only accusation, would have grown nervous and retorted weakly.

But instead of growing flustered-

Wen Haoyu smiled confidently.

"Of course," he said, bowing slightly once more, "mere words would not suffice." He raised his hand.

A crystalline artifact appeared within his palm.

It was round, transparent, faintly glowing from within-its surface swirling with faint spiritual light.

"The Memory Crystal Mirror!"

A murmur broke out among the gathered powers.

An artifact capable of recording events exactly as they occurred.

Difficult to falsify.

Wen Haoyu infused a strand of spiritual energy into it.

Light erupted from the crystal.

The air above the court shimmered-

And an image formed.

The projection displayed the mountain gates of the Azure Sun Holy Sect. Then-

It showed footage of Bai Clan members massacring the disciples and elders of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The scene was not long.

But it was clear and conclusive.

Bai Zihan watched quietly.

His expression did not change.

He quickly understood.

Wen Haoyu had recorded this before he disappeared. It seemed he did not immediately escape, but instead stayed for a few minutes to gather this evidence.

Wen Haoyu had indeed prepared well.

The projection ended.

The crystal dimmed.

Silence pressed down upon the court.

The conclusion, at least on the surface, was undeniable.

The Bai Clan had invaded the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

They had destroyed it.

The Emperor's gaze returned to Bai Zihan.

"Do you have anything to say regarding this evidence?"

The Emperor asked, this time with the unmistakable tone of addressing a criminal.

All eyes focused on the lone figure beneath the dragon throne.

But Bai Zihan wasn't flustered either.

"No!"

Bai Zihan said.

Murmurs filled the courtroom, with his enemies feeling that finally the Bai Clan would be impeached.

Meanwhile, members of the Bai Clan alliance, like Chu Xing, couldn't help but shake their heads.

Even if the evidence was clear, it wasn't a good idea to immediately admit to it.

Though the images were clear and conclusive, there were still ways to maneuver or argue around them.

But he understood it was because Bai Zihan was young and didn't have much experience in such matters.

Either way, they would undoubtedly impose the highest punishment possible upon the Bai Clan.

By then, he would have to help the Bai Clan at least reduce the severity of the

punishment.

Li Jianhong immediately seized the moment.

"Your Majesty!" he stepped forward, bowing deeply. "The Bai Clan has invaded the Azure Sun Holy Sect without reason. They slaughtered elders and seized resources. There is enough evidence, and Bai Zihan admits to it. We must punish them severely!"

Several others voiced agreement.

"The Empire must uphold order!"

"If such actions are ignored, what meaning does Imperial authority hold?"

"Today it is the Azure Sun Holy Sect. Tomorrow, who knows?"

The pressure within the hall rose subtly.

Spiritual fluctuations stirred beneath composed exteriors.

Bai Zihan remained unbothered.

The Emperor did not speak immediately.

His gaze lingered on Bai Zihan.

The Emperor raised a hand slightly.

The hall fell silent once more.

"Since you have nothing to say, do you admit to invading the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

The Emperor asked.

"Yes!"

Bai Zihan said honestly, much to the delight of his enemies.

The Emperor's lips parted.

The Imperial decree was already forming.

"The Bai Clan, having invaded-"

"Wait!"

The single word cut cleanly through the hall.

A ripple passed through the gathered powers.

The Emperor's brows furrowed slightly. His gaze sharpened upon the youth below the dragon throne.

"You interrupt an Imperial declaration," he said evenly. "Do you have anything further to say?"

Bai Zihan met his gaze without the slightest trace of panic.

"Sure, I do!"

His tone was almost casual-so natural that even the Emperor frowned instinctively.

Bai Zihan was truly treating him as if he were any other person.

The Emperor's expression cooled.

"Speak!"

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

"Your Majesty was about to declare the Bai Clan guilty, correct?"

The Emperor answered without hesitation.

"Correct! Since the evidence is laid bare and you have admitted to it, we must proceed with the punishment."

"And why is that? Why is my Clan guilty?"

Bai Zihan asked.

For the first time, confusion flickered across more than one face in the hall.

"Why?"

The Emperor repeated, his voice calm but edged with irritation.

"Because the Bai Clan invaded another sect without just cause. They violated Imperial law and disrupted the balance of the Empire."

The reasoning was simple. Direct. Lawful.

Several officials and leaders nodded.

But Bai Zihan only smiled faintly.

"Who said," he asked softly, "that we had no reason?"

Silence fell again.

The Emperor's eyes narrowed slightly.

"What reason," he asked, voice measured, "would justify the extermination of the Azure Sun Holy Sect?"

All eyes turned to Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan's calm demeanor had never once wavered.

Wen Haoyu was nervous, since he knew that once the truth came out, he would be condemned like a demonic cultivator.

But glancing in the direction of Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian, then slowly at the Emperor, his confidence returned.

With such backing, would he need to be afraid of Bai Zihan?

Bai Zihan clasped his hands behind his back.

Then he spoke.

"Because I wanted to."

The words were neither loud nor forceful.

Yet in the suffocating silence of the Imperial Court- They detonated like thunder.

For a moment, no one reacted.

Even the Emperor's expression froze. "...What did you say?"

The Emperor asked slowly.

Bai Zihan's gaze remained steady.

"I said," he repeated calmly, "The reason the Azure Sun Holy Sect was invaded

was because I wanted to."

A sharp intake of breath rippled across the hall.

Several elders stared at him as if he had gone mad.

The Emperor's eyes narrowed.

"Are you telling us," his voice deepened slightly, "that this is the justification you offer for exterminating one of the Empire's foremost sects? A backbone of Imperial stability?"

"Yes!"

Bai Zihan did not even hesitate.

"The biggest reason," he continued lazily, "is because I wanted to. Otherwise... why would I waste energy on such an insignificant sect?"

Gasps.

Shock.

Rage.

The arrogance in his tone was naked-unconcealed.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Insignificant?

Li Jianhong's face flushed crimson.

"You are too arrogant!" he burst out, unable to endure it further. "Such a ridiculous justification would never be accepted in this court!" The pressure in the hall trembled faintly.

Bai Zihan's eyes shifted toward him coldly.

"And what reason, Bai Zihan asked softly, "did your Li Clan have when you invaded the Bai Clan two years ago?"

Li Jianhong's mouth opened-

But Bai Zihan did not allow him the opportunity.

"I hope it was for some selfless, righteous cause?"

A faint, mocking smile curved at the edge of his lips.

Several officials exchanged uneasy glances.

That incident-

Everyone remembered it.

"Ahem!"

Li Jianhong straightened stiffly.

"You are too young to understand," he said with forced composure. "The

Immortal Emperor's Inheritance is far too dangerous to be left in the hands of a single clan. We acted for the stability of the Empire."

A ripple of murmured approval rose from certain factions.

Bai Zihan scoffed.

"Nice joke! Keep your stupid excuses at home."

His voice was no longer lazy.

His gaze rose.

It met the Emperor directly.

A subtle tension snapped into place.

"When my Bai Clan was besieged... when so-called righteous forces tried to plunder us..."

He tilted his head slightly.

"Where was this concern for Imperial balance then?"

Silence!

The Emperor's expression hardened slightly.

The implication was unmistakable.

Bai Zihan did not look away.

"But now," he continued calmly, "suddenly the Empire is so righteous?"

The words were not shouted.

They did not need to be.

They lingered in the air like drawn blades.

Several ministers shifted uneasily.

The Emperor's gaze remained locked onto Bai Zihan.

"You tread dangerous ground," he said quietly.

Bai Zihan's expression did not change.

"I only speak facts. If you are so worried about the Empire's stability, why don't

you have Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian give a proper justification for invading

our territory?"

A beat passed.

Then another. Spiritual pressure subtly gathered beneath the dragon throne-vast, suffocating, imperial.

Yet Bai Zihan stood straight beneath it. Unbowed and unflinching. The court no longer felt like a simple trial.

It felt like a confrontation.

"Well, no justification is needed because it was the Bai Clan, right?"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 485 Beneath the Holy Sect's Halo

Chapter 485 Beneath the Holy Sect's Halo

"Well, no justification is needed because it was the Bai Clan, right?"

Bai Zihan said with a sarcastic tone.

Silence swallowed the hall whole.

Some lowered their eyes. Others stiffened.

Because everyone knew what Bai Zihan said was the truth.

The Li and Zhao Clans had launched even bigger invasions against the Bai Clan, yet there weren't many consequences for that.

The silence stretched.

Then-

Zhao Wutian stood up.

His expression was calm, his voice steady.

"The past is in the past," he said evenly. "We are discussing the present matter."

Zhao Wutian immediately tried to change the topic and bring everyone's focus back to the problem at hand.

"The justification you are giving now is too ridiculous. If this is your sole reason for invading the Azure Sun Holy Sect, then we should proceed with punishing the Bai Clan."

Others quickly followed up and nodded in agreement.

Indeed, what was the use of discussing something that had already passed?

It still didn't give the Bai Clan justification to invade the Azure Sun Holy Sect. "Heh."

Bai Zihan scoffed lightly.

"I wasn't done yet."

His tone was almost amused.

"I only told you the biggest reason why the Azure Sun Holy Sect was invaded."

He paused deliberately.

"There are still more reasons."

Bai Zihan's eyes darkened slightly.

"Secondly," he said calmly, "they tried to assassinate me."

An uproar exploded across the court.

"What?!"

"Assassinate? Azure Sun did?"

Whispers overlapped, tension rising instantly.

Wen Haoyu's expression changed.

"That is slander!" he snapped. "Why would we try to assassinate you? We have no enmity with you!"

He forced a scoff.

"Why would the Azure Sun Holy Sect even bother targeting you?"

Listening to Wen Haoyu's words, others felt the same.

Apart from when Bai Zihan invaded the Azure Sun Holy Sect, there didn't seem to be any confrontation or conflict between the two parties.

So, a matter as serious as trying to assassinate Bai Zihan, while it could be a justifiable reason, sounded too absurd to be real.

Was Bai Zihan lying to justify his actions? Or was Wen Haoyu hiding something they didn't know?

Anyway, if Bai Zihan could prove that Wen Haoyu had tried to kill him first, the outcome of this court session might change.

Bai Zihan laughed.

"No enmity?" he repeated.

He looked at Wen Haoyu as if he were staring at something pitiful.

"The reason," Bai Zihan said lightly, "is because you were afraid."

Wen Haoyu's fingers twitched.

"Afraid of what? What nonsense are you spouting?"

Wen Haoyu immediately retorted, his tone slightly nervous.

"Afraid," Bai Zihan continued, ignoring him, "that I would reveal your sect's secret. And thinking that I was cripple, you sent your Sky Pirates to kill me."

Wen Haoyu's composure cracked for the briefest second.

"Lies! All you are doing is trying to justify the evil you committed!"

Wen Haoyu immediately defended himself, trying to put the blame on Bai Zihan

and make him out to be a liar.

Most of the neutral parties didn't know who they should believe.

While those on Wen Haoyu's side obviously sided with him completely, those on Bai Zihan's side waited patiently for Bai Zihan's explanation.

"Hmph! You know very well what you have done."

Bai Zihan said as he glared at him, causing Wen Haoyu to gulp in nervousness and fear.

Bai Zihan's voice no longer carried arrogance.

"The Azure Sun Holy Sect," he said slowly, each word distinct, "has been experimenting on children."

Silence!

"They have been kidnapping them," Bai Zihan continued, eyes sweeping across the court, "using them for forbidden cultivation experiments."

The reaction was explosive.

"Impossible!"

"Preposterous!"

"That's a grave accusation!"

Several ministers stood abruptly.

If what Bai Zihan said was true, it would not only justify Bai Zihan's actions, but they would also need to investigate and thoroughly punish the Azure Sun Holy

Sect.

Even Zhao Wutian's expression shifted.

Wen Haoyu's face drained of color.

"You liar!" he shouted. "Where is your evidence? You dare accuse the Holy Sect of such crimes?!"

Bai Zihan did not raise his voice.

"You want evidence?"

His gaze slid briefly toward the Emperor.

"I have the rescued survivors."

A ripple of shock passed through the hall.

"We can also visit your experiment room in Azure Sun and confirm it together."

Everyone looked at the two, confused about who to trust.

But looking at Bai Zihan's confidence, it didn't seem like he was lying. And after verifying what he said, wouldn't they all know the truth?

So why would Bai Zihan lie about something that could be easily confirmed?

Now, the eyes that looked at Wen Haoyu with pity began to change.

If what Bai Zihan said was true, then it would be Wen Haoyu and the Azure Sun

Holy Sect that needed to be impeached.

But obviously, Wen Haoyu still continued to deny all those claims.

"Bai Zihan is just trying to distract everyone from what he has done. Like you said previously, what evidence other than your words can you present right now?"

Wen Haoyu smiled, sweat dripping down his face.

"You don't think everyone would simply believe your words. Or shall we all wait for someone to go and check them?"

Wen Haoyu asked confidently.

Obviously, if someone on his side went to check, even if it was true, would it be reported honestly?

No!

And it wasn't like they could all go together to confirm this.

So Wen Haoyu still felt that he was safe.

Even the Emperor would choose to send someone, and he believed they would undoubtedly help him even if they discovered the truth.

The hall simmered with suspicion and doubt.

Wen Haoyu stood firm, forcing confidence into his expression.

Wen Haoyu glared at Bai Zihan, seemingly asking, What will your next move be?

But then-

Bai Zihan smiled.

"You seem very confident," he said lightly.

"You asked for evidence? We can verify what I said earlier, but obviously we don't have such leisure time. So I shall show desperately want to see."

the evidence you so

Bai Zihan's fingers brushed against his spatial ring.

"You are not the only one," he said calmly, "who has a Memory Crystal Mirror."

The words struck like lightning.

Bai Zihan took out the artifact from his storage ring.

A stir swept across the court.

Wen Haoyu's pupils contracted.

He could already imagine what might be inside that artifact.

Bai Zihan infused qi into it.

Light burst forth.

The air above the court trembled once more.

Another projection formed.

This time-

The first scene showed Bai Zihan infiltrating the Sect. Then it went dark.

A hidden corridor.

Underground.

A sealed chamber deep within the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The image showed Bai Zihan bursting through the chamber doors.

And then-

The recording captured everything.

Rows of iron cages.

Small figures within them.

Children.

Some unconscious.

Some staring blankly.

Some weakly struggling.

A collective gasp tore through the court. The projection continued. The scene shifted again.

Strange formations etched across the floor.

Blood-red inscriptions.

The cages. The experiments.

The terrified children.

Formation arrays designed for forced spiritual extraction.

It continued until the confession from the Elder who told almost everything

that is to know about the Emperiment.

When the projection ended-

No one spoke.

Wen Haoyu's face had turned deathly pale.

"This-this is fabricated!" he shouted hoarsely. "You captured events from somewhere and pinning the blame on us!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 486 End of Wen Haoyu

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 486 End of Wen Haoyu

This was what an experienced political schemer was like.

Even with evidence laid bare before the entire Imperial Court, he still refused to admit fault.

He searched desperately for loopholes, for distortions, for anything he could twist.

But before the crystal-clear projection of the Memory Crystal Mirror, his words were dust.

Firstly, it was undeniably the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The recording showed Bai Zihan entering the Sect openly. The mountain gates. The disciples.

The elders. Many among them were well-known figures-recognizable faces who had attended gatherings and competitions.

Moreover, the elder conducting the experiments had revealed far too much within the recording.

There was no room left for doubt.

No matter how Wen Haoyu tried to deny it-

The evidence was overwhelming.

And yet-

Wen Haoyu still did not think it was hopeless.

He had Li Jianhong, Zhao Wutian, and even the Emperor on his side.

As long as he did not admit guilt, as long as he maintained defiance, there was still a sliver of hope that power could reshape truth.

Slowly-

Wen Haoyu's gaze shifted.

He looked toward Li Jianhong first.

Then Zhao Wutian.

Then, finally-

The dragon throne.

But what he saw made his blood run cold.

They were no longer confident nor did they dare look at him.

No longer seeming to want to shield him with subtle nods or calm authority.

Li Jianhong's expression was stiff.

Zhao Wutian's jaw was tight.

The Emperor's face was unreadable-but his eyes had grown colder. Worse-

The surrounding court no longer held condemnation toward Bai Zihan. That tide had reversed completely.

The gazes aimed at Wen Haoyu now were filled with something far more dangerous.

Disgust.

Rage.

Contempt.

"You dared to commit such evil... and still had the face to complain when invaded?"

That was what their expressions seemed to say.

Some ministers looked as though they wanted to strike him down where he stood.

Some sect leaders stared as if looking at filth.

Even those who had previously supported the Azure Sun Holy Sect now kept their distance-subtly shifting their bodies, as if proximity itself might taint them.

Indeed-

No one could understand what Wen Haoyu had been thinking,

He had escaped.

He had survived.

If he had fled and hidden himself, he wouldn't get caught..

Instead-

He had returned to the Imperial Court, and that too to accuse the Bai Clan as though he were the victim.

As though he were the innocent one wronged.

Now?

It would not just be the Bai Clan he faced.

It would be every Clan.

Every Sect.

The entire Empire.

The atmosphere within the grand hall had turned one hundred and eighty degrees.

Moments ago, Bai Zihan had stood alone beneath hundreds of condemning gazes.

Now-

Wen Haoyu stood isolated.

And he could feel it.

The subtle fluctuations of spiritual intent in the hall had changed direction.

They were no longer pressing toward Bai Zihan.

They were pressing toward him.

If he failed to provide an explanation-

If he failed to twist fate one final time-

It would be death.

A bead of sweat slid slowly down his temple.

For the first time since the trial began-

Wen Haoyu felt fear.

And then-

A chair scraped violently against the marble floor.

Chu Xing stood.

The usually refined patriarch of the Chu Clan no longer carried diplomatic restraint.

His spiritual aura surged outward, not attacking-but pressing heavily upon Wen Haoyu like a mountain.

"Wen Haoyu!"

His voice boomed across the hall.

"Where did you get the audacity to accuse the Bai Clan?"

Each word struck like a hammer.

"You committed such vile acts-experimenting on children-and you still dared to stand here pretending to be wronged?"

His eyes blazed with fury.

"Did your conscience get eaten by a dog?"

A collective intake of breath followed.

Such crude words were rarely spoken within the Imperial Court.

But no one rebuked him.

In fact-

Many silently agreed.

"It should have been eaten," Chu Xing continued coldly, "Only someone without a conscience could do what you have done."

Wen Haoyu's lips trembled.

"I-I had no knowledge of-"

"Silence!"

The shout cut him off like a blade.

"You dare claim ignorance? You were the Sect Leader of Azure Sun! You dare tell us you knew nothing of the underground chambers beneath your own Sect grounds?"

His voice dripped with contempt.

"You think we are fools?"

Other clan leaders who had previously remained silent, mostly from the Bai Clan's alliance, now voiced their opinion.

"Your Majesty, if the recording is authentic-and it appears indisputable-then this is not a minor offense."

"Kidnapping children. Conducting forbidden experiments. Such crimes shake the foundation of the Empire."

"If this is allowed to pass with light punishment, what message does it send?"

"We must investigate this properly and give the Azure Sun Holy Sect the harshest punishment."

Murmurs of agreement spread rapidly.

The tide was irreversible now.

"The Azure Sun Holy Sect must be held fully accountable. Those responsible should face death."

"Death!"

"Death sentence!"

The hall, once aligned against the Bai Clan, now thundered with condemnation

toward Azure Sun.

"And as for Bai Zihan-"

All eyes shifted unconsciously toward the youth standing calmly beneath the dragon throne.

"He should not be punished. He should be rewarded. He exposed a festering rot within the Empire."

Another clan leader spoke up firmly, "If not for him, how many more children would have disappeared?"

"He did what the Imperial Court failed to uncover."

The implication was dangerous-

But undeniable.

"If anything," the elder continued, "the Bai Clan rendered a service to the Empire."

Nods followed.

Even some who had previously supported the Zhao and Li Clans now maintained careful neutrality.

Public sentiment had flipped completely.

Moments ago-

Bai Zihan had stood as a criminal awaiting sentencing.

Now-

He stood as a potential hero.

Wen Haoyu felt the shift like a blade sliding across his throat.

The spiritual intent in the hall was no longer ambiguous.

It was murderous.

He staggered back half a step.

"This is slander... distortion... you cannot condemn an entire Holy Sect based on one recording-"

But his voice no longer carried force.

No longer conviction.

It sounded-

Small.

Desperate. Above all- Alone!

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 487 Foolish Decision

Chapter 487 Foolish Decision

Across the hall-

Li Jianhong's fingers tightened imperceptibly within his sleeve.

(Idiot!)

The word echoed sharply within his mind.

He had thought this would be a good opportunity to bring down the Bai Clan.

Everything had been aligned perfectly-

Until that mirror lit up.

With such clear-cut evidence laid bare before the entire court, if he dared to continue supporting Wen Haoyu, suspicion would inevitably fall upon him.

Kidnapping and experimenting on children. There was grave consequence for that.

If he spoke now in Wen Haoyu's defense-

Many might even suspect that the Li Clan was involved with them.

Li Jianhong slowly exhaled.

The opportunity to bring down the Bai Clan was tempting.

But after this revelation-

Continuing to support Wen Haoyu wouldn't just be bad, it would be utterly foolish.

Zhao Wutian's thoughts were strikingly similar.

There was no point in helping Wen Haoyu, and doing so would be equivalent to digging one's own grave.

The court's sentiment had shifted completely.

The moral high ground now stood firmly beneath Bai Zihan's feet.

To oppose him here-

Was to oppose public righteousness itself.

Zhao Wutian's jaw tightened faintly.

Wen Haoyu was finished.

There was no salvaging him.

No turning this around.

The only sensible course-

Was to distance themselves completely.

Meanwhile-

At the center of the hall-

Wen Haoyu was still speaking.

Still grasping at threads that no longer existed.

"This recording must have been altered-"

"The children could have been placed there by the Bai Clan-"

"This is a conspiracy-"

But no one responded.

No one backed him.

The silence he once commanded now swallowed him whole.

Even Li Jianhong did not look at him anymore.

Zhao Wutian stood still as a statue.

As for the Emperor-

He remained seated upon the dragon throne.

But a faint shadow of disappointment flickered across his otherwise unreadable face.

Not a disappointment for Wen Haoyu.

But disappointment at the situation.

This had been meant to curb Bai Zihan's growing influence.

To remind the Bai Clan of Imperial authority.

Instead-

It had turned into a spectacle exposing rot beneath the Empire's nose.

While the Bai Clan would be revered as the hero who helped expose such rot.

Everyone has witnessed it.

The court had witnessed it.

The sect leaders had witnessed it.

If he attempted to suppress this matter-

Then even as the Emperor, many would question his decision.

Slowly-

The Emperor raised his hand.

The hall quieted instantly.

His gaze descended upon Wen Haoyu coldly.

"Wen Haoyu," the Emperor said calmly, though the weight in his tone was

immense, "the evidence presented today is grave."

"You stand accused not only of deceiving this Court, but of overseeing crimes that shake the foundation of the Empire."

"Explain yourself!"

Wen Haoyu's knees trembled.

"Your Majesty, I-"

What could he say?

"If you cannot provide a satisfactory explanation," the Emperor continued evenly, "then the Azure Sun Holy Sect shall be punished and dissolved under

Imperial decree."

A pause.

"And you will face the highest punishment under Imperial law."

Wen Haoyu's face drained of what little color remained.

Highest punishment?

That would mean his execution.

His thoughts spun wildly.

He definitely could not admit it.

He could not deny it convincingly.

He could not overturn the evidence.

But he had to survive.

At least-

He had to separate himself from the crime.

Suddenly, his expression shifted.

Shock.

Then outrage.

Then grief.

"Your Majesty!" he cried, forcing hoarseness into his tone. "I... I had no knowledge of such atrocities!"

Gasps rose faintly.

"I swear upon my Dao-I was unaware!"

He dropped to one knee.

"If such things truly occurred within the Azure Sun Holy Sect... then I have been deceived!"

A tremor entered his voice.

"It must have been the Grand Elder... or certain elders abusing authority in secret!"

He clenched his fists dramatically.

"I will investigate personally! I will uncover the culprits and present them to the Imperial Court!"

He lowered his head deeply.

"If there are traitors within my Sect... I will purge them myself!"

The hall fell into uneasy murmurs.

Many scoff at the audacity of Wen Haoyu, still trying to feign ignorance.

Under normal circumstances-

Such blatant shifting of blame would have been laughed out of the court.

The Sect Leader claiming ignorance of underground chambers within his own territory?

Absurd!

But this time-

The Emperor did not immediately rebuke him.

Instead-

He fell silent.

His gaze remained unreadable.

Behind that calm expression, calculations moved swiftly.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect was not small.

It was also one of the major pillars within the Li-Zhao sphere of influence.

If it collapsed entirely-

The balance between factions would tilt.

And who would benefit most?

The Bai Clan! After today's events, Bai Zihan's prestige had already surged.

If Azure Sun were erased outright-

The Li-Zhao alliance would weaken significantly.

The Emperor could not allow any single power to rise unchecked.

Slowly-

He gave a small nod.

"Very well!"

The hall stirred with confusion.

Was the Emperor truly this foolish?

It was certain that Wen Haoyu was the biggest culprit, and now the Emperor wanted the criminal to investigate his own crime?

Wen Haoyu, on the other hand, was first surprised, then filled with excitement.

He felt that being on the Emperor's side was indeed advantageous.

Even when he was caught committing such crimes, he could still wiggle his way

out.

Wen Haoyu knew well why the Emperor was making such a decision, even though it would be questioned by many people.

After all, despite righteousness, in the end, it was authority that mattered.

If he and the Azure Sun Holy Sect were to be dismantled, it would only help his enemies.

"You will be granted a period of investigation."

A ripple passed through the gathered leaders.

"If it is proven that certain elders acted without your knowledge, and you bring the culprits before this Court-"

His eyes sharpened. "Then leniency may be considered."

Wen Haoyu kowtowed immediately.

"Thank you, Your Majesty! I will not fail! I will definitely bring those culprits!"

Across the hall-

Li Jianhong's gaze flickered subtly.

Zhao Wutian's shoulders eased by the slightest margin.

This was good for them.

Azure Sun might lose a few sacrificial pieces.

But the Sect itself could survive.

They knew that finding a scapegoat was fairly easy, and even if they couldn't accomplish their original goal, it was good enough if their alliance didn't suffer.

"Your Majesty-"

Chu Xing was obviously not going to let that happen. However, the Emperor raised his hand before he could even protest.

"I know your concern. However, we cannot fully be certain who is behind this.

Wen Haoyu knows well about the Azure Sun Holy Sect and should be able to find those involved.""

The Emperor continued.

"We can't punish the innocents as well. Giving Wen Haoyu a second chance is also a kind of redemption for him."

Seeing that the Emperor had already made up his mind, others could not raise their voices.

But-

At the center of the court-

Bai Zihan was holding back his laughter but in the end couldn't.

"Hahaha..."

Amidst the silence, one person laughed hysterically-and that too before the Emperor.

The Emperor obviously did not like that.

"Bai Zihan, you have something to say about my decision?"

The Emperor asked with a stern expression. "Of course! Who would agree with your foolish decision?"

Bai Zihan blatantly insulted the Emperor before everyone.

"Bai Zihan, how dare you!" "Watch your mouth!"

"Bai Zihan, apologize immediately!"

Several ministers stood up in anger. Even if the Emperor made a mistake or bad decision, it wasn't the time for someone like Bai Zihan to insult him publicly.

But obviously, Bai Zihan didn't give a damn about them and ignored them completely.

The Emperor frowned and was visibly fuming with anger.

How could he be insulted by a teenager in his own Empire?

The Emperor's eyes darkened.

"I have tolerated you long enough, Bai Zihan."

His voice was no longer merely stern-it carried the unmistakable edge of imperial authority.

"You stand in my court. Before my throne. And yet you dare insult my decision openly."

A suffocating pressure descended from the dragon platform, spiritual might rolling outward like a gathering storm.

"This is direct disrespect to the throne."

His gaze sharpened.

"One more and you will face punishment. There won't be a second chance!"

The hall fell silent.

Even the ministers who had shouted moments ago felt their hearts tighten. The Emperor was truly angered this time.

Yet-

At the center of that oppressive aura-

Bai Zihan showed no concern whatsoever.

Instead-

He smirked, almost amused.

Punished?

He did not even bother responding to that threat.

Instead, he tilted his head slightly.

"Whatever," he said casually, as if discussing something trivial, "there's no need

for an investigation."

A ripple of confusion passed through the hall.

The Emperor's brows knit together. "What do you mean?"

Bai Zihan's smile widened faintly.

"I've already done it."

Before anyone could process his words-

He snapped his fingers.

And then-

The doors of the Imperial Court opened.

Bai Ren entered.

The atmosphere shifted the moment he stepped inside.

The Emperor's face darkened instantly.

"Who allowed him to enter without my permission?!" His voice thundered.

The imperial guards stationed at the entrance stiffened.

Sweat formed on their foreheads.

Allowed?

How could they stop someone like Bai Ren?

Even if they tried-

Would they still be standing?

The guards lowered their heads in silence, caught in an impossible position.

Bai Ren, however, appeared completely unbothered.

He walked forward at an unhurried pace.

Then stopped.

Offering a shallow nod-not quite a bow.

"Your Majesty," he said evenly, "relax."

The casual tone caused several ministers to inhale sharply.

"I'm here for a reason!"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 488 The Ancestor's Confession

Chapter 488 The Ancestor's Confession

Another Bai Clan member who had no respect for the throne.

However, Bai Ren was a threat that couldn't be held back even if everyone here worked together.

Everyone wondered for what reason Bai Ren was here. To protect and support Bai Zihan?

That was most likely.

Then another presence followed Bai Ren.

Gasps rippled through the court.

"It's-"

"The Earth Immortal Ancestor of Azure Sun...!"

Following behind Bai Ren was the Earth Immortal Ancestor of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

His long robes were disheveled.

His complexion was pale.

The once imposing aura that had commanded respect across the Empire now felt... weak.

Wen Haoyu's pupils shrank violently.

"Ancestor?!"

His voice cracked.

(Why is he here?)

Wen Haoyu thought nervously.

Wen Haoyu was prepared to do everything, even pulling Azure Sun under the rug if that meant surviving.

But with the Ancestor here, that would be quite difficult.

Of course, with the support of the Emperor, he no longer needed to do so and could instead find some scapegoat from Azure Sun Holy Sect to take the fall.

He felt that even the Ancestor would agree with him.

Rather than implicating everyone including himself, Wen Haoyu thought that the Ancestor would also agree with him to find a scapegoat.

But of course, he needed to let the Earth Immortal know about the plan. (Ancestor!)

He sent a telepathic message.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor did not look at him.

His gaze remained lowered.

Despite that, Wen Haoyu thought that perhaps the Ancestor was pretending so as not to give away that he had received the message.

(Ancestor, listen to me!)

He continued.

(The Emperor is supporting us. We can find a scapegoat, some unnecessary elders, and pin the blame on them. Please support me! With the Emperor, even if it seems unbelievable, we should be able to get away without much consequence.)

The Earth Immortal Ancestor just gave a helpless smile, but Wen Haoyu took it as a sign that he had understood his message.

His racing heart eased slightly.

Everything could still be salvaged.

As long as the Ancestor played along.

Then-

Bai Ren stepped forward and cupped his fist casually toward Bai Zihan.

"Young Master, I have brought him."

Bai Zihan gave a nod.

Then he turned toward the dragon throne.

"With Azure Sun's Ancestor here," he said calmly, "I don't think we need further investigation."

His gaze swept across the court.

"We can simply ask him any questions we have!"

Murmurs spread instantly.

It made sense, though they couldn't fully trust him either. Since he was the Ancestor of Azure Sun, he would obviously say things to favor the Azure Sun

Holy Sect.

But since it was the Bai Clan who brought him, in any case, it was better to listen to what he has to say.

The Emperor's eyes lingered on Bai Zihan for a long moment.

Then he inclined his head slightly.

"Very well!"

His gaze shifted to the Earth Immortal Ancestor.

"Were you aware of the experiments being conducted within your Sect?"

The hall held its breath.

Wen Haoyu's lips twitched upward faintly.

Of course he would deny it.

They could blame a handful of reckless elders.

Sacrifice a few pieces.

Why would the Ancestor say otherwise, which might result in the destruction of the whole Sect?

The Earth Immortal Ancestor lifted his head slowly.

His eyes were calm.

Tired.

But clear.

He nodded.

"Yes!"

The single word fell like a thunderbolt.

Wen Haoyu's smile froze.

The court erupted in shock.

The Emperor's brows furrowed deeply.

"What?! Did he just admit to it?"

"Really? If their Ancestor is saying it, then it must be true."

"Why would one even admit it? Well, it saves us a lot of time, so I am not really complaining."

They were shocked that the Ancestor would admit it just like that.

"Are you aware of what you are saying?"

The Emperor asked, still giving him a chance.

"Yes. It has been happening for decades."

The Ancestor answered, leaving no doubt.

Silence!

Absolute silence.

Wen Haoyu felt as if ice water had been poured down his spine.

(What are you doing?!)

He sent another frantic telepathic message.

(Ancestor! Deny it! We already agreed-!)

No reply.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor did not even glance at him.

He stood there like a man who had already made peace with something

irreversible.

The Emperor's expression darkened.

He had offered a chance.

Yet now- With the Sect's own Earth Immortal confirming the crimes openly-

How could he justify leniency?

How could he suppress this?

If he continued protecting Azure Sun now-

Everyone would know that he was helping Wen Haoyu without any justification.

This was no longer salvageable.

Wen Haoyu's mind spiraled.

(Why?! Why would you admit it?!)

He sent another message.

(Ancestor, what are you doing?! Think about the Sect! Think about yourself!)

Still-

Nothing.

Not even a flicker of acknowledgment.

The Emperor leaned back slightly upon the dragon throne.

His earlier calculations shattered.

He had been willing to bend the narrative.

But he could not rewrite a confession delivered in front of the entire Imperial Court.

Bai Zihan's playful tone echoed lightly in the suffocating silence.

"Hey," he said lazily, "why not tell the full story?"

His eyes curved faintly. "Include everyone who was aware of it. Especially whether your Sect Leader

was involved."

All eyes turned back to the Earth Immortal Ancestor.

A flicker of struggle passed through his expression.

He slowly closed his eyes.

Once spoken-

There would be no turning back.

But there was no choice. Before coming to the Imperial Court, the Bai Clan had already made their position crystal clear.

A stern warning.

If he dared to lie-

If he attempted to conceal even a fragment-

The Bai Clan would launch a full assault upon Azure Sun Holy Sect.

They had already proven what a mere handful of elites could do to Azure Sun.

If their entire army moved-

There would be nothing left but ashes.

And to dismiss that warning as a bluff?

That would be a grave mistake. The Bai Clan was not known for empty threats.

They had done similar things in the past. Compared to that-

The punishment of the Imperial Court would be more merciful.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 489 The Final Nail in Wen Haoyu's Coffin[1,161 words]

Chapter 489 The Final Nail in Wen Haoyu's Coffin

Slowly, the Earth Immortal Ancestor opened his eyes.

"The experiments began decades ago."

A tremor ran through the crowd.

"They were initiated under the proposal of the current Sect Leader-Wen Haoyu."

The words struck like a hammer.

Wen Haoyu's head snapped upward.

"Ancestor! What nonsense are you spouting?!"

But the Ancestor continued calmly.

"At the time, our Sect faced stagnation. Talent declined, and we were losing our position as a top sect."

His voice was steady, but heavy.

"But we discovered the Sun Dao, a treasure we believed could change our Sect."

There were a lot of murmurs, discussing just what kind of treasure it was for them to think that it could help the whole Sect.

Some even had greed in their eyes, probably thinking about taking it once everything settled down, while others glanced at the Bai Clan, thinking that it might be in their hands.

"However, we soon learned that cultivating using the Sun Dao-even with our cultivation technique-was more than we could handle. That was when Wen Haoyu proposed the experiment."

A cold ripple passed through the hall.

"If fragments could be integrated into the body, then accepting the energy from the Sun Dao would become possible. With the agreement of almost all

higher-ups, it began."

Gasps erupted.

"The underground chambers were constructed with his authorization"

The Ancestor's gaze shifted slightly.

"Every stage of development was reported directly to him."

Wen Haoyu staggered back.

"Lies!"

He pointed a shaking finger.

"You are being coerced! Mind-controlled by Bai Zihan!"

"Yes! That must be it!"

His voice grew shrill.

"He has been manipulated by the Bai Clan!"

But the Earth Immortal Ancestor did not react.

Instead-

He lifted a hand slowly.

From his spatial ring, a stack of jade slips and scrolls appeared.

They hovered in the air.

"These are the official authorization letters."

He spoke without emotion.

"Signed personally by Sect Leader Wen Haoyu."

The documents unfurled.

The Emperor gestured.

An attendant caught several and delivered them upward.

The hall waited.

The Emperor examined one.

Then another.

His face darkened further with each passing breath.

The signature was unmistakable.

The Sect Leader's seal was clearly imprinted.

Spiritual Qi embedded within the documents confirmed their authenticity.

There was no forgery.

No manipulation.

It was all real.

The Emperor lowered the scroll slowly.

His gaze fell upon Wen Haoyu coldly.

Since he was now useless, there was no need to be merciful.

(This is the result of your own foolishness!)

The Emperor thought.

With even the Ancestor of Azure Sun standing on the Bai Clan's side, there was no way for Wen Haoyu to wiggle his way out.

Perhaps he could have helped him, but the backlash would be too great compared to any potential gain.

Wen Haoyu's lips trembled violently.

"This... this can be forged!"

He looked around desperately.

"Li Jianhong! Zhao Wutian! Say something!"

Li Jianhong didn't say anything.

"Wen Haoyu, you made the decision, so you had better take responsibility for it!"

Zhao Wutian said.

He too knew that Wen Haoyu and Azure Sun were done for. Since that was the case, it was better to earn some moral points and distance themselves from

Wen Haoyu.

With his reply, it would convey that he had nothing to do with Wen Haoyu's experiments.

The final nail had fallen.

There was no loophole left.

No distortion to twist.

No scapegoat to construct, since the Ancestor had already admitted to the crime and named him directly.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor spoke one final sentence.

"The responsibility lies with almost all the elders and grand elders-and especially Sect Leader Wen Haoyu. Here are the names of the people involved."

And with that-

Wen Haoyu's last path of escape vanished.

Everyone looked at the names, and it was almost every elder of Azure Sun who was involved.

Of course, there were still a few newly promoted elders who had yet to learn about it.

Then there was a list of disciples who were also aware, but it was mainly because they were once those who had been experimented upon and survived.

They were mostly innocent-victims rather than perpetrators.

A suffocating silence followed the revelation of names.

Then-

It exploded.

"How vicious!"

"To treat living cultivators as experiments?!"

"This is no different from demonic cultivation!"

Voices rose one after another, sharp and furious.

Some leaders slammed their palms against the armrests of their seats.

Others stared at the list in disbelief, then in disgust.

"Decades... this has been going on for decades?"

"And they dared to call themselves a righteous sect!"

The condemnation spread like wildfire.

"They even used their disciples!"

"They used their own people as experimental materials!"

"And the Sect Leader dares to stand here and pretend innocence?"

Wen Haoyu's face turned ashen.

He tried to speak, but the noise drowned him out.

"You initiated it and still tried to push the blame onto others!"

"You lied through your teeth! Yet you have the guts to accuse Young Master Bai of lying."

"Such a person deserves death!"

Even members of the Li-Zhao Alliance did not remain silent and condemned

Wen Haoyu openly.

To experiment on fellow cultivators under the banner of righteousness... that is something only demonic sects would do.

How could they, as righteous cultivators, tolerate such things?

Though the biggest point was that none of them wanted to be associated with committing such acts.

If they defended Wen Haoyu now, they would be equated with him.

No one was willing to bear that stain.

The voices gradually unified.

"Behead him!"

"Make an example of him!"

"Execute all who were involved!"

"Cleanse the rot!"

The hall that had once leaned against the Bai Clan now burned with righteous fury against Azure Sun.

Wen Haoyu staggered backward as if struck repeatedly.

"You-you hypocrites!"

He pointed wildly at the crowd.

"You all seek power! You all covet treasures! If you had found the Sun Dao first, you would have done the same!"

His words only made things worse.

"How shameless!"

"He still refuses to repent!"

"Silence him!"

The Emperor, who had remained still upon the Dragon Throne, finally raised his hand.

Instantly-

The entire hall quieted.

"Wen Haoyu!"

His voice echoed with imperial might.

"You authorized forbidden experimentation upon cultivators of your own sect.

You have done so for decades."

"You attempted to mislead this Court. You even sought to manipulate judgment."

Each accusation struck like a decree of heaven.

Wen Haoyu's knees trembled. He knew that now even the Emperor had abandoned him.

"This Emperor rules the Desolate Heaven Empire under the mandate of order and righteousness."

He paused.

"If such acts are tolerated-then what distinguishes us from demonic forces?"

The Emperor's voice grew firmer.

"To demonstrate that the Empire does not condone such evil-"

"Wen Haoyu shall be publicly executed."

The words rang like a bell of finality.

"His execution will be carried out before the capital's main plaza."

"Let all under Heaven witness it. Let it be known-"

"That no sect, no matter how powerful, may violate the moral foundation of the Empire."

A collective exhale swept through the court.

"And as for the elders and grand elders listed-" "They shall be detained immediately and await further judgment."

Armored imperial guards stepped forward.

Their boots echoed sharply against marble.

Wen Haoyu's face was drained of all colors.

"No... no..."

He looked desperately toward Li Jianhong.

Toward Zhao Wutian.

Toward anyone.

No one wanted to help him.

His cultivation base, once formidable, now felt meaningless beneath the weight of imperial authority and unified condemnation.

Two guards seized him.

He struggled.

"Ancestor! Say something!"

But the Earth Immortal Ancestor remained still.

Eyes lowered.

As if already mourning a sect that had doomed itself long ago.

Wen Haoyu's final scream echoed as he was dragged out of the hall.

The doors shut heavily behind him. Silence returned.

And in that silence-

More than one person glanced at Bai Zihan.

The storm had begun with him.

And it had ended exactly where he wished.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 490 Wen Haoyu's Execution[1,028 words]

Chapter 490 Wen Haoyu's Execution

The news of what occurred at the Imperial Court spread faster than one could imagine.

After all, many people were already keeping their eyes on what would be the fate of the Bai Clan after this.

But the news that they got was completely different from what they expected.

Bai Zihan didn't attack the Azure Sun Holy Sect just because he could, but because they were carrying out dangerous and illegal experiments on children.

And that was just the tip, with news about Azure Sun kidnapping children and trying to assassinate Bai Zihan also becoming known.

Within a single day-

The entire Desolate Heaven Empire knew.

At first, disbelief.

Then shock.

Then fury.

"Azure Sun Holy Sect dared to experiment on children?"

"For decades? And they have the audacity to call themselves righteous!" "They should burn in hell."

The same streets that had once buzzed with rumors condemning Bai Zihan now echoed with a completely different tone.

Was he not arrogant?

Was he not lawless?

Had he not defied the Imperial Court?

That was what people used to say.

Now-

The narrative had turned on its head.

"So that's why Young Master Bai attacked the Azure Sun Holy Sect!! As expected, he has a noble reason!"

"He wasn't acting recklessly-he was saving those children!"

"What is the Imperial Court doing? They should have been the ones to discover

such things. But now Young Master Bai had to do their job?"

"If not for Bai Zihan, we would still be in the dark!"

The insults that once followed Bai Zihan's name were quietly swallowed.

In their place-

Admiration, reverence, and gratitude.

"A hero of righteousness!"

"He not only killed those demonic beasts and demonic cultivators, but he is also cleansing evil from the Empire. This is what a true hero should be!"

Meanwhile, curses rained upon the Azure Sun Holy Sect like an unending storm.

"Beasts in human skin!"

"Demonic sect in disguise!"

"To think we respected them! They must all face punishment!"

Voices united against the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

So what if they were a Top Sect? Could they do whatever they wanted?

With the unity of everyone, they had nothing to fear even if it was someone like the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

As for the Bai Clan-

Their prestige soared, with everyone praising them, while those who previously cursed them apologized, citing it was due to misunderstanding and lack of information.

Three days later!

The capital's main plaza was overflowing.

It was said that even rooftops were occupied.

Vendors closed early. Cultivators from surrounding regions rushed over simply to witness history.

At the center of the plaza stood a towering execution platform.

Imperial banners fluttered above it, golden dragons coiling across crimson silk. Heavy chains clanked.

Wen Haoyu was brought forth.

His once immaculate robes were gone, replaced by plain white prisoner garments.

His cultivation base had been sealed.

No spiritual aura.

No commanding presence.

No sect leader.

Just a man. Perhaps not even that. Just a filthy criminal who didn't deserve any of a human's privileges.

The crowd roared the moment they saw him.

"That's him! The Sect Leader of Azure Sun Holy Sect and the one who started those experiments."

"Execution! Execution!"

Wen Haoyu's face was pale, his body was bruised.

It was certain that those three days weren't peaceful or leisurely for him, and he had endured torture.

But his eyes-

They burned with resentment.

With hatred.

He scanned the crowd as if searching for someone-however, with his Qi sealed, he couldn't find the said person.

Bai Zihan!

Only if he hadn't messed with him. If only, he didn't order for him to be assassinated.

Even if he did all that, he should have escaped when he got the chance.

Why did he have to believe in Li Jainhong and Zhao Wutian, thinking that with their support, he could take down the Bai Clan and reclaim his sect?

Above the platform stood the Imperial Execution Officer, decree scroll in hand.

His voice echoed across the plaza.

"Wen Haoyu, former Sect Leader of Azure Sun Holy Sect-" "You have conducted forbidden human experimentation for decades. You deceived the Imperial Court. You violated the moral laws of the Empire."

"By decree of His Majesty-You are sentenced to public execution."

The crowd erupted.

"Kill him!"

"Justice!"

"Let this be a warning!"

"Do you have any last words?"

The Imperial Execution Officer asked.

Wen Haoyu suddenly laughed unhingedly.

"Hehe... hahaha..."

The laughter grew louder, harsher, echoing across the plaza like the cry of a madman.

His bloodshot eyes scanned the endless sea of faces.

Then his voice rose sharply.

"Bai Zihan!"

The name rang through the crowd.

"You think hiding behind that mask of righteousness makes you different from me?!"

His lips twisted with venom.

"You and I are the same!"

Wen Haoyu's voice grew hoarse as he shouted toward the masses.

"One day, your mask shall also be unveiled.

His gaze burned with hatred.

"And when you do-you will meet the same fate as me!"

For a moment-

Silence lingered.

Then the crowd exploded in anger.

"Shut your mouth!"

"How dare you compare yourself to Young Master Bai!"

"You demonic scum!"

"Someone like you isn't even worthy of saying his name!"

"The Empire would never allow harm to come to our hero!" "That's right!"

"Don't try to drag him down with you!"

The voices grew louder, drowning Wen Haoyu in curses and insults.

Yet-

Wen Haoyu only laughed harder.

"Hehehe..."

The sound was hollow with mocking tone.

"You fools..."

His voice carried, though his cultivation was sealed.

"Do you think this Empire is just? That they will protect everyone? Hehe... Even the Imperial-"

"Silence!"

The Imperial Execution stopped Wen Haoyu before he could complete his sentence.

"By decree of His Majesty-Justice shall be carried out here and now."

The officer lowered his hand.

"Execution!"

Then a massive blade that had gleamed under the sunlight descended.

For a brief moment-

Silence fell!

Wen Haoyu's laughter faded.

Then-

Thunderous applause.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

It was done.

It rolled across the plaza like waves crashing against stone.

"Justice!"

"Good riddance!"

"May his soul never reincarnate!"

The cheers grew louder, heavier, and unified.

Some spat toward the execution platform.

Some wept-not for Wen Haoyu, but for the unseen children whose suffering had finally been acknowledged.

Others raised their fists high into the air.

"This is what happens to those who hide evil beneath a righteous banner!"

"Let every sect take warning!"

The executioner stepped back, blade resting against his shoulder as imperial guards swiftly cleared the platform. Crimson banners fluttered above.

The Imperial Execution Officer raised his hand, signaling the crowd to quiet slightly.

His voice rang across the plaza.

"Let this be known throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire! Any who practice

forbidden arts, harm innocents, or conceal evil beneath the banner of righteousness shall meet the same fate."

"The Empire will not tolerate such crimes." The decree echoed through the plaza like thunder.

The Empire had made its statement.

And the people approved.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 491 The Invitation That Allowed No Refusal[1,096 words]

Chapter 491 The Invitation That Allowed No Refusal

Not far from the execution platform-

Among the countless spectators crowding the plaza-

Bai Zihan stood quietly.

He wore plain robes today with his face covered, nothing that would immediately draw attention.

His aura was restrained, his presence subdued.

To the ordinary eye, he looked no different from any other mortal who had come to witness history.

"You and I are the same!"

Wen Haoyu howled.

Bai Zihan smirked when he heard those words.

(Perhaps!)

He didn't deny it. After all, righteousness was just a mask used by the powerful to justify their actions.

But Wen Haoyu was wrong about one thing.

Bai Zihan's mask had always been unveiled. There was no need for him to be hiding behind anything.

He silently watched as the executioner beheaded Wen Haoyu.

Around him, the cheers continued to surge.

"Justice has been served!"

"That demon finally paid for his crimes!"

"Serves him right!"

But Bai Zihan's gaze remained fixed on the execution platform where Wen Haoyu's body had already been removed.

His expression was calm.

He neither celebrated nor frowned.

There was no satisfaction.

No sympathy either.

To him-

Wen Haoyu's death carried very little weight.

Whether the man had committed countless atrocities or none at all... it hardly mattered to Bai Zihan.

Because the true reason Wen Haoyu had reached this fate was far simpler.

Wen Haoyu had crossed him.

And once that line was crossed-

The outcome had already been decided.

Bai Zihan's eyes lowered slightly as the cheers continued to echo around the plaza.

If not for a single variable...

A lot of things would have been different today.

This execution would not have been the Empire's grand display of justice.

It would have been something far more terrifying.

His gaze drifted toward the distant silhouette of the Imperial Palace rising above the capital.

The golden roofs shimmered beneath the afternoon sun.

The seat of imperial authority.

The center of power that ruled the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

For most cultivators-

That palace represented an untouchable force.

For Bai Zihan?

It was merely another obstacle.

A faint, almost imperceptible smile appeared on his lips.

Truthfully speaking, when the Imperial Court had attempted to suppress the

Bai Clan... when they had joined the Li-Zhao Alliance...

Bai Zihan had already considered the possibility.

If the Emperor insisted on making an enemy of him-

Then he would simply remove the Emperor.

If the Imperial Family resisted-

He would erase them as well.

And if the Li Clan or Zhao Clan chose to interfere...

They would have fallen together with them.

Yet...

Bai Zihan had chosen restraint.

Not because he feared the Imperial Family.

Not because he lacked the strength.

But because of a single variable.

Qin Lingxiao!

The Heavenly Chosen.

Otherwise, Bai Zihan wouldn't have even bothered with any of this. He would

have changed the one who tried to bring down the Bai Clan.

But alas, fate had a different plan.

With Qin Lingxiao posing as Yu Feiyan, he could only wait.

It wasn't wise to cross Qin Lingxiao or do something which might lead to confrontation with her.

He needs to wait at least before she is done with whatever reason she is here for or wait until the Bai Clan is powerful enough to take her on.

Just as that thought faded from Bai Zihan's mind-

A gentle voice sounded beside him.

"Young Master Bai!"

The voice was soft, graceful, and unmistakably refined.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly beneath the cloth covering his face.

He had not sensed her approach.

Not a trace.

Not a fluctuation of Qi.

Yet she now stood only a few steps away.

He slowly turned his head.

Yu Feiyan stood there.

Her appearance drew subtle attention even in the densely packed plaza.

Her posture was elegant, her robes pristine, her expression calm despite the chaos that had only moments ago shaken the square.

It seemed that almost everyone who laid their eyes on her had already been enchanted and made a path for her.

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened slightly.

He needed to be cautious since it was clear that she was here for him.

Then Yu Feiyan smiled faintly.

"I did not expect to find Young Master Bai here among the common spectators."

Her eyes carried a curious glint.

"Watching the conclusion of a storm you started?"

Bai Zihan returned a polite nod.

"The Princess overestimates me."

His tone was calm, almost indifferent.

"I merely came to witness the Empire's justice like everyone else."

Yu Feiyan tilted her head slightly.

"Is that so?"

Her gaze lingered on him for a moment longer than necessary.

Then she spoke again.

"I was actually hoping to speak with Young Master Bai."

Bai Zihan's smile did not change.

But inwardly-

His mind had already become cautious.

Of all the people he wished to avoid at this moment...

Qin Lingxiao was at the very top of the list.

He inclined his head slightly.

"I'm afraid today may not be convenient."

He gestured subtly toward the dispersing crowd.

"I still have to deal with the Azure Sun Holy Sect and aftermath of this. Perhaps another time."

A reasonable excuse.

But Yu Feiyan was going to let him decline so easily.

"Another time?"

She took a single step closer.

Not enough to alarm others-

But enough that Bai Zihan could clearly see the faint amusement in her eyes.

"Young Master Bai seems to be avoiding me."

Bai Zihan chuckled softly.

"How could that be?"

Bai Zihan tried to wiggle his way out. Of course, he needed to avoid her as much as possible.

Otherwise, no one would even know how he died.

"It seems that way to me though. Just give me a few seconds, otherwise who knows, I might even come to the Bai Clan if you decline."

Yu Feiyan said.

(Please, don't!)

Bai Zihan thought.

Who knows what kind of motives she has but it is certain that she is trying to get herself involved with the Bai Clan.

Last time, it was for marriage, now she wants to use the excuse of seeing him?

Bai Zihan's brows twitched almost imperceptibly.

Yu Feiyan leaned slightly closer.

"Relax, Young Master Bai."

"I merely wish to chat."

Her eyes glimmered faintly.

"Or are you afraid?"

Bai Zihan stared at her for a moment.

Then he sighed quietly.

Refusing doesn't seem to be an option. And who knows what she would do if he continued to reject her.

Although she was still concealing her real identity and power, she might be forced to reveal them and take him by force.

In any case, if she wants, she could easily do so.

"The Princess truly knows how to put people in difficult positions."

Yu Feiyan's smile widened.

"I prefer to call it persistence."

She folded her hands behind her back.

"So?"

Bai Zihan was silent for a few breaths.

Refusing again would only make things worse.

And provoking Qin Lingxiao unnecessarily was the last thing he wanted.

Who knew what she might pull, seeing how persistent she was? If pushed, she could forcefully take him away.

Finally-

He nodded. "Very well!"

Yu Feiyan laughed softly.

"Don't worry."

Her eyes sparkled with a strange interest.

"I won't take too much of your time!"

Then she turned and began walking away from the plaza without even checking

if he would follow.

As if she already knew the answer.

Bai Zihan watched her retreating figure for a moment.

Then muttered under his breath. "...Troublesome woman."

Still-

He followed.

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 492 Essence of Bai Clan?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 492 Essence of Bai Clan?

Chapter 492 Essence of Bai Clan?

The two left the plaza together.

The cheers and discussions surrounding the execution gradually faded behind them as they moved through the bustling streets of the Imperial Capital.

Cultivators and mortals alike filled the avenues, all discussing the same topic- the fall of Wen Haoyu and the disgrace of the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Yu Feiyan walked ahead leisurely, her posture graceful as always.

Bai Zihan followed half a step behind.

Outwardly, he appeared calm.

Inwardly, however, his mind remained vigilant.

After several turns through the crowded streets, Bai Zihan suddenly spoke.

"Princess, how about we sit somewhere here?"

Yu Feiyan glanced back at him with a faint smile.

"And where would Young Master Bai prefer?"

Bai Zihan casually gestured toward a lively tavern just ahead.

The building was large, its entrance wide open. Laughter, chatter, and the clinking of cups flowed out onto the street.

It was packed.

Almost every table was occupied.

A place like this was the opposite of private.

Precisely the kind of place Bai Zihan wanted.

Because he believed Qin Lingxiao would not reveal her true identity in such a public setting.

Of course-

If she truly wished to silence everyone here...

Bai Zihan knew very well it would only take a single snap of her fingers for the entire tavern to disappear.

But at least this gave him some psychological comfort.

No matter how arrogant he might act, the person before him was a Golden Immortal cultivator.

Every trick of his would be useless before her.

Yu Feiyan studied the tavern for a moment before chuckling softly.

"A crowded place?"

Bai Zihan shrugged lightly.

"It's lively, just as I like."

Her smile deepened slightly.

But she said nothing more.

The two entered.

The moment Yu Feiyan stepped inside, several patrons subconsciously turned their heads.

Her presence naturally drew attention.

Even without displaying any aura, her elegance and beauty were difficult to ignore.

Still, the tavern was too noisy for anyone to stare for long.

Soon the chatter resumed.

Bai Zihan quickly found an empty table near the window.

A waiter hurried over.

"What would the honored guests like?"

"Give me the best Spirit Tea you've got."

Bai Zihan replied calmly.

Yu Feiyan added lightly,

"And the best wine."

"Right away!"

The servant nodded and left.

For a brief moment, neither of them spoke.

Outside the window, the streets continued to bustle with life.

Then Yu Feiyan rested her chin lightly on her hand and looked at him.

"Let's skip the pleasantries."

Her tone was casual.

"What would you say is the essence of your Bai Clan?"

Bai Zihan blinked.

That was... not the question he expected.

"The essence?"

Yu Feiyan nodded.

There was always something that one group distinguished itself from others,
which became the identity of that organization.

Every sect. Every clan.

Each had something that defined them.

For the Heaven Sword Sect, it was naturally the sword.

For the Azure Sun Holy Sect, it was their fire cultivation techniques.

It was something fundamental.

Something that shaped their identity.

As for clans, the majority of the time it was their cultivation techniques.

Many disciples might join different sects and learn different martial arts, but at their core, their cultivation technique would remain the same.

Of course, unless they got their hands on a superior cultivation technique, they might abandon it for more power.

Just like when he spread the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art.

Ever since he introduced it, more and more people had begun cultivating it.

Many had even abandoned their century-old traditions for more power.

If this continued...

Perhaps in the future the identity of the entire Desolate Heaven Empire might revolve around that very technique.

The Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art might become the defining identity of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Bai Zihan thought for a while.

He had never really considered it that way.

Most great powers indeed had something that represented them.

Something that outsiders immediately associated with them.

But the Bai Clan....

For a moment, nothing came to mind.

After thinking for a moment, Bai Zihan finally answered.

"The Azure Dragon Breathing Method."

This was the cultivation technique that previously Bai Clan core members were allowed to cultivate.

Obviously, now it has changed.

But there was no need to tell that to Qin Lingxiao.

Though if you asked Bai Zihan to answer honestly, he might simply reply with one word 'Ruthlessness.

That much was evident in how neither he nor any member of the Bai Clan ever hesitated when destroying a clan or sect.

Qin Lingxiao raised an eyebrow.

She did not look satisfied. Perhaps it wasn't the answer she was looking for.

Instead, she simply stared at him.

A strange smile slowly appeared on her lips.

"That's not it."

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes slightly.

"Then what does the Princess think it is?"

Yu Feiyan leaned back in her chair.

"The Azure Dragon Breathing Method is merely a tool. But there is something that defines the Bai Clan. Aren't you aware of that, Young Master Bai?"

She asked playfully, almost as if she were saying that she already knew and he should simply reveal it.

However, Bai Zihan was genuinely confused.

He didn't understand what Qin Lingxiao was referring to.

But he could tell that she was looking for something-and that something might be in the Bai Clan. (Don't tell me the Bai Clan is part of some ancient clan that fell apart after thousands of years and there is a supreme treasure hidden within the clan.)

Bai Zihan thought.

But it wasn't like he was thinking about it seriously.

As far as he knew, the Bai Clan had existed within the Desolate Heaven Empire

for as long as their history spanned.

So there shouldn't be some hidden backstory about them originating from a powerful clan that once ruled the world or anything like that.

"...Well, I don't know what answer the Princess is expecting, but I don't really know much. I don't like studying history."

Bai Zihan answered honestly.

Indeed, perhaps there might be information related to what Qin Lingxiao wanted, but he truly had no idea since he had never focused much on his studies.

Well, one of the reasons was that he couldn't even see properly because of the System Interface, so he couldn't be fully blamed.

"Even though you are the heir?"

The princess asked playfully.

She seemed to have sensed that Bai Zihan was telling the truth and stopped probing further for the answer, which clearly wasn't on Bai Zihan. "Knowing history isn't the requirement to become the heir. Strength is!"

Bai Zihan answered.

Half of which was a lie.

Strength was needed to become heir?

That was bullshit, since he had been named heir even when he was a weakling.

But since his father was the clan leader, the position had automatically fallen upon him-the only son of Bai Tianheng.

But it wasn't a lie either.

If not for the strength he had shown, by now he might have been replaced by other geniuses.

"...That might be true."

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 493 The Name That Shook Her

Chapter 493 The Name That Shook Her

Qin Lingxiao also seemingly agreed with Bai Zihan's statement.

"Anyways..."

Qin Lingxiao said as she stared at Bai Zihan's body.

Her gaze lingered.

Longer than what would normally be considered polite.

Bai Zihan noticed it too, not like Qin Lingxiao was trying to hide anything.

His brows twitched slightly.

Then he slowly leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest. "Princess!"

His tone carried faint amusement.

"Staring at someone's body for that long is rather rude."

Yu Feiyan blinked.

For a moment, she simply looked at him.

Then Bai Zihan added with a half-teasing smile,

"Even if I am handsome, there should still be some restraint. You already know that I am engaged to Chu Ziyun."

The words hung in the air.

The bustling tavern continued around them.

But at their table-

A strange silence formed.

Yu Feiyan's eye twitched almost imperceptibly.

(Narcissistic fool!)

She thought.

She-Qin Lingxiao.

A woman whose beauty alone could topple kingdoms.

A woman countless geniuses across the continent dreamed of glimpsing once in their lifetime.

And this man actually thought she was staring at him for some absurd reason? Utterly absurd!

Her fingers lightly tapped the table once.

A faint irritation surfaced in her mind.

But it quickly faded.

Because the truth was-

She had been staring at him.

Just not for the reason Bai Zihan imagined.

Qin Lingxiao had been probing him.

Not with obvious spiritual sense.

That would have been crude.

Instead, she used an extremely subtle method-something that someone like Bai Zihan could never notice.

Yet the more she observed...

The more shocked she became.

Her gaze swept across him again.

His breathing.

The circulation of spiritual Qi beneath his skin.

Qin Lingxiao's pupils narrowed slightly.

The Bai Zihan she remembered...

Had been a cripple, and she didn't think it was possible for him to ever recover from that.

His meridians were shattered.

His body had been barely suitable even for basic cultivation.

And yet-

The man sitting in front of her now...

Was perfectly fine.

No!

Not just fine.

He was in the Void Refinement Realm!

It would have been easier for her to believe if Bai Zihan had simply recovered,

but his cultivation shouldn't have been the same as before.

But now, it has advanced.

Either the information that he was in the Spirit Severing Realm was false, or he

had truly broken through after recovering.

Both scenarios were shocking.

Qin Lingxiao's fingers stopped tapping.

Her gaze sharpened slightly.

(How?)

That was the question echoing in her mind. As far as she knew, the Desolate

Heaven Empire didn't have the capability for such a thing.

Bai Zihan noticed her silence.

He waved a hand lightly in front of her face.

"Princess?"

Yu Feiyan slowly returned to her senses.

"...You recovered well."

She said calmly.

Bai Zihan's hand paused for a fraction of a second.

Then he chuckled.

"I suppose you could say that."

But inwardly-

His thoughts sharpened.

So she noticed.

Of course she would.

A Golden Immortal missing something like that would be far stranger.

She leaned back slightly and picked up the cup the waiter had just placed before her.

She took a slow sip of wine.

Her gaze never leaves Bai Zihan.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

The Bai Clan heir was no longer a cripple.

He had somehow rebuilt his foundation.

Reached the Void Refinement Realm.

Spread a cultivation technique capable of shaking an entire empire.

Although the cultivation was too insignificant for someone like her, she knew how rare it was in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Qin Lingxiao's lips curved slightly.

The smile was subtle.

But filled with intrigue. "Young Master Bai..."

Her voice was soft again.

"Now I'm even more curious."

She placed the cup down gently. "What exactly happened to you?" Qin Lingxiao asked.

"What do you mean?" Yu Feiyan set her cup down.

Her gaze remained fixed on him.

"How did you recover? Wasn't it considered almost impossible?"

Bai Zihan paused.

For a brief moment, he appeared to be thinking.

In truth, he wasn't truly crippled and his body could naturally recover, but obviously he wasn't going to tell her that.

After a second of thought, Bai Zihan simply shrugged.

"I got lucky."

Yu Feiyan's brows lifted slightly.

"Lucky?"

Bai Zihan nodded.

"Someone helped me."

That immediately caught Qin Lingxiao's attention.

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan continued casually,

"She gave me Grade-8 healing pills, and with that I was able to recover."

The reaction was immediate.

"Grade-8?"

Yu Feiyan repeated.

Her voice did not rise much, but her pupils shrank slightly.

She wasn't shocked by the existence of Grade-8 pills.

Someone of her status had seen many. She had even possessed them. But even in the places she came from-

Grade-8 pills were extremely precious.

They were not something casually given away.

And certainly not to someone in a remote empire like this.

Which meant only one thing.

Someone powerful had intervened.

Her mind immediately became alert. (Who? Is someone interfering with our plan?)

Yu Feiyan leaned forward slightly. "Who gave them to you? Do you know her?"

"And why would she give you something that valuable?"

Qin Lingxiao immediately asked several questions in one go.

Bai Zihan shook his head.

"I don't really know, but she doesn't seem to be from the Desolate Heaven Empire."

Yu Feiyan narrowed her eyes.

Bai Zihan continued,

"She called herself Xi Yu."

Then he added,

"She said she was sent by her Saintess."

The moment the name left his mouth-

"Xi Yu?!"

Yu Feiyan suddenly exclaimed.

Her voice was loud enough that several nearby patrons turned their heads in

surprise.

Bai Zihan blinked.

He looked at her with confusion.

"Princess... you know her?"

Yu Feiyan immediately went silent.

For a brief moment, her expression stiffened.

Then she quickly shook her head.

"No!"

Her answer came a little too fast.

"I don't."

But the reaction she had just shown...

Was far too obvious.

Bai Zihan could tell easily that she knew her, or at least had heard about her.

But Yu Feiyan had already regained her composure.

She stood up abruptly.

"I suddenly remembered something."

Her tone became hurried.

"I have an appointment I must attend."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"So suddenly?"

Yu Feiyan forced a faint smile.

"Let's talk more next time." She turned and began walking toward the exit.

But her pace was noticeably faster than before.

Almost hurried.

Within moments, she had already disappeared out of the tavern.

Bai Zihan remained seated.

He slowly picked up his cup of spirit tea.

"I survived."

He muttered.

Although he acted as if he didn't care, he was very nervous. Luckily it didn't seem like Qin Lingxiao wanted to kill him.

Rather she seemed rather shaken by the mention of Xi Yu.

Taking a calm sip, he watched the street outside through the window.

"...Xi Yu and Qin Lingxiao." He murmured softly.

Then his eyes narrowed slightly.

"They should be from the same place-the Central Glorious Continent!"

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 494 Spoils of a Fallen Sect[1,253 words]

Chapter 494 Spoils of a Fallen Sect

The Azure Sun Holy Sect, once considered one of the strongest powers within the Desolate Heaven Empire, had completely collapsed.

The imperial decree was swift and merciless.

The sect itself was dismantled.

Its territories were confiscated.

Its assets were seized by the Imperial Family. However, it mostly owned land and territory, as most of its treasures were taken by Bai Zihan.

And it was not like they could demand it back.

Not only that, some of the territory was to be given to the Bai Clan as a reward.

So, the Bai Clan gained much more from this than the Imperial Family.

However, the punishment was not entirely indiscriminate.

The ordinary disciples were spared.

Most of them had known nothing about the sect's hidden experiments.

They were merely cultivators seeking resources and guidance.

After a thorough investigation, they were allowed to leave.

Some scattered across the empire, joining smaller sects, while other renowned

geniuses joined another prestigious sect.

But for the elders and grand elders, the outcome was far harsher.

Many had directly participated in the sect's darker activities.

Others had at least known of them and remained silent.

They were arrested and imprisoned.

Some were sentenced to several years.

Others received far heavier punishment depending on their involvement.

The once-glorious sect had now become nothing more than a stain in the empire's history.

Yet among all those involved...

There was one exception.

The Earth Immortal Ancestor.

Surprisingly, he was not punished.

Officially, the reason was simple.

During the trial, he had helped expose the sect's crimes.

But in truth-

The real reason lay elsewhere.

Behind the scenes, the Bai Clan had intervened.

Through subtle negotiations and political maneuvering, the Bai Clan ensured that the Earth Immortal Ancestor avoided imprisonment.

The ancestor was taken into the Bai Clan.

Naturally, his status was far from high.

He was neither a Grand Elder nor an Elder.

In terms of rank, his position was closer to that of an ordinary disciple, perhaps even lower.

However-

No one truly treated him lightly.

After all, he was still an Earth Immortal Cultivator.

Even the Bai Clan, powerful as it was, would not casually ignore such strength.

Clan Leader Bai Tianheng himself treated the man with reasonable respect.

Cultivation resources were also provided to him.

A private cultivation courtyard was arranged.

Servants were assigned.

Compared to the miserable fate of those rotting in imperial prisons, his situation could almost be considered fortunate.

Of course-

There was one critical condition.

To ensure loyalty, the Earth Immortal Ancestor was forced to cultivate the Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art.

At first, the old man was terrified.

After cultivating his previous technique for centuries, suddenly changing methods could be extremely dangerous.

If the techniques clashed...

It could cripple his cultivation entirely.

But refusal was not an option.

He was in no position to bargain.

Thus, with great hesitation, he began practicing it.

And soon-

His fears disappeared.

Not only was the technique harmless to his existing foundation...

It was actually far superior to the cultivation method he had used within the

Azure Sun Holy Sect.

The circulation of spiritual Qi became smoother.

His meridians felt more stable.

Even his stagnant cultivation showed faint signs of movement.

This discovery shocked him deeply.

He finally understood why this cultivation technique was spreading so quickly

in the Desolate Heaven Empire, though he didn't understand why Bai Zihan wanted him to cultivate it.

Perhaps he thought that it was for his cultivation-the reason why he was spared.

Even so-

He never forgot his situation.

He was no longer a sect ancestor.

Now he was effectively a controlled cultivator within the Bai Clan.

If the clan demanded something, he would have to comply.

Still...

Compared to imprisonment, torture, or execution-

This outcome was far better.

He had resources.

He had freedom to cultivate.

And his dignity as a powerful cultivator was mostly preserved.

At the very least, people still treated him with courtesy.

Even Clan Leader Bai Tianheng spoke to him respectfully.

Of course-

There was one person who behaved very differently.

Bai Zihan!

The young master of the Bai Clan showed almost no reverence at all.

But strangely...

It did not feel like arrogance.

Rather-

Bai Zihan seemed to treat everyone the same way.

Even the Bai Clan's own Grand Elders received very little respect from him.

After witnessing this several times, the Earth Immortal Ancestor simply accepted it.

In the end-

He could only sigh.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect...

A sect he had nurtured for centuries...

Was completely gone!

But regret served no purpose now.

The past could not be changed.

And compared to many others...

His ending was already fortunate enough.

While the Earth Immortal Ancestor had already accepted the fate of the Azure Sun Holy Sect...

There were others who had not.

Far from it.

The ones most shaken by this incident were the members of the Li-Zhao Alliance.

What had happened was simply too shocking.

The Azure Sun Holy Sect had not been some minor force.

For centuries it had stood as one of the strongest powers within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Its influence spread across numerous territories.

Its disciples numbered in the tens of thousands.

Its elders were powerful cultivators respected across the empire.

And yet-

Such a sect had collapsed almost overnight.

All because of a single move from the Bai Clan.

This realization made many people uneasy.

Very uneasy.

Inside the halls of several alliance sects and clans, the atmosphere had become tense.

Many leaders could not help but ask the same question.

If the Azure Sun Holy Sect could fall so easily...

Why couldn't the same happen to them?

What frightened them even more was what had happened afterward.

The Li Clan and Zhao Clan weren't able to do anything.

Even the Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire had ultimately allowed the matter to conclude without interfering too much.

Obviously, it was certain that it was because the Azure Sun Holy Sect had conducted illegal experiments, which was a taboo in the Empire. But reason aside, to many observers...

It almost looked as if the Bai Clan had acted completely unchecked.

That realization caused chills to spread among the alliance members.

If even the imperial authority could not restrain the Bai Clan...

Then what exactly was protecting them?

The confidence they once had in the Li-Zhao Alliance began to crumble.

Quiet discussions started appearing behind closed doors.

"What if the Bai Clan targets us next?" "Will the Li or Zhao Clan truly protect us?"

"Or will we simply become the next sacrifice?"

Such questions slowly spread like poison.

Doubt grew.

Fear grew.

And along with it-

Distrust.

Some smaller clans had already begun secretly preparing contingency plans.

A few bold leaders had even started considering something far more drastic.

Leaving the alliance entirely.

After all-

No one wanted to remain on a sinking ship.

And right now...

That was exactly what the Li-Zhao Alliance was beginning to feel like.

But obviously, among them were hardcore alliance members who would rather

blame the Bai Clan for unscrupulously invading another sect, despite the reason that was officially accepted.

They still believed that everything was orchestrated by the Bai Clan in order to

justify their invasion.

They even spread rumors that it was the Bai Clan who had conducted the experiments and then blamed them on the Azure Sun Holy Sect. Obviously, at this stage, no one believed those lies, and most people still trusted

the Bai Clan, especially since the Imperial Family had also announced the truth. But that didn't stop them from slandering the Bai Clan. They claimed that it was actually the treasures that the Bai Clan was after,

saying that they should return them if their purpose had truly been to save the children. They also pointed out that the Earth Immortal Ancestor who testified was now with the Bai Clan, suggesting that he might have been the one who conducted the experiments on the orders of the Bai Clan but later pushed the blame onto

the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Many conspiracy theories were created to make the Bai Clan look as bad as

possible. Even if the effect might be small, they still put in the effort to do so. Strangely though, both Li and Zhao Clan remained quiet. They didn't do anything to those leaving their alliance nor did they stop others

from spreading rumors about the Bai Clan.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 495 Clan Leader Training[
937 words]

Chapter 495 Clan Leader Training

In the days that followed, Bai Zihan returned to a relatively quiet routine. Every morning, he would practice his sword.

Standing alone within the Bai Clan's training grounds, his blade moved with sharp precision.

Each swing cut through the air cleanly. With Intermediate Sword Intent, it would not be wrong to say that Bai Zihan was among the best swordsmen in the Empire.

Still, practice made perfect.

Although his cultivation had already reached the Void Refinement Realm, Bai Zihan had no intention of slowing down. If anything, he pushed himself even harder.

Sword practice.

Cultivation.

Short breaks in between.

Day after day, his routine remained almost identical. Or so he thought. One afternoon, just as Bai Zihan finished his training and was preparing to return to cultivation, a servant approached him.

"Young Master, the Clan Leader wishes to see you."

???

Bai Zihan was confused by the sudden summons.

Inside the clan's main hall, Bai Tianheng sat behind a large table covered in documents and jade slips. He barely lifted his head when Bai Zihan entered. "You're here."

Bai Zihan glanced at the pile of work. His brows twitched slightly.

"...What is it?"

Bai Tianheng finally looked up. His gaze swept over his son briefly before he spoke calmly.

"Your cultivation is already more than sufficient for now."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"And?"

Bai Tianheng leaned back slightly.

"It's time you start learning how to manage the Bai Clan."

The words made Bai Zihan immediately frown.

"I'm not interested."

He was the heir and might take on the role one day, but not now. Managing a clan? That could be delegated to others.

Of course, he wasn't sure whether he wanted to be one.

Unfortunately-Bai Tianheng wasn't about to accept the refusal.

"You don't have a choice."

His voice was calm but firm.

"As the future Clan Leader of the Bai Clan, whether you like it or not, you must understand your responsibilities, otherwise how can you manage the Bai Clan in future?"

Bai Zihan opened his mouth to object, but Bai Tianheng had already returned to reading the documents.

"Starting today, you will follow me," he said. "Observe and learn. That's how I did it."

The tone left no room for negotiation. Bai Zihan stared at his father for a moment. This time-refusal was not an option.

"...Troublesome," he muttered quietly.

From that day onward, Bai Zihan's peaceful routine disappeared. Instead, he began following Bai Tianheng throughout the clan's affairs.

At first, Bai Zihan simply observed. He watched as his father held meetings with the clan's elders. They discussed matters such as:

Allocation of cultivation resources.

Management of the clan's territories.

Negotiations with different organizations.

Integration of lands recently taken from the Azure Sun Holy Sect.

Occasionally, Bai Tianheng would suddenly ask him,

"What would you do in this situation?"

At first, Bai Zihan shrugged. But over time, he began answering more seriously. Sometimes his suggestions were blunt. Even ruthless. Yet surprisingly-many were effective.

Although he clearly disliked the work, his judgment was sharp and decisive.

He was also tasked with smaller responsibilities: reviewing minor documents, deciding where a disciple would train, assigning guards, approving budgets, and managing branch reports.

Naturally, Bai Zihan found the entire process extremely annoying. Yet somehow -he handled it well.

Bai Zihan was also sent out to the meeting where Bai Tianheng was usually needed.

Though others might have complained, well it was Bai Zihan who came.

Who would raise an objection?

Who still dares underestimates Bai Zihan?

People began to notice, but they did not find it strange.

After all, Bai Zihan was the next Clan Leader. There had never been any real competition.

There had been whispers long ago, when he was thought crippled.

Some wondered whether the succession might change, whether someone else might rise to take his place.

But those doubts vanished the moment everyone realized he was no longer cripple. His body had fully healed, and his cultivation had surpassed expectations.

Moreover, the Clan Leader had always personally trained the next heir-

teaching how to manage the clan, make judgments in complex situations, and navigate disputes and external relations.

This was a long tradition, typically carried out when the current leader was nearing a breakthrough into the Immortal Realm.

But with the Bai Clan's current growth rate, it seemed Bai Tianheng could reach that level sooner than many anticipated.

Normally, it would be when the Clan leader's son turns 30 or so. Sometimes, even higher.

Quiet discussions among the elders often touched upon the topic.

"Perhaps Bai Tianheng is preparing to hand the clan over to him."

"Indeed! The Clan Leader is nearing a breakthrough. If he wishes to ascend to the Immortal Realm, he will need long seclusion. During that time, the clan must have a capable leader. Who could be better suited than Bai Zihan?" Of course, there were some concerns. Bai Zihan was still a teenager, and his maturity sometimes lagged behind his talent.

More than once, he would act on personal whims rather than the clan's perspective. But the benefits he brought far outweighed the drawbacks.

It was not just his cultivation that impressed them. His intelligence, judgment, and decisive ruthlessness made him the natural choice.

There was no one more suitable within the clan-or perhaps the entire empire.

As time passed, this became increasingly obvious. Even the younger generation spoke no whispers of rebellion or doubt.

The timing for succession was perfect. Bai Tianheng was on the verge of his breakthrough and would soon need seclusion.

The clan could not risk hesitation or instability. The next leader had to be ready

-trained, experienced, and capable of making confident decisions.

Bai Zihan fit that role perfectly. No one doubted it. No one questioned it.

The natural order of succession had been reaffirmed.

If anything, it seemed inevitable.

Even quietly, in the hearts of the elders and branch leaders, a shared thought lingered: perhaps no one would ever be more suitable than him.

It was, without a doubt, the most natural decision the Bai Clan could make.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 496 Chong Sheng Returns

Chapter 496 Chong Sheng Returns

Just when everyone thought things would continue peacefully-

A letter arrived.

It came directly from the imperial palace of the Falling Star Empire. It carried the personal seal of Princess-no, Empress-Sun Yaoqing.

The recipient was obviously Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan was surprised and excited by that, thinking perhaps the Princess had gotten hold of the Mysterious Organization or Chong Sheng.

Bai Zihan read through the contents.

"Heh, looks like you have finally decided to show yourself, Chong Sheng!"

Months passed since the incident where Chong Sheng revealed himself as a Demonic Cultivator and escaped.

For most people within the Falling Star Empire, the incident at the Quan Clan gradually faded into memory.

The Quan Clan sent out search parties to find him and kill him.

Quan Lingshu felt that he would only regain his face after taking care of the bastard who had sullied his clan's name.

Yet no trace of Chong Sheng was ever found.

Some began to believe he had already fled the empire.

Others claimed he must have died from his injuries shortly after escaping.

The Quan Clan themselves wanted to believe that.

But deep down, many members of the Quan Clan still remembered the hatred burning in Chong Sheng's eyes.

And the promise he left behind.

Though many months had passed, many eventually forgot about it and went on living their lives as before.

Then it happened on a quiet night.

It was after the Desolate Heaven Empire had won against the high-level beast tide.

The Falling Star Empire was on high alert since demonic beasts were also rampaging on their side, though not to the same degree as in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

But many were still cautious, especially before the victory of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Because if the Desolate Heaven Empire had fallen, then their empire might have been next.

Fortunately, their worries turned out to be unnecessary.

Many clans were at ease again, including the Quan Clan, thinking the disaster had passed.

The moon hung high above the Quan Clan compound, bathing the buildings in pale silver light.

Most of the clan had already retired for the night.

Quan Lingshu, however, wasn't sleeping yet.

Inside his study hall, several jade lamps burned quietly, illuminating the stacks of reports piled across his desk.

His expression was dark as he flipped through the financial documents.

"...Damn it!"

With a furious shout, he slammed the jade slip down.

"If not for that bastard Bai Zihan...!"

His chest rose and fell with anger.

The Quan Clan had once been thriving.

Through secret dealings with the Mysterious Organization, they had received an enormous amount of resources.

In exchange, all they had to do was help hide the organization's base within their territory and ensure no information leaked.

It was an easy arrangement.

More importantly-

The Second Prince himself had been behind them.

With royal backing, the Quan Clan had practically been untouchable within the Falling Star Empire.

Quan Lingshu had believed his future was already set.

Once the Second Prince ascended the throne, the Quan Clan's influence would skyrocket. And he, Quan Lingshu, would rise alongside him.

He would have been below one person and above thousands.

A High Noble of the empire.

Only the royal family would stand above him.

But all of that...

Had collapsed because of a single person.

"Bai Zihan!"

He spat the name with hatred.

Ever since that young master arrived in their empire, everything had begun to unravel.

The secret base was exposed.

The Mysterious Organization was destroyed.

Their resource supply disappeared overnight.

And worse-

With Empress Sun Yaoqing's reforms, the empire had begun implementing policies aimed at weakening noble privileges and bringing greater equality between people.

That meant fewer advantages for clans like the Quan Clan.

Their position was already beginning to weaken.

"Damn it!"

Quan Lingshu grabbed one of the financial reports and hurled it across the room.

Just when he thought his clan was soaring into prosperity-

They had been dragged straight back to reality.

"Useless!"

He slammed his fist onto the desk.

"Everyone is useless!"

He cursed.

"What makes you so angry?"

A calm voice suddenly spoke from behind him.

"...!"

Quan Lingshu froze.

A chill ran down his spine.

Someone was inside his study hall.

But how?

There were guards stationed throughout the compound.

How had someone infiltrated this place without making a single sound?

Moreover, how could he fail to sense someone standing so close?

"Who?!"

He spun around instantly, Qi flaring as he prepared to attack.

But when he saw the figure standing near the doorway-

His expression stiffened.

The young man stood casually in the shadows, leaning lightly against the wall as

if he had been there for some time.

Moonlight filtered through the window, illuminating his face.

For a moment, Quan Lingshu couldn't believe his eyes.

"...Chong Sheng?"

The name left his mouth almost instinctively.

Yet even as he said it, uncertainty crept into his voice.

The man looked... different.

His face was the same, but sharper and more refined.

His features had matured.

His aura had changed completely.

The former slave who once stood before them trembling and bloodied-

Was gone.

Now the young man looked almost unnaturally handsome, his expression calm and confident.

But the most terrifying thing-

Was the dense demonic Qi quietly swirling around him like a living shadow.

Chong Sheng smiled faintly.

"Oh... It seems you still remember me. I am quite honored, Clan Leader Quan. I almost thought you might have forgotten me by now."

Chong Sheng said playfully.

Quan Lingshu's pupils shrank.

A cold sweat instantly formed across his back.

"How... how did you get in here?"

His mind raced.

The guards.

The defensive formations.

None of them had noticed anything.

Chong Sheng slowly pushed himself away from the wall.

Thud! Thud!

His footsteps echoed softly across the quiet room.

"Getting in was quite easy honestly."

His gaze swept across the room, briefly pausing on the scattered financial reports.

"Looks like the Quan Clan is struggling quite a bit."

Quan Lingshu frowned.

"Guards!"

Quan Lingshu called out.

"What are you all doing? There is an intruder here!"

He yelled, but no one came.

He was confused.

Just what was happening?

"Keke... They won't be able to come."

Chong Sheng said as he revealed a bloodied knife.

It seemed that before coming to Quan Lingshu's room, he had already taken care of the nearby guards.

"Even if they do, they will face the same fate."

A terrifying pressure began to fill the room.

The demonic Qi leaking from Chong Sheng's body was far stronger than before.

Much stronger.

"That's impossible... You are in the Void Refinement Realm?"

Quan Lingshu muttered.

Just months ago, Chong Sheng had barely escaped with his life.

How could he have grown this powerful so quickly?

Chong Sheng stopped a few steps away from him.

The faint smile on his lips slowly widened.

"Nothing is truly impossible when it comes to me."

He continued.

"You seemed quite confident last time."

His voice was soft.

But the killing intent hidden within it made the temperature of the room drop.

"Let's see whether you will have the same confidence today."

Quan Lingshu's eyes flashed with killing intent.

Before Chong Sheng could say another word-

He moved.

A hidden dagger slipped from his sleeve as his body burst forward with explosive speed.

Slash!

The blade tore through the air, aimed directly at Chong Sheng's throat.

His Qi surged violently as he poured his full strength into the sneak attack.

The strike was fast and deadly.

For a split second-

Quan Lingshu's face twisted into a triumphant grin.

"Fool!"

He laughed loudly.

"One should never waste time talking in front of an enemy!"

His eyes gleamed with vicious satisfaction.

"You should have attacked the moment you had the chance! This is the result of your overconfidence."

But then-

His laughter stopped.

The blade had passed cleanly through Chong Sheng's body.

Yet-

There was no resistance.

No blood.

No impact.

His dagger had cut through nothing but air.

The image of Chong Sheng in front of him flickered like a mirage-

And vanished.

Quan Lingshu's pupils shrank.

"...What?"

A calm voice suddenly spoke behind him.

"Really?"

Cold breath brushed the back of his neck. Quan Lingshu's body stiffened.

Chong Sheng was standing directly behind him.

"Wai-"

Quan Lingshu barely managed to utter the word.

Before he could finish-

Chong Sheng suddenly appeared in front of him.

So fast that Quan Lingshu didn't even see him move.

A hand shot forward and grabbed him by the throat.

"Ghk-!"

Quan Lingshu's body slammed against the wall.

The wooden panels cracked under the force.

His Qi erupted desperately as he tried to struggle free.

But Chong Sheng's grip didn't move an inch.

His eyes stared coldly into Quan Lingshu's terrified gaze.

"I told you something before I left."

His voice was barely above a whisper.

"That I would come back. And when I do..."

The demonic Qi around him surged violently.

"...I would reduce this clan to ashes."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 497 Chong Sheng's Power[946 words]

Chapter 497 Chong Sheng's Power

Quan Lingshu's face turned red as Chong Sheng's fingers tightened around his throat.

He struggled violently.

His Qi erupted from his body in a desperate surge.

Boom!

A wave of energy exploded outward as Quan Lingshu struck Chong Sheng's arm with his palm, trying to break free.

But Chong Sheng didn't even flinch.

His grip remained steady-like iron.

Quan Lingshu's heart sank.

(Impossible...)

Gritting his teeth, he suddenly twisted his body and slashed a hidden blade from his sleeve straight toward Chong Sheng's ribs.

A vicious strike.

Fast, Precise and Deadly.

Yet-

Before the blade could even touch him-

Chong Sheng casually caught Quan Lingshu's wrist.

Crack!

"AHHH!"

The bone snapped instantly.

The dagger fell from Quan Lingshu's hand and clattered to the floor.

Chong Sheng tilted his head slightly.

"That's it?"

His tone was almost disappointed.

Quan Lingshu's eyes filled with panic.

But he still refused to give up.

(As long as I'm alive... I still have a chance!)

He suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood toward Chong Sheng's face.

At the same time, he circulated his Qi wildly and kicked toward Chong Sheng's knee.

A desperate move.

Yet even this-

Was meaningless.

Chong Sheng simply leaned his head slightly to the side, easily avoiding the blood.

Then his expression turned colder.

"You're making this boring"

Before Quan Lingshu could react-

Chong Sheng slammed him to the ground.

BOOM!

The floor cracked as Quan Lingshu's body smashed against it.

His vision blurred.

Before he could recover-

A heavy foot suddenly pressed down on his head.

THUD!

Quan Lingshu's face was forced into the cold floor.

Dust filled his mouth.

Chong Sheng stood above him calmly, one foot pressing his head down like he was stepping on an insect.

He slowly increased the pressure.

"Haha... Mighty Clan Leader of the Quan Clan, how does the ground taste?"

His voice carried faint amusement.

Quan Lingshu's face twisted in humiliation.

"You-!"

His voice was muffled against the floor.

"Hmm?"

Chong Sheng pushed harder.

Quan Lingshu's teeth scraped painfully against the stone.

"You used to enjoy watching people kneel before you, didn't you?"

Chong Sheng said lazily.

"Consider this a repayment."

Quan Lingshu's entire body trembled.

The humiliation burned deeper than any wound.

Yet-

He endured it.

Because he realized something.

(He's toying with me.)

Chong Sheng was clearly holding back.

If he wanted to kill him-

Quan Lingshu would already be dead.

And that meant-

(I still have a chance. As long as I live... I can still escape.)

Just then-

Footsteps rushed toward the study hall.

The door burst open.

Several elders and clan members hurried inside.

"Clan Leader! Are you alright-"

The elder's voice suddenly stopped.

Everyone froze.

Their eyes widened in disbelief.

The sight before them was something they could hardly comprehend.

Their powerful Clan Leader-

Was lying on the floor like a dog.

And a young man stood above him with his foot pressing down on his head.

The room fell silent.

Quan Lingshu's face flushed with both relief and shame.

"What are you doing?!"

He shouted hoarsely.

"Quickly help me!"

Only then did the elders snap out of their shock.

They had come after noticing that many guards had gone missing around the compound.

When they approached the Clan Leader's residence, they realized they could not sense any Qi from the room, as there seemed to be a formation concealing it.

However, they had never imagined that their powerful Clan Leader would be facing such humiliation.

Several of them immediately drew their swords.

Qi surged through the room.

"Who are you?!"

One elder shouted furiously.

"How dare you treat our Clan Leader like this!"

The killing intent in the room rose instantly.

Yet the young man in the center of it all remained perfectly calm.

Quan Lingshu clenched his teeth.

"He is... Chong Sheng!"

The words left his mouth like poison.

The room fell silent again.

"Chong Sheng...?"

Many of the elders stared at the young man in disbelief.

Some of them had personally witnessed the incident months ago.

Now that they looked carefully-

Yes!

The face was the same.

But the aura...

The aura was completely different.

A terrifying demonic Qi surrounded him like a dark storm.

"You dare return after escaping last time?"

"You think you can survive after infiltrating the Quan Clan alone?!"

"Let go of our Clan Leader, otherwise you will not be spared!"

Chong Sheng slowly glanced at them.

Then he sighed softly.

His foot pressed down slightly harder on Quan Lingshu's head.

Crack!

Quan Lingshu groaned in pain.

Chong Sheng looked back at the group of elders.

A faint smile appeared on his face.

"Good!"

His eyes glowed faintly crimson.

"Now everyone is here."

The demonic Qi around him began to surge violently.

"Let's settle everything tonight."

"Kill him!"

One of the Spirit Severing elders roared.

A storm of Qi erupted as more than a dozen experts attacked at once.

Blades flashed.

Palm strikes tore through the air.

Talismans ignited into streaks of destructive light.

For an ordinary cultivator, facing such an assault would mean instant death.

Yet Chong Sheng only smiled faintly.

Then-

He vanished.

Swish!

His body dissolved into a blur of shadow.

An elder's sword sliced through the place where he had been standing.

But it struck nothing but empty air. "What?!"

Before the elder could react- Chong Sheng appeared behind him like a ghost.

A kick sent the elder flying across the room.

BOOM!

He crashed through a pillar. "Behind you!" Another elder roared.

Three Soul Formation experts attacked simultaneously.

Their swords formed a deadly net of flashing steel.

Yet Chong Sheng's body twisted like flowing smoke.

His movements were strange- Shadow-like and Unpredictable. He slipped between the blades with impossible precision.

It was as if he wasn't bound by normal movement at all.

Every step he took seemed to melt into darkness before reappearing

somewhere else.

"Too slow!"

He casually struck one elder in the chest.

Crack!

The elder spat blood as he was sent crashing backward.

But the Quan Clan wasn't weak.

Three Void Refinement experts-including Quan Lingshu-joined the fight. Their attacks were far more dangerous.

A massive palm strike descended toward Chong Sheng.

BOOM!

The floor shattered as the attack landed.

But Chong Sheng had already moved.

A Spirit Severing elder slashed downward with a sword technique.

This time-

The blade grazed Chong Sheng's shoulder.

Blood sprayed into the air.

Another attack struck his side moments later.

Yet-

He didn't even flinch.

It was as if the injuries meant nothing to him.

Chong Sheng simply continued moving through the battlefield like a shadow

dancing among flames.

It was as if his body was immune to all attacks.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 498 Destruction of Quan Clan[1,019 words]

Chapter 498 Destruction of Quan Clan

Still-

Numbers mattered.

Even someone as powerful as Chong Sheng couldn't dodge forever.

Another palm strike brushed his ribs.

A sword slash cut across his arm.

Slowly, the pressure began to build.

Across the battlefield, Quan Lingshu burst into laughter.

"Hahaha!"

His earlier humiliation seemed completely gone.

His eyes burned with vicious excitement.

"You see?!"

He pointed at Chong Sheng.

"This is the end for you!"

The elders continued pressing their attacks.

Blades and Qi filled the entire room.

"You humiliated me!"

Quan Lingshu snarled.

"You dared step on my head like a dog!"

His expression twisted with hatred.

"Tonight you will pay for that!"

Another round of attacks forced Chong Sheng to retreat a few steps.

Quan Lingshu's confidence grew.

"Give up!"

He sneered.

"No matter how you infiltrated this place... escaping is a different matter!"

He gestured toward the surrounding elders.

"You are surrounded! Soon your Qi will be exhausted! While my reinforcements will arrive. You have no chance!"

And he wasn't entirely wrong.

After all the fighting-

Chong Sheng's Qi reserves had already dropped to nearly half from dodging all those attacks.

Moreover, with even more people joining, the chance of Chong Sheng winning was almost zero.

Escaping also wasn't going to be easy since he had activated the formation and trapped Chong Sheng.

Of course, if Chong Sheng made a Teleportation Formation, he might escape, but Quan Lingshu wasn't going to give him the chance.

But instead of panicking-

Chong Sheng suddenly smiled.

A calm, amused smile.

"You seem to misunderstand something."

Chong Sheng slowly wiped the blood from his lip.

"To kill everyone here..."

He glanced around the room.

"...I don't even need to lift my fingers."

Quan Lingshu burst out laughing, almost immediately followed by others.

"Hahaha!"

Their laughter echoed loudly.

"A bluff!"

Quan Lingshu's eyes gleamed with mockery.

"You think we're fools? You're already struggling to survive! Yet—"

He pointed his sword toward Chong Sheng.

"You say you can kill us all without lifting a finger?"

The elders sneered as well.

"Does he think of himself as God?"

"A mere Demonic Cultivator deluded into thinking he is some kind of Immortal!"

But Chong Sheng only looked at them with calm indifference.

Then suddenly-

Swish!

Chong Sheng vanished.

"...?!"

Quan Lingshu's eyes widened.

"Find him quickly!"

He roared instantly.

"He's trying to escape!"

The elders immediately spread out, their spiritual senses expanding across the entire building.

But before they could locate him-

A voice echoed across the entire estate.

"Quan Clan!"

The voice was amplified by Qi, carrying far beyond the study hall.

It thundered throughout the entire Quan Clan compound.

The peaceful night was shattered instantly.

Lights began appearing across the estate.

Doors opened.

Clan members stepped outside in confusion.

"Who is shouting in the middle of the night?"

"Who dares disturb my sleep? There better be a good reason!"

Some were annoyed.

Others were curious.

Inside the study hall, Quan Lingshu's expression darkened.

"That bastard..."

He rushed outside.

The elders followed immediately.

When they stepped into the courtyard-

They saw him.

Chong Sheng was standing calmly on top of the tallest building within the Quan Clan estate.

His long black robe fluttered lightly in the night wind.

He looked down at the entire clan like a king surveying his domain.

Quan Lingshu's face twisted.

"Surround the building!"

He barked.

"Don't let him escape!"

Immediately, dozens of cultivators rushed to surround the area.

Yet Chong Sheng remained perfectly calm.

He looked down at the gathering crowd and smiled.

"Hello, everyone."

His voice carried easily across the estate.

"My name is Chong Sheng."

Some people frowned.

Others suddenly recognized the name.

"The slave from before?"

"The one who escaped?"

Chong Sheng continued speaking casually.

"You may know me or maybe not. But that doesn't really matter."

He spread his arms slightly.

"I came here tonight for only one reason."

His crimson eyes gleamed faintly.

"Revenge"

Murmurs spread across the crowd.

Some people laughed.

Others shook their heads.

"He's insane."

"Has he lost his mind?"

"Does he think he can destroy the Quan Clan alone?"

Even Quan Lingshu sneered.

"Chong Sheng!"

His voice echoed sharply.

"Surrender yourself now. You have nowhere to run!"

Chong Sheng only smirked.

Then-

He snapped his fingers.

Snap!

Instantly-

A massive formation lit up across the entire Quan Clan estate.

Within seconds-

The entire estate was sealed inside a gigantic formation dome.

Quan Lingshu's pupils shrank.

"So many formation nodes..." Several elders also stared in horror.

"This formation... It's not ordinary!"

The pressure coming from it was terrifying. Much stronger than any Grade-4 formation they had seen before.

Quan Lingshu's voice turned cold.

"What formation is this?"

Chong Sheng didn't bother hiding anything.

"Grade-6 Formation!"

The crowd gasped. "Impossible!" Quan Lingshu roared.

"You think we'll believe such nonsense?!"

Chong Sheng shrugged lightly.

"I call it the Hundred Mile Obliteration Formation."

He smiled calmly.

"When it fully activates... everything inside this formation will explode."

Buildings.

Cultivators.

The entire estate.

"All of it will be destroyed. No matter who you are. Unless you're an Immortal...

there is no chance of survival."

Silence fell.

Then Quan Lingshu shouted angrily.

"You're bluffing!"

But deep inside-

His heart had already sunk.

Chong Sheng had previously created a Grade-6 teleportation formation.

If he could do that...

Then creating another Grade-6 formation wasn't impossible. Suddenly Quan Lingshu raised his hand.

The surrounding space trembled as he attempted to tear open the void.

But-

Nothing happened.

"...?!"

His expression changed instantly.

"Trying to escape?"

Chong Sheng chuckled.

"Tsk, tsk! Unfortunately, you can't! I already have another formation to prevent that. I am not careless like you."

Quan Lingshu's face turned pale.

"Capture him!"

"If we catch him, he'll be forced to deactivate the formation!"

Several experts rushed toward Chong Sheng.

But before they could reach him-

BOOM!

A massive explosion erupted within the western side of the estate.

Buildings collapsed instantly.

Flames rose into the night sky.

Screams echoed everywhere. Everyone froze.

Their faces turned pale.

Chong Sheng raised one finger. "Another one."

BOOM!

Another part of the Quan Clan compound exploded.

Shock spread across every face present.

The realization slowly dawned on them. This was not a bluff.

Silence filled the estate. Then-

Panic erupted.

"Stop!"

An elder shouted desperately.

"We surrender!"

Others began begging.

"This is your home! You lived here for years! You can't forget your roots."

Even Quan Lingshu's arrogance disappeared. "Chong Sheng!"

His voice trembled slightly.

"We can talk! I can even make you the Clan Leader of the Quan Clan!"

"All the treasures of the Quan Clan will belong to you!"

But Chong Sheng's expression didn't change at all.

It remained cold and emotionless.

Quan Lingshu clenched his fists.

"You'll die too if the formation explodes!"

He shouted desperately.

"Are you planning to commit suicide alongside everyone here?!"

Chong Sheng smiled faintly.

Then-

He raised his hand.

The space in front of him suddenly tore open like fragile cloth.

A void appeared.

Quan Lingshu's eyes widened in disbelief.

Chong Sheng stepped toward the void.

He looked back one last time.

"Only you can't escape. I can!" He waved casually.

"Bye! Bye!"

Then he stepped into the void.

The portal closed instantly.

The clan members stared in absolute horror.

And above them-

The massive Grade-6 formation began glowing brighter.

The final destruction had already begun.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 499 Quan Clan Destroyed[
1,061 words]

Chapter 499 Quan Clan Destroyed

By the time the sun rose the next morning, the Quan Clan had completely vanished.

Where the once powerful clan estate had stood, there was now nothing but scorched earth and shattered ruins.

Collapsed buildings.

Burned courtyards.

Blackened stone.

The destruction stretched across the entire estate like a scar on the land.

And most terrifying of all-

There were no survivors.

Not a single one.

Not even a chicken.

Only faint smoke still rose into the pale morning sky.

When the guards arrived after receiving reports of explosions during the night, they were completely stunned.

Some of them had patrolled this area for years.

They knew exactly how powerful the Quan Clan was.

Yet now...

It had been wiped out overnight.

The guards quickly reported the matter to the Imperial Palace.

Inside the palace, the news spread rapidly.

Shock rippled through the court officials and royal guards alike.

"How can this be?!"

"Is it confirmed?"

"Who did this?"

Many questions arose without any answer. After all, for someone as powerful as the Quan Clan to be destroyed in a night, they knew that the culprit would be very powerful.

Someone who is in the Great Ascension Realm or of similar strength.

However, Empress Sun Yaoqing was not surprised.

She had already received the news much earlier.

The only reason she knew the culprit was Chong Sheng was because of a spy she had planted within the Quan Clan.

Shortly before the destruction began, the spy had managed to send one final message.

"Chong Sheng has appeared."

That was the last message.

After that-

There were no more messages.

The spy had most likely died during the destruction.

But the information had already served its purpose. At least, Sun Yaoqing knew who the culprit was.

She had sent Guards to check on the Quan Clan, but by then everything had already been over.

Without wasting any time, Empress Sun Yaoqing had immediately sent a message to Bai Zihan, exactly as he had instructed her to do if Chong Sheng ever appeared again.

Truthfully, she hadn't understood something previously.

Why would someone like Bai Zihan be interested in a person like Chong Sheng?

Someone of his status normally wouldn't pay attention to a mere demonic cultivator.

Yet he had specifically instructed her to inform him the moment Chong Sheng resurfaced.

But now she was able to understand. Chong Sheng's talent was unparalleled.

Just thinking about it felt unbelievable.

Only a few months ago, Chong Sheng had been nothing more than a weak demonic cultivator-someone who had to run away just to survive.

Yet now-

In just a matter of months-

He had risen to the point where he could destroy an entire clan overnight.

Not just any clan either.

But the Quan Clan, one of the most powerful forces in the region.

Even now, she still found it difficult to believe.

She could understand why Bai Zihan would be interested in someone like him, though she didn't know how he knew that Chong Sheng would be so talented.

(Perhaps the intuition of a genius?)

She thought.

Still-

For Empress Sun Yaoqing, this was not a bad thing.

If Bai Zihan personally dealt with Chong Sheng, it would save her a great deal of trouble.

After all...

Chong Sheng had already become far too dangerous.

Although he held a grudge against the Quan Clan and didn't create trouble for others, being a Demonic Cultivator, it was certain that he would begin

terrorizing her people sooner or later.

She needed to take care of him before he did that.

She slowly set her teacup down.

Her eyes darkened slightly.

Although it wasn't known what cultivation realm Chong Sheng had reached, it should be high, seeing that the Quan Clan members couldn't have killed him. But what truly troubled her more was his knowledge of formations. Grade-6 formations were not something ordinary cultivators could create.

No one in the Falling Star Empire was capable of it, yet Chong Sheng was able to do so.

He had already set up a teleportation formation and escaped previously.

Moreover, according to the reports, it seemed like Chong Sheng had used a powerful formation to wipe out the Quan Clan.

Otherwise, solely doing so by hand or weapon would have taken much longer.

Even if he was in the Great Ascension Realm, it wouldn't be done so quickly unless he possessed some extraordinary technique.

And the other, more reasonable explanation was that he had used a formation.

He had already shown he was capable of that, and she believed that it was more likely.

.

Princess Sun Yaoqing slowly exhaled.

It was regrettable that Chong Sheng was a Demonic Cultivator; otherwise she would have done everything to recruit such a talent.

It was certain that given a few years, he could very well rise to become the strongest, not only in the Falling Star Empire but perhaps even surpass those in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

But that was just a regret, and it couldn't be achieved.

Not to mention that Bai Zihan had already set his eyes on him.

Although Chong Sheng's strength seemed like a legendary feat that couldn't be achieved by anyone, there was another monster who also made such progress almost insignificant.

Bai Zihan killing Great Ascension Demonic Cultivators and Grade-10 Demonic Beasts was not only known by the Desolate Heaven Empire but even in the Falling Star Empire; such news had spread widely.

Being the Empress, she could easily verify the authenticity of the news, and to her surprise it was all true.

She couldn't fathom just how strong Bai Zihan had become for him to be able to slay multiple Great Ascension Realm Demonic Cultivators. Although she received another news that he was crippled, later she received

news that he has already recovered.

Against such a monster, she thought that even if Chong Sheng tried everything, it would be in vain.

This strength was also the reason why she didn't dare disobey Bai Zihan and immediately sent a message to inform him of Chong Sheng's appearance. She wanted to leave as favorable an impression as she could on Bai Zihan, so that when required, he might help her.

She didn't want to make an enemy of Bai Zihan and knew that being on his good side was beneficial-not only to her, but to the Empire.

Just then-

The doors to the chamber burst open.

"Mingzhu?" Empress Sun Yaoqing looked up, slightly startled.

Her personal attendant hurried inside, her usually composed expression replaced with urgency.

Her breathing was slightly uneven, as if she had rushed all the way here without stopping.

"What happened, Mingzhu?"

Sun Yaoqing asked, her brows knitting together in confusion.

She even began to speculate whether Chong Sheng had attacked another clan or something. For someone as well-trained as Mingzhu to lose her composure like this, something big must have occurred.

Mingzhu quickly bowed.

"Your Majesty-"

"Young Master Bai Zihan has arrived!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 500 Back at Falling Star Empire! [1,021 words]

Chapter 500 Back at Falling Star Empire!

Bai Zihan had come to the Falling Star Empire, the moment he received the message.

Truthfully, there was nothing else for him to do recently other than train for the position of Clan Leader.

Although his father had begun involving him in clan matters, Bai Zihan still found those responsibilities rather dull.

Compared to that-

Hunting down a Heaven Chosen One was far more interesting.

And far more necessary.

After reading the report sent by Sun Yaoqing, Bai Zihan had already realized something.

Chong Sheng had grown quite strong.

Well, he expected it somewhat, but it was still far too fast progress.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

(Former Supreme Immortal...)

He thought silently.

Indeed-

Someone like that could never be underestimated.

Although his new body and cultivation was weak, with his former memories and knowledge, it was indeed not difficult to rise through the cultivation realms.

If Chong Sheng could grow this much within just a few months, Bai Zihan couldn't imagine how terrifying he might become in a few years.

Fortunately-

He had encountered Chong Sheng when he was still weak.

And because of that encounter, Bai Zihan had already ordered people to keep watch for any trace of him.

Otherwise...

If Chong Sheng had been allowed to grow freely without him noticing-

Who knew what kind of monster he might have become?

A faint killing intent flickered within Bai Zihan's eyes before disappearing again.

Although there was no personal grudge between him and Chong Sheng, Bai Zihan knew that he must take care of Chong Sheng.

This wasn't the same case as Lin Xuan or Bai Xueqing.

No matter what, he was still a demonic cultivator.

Their methods were cruel.

Their paths were stained with blood.

And more importantly-

Chong Sheng was still a Heaven Chosen One.

If fate continued its usual course, a conflict between them would eventually occur.

Even if not, who knew that when he became strong, he might set his eyes on the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Fighting was inevitable, and Bai Zihan had also started to hate these demonic cultivators.

Although he knew that there was no direct connection, it was indeed these same type of people who kidnapped Luo Qing.

Moreover, If he left things to fate...

Then one day he might die like some third-rate villain, existing only to strengthen the protagonist.

That was something Bai Zihan would never allow.

So if he had the opportunity-

He would eliminate the threat before it could fully grow.

A cold smile appeared faintly on his lips.

"This is probably the best chance."

If he missed this and gave Chong Sheng a few years, he could easily ascend to the Immortal Realm.

Perhaps it might not even take years.

But he also knew that once he struck, he must finish the job.

Otherwise, all he would be doing was making grudges and giving Chong Sheng

a reason to train harder and take revenge.

His journey here had been extremely simple.

He came alone.

Tearing through space itself since he was already in the Void Refinement Realm, and it was faster this way.

With his current strength, traveling across empires was no longer difficult.

Perhaps bringing the Grand Elder might have made the mission foolproof. However, there was a reason he didn't bring anyone with him this time. Firstly, because he could not allow the Grand Elder to leave the Bai Clan territory, not at such a dangerous time.

At the moment, the Desolate Heaven Empire had several foreign experts whose cultivation realms were extremely high.

Xi Yu was one, though she might have already left the Empire. Then there was

Qin Lingxiao who had her eyes on the Bai Clan.

There was a high chance that there would be others as well.

Hence why he couldn't afford to weaken their forces.

The second reason was even simpler.

He did not believe anyone in the Falling Star Empire could threaten him.

Not with his current strength.

Soon after-

A faint ripple spread through the air above the Imperial Palace.

Space itself seemed to distort slightly before a figure slowly stepped out from the tear.

Bai Zihan.

His expression remained calm, as if tearing through space across empires was nothing more than taking a simple step.

Below him, the massive Imperial Palace of the Falling Star Empire stood majestically. Layers of golden roofs stretched across the palace grounds while guards patrolled the walls.

The moment Bai Zihan descended toward the palace gates, the guards instantly sensed his presence.

However-

Before they could even react, someone else had already stepped forward.

Mingzhu!

She had just returned from delivering an order when she suddenly noticed Bai Zihan's presence and immediately came out.

For a brief moment, her eyes widened.

She immediately recognized him.

Mingzhu quickly composed herself and stepped forward respectfully.

"Young Master Bai!"

She bowed politely.

Her tone was extremely careful.

Although she was the Empress's personal attendant and had seen many powerful figures before, standing before Bai Zihan still placed immense pressure on her.

This was someone who could destroy entire sects and slay Great Ascension experts.

Not to mention the clan behind him, which was now thought to be the strongest in the Desolate Heaven Empire-something even the Imperial Yu Family could not restrain.

A single mistake in her words might bring disaster to the empire.

"Please follow me!"

She gestured respectfully and began leading him into the palace.

Bai Zihan did not say anything and simply followed behind her. The palace guards watched silently as the two figures walked inside. Soon, Bai Zihan was led into a quiet reception hall within the palace.

Mingzhu gestured toward a seat.

"Young Master Bai, please."

Bai Zihan sat down calmly.

A servant quickly brought tea and placed it on the table before him.

Mingzhu stood respectfully nearby, her posture straight and disciplined.

After a brief moment of silence, she finally spoke.

"Young Master Bai... may I ask what brings you to the Imperial Palace?"

Her tone was polite but extremely cautious.

It wasn't a tone of questioning, but rather one that implied that whatever he was here for, she would help him.

Bai Zihan lifted the teacup slightly but did not drink.

His gaze remained calm.

"I have something to discuss with Princess Sun Yaoqing."

His voice was simple and direct.

Mingzhu didn't bother correcting Bai Zihan on how he should address Sun Yaoqing as Empress.

If it had been anyone else, she would have definitely confronted them for the disrespect.

Mingzhu immediately nodded.

She bowed again.

"Please wait a moment, Young Master Bai. I will inform Her Majesty immediately."

With that, she quickly turned and left the hall.

Her steps were slightly faster than usual as she made her way toward the Empress's chamber.