

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 501 Heaven Chosen's Tracker[1,003 words]

Chapter 501 Heaven Chosen's Tracker

Footsteps echoed through the corridor outside the reception hall.

They were quick.

Almost hurried.

Moments later-

The doors opened.

Empress Sun Yaoqing entered the hall.

Despite her calm expression, there was a faint urgency in her steps.

The moment her eyes landed on Bai Zihan, she slowed down.

Then she walked forward and performed a respectful greeting. "Young Master Bai!"

Her voice was steady.

There was no arrogance in her tone-only dignity and caution.

Bai Zihan looked at her calmly.

Then he nodded slightly.

"You've been doing a great job."

The words were not merely empty praise.

He had already learned quite a bit about what had happened within the Falling Star Empire during the past months.

After the sudden change in leadership (due to him), Sun Yaoqing had been doing a good job stabilizing the Empire and solidifying her position.

Despite the sudden transition of power, the Falling Star Empire had not descended into chaos.

In fact, under Sun Yaoqing's leadership, the empire had begun moving in a direction that many had not expected.

Various reforms had been implemented across the administration.

Old systems that had existed for centuries were being dismantled or reshaped.

Perhaps the most significant change was the gradual removal of many privileges that had long been monopolized by the noble families.

For generations, those powerful clans had dominated the political and economic structure of the empire.

They did as they pleased without many consequences.

Now-

That influence was slowly being stripped away.

Positions within the imperial administration were no longer reserved solely for those of noble blood.

Resources and authority that had once been concentrated in the hands of a few powerful families were being redistributed.

For the common people, these changes were nothing short of remarkable. Opportunities that had once seemed impossible were now beginning to appear. It was slow but definitely a sign of change.

However-

For those who had long stood at the top of the empire's hierarchy, the situation was far less pleasant.

Many noble families had already begun feeling the pressure of these reforms.

Their privileges were shrinking.

Their influence was weakening.

Naturally, such changes had not been welcomed by everyone.

Dissatisfaction had begun quietly spreading among the upper ranks of society.

As for whether this decision was right or not, they shall all see the result in the coming years.

"You flatter me, Young Master Bai!"

Her tone remained humble.

"So, I assume that the Young Master is here because of Chong Sheng?"

Sun Yaoqing still didn't know why Bai Zihan was so interested in Chong Sheng

that the second she sent the message, he would come personally.

She thought that he would send a message, perhaps telling her to keep her eyes on him and track him.

But unexpectedly, he personally came without notice.

Bai Zihan nodded.

"Then shall we go and look at the Quan Clan which has been destroyed?"

In a matter of seconds, Bai Zihan, Sun Yaoqing, and Mingzhu immediately reached the Quan Clan.

Well, it could no longer be called the Quan Clan as everything was destroyed, not even a single ant survived.

Bai Zihan looked at the scale of destruction.

It definitely wasn't something that could be done by a Void Refinement Realm cultivator or even a Great Ascension Realm expert.

"We suspect that he must have used some kind of formation to do this."

Sun Yaoqing said.

Bai Zihan nodded.

It seemed to explain this, though it didn't take away how incredible the feat still was.

The Quan Estate spanned for miles, and to cover the whole clan, it wouldn't take just one or two days.

Even as a Formation Expert, Chong Sheng would also need to make sure that no one noticed it.

It might have taken Chong Sheng a few weeks to a month to cover the Entire Quan Clan.

(It looked like he had been planning this for quite a while.)

As expected of a Supreme Demonic Cultivator and a Chosen One.

They held grudges better than most.

As soon as they get sufficient power to exact their revenge, they waste no time doing so.

Moreover, Chong Sheng didn't spare a single person from the Quan Clan.

Whether innocent or guilty, he had engulfed them in flames because of his revenge.

It wasn't that Bai Zihan was angry at that or anything, but this just proved how ruthless Chong Sheng really was.

So once he went after him, he had to make sure that he finished the job, or else he might suffer the same fate.

"Now how shall I locate him?"

If it was before, he could have asked Feilian to search for him, and if Chong Sheng was within her divine senses, he could have found him.

But Feilian still had yet to wake up.

Just as that thought crossed his mind-

A sudden notification appeared within his mind.

[System Notification]

Host, would you like to purchase: Heaven Chosen's Tracker?

Bai Zihan froze for a brief moment.

This was unexpected.

The system interface slowly displayed the details.

Heaven Chosen's Tracker

Description:

Within a few miles, as long as the Host has previously encountered the Heaven Chosen One, the system can detect and reveal their current location.

Price: 30,000 Points

Bai Zihan was slightly startled.

This ability was exactly what he needed right now.

However-

What truly caught his attention was something else.

Previously, the system had always been extremely passive, more like a robot that did as it was programmed.

It only provided functions when Bai Zihan actively checked the system store or completed tasks.

It rarely ever interrupted him like this.

Yet now-

It had suddenly suggested an item precisely when he was wondering how to locate Chong Sheng.

It almost felt as if the system had understood his thoughts.

Bai Zihan's gaze darkened slightly.

(Was the system... becoming more sentient?)

He had only experienced something similar once before.

That was when Qin Lingxiao had nearly taken control of his mind.

At that moment, the system had forcefully intervened to protect him.

Aside from that single incident, the system had always remained silent.

Bai Zihan, while thankful for that timely assistance, also became more cautious toward the system.

But well, he was too weak to do anything, and thinking about it further

wouldn't do any good.

Right now, he should focus on Chong Sheng.

Bai Zihan remained standing within the ruins of the Quan Clan estate, silently staring at the notification floating in his mind.

Thirty thousand points.

The price wasn't small.

But he had 80,000 points, so he should be able to afford it.

If it allowed him to locate Chong Sheng... Then the points were very well worth it.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 502 Hidden In Plain Sight

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 502 Hidden In Plain Sight

Without hesitating any further, Bai Zihan purchased the function.

The notification within his mind changed instantly.

[Heaven Chosen's Tracker Purchased]

A faint ripple passed through his consciousness as a new function integrated itself into the system.

Bai Zihan immediately activated it.

Then the System showed a map on the screen, with a red dot labeled Chong Sheng.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chong Sheng was nearby.

Very close!

Much closer than he had thought.

His gaze slowly shifted toward the indicated direction.

There, a group of Imperial Guards were stationed around the perimeter of the ruined Quan Clan estate.

Some were patrolling.

Some were examining the surroundings.

Others were carefully searching for any suspicious traces that might have been left behind.

At first glance-

Everything looked perfectly normal.

Yet the system's indication was pointing directly toward that group.

A faint smile appeared on Bai Zihan's lips.

(Hehe... Looks like he is disguised as one of the guards.)

Bai Zihan immediately understood what was happening.

Chong Sheng was employing one of the oldest tricks in existence.

Hiding in plain sight.

Instead of fleeing far away after destroying the Quan Clan, he had remained here.

Blending into the group of guards investigating the scene.

As for why he would do such a thing-

Bai Zihan could easily think of two reasons.

The first possibility was simple.

Many killers liked to return to the scene of their crime.

To watch the aftermath.

To see the chaos they had created.

To relish the destruction with their own eyes.

The second reason was more practical.

Chong Sheng might be checking the scene carefully to make sure no evidence or traces of his actions remained behind.

After all-

As a former Supreme Immortal, he would naturally be cautious.

However, both possibilities pointed toward the same thing.

Confidence!

Chong Sheng was confident that no one could discover his identity.

Confident that even if he stood right here among the Imperial Guards, no one would suspect him.

Unfortunately for him-

Bai Zihan possessed the system.

And with the Heaven Chosen's Tracker, hiding was meaningless.

Bai Zihan's lips curved slightly.

(Shall we play along?)

Instead of immediately exposing him, Bai Zihan began walking slowly across the ruined estate.

Princess Sun Yaoqing and Mingzhu followed closely behind.

His movements appeared casual.

As if he was simply examining the destruction like everyone else.

Step by step-

Bai Zihan gradually approached the group of Imperial Guards.

The guards themselves immediately noticed his approach.

Their expressions stiffened slightly.

After all, the young man walking toward them was someone whose reputation had already spread across empires.

One by one, they respectfully bowed their heads.

"Greetings, Young Master Bai!"

Yet Bai Zihan barely paid attention to them.

His calm gaze slowly swept across the group.

His gaze stayed on Chong Sheng for a second longer than the others.

(Did he discover me?)

Chong Sheng nervously thought but breathed in relief when Bai Zihan walked past him.

False alarm!

He thought.

Right now, he was expertly controlling his Qi, so there was no way for anyone to think he was a Demonic Cultivator.

Moreover, he had changed his face to that of a middle-aged man with an average appearance that wouldn't attract any attention.

There was no way that anyone could find him here.

He had been a bit nervous when he discovered that Bai Zihan had come to investigate what he had done.

He didn't know what kind of ill-fated relationship he had with Bai Zihan.

Whenever he made a scene, Bai Zihan somehow appeared.

But well, he didn't think much about it.

He didn't even know that Bai Zihan was the one who had subtly exposed him as a Demonic Cultivator.

Otherwise, he would have gotten revenge on him as well.

But right now, he only thought of Bai Zihan as a dangerous and very talented individual.

He too had heard about Bai Zihan's feats whenever he stayed in towns or cities.

From his perspective as well, Bai Zihan's growth was terrifying.

He even suspected that Bai Zihan might be like him-someone who possessed

another body.

But it was most unlikely.

What had happened to him was unbelievable, and he refused to believe there could be more than two such incidents in the same period of time.

Anyways, while he, with his current strength, wasn't scared of Bai Zihan, he definitely knew to be cautious around him.

Then Empress Sun Yaoqing came into his view.

At first, he contemplated whether he should kill her or not.

Killing her would throw the Empire into chaos, exactly the kind of scene that he loved.

But on second thought-

Or perhaps after seeing her face-

He hesitated.

He didn't know why, but it felt like rather than killing her, he should help her.

(Hmmm... I am a pretty nice guy!)

He thought to himself after refraining from killing the Empress.

Anyways, Bai Zihan, who was walking ahead, suddenly turned around and walked back.

Then he stopped just before Chong Sheng.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened.

(Did I get exposed?)

He refused to believe that.

Bai Zihan hadn't noticed anything wrong the first time, and it was impossible to do so now as well.

"Chong Sheng!"

Bai Zihan called out.

Chong Sheng was startled and immediately became cautious, ready to take out his weapon and fight.

But Bai Zihan's next words left him speechless.

"That M*therF*cker! How cruel can he be?"

Bai Zihan shouted.

"He didn't even spare children and women. Is there no morality just because he is a Demonic Cultivator?"

Bai Zihan said.

To many others, Bai Zihan's words were normal and even expected of a righteous man.

Even though Princess Sun Yaoqing found it slightly unexpected, she didn't think much about it.

No matter how high his status was, Bai Zihan was still human in the end, and it was natural to be angry at such an outrageous scene.

"That coward, only going after weak people and running away with his tail between his legs. If I see him, I swear I won't let him see the next day peacefully"

Bai Zihan said.

Chong Sheng, who was listening at point-blank range, couldn't help but become angry when he heard such words.

Of course he was cruel.

But he had no morals?

He was a coward who only knew how to run away?

Those words angered him greatly.

Of course, morality was different for everyone, but Bai Zihan was acting as if he had exterminated the Quan Clan without any reason.

Escaped?

He didn't escape or run away.

But it was only the start of Bai Zihan's performance. His barrage of insults had only just begun.

"That ugly Chong Sheng, whose previous life must have been cowardly and ugly as well, and whose next life will also be the same. Such an insect whose only reason for living is to die..."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 503 The Moment of Exposure[1,356 words]

Chapter 503 The Moment of Exposure

"That Chong Sheng calls himself a cultivator, yet he only dares to slaughter the weak. If he had even a shred of backbone, he would face real experts instead of hiding behind formations like a rat..."

"A Demonic Cultivator who massacres women and children is no different from a coward barking in the dark. When real danger appears, such insects run faster than stray dogs."

"Even demonic cultivators usually have some twisted pride. But this Chong Sheng? No honor, no dignity, no courage. Just a filthy creature crawling in the shadows."

Bai Zihan spoke with obvious anger.

To the surrounding Imperial Guards and officials, it seemed perfectly natural.

After all, they had heard many stories about Bai Zihan.

Stories of how he hunted down Demonic Cultivators.

Stories of how he slaughtered them without mercy. Seeing his reaction now-

Many simply thought that Bai Zihan was too righteous.

Too disgusted by the cruelty of Demonic Cultivators.

Even though this was not his empire, he still showed such anger toward the massacre of innocent people.

To them, it was admirable.

But to Chong Sheng?

Every single word felt like a personal attack.

Once-

He could ignore it.

Twice-

He could tolerate it.

But Bai Zihan continued.

And continued.

And continued.

The insults showed no sign of stopping. He attacked everything, starting from Chong Sheng's character to his appearance.

He didn't even spare talking about Chong Sheng's previous and next life as if he knew everything.

Each sentence sounded more insulting than the last.

Chong Sheng's fists slowly clenched.

His veins slightly bulged.

His patience was reaching its limit.

Finally-

"Stop it!"

The sudden shout shocked everyone present.

The surrounding guards immediately turned toward the source of the voice.

Their eyes landed on the Imperial Guard who had spoken.

For a moment-

The area became completely silent.

The guards were confused.

First of all, they didn't understand why this guard would suddenly say something like that.

Secondly-

He dared to interrupt Young Master Bai?

Wasn't he afraid of being beaten to death?

Chong Sheng himself also realized that his tongue had slipped.

His heart sank slightly.

(Damn it...)

In his moment of anger, he had lost control.

Who could have thought that he, a former Supreme Immortal, would lose his cool just because of words?

But he didn't fully blame it on himself.

(This Bai Zihan is too much!)

The situation instantly became tense.

Mingzhu's sharp eyes immediately locked onto him.

Her expression turned cold.

"State your name and station!"

Her voice was stern and commanding.

Chong Sheng froze for a moment.

He wasn't actually a soldier.

If he said something, he might easily expose himself.

For a moment-

He didn't know what to say.

But to his surprise-

Bai Zihan suddenly spoke.

"There is no need to be angry, Commander Mingzhu."

His calm voice instantly eased the tension.

Mingzhu slightly frowned but stepped back respectfully. Since Bai Zihan spoke, there was no need for her to pursue the matter.

But of course, she kept his face in mind and was going to give a stern lecture later.

(Hmph! How have our soldiers become so undisciplined?)

She thought angrily.

It was good that Bai Zihan didn't seem to mind, but if he did and it led to their relationship being ruined, then this guard would deserve punishment worse than death.

Bai Zihan's gaze then slowly shifted toward the guard.

Toward Chong Sheng.

"Why?"

Bai Zihan asked casually.

"You don't agree with me?"

Chong Sheng felt a strange pressure under that gaze.

Of course he didn't agree.

But he couldn't openly defend himself either.

That would be suicidal.

"It's okay. No need to be nervous."

Bai Zihan said calmly.

His tone sounded almost understanding.

Chong Sheng didn't know what to say but decided to say what he wanted.

"He... might have had a reason for doing what he did."

His words immediately attracted everyone's attention.

Some guards frowned. Some looked confused.

Others looked slightly displeased.

After all-

Trying to justify the massacre of an entire clan was not exactly a popular opinion.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Then he asked calmly.

"Well... and what might that reason be, Chong Sheng?"

Chong Sheng's eyes widened as he stared at Bai Zihan.

(He knows!)

There was no doubt in his mind.

Otherwise-

Why would Bai Zihan stop right in front of him and start insulting Chong Sheng so relentlessly?

It wasn't a random coincidence.

It was a deliberate act.

Bai Zihan had been provoking him from the very beginning.

Some of the surrounding guards also heard the name clearly.

A few thought they had misheard.

Others looked at the guard standing among them with shock.

The atmosphere suddenly became extremely tense.

Empress Sun Yaoqing quickly stepped forward.

Her brows slightly furrowed.

"Young Master Bai... what did you say?"

"He is Chong Sheng?"

Her gaze landed on the guard standing before them.

The man looked completely ordinary.

A middle-aged face.

Average build.

Nothing about him stood out.

More importantly-

There was no trace of demonic qi coming from him.

Yet she did not think Bai Zihan would joke about something like this.

Not in a situation like this.

Not about something so serious.

Bai Zihan simply looked at the disguised guard calmly.

"Well?"

"Why don't you tell us the reason why you massacred the Quan Clan... Chong Sheng?"

His voice was calm.

But those words felt like thunder exploding in everyone's ears.

Chong Sheng's mind raced rapidly.

For a moment he considered lying. Denying everything. Pretending Bai Zihan was mistaken.

But looking at Bai Zihan's calm eyes-

He realized something.

Bai Zihan wasn't guessing.

He was certain.

If Bai Zihan had already discovered him somehow, then lying would only make

him look foolish.

His lies could easily be caught.

There was no point in doing something so pointless.

After a brief silence-

Chong Sheng slowly exhaled.

Then he looked directly at Bai Zihan.

"How?"

"How did you find out?"

His voice was calm, but the question carried genuine confusion.

He didn't think that he had given himself away just because he interrupted Bai

Zihan. From how Bai Zihan had already stopped before him and started insulting him earlier, it was certain that by then he had already figured out his identity. Chong Sheng believed that with his current disguise, even Immortal Realm cultivators wouldn't be able to find him.

So how could a greenhorn like Bai Zihan discover him?

The moment those words left his mouth-

The entire place exploded into shock.

The surrounding guards' eyes widened.

Some of them even subconsciously stepped backward.

He admitted it.

There was no longer any doubt.

The man standing among them-

The man who had been disguised as one of the Imperial Guards-

Was the infamous Demonic Cultivator.

Chong Sheng!

"You are Chong Sheng!"

Mingzhu's eyes sharpened instantly. In a single step, she moved in front of

Empress Sun Yaoqing, positioning herself defensively.

Her hand rested on the hilt of her weapon.

The surrounding Imperial Guards also reacted immediately, forming a loose

circle around the disguised man.

Yet the man at the center did not seem nervous at all.

Instead-

He suddenly laughed.

"Hehe..."

Then his lips curled into a wide grin.

"Yes! I am the one and only-Chong Sheng!"

The moment he finished speaking, the disguise covering his face began to

distort.

The average middle-aged appearance melted away like an illusion shattering.

His true face gradually revealed itself.

At the same time-

A terrifying aura erupted from his body.

Dark demonic qi surged outward like a violent storm.

Boom!

The pressure instantly filled the entire ruined estate.

Many of the Imperial Guards' expressions changed drastically. Several of the weaker cultivators staggered backward. Others felt their breathing grow heavy as the oppressive aura pressed down on

them.

Only those at the Spirit Severing Realm or above remained unaffected. Empress Sun Yaoqing stood calmly under the pressure, her expression cold but

composed. Mingzhu also remained steady, though her eyes grew extremely serious. Meanwhile-

Angry shouts immediately erupted from the surrounding guards.

"You dare pretend to be one of us?! Demonic scum!"

"You will pay for the blood you spilled!" "How dare you infiltrate the Imperial Guards!"

Curses and threats flew from all directions.

But Chong Sheng ignored every single one of them.

Their anger meant nothing to him. Their threats meant even less.

His gaze was fixed on only one person.

Bai Zihan!

The young man still stood calmly among the crowd as if the suffocating demonic aura didn't exist.

That calm expression irritated Chong Sheng even more.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"Now then... Can you tell me how you found me?"

His tone carried a faint chill.

"I guarantee that if you do, I'll kill you painlessly."

After being insulted so relentlessly, there was no way Chong Sheng would allow

Bai Zihan to leave alive.

That would be an insult to his dignity.

The dignity of a former Supreme Immortal.

Although he had heard rumors about Bai Zihan's strength, Chong Sheng did not take them too seriously. From his perspective-

Bai Zihan was still an inexperienced youngster.

Perhaps talented.

Perhaps even monstrous by normal standards.

But compared to someone like him who once stood at the peak of the Immortal World?

There was no comparison.

If he truly wanted to-

He believed he could kill Bai Zihan easily.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 504 Bai Zihan Vs Chong Sheng[1,332 words]

Chapter 504 Bai Zihan Vs Chong Sheng

Chong Sheng showed no sign of hiding his intentions.

Even now, his killing intent had already begun to rise.

He deliberately revealed his Void Refinement Realm cultivation, thinking that it should be enough to intimidate Bai Zihan.

Chong Sheng had not heard the news that Bai Zihan had already stepped into the Void Refinement Realm.

So from his perspective-

He expected Bai Zihan to be shocked.

After all, someone who was once merely in the Qi Refining Realm had now surpassed him in cultivation.

Surely Bai Zihan's Dao Heart wouldn't be able to withstand such a blow.

Not to mention the fear it should create.

Mingzhu's expression immediately changed. Her eyes widened in shock.

The surrounding guards also looked stunned.

Who could have imagined that Chong Sheng had become this powerful?

Void Refinement Realm!

That was already the top level in the Falling Star Empire.

Yet Bai Zihan didn't show the slightest hint of fear.

Instead-

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

"You want to know how I found you despite your disguise?"

He slowly clasped his hands behind his back, as if he wasn't standing before a terrifying Demonic Cultivator at all.

Instead, he looked almost amused.

"No matter how well you disguise yourself, the rotten stench of evil Demonic Cultivators cannot be hidden."

He slightly waved his hand in front of his nose as if trying to disperse a foul odor.

"It's unbearable. Wherever you go, that disgusting smell follows. It's simply too strong to miss."

Chong Sheng's expression immediately darkened when he heard Bai Zihan's answer.

He naturally understood that Bai Zihan was mocking him.

There was no way Bai Zihan could have "smelled" him or anything like that.

This brat was simply making fun of him again.

Even now.

Chong Sheng slowly let out a cold laugh.

"Hmph! So you refuse to tell me the answer."

His eyes became colder as he stared at Bai Zihan.

"Very well! If that's the case..."

A surge of demonic qi gathered around his body.

The surrounding air grew heavier.

"When you're beaten half to death, I'm sure you'll suddenly remember the real answer."

Many of the Imperial Guards immediately tightened their grips on their weapons.

The atmosphere became suffocating.

Chong Sheng slowly raised his hand.

A dark crimson glow began to gather in his palm.

His gaze remained locked onto Bai Zihan.

"Let me see how capable the so-called genius of the Desolate Heaven Empire truly is."

The next moment-

Boom!

A terrifying wave of Demonic Qi erupted from Chong Sheng's body.

The ground beneath his feet cracked instantly.

Then-

He vanished.

Whoosh!

His body turned into a shadow-like blur as he shot forward with terrifying speed.

It was so fast that even some Void Refinement Realm cultivators present could barely follow his movement.

The space where he had stood moments ago distorted violently.

In the blink of an eye-

He appeared right in front of Bai Zihan.

"Young Master Bai!"

Mingzhu's expression changed drastically.

She immediately stepped forward, trying to intercept Chong Sheng's attack.

If Bai Zihan were injured or killed here, it would bring unimaginable consequences to the empire.

But before she could move any further-

Bai Zihan signaled her to stay where she was.

Mingzhu froze.

Bai Zihan didn't even look at Chong Sheng as he spoke.

"There is no need. Someone like him... he cannot even touch a single strand of my hair even if I stood here indefinitely."

Those words instantly ignited Chong Sheng's fury.

"Arrogant brat!"

Chong Sheng roared.

"Your arrogance will be your downfall!"

His attack descended like lightning.

But the moment it was about to reach Bai Zihan-

Bai Zihan slightly tilted his head.

Whoosh!

The attack passed by his hair.

Missed.

Chong Sheng's eyes narrowed.

He attacked again.

His body flickered like a phantom.

One strike.

Two strikes.

Three strikes.

His movements became faster and faster, turning into a storm of shadow-like afterimages.

To the surrounding spectators, it looked as if dozens of Chong Shengs were attacking Bai Zihan at the same time.

Yet-

Bai Zihan simply stepped slightly to the side.

Or tilted his body.

Or shifted a single foot.

Every movement was minimal.

Casual and absolutely effortless.

And every single attack missed. Chong Sheng's expression gradually changed.

(Impossible!)

Speed was something he had always been extremely confident in.

Even in his previous life as a Supreme Immortal, his movement techniques were considered extraordinary.

He refined his current body and cultivated his Movement Art to the best of his ability.

He believed that even Great Ascension Realm cultivators might struggle to keep up with his speed.

Yet Bai Zihan-

Was effortlessly dodging everything.

Not only that-

There were several moments when Bai Zihan clearly had the opportunity to counterattack.

But he didn't.

He simply avoided the attacks while looking down on him.

As if he were merely playing with an ant.

Chong Sheng's eyes twitched slightly.

He understood immediately.

He was being underestimated.

For a moment, anger surged in his chest.

He, a former Supreme Immortal-

Was being looked down upon.

But Chong Sheng was not someone who had reached the peak of cultivation

without reason.

He quickly suppressed his anger.

His breathing calmed. Then he slowly stopped his movements and looked at Bai Zihan again.

"So... your speed is your specialty."

A cold smile appeared on his face.

"So what?"

His Demonic Qi suddenly surged violently. Boom!

The surrounding air trembled. Dark energy began gathering above the ruined estate like storm clouds.

"If you think you can dodge everything... then try dodging this."

Chong Sheng raised both of his hands.

The Demonic Qi around him exploded outward, spreading across the entire battlefield.

Dark shadows began spreading across the ruined estate like living creatures.

The sky above seemed to dim as waves of dark energy gathered together.

A cold smile slowly appeared on Chong Sheng's face.

"You think your speed can save you?"

He slowly clenched his hands. "Let me show you something interesting"

The demonic shadows swirling around him suddenly expanded violently.

They spread outward in all directions, forming an enormous dark domain that covered the entire battlefield.

Chong Sheng's voice echoed through the area.

"Shadow Devouring Domain!"

The moment the technique was activated-

The countless shadows condensed into a terrifying wave of demonic power that rushed toward Bai Zihan from every direction.

It was massively powerful and overwhelming.

And impossible to dodge.

Even if someone possessed the speed of light, escaping this attack would be nearly impossible.

The surrounding guards' expressions changed drastically.

"Retreat!"

"Everyone get back!"

Many of them quickly retreated, afraid of being caught in the terrifying attack.

But in the center of the battlefield-

Bai Zihan remained standing calmly.

He showed no sign of running away.

Instead-

He simply watched the incoming storm of Demonic Energy.

Inside his mind, he calmly analyzed the situation.

(Can this technique hurt me?)

He thought silently.

After all-

He now possessed the Primordial Chaos Body.

Although he had only reached the first stage, it should already provide terrifying defensive power.

Moreover-

He had another idea that he wanted to test.

(Let's see... Can my body absorb Demonic Qi?)

(And if it can... how much can it handle?)

Bai Zihan did not move.

Not even a step.

The enormous wave of demonic power crashed down upon him.

BOOM!

The explosion shook the entire ruined estate.

Dust, debris, and demonic energy surged violently in every direction.

The ground cracked.

Buildings that were already damaged collapsed completely under the shockwave.

Everyone watching widened their eyes.

"Direct hit!"

"Why didn't Young Master Bai move? He could have dodged it with his speed."

Some of the guards gasped.

Even Mingzhu's expression tightened.

The attack had landed perfectly. There was no way Bai Zihan could have avoided it.

Chong Sheng threw his head back and laughed. "Hahaha! I will at least commend you for not running away!"

His eyes were filled with cold amusement.

In his mind-

Even if Bai Zihan wasn't dead, he should at least be seriously injured by now.

That was more than enough.

After all, this technique had spread its power across a wide area.

Its destructive range was enormous. Naturally, the concentrated attack power was slightly weaker than some of his

other techniques.

But against someone like Bai Zihan, who relied on speed-

This was the perfect move.

No matter how fast Bai Zihan was-

There was nowhere to dodge.

Soon-

The dust slowly began to settle.

Chong Sheng stood where he was, his arms still lowered from the attack.

A satisfied smile lingered on his face.

In his mind, the outcome was already decided.

Even if Bai Zihan possessed extraordinary speed-

No one in the Void Refinement Realm could remain unharmed after taking that attack head-on.

But then-

His smile suddenly froze.

From within the fading dust-

A figure slowly stepped forward.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened.

Bai Zihan!

Standing there.

Perfectly unharmed.

Not even a scratch could be seen on his body.

His robes were not even torn.

It was as if the terrifying attack from moments ago had never touched him at all.

Shock flashed across Chong Sheng's face.

Even Mingzhu and the surrounding Imperial Guards stared with stunned expressions.

How can this be?!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 505 You can't catch me[1,178 words]

Chapter 505 You can't catch me

But Bai Zihan himself did not even look at Chong Sheng.

His gaze lowered slightly toward his own hand.

His expression remained calm, almost thoughtful.

Inside his body-

He could clearly feel the flow of energy.

The Demonic Qi that had struck him moments ago had not entirely exploded outward.

Nearly half of it had been drawn into his body the moment it touched him.

Converted, refined, and absorbed.

(Around fifty percent...)

Bai Zihan calmly evaluated the result.

Half of the Demonic Qi had been directly converted into pure qi by his Primordial Chaos Body.

The rest had struck his body directly.

Yet-

It had accomplished absolutely nothing.

After all, the power of Chong Sheng's technique had already been spread across a wide area.

Its destructive force had been diluted.

Then half of that power had been absorbed by his body.

What remained was far too weak to harm him.

Against the defensive strength of the first stage Primordial Chaos Body, such an attack was barely worth mentioning.

Even the impact had felt insignificant.

Bai Zihan slowly flexed his fingers.

Only then did he raise his gaze.

His calm eyes finally landed on Chong Sheng.

Meanwhile-

Chong Sheng stood frozen in place.

The shock in his eyes had yet to fade.

The scene before him made no sense.

His attack had clearly landed.

He had seen it explode directly on Bai Zihan.

Yet somehow-

The man standing before him looked as if nothing had happened at all.

Chong Sheng stared at the scene before him, his pupils trembling slightly.

The calm confidence on his face cracked.

"How...?"

His voice came out low at first, almost disbelieving.

Then it rose.

"How did you do this?!"

Surviving the attack would not have shocked him that much.

After all, he knew very well that someone like Bai Zihan possessed unimaginable wealth.

Defensive artifacts, protective talismans, hidden treasures-someone of his status could easily carry several life-saving treasures.

Killing him in a single strike had never truly been Chong Sheng's expectation.

But even so-

That attack should have injured him severely.

Even if Bai Zihan had blocked most of the damage with some powerful artifact, the remaining force should still have reached him.

At the very least-

He should have suffered some injury.

Yet the man standing before him now didn't even have a single scratch.

Not a tear in his robe.

Not even a trace of spiritual fluctuation indicating the use of a defensive treasure.

It was as if-

His attack had never touched Bai Zihan at all.

Even with the experience of thousands of years from his previous life as a Supreme Immortal-

Chong Sheng found it impossible to remain calm.

His eyes narrowed sharply as he stared at Bai Zihan, trying to find some clue.

But Bai Zihan simply looked back at him.

That faint, smug smile still rested on his lips.

As if the entire situation amused him.

Bai Zihan casually brushed the dust from his shoulder, his movements slow and almost lazy.

Only after doing so did he raise his eyes toward Chong Sheng.

"Was that your best move?"

His tone was light.

Almost playful.

"If so..."

A hint of disappointment appeared in his expression.

"Then I'm very disappointed."

Those words struck harder than any attack.

Chong Sheng's expression immediately darkened.

The anger he had barely suppressed surged once more.

This brat-

Even now-

Was still looking down on him.

The surrounding guards felt the pressure in the air intensify again as Chong

Sheng's Demonic Qi began to stir.

Yet suddenly-

Chong Sheng laughed.

A cold, mocking laugh.

"Hah... so what?"

He slowly straightened his posture, the shock in his eyes gradually fading as his confidence returned.

"So what if you blocked that attack?"

His gaze sharpened.

"It doesn't change anything."

Chong Sheng crossed his arms, looking at Bai Zihan with a smug expression of his own.

"You think that makes you stronger than me?"

His lips curled slightly. "Don't misunderstand the situation. At most, this just means we can't do anything to each other."

His voice carried absolute certainty.

"You can't defeat me."

"And I can't defeat you."

He paused before continuing.

"But if this turns into a battle of endurance... I guarantee you will be the one to lose."

Chong Sheng had absolute confidence in two things.

His speed.

And his body.

After refining his current physique with Demonic methods and tempering it with countless rare resources, his body had already reached an extraordinary level.

Combined with his movement techniques-

Catching him was almost impossible.

Even if Bai Zihan was faster than he expected...

It didn't matter.

As long as he could not land a decisive blow-

The result of this battle would remain the same.

Chong Sheng looked at Bai Zihan coldly.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"So tell me, Bai Zihan... how exactly do you plan to defeat me?"

"Oh?"

A faint smile appeared on Bai Zihan's lips.

"Looks like you're very confident."

His gaze remained calm as he looked at Chong Sheng, as if examining something mildly interesting.

"Let's see whether it's confidence..."

A subtle coldness entered his eyes.

"Or just an ignorant man's arrogance."

The moment those words fell-

Bai Zihan moved.

A sharp ringing sound suddenly echoed through the battlefield.

Shing!

A sword appeared in his hand.

The moment the sword appeared- The surrounding air trembled slightly.

The spiritual qi of heaven and earth seemed to react instinctively.

Everyone present widened their eyes, especially Chong Sheng.

(That!)

His pupils shrank instantly.

Even with his experience as a former Supreme Immortal, he couldn't immediately determine the true grade of that sword.

At first glance-

It appeared to be a High-Level Heaven Grade Artifact.

But something about it felt wrong.

The aura it released was too deep.

It felt as if the weapon was deliberately suppressed, or perhaps it had been damaged and its true power sealed.

Yet the others present did not possess Chong Sheng's insight.

To them-

It was simply a Heaven Grade treasure.

And that alone was enough to shock them.

High-Level Heaven Grade artifacts were legendary within the Falling Star Empire.

Such treasures had not appeared in the empire for over a thousand years.

Not even the Imperial Treasures has one.

Yet Bai Zihan had casually taken one out as if it were nothing.

Before anyone could recover from their shock-

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

His figure blurred.

The Eternal Spirit Sword swept through the air with a sharp arc as he struck toward Chong Sheng.

Chong Sheng's reaction was instantaneous.

His body flickered.

Whoosh!

His entire form dissolved into a shadow-like blur and vanished.

His body no longer moved like a physical being but like a drifting shadow, able to shift locations in an instant.

From Chong Sheng's perspective- There was no possible way Bai Zihan could hit him.

Even cultivators far stronger than him had struggled to track this technique in his previous life.

A smug smile formed on his face.

Yet the next moment-

Bai Zihan's sword descended toward the exact place Chong Sheng had been standing moments ago.

Boom!

The Eternal Spirit Sword struck the ground.

The earth split apart instantly.

A massive crack tore across the battlefield as sword qi erupted outward like a violent wave.

The ground shattered.

Rocks and debris exploded into the air.

And within the fractured earth-

A shadow suddenly twisted.

Chong Sheng's figure was forced out of hiding.

His eyes widened slightly.

But Chong Sheng did not panic.

His body flickered again.

Whoosh!

He vanished once more and appeared somewhere else across the battlefield.

His laughter echoed through the ruined estate.

"Hahaha!"

His voice carried obvious mockery.

"Useless!"

His figure continued flickering from place to place like a phantom.

"You think waving around a Heaven Grade sword changes anything?"

He appeared on top of a broken wall, looking down at Bai Zihan with an arrogant smile.

"You can't hit me."

His body flickered again.

And again.

Each movement left only a fading afterimage behind.

"To defeat me..."

His voice echoed from multiple directions at once.

"You would first need to catch me." Chong Sheng's laughter grew louder.

"But that is something you will never be able to do."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 506 A Fatal Weakness[955 words]

Chapter 506 A Fatal Weakness

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

The arrogant laughter echoing across the battlefield did not seem to bother

him in the slightest.

Instead-

A faint coldness appeared in his gaze.

"Is that so?"

He raised the Eternal Spirit Sword slightly.

The blade shimmered as spiritual light began to gather along its edge.

Then-

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Bai Zihan's figure suddenly blurred.

In the next instant-

His body split.

Nine identical figures of Bai Zihan appeared across the battlefield, each holding an Eternal Spirit Sword.

Their auras were nearly indistinguishable.

The surrounding guards gasped.

"It's the Bai Clan's signature Technique, Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

"Nine...?! Which one is real?"

Chong Sheng, however, merely sneered.

"Useless!"

His voice echoed from the shadows.

"You think something like this can fool me?"

His figure flickered again, turning into a drifting shadow as he shifted his position across the battlefield.

From his perspective-

No matter the technique, even if it was Heaven Grade Technique, it was meaningless.

His technique allowed him to evade nearly any direct attack.

No matter how many copies Bai Zihan created, they would never be able to catch him.

The next moment-

All nine Bai Zihans moved at once.

Nine streaks of sword light shot toward different parts of the battlefield like falling stars.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The Eternal Spirit Sword struck the ground repeatedly.

Each strike split the earth apart.

Massive cracks spread across the ruined estate as sword qi erupted violently.

The ground trembled as if unable to withstand the pressure.

Then-

Within one of the fractured shadows-

A distortion appeared.

Chong Sheng's figure was forced out once again.

His brows furrowed slightly.

Before he could fully react-

The nine Bai Zihans surrounded him.

Nine swords descended simultaneously.

Chong Sheng snorted coldly.

He did not even bother defending.

His body flickered again, turning partially into a shadow.

The swords passed through him.

Or so he thought.

But the next moment-

Slash!

The blades clearly connected.

Chong Sheng's body was struck by multiple attacks at once.

The surrounding spectators widened their eyes.

"He hit him!"

But something was wrong.

Chong Sheng's figure remained standing there.

Completely unharmed.

The swords had clearly struck his body-

Yet it felt as if they had hit nothing at all.

Like slicing through mist.

Chong Sheng's lips slowly curled into a mocking smile.

His body gradually returned to a solid form.

"Hah..."

A low laugh escaped him.

"I told you."

His gaze was filled with ridicule.

"You cannot hit me."

His body flickered again as the shadow technique reactivated.

"In this state, I am invincible!"

He spread his arms slightly, looking down at Bai Zihan.

"Even if your attack connects... it means nothing"

His smile widened.

"You simply cannot touch what isn't truly there."

Bai Zihan listened to Chong Sheng's arrogant declaration without reacting immediately.

Instead-

A faint look of surprise appeared in his eyes.

Just... mild surprise.

He had not expected Chong Sheng's technique to be this troublesome.

Although he didn't know much about Chong Sheng's ability, the fact that he could become shadow-like was truly troublesome to deal with.

Most attacks would simply pass through him uselessly.

But that surprise lasted only a brief moment.

Of course-

It wasn't as if he had no way to deal with Chong Sheng.

If he truly wanted to end this fight immediately, he could simply use Fate Severing Slash.

Bai Zihan's fingers tightened slightly around the Eternal Spirit Sword.

A faint glint appeared in his eyes.

He did not believe Chong Sheng's physique could possibly withstand an attack capable of severing fate itself.

If Chong Sheng somehow survived that-

Then Bai Zihan would admit that killing him would be almost impossible.

But that situation was clearly unrealistic.

Even so-

Bai Zihan did not intend to reveal that move yet, because he felt it would be

regrettable to kill Chong Sheng.

If possible, he would like to spare his life and get information out of him,
especially about the Western Empires.

Moreover-

He had already discovered something interesting.

Even though his earlier attacks had not truly injured Chong Sheng, they had
still revealed something important.

Every time Chong Sheng appeared-

Every time he disappeared-

The fluctuations of spiritual qi around him became unstable.

The consumption was enormous.

Bai Zihan's sharp senses had already caught it.

Maintaining that shadow state required an immense amount of qi.

Far more than an ordinary movement technique.

If Chong Sheng continued using it repeatedly-

His qi would be exhausted very quickly.

Bai Zihan's gaze flickered slightly.

So that's the weakness.

Meanwhile-

Chong Sheng remained completely unaware of the thoughts running through
Bai Zihan's mind.

Seeing that Bai Zihan had stopped attacking for a moment, his confidence only
grew.

A mocking smile spread across his face.

"What's wrong?"

He crossed his arms arrogantly.

"Feeling like giving up already?"

His laughter echoed across the ruined battlefield.

"I told you. You cannot defeat-"

Before he could finish his sentence-

Bai Zihan moved again.

Boom!

The Eternal Spirit Sword slammed into the ground with terrifying force.

The earth instantly split apart.

A massive crack shot across the battlefield like lightning.

Chong Sheng's expression changed slightly.

His shadow body was instantly forced to shift position.

Whoosh!

His figure appeared several meters away.

But Bai Zihan was already moving again. Boom! Another strike.

Another crack tearing through the earth.

Chong Sheng was forced to vanish once more.

Whoosh!

Then again.

Boom!

Whoosh!

Boom!

Whoosh!

Bai Zihan continued attacking relentlessly.

Each strike shattered the ground, forcing Chong Sheng to constantly shift positions.

The battlefield rapidly turned into a web of shattered earth and broken stone.

Chong Sheng dodged every attack.

But the more he dodged- The more his expression began to change.

His breathing grew slightly heavier.

The Demonic qi around his body flickered.

Bai Zihan noticed it instantly.

(As expected!)

Every time Chong Sheng used that strange shadow technique-

The qi consumption was enormous.

After only a short exchange-

Nearly half of Chong Sheng's qi had already been consumed.

Bai Zihan could clearly sense it. Meanwhile- Chong Sheng suddenly stopped moving.

His figure appeared on a broken pillar of stone.

His eyes narrowed sharply as he stared at Bai Zihan. Something felt wrong.

Then-

Realization flashed across his eyes.

"You-!"

His expression twisted slightly.

"You're trying to exhaust my qi!" His voice carried obvious anger.

Bai Zihan simply looked at him. Then-

He smiled.

A calm, almost amused smile.

"Oh? You figured it out quite quickly."

He didn't even bother denying it. After all-

Whether Chong Sheng realized it or not...

It didn't change the outcome.

Bai Zihan slowly raised the Eternal Spirit Sword again.

His gaze was cold.

"You can keep running."

"But let's see how long your qi can keep up with that."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 507 Can't Run Away?[1,320 words]

Chapter 507 Can't Run Away?

Chong Sheng's eyes darkened after Bai Zihan exposed his weakness.

Then Chong Sheng moved.

A surge of Demonic qi erupted from his body as he launched forward.

Whoosh!

His figure split into several shadowy afterimages as he rushed toward Bai Zihan.

Since Bai Zihan intended to exhaust his qi-

Then he would simply defeat him before that happened.

A cold light flashed in Chong Sheng's eyes.

"I will kill you before my qi is exhausted."

The shadows around him twisted violently as he attacked.

Slash!

A claw of condensed Demonic qi tore through the air toward Bai Zihan's chest. Boom!

The attack exploded the moment it struck.

Dust and debris shot outward.

But when the smoke cleared-

Bai Zihan was still standing there, unmoved.

His Eternal Spirit Sword casually blocked the attack in front of him.

Not a single step had been taken.

Not a single wound had appeared.

Chong Sheng's brows twitched.

He attacked again.

Whoosh!

His body flickered into the shadows before appearing behind Bai Zihan.

Another strike descended toward his back.

Boom!

The ground cracked.

Yet Bai Zihan had already turned.

The Eternal Spirit Sword swept lightly.

Clang! Clang!

The Demonic qi shattered instantly.

Chong Sheng's figure disappeared again.

Then again.

Again.

Attack after attack rained down from every direction.

To the onlookers-especially those in the Void Refinement Realm and below- the fight was almost a blur.

They couldn't keep up with Chong Sheng or Bai Zihan's speed.

"What kind of monsters are they?"

Mingzhu muttered.

Despite also being in the Void Refinement Realm, it looked like she might not even last a minute against either of them.

Their speed alone was enough to overwhelm her completely.

Clang! Clang!

Chong Sheng went extremely aggressive as he tried his best to injure Bai Zihan. Yet every single strike met the same result.

Blocked or deflected.

And on the rare chance that his attack did hit Bai Zihan, his body was so strong that it felt like it didn't even matter whether the strike landed or not.

Bai Zihan barely moved from where he stood.

No matter how Chong Sheng attacked, he could not land any meaningful damage.

"Just what kind of body is this?"

Even Chong Sheng, who was extremely proud of his physique, felt jealous.

Compared to his physique, which required qi to become invincible, Bai Zihan didn't even need to rely on qi.

His body was simply too powerful-almost invincible.

Chong Sheng doubted whether even those in the Great Ascension Realm could do much, considering almost all his attacks were similar in strength to those of the Great Ascension Realm.

Yet Bai Zihan seemed totally unbothered by his attacks.

Of course-

The opposite was also true.

Bai Zihan had also not managed to injure Chong Sheng either.

Chong Sheng's reaction speed was quite impressive, and at a moment's notice

he would immediately turn into a shadow whenever Bai Zihan attacked.

With his speed and experience of a thousand years, nothing was too unpredictable.

With that, it was almost impossible to catch him off guard.

Even if he was caught off guard, he relied on his physique to escape any situation.

No matter what kind of technique the other used, he could easily defend himself.

On the surface-

It looked like a perfect stalemate.

But everyone knew the real difference after it was revealed by Bai Zihan.

Every second Chong Sheng remained in his Shadow State-

His qi drained rapidly.

Meanwhile Bai Zihan stood there calmly, barely consuming any qi at all.

He didn't even use qi to protect his body.

It was simply his own physique without any enhancement from Qi, and that alone was enough to block any attack.

Chong Sheng's heart slowly sank.

(Damn it...)

Chong Sheng's breathing grew heavier.

His qi reserves continued dropping.

Sixty percent...

Fifty-five...

Fifty...

When his qi reserve finally reached roughly half-

Chong Sheng made a decision.

He couldn't continue like this.

If the battle dragged on any longer, his qi would be exhausted.

And if that happened-

He would lose the ability to escape.

That was something he absolutely could not allow.

Chong Sheng suddenly stopped attacking. His figure appeared several meters away from Bai Zihan.

He slowly straightened his posture.

Then he laughed.

"Hah!"

His tone returned to its usual arrogance.

"It seems this fight is meaningless."

He waved his hand dismissively. "Neither of us can harm the other."

His gaze met Bai Zihan's calmly. "So why continue wasting time?"

A smug smile appeared on his face.

"Let's just consider this a draw this time!"

Chong Sheng turned slightly as if preparing to leave.

But at that moment-

Bai Zihan spoke.

"Oh?"

His voice carried obvious amusement.

Chong Sheng paused.

Bai Zihan slowly looked at him with a faint smile.

"A draw?"

He lightly tapped the Eternal Spirit Sword against his shoulder.

The smile on his face widened slightly.

"How shameless can you be?"

His eyes sharpened.

"It isn't necessarily a draw."

Chong Sheng's brows furrowed.

Bai Zihan's gaze remained calm as he looked directly at him.

"If you stayed a little longer..."

His tone carried a hint of mockery.

"You would soon find out why."

Well, Chong Sheng also knew the truth but said it anyway to save his face.

Anyways, no matter what Bai Zihan said, Chong Sheng had already made the decision in his heart.

"Hmph! Then let's see whether you have the ability to catch me first."

The moment the words left his mouth-

Chong Sheng vanished.

Whoosh!

His body shot away like a streak of black lightning, moving at full speed.

He had no intention of continuing this battle. Running away now was the smartest choice.

But the moment he moved-

Bai Zihan moved as well.

Boom!

The ground beneath his feet shattered as he shot forward.

His speed was terrifying.

In only a few breaths-

He had already closed the distance.

Chong Sheng's expression changed slightly.

(He's this fast?!)

It seemed like Bai Zihan was holding back earlier.

He had no choice but to turn and attack again.

Shadow blades erupted toward Bai Zihan.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The attacks exploded in midair as Bai Zihan shattered them one after another with his sword.

"Want to run away? You really are a coward, aren't you?"

Bai Zihan said with a playful tone.

Chong Sheng really despised Bai Zihan's tone and his way of looking down on him.

If he had his former strength, he would have taught him a lesson that would make him regret his life.

Unfortunately, he was too weak right now and couldn't win against him.

"Tch!"

Chong Sheng clicked his tongue.

Then suddenly-

Chong Sheng raised his hand and tore open space.

A dark crack appeared in the air. Without delay-

Chong Sheng stepped into it.

His figure disappeared instantly. But Bai Zihan reacted just as quickly.

The moment Chong Sheng vanished- Bai Zihan stepped forward.

He tore open the void and followed.

The world blurred.

The next moment- Chong Sheng appeared dozens of miles away.

But the instant he emerged-

He opened another void rift.

Boom!

His figure vanished again.

Bai Zihan appeared behind him only moments later.

Then the void opened again.

And again.

And again.

The two figures flashed across the sky, jumping through space repeatedly.

Yet Chong Sheng did not seem particularly worried.

Instead-

A faint smile slowly appeared on his face.

Finally-

After another jump through the void-

Chong Sheng landed on a barren mountain thousands of miles away.

Behind him, Bai Zihan stepped out of the void as well.

"Gave up?"

Bai Zihan asked when he found that Chong Sheng didn't seem to open the void

anymore.

Chong Sheng suddenly laughed loudly.

"Hahaha! Bai Zihan!"

"You really are persistent!"

As he spoke-

A massive formation beneath his feet suddenly lit up.

Lines of ancient runes ignited across the ground.

A Teleportation Formation. Chong Sheng's smile turned victorious.

"I prepared this long ago just in case!"

The formation began to glow brighter. Space itself began to distort.

Chong Sheng looked directly at Bai Zihan.

His eyes burned with hatred.

"Next time we meet-"

"I will definitely kill you! Remember this, Bai Zihan. I will never forget this grudge. Just like the Quan Clan, you and your Bai Clan will face the same fate!"

The light of the formation exploded.

Space twisted violently.

And in the next instant-

Chong Sheng disappeared.

The entire mountain returned to silence.

Bai Zihan stood there calmly.

He didn't look particularly worried.

Instead-

He slowly raised his head.

He looked at the System Interface, trying to see if Chong Sheng was still within the vicinity.

A glowing point was moving rapidly across the map.

Bai Zihan looked at it and smiled faintly.

"Found you!"

Meanwhile-

Thousands of miles away- Chong Sheng's figure reappeared in a remote wilderness.

His expression was extremely ugly.

"Damn that Bai Zihan..."

His killing intent surged.

"Next time, I will definitely kill him!" Just as he thought that the matter was finally over-

A calm voice suddenly echoed behind him.

"So this is where you ran away" Chong Sheng's entire body froze.

He slowly turned his face-

Only to discover that Bai Zihan had also arrived.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 508 Running Again?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 508 Running Again?

Chapter 508 Running Again?

Chong Sheng's eyes widened the moment he saw Bai Zihan standing there.

"How...?"

His pupils shrank slightly.

"How did you find me?!"

This time, the shock in his voice was impossible to conceal.

Unlike when cultivators in the Void Refinement Realm tore open space to travel through the void- which left behind faint spiritual marks that skilled experts could trace-

A Teleportation Formation was completely different.

It did not leave behind any spiritual trail.

Once the teleportation was completed, there was normally no way to track the destination.

Moreover-

The distance this time was more than eighty miles.

Even if Bai Zihan somehow knew the general direction, it would still be impossible to pinpoint his exact location and arrive almost at the same time.

Yet Bai Zihan was already here.

Standing behind him.

Chong Sheng's mind raced rapidly.

But Bai Zihan merely smiled.

"I already told you."

He casually brushed a bit of dust off his sleeve.

"Your stench is so disgusting-"

Then he pointed lightly toward Chong Sheng.

"That even from hundreds of miles away, it's impossible to miss."

His tone sounded completely serious.

For a brief moment-

Chong Sheng froze.

Previously, when Bai Zihan had said this, he had assumed it was pure mockery.

But now...

Chong Sheng actually began to think about it seriously.

(Is it really the smell...?)

His brows furrowed.

His Demonic cultivation technique indeed produced a unique aura.

He even tries to check his body odour.

It was definitely foul because of being in the ruin of destroyed Quan Clan.

But sensing it from hundreds of miles away?

That was completely absurd.

No cultivator could possibly have such a ridiculous sense.

After a moment, Chong Sheng shook his head.

Impossible!

It was simply too illogical.

Bai Zihan was definitely making fun of him again.

Chong Sheng's expression darkened.

"I don't care how you found me."

His eyes turned cold.

"But I advise you to leave me alone, or else—"

Before he could finish speaking-

Bai Zihan interrupted him.

"Else what?"

A playful smile appeared on Bai Zihan's face.

"Run away again?"

The mockery in his voice was impossible to hide.

Chong Sheng's face twisted slightly.

He wanted to retort.

But the words never came out.

Because the truth was-

He currently didn't have any solution to deal with Bai Zihan.

That monstrous physique alone was something he had never encountered before.

No matter how powerful his attacks were, they simply couldn't break through Bai Zihan's body.

It was completely illogical.

(If I had my former cultivation...)

Chong Sheng's eyes darkened.

With the strength he once possessed, someone like Bai Zihan wouldn't even qualify to stand before him.

He would only need a snap of his fingers to erase him completely.

Unfortunately-

That was the past.

Right now, he is far too weak.

Gritting his teeth, Chong Sheng suddenly raised his hand again.

Rip!

Space split apart.

Without hesitation, he stepped into the void.

Running away again.

But if he couldn't escape previously-

He certainly couldn't escape now.

The moment Chong Sheng vanished-

Bai Zihan tore open the void and followed.

Boom!

The world blurred as both figures flashed through space.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Chong Sheng continuously opened void rifts, fleeing at full speed.

Yet Bai Zihan remained closely behind him every single time.

However-

As the chase continued, Bai Zihan's eyes slowly narrowed.

Because Chong Sheng didn't seem to be fleeing without direction, just like earlier.

Almost as if-

He was heading somewhere specific.

(He's leading me somewhere.)

Bai Zihan immediately realized the possibility.

Looking at Chong Sheng's behavior, it was almost certain that he was being led somewhere.

Perhaps a trap.

With someone like Chong Sheng, it would be strange if he didn't have one or two contingency plans prepared.

Just like earlier- When he had already prepared the teleportation formation to escape.

It shouldn't have been for Bai Zihan specifically, but rather perhaps in case he had failed to destroy the Quan Clan for whatever reason.

In that situation, he must have prepared it to escape and then hide.

(This old devil is really cautious.)

Bai Zihan couldn't help but feel slightly impressed.

If it were someone else who had once possessed supreme strength, they would likely look down on everyone around them.

They would believe that in a backwater place like this, no one could possibly threaten them.

But Chong Sheng was completely different.

Not only had he prepared multiple contingency plans-

He had even abandoned his pride without hesitation by running away.

That level of caution was not something ordinary cultivators possessed.

Which only made him more dangerous.

Now that Chong Sheng had a grudge against him, Bai Zihan couldn't afford to lose him.

Chong Sheng suddenly stopped.

His figure descended onto the ground, landing steadily.

Moments later-

The space behind him twisted.

Bai Zihan stepped out of the void.

The moment he arrived, Bai Zihan's gaze swept across the surroundings.

Before Chong Sheng-

A massive formation was carved into the ground.

Ancient runic lines stretched across the barren land, covering dozens of meters in every direction.

The lines glowed faintly as spiritual energy flowed through them like rivers.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

But he didn't look particularly surprised.

(As expected... This old devil prepared something.)

Chong Sheng slowly turned around.

Then he laughed loudly.

"Hahaha!"

His earlier frustration seemed to disappear completely.

Instead, arrogance returned to his expression.

"I told you not to follow me!"

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"Since you didn't listen..."

The smile on his face grew colder.

"Then you shall learn the consequences."

As his voice fell-

Chong Sheng raised his hand and activated the formation.

Buzz!

The ground trembled slightly.

The first layer of the formation immediately lit up.

Countless runes burst into light.

A powerful wave of spatial energy spread outward.

Boom!

The surrounding space instantly solidified.

The entire area was sealed.

The void became extremely stable and rigid, making it impossible to tear open

space.

Bai Zihan instantly realized what had happened.

A Space-Sealing Formation.

Chong Sheng looked extremely satisfied.

"You can't run away!"

He declared loudly. But Bai Zihan only tilted his head slightly.

Then he smiled faintly.

"Run away?"

His tone sounded amused.

"I wasn't planning to."

He glanced at the sealed space around them before looking back at Chong Sheng.

"Unlike a certain coward."

Bai Zihan's lips curled slightly.

"Did you think I would run away at the smallest sign of losing like you?"

His mocking tone was unmistakable.

Bai Zihan looked at him calmly.

"I'm not like you."

The ridicule in his words was very obvious.

Chong Sheng's expression darkened.

His brows furrowed slightly. "You will regret those words soon enough."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 509 Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 509 Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array!

Chapter 509 Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array!

Chong Sheng's expression slowly turned cold.

As he looked at Bai Zihan standing within the formation, a faint sneer appeared on his lips.

One Month Ago-

Back when he had yet to break through to Void Refinement Realm.

At that time, he had encountered a young cultivator who had arrogantly provoked him.

The boy had been talented, but his arrogance was even greater.

Naturally-

Chong Sheng had beaten him half to death without hesitation.

But what he hadn't expected was that the boy's father would appear shortly afterward.

A terrifying expert.

A cultivator in the Great Ascension Realm.

It seemed like that boy's background wasn't simple. But in Chong Sheng's eyes, the father was also a weakling.

Even so, at that time, Chong Sheng's strength was far from sufficient to confront such a person directly.

Even with all his experience from his previous life, the gap in cultivation was simply too great.

The moment that man arrived-

Chong Sheng knew he couldn't win.

So he ran.

But escaping from a Great Ascension Realm expert was far from easy.

The man had chased him across mountains and rivers.

Everywhere Chong Sheng went, the pressure of that terrifying aura followed him like a shadow.

More than once-

He had nearly been captured.

But Chong Sheng was not someone ordinary.

His physique was powerful.

His techniques were of very high grade and something not seen in Falling Star Empire.

And more importantly-

His cunning far exceeded that of most cultivators.

Through deception, traps, and sheer perseverance, he barely managed to escape in the end.

However, Chong Sheng was the type of person who never forgot a grudge. Once someone offended him-

He would remember it for the rest of his life.

And he would do everything in his power to take revenge.

That was why-

After escaping from that Great Ascension Realm expert, Chong Sheng began preparing something.

A killing formation.

This Grade-6 Formation.

Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array!

Everything had been prepared carefully.

To kill that Great Ascension Realm cultivator.

Later-

Chong Sheng deliberately revealed traces of his presence again.

Just as he expected-

The man immediately chased after him.

That Great Ascension cultivator was arrogant.

In his eyes, killing Chong Sheng was nothing more than crushing an ant.

And so-

He followed without hesitation.

Without caution.

Without suspicion.

Exactly as Chong Sheng had expected.

Step by step-

He was led to this very place.

The moment the man stepped into the formation area-

Chong Sheng activated the trap.

Buzz!

The ground lit up instantly.

Countless runic lines ignited beneath the man's feet.

The Great Ascension cultivator's expression changed instantly. Realization struck him immediately. But it was already too late.

Boom!

The surrounding space was instantly scaled by another formation.

The Great Ascension cultivator immediately attempted to tear open space to escape.

But he failed miserably.

The space had been completely sealed.

Only then did a trace of panic appear in his eyes.

His aura erupted violently.

The terrifying pressure of the Great Ascension Realm exploded outward.

Mountains trembled.

The ground cracked.

But Chong Sheng simply stood outside the formation and watched calmly.

Then-

The formation's true power began.

First-

The suppression was activated.

A massive invisible pressure descended from above.

The Great Ascension cultivator's expression changed again.

His cultivation was suddenly suppressed.

His qi circulation slowed drastically.

Even moving his body became difficult.

The Qi around him felt incredibly heavy.

Like mountains pressing down on him from every direction.

But that was only the beginning.

The final layer activated.

The killing layer.

A terrifying heat suddenly erupted from the formation.

The runes glowed crimson.

The temperature inside the formation skyrocketed.

The air distorted violently.

Even steel would melt instantly under such terrifying heat.

"AAAAHHHH!"

The Great Ascension cultivator roared angrily.

His qi erupted wildly as he tried to resist.

But with his cultivation suppressed- He couldn't unleash his full strength.

His protective qi began melting away.

His skin burned.

His flesh cracked.

The heat continued rising.

His movements slowed more and more.

Soon-

He couldn't even move.

The Great Ascension cultivator finally realized something terrifying.

He was going to die here.

Killed by someone far weaker than him.

"YOU-!"

His roar was filled with hatred.

But Chong Sheng simply watched quietly.

The heat continued rising.

His flesh burned away.

His bones melted.

His screams echoed across the barren mountains.

Until finally- Nothing remained.

Not even ashes.

To this day-

That Great Ascension cultivator was only considered missing.

No one ever discovered the truth.

And Chong Sheng had originally planned to go after that boy and his clan after

dealing with the Quan Clan.

But now-

His gaze returned to Bai Zihan.

Standing inside the same formation.

This time-

His smile widened.

Because this was a formation that even a Great Ascension Realm cultivator

couldn't survive.

He felt completely confident.

Even Bai Zihan-

Would fall here. Chong Sheng's smile grew colder.

Without another word-

He activated the formation.

Buzz!

The massive formation beneath Bai Zihan's feet erupted with light.

Countless crimson runes ignited across the ground as spiritual energy surged

violently through the array.

The pressure in the surrounding space instantly increased.

Bai Zihan felt it immediately.

A heavy force descended from all directions.

His body became noticeably heavier.

Even the circulation of qi within his meridians slowed.

The qi around him felt thick and sluggish, as if the air itself had turned into an

invisible swamp.

Bai Zihan slightly flexed his fingers.

He could clearly feel the suppressive force pressing down on him.

But his expression remained completely calm.

He raised his head and looked at Chong Sheng.

"So this is it?" His tone sounded almost bored.

"Is this the extent of your tricks?" Chong Sheng sneered.

"You can act as confident as you want."

His eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

"But today shall be your last day." As his voice fell-

He activated the formation's final layer.

"The Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array!"

Boom!

The formation erupted violently.

The runes across the ground turned a deep crimson as massive amounts of spiritual energy poured into the array.

Then-

The temperature skyrocketed.

The air trembled violently. Heat waves distorted the surroundings.

The ground began glowing faintly red as the temperature continued rising rapidly.

Even the stones on the ground began to crack.

Moments later-

Molten droplets began forming along the edges of the rocks.

The heat inside the formation had already reached a terrifying level.

This was the true killing power of the formation. Anyone trapped inside would be suppressed by the formation while being

burned alive by the overwhelming heat.

Even steel would melt instantly under such conditions.

Yet-

Bai Zihan simply stood there. Completely calm.

He slowly glanced around the formation.

Then he looked back at Chong Sheng.

His expression remained perfectly relaxed.

In fact-

He seemed even calmer than before.

Because he had already realized what kind of formation this was.

A heat-based killing array.

If it had been almost any other cultivator-

This formation might truly have been lethal.

But unfortunately for Chong Sheng-

He had chosen the worst possible method to deal with Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan's physique was already terrifyingly powerful.

More importantly-

His body had been constantly tempered by extreme heat.

He had repeatedly used the power of the Sun Dao to refine his body.

Compared to those flames-

The heat within this formation felt almost insignificant.

To Bai Zihan-

It was barely noticeable.

He could feel the temperature rising.

But that was all.

It was like standing under a slightly warmer sun.

Nothing more.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

Then he casually brushed the dust off his shoulder.

Chong Sheng's smile slowly stiffened.

At first-

He thought Bai Zihan was simply pretending.

Many cultivators would try to maintain their composure even in desperate situations.

But as the seconds passed-

His expression gradually changed.

The temperature inside the formation continued rising.

The air distorted violently.

Even the ground had already begun glowing red from the terrifying heat.

This was a level of heat that could melt Earth Grade artifacts.

Yet-

Bai Zihan was still standing there, completely unbothered.

Not a single bead of sweat appeared on his forehead.

His skin showed no signs of damage.

In fact-

He looked as relaxed as if he were simply standing under the afternoon sun.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank. (Impossible!)

This was the Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array.

There shouldn't even be ashes left by now.

Yet Bai Zihan... Was perfectly fine. Even more shocking-

Chong Sheng didn't sense Bai Zihan using any protective techniques.

No qi barrier.

No defensive artifact.

Nothing.

He was simply standing there.

Barely reacting to the heat.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened slightly.

"How...?"

His voice was no longer as calm as before.

"How are you doing this?"

A trace of disbelief appeared in his voice.

Bai Zihan casually stretched his shoulders.

1

Feeling the waves of scorching heat washing over his body.

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

He looked back at Chong Sheng. "Honestly..."

He paused for a moment.

Then shrugged.

"It's a pretty good temperature for a Sun Bath."

He genuinely thought he had misheard.

A Sun Bath?

Inside a killing formation capable of melting artifacts?

Bai Zihan casually rolled his neck as if loosening his muscles.

Then he looked at Chong Sheng with an almost apologetic expression.

"If this is all you have..."

He lightly stamped his foot on the ground.

"I suggest that you give up!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 510 Negotiating with Death

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 510 Negotiating with Death

(Just what kind of physique is that?)

Genuine confusion filled Chong Sheng's expression.

There was no need to doubt whether the formation was working-

Even the surroundings were changing rapidly.

The air twisted violently.

The ground glowed red.

The heat surged to terrifying levels.

Everything within the formation was being melted, distorted, and suppressed.

Everything-

Except Bai Zihan.

He stood there without the slightest change.

Not a single reaction.

Not a single sign of discomfort.

Chong Sheng's eyes narrowed.

At first, he thought Bai Zihan was simply putting on an act.

But now-

It had already been more than a minute.

And Bai Zihan still showed no signs of resisting.

It was as if the formation...

Didn't exist at all.

A trace of panic began to rise in Chong Sheng's heart.

This was wrong.

Completely wrong.

He had never imagined that Bai Zihan would be this powerful. So troublesome to take care of.

Even the Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array-

A formation capable of killing a Great Ascension Realm expert-

Was completely useless against him.

Chong Sheng's fingers twitched slightly.

His thoughts raced.

Run away again?

It was useless.

He tried and even used a teleportation formation to escape, but Bai Zihan still found him easily.

Moreover, his Qi was almost exhausted, and looking at the situation, he could perhaps last another 30 minutes of running before falling into Bai Zihan's hands.

Kill him?

That too was equally difficult.

He even used a Grade-6 formation-

And it had achieved nothing.

For the first time-

Chong Sheng felt a deep sense of helplessness.

He had been through many situations in his previous life as well as this life, but this was the first time he had faced such an overwhelming feeling of

helplessness.

Even when on his deathbed in his previous life, if not for those traitors and underhanded methods, he could have survived.

But now?

Even by giving his all, using everything at his disposal, he couldn't do much to

Bai Zihan.

His jaw tightened.

His expression flickered.

In the end-

He made a decision.

A humiliating one.

But a necessary one.

Chong Sheng took a slow breath.

Then he spoke.

"Young Master Bai..."

His voice was no longer as cold as before.

Instead, it carried a forced calm and respect.

"I don't believe there is any grudge between us for you to go so far."

He paused briefly, watching Bai Zihan carefully.

"Why don't we leave matters here?"

His tone softened further.

"If you let me off today... I will remember this favor forever."

"And I will definitely repay you."

The blazing formation continued roaring around them.

But at this moment-

It felt strangely insignificant.

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his gaze.

His eyes landed on Chong Sheng.

For a brief moment-

He said nothing, but a faint smile appeared on his lips.

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan said with an almost surprised tone.

"No grudge?"

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

Then he chuckled softly.

"Wasn't it you who said that you would not spare me and that I would face the same fate as the Quan Clan?"

Chong Sheng regretted those words immensely.

Chong Sheng lowered his head slightly, laughing awkwardly.

"Young Master Bai, those were merely words unintentionally uttered by this useless mouth."

He forced a faint, self-deprecating smile.

"This Chong Sheng has no intention of making an enemy out of you."

His tone became even more careful.

"It was nothing more than a moment of anger. Please forgive me!"

He raised his head slowly, watching Bai Zihan's expression.

"If Young Master Bai is willing, we can treat this as if it never happened."

The blazing formation continued to roar around them.

Yet the one controlling it-

Was now speaking like someone trying to put out fire he himself had started.

Before Chong Sheng could continue-

Bai Zihan spoke.

"You might forget it."

His voice was calm.

Almost indifferent.

"But I won't!" Those simple words-

Instantly made Chong Sheng's heart sink.

A cold realization surfaced in his mind.

Bai Zihan had no intention of backing off.

Chong Sheng's fingers curled slightly.

His thoughts raced again.

But before he could think of another approach-

Bai Zihan spoke once more.

"Although..."

He paused slightly.

"...letting you live isn't out of the question."

Chong Sheng's eyes instantly lit up.

A way out!

He immediately seized onto that single thread of hope.

"Please tell me what you want me to do!"

His voice carried urgency.

But also confidence.

As long as there was room to negotiate-

He had ways.

Plenty of them.

Bai Zihan looked at him with a faint smile.

"What can you offer me for me to consider letting you go?"

Bai Zihan asked playfully.

Chong Sheng didn't hesitate.

His expression straightened. Confidence returned to his eyes.

"Young Master Bai, you may ask for anything within my means."

He took a step forward.

His tone became firm.

"I possess numerous formations of Grade-5 and above."

"Not just that-"

He paused slightly.

Then spoke with clear confidence.

"I even have Heaven-Grade techniques."

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"If Young Master Bai is willing, I am more than happy to offer them."

Chong Sheng's lips curled slightly.

He knew the value of what he was offering.

Formations of such level-

Even in the Desolate Heaven Empire, he knew that they were extremely

valuable, even to someone like Bai Zihan.

And Heaven-Grade techniques?

This too was something that every Sect and Clan would fight for, including the

Bai Clan.

He was certain-

By offering such treasures, Bai Zihan would definitely let him off.

Bai Zihan fell silent.

He lowered his gaze slightly, as if genuinely considering Chong Sheng's offer.

A thoughtful expression appeared on his face.

For a moment-

He even seemed tempted. Chong Sheng watched him closely.

A faint anticipation rose in his heart.

But in reality-

Bai Zihan wasn't considering it at all. Not even a little.

From the very beginning, he hadn't believed a single word Chong Sheng said.

A person like him-

Cunning, ruthless, and vengeful to the core-

Once given the chance, would undoubtedly seek revenge the moment he

regained his strength.

Letting him go?

That was no different from raising a hidden dagger against himself.

Not to mention-

The so-called treasures Chong Sheng was offering...

Were meaningless to Bai Zihan.

With the System Store at his disposal, things like Heaven-Grade techniques and high-level formations were nothing more than items he could obtain whenever he wished. Completely replaceable.

Completely insignificant.

After a brief pause-

Bai Zihan raised his head.

His gaze landed on Chong Sheng.

Then he spoke.

"Are those things as valuable as your life?"

Chong Sheng froze for a split second.

Of course not!

His life-

Was worth far more than those items.

Thousands of times more.

But naturally-

Bai Zihan didn't know that.

At least, that's what Chong Sheng believed.

A thought

At the same time- surfaced in his mind. (He is quite greedy!)

He could see it now. Bai Zihan wasn't uninterested- He just wanted more.

Chong Sheng suppressed the cold glint in his eyes.

(Fine! If that's what it takes to survive.)

11

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He could pay the price.

Of course-

He couldn't make it too easy.

His expression stiffened slightly.

A hint of reluctance appeared on his face.

As if what he was about to give up was extremely precious.

Without another word-

He waved his hand.

The formation around them slowly dimmed.

The blazing heat dissipated.

The crimson runes faded.

In just a few breaths-

The terrifying Nine Infernal Sun Killing Array was deactivated.

The oppressive heat vanished.

The surroundings returned to normal.

Chong Sheng stepped forward.

Then-

He took out two items.

A Grade-6 Formation Scroll.

And a Heaven-Grade Technique.

He hesitated for a moment as if struggling internally.

Then he handed them over.

"Is this enough for Young Master Bai to let me off?"

Bai Zihan took them casually.

He opened the scroll first. His gaze swept across the contents.

Then the technique.

A brief glance.

Everything was authentic.

No tricks.

No deception. Chong Sheng had indeed handed over real treasures.

But-

Bai Zihan's expression didn't change much.

There was no excitement. No satisfaction.

Just calm indifference.

He closed the scrolls. Then looked back at Chong Sheng.

"What about that technique?" Chong Sheng's brows furrowed slightly.

"Which one?" Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed faintly.

"The one you used earlier. To dodge all my attacks."

A brief silence followed.

That technique was one of his greatest trump cards.

Extremely rare and extremely powerful.

A Saint-Grade Technique!

Even among Saint-Grade techniques-

It stood at the very top.

Giving it to Bai Zihan would be like adding fuel to the fire. By then, he might

even become invincible with his already powerful phsyquie.

There was no way that he was going to give it to him.

Chong Sheng forced a bitter smile.

"Young Master Bai, that technique is somewhat special."

He shook his head slightly.

"It can only be used by certain physiques. For others, it would be useless even if learned."

His tone sounded sincere.

As if he was genuinely advising Bai Zihan.

But Bai Zihan simply looked at him.

His gaze calm and unmoved. "Give it to me."

Three simple words.

No room for negotiation.

Chong Sheng's expression stiffened. For a moment-

Silence hung in the air again.

He could feel it clearly now.

Bai Zihan wasn't asking.

He was demanding.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 511 Heavenly Vow?[1,325 words]

Chapter 511 Heavenly Vow?

Chong Sheng fell silent.

At this moment-

He was left with only two choices.

His life or his technique.

His gaze flickered.

If Bai Zihan truly let him go after obtaining the technique...

Then it would be worth it.

A fair trade. Not to mention, he could easily take revenge once he gained strength.

So compared to his life, a Saint-Grade Technique wasn't worth it.

But Chong Sheng's eyes darkened slightly.

He didn't believe that Bai Zihan would keep his word.

How could he easily trust just words?

A person like him-

Who had stood at the peak as a Demonic Cultivator ruler-

Would easily trust someone's words?

Trust was the most useless thing in this world.

He had even been betrayed by his most trusted person, so how could he trust someone like Bai Zihan?

From everything he had seen, Bai Zihan was not someone who would let him off just because of a few words.

Not someone who would show mercy.

But right now, he had no other choice.

He could only try to negotiate.

Chong Sheng took a slow breath.

Then he spoke carefully.

"Young Master Bai..."

His tone was cautious.

"If I hand over this technique..."

He paused slightly.

"...how can I be sure that you will let me leave safely?"

A faint glint flashed in his eyes.

"Why don't Young Master Bai make a Heavenly Vow?"

A Heavenly Vow!

Once broken, the consequences would be catastrophic.

Chong Sheng stared intently at Bai Zihan.

This was his only assurance.

If Bai Zihan refused, he would rather gamble everything and fight to the death.

Bai Zihan looked at him quietly.

(Heavenly Vow?)

Others might be afraid of breaking it, but him?

He is already an enemy of Heaven, so how can he be afraid of it?

He smiled.

"Alright!"

The answer came without hesitation.

Chong Sheng froze for a split second.

(So easily?)

Before he could think further, Bai Zihan raised his hand slightly. His expression turned solemn.

Then-

He spoke.

"I, Bai Zihan..."

His voice echoed faintly, as if resonating with the heavens.

"...swear to the Heavenly Dao-"

"If I harm Chong Sheng after receiving the technique..."

A brief pause.

"may my cultivation shatter, my Dao heart collapse, and my soul face Heavenly Tribulation."

The moment the vow was completed, Chong Sheng's pupils shrank slightly.

(He really doesn't have any intention of killing me?)

Thinking how easily Bai Zihan made the vow, Chong Sheng felt that perhaps Bai Zihan was never after his life and only the technique.

This also made sense, as he previously said, there is no grudge between them.

Moreover, Bai Zihan wasn't a resident of the Falling Star Empire, so what did the Quan Clan's fall have to do with him?

But he had always felt that Bai Zihan was after his life, which was now dismissed after Bai Zihan made the vow.

A heavy weight that had been pressing on his heart finally eased slightly.

Chong Sheng exhaled slowly.

Then, with visible reluctance, he took out another jade slip.

His fingers lingered on it for a moment.

As if unwilling to let go.

Then he tossed it toward Bai Zihan.

"This is the technique."

His voice was low.

Suppressing the unwillingness within.

Bai Zihan caught it effortlessly. His gaze swept over the jade slip briefly.

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

Satisfied.

Chong Sheng watched him carefully.

Bai Zihan lowered his gaze to the jade slip.

His sense swept into it.

In an instant-

Countless lines of profound, obscure characters flowed into his mind.

A Saint-Grade Technique!

"So this is it..."

Shadow Void Phantom Body!

A technique that allowed the user's body to blur into a shadow-like state.

Partial intangibility.

Attacks would pass through like striking a phantom.

As for the requirement of needing a special physique, it was a lie made up by Chong Sheng.

However, to some extent there was some extent.

Only those with compatibility toward shadow, void, or similar attributes could unleash its true potential.

Bai Zihan's lips curled slightly.

Even without the proper constitution, it was already extraordinary.

But with the right compatibility-

One could remain in that shadow-like state for extended periods.

Nearly untouchable.

A true life-saving divine art.

And for Bai Zihan-

There was no incompatibility.

His physique...

Had long surpassed the limits of ordinary classifications.

He felt that with his Primordial Chaos Body, no matter the technique, it could easily adapt to it.

This technique might also work perfectly.

With this, even facing an Immortal Ascension Realm cultivator...

Killing him would become exceedingly difficult.

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

"Great!"

He said in excitement.

Across from him, Chong Sheng's heart tightened.

He suppressed the lingering unease in his chest.

Then quickly spoke.

"Young Master Bai..."

His tone carried a trace of urgency.

"Now that you have confirmed the technique..."

"Can I leave?"

He wanted to leave immediately.

The longer he stayed here, the more uneasy he felt.

This person...

Everything about Bai Zihan made his instincts scream danger.

He needed to get away.

As far as possible.

As fast as possible.

Chong Sheng stared at Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan did not answer immediately.

He simply stood there- Holding the jade slip in his hand.

His gaze lingered on it for a brief moment longer.

Then-

He slowly lifted his head.

His eyes landed on Chong Sheng.

And he smiled.

But this time, there was something different in that smile.

Chong Sheng's heart suddenly tightened.

A bad premonition surged within him.

"... Young Master Bai?"

He forced his voice to remain steady.

But the unease was already spreading.

Bai Zihan casually put away the jade slip.

Then took a step forward.

Yet it made Chong Sheng instinctively retreat half a step back.

"You want to leave?"

Bai Zihan asked playfully.

But to Chong Sheng- It sounded like a death sentence.

His pupils shrank slightly.

Something was wrong.

Very wrong.

"You... you already made a Heavenly Vow!"

Chong Sheng's voice rose unconsciously.

A trace of panic finally surfaced.

"You swore to the Heavenly Dao! If you harm me, your cultivation will shatter!

Your Dao heart will collapse!"

His breathing became slightly uneven.

"You dare break it?!"

The atmosphere fell silent.

Bai Zihan stopped walking.

Then-

He chuckled.

A low, almost amused sound.

"Break it?"

He repeated softly.

Then he looked at Chong Sheng-

As if he had just heard something ridiculous.

"I will! So what? What can Heaven do?"

Chong Sheng's pupils trembled slightly.

Even in his previous life as Supreme Immortal, he wouldn't dare break Heavenly

Vow.

A Heavenly Vow was not something that can be taken lightly.

It wasn't some childish promise.

It was a contract.

A binding law witnessed by the Heavenly Dao itself.

Once broken-

The consequences were real.

Absolute and Unforgiving.

Even those in the Immortal Realm were not spared.

No-

The stronger one was...

The more terrifying the punishment.

The worst case was death while the best case scenario was becoming a cripple.

Chong Sheng slowly lifted his gaze.

His eyes locked onto Bai Zihan.

No matter how arrogant...

No matter how ignorant...

He refused to believe that Bai Zihan didn't understand this.

"You..."

His voice was slightly hoarse.

"You should know what you just swore."

His tone turned heavier.

"Breaking a Heavenly Vow isn't something you can afford!"

"It will shatter your Dao heart... invite endless tribulations... even sever your path to immortality."

A faint tremor passed through his voice.

"You already got what you wanted."

His eyes sharpened.

"I gave you my most precious technique. A Saint-Grade Technique!"

His voice grew firmer.

"Why risk everything for this? Why throw away your future... for me?"

His gaze bore into Bai Zihan.

Trying-

For the last time-

To make him reconsider.

To make him stop.

But-

Bai Zihan simply stood there.

Silent!

Not a single ripple in his expression. No hesitation.

No conflict.

Nothing.

Just calm indifference.

As if everything Chong Sheng said meant absolutely nothing.

Bai Zihan's lips slowly curled upward.

A faint smirk appeared on his face.

He looked at Chong Sheng- As if looking at a fool.

Chong Sheng's expression stiffened. Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

Did Chong Sheng really think-

That someone like him would let a person like him go?

A reincarnated expert.

A former Supreme Immortal.

A walking calamity wrapped in human skin.

Too dangerous. Far too dangerous.

Letting him live...

Would be no different from planting a blade in his own back.

Even if-

Even if he did let him live-

Then Chong Sheng would have to be crippled.

Reduced to something that could never threaten him again.

Or-

Placed firmly under his control.

Otherwise...

Who knew what such a person might become in the future?

Bai Zihan exhaled softly.

"As for the Heavenly Vow..."

He chuckled.

He made it because it was useful. Otherwise, how could he have gotten a

Saint-Grade Technique from Chong Sheng.

His fingers lightly tapped the jade slip he had just stored away.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank violently.

"You-!"

Understanding dawned.

Too late!

Bai Zihan never intended to honor his Heavenly Vow.

Bai Zihan's gaze turned colder.

Anyways, going after someone favored by Heaven is already a taboo.

So what's one more?

Killing Intent flared from Bai Zihan and it seems like he is finally going to take this seriously.

"Now, time to deal with you."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 512 Chong Sheng's Last Stand

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 512 Chong Sheng's Last Stand

Chong Sheng's eyes narrowed.

There was only one option left now.

To kill Bai Zihan!

The moment Bai Zihan stepped within striking distance-

He moved.

Boom!

His aura erupted violently.

Dark, turbulent qi surged out of his body like a raging storm, tearing through the already distorted air.

"Die!"

Chong Sheng roared as he moved.

The shadows around him twisted violently.

In an instant-

They condensed.

A dark, crescent-shaped scythe formed in his grasp, its blade flickering like a living shadow.

It emitted a chilling aura, as if capable of severing both body and soul.

Without hesitation-

He swung it down toward Bai Zihan.

Slash!

The shadow scythe tore through the air, leaving behind a distorted trail of darkness as it descended toward Bai Zihan's chest.

But-

Bai Zihan remained calm.

His Eternal Spirit Sword rose.

Clang! Clang!

The two forces collided violently.

Sparks of spiritual energy scattered in all directions as the shadow scythe was blocked head-on.

A sharp metallic resonance echoed through the battlefield.

Chong Sheng's expression twisted.

Bai Zihan stood there, not even pushed back a single step.

(That monstrous strength...)

But at that moment, his eyes flashed with determination.

"Looks like I have to go all out!"

Without hesitation-

He bit down on his tongue.

Pfft!

A mouthful of blood sprayed into the air.

His hands formed rapid seals.

The blood did not fall-

Instead, it burned.

"Blood Fiend Ascension!"

Boom!!!

A violent surge of energy exploded from Chong Sheng's body.

His aura skyrocketed.

Veins bulged across his skin as his qi surged wildly, burning through his own essence.

His cultivation-

Forcefully climbed.

From early Void Refinement-

To Mid, Top and then Peak.

Touching the threshold of the Great Ascension Realm.

The air trembled.

Even the already damaged ground began to crack further under the pressure.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Oh?"

A hint of interest appeared.

As expected of a Heaven Chosen. To possess a technique that could raise one's strength was almost a necessity.

It was definitely useful, especially when facing an opponent one could not normally defeat.

Dealing with such a technique was fairly simple.

Bai Zihan only needed to wait for its duration to end, which would leave Chong

Sheng completely vulnerable.

As for escaping-

Chong Sheng couldn't.

With the System's assistance, Bai Zihan would be able to track him down no

matter where he fled.

But there was no need to avoid fighting either.

If Chong Sheng were stronger, perhaps.

Chong Sheng's breathing turned heavy.

His face paled slightly.

Activating this technique consumed a large amount of his blood essence and qi

But he had no other choice.

(This won't last long.)

He knew it clearly.

With his current depleted qi reserves, this state could only be maintained for a few minutes at most.

Within that time he had to kill Bai Zihan. Or at least make it impossible for him to give chase.

"Let's see how you fare against me now!"

His figure blurred.

Whoosh!

He shot forward like a streak of black lightning.

This time-

Faster, stronger, and far more violent.

His shadow scythe tore through the air, carrying a suffocating pressure that distorted everything in its path.

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

He raised his sword again- Boom!!!

Another collision.

Even stronger than before.

The ground beneath Bai Zihan cracked slightly this time.

The force has increased substantially.

Clang! Clang!

The shadow scythe and sword collided again and again.

Each strike sent violent shockwaves rippling outward, tearing apart the already ruined ground.

Chong Sheng's aura surged higher.

Stronger, faster, and more violent.

Yet-

Bai Zihan remained exactly the same.

Unmoved.

Unshaken.

His sword rose and fell with effortless precision, each movement simple, clean, and perfect.

And yet-

Every single strike from Chong Sheng was stopped.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened slightly.

(This...!)

Something felt off.

With his current strength-

He should be overwhelming Bai Zihan. Even if Bai Zihan were in the Great

Ascension Realm, he thought that he could.

But instead-

He realized that nothing significant has changed despite him using Blood Fiend

Ascension to forcefully increase his cultivation.

A sharp glint flickered in his eyes.

(Sword Intent?!)

He felt it now.

It wasn't just swordsmanship-

It was Sword Intent.

Chong Sheng's heart trembled.

(Impossible! At his age?)

To comprehend Sword Intent as a teenager, or even in one's twenties-

Even in the Western Region-

That would be considered a once-in-a-million-years genius.

His eyes narrowed.

(No! It's stronger than Basic Sword Intent!)

He immediately sensed that it wasn't merely Basic Sword Intent either. It felt far stronger.

(Intermediate Sword Intent?)

But he immediately rejected the idea.

Even some old monsters who had spent thousands of years with the sword, reaching the level of Supreme Immortal, had failed to grasp it.

How could Bai Zihan have achieved it?

It must be the sword.

That weapon was definitely extraordinary.

"Argh!"

Chong Sheng roared as he swung his Shadow scythe even faster.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Each strike grew more violent.

More desperate.

But no matter how he attacked-

He couldn't break through Bai Zihan's defense.

Speed?

Even with Shadow Devouring Domain, he couldn't outclass Bai Zihan with his
Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword Technique.

Power?

Inferior! With Bai Zihan's Sword Intent and the artifact Sword, overpowering
him seemed quite difficult.

Technique?

He has better techniques for certain but Bai Zihan wasn't too bad either.

He was lacking in almost everything to kill Bai Zihan.

His breathing turned ragged.

His body trembled slightly.

(Not enough!)

A flash of madness crossed his eyes.

"Then-"

His voice turned hoarse.

"I'll go all out!"

Boom!!! His aura surged again.

But this time, it wasn't just qi that was being consumed.

His life essence.

Cracks began to appear across his skin as blood seeped out.

His aura twisted violently.

Unstable and Dangerous.

"I'll increase my cultivation further-!"

"Right here! Right now!"

A terrifying pressure began to descend.

The surrounding space trembled.

Even the heavens seemed to faintly respond. Chong Sheng's cultivation forcefully rose again.

Crossing that final boundary-

Touching the Great Ascension Realm!

His eyes turned bloodshot.

His body trembled violently.

(I can only muster one attack...) He knew.

After this-

Win or lose-

He would be completely powerless.

But that was enough.

It had to be enough.

A twisted smile appeared on his lips because he understood something clearly.

Bai Zihan would not dodge. Too confident!

Too arrogant!

He would block it just like the rest of his attacks.

And that would be his death.

Chong Sheng raised his scythe.

The shadows around him surged wildly, converging into the blade.

His qi-

His blood-

His life essence-

All burned together. The scythe trembled.

Then-

Stabilized. A terrifying aura spread outward.

Even the air seemed to scream. "This attack..." Chong Sheng's voice was low. Filled with madness.

"Will definitely hurt!" "Netherworld Soul-Reaping Scythe!"

The blade darkened-

Then brightened with a sinister crimson glow.

With this, he was sure that he could kill even an Immortal Ascension Realm cultivator.

The world seemed to fall silent.

All of his power condensed into that single strike.

Chong Sheng stepped forward.

And swung.

Slash-!!!

The moment Chong Sheng's final strike descended-

The world seemed to darken.

All sound vanished.

Only that single, terrifying slash remained.

And in response, Bai Zihan also made his move with seriousness.

His fingers tightened slightly around the hilt.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

The space around his blade seemed to fracture.

As if even fate itself had been cut apart.

Then he swung. A simple motion.

No grand display.

No overwhelming pressure.

Just one clean slash.

Clang-!!!

The two attacks collided.

For a single instant-

Time froze.

Then-

Crack!

Chong Sheng's expression froze. His Netherworld Soul-Reaping Scythe Attack Shattered!

The terrifying power he had gathered had split apart.

The shadows collapsed.

BOOOM!

The shockwave that followed swept across the land.

But at the center-

Bai Zihan stood unmoved.

Not a single step back.

Not a single scratch on his body. Completely unharmed.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank to pinpoints. (Im...possible...)

His body trembled.

The scythe in his hand had already disappeared.

His arms hung limply at his sides.

All of his strength was now gone.

The final strike that burned his very life- All of it...

Had meant nothing.

"Ugh-!"

A mouthful of blood burst from his lips.

His knees buckled.

Thud!

He collapsed onto the ground.

The earth cracked slightly beneath him.

His vision blurred.

His breathing became erratic.

The backlash from Blood Fiend Ascension had arrived.

The forced breakthrough...

The complete exhaustion of his qi... Everything hit him at once. His meridians burned.

His body felt like it was being torn apart from within.

He couldn't even move a finger.

Chong Sheng clenched his teeth.

Anger!

Frustration!

Unwillingness!

All surged within him.

Normally, no matter the circumstance even when it seemed impossible, with

his cunningness and luck, he was able to easily overturn the outcome.

He thought that it shall be the same this time, only to be proven wrong.

But-

There was nothing he could do.

Nothing at all.

Before him, Bai Zihan slowly lowered his sword.

His expression is calm, almost indifferent. He hasn't used his full power and hold back, otherwise with Fate Severing

Slash, Chong Sheng wouldn't even have his dead body.

He still has some use for Chong Sheng. It would have been a shame if he died after he deliberately tried to not kill him.

Now that he has exhausted almost everything, Bai Zihan thought that Chong Sheng shouldn't be able to escape.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 513 Heavenly Tribulation! [1,401 words]

Chapter 513 Heavenly Tribulation!

Bai Zihan slowly stepped forward towards Chong Sheng, who lay helplessly on the ground.

For the first time since his rebirth, Chong Sheng had nothing left.

He had done everything in his power, but he couldn't overturn the result, which he normally was able to.

His fingers twitched slightly, then stilled.

Chong Sheng stared at the ground beneath him.

Silent!

There was nothing left to say.

Nothing left to do.

He had already given everything.

And it still wasn't enough.

A faint, bitter smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

(So this is how this life ends...)

He wasn't too afraid of death. He had already died once.

Faced betrayal.

Faced despair.

Faced the end.

Death was no longer something unfamiliar.

But his eyes darkened slightly.

There was regret.

There was anger.

Not toward death-

But toward unfinished business.

(Those people...)

The ones who betrayed him in his previous life.

The ones who schemed against him.

The ones who sent him to his grave in his previous life-

He hadn't taken revenge.

And now-

He would die again.

A faint killing intent flickered weakly in his eyes.

And then-

There was Bai Zihan.

Chong Sheng slowly lifted his gaze.

Looking at the figure walking toward him.

(I don't think I have offended him yet.)

He clenched his teeth slightly.

This man had no reason to kill him.

No deep grudge.

No past enmity.

And yet-

From the beginning, he felt like Bai Zihan had intentionally targetted him.

If there was one more chance...

If there was another rebirth...

A cold light flashed in Chong Sheng's eyes.

(Bai Zihan... You will be first!)

At the very top of his revenge list.

But that was only if there was a next life.

Bai Zihan stopped a few steps away.

Looking down at him.

Just as he was about to act-

The world changed.

Rumble-!!!

A deafening roar echoed across the heavens.

The sky darkened.

The sunlight vanished instantly, swallowed by thick, swirling clouds that gathered from all directions.

A suffocating pressure descended.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank.

Then-

They widened.

Slowly, a grin spread across his face.

He laughed.

"Hahaha...!"

At first, it was low and weak.

But then-

It grew louder.

Filled with madness.

Filled with excitement.

"Heavenly Tribulation!"

His voice trembled-not with fear, but with exhilaration.

His eyes shot upward.

Locking onto the sky.

The clouds churned violently.

Thunder roared within them like furious beasts.

Lightning flickered-

Thick, dense, and terrifying.

And its target was obvious.

Bai Zihan!

Chong Sheng's laughter grew even louder.

"It's retribution for breaking the Heavenly Vow!"

His voice was filled with certainty.

With conviction.

With a twisted sense of victory.

He could feel it.

The power within those clouds.

Immense.

Overwhelming. Terrifying beyond reason.

This wasn't an ordinary tribulation.

This was punishment.

A tribulation meant to destroy.

Even from his weakened state, Chong Sheng could sense it clearly.

The scale...

The pressure...

It was no weaker than the tribulation faced when ascending to the Immortal

Realm.

No-perhaps even stronger.

He had also gone through Heavenly Tribulation when ascending to the Immortal Realm, and the one he faced wasn't as large as the one above him

now.

The more talented one was, the stronger the Heavenly Tribulation. He, who was desinted to become the strongest Demonic Cultivator has Heavnely Tribulation spanning 10 Miles but right now, it was almost double of

that.

It was certain that Heaven was furious at Bai Zihan.

"Good!"

He laughed again.

"I still have some luck left!"

He muttered.

His voice was hoarse, but filled with life.

Against Heaven-

Who could stand?

Even Peak Great Ascension Realm experts-

Trembled before such tribulations. Countless had perished.

Turned to ash under the wrath of the Heavenly Dao.

And Bai Zihan?

A mere Void Refinement Realm cultivator.

No matter how monstrous his physique...

No matter how powerful his techniques... How could he possibly survive something like this?

Absolutely impossible!

Chong Sheng's eyes gleamed.

Filled with anticipation. Filled with vicious satisfaction.

"Bai Zihan..."

He grinned. Blood stained his lips.

"Let's see how you survive this!" His voice dropped. "Against Heaven itself!"

On the other hand, Bai Zihan himself didn't look very nervous.

He looked up at the Heavenly Tribulation that was forming.

(Is it because of breaking the Heavenly Vow or-)

He glanced at Chong Sheng, who lay on the ground. Perhaps it was Heaven helping Chong Sheng, who was about to fall into his

hands.

There hadn't been much consequence when he dealt with other Heavenly

Chosen, and even when he killed a one-star graded Heavenly Chosen, Mo Yichen, there wasn't any retribution.

Even when Bai Xueqing defeated Nie Fengzhuo, there hadn't been any

retribution as far as he knew.

Could it be that Chong Sheng was much more favored than others despite

being three-star?

Who knows?

The reason might also be both, as both of these went against Heaven.

A smile appeared on his face.

(Looks like Heaven really wants to kill me!)

He could sense immense power within the sky, and it was certain that it wasn't a test but a will to kill him.

Bai Zihan stood beneath the darkened sky.

The world had gone silent.

Only the rumbling of thunder remained.

The air itself trembled as if it could not withstand the pressure descending from above.

Bai Zihan lifted his gaze toward the churning clouds.

Lightning coiled within them like furious dragons, each strand carrying enough power to erase existence itself.

A faint smile lingered on his lips.

"If this is how it is..."

No hesitation.

No fear.

Only calm anticipation.

If Heaven wanted to kill him-

Then let it try.

His grip tightened slightly on his Eternal Spirit Sword.

Qi surged within his body, circulating at its peak.

Every meridian.

Every strand of qi.

Every ounce of strength-

Mobilized.

He didn't hold back.

Not even a fraction.

Because this was not something that he could take lightly.

Boom-!!!

The first bolt descended.

A pillar of lightning tore through the sky, illuminating the entire world in blinding white.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

His figure split instantly as nine identical shadows scattered in different directions.

Each one moved with perfect synchronization.

A Heaven-Grade technique which was more than enough to deceive even powerful cultivators at Immortal Realm.

But this was Heavenly Tribulation.

The lightning did not hesitate.

It did not waver.

It locked onto him-

The real him.

Boom-!!!

The strike landed on his real self.

The lightning engulfed Bai Zihan completely.

A violent explosion erupted.

The ground beneath him collapsed.

Smoke and dust surged outward.

Deceiving Heaven?

Impossible!

A deafening explosion shook the land.

Bai Zihan's body was thrown backward.

His defensive artifact activated instantly.

A radiant barrier enveloped him-

A Heaven-Grade treasure.

But-

It lasted less than a breath.

Shatter-!!!

The barrier broke apart like glass.

Fragments of light scattered into the air.

The remaining force crashed into his body.

BANG!

But immediately, Bai Zihan's figure emerged amidst dust.

His body crackled faintly with residual lightning.

His expression was still calm.

But his brows had furrowed slightly.

(Stronger than expected...)

The first strike was almost equal to a full strike from Peak Great Ascension Realm.

If not for his Artifact, perhaps the result might be worse than this.

However, that still wouldn't have been enough to kill him.

Before he could adjust-

The second bolt descended.

Faster.

More violent.

Carrying even greater destructive force.

Now that his defensive artifact was destroyed, if the strike landed, it would be his body alone that would bear the impact.

There was no time to change his defensive artifact either.

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

"Eternal Flowing Water Sword!"

His sword moved.

A fluid motion.

Like a river.

Gentle-

Yet containing hidden depth.

A defensive technique designed to redirect force.

To deflect attacks.

To flow around power rather than confront it directly.

The lightning struck.

For a moment-

It seemed to bend.

To shift.

To be guided away.

But only for a moment.

Crack-!!!

The technique shattered.

The lightning forced its way through.

Overwhelming and Absolute.

Boom-!!!

The second strike landed.

Bai Zihan landed heavily, sliding across the ground.

This time, directly across his body without any defensive artifact.

A faint scorch mark appeared across his chest.

For the first time-

He was injured.

Chong Sheng's laughter rang out again.

"Hahaha! Good! Good!"

Even he hadn't expected it to be this powerful. The power was almost at the level of Immortal Ascension Cultivator.

But Bai Zihan-

Slowly straightened.

His breathing remained steady.

"So even this body can be injured..."

He glanced at his arm.

The charred mark. The Primordial Chaos Body.

Tempered through countless refinements.

Yet even it could not completely ignore Heaven's wrath.

But he didn't look discouraged.

Instead-

A faint smile deepened.

Because he had noticed something else.

The moment lightning struck him, a portion of it entered his body-

And was absorbed.

Moreover, the qi was so pure that it was equivalent to taking a high-grade elixir.

His eyes flickered.

(About 5 percent...)

It wasn't much.

If not for the overwhelming destructive force-

If not for the fact that he had to focus on surviving-

This could have been the perfect source of cultivation.

Endless.

High-quality.

Beyond compare.

A dangerous thought surfaced-

Then faded.

Now wasn't the time.

Just taking the second strike, he was almost killed. And it didn't look like it would end soon.

Rumble-!!!

The sky roared again.

The clouds churned even more violently.

Chong Sheng's expression turned even more excited.

Although Bai Zihan had managed to defend against two strikes, the Heavenly

Tribulation would only grow stronger.

The Second Strike was already at the level of Immortal Ascension, he don't know what kind of power the Second one would be.

"It's coming!"

The third strike.

Stronger than the first two combined.

Even Bai Zihan looked up.

His eyes narrowed slightly. The pressure had increased significantly.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly.

He adjusted his stance. His grip on the sword tightened.

His aura rose once more.

"Come!"

He spoke calmly.

A challenge-

To the sky itself. Above-

The lightning condensed. More terrifying than before.

Then- It fell!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 514 Taking Out The Trumps Card[1,141 words]

Chapter 514 Taking Out The Trumps Card

The sky split apart.

Rumble-!!!

The third strike descended.

But this time-

It was different.

The lightning no longer resembled a simple bolt.

It was a pillar of descending judgment.

A mass of condensed destruction so dense that even space around it warped and trembled.

The moment it appeared, the entire space including the void trembled.

Chong Sheng's expression changed completely.

His pupils shrank to pinpoints.

(T-this...!)

He could feel it clearly now.

The strength behind that strike had already reached the peak of the Immortal Ascension Realm.

No-

It was even approaching the threshold of the Earth Immortal Realm.

His throat went dry.

Even in his previous life-

He would not dare face something like this head-on without preparation.

And Bai Zihan?

A mere Void Refinement Realm cultivator who didn't even have time to prepare for it.

Can he survive against it?

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

His expression turned completely serious.

This strike was not something he could endure casually.

Even with the Primordial Chaos Body, he was quite certain that if he took this head-on, he could die instantly.

His grip tightened around his sword.

His Sword Intent surged.

The air around him was distorted.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

His voice rang out.

He swung.

This time, he didn't hold back anything, even strengthening the attack with his Intermediate Sword Intent.

The blade tore through the air.

And with it, a terrifying aura of power emerged.

It didn't shine.

It didn't roar.

But wherever it passed-

Space itself fractured.

As if existence had been split apart.

The two forces collided once again.

BOOOOOOM-!!!

The world exploded.

A shockwave spread outward, flattening everything in its path.

Mountains in the distance trembled.

The sky flickered between light and darkness.

For a brief moment, it truly felt as if two Earth Immortals were fighting.

Chong Sheng gulped.

Cold sweat dripped down his back.

(He...!)

At this moment-

He was completely certain.

Bai Zihan had been holding back earlier.

Against him-

He hadn't even used half of his strength.

A chill ran down his spine.

But even that shock was overshadowed by something else.

Disbelief!

(A Void Refinement Realm?)

How could someone at that level possess such power?

It defied logic.

Defied everything he knew.

His eyes locked onto the battlefield.

Waiting!

Waiting to see-

Who would come out on top.

The explosion slowly faded.

The dust settled.

And within it-

A figure stood.

Bai Zihan!

Still standing.

But, not unscathed.

Blood slowly dripped down his arm.

His robes were torn in multiple places.

Faint wounds covered his body.

Some shallow.

Some deeper.

Blood oozed out.

But most of it consisted of external injuries.

Nothing fatal.

He exhaled slowly.

As long as he could leave this place alive, there was nothing to worry about such injuries.

His eyes lifted toward the sky again.

And then, his expression stiffened slightly.

The clouds... had not dispersed.

If anything, they had grown darker, heavier and more violent.

Rumble-!!!

The heavens roared once more.

The pressure increased yet again.

Chong Sheng's face lit up with excitement.

"It's not over!"

It seemed like Heaven wasn't going to let Bai Zihan walk away alive today.

The fourth strike was already forming.

Even Bai Zihan couldn't help it this time.

He frowned and then clicked his tongue slightly, annoyed.

"Come on!!"

His voice carried a rare trace of irritation.

"This is getting ridiculous..."

His gaze remained fixed on the sky.

"How long is this supposed to go on?"

Was it planning to strike him until he died?

Even for him, this was too much.

Rumble-!!!

The heavens did not calm down.

The clouds churned like a collapsing world, layers upon layers of lightning coiling within them like living serpents.

Then the fourth strike began to descend.

But unlike before-

It did not fall immediately.

It gathered and compressed further.

Condensed into something far more terrifying.

Chong Sheng's breathing hitched.

His eyes widened in disbelief.

(T-this...!)

The pressure alone was enough to crush him if he were standing.

Even lying on the ground, his body trembled uncontrollably.

"This... is already at the level of an Earth Immortal..."

His voice came out hoarse.

It was even stronger than the attack Mo Zun had used previously against Bai Zihan.

This was something even Earth Immortals would not walk away from unscathed.

And yet-

It was aimed at Bai Zihan.

A Void Refinement Realm cultivator.

Chong Sheng could only stare.

Speechless!

Bai Zihan stood still beneath the heavens.

His expression had lost all traces of casualness.

This strike, if taken head-on in his current state, would kill him.

Without question.

Even the Primordial Chaos Body had its limits.

A slow breath escaped his lips.

Then his eyes sharpened. "Since you want to go this far..."

A faint, dangerous smile appeared.

"Then I'll also need to take out my trump cards..."

His aura shifted.

"Heaven's Mandate Reversal Technique!" Boom-!!!

A terrifying surge of qi erupted from his body.

His cultivation began to rise.

From Void Refinement-

It climbed. Breaking past its limits.

Great Ascension Realm!

The air exploded outward.

The ground beneath him shattered further.

A pressure radiated from his body that was entirely different from before.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank violently.

(W-what...?!) His mind went blank for a moment.

That technique-it was familiar.

(Similar to... Blood Fiend Ascension?!) But it wasn't the same.

There was no burning of blood essence.

No consumption of life force.

It was far less punishing than his Blood Fiend Ascension.

Bai Zihan slowly raised his sword again.

The Sword Intent surged once more- More terrifying than before. Now empowered by his elevated cultivation-

It felt even more absolute.

Above-

The fourth strike finally descended.

BOOOOOOM-!!!

The sky shattered as a colossal bolt of lightning tore down.

It was no longer just lightning-

It was judgment incarnate.

Bai Zihan didn't move.

From his earlier experience, he knew well that even if his speed doubled, it would be impossible to dodge Heavenly Tribulation.

So there was only one choice.

Face it head-on.

His grip tightened.

His aura surged wildly.

Every strand of qi within his body roared to life, circulating at a terrifying

speed.

His Sword Intent erupted.

Sharper than ever before. "Fate Severing Slash!" His voice rang out once more.

The space before him split apart as the arc of his attack surged upward,
colliding directly with the descending heavenly lightning. BOOOOOOOOOOOM-!!!

The impact was catastrophic.

Light swallowed everything. The ground beneath Bai Zihan disintegrated instantly.

The surrounding land collapsed further as shockwaves tore outward like a raging tide.

The sky trembled.

The earth quaked. Space tore apart.

For a moment-

It seemed as if the two forces had reached a standstill.

But only for a moment.

Crack-!!!

Bai Zihan's expression tightened slightly.

The lightning-

Did not stop.

It broke through.

Forced its way down.

Overwhelming and unrelenting.

The Fate Severing Slash- Collapsed.

Shattered.

The remaining force of the Heavenly Tribulation descended fully.

And struck.

BOOM-!!!

A pillar of lightning engulfed Bai Zihan entirely.

The world went silent.

Only the violent crackling of thunder remained.

The light slowly began to fade. The lightning dispersed.

Bai Zihan still stood.

But this time, his condition was far worse.

His body was charred in several places. Smoke rose faintly from his skin. New scars had formed across his body.

Blood dripped slowly down his arm.

His breathing was heavier than before.

Yet-

He was still standing.

Alive.

But Bai Zihan himself could clearly feel the difference.

His eyes lowered slightly.

Looking at the wounds on his body. (These injuries...)

They weren't normal.

Even with his physique- Even with his recovery ability-

They weren't healing properly. Painfully slow.

As if something lingered within them.

He narrowed his eyes slightly.

(It's similar...)

To injuries caused by the Saint-Grade Sword given to the Bai Clan.

Once injured by that sword, the wounds were difficult to heal no matter how strong one's recovery ability was.

Above, the clouds still churned.

Unwilling to disperse. As if dissatisfied.

As if, It wasn't enough.

Bai Zihan lifted his head again.

His gaze locked onto the heavens.

Cold and unyielding.

"Still not done? Looks like you are hell bent on killing me!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 515 When Heaven Seeks to Kill

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 515 When Heaven Seeks to Kill

The sky did not calm.

It grew darker.

As if the heavens themselves had decided, this would not end until Bai Zihan was erased.

Rumble-!!!

The clouds churned violently once more.

Lightning coiled within them, thicker, denser than before.

Then the Fifth Strike descended.

BOOOOM-!!!

It fell like a collapsing star.

Absolute destruction crashing down from above.

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened.

His body was already injured.

His meridians strained.

His qi was partially depleted.

His grip tightened around his sword.

His aura surged again.

Ignoring the pain.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

Once more, he struck.

The blade split the air.

Sword Intent roared.

The arc of his attack rose to meet the lightning head-on.

BOOOOOOM-!!!

The collision shook the heavens.

For a brief moment, the lightning slowed.

Then it broke through again.

Relentless and unforgiving.

BOOM-!!!

The Fifth Strike landed.

Bai Zihan's body trembled violently.

A mouthful of blood burst from his lips.

His feet sank into the shattered earth.

Cracks spread beneath him.

His arms-

Numb!

His vision-

Shaking!

But he still did not fall.

Not yet.

Chong Sheng's laughter had long since stopped.

Now he could only stare silently.

His earlier excitement had faded, replaced by something else.

Pure, incomprehensible shock.

(To endure this...?)

Rumble-!!!

The sky roared again.

No pause.

No mercy.

The Sixth Strike began to form.

This time, even the clouds seemed unstable.

As if struggling to contain the power within them.

Lightning condensed, layer upon layer.

Then it fell.

BOOOOOOOOOOM-!!!

Bai Zihan's pupils contracted.

His body screamed in protest.

Every injury flared.

Every muscle trembled.

But his eyes remained calm.

"Again!"

His voice rang out hoarsely, blood dripping from his lips.

His Sword Intent surged once more.

Even stronger-

Even sharper-

Pushed to its absolute limit.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

He swung.

The blade cut through space itself.

Meeting the descending judgment once more.

BOOOOOOM-!!!

This time, the clash lasted even shorter.

Crack-!!!

The sword light shattered faster.

The lightning descended with unstoppable force.

BOOM-!!!

It struck him directly once again.

A pillar of destruction engulfed his entire figure.

The ground beneath him collapsed entirely.

A crater formed instantly.

When the light faded, Bai Zihan has fallen to the ground.

His body was scorched.

Deep wounds covered his frame.

Some flesh was torn.

Some areas burned black.

Blood flowed freely now.

His breathing was heavy and unstable.

"Argh!"

Even Bai Zihan, who had endured unimaginable pain, felt it intensely by the sixth strike.

He was certain that even his internal organs had been scorched by the lightning. Even breathing was becoming difficult.

Chong Sheng's throat went dry.

(This monster...)

What kind of existence was this?

Even someone at the Earth Immortal Realm would have already died.

Although Bai Zihan looks like he is on the verge of dying, he has yet to die.

Rumble-!!!

The heavens answered once more.

The Seventh Strike.

This time-

The sky itself seemed to split apart.

A massive vortex of lightning formed overhead.

Not just a bolt-

Not just a pillar-

But an entire mass of destruction.

Condensed and compressed to its absolute limit.

Chong Sheng's face turned pale.

Even he felt fear.

(This... is madness...)

He could sense that even in his previous life, he would have struggled to

withstand this strike.

It was certain that this strike was equivalent to that of a Supreme Immortal's power.

This was no longer a tribulation.

This was an execution.

The vortex trembled.

The sky itself seemed unable to contain it any longer.

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his gaze, his breathing uneven, his body screaming from every wound.

The moment he sensed the power gathering above, his expression finally changed.

(This...)

Even Mo Zun's previous attack felt insignificant compared to what was about to descend.

This strike had already surpassed everything he had faced so far.

His mind moved rapidly.

Calculating.

Searching.

Looking for even the slightest possibility of survival.

(System Store...)

His thoughts flashed.

Saint-Grade Artifacts.

There were several that could potentially block or weaken such a strike.

But his eyes darkened slightly.

(Not enough qi...)

His reserves were nearly empty after resisting six consecutive strikes.

Even if he obtained one-

He simply didn't have the qi left to activate it.

Not to mention, he didn't know whether what was about to descend could even be blocked by a Saint-Grade Artifact.

His thoughts shifted again.

(Pills?)

Grade-8.

Grade-9.

Even higher.

Healing pills, recovery pills, forbidden pills that could restore him temporarily.

But he immediately dismissed it.

(No time!)

Even if he swallowed them now, there wasn't enough time for proper absorption.

And more importantly, even at his peak condition, he wasn't confident he could survive what was above him.

That realization settled heavily in his chest.

For the first time, Bai Zihan felt it clearly.

A dead end.

Every path he could think of led to death.

His grip on the sword tightened slightly.

His gaze remained fixed on the sky.

The only thing he could rely on was his Primordial Chaos Body, and hope that this body of his could survive against this.

Though even if he survived this, doubt filled his eyes as to whether it would be the end.

What if there was an Eighth Strike?

Then no matter what he did, it wouldn't matter.

As long as the Heavenly Tribulation did not stop, he had no way out of this.

He thought about the countless ways he had tried to avoid his death flag, but who would have thought that in the end it would be Heaven itself that would directly kill him?

No amount of preparation could have prepared him for such a ridiculous conclusion.

But even if death was certain, he would meet it head-on.

He slowly stood up despite the pain and got ready to resist another strike from the Heaven.

Above-

The vortex reached its peak.

The power within it condensed to an unimaginable degree.

Space warped violently.

The world trembled as if on the verge of collapse.

(This... will kill him...)

CHong Sheng thought.

There was no doubt.

None at all.

Even someone at the level of a Supreme Immortal would not dare claim they could survive this unscathed.

And Bai Zihan was at the end of his strength.

There was no miracle this time.

This was the end!

The vortex pulsed.

Once.

Twice.

Then-

It suddenly stopped.

The lightning did not descend.

The terrifying mass of destruction hovering in the sky simply halted.

Bai Zihan's brows furrowed slightly.

A look of confusion appeared in his eyes.

(What?)

The pressure was still there.

The power had not dispersed completely.

If anything, it remained just as terrifying.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened. "What is happening?"

His voice was barely a whisper.

He has seen many Heavenly Tribulations but this one was truly the most unique.

He has not seen Heavenly Tribulation which lasts more than three times. Not to mention, stopping after it was already ready to strike.

The vortex trembled faintly-

Then slowly-

Very slowly-

It began to disperse unwillingly.

The dense lightning unraveled.

The suffocating pressure lifted bit by bit.

The dark clouds that had covered the sky- Gradually thinned.

The rumbling faded.

The oppressive aura vanished.

Until-

Clear sky returned.

Sunlight broke through the remaining clouds, illuminating the shattered land below.

Silence fell.

Bai Zihan stood there.

Still holding his sword. Still alive.

His chest rose and fell slowly.

His body was battered, burned, and bloodied.

But he remained standing.

The Seventh Strike had not fallen.

He had survived.

Even he did not immediately understand why.

His eyes lingered on the sky for a moment longer.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 516 Broke Through From Heavenly Tribulation

Bai Zihan kept his gaze fixed on the sky for a few more seconds.

The clouds had already dispersed.

The oppressive aura was gone.

The world had returned to an almost unnatural calm.

Just moments ago, that same sky had been preparing to erase him completely.

Now, it was as if nothing had ever happened.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

(Why did it stop?)

Why did it stop without any reason?

Perhaps there was one, though he wouldn't know.

Not like he was complaining, because if it didn't stop, he would have likely died.

For a brief moment, silence filled his thoughts.

Then he exhaled slowly.

A long, deep breath.

The tension in his body eased just slightly.

Relief washed over him.

He had truly thought he would die.

His fingers loosened slightly around the hilt of his sword.

Then tightened again.

Because what followed that relief was anger.

His gaze lifted once more toward the now-clear sky.

"Just because your chosen one couldn't kill me..."

His voice was low.

"...you interfere? You want to kill me because your minion can't?"

A faint killing intent flickered in his eyes.

Directed not at any person, but at the heavens themselves.

He wanted to curse.

But he stopped.

His expression darkened slightly.

(Tch!)

He clicked his tongue inwardly.

(Better not.)

Who knew what excuse Heaven might use next?

If something like that tribulation came again under the pretense of

"punishment" or "insult"-

Even he would not survive a second time.

Slowly, he lowered his gaze.

Calming himself.

Suppressing that surge of defiance.

Now was not the time.

Without another word, Bai Zihan raised his hand and retrieved several pills from his storage ring.

Their fragrance spread faintly in the air.

Grade-5 healing pills.

Without hesitation, he swallowed them.

The medicinal power spread through his body almost instantly.

But his brows furrowed slightly.

His body was healing far slower than it should have been.

The wounds inflicted by the Heavenly Tribulation seemed to slow his healing effects.

Even after taking healing pills, he was healing very slowly. It was slower than his normal healing effect without any pills.

His meridians still burned.

His flesh still throbbed.

The charred marks on his body barely showed signs of recovery.

Bai Zihan remained standing in silence as the effects slowly circulated.

His breathing steadied.

"System!"

[Host Info]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 18

Cultivation Realm: Void Refinement (Top)

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)

One good thing that came from this was that he was able to break through to

the Top Void Refinement Realm.

Of course, it was unintentional, as he was just trying to defend himself and ended up absorbing part of the Heavenly Tribulation because of his physique.

But it was a positive outcome from this whole ordeal.

Moreover, he felt that there should be good rewards for dealing with Chong

Sheng,

[Unclaimed Rewards Available]

Resist Heavenly Tribulation Achievement: [Primordial Chaos Body Refinement

Technique - Second Part]

"Huh?"

There was no reward for defeating Chong Sheng as he had expected.

He didn't know why.

Perhaps Chong Sheng was still not considered defeated, or-

(Do I have to kill him?)

Bai Zihan thought.

Well, whether he had to kill him or not for the reward didn't matter for now.

He first needed to extract as much information from Chong Sheng as possible.

But instead of a reward for defeating Chong Sheng, he got one for resisting the Heavenly Tribulation.

The second part of the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

It was indeed a timely arrival, as he had already achieved the first part of the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique.

He claimed the reward, but his expression changed when he saw the requirements.

More specifically, the materials needed for the second part, most of which were above Grade 7.

He was pretty sure that some of those materials weren't even available in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Then there was the core of an Immortal Realm demonic beast, which was also difficult to obtain.

But because of the previous Demonic War, there were a few in the Bai Clan that he could access.

Still, refining his body further wouldn't be as easy as the first part.

Because of what he had just experienced, he was eager to grow stronger. He had thought his survival was guaranteed after becoming this strong, only to

be given a harsh reality check.

There were still many things in this world that could take his life as easily as crushing an ant.

He realized once again that his life wasn't as secure as he had previously believed.

Then his gaze shifted slightly toward Chong Sheng.

Chong Sheng was still in a daze from the Heavenly Tribulation and how it had abruptly stopped.

He felt a gaze on him.

Now that even Heavenly Tribulation couldn't kill Bai Zihan, it seemed his hope of escaping had vanished.

Chong Sheng's dazed expression slowly faded as Bai Zihan's figure approached.

He forced his dry throat to move.

"What do you want?"

His voice came out hoarse, but steady.

There was no longer panic in it.

He had already accepted death once before.

But now, there was chance.

A slim one but a very strong one.

Bai Zihan had not killed him.

Now he knew very well that Bai Zihan is more than capable of killing him but he chose not to.

That alone told Chong Sheng something important.

(He needs me.)

Or at the very least-

(He wants something from me.)

Before that, he didn't think Bai Zihan would kill him.

"Tsk! I went through a lot to capture you. You better be useful, otherwise—"

Bai Zihan said begrudgingly.

It was certain that Chong Sheng would have to deal with Bai Zihan's anger if he wasn't worth it.

Despite his injuries, Bai Zihan managed to block Chong Sheng's meridians, ensuring he wouldn't be able to escape. "Now, let's have a proper chat, shall we?"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 517 Annihilation Tribulation!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 517 Annihilation Tribulation!

Chapter 517 Annihilation Tribulation!

Bai Zihan stood before him, gaze calm yet piercing.

For a moment, he said nothing.

Chong Sheng clenched his jaw slightly but said nothing either.

Then Bai Zihan finally spoke.

"Tell me," he said casually, as if asking about something trivial, "how much do you know about Heavenly Tribulation?"

Chong Sheng blinked.

That... was not what he expected.

Of all the things Bai Zihan could ask-

This?

His brows furrowed slightly, but after a brief pause, he answered.

"As far as I know, anyone who tries to break through to the Immortal Realm has to face it."

He shifted slightly, wincing from the pain.

"A test from Heaven. If you pass, you ascend."

"If you fail..."

He let out a faint breath.

"You die!"

His eyes flickered faintly.

"That's all there is to it."

He told the most common knowledge there was.

There were a few things that someone at the level of a Supreme Immortal would know, but he didn't think they needed to be mentioned.

Silence followed.

Bai Zihan watched him for a moment.

Expression unreadable.

Then he asked again.

"What about the Western Region of the continent? Do you know the powerhouse of Western Region?"

Chong Sheng froze for a split second.

A flicker of confusion passed through his eyes.

"Western Region?"

He frowned.

Now that made even less sense.

(Why was he asking this?)

Chong Sheng slowly looked up at Bai Zihan.

Suspicion rising.

He knew about it, but why would Bai Zihan be asking something like this to him?

His current identity was nothing more than a former servant of the Quan Clan.

Now a powerful demonic cultivator-that's all anyone should know.

Why would Bai Zihan ask such a question?

"Young Master Bai, why are you asking this to someone like me?"

Chong Sheng asked.

Then Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

A calm, almost amused smile.

"Don't pretend."

His voice was light.

But it carried weight.

"Chong Sheng..."

A brief pause.

Then-

"Or should I call you-"

His eyes met Chong Sheng's directly.

"Demonic Emperor... or say, former Demonic Emperor?"

Silence!

For a single heartbeat-

The world seemed to stop.

Chong Sheng's pupils shrank violently.

His mind went blank.

Then it hit him.

A realization so sudden, so overwhelming-

It shook him to his core.

His breathing stopped.

His entire body went stiff.

"You...!"

His voice trembled from pure shock.

"How do you know?!"

The words burst out of him.

Disbelief flooded his face.

That identity-

That secret-

It was something no one should know.

Chong Sheng stared at him.

As if seeing him for the first time.

Fear.

Suspicion.

And something deeper- Something far more dangerous-

Began to rise within his eyes.

(How did Bai Zihan know?)

More importantly, when did he get found out, and how?

He should be the only one who knew.

Even if it was someone close to him, either in his previous life or this one, it should have been impossible for anyone to find out.

Bai Zihan looked absolutely confident, and there was no way he would randomly say something like this.

Bai Zihan looked at him without the slightest ripple in his expression.

As if Chong Sheng's shock-

His disbelief-

His fear-

Were all meaningless.

"I don't need to tell you that."

His voice was flat.

The faint killing intent that had been suppressed earlier surfaced again.

"You're in no position to question me."

His gaze sharpened slightly.

"I ask."

"You answer."

A brief pause.

Then his voice dropped just a fraction.

"And don't test my patience."

The air grew heavier.

Even in his injured state-

Even after enduring the Heavenly Tribulation-

The pressure Bai Zihan exuded made Chong Sheng's heart tighten.

"I just went through something annoying."

Bai Zihan continued, his tone still even, but with a faint edge beneath it.

"So I'm not in a very good mood."

His eyes locked onto Chong Sheng's.

"So if you try to play dumb again..."

A slight pause.

"I don't know what I'll do to you."

There was no need to raise his voice.

No need to threaten further.

The meaning was already clear.

Chong Sheng swallowed.

His throat felt dry.

"Fine!"

His voice was quieter now.

He understood now.

Bai Zihan already knew too much.

Pretending further was meaningless.

But he wondered how he was found out and was this the reason why Bai Zihan was hell bent on chasing after him?

It wouldn't have made sense otherwise.

Chong Sheng lowered his gaze slightly, as if organizing his thoughts.

Then he spoke again.

"This time... I'll answer properly."

A brief pause.

Then-

"What most people know about Heavenly Tribulation..."

He said slowly,

"Is just the surface."

His eyes darkened slightly.

"But in truth, it's not just a test. It can be execution or many other things."

Bai Zihan's gaze remained steady.

Chong Sheng continued.

"Many initially consider it a test, but the more talented a person is, the stronger the Heavenly Tribulation."

"If it were truly a test, it should be the same for everyone, shouldn't it?"

"But it is not. Moreover, sometimes even geniuses like me don't face stronger tribulations despite our ability. Many believe it's random."

His voice grew heavier.

"Others think it depends on how much respect one shows to Heaven. Perhaps doing good things."

"But that isn't necessarily true either. Otherwise, demonic cultivators would be executed every time!"

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"That's why no matter how strong one is, no one dares to offend Heaven for the fear of its retribution."

"Especially Heavenly vows are always kept, otherwise they would face terrible consequences from heaven."

Chong Sheng glanced slightly at Bai Zihan while saying that.

(Still... this monster survived against Heaven.)

He thought.

"Perhaps it all comes down to whether someone has done something that

directly defies Heaven's will."

Silence! The words lingered in the air.

Bai Zihan said nothing. But his eyes grew colder.

Chong Sheng continued, more cautiously now.

"There are also different types of tribulations." "Normal ascension tribulation..."

"Heavenly Punishment..."

"And..."

His gaze flickered faintly.

"Annihilation Tribulation."

"The last one is meant to kill. No chance of survival."

A pause.

Then he looked directly at Bai Zihan. "What you just faced... was very close to that."

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 518 Western Region Targets

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 518 Western Region Targets

Chong Sheng fell silent after his last words.

But his expression did not ease.

If anything, it grew more complicated.

His brows furrowed slightly, as if recalling something he would rather not.

"...Annihilation Tribulation..."

He muttered under his breath.

The term itself carried weight.

Not something spoken lightly.

Not something most would ever encounter.

His eyes dimmed slightly.

For a brief moment, he wasn't looking at Bai Zihan anymore.

He was looking somewhere else, lost in his memories.

Even in his previous life, he had only seen such a tribulation once, and it made him shudder just remembering it.

There was an Earth Immortal whose arrogance was well above others, but he had the strength to back it up as well.

Chong Sheng even considered that his talent was only slightly below his own, and acknowledged his strength, especially his physique.

Although not widely known, it was said that he possessed the blood of Xuanwu (Black Tortoise), making it incredibly difficult to kill him.

Because of this, most preferred to avoid him rather than confront him, which further boosted his ego.

But when that Annihilation Tribulation descended, he couldn't resist at all.

It wasn't a test.

It wasn't something you could prepare for.

It didn't give you a chance to struggle.

When it came down, it came with the intent to kill, and no matter the physique or artifact one had, it was useless.

Chong Sheng slowly lifted his gaze back toward Bai Zihan.

And what was forming just now felt eerily similar to what he had witnessed back then, especially the Seventh Strike.

Bai Zihan stood there, listening to the different types of Heavenly Tribulation which he hadn't even known existed.

His expression didn't change much.

But his eyes had grown colder.

(It seems like I wasn't the only one who fell victim to Heavenly Tribulation.)

He thought.

So this wasn't an impossible occurrence.

It had happened before.

Bai Zihan lowered his gaze slightly, thinking.

He also realized that Heavenly Tribulation likely couldn't appear whenever it wanted and act however it pleased.

If it could, he would already be dead.

There should be some restrictions even for it.

(And also that it has a will...)

"But it's restricted."

Not omnipotent.

Not absolute.

A faint smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

(Interesting...)

It seems like even Heaven isn't as unbiased as many would like to believe, though he had already realized that when he learned about the existence of Heaven's Chosen.

Bai Zihan remained silent for a moment after reaching that conclusion.

There was nothing he could do about it.

Even if he understood that the so-called Heavenly Tribulation carried a will...

Even if he realized it was not as impartial as the world believed...

It changed nothing.

At least-

Not right now.

He had already expected something like this the moment he obtained those memories.

From the beginning-

He knew that he would eventually become an enemy of Heaven.

Now, it was simply confirmed.

That didn't make him fearful.

It only made him more cautious.

Slowly, he exhaled and pushed those thoughts aside.

There were more immediate matters to deal with.

His eyes shifted back to Chong Sheng.

"Now," he said calmly, "tell me about the Western Region."

A brief pause.

Then his gaze narrowed slightly.

"Specifically-whether any of their powerhouses have plans regarding the Desolate Heaven Empire."

Chong Sheng blinked once.

Then frowned faintly.

This question...

At least made more sense than the previous one.

But even so-

He didn't answer immediately.

Instead, he let out a slow breath.

"You're asking the wrong person."

His voice was steady this time.

Just a simple truth.

Bai Zihan's eyes sharpened slightly.

Chong Sheng continued.

"When I was the Demonic Emperor..."

A faint, self-mocking smile appeared on his lips.

"My rise wasn't exactly... subtle."

He let out a quiet scoff.

His rise to become the Demonic Emperor was a shock to many since he had no great background, and no one expected him to reach that position.

Not to mention, it wasn't easy for him-his path was filled with slaughter.

Be it demonic cultivators or those from the righteous factions, he killed and made a name for himself as he rose through the ranks.

"That kind of rise tends to attract attention."

He glanced at Bai Zihan.

He thought Bai Zihan would understand, since he was similar in that regard.

Bai Zihan said nothing.

Chong Sheng continued.

"Almost all factions, including the top powerhouses, had their attention on me."

"On how to contain me..."

"And possibly kill me if they could."

A faint chuckle escaped his lips.

"And in the end... they succeeded."

Then Chong Sheng shook his head slightly.

"As for whether they had plans for the Desolate Heaven Empire..."

He met Bai Zihan's gaze directly.

"I don't know."

"No, more accurately, they never had one when I was alive but who knows about now?"

His voice was firm.

"While I was alive, I was their top priority."

"And by the time I died, whatever plans they had would've changed anyway."

He exhaled slowly.

"So if you're asking me whether the Western Region is targeting the Desolate Heaven Empire..."

He paused.

Then answered plainly.

"I can't tell you. Maybe they are now, but previously, there was no such plan as far as I know."

Bai Zihan watched him for a long moment.

As if weighing every word.

Measuring truth from deception.

But Chong Sheng did not look away.

This time, he wasn't lying.

Bai Zihan fell silent after hearing Chong Sheng's answer.

His gaze lowered slightly, thoughts moving rapidly beneath that calm exterior.

(So even he doesn't know...)

Well that was to be expected. As he said, who knows what kind of changes there has been after his death.

Bai Zihan's eyes darkened slightly.

(Did their ambitions shift after removing their greatest threat...?)

Or-

(Did they find something in the Desolate Heaven Empire?)

That thought lingered longer.

Because it made more sense.

Qin Lingxiao wouldn't have come otherwise.

They-the Western Region-definitely had an interest in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Something was happening within it.

Something big enough to draw their attention.

And he-

Did not yet know what it was.

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his gaze again.

His eyes fell back onto Chong Sheng.

"Then let's change the question. Do you know someone called..."

A slight pause.

"Qin Lingxiao?"

The moment the name left his mouth-

Chong Sheng's expression changed.

Not drastically.

But enough. Recognition. Followed by something deeper-

Wariness. "...Qin Lingxiao?"

He repeated the name slowly.

His brows furrowed slightly.

Then he let out a faint breath.

"I know of her."

(He wanted to ask how Bai Zihan knew of her name but realized his position.)

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Speak!"

Chong Sheng hesitated for a fraction of a second.

Then continued.

"She's not simple." His voice was lower now.

More serious than before.

"In my previous life, she wasn't someone who stood at the absolute peak like me... but she was close."

"A monster in her own right, especially considering her age."

His gaze grew distant for a moment.

As if recalling something unpleasant.

"She didn't rely on brute force like I did. She was... different."

"A schemer. A planner!"

"Someone who could move entire regions without ever showing her hand."

Chong Sheng continued.

"I only crossed paths with her once."

A pause.

"And that was enough to make me realize how dangerous she was."

His eyes darkened slightly.

That alone-

Spoke volumes.

For someone like Chong Sheng, who had risen through slaughter and fear, to say that-

It meant something.

Bai Zihan's lips curved slightly. "Interesting..."

His voice was almost a whisper. Then his eyes locked onto Chong Sheng again.

"Tell me everything you remember about her."

Chong Sheng remained silent for a few moments after Bai Zihan's question.

As if organizing his memories. Or perhaps- Choosing his words carefully.

Then he exhaled slowly.

"If it's Qin Lingxiao..." His voice had lost all casualness.

What remained was caution. "You need to understand one thing first."

He lifted his gaze, locking onto Bai Zihan.

"She's not someone you fight in the conventional sense."

A brief pause.

"By the time you think of her as an enemy, you've most likely already lost."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chong Sheng continued.

"She has a... very rare ability."

He frowned faintly, as if even describing it felt uncomfortable.

"A natural-born control over perception."

"Fate, emotions, identity... She can twist all of it."

His voice grew heavier.

"She doesn't just deceive you. She becomes whatever you need her to be."

"Innocent." "Weak."

"Trustworthy."

"Alluring."

Chong Sheng's gaze darkened.

"And the terrifying part is, she doesn't imitate. She becomes it!"

Bai Zihan remained silent.

He knew very well what Chong Sheng was talking about as he first hand experienced that terrifying ability.

Chong Sheng continued.

"But that... isn't even the most terrifying part about her."

His voice dropped lower.

There was a weight behind his words now-something far heavier than before.

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened slightly.

Chong Sheng met his eyes, his expression solemn.

"Her ability is dangerous, yes."

"A nightmare to deal with. But abilities like that... no matter how rare, no matter how monstrous... They still have limits."

A brief pause.

Then-

"It's her background that truly makes her untouchable."

The air

seemed to grow heavier.

Bai Zihan did not interrupt.

Chong Sheng exhaled slowly, as if even recalling it brought pressure.

"In the Western Region... there are countless sects, clans, and ancient inheritances." "Powers rise and fall constantly. But above all of them..." "There are a few that have stood for tens of thousands of years." His gaze darkened.

"Existences that don't just influence a region..." "They define it."

A faint, bitter smile appeared on his lips.

"And Qin Lingxiao, Comes from one of them."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chong Sheng spoke the next words clearly.

"The Qin Clan!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 519 Beauty Calamity[1,310 words]

Chapter 519 Beauty Calamity

"The Qin Clan!"

Chong Sheng paused briefly, recalling the clan that had dominated throughout tens of thousands of years.

"One of the most ancient and influential clans in the entire Western Region."

"A clan whose roots run so deep that even the so-called righteous and demonic factions have to give them face"

"If there was a single clan whose influence went beyond their territories and expanded across the continent, then it is definitely the Qin Clan!"

Chong Sheng continued.

"With their skill, they are easily able to infiltrate any organization they want and influence it from within. No one knows just how far their hand has stretched, but everyone knows that nothing is truly safe before the Qin Clan."

"So most clans and sects don't even dare go against them. Instead, they try to maintain the best possible relationship with the Qin Clan. After all, they understand that fighting them isn't just fighting a single force..."

"...but countless hidden ones standing behind them."

"And who knows-perhaps even among themselves, they may have already infiltrated. There is simply no way of knowing."

"So, many chose to remain on good terms with the Qin Clan... including the Demonic Faction"

A pause.

Then his eyes narrowed slightly.

"I don't know why you asked me about Qin Lingxiao, but let me warn you, she isn't someone you can handle."

Chong Sheng said this plainly.

Not out of concern for Bai Zihan-

But because of the sheer terror that the name Qin Lingxiao represented.

Chong Sheng's gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan.

For a moment, he seemed to hesitate, as if deciding whether to say what came next.

Then he let out a slow breath.

"You don't understand the terror of offending that woman. Let me tell you something"

His voice turned colder.

"About fifty years ago..."

"A young heir from one of the top clans in the Western Region took an interest in Qin Lingxiao."

A faint sneer appeared on his lips.

'Interest' would be putting it lightly.

"He tried to force himself into her life. Harassed her and tried to force a marriage."

"He believed that with his background, it was impossible for Qin Lingxiao to do anything to him."

Chong Sheng glanced at Bai Zihan.

Then asked quietly-

"You know what she did?"

A brief pause.

Even now, there was a trace of disbelief in his expression.

"When I first heard about it... even I was surprised. Even demonic cultivators are not as ruthless as her"

He let out a quiet scoff.

"If it were anyone else, they would have simply beaten that fool half to death.

She was more than capable of that."

"Or crippled him to vent their anger."

Chong Sheng's eyes darkened.

"But Qin Lingxiao... that's not what she did."

"She didn't touch him.""

"She went after his clan-the very foundation of his confidence."

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened.

If it was one of the top clans in the Western Region, then it was certain they possessed multiple Earth Immortals and even Supreme Immortals.

They were undoubtedly far stronger than the current Bai Clan.

Chong Sheng continued, his tone steady, almost clinical.

"At first... no one noticed anything unusual."

He paused briefly.

"That clan was known for its unity."

"The Clan Leader and the core Elders had stood together for centuries."

"They cultivated together. Fought together. Rose to power together."

"There was trust between them that outsiders could never shake."

A faint breath escaped him.

"But then... it all began to change."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chong Sheng's gaze darkened.

"And strangely enough... they all started fawn over..."

"Qin Lingxiao!"

Chong Sheng continued.

"It seems she somehow captured every one of their hearts including those who already had wives."

"The Clan Leader-one of the strongest figures in the Western Region-also found himself enchanted by her."

Chong Sheng let out a quiet scoff.

"And what do you think happens when powerful men realize they've all fallen for the same woman?"

His eyes turned colder.

"Every single one of them wanted to possess her."

"And men..."

"...become the most irrational creatures when it comes to the woman they believe they love."

"They would abandon loyalty. Break brotherhood. Even betray their own blood."

"Especially when their minds were already being influenced."

"All they could think about... was her."

"They stopped caring about anything else."

Their wives, naturally, could not tolerate such madness.

"Many of their wives chose to leave."

"Some demanded separation." "Some walked away without a word."

"Not all left..."

"But most did."

And with that-

The final restraints on those men were gone.

"They no longer had anything grounding them."

"Nothing to pull them back to reason."

"So what did they do?"

"They fought."

"For her. For her attention. For her acknowledgment."

Chong Sheng's voice turned cold.

"They began trying to prove who was more worthy."

"Who deserved her."

"Who had the right to stand beside her."

Bai Zihan remained silent.

Chong Sheng continued.

"Their unity shattered."

What followed was inevitable.

"They all believed their love was genuine."

"They believed the others were unworthy."

"That the others should step aside." "But no one stepped aside."

"Not even when the Clan Leader tried to use his authority."

His lips curled slightly.

"If anything that only accelerated the collapse."

"The moment a leader loses rationality..." "...the entire clan begins to rot." Chong Sheng's gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"War broke out."

"Not against an external enemy..."

"But within."

His voice grew heavier.

"Golden Immortals clashed."

"Their own territory became a battlefield."

"Blood filled their halls."

"Trust turned into blades."

Bai Zihan's fingers tightened faintly.

"And that young heir..."

Chong Sheng's tone grew quieter.

"He watched everything."

"At first, he didn't understand. He thought it was coincidence."

"Misfortune."

"But then..."

"He learned the truth."

"That every one of those men..."

"...had fallen for the same woman he tried to claim."

He was furious at first.

Enraged.

But then- Realization set in.

Something was wrong.

"As the clan fell apart..."

"As blood filled the halls..."

"As his own parents were dragged into the conflict..."

His voice lowered further.

"He began to understand."

A long silence followed.

"Qin LIngxiao was taking revenge."

Chong Sheng exhaled slowly.

"And only then did he realize who he had offended."

But by then it was far too late.

"His clan which had stood for thousands of years collapsed within months."

"Elders died."

"Foundations shattered."

"And finally even his father fell."

A faint pause.

"She let him live to witness everything. To know the consequence of offending her."

Chong Sheng's eyes darkened.

"And when it was over even he couldn't bear it."

The implication was clear.

He took his own life, blaming himself for everything that occurred.

"Because it was his actions that led to the destruction of his clan."

Chong Sheng's voice turned cold.

"She didn't destroy them by force. She made them destroy themselves."

Silence fell completely.

"And that is what makes her terrifying"

Chong Sheng let out a quiet breath.

He heard about this when he was still rising-when he was struggling to ascend

to Supreme

Immortal.

And when he heard everything, he has to acknowledge her.

"I never met her personally but I heard the rumors that she possessed a beauty capable of toppling empires."

He gave a faint scoff.

"At first, I thought it was exaggerated."

"But after hearing this, I realized there was truth to it."

"After all, no matter how powerful she is without sufficient beauty, she couldn't have driven those Golden Immortals into madness."

There was a trace of something strange in his eyes.

Not fear alone-

But recognition.

She was willing to go that far to destroy an entire clan simply because one person offended her.

But that is the way of this world. When you offend the powerful, you don't just pay with your life.

Your family, your clan. Everyone connected to you pays the price.

"Her beauty is said to be a calamity. That one would lose their mind and willingly become her slave."

"And it doesn't seem to be an unfounded rumor."

Chong Sheng said quietly.

"And all of that was when she had just stepped into the Immortal Realm."

A brief pause.

"Now?"

He looked at Bai Zihan.

"She must be far more terrifying"

Bai Zihan listened in silence.

He already understood how terrifying Qin Lingxiao was.

He had experienced it himself.

Without the System-

He might not have escaped either. Not to mention-

She hadn't even used her true appearance.

She had only used Yu Feiyan's face. Perhaps-

If she had revealed her real face...

Even he might not have resisted.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Do you know what her weakness is?"

Chong Sheng shook his head.

"Perhaps if you could fight her one-on-one, you might stand a chance"

"But that would require at least Earth Immortal cultivation or higher."

A pause.

Then his voice dropped.

"But with her ability, there is no need to fight."

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"You lose the moment you see her face."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 520 Bargaining for his life[1,328 words]

Chapter 520 Bargaining for his life

Chong Sheng's gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan for a long moment after finishing his explanation.

Silence lingered between them.

(Why was he asking about Qin Lingxiao?)

Although she was definitely someone whose fame spread across the world, he didn't think that even the Desolate Heaven Empire would have heard about her.

Moreover, it didn't seem like Bai Zihan was merely interested in her because he had heard her name or anything like that.

Then, slowly, his brows began to knit together.

Something had suddenly occurred to him.

Then he spoke again.

"Don't tell me..."

His voice grew heavier.

"...that you've actually met her?"

The question hung in the air.

Bai Zihan did not immediately respond.

But this time, he did not hide it.

He simply nodded.

"Yes!"

Chong Sheng froze.

"...You met her?"

His tone had changed completely.

There was genuine surprise now.

Bai Zihan spoke calmly.

"She is in the Desolate Heaven Empire."

The moment those words left his mouth, Chong Sheng's expression changed completely.

His pupils shrank slightly.

"What?"

The word came out naturally.

He stared at Bai Zihan.

As if confirming whether he had heard correctly.

"The Desolate Heaven Empire?"

A long pause followed.

Then Chong Sheng exhaled slowly.

"...That means..."

His eyes darkened.

"...the calamity has arrived."

The atmosphere instantly turned heavier.

Chong Sheng fell into brief thought.

Many possibilities flashed through his mind.

If Qin Lingxiao had personally come to the Desolate Heaven Empire, then a huge storm was waiting for it.

No wonder Bai Zihan had asked about the Western Region and Qin Lingxiao- because seemed the Desolate Heaven Empire had been targeted by terror.

But then another thought struck him.

And this time-

It was even more shocking.

His eyes slowly lifted back toward Bai Zihan.

"Wait a minute!"

His voice lowered.

"If you saw her..."

He stared directly at Bai Zihan's face.

"...then how are you still sane?"

The question was not rhetorical.

It was genuine confusion.

Because in his understanding, that should be impossible.

It was not an exaggeration to say her beauty could disturb anyone's mind- especially someone below the Immortal Realm.

If a weak cultivator saw her face...

They would fall madly in love.

There would be nothing left in their mind except her.

They wouldn't even be capable of thinking about anything else.

They would abandon their cultivation-

Their clan.

Their family.

Their future.

Everything.

Just to please her.

And yet... Bai Zihan was standing there, completely sane, and even doing something that wouldn't help him capture Qin Lingxiao's heart.

If Bai Zihan had truly met her, then that shouldn't be possible.

Moreover, even though he might have been in seclusion, a matter as significant as Qin Lingxiao arriving in the Desolate Heaven Empire-

He would have heard of it.

Not to mention, nearby empires would already be preparing to welcome and

please her.

But there was no such news.

No such movement.

(Is he lying to me?)

He considered that possibility.

"She came in disguise. Perhaps because she was deliberately holding back, that's why I wasn't affected."

Bai Zihan replied honestly.

Hearing the reply, Chong Sheng thought for a second and nodded in understanding.

If Qin Lingxiao had come in disguise, that would explain why there was no widespread news.

Although it raised another question-how Bai Zihan discovered her identity.

But as someone who could even know that he had reincarnated and was the former Demonic Emperor...

Chong Sheng understood that Bai Zihan was far from simple.

Finding Qin Lingxiao in disguise might actually be easier than uncovering his own past.

"You are lucky!"

Chong Sheng said.

(And I am so unlucky!)

He thought to himself.

If Qin Lingxiao hadn't suppressed her ability, and if Bai Zihan had seen her true face...

Then he would have been completely enchanted by now.

He would have devoted all his time and effort to winning her heart.

By then, Bai Zihan wouldn't have even thought about dealing with him. He wouldn't have been chased and beaten by Bai Zihan.

But alas, it seemed he was not so fortunate.

Bai Zihan stood there, unmoving, his expression as calm as ever.

He had asked what he needed to ask.

The Western Region.

The Qin Clan!

Qin Lingxiao!

And Chong Sheng had answered.

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered on Chong Sheng for a moment longer.

(What should I do with him now?)

That question surfaced naturally.

Chong Sheng was not like Lin Xuan.

He didn't expect Chong Sheng to be obedient or offer loyalty like Lin Xuan.

Not to mention, Chong Sheng held deep resentment toward him for the humiliation.

Bai Zihan's eyes dimmed slightly.

(He cannot be trusted.)

Even if Chong Sheng appeared cooperative now-

That meant nothing.

People like him never truly submitted.

They endured.

They waited.

They searched for opportunities to strike.

Bai Zihan understood that kind of person very well.

(Then... control him?)

The thought appeared.

The Heavenly Mandate Assimilation Art.

On paper, it was enough.

But Bai Zihan's gaze darkened slightly, and he shook his head.

(No!)

He dismissed it almost immediately.

Chong Sheng was not an ordinary cultivator.

He was a former Demonic Emperor.

A master of formations. Someone who had already defied fate once.

Bai Zihan did not believe for a second that such a person would remain controlled forever by a technique.

(Maybe now... it would work. Maybe for a while. But in the future?)

His eyes narrowed slightly.

Once Chong Sheng grew stronger, and after studying the technique...

There was a high chance he would find a way to break free.

Moreover, he was a Heaven Chosen!

Who knows? He might one day wake up and know the whole Heavenly

Mandate Assimilation Art!

Then he would easily escape from his hand.

And the moment he escapes, the consequences would be severe.

Bai Zihan exhaled slowly.

(Then there is only one option left.)

The safest one.

100 percent guarantee that CHong Sheng wouldn't become a threat to him.

His gaze slowly lifted and settled on Chong Sheng.

A faint killing intent surfaced in his eyes.

And the moment it appeared- Chong Sheng felt it.

His entire body stiffened instantly.

A chill ran down his spine.

His gaze snapped toward Bai Zihan.

And what he saw-

Made his heart sink.

That look.

He knew that look.

He had seen it countless times before.

"...You-"

Chong Sheng's voice came out low.

"You're planning to kill me? Even though I already answered every question."

Bai Zihan did not deny it.

He did not even bother to hide it.

"There's no reason to keep you alive!" His voice was calm.

As if stating a simple fact.

Chong Sheng's eyes darkened.

"...I've told you everything I know."

He spoke slowly and carefully. "And I've cooperated."

A faint pause.

"And yet you still want to kill me?"

Bai Zihan's expression didn't change.

"That's precisely why. Why would I let someone like you live-someone who

might come back to bite me in the future? You would have done the same, wouldn't you?"

Chong Sheng froze for a fraction of a second.

Indeed-

He would have.

In truth, he couldn't entirely blame Bai Zihan for this decision.

Eliminating a potential threat was the safest choice.

"I see!"

A bitter smile slowly appeared on his lips.

"You're right."

He muttered.

"If our positions were reversed... I would do the same." Silence!

The air grew heavier.

Like a storm about to erupt.

Chong Sheng slowly straightened his back.

While it was true that he would have made the same decision-

That didn't mean he would accept death so easily.

His eyes sharpened.

The faint submissiveness from before vanished completely.

In its place was the cold, calculating mind of the former Demonic Emperor. "...Wait."

His voice was low but firm.

Bai Zihan did not move. But he didn't strike either.

Chong Sheng caught that and immediately pressed forward.

"You want to kill me because I'm a threat. That's reasonable!"

A pause.

"But have you considered..."

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"...what you're about to face?" Chong Sheng continued, his tone turning sharp.

"Qin Lingxiao. You already know what kind of person she is. She is a monster beyond what you can face." He took a step forward.

"You still think you can deal with her alone?"

Silence!

Bai Zihan did not respond.

But Chong Sheng didn't stop.

"If she has her eyes on the Desolate Heaven Empire..."

"Then this isn't something you can brute force your way through." Another step.

"You might be strong. You might even be a monster in your own right. But against someone like her..."

His eyes narrowed.

"Strength alone is useless."

Then he spoke the key point. "You need someone who understands how people like her think."

A pause.

"Someone like me."

He pushed further.

"I've lived at the peak. I've fought countless enemies. I've dealt with schemers, traitors, and hidden forces."

"I know how these games are played."

His voice turned colder.

"You kill me now, and you remove a threat. That's true."

"But at the same time, you also remove your advantage against her."

"...Keep me alive."

He said quietly.

"And I'll help you deal with Qin Lingxiao."

A pause.

"Otherwise,"

His gaze turned cold.

"You might survive today. But you won't survive her."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 521 Until Nothing Is Left[1,485 words]

Chapter 521 Until Nothing Is Left

Bai Zihan did not respond immediately.

Chong Sheng's words lingered in the air, heavy with intent.

Bai Zihan's gaze lowered slightly.

Not toward Chong Sheng, but somewhere else.

The System Rewards Section.

His eyes scanned it briefly.

(Still nothing?)

A faint thought passed through his mind.

It seemed like he would need to kill Chong Sheng to obtain any sort of acknowledgment from the System.

He lifted his eyes again, back to Chong Sheng.

The latter was still speaking.

"...I can help you understand the Western Region in ways no one else can."

"...people like Qin Lingxiao don't act without layers of preparation-"

Bai Zihan listened calmly.

And he did not deny it.

Chong Sheng was right.

A former Demonic Emperor.

A man who once ruled over countless demonic cultivators.

Someone who had stood at the peak of the Western Region.

If there was anyone useful against forces from those regions- It would be him!

(He would be an asset.)

Bai Zihan acknowledged that.

There was no denying it.

In fact, his value was immense, especially against Qin Lingxiao and others from the Western Region.

But Bai Zihan's eyes grew colder.

(Still too dangerous!)

That single thought cut through everything else.

Even the System still didn't give him any sort of reward, perhaps implying that Chong Sheng was still dangerous.

Previously, when Bai Xueqing defeated Nie Fengzhuo, he received rewards.

He came to the conclusion that it was because if Bai Xueqing had lost, it would have hurt the prestige and influence of the Bai Clan.

On the other hand, Nie Fengzhuo would have gained influence and become stronger.

By defeating him, perhaps the System considered it as dealing with a potential future threat or cutting off Nie Fengzhuo's wing.

Since there were no rewards from the System now, Bai Zihan took it as a sign

that Chong Sheng was still significantly dangerous to him.

Even if that conclusion was wrong, he didn't want to take any chances.

Chong Sheng's advantage was also his greatest danger.

If he were weak-

If he were insignificant-

Then Bai Zihan wouldn't have hesitated; he would have kept him just for information.

But Chong Sheng was not an ant.

He was a dragon.

In the end...

It wasn't logic that decided this.

It was something far simpler.

His own weakness and fear.

Otherwise, if he had confidence that he could kill Chong Sheng whenever he wanted, he would have kept him like Lin Xuan.

Bai Zihan slowly raised his head.

His gaze settled fully on Chong Sheng.

"Sorry!"

A single word.

Chong Sheng froze.

For a brief moment, his mind went completely blank.

He had already said and tried his best.

He was certain that Bai Zihan would realize that keeping him alive was the better choice.

But that single word destroyed everything he thought.

"What?"

The word barely escaped his lips.

His pupils shrank.

"No-wait-"

He still wanted to prove himself.

To prove that keeping him alive was the wise choice.

But Bai Zihan had already moved.

There was no hesitation.

No second thought after that.

Cold light flickered across the blade.

Slash!

For a brief, frozen instant, time seemed to stop.

Chong Sheng's eyes widened.

Not in fear, but in disbelief.

As if, even at the very end, he still could not accept that this was how it would end.

A thin red line appeared across his neck.

Then Severed.

His head fell.

His body remained standing for a fraction of a second longer before collapsing heavily onto the ground.

Thud!

The former Demonic Emperor-

A man who had once stood at the peak of the Western Region was dead again.

Bai Zihan stood where he was.

His sword lowered slightly.

His expression unchanged. Both choices were bad-

Either kill him and deal with Qin Lingxiao by himself, or keep him and risk being betrayed one day.

But he chose the one that would lead to less regret.

A faint breeze passed through, carrying with it the metallic scent of blood.

Then a faint flicker appeared before Bai Zihan's eyes.

The System Screen.

This time-

It reacted.

Bai Zihan knew what it meant.

The rewards for killing Chong Sheng had come.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted slightly.

Landing directly on the familiar interface.

[Unclaimed Rewards Available]

Killed the Reincarnator, Chong Sheng: [Grandmaster Alchemist Knowledge]

Bai Zihan's eyes paused on the words.

His brows furrowed.

(...Alchemist?)

A strange expression surfaced in his eyes.

Not excitement.

Nor satisfaction.

But confusion.

Grandmaster!

That meant Grade-7 and above.

At that level, one could already be considered among the absolute peak of alchemists.

Even across the entire Desolate Heaven Empire, he might be the number one.

Such individuals would be revered.

Sought after by countless factions.

Bai Zihan understood that clearly.

The reward was good.

There was no denying it.

But his gaze dimmed slightly.

(...not what I need.)

That was the problem.

He had no lack of pills. The Mu Clan-

His mother's clan-already supported him.

They might not currently possess a Grade-7 alchemist, but that didn't matter.

At his current level, Grade-5 pills were more than sufficient.

Even Grade-6 pills, he already had plenty.

And more importantly, he didn't need to refine them himself.

Why would he?

When others could do it for him.

Time was his most valuable resource.

Spending it on pill refining...

When he could cultivate, comprehend, or strengthen himself instead was inefficient.

Only those without a strong background would choose to become alchemists

just to obtain cultivation resources.

Bai Zihan's eyes lingered on the reward.

A faint, almost imperceptible dissatisfaction surfaced.

"Isn't this a bit useless?"

He muttered quietly. There was a trace of regret.

Compared to what Chong Sheng could have offered, this reward seemed a bit underwhelming.

He could have gained more from him alive.

The thought surfaced naturally.

But it faded just as quickly.

Bai Zihan closed his eyes briefly.

Then exhaled slowly.

There was no point in thinking like that-

Or regretting over spilled milk.

He chose to receive the reward.

The moment he did, a surge of information flooded his mind.

Formulas.

Processes.

Flame control.

Countless years' worth of alchemical knowledge, compressed into an instant.

Bai Zihan's body remained still.

But within, his understanding transformed completely.

From ignorance to mastery.

From observer to Grandmaster.

After a few breaths, the surge subsided.

Bai Zihan stood there quietly.

His gaze distant.

Then it widened.

He has completely underestimated the knowledge of when the System labelled it as Grandmaster.

It wasn't Grade-7 but Grade-8, the best in the world.

Even in the Western Region, as far as he knows, such alchemists would be highly sought after and respected.

Of course, it was still just refining pills hence Bai Zihan didn't consider it as highly as it deserved.

(It's not entirely useless.)

Even if he didn't plan to refine pills personally-

This knowledge had value.

With such knowledge, he was certain that with the formulas he gained, he could easily help the Mu Clan take over the market share of the Desolate Heaven Empire's pill industry.

Not to mention-

"Fire control."

Since gaining the knowledge of a Grandmaster Alchemist, his mastery over fire had greatly increased.

And such skill was not only useful for refining pills but also for combat.

Obviously, he didn't have any special flame apart from what his Qi could produce, which wasn't particularly powerful.

It could be used for pill refining but the quality wouldn't be as good as those using higher-grade flames.

If he wants to refine High Grade pills with good quality, obtaining a Good Flame was necessary.

Obviously the System Store has them, though it was ridiculously expensive.

Spiritual Flames which is one tier better than ordinary flame was 25,000 System Points.

Then there was Beast Flames and Earth Flames which had more than 70,000 System Points.

Although he understood that it would be good not only for refining pills but

also for battle, he didn't want to invest so much System Points right away. Moreover, right now he only has 50,000 Points.

Then there was also Qi control, which he could clearly feel had improved.

After all, to refine pills, precise control over Qi-both internal and external- was essential.

So while he initially thought his battle power wouldn't be affected, it actually has.

With control over Qi, he can fight more efficiently without expanding more Qi than needed though with his Supreme Dao Bone, there was no need to worry much about that.

Bai Zihan stood there quietly, his gaze still lingering on the System interface.

The initial disappointment that had surfaced within him had already begun to fade.

(It's not as useless as I thought.)

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his gaze.

It fell upon the corpse lying not far away.

Chong Sheng!

Head separated from body.

Blood had already begun to pool beneath him.

Bai Zihan stared at it for a moment.

Then a faint flicker of Qi gathered in his palm.

A small flame ignited.

It was not a special flame.

Just ordinary fire formed from Qi.

Without hesitation, Bai Zihan flicked his wrist.

The flame shot forward. Landing directly onto Chong Sheng's corpse.

Whoosh-

Fire spread instantly.

Clothes burned.

Flesh blackened.

Bones crackled under the heat.

Bai Zihan did not look away.

His gaze remained fixed on the burning body.

Even though the System had already confirmed Chong Sheng's death-

He did not trust it completely.

Not when it came to someone like him.

(A reincarnator...)

Someone who had already defied death once.

Who was to say he couldn't do it again?

No!

Bai Zihan would not leave even the slightest possibility behind.

The flames intensified. Under his precise control, they consumed everything.

Time passed quietly.

The crackling of fire was the only sound.

Bit by bit-

The body disintegrated.

Flesh to ash.

Bones to dust.

Until finally-

Nothing was left.

Only a small pile of grey ash scattered across the ground.

Bai Zihan watched for a few seconds longer, confirming that nothing of Chong Sheng is left.

Only when he was absolutely certain, did he retract his Qi.

The flames vanished.

A faint breeze passed by, dispersing some of the ashes into the surroundings.

As if the man named Chong Sheng had never existed at all.

Bai Zihan turned around and left with satisfaction.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 522 Breaking Through to Golden Immortal?[911 words]

Chapter 522 Breaking Through to Golden Immortal?

When Chong Sheng escaped, the Falling Star Empire also tried their best to chase after him.

"After them!"

Sun Yaoqing's voice was sharp, her figure cutting through the air like a streak of light.

Whoosh!

Dozens of guards followed behind her, their auras flaring as they pushed their speed to the limit.

But no matter how fast they moved, they were still too slow.

The traces of spatial distortion left behind by Bai Zihan and Chong Sheng faded too quickly.

One moment there was a ripple in space, the next moment-nothing. Gone!

Sun Yaoqing's brows furrowed deeply.

"Where did they go?"

A guard behind her spoke with difficulty.

"Your Highness... their speed... we can't track them at all."

Another added,

"They're jumping through the void repeatedly. We can't lock onto their position."

Moreover, after following the trail of Qi, they found a Teleportation Formation which made sure that they couldn't track Chong Sheng down.

There was no way for them to find the two of them who has seemingly vanished now.

A few more moments passed.

Then Sun Yaoqing slowly stopped.

The guards behind her also came to a halt.

Silence lingered.

Sigh!

"We can't find them. Even if we continue, we'll only be wasting time."

Then she exhaled slowly.

"We shall return."

Her tone carried a trace of unwillingness.

"But stay alert."

Her eyes turned slightly colder.

The guards nodded in unison.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

Sun Yaoqing thought that Bai Zihan should return to the Quan Clan territory whether he succeeded or failed.

Now that they had lost them, they could only wait for him.

Time passed slowly.

The sky above remained calm until suddenly-

Rumble...

A deep, heavy sound echoed across the heavens.

Sun Yaoqing's eyes snapped upward instantly.

The guards reacted just as quickly.

"What is that?!"

The sky darkened.

Thick clouds gathered rapidly.

Within them, lightning began to flicker.

Crackling with terrifying power.

Rumble!!

The air itself seemed to tremble.

A suffocating pressure descended.

Sun Yaoqing's pupils shrank.

"...Heavenly Tribulation?"

Her voice carried clear shock.

"Someone is breaking through!"

"To the Immortal Realm!"

"I can't believe I could witness something like this today!"

The moment those words were spoken, everyone's expression changed.

Immortal Realm!

That was a threshold that separated mortals from true powerhouses.

Across the entire Falling Star Empire, only a handful could even attempt such a breakthrough.

Sun Yaoqing's gaze grew serious.

"Who could it be?"

"Could it be Elder Huang of the Imperial Court? He has been in Peak Great Ascension for decades!"

"Or Sect Master Luo of the First Strike Spear Sect-he was rumored to be preparing for ascension!"

"What about the Old Ancestor of the Wang Clan? He hasn't appeared in years..."
Speculation spread quickly.

Name after name was spoken.

All of them were Peak Great Ascension experts.

Individuals who stood just one step away from the Immortal Realm.

Rumble!!!

A bolt of lightning tore through the sky.

The pressure intensified.

Even Sun Yaoqing felt her breathing grow slightly heavier.

No matter who it was, it would be great for the Falling Star Empire to gain another Immortal powerhouse.

Sun Yaoqing did not move.

None of them did.

The sky above had already turned into a churning sea of dark clouds, thunder rolling endlessly as if the heavens themselves were awakening.

Everyone simply watched.

Rumble-!

The first bolt of heavenly lightning descended.

A pillar of blinding light tore through the clouds and struck somewhere far in the distance.

Boom!!!

The ground trembled faintly even from where they stood.

The second bolt came soon after.

Rumble!!!

Crack-!!

Another streak of lightning fell, even more violent than the first.

The air itself seemed to distort from the sheer power.

Everything was still within expectations.

A normal Immortal Ascension Tribulation.

Then, the third bolt descended.

BOOM!!!

This time, the impact was far more intense.

The pressure surged outward like a tidal wave.

"I wonder whether the expert has succeeded?"

"I hope they did. It would be great for our Empire."

Everyone thought that it was the end of the Heavenly Tribulation.

That was how it usually worked.

Three tribulation strikes, a test of body, soul, and foundation.

If one survived, they would step into the Immortal Realm.

The clouds should have begun to disperse now.

The pressure should have eased.

But it didn't.

Instead, the clouds churned even more violently.

The thunder grew louder.

Sun Yaoqing's brows slowly furrowed. "...Something's wrong"

The guards also noticed it.

"This... the Heavenly Tribulation isn't ending?"

"Why is the tribulation still gathering?"

Then-

Rumble...!!

A deeper, more terrifying rumble echoed.

The pressure doubled.

Even Sun Yaoqing felt her breathing become slightly heavier.

Then-

Crack-!!!

The fourth bolt descended.

A blinding pillar of destruction tore through the sky.

Far more terrifying than the previous three.

Boom!!!

The ground shook violently this time.

Even from thousands of miles away, the impact was clearly felt.

Silence!

Everyone stared at the sky.

"...Four?"

One of the guards muttered, disbelief evident in his voice.

"That... that's impossible."

Another shook his head slowly.

"Immortal Ascension only has three strikes..." "Then what is this?"

Speculation began to spread.

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

One of the older guards spoke slowly, his voice trembling slightly.

"Someone isn't breaking through to the Immortal Ascension or Earth Immortal Realm..."

"...but beyond it?"

That single sentence sent a chill through everyone present.

"Beyond... Earth Immortal?"

Another guard's eyes widened.

"You mean-Golden Immortal?"

Silence!

Then, a wave of disbelief.

"That's impossible!"

"How could such a figure exist in our empire?!"

"No... no... we've never seen such a tribulation before..."

"But then how do you explain the fourth strike?!"

The pressure in the air continued to rise.

The clouds above seemed endless now.

As if the heavens themselves refused to allow what was happening below.

Sun Yaoqing's eyes flickered.

Even she couldn't remain calm now.

(Could it really be?)

A breakthrough to the Golden Immortal?

Her heart trembled slightly.

If that were true, then everything would change.

The guards began speaking again, this time with a mixture of shock and excitement.

"If our empire gains a Golden Immortal, then we wouldn't have to fear anyone!"

"Even the Desolate Heaven Empire would have to show us respect!"

Their voices grew more heated and more excited.

Because no matter who it was-

As long as they belonged to the Falling Star Empire-

It would elevate the entire empire to an unimaginable level.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 523 Mysterious Expert[1,138 words]

Chapter 523 Mysterious Expert

Rumble!!!

Another wave of thunder rolled across the heavens.

The pressure surged once more.

Stronger than before.

And this time, even the air seemed to crack.

Sun Yaoqing stared into the distance.

Her expression was completely serious now.

"No matter who it is..."

She muttered softly.

"I must quickly appease the expert and do my best to keep them in my Empire."

Whether it was truly a Golden Immortal tribulation-or something even more unfathomable-One thing was certain.

The one undergoing it was no ordinary expert.

Sun Yaoqing's gaze remained fixed on the distant storm, her expression completely serious now.

Even if that person only stepped into the Earth Immortal Realm-

To able to call such a terrifying Heavenly Tribulation-

They would still be an existence far beyond anyone she knew.

An unparalleled expert.

"No matter the cultivation realm..."

She muttered softly.

"Someone who can call this level of tribulation cannot be judged by common standards."

Her eyes sharpened.

That kind of person was someone the empire must win over.

She turned slightly.

"Mingzhu!"

"Yes, Your Highness!"

Mingzhu stepped forward without hesitation.

"Prepare gifts."

Sun Yaoqing's tone was decisive.

"The highest-grade resources we can offer."

A brief pause.

"High-grade pills, rare herbs, artifacts-everything."

Mingzhu's expression tightened.

She understood instantly.

This was not a simple matter of courtesy.

This was a matter of national interest.

To win favor from such an expert-

Even a small connection-

Would be worth more than entire territories.

"I understand!"

She responded firmly before immediately leaving to make arrangements.

Meanwhile, Sun Yaoqing continued watching the sky.

Rumble-!!!

The fifth bolt of lightning descended.

Even more terrifying than before.

The clouds churned violently, as if enraged.

Then-

Crack-!!!

The sixth strike fell.

The heavens themselves seemed to split apart.

The pressure surged to an unimaginable level.

Even the guards below felt their legs tremble slightly.

"...Six..."

One of them whispered.

His voice filled with disbelief.

But before anyone could process it-

The clouds gathered once more.

Even denser.

Even heavier.

As if preparing for something final.

Sun Yaoqing's eyes narrowed.

(The seventh...)

But just as the power reached its peak, it stopped abruptly.

The thunder faded.

The lightning vanished.

The oppressive pressure that had blanketed the heavens-

Disappeared as if it had never existed.

Silence!

Everyone stared upward in shock.

"...It stopped?"

"Why didn't the seventh strike fall?"

"Did the expert succeed?"

No one had an answer. But Sun Yaoqing didn't hesitate.

Her gaze turned sharp instantly.

"Search!"

Her voice rang out decisively.

"Spread out and locate the expert immediately."

The guards straightened.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

But she raised her hand slightly.

"And remember-"

Her tone turned serious.

"Be respectful. No matter who you encounter-do not offend them."

She paused for a brief moment.

Then added-

"Send a message immediately and I will go personally."

That single sentence made the guards' expressions tighten.

To have the princess go in person-that was the highest level of sincerity.

Sun Yaoqing understood clearly.

Someone of that level could not be summoned.

It would be disrespectful.

If anything, she should be the one to seek them out.

Only then would it show proper intent.

Her gaze shifted once more toward the distance.

Toward where the tribulation had descended.

Sun Yaoqing stayed behind.

She remained where she was, her gaze fixed toward the horizon where the tribulation had descended.

She was waiting.

For when her guards would locate that mysterious expert-or Bai Zihan would return.

No matter which came first, both were matters she could not afford to neglect. The unknown expert was a potential pillar that could elevate the entire empire. But Bai Zihan was also someone she could not afford to treat lightly either. Even if they could get the support of that mysterious expert, it was not a wise idea to offend or neglect Young Master Bai.

Time passed.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Five minutes.

But there was still no news about the mysterious expert, nor did Bai Zihan appear.

Then-

A ripple appeared in the air behind her.

Sun Yaoqing's eyes sharpened instantly.

She turned.

The guards reacted a step slower.

And in the next moment-

A figure stepped out.

Bai Zihan!

For a brief instant, Sun Yaoqing was genuinely startled.

But that surprise lasted only a fraction of a second.

Her expression returned to calm almost immediately. She stepped forward slightly and cupped her hands. "Young Master Bai."

Her tone was respectful. "Welcome back!"

Her gaze shifted subtly.

Behind him, there was no one. Her eyes flickered slightly.

No Chong Sheng?

Her first instinct-

Chong Sheng had managed to escape.

After all, someone like Chong Sheng escaping under such circumstances was not impossible.

But before she could ask, Bai Zihan spoke.

"Chong Sheng is dead."

His tone was calm.

As if stating something insignificant.

Sun Yaoqing froze for a brief moment.

"Dead?"

A hint of disbelief flashed across her eyes.

Bai Zihan nodded slightly.

"There is no need to search for him anymore."

Bai Zihan thought that the guards were searching for Chong Sheng, as he had

spotted a few of them on his way back.

Of course, he didn't know that he was mistaken-they were actually searching for the mysterious expert who might be in the Golden Immortal Realm.

Sun Yaoqing knew Bai Zihan was misunderstanding, but she didn't say anything.

There was no need to explain her intentions to him.

Though she was surprised that Bai Zihan didn't seem to be interested in the

expert who had faced the Heavenly Tribulation six times.

Bai Zihan's eyes remained calm.

"You did a good job. I will have someone send a reward for your work."

Bai Zihan said.

It wasn't just because she informed him about Chong Sheng in time, allowing

him to remove a potential threat-

But also because he still needed her in the future, especially if she could help locate the mysterious organization that had previously tried to assassinate him. By rewarding her, he was giving her an incentive to work harder. "Young Master Bai, there is no need. I only did what I was supposed to do.

Rather, I am thankful that you took care of that demonic cultivator."

Sun Yaoqing replied honestly.

Bai Zihan didn't say much and simply nodded.

"I shall take my leave now."

Sun Yaoqing paused slightly.

The words reached her lips-

She almost asked him to stay for a few days.

But the thought only lasted for a moment.

Her gaze flickered toward the distant horizon, where the Heavenly Tribulation had descended.

That mysterious expert...

She had to focus on finding them rather than attending to Bai Zihan.

She suppressed her thoughts and gave a slight nod.

"Understood, Young Master Bai."

Her tone remained respectful.

"I will not delay you." Bai Zihan gave a faint nod. The next moment- He raised his hand.

He tore open space, and his figure disappeared instantly into the spatial rift.

The void closed behind him.

The moment Bai Zihan left-

Sun Yaoqing's expression changed.

The calmness faded.

Replaced by sharp decisiveness.

She turned immediately toward the guards. "Listen carefully!"

Her voice rang out clearly.

All the guards straightened instantly.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

Sun Yaoqing's eyes were cold and focused.

"Increase the number of search parties. Expand the search range to a hundred miles around the tribulation site."

Her tone grew even more serious. "Search every mountain. Every valley. Every hidden cave. Leave no place

unchecked."

She added one more sentence.

"Whoever finds that expert-"

Her eyes gleamed.

"Will be rewarded heavily!"

A wave of excitement surged through the guards.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

They responded loudly.

Without delay- Figures shot into the sky one after another.

Splitting in different directions. The search began on a massive scale.

Sun Yaoqing's gaze once again turned toward the distant horizon.

Her expression was firm.

(We must find them...)

No matter the cost-

No matter the effort-

She had to locate that mysterious expert.

Because she knew-

That person...

Could change the fate of the entire Falling Star Empire.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 524 I Want To Refine A Pill

Chapter 524 I Want To Refine A Pill

The wind howled softly across the vast skies as space itself twisted open. From within it, Bai Zihan stepped out.

His robes fluttered lightly before settling, his figure descending from the fractured void onto the familiar lands of the Mu Clan.

He didn't go to the Bai Clan but instead went directly to the Mu Clan, and the reason was simple-to test out his Grandmaster Alchemist skill.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept across the clan briefly.

Mountains, rivers, and entire regions were filled with the faint fragrance of herbs and spiritual plants.

Terraced fields of spiritual herbs extended as far as the eye could see, glowing faintly under the sunlight.

Streams of clear water flowed gently between them, carrying traces of medicinal essence.

At the heart of the valley stood elegant structures. Unlike the domineering presence of the Bai Clan, this place felt peaceful.

The Mu Clan!

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered for a moment.

Then he stepped forward.

The moment he crossed the boundary, several figures appeared almost instantly.

They hadn't sensed him approaching.

But the instant he entered, they knew.

A group of Mu Clan disciples hurried forward.

Their expressions shifted the moment they saw him clearly.

Recognition.

Then respect.

"Young Master Bai!"

They bowed deeply.

Their attitudes were polite-almost reverent.

After all, even if the Mu Clan was independent, they relied heavily on the Bai Clan.

And Bai Zihan was someone they could not afford to offend.

Not to mention, Bai Zihan also had the blood of the Mu Clan and held high status even if he were to remove his Bai name.

Moreover, who here hadn't heard about his deeds against the Demonic Forces?

They knew that with his strength alone, he was stronger than anyone in the Mu Clan, including his own mother.

Bai Zihan nodded slightly.

"I'm here to see my mother."

Bai Zihan said.

The disciples immediately nodded.

"Of course, Young Master!"

One of them stepped forward respectfully.

"Please allow us to guide you inside."

There was no delay.

Bai Zihan followed.

As they walked deeper into the valley, more members of the Mu Clan noticed his arrival.

Some paused their work.

Others bowed slightly as he passed.

Whispers spread quietly.

Respect.

Curiosity.

A hint of awe.

The deeper they went, the richer the spiritual energy became.

The fragrance of herbs thickened, almost tangible.

"This way, Young Master."

The disciple gestured respectfully.

The inner pavilion was quiet.

Soft incense lingered in the air, blending seamlessly with the natural fragrance of spiritual herbs that surrounded the estate.

The architecture was elegant rather than grand-every detail refined, every line deliberate.

Bai Zihan was seated.

A low jade table stood before him, upon which a servant had just placed a pot of freshly brewed spiritual tea.

Wisps of steam curled upward, carrying a calming scent that could subtly soothe one's meridians.

He drank the tea slowly, waiting.

It did not take long.

A ripple of aura approached-gentle, yet profound.

Then a figure appeared at the entrance.

Mu Yuelan!

The moment her eyes landed on Bai Zihan-

They lit up.

"Zihan'er!"

Her voice carried unmistakable joy.

In the next instant, she had already stepped inside, her usual composed demeanor breaking ever so slightly.

"You're here."

Her gaze swept over him, carefully, almost instinctively.

Then she smiled.

"Good... good!"

Her voice softened, filled with satisfaction.

"I've heard everything."

Her eyes shone faintly.

"You have done a great job. And your cultivation..."

She couldn't believe her eyes when she sensed Bai Zihan's cultivation.

Top Void Refinement Realm!

It was almost catching up to her, and the shocking part was that two years ago, he was only at the Core Formation Stage.

"Top Void Refinement Realm! Zihan'er, you have worked hard! In the Desolate Heaven Empire, no, in the world, there shouldn't be anyone as talented as you." There was no restraint in her praise. Only genuine happiness.

This was her son.

Bai Zihan met her gaze calmly.

There was no visible reaction to the praise.

But neither did he reject it.

Mu Yuelan soon regained her composure.

She took a seat across from him, her expression turning slightly more curious.

"You didn't come here just to see me, did you?"

Her tone was gentle, but certain.

Someone like Bai Zihan, even if he was her son, wouldn't make a trip without reason.

Bai Zihan nodded.

"I need an alchemy room."

There was no hesitation.

"I want to refine a few pills."

Silence!

For a brief moment, Mu Yuelan simply stared at him.

Her expression froze slightly.

"...You want to refine a pill?"

There was an unmistakable surprise in her voice.

Memories surfaced almost instantly.

Back then, when Bai Zihan's cultivation talent had yet to reveal itself...

When he seemed uninterested in training, she had once tried to guide him toward alchemy.

With her support and the Mu Clan's foundation, even if he couldn't reach the peak, he could have made a name for himself.

But the result was disastrous.

He couldn't properly identify herbs.

His control over Qi was poor.

Even the simplest refining processes would collapse midway.

And more importantly, he had shown no interest.

Not just a lack of interest.

Detest! He clearly hated doing alchemy.

That was why she gave up. After all, with her and Bai Tianheng as his parents, he never needed to walk

such a path.

And now, the same person sat before her, calmly stating that he wanted to refine pills.

Mu Yuelan's lips curved slightly, a hint of amusement appearing.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

Her tone was light.

"If you need any pills, just tell me what you want."

She waved her hand casually.

"I'll refine them for you personally. There's no need for you to do it yourself."

In her eyes, this was unnecessary.

Now that Bai Zihan had revealed such terrifying talent in cultivation, diverting his focus to alchemy was simply inefficient.

Even wasteful.

"I'll do it myself."

His voice was calm, firm, and unyielding.

Mu Yuelan's expression paused slightly.

"...Zihan'er."

Her tone softened, carrying a trace of concern.

"You've only just begun to rise in cultivation. This is not the time to split your focus."

"Alchemy isn't something you can pick up on a whim."

She looked at him carefully.

"You didn't even-"

She stopped herself.

Didn't even what?

Didn't even have the talent? Didn't even succeed once?

But she refrained from saying that. Bai Zihan met her gaze directly. "There won't be a problem. Just trust me."

As if it were nothing more than a trivial matter.

"How about this? I can try to refine a pill, and if I can't, I will not bring this up

again."

Bai Zihan said confidently.

After all, he had Grade-8 Alchemy skill, so there was no need to worry.

Mu Yuelan fell silent.

She studied him carefully.

This time, she noticed that Bai Zihan was serious.

He wasn't joking.

After a few breaths of silence-

Mu Yuelan exhaled softly.

"Fine!"

She gave in.

Not because she agreed-

But because she wanted to see. "Since you insist..."

She stood up slowly.

"I'll have an alchemy room prepared for you."

Her eyes lingered on him for a moment longer.

"And I'll come watch."

There was a trace of curiosity now.

She turned and walked toward the entrance.

"Follow me!"

Bai Zihan rose without a word.

The tea remained untouched.

As the two figures left the pavilion, a quiet tension began to form.

Mu Yuelan did not bring him to her own private alchemy room.

Instead, she led him to where other junior-level alchemists refined their pills.

Soon, a wide hall came into view.

It was not grand, but it was bustling.

Rows of alchemy furnaces were arranged neatly across the interior, each one occupied. Disciples stood before them, focused-some carefully measuring herbs, others controlling flames beneath their cauldrons.

This was a common alchemy hall.

Used by those still learning.

Or those whose skill had yet to reach the level worthy of exclusivity.

"Here," Mu Yuelan said calmly.

"This hall is used for Grade-3 alchemists and below."

In the Mu Clan, only those who reach Grade-4 are considered to have sufficient talent to be given a private alchemy room.

For others, this is enough.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept across the hall.

He saw everything in a single glance.

The herb selections.

The flame control.

The Qi fluctuations.

To the others, it was normal.

To him, it was full of flaws.

But he said nothing. The moment Mu Yuelan stepped inside-

The atmosphere shifted. Heads turned.

"Lady Mu..."

"It's Lady Mu Yuelan!"

Respect surfaced in every gaze.

Some even straightened subconsciously, as if afraid of making mistakes under her presence.

Among the younger disciples, especially the female disciples-

Their eyes lit up with admiration.

Mu Yuelan was not just an elder.

She was a figure they looked up to. Someone who became a Master Alchemist at such a young age.

A woman who had risen through skill and intellect.

And beyond that, she had married Bai Tianheng.

The Clan Leader of the Bai Clan. The strongest clan in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

To them, she was the embodiment of success.

Grace!

Power!

Status!

She had everything a woman could want!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 525 Mu Linyue!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 525 Mu Linyue!

Chapter 525 Mu Linyue!

The Alchemy room has been lit up with Mu Yuelan's presence.

Many began to speculate why she was here, perhaps to give them some pointers.

That would be great.

But soon-

Their attention shifted.

Because they noticed someone walking behind her.

A young man.

Tall, calm, and handsome.

His presence was quiet, yet impossible to ignore.

"Who is that?"

Someone whispered, not recognizing Bai Zihan immediately.

Although many of them had seen this young master, it was mainly when he was young and had yet to shed his baby fat.

Now that he has grown up, he has changed quite a bit from when they remember him.

Then realization struck.

"Wait... that's- Bai Zihan!"

A ripple spread through the hall.

Even those who had been focused on their furnaces couldn't help but glance over.

The name alone carried weight, especially recently.

However, more than that, there was a hint of resentment on their faces, as if looking at an enemy.

The atmosphere grew subtly tense.

But Bai Zihan paid none of it any attention.

He knew very well that he had made an enemy of most of them when he

couldn't be bothered to become an alchemist and, instead of admitting his lack of talent, chose to look down on the profession.

Then-

A sharp sound echoed from the side.

Clang!

The lid of an alchemy furnace slammed shut.

A figure stepped forward.

A young woman.

Her robes were more refined than the others present, embroidered with delicate patterns that marked her status. Her features were beautiful, but her expression-

Cold and proud!

And unmistakably displeased.

Her eyes locked onto Bai Zihan the moment she saw him.

Mu Qingyuan's daughter.

Bai Zihan's cousin.

Mu Linyue!

The atmosphere shifted the instant she moved.

Some disciples subtly stepped back.

After all, who didn't know that Mu Linyue disliked Bai Zihan?

Although the two were close cousins, they were more like mortal enemies than family.

On one hand, there was Bai Zihan, who detest alchemy, while on the other

hand, there was Mu Linyue, who was extremely proud of alchemy.

It was inevitable that the two of them would clash.

Her footsteps were unhurried, yet each one carried a certain pressure.

She stopped a few paces before Mu Yuelan.

The coldness in her eyes softened-just slightly.

"Aunt!"

Mu Linyue lowered her head in greeting.

Her tone was respectful.

Whatever arrogance she carried, it was not directed at Mu Yuelan.

Mu Yuelan gave a small nod.

"Linyue!"

But before that brief civility could settle, Mu Linyue's gaze shifted.

It landed on Bai Zihan.

And whatever restraint she had... vanished.

A faint smile curved her lips.

Polite, yet unmistakably sharp.

"I didn't expect to see you here today."

Her voice was calm.

But there was something underneath it.

Her eyes no longer lingered on Mu Yuelan. Instead, they fixed directly on Bai Zihan.

A faint smile curved her lips.

Polite, yet unmistakably sharp.

"Young Master Bai..."

She spoke his title clearly.

Almost deliberately.

"...what brings someone of your status to a place like this?"

A slight pause.

Her gaze swept across the hall-the furnaces, the disciples, the faint smoke

rising in the air.

Then returned to him.

"I thought this kind of place..."

Her tone remained gentle.

"...was beneath you, or perhaps I remembered wrong?"

She tilted her head slightly, as if genuinely puzzled.

"I seem to recall someone saying that alchemy is merely a waste of time... something that doesn't benefit anyone."

Her eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

Still smiling.

"So why is the esteemed Young Master here today?"

Each word was soft.

But they pressed down like invisible blades.

The atmosphere tightened instantly.

It was clear she didn't want Bai Zihan here and wanted to make him leave.

Mu Linyue's expression remained composed.

But inwardly, her thoughts churned coldly.

(Hero of the Demonic War? Hah!)

A trace of disdain flashed through her mind.

(Ptui! To others, he may be something remarkable...)

(But to me-)

Her gaze sharpened slightly.

(-he's nothing more than a spoiled brat who doesn't know the vastness of the world.)

Her opinion had never changed.

And it never would.

Even if Bai Zihan had truly saved countless lives-

Even if the world praised him-

To her-

He was still the same person who once looked down on everything she stood for.

Mu Yuelan stood quietly to the side.

She did not interfere.

Her expression remained calm.

Observing.

After all, they were of the same age.

Conflict between them was inevitable.

If she stepped in now, it would only make things worse.

And more importantly, it wouldn't help either of them.

So she remained silently watching.

Bai Zihan's gaze landed on Mu Linyue.

She couldn't really remember her just based on her appearance since when he met her, he couldn't properly see other's faces.

But hearing her voice, he was able to easily recognize her, not to mention when she has addressed his mother as aunt.

Then, a faint curve appeared at the corner of his lips.

"Oh? If it isn't Cousin Linyue?"

A brief pause.

His eyes swept over her once, as if only just noticing her presence.

"Had it not been you who said all that just now..."

He tilted his head slightly.

"I might've thought someone didn't want me here."

A few disciples nearly choked.

That was exactly what Mu Linyue was hinting at, yet Bai Zihan made it sound otherwise.

Totally shameless!

Mu Linyue's smile stiffened for the briefest moment.

Her eyes narrowed.

But Bai Zihan continued, as if nothing had happened.

"As for what I said before..."

He waved his hand lightly.

"I never thought alchemy itself was completely worthless."

A pause.

Then his gaze sharpened slightly.

"But those who think it's all there is to the world..."

His tone remained calm.

Yet every word carried weight.

"...are!"

Silence!

Then-

A crack!

Mu Linyue's composure fractured.

"You-!" Her aura flared slightly.

Her eyes turned cold.

"So now you're changing your words?"

She let out a short, sharp laugh.

"How convenient! As expected of a shameless person!"

Bai Zihan raised a brow. "Changing?"

He scoffed lightly.

"Who knows whether you remember right or just making things up?"

Mu Linyue's lips twitched. She shot back instantly.

"At least we don't pretend to know everything while looking down on others."

Bai Zihan chuckled.

"Looking down?"

He glanced at her.

"Perhaps! After all, I am that talented!"

"Talented? Hahaha... Bai Zihan, are you even talking about yourself?"

Mu Linyue's voice rose slightly.

"You couldn't even control your Qi properly! And now you're here talking about

'talent'? If you are talented then everyone else is an unparalleled genius!" Bai Zihan shrugged.

"Hmph! What do you know? That was simply because I couldn't be bothered to

learn alchemy back then." Mu Linyue scoffed. "Couldn't be bothered?"

Her eyes were full of disbelief.

"Indeed, twisting right into wrong-who could be better than you? You can't

even admit how pathetic you were."

Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"Why would I admit to something that is not correct? Moreover, one can

always improve. Who is to say that I didn't improve?"

"Because you lack the talent!"

She snapped. "And the patience!"

"And the discipline!"

"Ah! And the brain knows which herb is which."

Bai Zihan got irritated hearing that.

It was mainly because of the System Interface that he couldn't see properly

back then, and hence he couldn't even refine a simple appetizer pill. Now this girl was rubbing salt on his wound.

"Spoken like someone who spent her entire life stirring herbs in a pot."

Bai Zihan insulted her. Gasps sounded around them.

Mu Linyue's face flushed red.

"At least I can do that properly!"

She shot back.

"Unlike someone who probably can't even tell Spirit Grass from weeds!"

Bai Zihan looked genuinely pissed.

"Well, congrats. After spending your whole life with plants, you can differentiate weeds from others. I guess I couldn't beat your discipline. I admire you!"

Bai Zihan sarcastically said.

"You-! You arrogant-!"

"You narrow-minded-!" "Fraud!"

"Stubborn mule!" "Pretentious peacock!" "Irritating woman!"

"Shameless brat!"

...

The exchange escalated rapidly.

Back and forth.

Without pause.

Without restraint.

Like children arguing over the smallest slight.

The disciples around them stood frozen.

Completely stunned.

(This... is Bai Zihan?)

(This... is Mu Linyue?)

The two figures they once viewed with awe were now bickering like street children.

Even Mu Yuclan's expression turned strange.

At first, she watched silently.

Then her brows slowly furrowed.

(They haven't changed at all.)

A faint sigh escaped her lips.

Finally, she stepped forward.

"Enough!"

Her voice was not loud.

But it cut through everything instantly.

The two stopped mid-argument.

Both turning toward her.

Mu Yuelan's gaze swept over them calmly.

Yet carrying undeniable authority. "Calm down, both of you."

A slight pause.

"You're embarrassing yourselves in front of everyone."

Silence fell!

Mu Linyue clicked her tongue.

"Hmph!"

She turned her head away.

Bai Zihan exhaled lightly.

"Hmph!"

He did the same.

Both of them were clearly still dissatisfied.

But they listened.

At least for now.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 526 The Clown Who Challenges a Genius

Chapter 526 The Clown Who Challenges a Genius

Mu Linyue took a slow breath.

Then another.

The anger in her eyes gradually settled, though the coldness never left.

She straightened her posture, regaining her usual composure as if nothing had just happened.

Only the faint stiffness in her expression betrayed otherwise.

Her gaze shifted away from Bai Zihan.

Back to Mu Yuelan.

"Aunt..."

Her tone was once again respectful.

As if the previous exchange had never occurred.

"What brings you here today?"

A slight pause.

Then-

Her eyes flicked sideways, landing on Bai Zihan for just a moment.

The meaning behind it was obvious.

(And what is he doing here?)

Mu Yuelan naturally understood.

Her expression remained calm.

"There's nothing much."

She said lightly.

"Zihan'er wanted to refine a pill, so I brought him here."

Silence!

For a brief moment, Mu Linyue didn't know how to react to such a ridiculous answer.

As if her mind had not yet processed the words.

Then, her eyes widened.

"...What?"

Then she laughed.

"Him?"

A short, disbelieving laugh escaped her lips.

Then another.

And another.

"Hahaha-!"

This time, there was no restraint.

Only pure, undisguised mockery.

It was as if she had just heard the most ridiculous joke in her life.

The disciples around them froze.

No one dared to laugh along.

But many lowered their heads, shoulders trembling slightly.

Clearly, they were holding it in.

Mu Linyue raised a hand to her lips, trying-failing-to suppress her laughter.

"Him? Refine a pill?"

She repeated, her voice shaking slightly.

Her eyes swept over Bai Zihan again.

From head to toe.

As if reevaluating him entirely.

Then she shook her head.

Still laughing.

"This is... too much!"

Her tone was filled with ridicule.

"Since when did the Young Master develop such... lofty ambitions?"

She tilted her head, a smirk forming.

"Or is this some kind of new joke I'm not aware of?"

There was no need to hide it anymore.

Her contempt was laid bare.

To her-

This was absurd.

Completely absurd.

Bai Zihan?

Refining pills?

It was like a clown declaring he would sit on a throne.

Ridiculous!

Laughable!

Even maintaining her image was no longer worth it.

Because this was simply too funny.

Bai Zihan's brows furrowed slightly.

Mu Linyue's laughter.

Her gaze.

The undisguised contempt.

Of course, he understood why. But understanding it... didn't mean he would tolerate it.

(Go on... laugh all you want.)

A faint chill flickered through his eyes.

(Soon... you'll be the one slapping yourself.)

He said nothing.

Simply stood there, calm and silent.

As if her ridicule meant nothing at all.

Mu Linyue gradually regained her composure.

Her laughter faded.

Her expression returned to normal.

But now-

When she looked at Bai Zihan-

It was no longer anger.

Nor irritation.

But something far worse.

Amusement.

As if looking at an ignorant clown.

"Aunt Yuelan..."

She spoke again, her tone carrying a trace of helpless disbelief.

"Are you serious?"

Her gaze shifted between the two.

"Don't you know his level in alchemy?"

There was no need to elaborate.

Everyone here knew.

Or at least-

They thought they did.

"He'll only end up wasting the ingredients."

Her voice was calm now.

Matter-of-fact.

But the meaning was sharp.

Then she added, after a slight pause-

"If there's a pill you need..."

Her eyes flicked back to Bai Zihan briefly.

"...you can simply tell us."

Her tone remained polite.

Because despite everything, she was not foolish.

Bai Zihan's current status.

His strength.

His talent in cultivation.

All of it was real.

And the Mu Clan was allied with the Bai Clan.

Bai Zihan, being the heir and future Clan Leader, would definitely be someone they had to listen to in the future, though that didn't mean she would change her opinion of him. Moreover, he was Mu Yuelan's son.

He was also of the same blood as her, and there was nothing wrong with him requesting and then fulfilling his request.

"If it's within our ability, we'll refine it for you."

That was the responsibility of the Mu Clan.

Even if she disliked him. Even if she looked down on him.

She would not neglect her duty.

Mu Yuelan nodded slightly.

She also thought the same and didn't want Bai Zihan to waste his time trying to do something that would lead to failure.

Even if not, his talent in cultivation was too great for him to pursue the path of alchemy.

However, it was Bai Zihan who wanted to do so, and she couldn't stop him.

Bai Zihan shook his head.

"I'll do it myself."

His voice was calm and unyielding.

"And there's no need for the esteemed genius of the Mu Clan to waste her time on something like this."

Mu Linyue's eyes narrowed.

She knew that Bai Zihan was just getting back at her for her earlier remark.

But she didn't flare up immediately.

Instead, she smiled.

"If that's the case..."

She said softly.

"Then Cousin should know yourself the best."

A slight pause.

"With your talent in alchemy, it might take ten years before you can even successfully refine a Grade-1 pill." "Not to mention..."

Her lips curved slightly.

"Who knows how many precious ingredients you would waste!"

Mu Linyue said.

Bai Zihan's patience thinned.

A faint, dangerous glint flashed through his eyes.

(I will let you experience dread...)

His fingers twitched slightly.

A petty thought, perhaps.

But he didn't care.

After all, he now possessed Grade-8 Alchemy Mastery.

In front of that, what was Mu Linyue?

A so-called genius?

Laughable!

Today, he would make her understand that before his System, talent and hard work meant nothing.

He would get back at her for everything he suffered.

(You dare look down on this young master? Today, you will know what being utterly defeated means!)

Bai Zihan slowly lifted his head.

He looked directly at Mu Linyue.

"Since Cousin Linyue is so confident..."

His voice was steady.

Almost casual.

"...why don't we make things a little more interesting?"

Mu Linyue's brows knit slightly.

"What do you mean?" Bai Zihan took a single step forward.

"Let's have a competition!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 527 Alchemist Competition[955 words]

Chapter 527 Alchemist Competition

"Let's have a competition. Between me and you!"

Silence!

The words echoed clearly.

For a moment-

No one reacted.

As if they hadn't heard correctly.

Then a ripple exploded through the hall.

"A competition?! With Mu Linyue?!"

"Is he serious?!"

"Doesn't he know that in the entire Desolate Heaven Empire, there is no one in her generation who could compete with her?"

"She is even more talented than the current Pill King! And Bai Zihan dares to challenge her?"

Even those who had been suppressing their laughter now stared openly. Shock!

Disbelief!

Even Mu Yuelan's eyes widened slightly.

She hadn't expected this at all.

After all, it was a stupid decision.

For someone like Bai Zihan, who had no talent and couldn't even refine an appetizer pill, to challenge a once-in-a-thousand genius like Mu Linyue to a competition-

Even fools wouldn't make such a stupid decision.

Mu Linyue blinked once.

Then twice.

And then, she laughed again.

"You... want to compete with me?"

She pointed at herself slightly.

As if confirming.

Then looked at him again, who nodded in confirmation.

Her lips slowly curved upward.

"Cousin..."

Her voice dropped.

"...do you even know what you're saying?"

Her tone wasn't mocking anymore.

It was almost pitying.

A beginner.

Challenging her?

In alchemy?

This wasn't arrogance.

This was stupidity.

Bai Zihan didn't respond immediately.

He simply met her gaze.

"As long as you can refine a pill..."

He said calmly.

"...I can refine it better"

The arrogance in that statement was absolute.

The hall fell into a strange silence.

Even the faint crackling of flames beneath the furnaces seemed to dim.

Mu Linyue stared at him for a few breaths longer.

Then, her smile slowly faded.

Not into anger.

But into something more serious.

"You should stop."

Her voice was calmer now.

"This isn't something you can joke about."

Her gaze held his.

"There's no need to take things this far."

A slight pause.

"You've already said enough today."

Her tone softened-just a fraction.

"Leave it at that."

For once, she wasn't trying to humiliate him.

She was giving him a way out.

There was no benefit in this.

Beating Bai Zihan in alchemy?

Of course she would win.

There was no doubt.

But what would that prove?

That she defeated someone who couldn't even refine a basic pill?

That wasn't glory.

That was a waste of time.

And worse, it would make Bai Zihan lose face completely.

Something neither the Bai Clan nor Mu Yuelan would appreciate.

So this was her final courtesy.

"Know when to stop."

She said quietly.

But Bai Zihan only looked at her.

"You're afraid?"

Three simple words.

The atmosphere exploded.

Mu Linyue's eyes sharpened instantly.

"What did you say?"

Bai Zihan's expression didn't change.

"I thought the so-called genius of the Mu Clan wouldn't avoid a simple

competition."

His tone was light.

Almost careless.

"But I guess I overestimated you."

Gasps sounded.

Mu Linyue stared at him.

For a long moment, she said nothing.

Then she laughed.

"Afraid?"

She repeated softly.

Her aura stirred faintly.

"You really don't know your place."

The last trace of restraint disappeared.

"Fine!"

One word.

But it settled everything.

"You want a competition?" She stepped forward.

Her eyes locked onto his.

"I'll give you one."

A slight pause. "But don't regret it later!"

Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"That's my line!"

Mu Yuelan watched the two of them.

A headache slowly forming.

(These two...)

She sighed inwardly.

There was no stopping it now.

"Enough!"

Her voice cut in once more, calm and decisive.

"If you're going to compete, then do it properly."

She inwardly thought that if Bai Zihan received a crushing defeat, then he might give up.

Both turned toward her.

Mu Yuclan's gaze swept across the hall.

Then she spoke.

"How do you want to compete?"

Her tone was neutral.

Bai Zihan answered without hesitation.

"Whoever refines the higher-grade pill wins." Simple and straightforward. Mu Yuelan nodded slightly.

She turned her gaze toward Mu Linyue.

"What about you? Do you have a problem with it?"

Mu Linyue didn't even think twice.

"I have no problem."

Her voice was calm and confident.

After all, in her eyes, the outcome had already been decided.

The atmosphere in the hall shifted completely.

This was no longer a simple exchange of words.

This was a real competition.

The disciples quickly stepped back, clearing space.

Two furnaces were prepared.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

He stopped before one of the furnaces.

His gaze lingered on it for a brief moment.

Then he turned toward the ingredient racks.

Rows upon rows of herbs, roots, and spiritual materials were neatly arranged. However, this was only a hall for Grade-3 alchemists.

Which meant every ingredient here was, at most, suitable for Grade-3 pills.

Bai Zihan reached out.

Casually picking a few herbs.

Then another.

And another.

On the other side, Mu Linyue had already begun selecting her ingredients.

Her movements were smooth and precise.

The surrounding disciples began to whisper.

"What is Senior Sister Linyue choosing?" "That... isn't that-"

One of them widened his eyes.

"Cloud Mist Grass... Crimson Spirit Root... and that's..."

"Three-Yin Flower!"

A ripple spread. "She's going for that?!"

"No way... that's one of the hardest Grade-3 pills to refine!"

"Top-grade Grade-3... the Heavenly Meridian Cleansing Pill!" Shock filled their voices.

That pill was notoriously difficult.

Even among Grade-3 pills, it stood at the peak.

High failure rate. Extremely strict control required.

And the effects were exceptional.

To attempt that, it could only mean one thing.

She's ending this in one move. Meanwhile, eyes slowly shifted toward Bai Zihan.

And then, confusion spread. "What is he picking?"

"That combination doesn't make sense."

"Wait, is that even a proper set of ingredients?"

"I don't recognize any pill formula from that..."

Murmurs grew louder.

Because unlike Mu Linyue, Bai Zihan's selection looked random.

One herb from here.

Another from there.

It was as if he didn't even know what he was choosing.

Then someone whispered-

"Does he even know what those are?"

Silence followed.

And then, a few suppressed chuckles.

"That has to be it..."

"He's just picking randomly."

"He probably can't even identify the herbs..."

"Looks like he really came here to embarrass himself."

Mu Linyue also noticed.

Her brows furrowed slightly.

For a brief moment, she thought she might have missed something.

But no matter how she looked, there was none.

Her lips curled faintly.

(So this is your confidence?) Disappointment flickered in her eyes.

She had thought-

At the very least- There would be something.

Something unexpected.

But this?

This wasn't even worth taking seriously.

Bai Zihan, however, remained completely calm.

As if he couldn't hear a single whisper around him.

As if none of it mattered.

Because what he was going to refine was something that none of them could see coming.

A Grade-4 pill!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 528 Refining Grade-4 Pill! [1,023 words]

Chapter 528 Refining Grade-4 Pill!

While the set of ingredients present here was meant for Grade-3 pills, that only applied to the formulas known within the Desolate Heaven Empire and the Mu Clan.

But from the knowledge Bai Zihan had acquired, there was one particular recipe.

A recipe to refine a Grade-4 pill...

Using only these Grade-3 ingredients.

Of course, it would only result in a low-tier Grade-4 pill.

But even so, that was still far beyond any Grade-3 pill.

So in his eyes-

Even if Mu Linyue refined the absolute peak of Grade-3, it would still be meaningless before his.

Gradually, the attention in the hall shifted.

Not toward Mu Linyue, but toward Bai Zihan.

After all, there was nothing to watch on her side.

Everyone already knew her level.

Knew her skill.

Knew that she would succeed.

There was no suspense.

But Bai Zihan?

That was different.

Some watched with curiosity.

Others watched with thinly veiled ridicule.

What gives him such confidence to challenge the genius of the Mu Clan?

What exactly is he trying to refine? Or is he just going to embarrass himself?

His ingredient selection alone had already raised doubts.

So now, they could only watch.

At the very least, they wanted to see one thing.

Can he even begin?

Can he even operate the furnace properly?

If he failed at the very start, then this so-called "competition" would already be over.

Bai Zihan stood before the furnace.

Then he moved.

His hand pressed lightly against the furnace.

Qi flowed.

The formation beneath the furnace lit up.

Flames rose.

Not violently.

Not chaotically.

But smoothly.

Perfectly regulated.

A few disciples blinked, surprised by his Qi control.

This was the step that young Bai Zihan couldn't do very well.

One reason was the Dao Bone of Bai Xinyue, and another was that he himself didn't have much talent to begin with.

So, his Qi control was chaotic but now, it was perfectly controlled.

Though others only thought that because Bai Zihan's cultivation had increased significantly, it was inevitable that his control over Qi had improved.

But having Qi control wasn't enough to qualify one as alchemist.

Bai Zihan continued.

He began preparing the ingredients.

Crushing,

Separating.

Refining impurities.

There was no rush.

No panic.

No mistakes.

Time passed.

And slowly, the whispers changed.

"He's doing fine?"

"For now... Well, this part is basic. Anyone can do this."

"Even trainees can manage this much. That doesn't mean anything yet."

...

Still, their tone had changed.

From ridicule to reluctant acknowledgment.

Because the truth was, what Bai Zihan was doing right now was flawless.

Mu Yuelan also noticed.

Previously, Bai Zihan couldn't even identify ingredients or know what made them valuable.

Just like a person who didn't know how to cook and threw everything into a pot, Bai Zihan had been like that.

But now-

He was different.

Bai Zihan's movements remained steady.

He reached for a stalk of Cloud Mist Grass.

But instead of using it whole, his fingers gently brushed along its length.

Then, with a precise motion, he stripped away the outer fibers.

Leaving behind only the soft inner strands, the most refined essence.

Bai Zihan moved again.

His hand hovered over the Three-Yin Flower.

A notoriously delicate ingredient.

Even the slightest mishandling could damage its medicinal properties.

But Bai Zihan did not rush.

His fingers descended slowly and carefully.

He didn't pluck the flower whole.

Instead, he separated the petals one by one.

One petal.

Then another.

Perfectly intact.

No tearing.

No loss.

Bai Zihan continued.

Grinding certain herbs-

But not completely. Leaving just enough structure.

Crushing others until they were nearly dust.

Extracting essence where needed.

Discarding impurities without hesitation.

Every action had purpose.

Every step was exact.

(Hmm...)

Mu Yuelan's brows furrowed ever so slightly.

From this alone, she could be certain that Bai Zihan was familiar with each ingredient.

It wasn't impressive.

As it was the basics of becoming an alchemist.

But when it came to Bai Zihan, compared to his previous attempts, it was a hundred times better.

Mu Yuelan's gaze lingered on Bai Zihan for a moment longer.

Then, she slowly exhaled.

(The basics... are solid.)

That alone was enough to surprise her.

But that was only the beginning.

Because what came next was the true threshold to determine whether one was a good alchemist or not.

The flames beneath the furnace steadied.

The air grew heavier.

A faint medicinal fragrance began to spread.

And at that moment, everyone's focus sharpened.

This was it.

The real test.

Before this, it was just something that even trainees could do almost flawlessly.

Now, it was time for refinement.

One mistake, and everything would collapse.

Some disciples leaned forward slightly.

Others narrowed their eyes.

They waited.

Almost eagerly. Waiting to see Bai Zihan fail.

Waiting to see him expose himself.

But Bai Zihan's expression remained calm. His hands moved steadily.

A strand of refined Cloud Mist Grass essence entered the furnace.

Then-

Another ingredient followed.

His control over the fire was perfect.

The flames responded accordingly. Neither too fierce nor too weak.

Every fluctuation was subtle.

A disciple's eyes widened slightly. "His flame control..."

"...that level of stability..."

They were surprised to find that Bai Zihan's control over flame was also good-

almost comparable to high-grade alchemists.

Of course, they couldn't be certain, since the flame he was using was still basic fire.

Inside the furnace, the ingredients began to react.

A process that was normally chaotic-

Yet under Bai Zihan's control...

It appeared orderly.

Minutes passed.

And still, the furnace had yet to explode.

The whispers had long since died down.

In their place- Silence!

Because by now, everyone could see it clearly.

No matter how unwilling they were to admit it-

Bai Zihan knew what he was doing.

"He actually has the basics down."

"...More than basics."

"He can already be considered a beginner alchemist."

A few disciples exchanged glances.

Their expressions complicated.

Earlier ridicule had completely disappeared.

Replaced by surprise. Reluctant acknowledgment.

Of course, there were still doubts.

"He's doing well, but his ingredient combination still doesn't match any known Grade-3 formula."

"That's right!"

"No matter how good his control is... without a proper recipe, it's useless."

The conclusion spread quietly.

Bai Zihan had skill.

That much was undeniable now.

But, Alchemy was not just about control.

It was about knowledge. Recipes.

Precision in composition.

Without that-

Everything else meant nothing.

Mu Linyue's gaze flickered slightly as she watched.

Her expression no longer held mockery.

Only focus.

(His control... improved this much?)

For a brief moment, she felt something unexpected.

A trace of seriousness.

But then, her eyes shifted toward the ingredients he had used.

Toward the structure forming within the furnace.

And that trace vanished.

(Still wrong.)

Her lips curved faintly.

(There's no such Grade-3 pill.)

No matter how she analyzed it, there was no known outcome for what he was doing.

Which meant only one thing.

He didn't know the correct formula.

And without that-

Failure was inevitable.

She turned her attention back to her own furnace.

Completely composed once more.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan stood unmoving.

His focus entirely within the furnace.

The outside world didn't exist.

The whispers. The gazes.

The doubt.

None of it mattered.

Because he knew exactly what he was doing.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 529 The Result Is Already Decided[844 words]

Chapter 529 The Result Is Already Decided

Both of them were at the final stage of Pill Refinement.

The flames within both furnaces began to change.

Subtly at first, then more clearly.

The medicinal fragrance in the air thickened.

Richer!

Denser!

This was the final stage.

Pill formation.

Across the hall, Mu Linyue's expression was calm and focused.

Her hands moved in a precise rhythm.

Her Qi flowed like a steady current, guiding every reaction within the furnace.

The ingredients had long since fused.

What remained now was perfection.

Her flames intensified slightly.

Then softened.

Then stabilized.

Every transition was flawless.

This was the final step!

A faint glow began to gather within her furnace.

Golden.

Pure.

A sign of high-quality refinement.

Then, there was also Bai Zihan.

His furnace had reached the same stage as her.

Which alone was shocking to everyone who was watching him.

"He actually made it this far?"

"No explosion?"

"No instability?"

"That's impossible..."

By now, many thought that because of random ingredients being put in the furnace, there should be an explosion.

After all, without compatibility between the ingredients, the chance of the furnace exploding was very high.

But still there was none and Bai Zihan began to start the Pill Formation step.

Inside the furnace, energy surged violently.

The mixture trembled.

A few disciples' expressions changed.

"Here it comes!"

"Alas! It's going to fail."

"Too much energy-he can't control it!"

But Bai Zihan's expression didn't change and rather became excited.

This is all the part of the step and knew what to do.

His hand pressed lightly against the furnace.

And, his Qi surged.

Not wildly.

But with absolute precision.

Like threads.

Countless invisible threads weaving through chaos.

Suppressing!

Guiding!

Forcing order upon disorder.

The trembling inside the furnace slowed.

Then it stabilized.

The disciples' eyes widened in disbelief.

The energy continued to compress.

Until, a soft sound echoed.

Hummm!

A glow burst forth.

Not the usual hue of Grade-3 pills.

Bai Zihan lifted his hand.

The flames died down instantly.

Silence fell!

Then, he opened the furnace.

A faint wisp of fragrant smoke rose into the air.

And within, a single pill rested.

Smooth.

Round.

Perfect.

Its surface carried faint patterns subtle yet profound.

He reached in calmly and picked it up.

And turned.

Holding it between his fingers.

For everyone to see.

Silence!

Complete silence.

No one spoke.

No one moved.

"This..."

"What is that?"

"That's not any Grade-3 pill I know..."

"I feel like this pill more stronger than Grade-3!"

Confusion spread rapidly.

Even the experienced disciples frowned deeply.

Trying to identify it.

But none could.

Then a voice broke the silence.

"Zihan'er!"

Mu Yuelan stepped forward.

Her expression was no longer calm.

Her eyes were fixed on the pill in his hand carefully and serious.

Almost disbelieving.

"...that pill..."

A slight pause.

Her spiritual sense brushed over it once more.

Confirming.

"...it's not Grade-3."

The words fell heavily.

Many thought that it was a failed pill or perhaps a low-tier product, which was why they couldn't recognize it.

Mu Yuelan's words confirmed their suspicions-at least at first.

Mu Yuelan's voice lowered slightly.

"It has already stepped into Grade-4."

Silence!

Then-

An uproar. "Grade-4?! What?"

"That's impossible!"

"With those ingredients?!"

"No way-!"

Most couldn't believe it despite it coming out of Mu Yuelan's mouth.

After all, all the ingredients that Bai Zihan used were Grade-3 and below.

The ingredient doesn't have enough Qi to become a Grade-4 pill. Not to mention, that it was Bai Zihan refining it. So, they didn't want to believe

that Bai Zihan was capable of refining Grade-4 pills.

Mu Yuelan looked directly at Bai Zihan.

Her voice carried a rare hint of urgency. "What kind of pill is it?"

All eyes turned to him.

Bai Zihan stood there calmly.

As if everything that had just happened was completely normal.

He glanced at the pill in his hand.

Then spoke.

"Spirit Meridian Tempering Pill!"

The name echoed softly.

Unfamiliar.

Unknown.

He continued.

"It tempers and expands the meridians."

"A Grade-3 version can only slightly refine Qi pathways..."

A brief pause.

He lifted the pill slightly.

"But this one-"

His gaze was steady.

"-can directly strengthen meridians and increase Qi flow capacity."

Another pause.

"Useful for breaking bottlenecks below the Soul Formation Realm."

Silence!

Not because of the effect of the pill but because the pill that he was presenting

was indeed Grade-4.

Mu Yuelan stood still.

Her gaze locked on her son.

Shock!

Pride!

Confusion!

All mixed together.

She opened her mouth slightly-

But no words came out.

She initially wanted to discourage Bai Zihan into the path of Alchemy but after seeing this, what can she say?

He was already a Grade-4 Alchemist, that too before he was twenty. Saying he was a genius was understatement. The only one who could compete

with Bai Zihan might be Mu Linyue.

Silence lingered. Because what they had just witnessed-

Had completely shattered everything they thought they knew.

A Grade-4 pill. Refined... From Grade-3 ingredients.

And more importantly- Refined by Bai Zihan.

The same Bai Zihan who, not long ago, couldn't even distinguish herbs properly.

Shock rippled through the crowd once more.

Only this time, there was no ridicule left. Only disbelief.

"This... this is real, right?"

"I'm not dreaming?"

"A Grade-4 pill... he actually refined a Grade-4 pill..."

Voices trembled.

Some disciples stared blankly.

Others rubbed their eyes.

As if hoping the scene before them would change.

But it didn't.

The pill still rested in Bai Zihan's fingers.

Yet carrying a presence none of them could deny.

Then someone suddenly remembered.

"There's still Senior Sister Linyue!" That single sentence snapped everyone back.

Countless gazes turned instantly.

Toward the other furnace.

Toward Mu Linyue.

Right.

This was a competition.

And Mu Linyue had yet to reveal her pill.

However, many thought that there was no need to wait. "Even if Senior Sister Linyue succeeds..."

"...it's still only a Grade-3 pill."

"At most, peak Grade-3."

"What's the point?"

...

Indeed, there was no competition nor suspense left. The moment Bai Zihan refined a Grade-4 pill, the result was already decided!

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 530 The Mu Genius Who Refused to Lose

Chapter 530 The Mu Genius Who Refused to Lose

The moment Bai Zihan refined a Grade-4 pill, the result was already decided!

That conclusion spread like wildfire.

No one refuted it.

No one even tried because it was the truth.

An undeniable truth.

Even the most stubborn disciples could only fall silent.

Some sighed.

Some shook their heads.

Others looked toward Mu Linyue with complicated expressions.

Respect!

Pity!

Regret!

"Senior Sister Linyue... lost before she even finished..."

"What a shame!"

"Against something like that... there's nothing she could've done..."

The murmurs were quiet, but they carried weight.

The weight of a verdict already passed.

And yet-

Mu Linyue stood unmoving before her furnace.

Her hands were as steady as ever, as if none of those voices existed.

As if the outcome did not matter.

Her world was only the furnace before her.

Only the pill within.

The flames flickered.

Then they surged.

A final, brilliant rise of golden fire.

The air trembled slightly.

The already dense medicinal fragrance became even richer.

"This feeling..."

"No way..."

Mu Yuelan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Her gaze locked onto the furnace.

Then-

Suddenly-

The flames collapsed inward.

Compressed into a single point.

And vanished.

Silence!

A single breath passed.

Then, Mu Linyue lifted her hand.

And opened the furnace.

A burst of fragrance exploded outward.

And within, a pill rested.

Its surface shimmered with a deeper hue.

Not the bright gold of Grade-3 but something richer.

Mu Linyue reached in.

Her movements were calm and unhurried.

She picked up the pill.

Turned.

And revealed it to the hall.

Silence!

Absolute silence!

Because they recognized it.

"That pressure..."

"That aura..."

"It's not Grade-3..."

A disciple's voice trembled.

"It's Grade-4."

Mu Yuelan's eyes sharpened.

Her spiritual sense swept over the pill.

Then her expression changed.

"Mid-tier Grade-4 Soul Ascension Seizing Pill!"

Her voice was low.

But it echoed like thunder.

BOOM!

The hall erupted.

"WHAT?!"

"Another Grade-4?!"

"And it's mid-tier?!"

Shock turned into chaos.

Because now, everything they thought was settled had been overturned again.

Bai Zihan's Grade-4 pill was no longer unmatched.

Bai Zihan also looked at Mu Linyue's pill and instantly recognized it.

Indeed, it was of a higher grade than his pill.

The Soul Ascension Seizing Pill was a pill for those in the Golden Core Realm who wanted to forcefully break through to the Nascent Soul Realm.

It was only used by those who felt that their potential was exhausted and that they couldn't break through in their lifetime.

For others, it would only make their foundation unstable and hinder future breakthroughs.

A pill miraculous for some-and for others, nothing but a useless pill.

But it was a mid-tier Grade-4 pill nonetheless.

However...

(How can that be?)

Looking at the ingredients available, it was certain that the materials for the Soul Ascension Seizing Pill weren't present here.

Then he narrowed his eyes and glared at Mu Linyue.

"You cheated!"

Since the ingredients weren't here, then it was certain that Mu Linyue had used materials from her storage ring.

Mu Linyue blinked.

Her brows knit ever so slightly as she looked at him.

"Cheated?"

Her tone was almost confused.

As if she genuinely didn't understand what he meant.

Of course, she knew exactly what Bai Zihan was referring to-but why should she play along?

Then, a faint curve touched her lips.

"What do you mean, Cousin?"

There was no anger in her voice.

Only a quiet, almost innocent curiosity.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

"The ingredients."

He said coldly.

"The ingredients here are only for Grade-3 pills!"

His voice grew firmer.

"There's no way to refine a Soul Ascension Seizing Pill with what's available."

A ripple spread through the crowd.

That question made sense.

For a moment, all eyes turned back to her.

Mu Linyue stared at him.

Then she laughed.

Just a soft, amused sound.

"So that's what this is about?"

She tilted her head slightly.

Looking at him as if he had said something rather childish.

"Sore loser?"

The words were light.

But they landed heavily. Bai Zihan's expression darkened. Mu Linyue, however, didn't stop.

Instead, she slowly raised her hand.

The pill was still resting between her fingers.

Her gaze swept across the hall.

Then returned to him.

"Tell me, Cousin..." Her tone remained calm.

"Wasn't the only rule to see who refines a higher-grade pill? When did we put a restriction on the materials?"

A pause.

Bai Zihan knew that.

He gritted his teeth in anger.

Obviously, he had assumed that since Mu Linyue was only a Grade-3 alchemist, refining a Grade-4 pill would guarantee his victory.

There was no need to think too much about competing with a Grade-3 alchemist.

But who could have thought that Mu Linyue had already become a Grade-4 alchemist-and was capable of refining such a pill? That was his mistake.

He had underestimated her!

On the other hand, Mu Linyue breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

She had initially only planned to refine a Grade-4 pill to show her progress to Aunt Mu Yuelan-and to teach Bai Zihan a lesson.

Her current limit was mid-tier Grade-4 pills. She had wanted to display the vast gap between them. To crush him completely.

She hadn't even thought he could refine a Grade-1 pill, so even if she refined Grade-1 pill, she honestly thought that she could win easily.

She had never taken him seriously.

But fortunately, that decision had been correct.

Otherwise...

She might have actually lost!

While she remained arrogant on the surface, a trace of lingering unease stayed in her heart.

She didn't know when this cousin of hers had begun practicing alchemy.

Refining a Grade-4 pill using Grade-3 ingredients?

She had never even heard of such a recipe.

And judging by his Flame control-

He was not inferior to her.

Actually, Bai Zihan showed superior control over Qi and Fire but Mu Linyue wouldn't admit it.

Regardless-

In the end, she was still the winner.

And she had no intention of letting go of this chance to mock him.

"Yes, I used the materials from my Storage ring"

Her lips curved slightly.

"So what? There was no rule against it."

Moreover, she thought that being prepared was one of the essences of being an alchemist.

Why? Would you complain when you lose to someone because they have Heavenly Flame?

That just means that you were not prepared enough.

As long as one could refine a higher-grade pill, that would mean that the alchemist was better, no matter the method.

Bai Zihan looked at Mu Linyue, who was being shameless.

Well, he too would have been this shameless. After all, in the end, she didn't break any rules and was the winner.

"Hmph! I thought that you looked down on me. Unexpectedly, you have to all out just to take an undeserved victory."

"If someone wasn't too confident then he might have come up with a rule to

ban the usage of materials outside this room. Guess somebody has become too overconfident because of his recent fame!"

"Well, indeed, who could have thought that the genius of Mu Linyue would go

to such length against an untalented person like me? Looks like someone was scared!" "Scared! Blah! Bai Zihan, I just wanted to show you the difference between me

and you!"

"Yeah! yeah! You showed me the difference alright."

While the two were still bickering, the others were too stunned to say anything.

For the two of them, they seemed too immersed in the competition to care about anything else.

But for the others, they saw something entirely different.

Two juniors of the Mu Clan-though Bai Zihan was from the Bai Clan, he still carried Mu Clan blood-who hadn't even turned twenty were already Grade-4 alchemists.

That level of talent wasn't just enough to dominate the Desolate Heaven Empire

It was unprecedented in the entire history of the Eastern Region of the continent.

And it wasn't just one.

But two!

For them, who won didn't matter as much as realizing that both of them were Grade-4 alchemists.

Especially Bai Zihan!

Who could have thought that he couldn't just refine pills-but could refine a Grade-4 pill?

From this moment onward, everyone in that room would have to treat him with respect.

Because he was now a higher-grade alchemist than most of them.

Mu Yuelan was equally shocked by both of them. "Since when did you break through to Grade-4 alchemist?"

She asked, directing the question at Mu Linyue.

"Hehe... Aunt! I was just about to go and reveal that. Who would have thought someone would be foolish enough to challenge me with Grade-3 ingredients and give me such a perfect opportunity to show off?"

Mu Linyue said, directly mocking Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan was obviously angry.

Not only had he been overconfident, but he had also fallen right into Mu Linyue's hands.

There could hardly be a greater humiliation than this.

But whatever!

He believed there would be plenty of opportunities to make Mu Linyue regret these words.

So what if Grade-4 wasn't enough?

Then he would show his Grade-5 knowledge.

And if even that failed-

There was still Grade-6, Grade-7, and Grade-8 knowledge that he had acquired.

He refused to believe that those wouldn't be enough to shut Mu Linyue up.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 531 A Second Furnace Ignites[1,308 words]

Chapter 531 A Second Furnace Ignites

Mu Yuelan remained silent for a long moment.

Her gaze moved between the two of them.

From Mu Linyue...

To Bai Zihan...

The shock in her eyes slowly settled.

A faint smile appeared on her lips.

"This calls for a celebration."

She said excitedly.

After all, their Mu Clan now had Linyue, who had broken through to become a Grade-4 Alchemist, and also Bai Zihan.

Two Grade-4 alchemists who hadn't even reached twenty.

When others found out-especially other alchemist families-she reckoned they would vomit blood out of jealousy.

Even having a junior who could become a Grade-3 Alchemist was enough for celebration, earning the title of a once-in-a-thousand-year genius.

Then what about a Grade-4 Alchemist before the age of twenty?

There was no doubt that they were the most talented in the history of alchemy, as far as she knew.

Mu Yuclan's gaze lingered on Bai Zihan a moment longer.

There was still a question in her mind.

(When did he learn alchemy?)

(And to this level...?)

But in the end-

She didn't ask.

Because right now-

That wasn't what mattered.

What mattered was the result.

And the result stood clearly before her.

That alone was enough.

Though she also didn't know what to do with him.

His cultivation talent had already been unlocked, and he could be said to be the greatest talent under Heaven when it came to cultivation.

Now this?

They say if you chase two rabbits, you will not catch either one.

She was worried that if he focused less on cultivation and more on alchemy, then he might fall behind.

At the same time, she didn't want Bai Zihan to give up his alchemy talent.

After all, she was an alchemist herself, and if her son could become the greatest alchemist, then she could ask for nothing else.

But for now, she didn't say anything.

It was up to Bai Zihan what he wanted to do.

If he faced problems in the future, she would advise him.

But for now-

Let him find what he loves.

Let him do what he wants.

Her expression relaxed slightly.

"As for the rest..."

She spoke calmly.

"I'll speak with your father"

Her eyes flicked toward Bai Zihan.

"And arrange private alchemy rooms for both of you."

After all, as Grade-4 alchemists, they should be given their own private alchemy rooms.

"For now, you can continue practicing here."

Both of them nodded.

Mu Yuelan gave one last look at the two.

Then turned.

Her robes swayed lightly as she walked away.

Silence lingered for a few breaths after she left. Then it broke.

Mu Linyue turned her head.

Bai Zihan did the same.

Their gazes met once again.

The earlier restraint was gone.

"So..."

Mu Linyue spoke first.

A faint smirk forming on her lips.

"Little Bai, you hid quite well. Did you practice alchemy in secret or what?"

Her tone carried genuine curiosity.

After all-

While she had won and felt satisfied-

What intrigued her more was this.

How had Bai Zihan reached this level?

Reaching Grade-4 was what separated great alchemists from others.

The difference in treatment between Grade-4 and those below was vast.

Many consider reaching Grade-4 Alchemist very very difficult.

And to reach that level before the age of twenty was almost impossible, no it was impossible and she might be the first one to do so before the age of twenty.

But there was another person, Bai Zihan who was able to do so.

This didn't make sense.

She had devoted most of her life to alchemy.

With her talent, she had barely reached Grade-4.

And Bai Zihan?

He had spent most of his life idling around, then suddenly rose in cultivation.

From what she knew-

He shouldn't have had the time to study alchemy at all.

So how...

How was he almost on equal footing with her in alchemy?

As for calling him "Little Bai"-

Well, he had lost.

It was only natural to remind him of that.

Bai Zihan's brows twitched slightly.

Annoyance flickered in his eyes.

But only for a moment.

Then it disappeared, replaced by calm.

Sigh!

Anyways, he lost.

So she was going to rub it in his face.

Becoming annoyed would only mean playing into Mu Linyue's hands. (Forget it! Forget it!)

He didn't bother answering her question.

Instead, he turned and walked back toward the furnace.

Mu Linyue blinked.

"Ignoring me?"

Bai Zihan glanced at her briefly.

"I'm going to refine another pill."

He stopped.

Turned slightly and looked at Mu Linyue.

"I need a few materials."

He said plainly.

Mu Linyue raised a brow.

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan listed them calmly.

A few names.

Not present in the public racks here.

Things that only a Grade-4 and above alchemist would carry.

Mu Linyue's eyes flickered.

She simply stared at him.

Then her teasing expression faded slightly, replaced by seriousness.

Without another word, she waved her hand.

A small flash of light.

Several jade boxes appeared.

She tossed them toward him.

"I'm not that stingy."

She said lightly. "But don't waste them."

Bai Zihan caught them without effort.

"Thanks."

He turned back to the furnace.

Mu Linyue crossed her arms.

Her gaze fixed on him now, completely focused.

(Could it be...)

A thought formed in her mind.

(Can he already refine top-tier Grade-4 pills?)

Previously, she had won.

But that was under an advantage-he had been limited by the materials.

And while she believed that might have been his peak, she wasn't certain.

Still, her lips curved faintly.

(There's no way...)

She had absolute confidence in herself.

Even if Bai Zihan was talented-

Surpassing her?

That was something she refused to believe.

And yet-

Her eyes did not leave him for even a moment.

Because now she truly wanted to see-

Just how far this "Little Bai" could go.

Not only Mu Linyue-

Many others were also completely preoccupied with watching Bai Zihan. However, unlike her, most of them weren't thinking too deeply. They weren't analyzing possibilities or questioning limits. They simply wanted to see what exactly Bai Zihan would refine next.

After all, to them-

He was already untouchable.

A Grade-4 Alchemist before the age of twenty?

That alone had shattered their understanding. Whether he could refine a higher-grade pill now, it wouldn't carry the same

impact as before.

The shock had already reached its peak.

Anything beyond this was simply witnessing the impossible continue.

So they watched silently.

Bai Zihan, however, paid them no mind.

The countless gazes-

The whispers-

The expectations-

None of it mattered.

The only person he paid attention to was Mu Linyue.

He glanced at her from the corner of his eye.

Then a faint smirk appeared on his lips.

(Watch me!)

A single thought echoed in his mind.

A Peak Grade-4 pill.

That was his target.

Could he go higher?

Yes!

But the materials here weren't enough.

Not for the pills he truly wanted to refine.

Not to mention that this mid-quality cauldron might not be able to handle the

Qi from a higher-grade pill.

Grade-4 should already be its limit.

Anyways, a Peak Grade-4 pill should be enough to make one thing clear.

Mu Linyue didn't win because she was better. materials, not skill.

She won because

At that thought, his gaze flickered slightly.

And for a brief moment-

His expression softened.

Mu Linyue...

This little cousin of his... (How did she even reach this level?)

A genuine question arose in his mind.

Because unlike him-

She had no system. No inherited knowledge.

No shortcuts.

Everything she had was earned.

Step by step. Through effort. Through talent. Through relentless practice.

Bai Zihan knew himself.

If not for everything he had obtained, just memorizing ingredient properties

alone would have given him a headache.

As for refining pills?

Even with his current talent-

With the Supreme Dao Bone enhancing his perception and control-

It still wouldn't be enough. At best-

Perhaps in two years...

He might barely become a Grade-1 Alchemist.

That was the truth.

So it would be wrong to say he didn't feel anything.

His admiration for Mu Linyue...

Had indeed increased.

Just a little.

Though that admiration would have been much higher if not for her constant mocking.

"What's the problem, Little Bai? Did you already forget how to start a fire?"

His eyes narrowed slightly. (Hmph!)

Forget admiration. He would shut her up first.

Bai Zihan stepped forward.

The furnace ignited once more.

Just like before-

Bai Zihan proceeded without the slightest hesitation.

Everything flowed naturally and effortlessly.

The jade boxes opened one by one. Precious ingredients revealed themselves.

The moment they appeared, a few sharp-eyed disciples sucked in a breath.

Their expressions changed.

Because unlike before, they were able to guess what pill Bai Zihan was going to refine.

"Heavenly Essence Condensation Pill..."

A High Grade-4 pill!

This pill wasn't particularly known for its difficulty, nor for being easy.

But if one could refine it-

Then they were definitely a High Grade-4 Alchemist. This would prove that Bai Zihan was more skilled than Mu Linyue.

But whether he would succeed... That was another matter entirely.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 532 Two Grade-4 Geniuses Shock the Clan[1,271 words]

Chapter 532 Two Grade-4 Geniuses Shock the Clan

Time passed quickly as Bai Zihan flawlessly finished every step until it was time for Pill Formation.

Everyone watched in anticipation.

The furnace lid lifted.

A faint ripple of dense Qi spread across the hall.

Within-

A single pill rested.

Its surface shimmered with layered light, deeper and more refined than before.

Top Grade-4 Pill!

Silence fell instantly.

Then shock erupted.

"He... he actually succeeded?!"

"That's a Top Grade-4 pill!"

"Doesn't that mean...!"

Many knew that if Bai Zihan had refined this pill without being restricted by ingredients, he might have won against Mu Linyue.

But obviously, Mu Linyue was also someone they didn't want to offend, so they could only keep their opinions to themselves.

Mu Linyue stood still.

Her eyes locked onto the pill.

Bai Zihan turned, a satisfied smirk forming on his lips.

"Well?"

He asked lightly.

Mu Linyue exhaled slowly.

Then a faint smile appeared.

"Impressive!"

No mockery.

No arrogance.

Only acknowledgment.

Her gaze met his directly.

"Where did you learn alchemy?"

Mu Linyue asked, genuinely curious.

"I am self-taught!"

Bai Zihan shamelessly declared.

However, hearing the answer, Mu Linyue didn't think there was anything wrong with that.

While at the beginning teachers are needed for fast progress, afterward one can only improve further through self-learning.

She too did that and was able to progress faster.

But if you asked anyone else, they would say that it was nonsense.

Self-learning is only faster for those with talent like her; otherwise, much of that time is wasted learning by themselves compared to being guided by others.

Mu Linyue only thought there was nothing wrong because she was a monstrous genius who, when taught a single thing, could learn hundreds more.

Mu Linyue tilted her head slightly.

Her eyes still lingered on the pill in his hand.

"Do you know any other pills you can refine?"

She asked.

A brief pause.

Then more directly-

"High-grade ones."

Bai Zihan raised a brow.

"Oh?"

A faint smirk tugged at his lips.

"You want to see me refine them?"

Mu Linyue didn't hide anything.

She nodded immediately.

"Hmph!"

Bai Zihan crossed his arms.

"That's going to cost you."

Mu Linyue didn't even hesitate.

"What do you want?"

Bai Zihan thought for a moment.

Then his eyes gleamed.

"First of all..."

A slight pause.

"How about you start by addressing me as Older Brother?"

Without missing a beat-

"Zihan'er Gege!"

Mu Linyue said it instantly.

Without the slightest hint of embarrassment.

"Shameless!"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue, clearly annoyed.

He had thought he could get a bit of revenge.

But looking at her now-

That thick skin...

It was almost on par with his own.

Mu Linyue only smiled faintly.

She didn't hesitate much because, for her, this was Bai Zihan.

There was no need for restraint or shame when dealing with someone like him

-she had learned that from a young age.

If she wasn't like this, she would have suffered countless times at his hands already.

More importantly, her eyes flickered with interest.

Compared to alchemy-

Everything else was trivial.

Face?

Pride?

None of it mattered.

Only one thing did.

"Show me!"

She asked again, gaze sharp.

"Sure! This Gege will guide this ignorant little junior!"

On the other side of the Mu Clan estate, Mu Yuelan moved swiftly through the corridors.

Soon, she arrived outside the main meeting hall.

Voices could be heard from within.

She had already inquired and found out that Mu Qingyuan was in a meeting with the elders.

She thought it was a good opportunity since they would need to be informed sooner or later.

Without hesitation, she stepped inside.

The discussion within paused almost instantly.

Several elders turned their heads.

Mu Qingyuan also looked over, slightly surprised.

"Yuelan?"

He raised a brow.

"What brings you here?"

"I have some urgent news. Did I disturb you?"

They all shook their heads lightly.

"No!"

Her gaze swept across the hall.

Mu Yuelan took a small breath.

Then spoke clearly- "What I'm about to say..."

A brief pause.

"...must not leave this room."

Silence fell.

The elders exchanged glances.

Then nodded one by one.

They understood.

For Mu Yuelan to say this, it wasn't something trivial.

Mu Qingyuan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"You have my word."

Mu Yuelan nodded.

Then-

"Mu Linyue..."

She paused.

"...has broken through to Grade-4 Alchemist."

BOOM!

The words struck like thunder.

The hall erupted.

"What?!" "Grade-4?!"

"At her age?!"

Even the elders couldn't remain composed.

Shock spread across every face, including Mu Qingyuan.

His pupils shrank. "Linyue'er?"

Even he hadn't known.

He knew that Mu Linyue was able to refine High Grade-3 pills easily but still

thought that she had a long way to go before reaching Grade-4.

It wasn't because she lacked anything, just that she was too young, and he

thought it would be very difficult for her.

Mu Qingyuan gave a small, helpless smile.

"She never mentioned it." And that made perfect sense.

Mu Linyue wasn't someone who cared about such things.

Fame?

Recognition?

All meaningless to her.

While others would rush to declare such a breakthrough to the world-

She didn't bother.

Instead, she had spent her time after breaking through doing only one thing.

Refining.

Improving.

Perfecting.

Which was why she was able to refine a mid-tier Grade-4 pill so soon after her breakthrough.

This is also why Bai Zihan suffered at her hands; otherwise, he wouldn't have competed with her using only a low tier Grade-4 pill. "Yuelan, are you sure?"

One of the elders asked, skeptical.

Not that he doubted Yuelan or Linyue, but the news was too explosive to believe at once.

Mu Yuelan nodded and added-

"She refined a mid-tier Grade-4 pill in front of me. I am certain."

Silence!

Because they all understood what that meant.

Normally- After breaking through to a new grade-

An alchemist would need time.

Months.

Years even.

To improve further.

Progress was slow especially after breaking through to Grade-4 Alchemist.

Like a turtle crawling forward step by step.

But Mu Linyue?

She had skipped that entirely.

It was as if-

She had mounted a carriage.

Racing forward without pause. Without setback. Mu Qingyuan slowly exhaled. Even as Clan Head-

Even with all his experience-

He found it hard to remain calm.

"A monstrous talent indeed." One elder muttered unconsciously.

The others could only nod.

Everyone here was already well aware of Mu Linyue's talent, but still, she far surpassed their expectations.

"Not only that."

Mu Yuelan hadn't finished.

Her gaze flickered slightly.

There was still something else.

Something even more shocking.

But for a brief moment-

She hesitated.

After all, this news sounded even more unbelievable-even to her-if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes.

Mu Yuelan took a slow breath.

Her hesitation lasted only a moment.

Then-

She spoke.

"Zihan'er has also broken through to Grade-4 Alchemist."

BOOM!

This time, the shock was even greater.

"What?!"

"Him?!"

"Bai Zihan?!"

The entire hall erupted once more.

If Mu Linyue's breakthrough was shocking- Then this...

This was unbelievable.

Because who here didn't know Bai Zihan?

His past.

His so-called "talent" in alchemy was Mediocre.

No-

Even worse.

Many of them had already felt satisfied that he had turned his life around and become a monstrous genius in cultivation.

That alone was enough.

It meant that in the future-

He would certainly become the head of the Bai Clan.

And as relatives-

That was a great thing for the Mu Clan.

With Bai Zihan at the helm, their relationship with the Bai Clan would only

grow stronger.

The Bai Clan had already risen to prominence.

If one of their own blood held power there-

It was naturally beneficial.

That was more than enough. But now-

Grade-4 Alchemist? This was something else entirely.

For a moment-

Some even wanted to doubt it.

But that thought disappeared just as quickly as it came. Because this was Mu Yuelan speaking.

And everyone here knew her character.

She would never joke about something like this.

Nor was there any reason for her to fabricate such a claim.

Silence slowly returned.

Mu Qingyuan's gaze sharpened.

"Were you teaching him?"

He asked directly.

Mu Yuelan shook her head.

"No!"

Mu Qingyuan frowned slightly. "Then... who taught him?"

The question hung in the air.

Not just him-

Every elder present had the same thought.

They exchanged glances.

Their expressions slowly turned serious.

Because if Mu Yuelan wasn't the one guiding him- Then there was only one possibility left.

Someone else was.

And not just anyone.

A figure capable of teaching a junior to reach Grade-4 Alchemist...

At such an age...

That person could only be-

A Grandmaster Alchemist.

If such a person truly exists...

If they can establish a relationship with such a Grandmaster then everyone

knew that Mu Clan's alchemy could rise to an entirely new level.

The implications were enormous.

No-

Beyond enormous.

They might not only strengthen their position.

They might dominate.

Dominate the entire alchemy field of the Eastern Region of the continent.

Even Mu Qingyuan's eyes flickered with a rare light.

Not greed.

But ambition.

Carefully restrained.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 533 Threat To An Empire![1,344 words]

Chapter 533 Threat To An Empire!

"Who knows? Anyways, I have never seen Bai Zihan being taught by someone, nor did he ever mention it."

Mu Yuelan answered.

Though she wasn't always with Bai Zihan, she knew almost every movement of his.

Bai Tianheng had also not mentioned it. If Bai Zihan was truly learning alchemy, then he would have surely informed her.

"Well, he will surely appear someday. We just need to keep our eyes open for that."

Mu Qingyuan said.

If such a Grandmaster wanted to hide his identity and now show himself, then they had to make sure to respect his wish..

Only when he was willing to show himself could they try to further their relationship with Bai Zihan's master.

The elders all nodded in agreement.

"So, what shall we do about the news of them breaking through to Grade-4 Alchemist?"

One of the elders asked worriedly.

For a long moment-

No one spoke.

The hall, which had just erupted in shock, now fell into a heavy silence.

Mu Qingyuan's fingers tapped lightly against the armrest.

His gaze lowered slightly, deep in thought.

The elders exchanged glances.

No one rushed to speak.

Because they all understood the same thing.

This wasn't something to celebrate openly.

Not yet.

Not like before.

If it had only been a breakthrough to Grade-3-

They would have already spread the news across the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

Just like they did three years ago with Mu Linyue.

Announcing it!

Showing it off!

Increasing their influence!

Letting the world know that the Mu Clan had produced a once-in-a-thousand-years genius.

But Grade-4...?

That was no longer something you boast about lightly.

That was dangerous.

Mu Qingyuan's eyes darkened slightly.

"It would be very dangerous if our enemies hear this. Seal the information! This information mustn't leave the Mu Clan!"

His voice carried absolute authority.

The elders nodded immediately.

No hesitation.

Because the reasoning was obvious.

Mu Linyue's talent was already monstrous.

Now it had reached a level that could threaten the balance of entire powers.

If this spread-

It wouldn't just attract admiration.

It would attract fear.

And fear...

Would lead to some dangerous action.

Especially from an empire that boasts of being the best in alchemy in the

region-

An empire whose very foundation is built upon alchemy-

The Vermilion Pill Empire!

There, compared to any other profession, including cultivators, the only way to truly gain true recognition and status is through alchemy.

Even if one is in the Immortal Realm, he or she isn't as important or higher in status than a Grade-5 Alchemist.

As for Grade-6 and above, they are almost treated as royalty, possessing immense influence and power in the Empire.

They also have Grandmaster Alchemists who are the true backbone of the empire.

Against their words, even those in the Immortal Realm must obey without question.

Due to being full of alchemists, it had also become a frequent place for merchants to purchase high-quality pills at much lower prices.

This led to their economic rise, and even though militarily they couldn't be compared to the Desolate Heaven Empire, their economy was definitely

stronger.

Their pride...

Their identity...

Their dominance...

All stem from being the undisputed authority in alchemy across the entire Eastern Region.

For generations, they have stood at the peak.

Unchallenged.

Unshaken.

Which is precisely why-

Mu Linyue's existence is dangerous.

A genius who reaches Grade-4 before the age of twenty....

Even within the Vermilion Pill Empire-

Such a figure has never appeared.

Even if she were to go there, she would be considered an unparalleled genius.

And that is where the danger lies.

Mu Linyue isn't from their empire.

And once such a genius is allowed to grow-

The balance of alchemy might shift.

If Mu Linyue continues forward-

If she surpasses their top alchemists which she has a potential to-

Then the title they have held for so long-

The title of the greatest alchemy empire in the Eastern Region will be taken

from them.

And that is something they cannot allow.

She wasn't a threat to a single person or organization, but to an entire empire.

And for such a threat, it was certain that they would resort to assassination. Even if they had to send people into another empire, they would be more than

willing to pay the price.

The probability of such a move was far from low.

Mu Linyue's breakthrough could not be revealed.

Nor could Bai Zihan's.

Because now-

They were no longer just talented juniors.

They were variables that might shape the future of alchemy in the region.

Moreover, it wasn't just external forces they needed to be wary of. There was also a chance of retaliation from clans like the Zhao Clan and Li Clan. Even the Imperial Family couldn't be ruled out.

If the Mu Clan who allied with the Bai Clan further increased their strength, how could they sit and just watch?

They also definitely target Mu Linyue as well.

Compared to their selfish interest, they didn't care much about national interest.

So, they needed to make sure that this news didn't get out.

"Yuelan, inform those two to only practice their alchemy in private. They need to make sure that they don't reveal their talent to others at any cost."

On Bai Zihan's side, the atmosphere was entirely different.

The furnace flames burned steadily.

And Bai Zihan had already refined more than 4 High Grade-4 pill.

Each one-

Perfect and flawless.

By now, the shock on everyone's face had long passed.

What remained was silence.

Not the silence of disbelief-

But the silence of focus. Every pair of eyes was fixed on him.

Not a single disciple spoke.

Not a single one dared to miss even a moment.

Everybody was busy watching and trying to learn something from Bai Ziahn.

Even those who couldn't fully understand what he was doing still watched

intently, trying to grasp even a fraction of it. Because opportunities like this did not come twice.

One should know that refining Grade-4 pills is extremely difficult and requires intense focus.

Hence why they are given private rooms, and the opportunity to witness the refining of Grade-4 pills isn't common even in the Mu Clan.

So this was a rare and precious chance for those under Grade-3 Alchemy.

Even Mu Linyue had become focused.

Her arms, once crossed arrogantly, had long since lowered.

Her gaze was sharp and focused.

All the earlier teasing...

The mockery...

The competitiveness...

Had faded away from her mind.

Replaced by admiration.

Pure and unfiltered.

Because she understood. More than anyone else present-

She understood just how difficult what Bai Zihan was doing truly was.

High Grade-4 pills...

And not just one.

But repeatedly.

As if it required no effort at all.

Her fingers unconsciously tightened slightly.

Her thoughts shifted.

(Such control...)

(Such precision...)

This wasn't something one could fake.

Nor something achieved overnight.

And slowly-

Her impression of Bai Zihan began to change.

She had always looked down on him.

Not because of who he was-

But because of his attitude.

To her, he had always seemed like someone who disdained alchemy.

Someone who didn't understand its depth.

Its beauty.

Its difficulty.

And yet now- Looking at him standing before the furnace...

Completely immersed. Completely focused.

Not distracted by anything.

Not careless in the slightest- That image shattered.

(His love for alchemy is real... just like mine.)

That was the only conclusion she could come to.

Because talent alone wasn't enough. To reach this level-

To refine pills like this-

One needed dedication and effort.

Countless hours of practice.

On the other hand, Bai Zihan didn't know what Mu Linyue was thinking and was just excited.

(Looks like Grandmaster Alchemist skill is legit!)

Although he had only refined Grade-4 pills and wasn't even close to knowing

the limits, he knew that it was already quite good.

As for how well he could refine higher-grade pills, he could only try after he got materials for those.

Footsteps echoed lightly through the hall.

The doors opened.

Mu Yuelan entered.

Her gaze swept across the room once-taking in the furnace, the lingering pill fragrance... and the stunned expressions on every face.

Then her eyes landed on Bai Zihan. And the pills beside him.

A trace of satisfaction flickered in her eyes.

Without wasting time, she raised her hand.

Two jade tokens appeared.

"I've already arranged private alchemy rooms for both of you."

Her voice was calm as she tossed one to Bai Zihan and one to Mu Linyue.

"As Grade-4 Alchemists, you'll no longer use the public halls."

Both caught the tokens. But before anything else could be said-

Mu Yuelan's expression turned cold.

Her gaze swept across everyone present. "Listen carefully!"

Her voice wasn't loud.

But it carried absolute weight.

"What you saw today does not leave this room."

Silence!

Instant and complete.

"Not to your friends. Not to your teachers. Not even to your parents."

A few disciples subconsciously stiffened.

Mu Yuelan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"If even a word leaks out... you should know the consequences."

She didn't finish the sentence.

She didn't need to.

Everyone present understood.

They nodded immediately. No one dared take this lightly.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 534 A True Alchemy Monster! [960 words]

Chapter 534 A True Alchemy Monster!

Only after that did Mu Yuelan turn away.

"Zihan'er, come with me. I will take you to your alchemy room!"

Bai Zihan shrugged casually and followed.

But-

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Another set of footsteps followed behind.

Mu Yuelan paused slightly.

Then glanced back.

Mu Linyue was still following them.

Bai Zihan raised a brow.

"You have your own room."

Mu Linyue didn't stop.

"I know!"

She answered calmly.

Her gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan.

"Then why are you still following me?"

Mu Linyue tilted her head slightly.

"Didn't you say you'd guide this ignorant junior? I want to learn more!"

Bai Zihan's mouth twitched.

(Her skin is really thick...)

Mu Yuelan looked between the two.

She didn't bother interfering between them though she didn't understand what

Mu Linyue meant by learning from Bai Zihan.

After all, she didn't see Bai Zihan refining High-tier Grade-4 pills.

Soon they arrived.

Mu Yuelan stopped before the door.

She tapped the jade token lightly against it.

Hum-

The door opened.

A wave of dense Spiritual Qi flowed out.

Inside, a pristine alchemy room.

A higher-grade furnace.

A few materials were already there.

Mu Yuelan stepped aside.

"This will be your alchemy room from now on."

Bai Zihan walked in without hesitation.

His eyes briefly scanned the place.

Then he nodded.

"Not bad!"

Behind him, Mu Linyue followed in as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Bai Zihan glanced at her once... but said nothing.

Mu Yuelan then opened her mouth.

"Here!"

Mu Yuelan handed a storage ring to Bai Zihan. It contained many materials for alchemy, including those for Grade-5 and Grade-6 pills.

It was hers, and she had many, so she could give it away without much problem.

Although she didn't think he would need Grade-5 and Grade-6 materials right now, it was for the future.

As for Mu Linyue, she had her own. As the daughter of the Clan Leader of the Mu Clan, there was no way she would lack anything for alchemy.

"Remember what I said. Keep a low profile."

Then she turned and left.

The door slowly closed behind her.

Sealing the room.

And leaving the two alone.

Then Bai Zihan turned.

"You're still here?"

Mu Linyue stepped forward.

Her eyes bright.

"Continue!"

She said without hesitation.

"Refine another one."

A pause.

Then, slightly softer-

"I want to see more."

Bai Zihan stared at her for a moment.

Then-

A slow smirk formed.

"Heh. So impatient."

He turned back toward the furnace.

"Fine!"

A flick of his sleeve-

The flames rose once more.

"Watch carefully this time."

His voice carried faint confidence.

With the materials he was given, Bai Zihan wasn't going to hold back at all.

He was straightaway going to refine a Grade-6 pill.

Behind him, Mu Linyue's gaze sharpened.

A strange atmosphere settled over the Mu Clan.

To outsiders, it felt as if the entire clan had quietly closed its doors.

Visitors were turned away.

Banquets were postponed.

Even families with good relationships with the Mu Clan found their invitations politely declined.

Unless the matter was truly important-

No one was received.

Even those within the Mu Clan who didn't know about Mu Linyue and Bai Zihan were puzzled.

Yet inside-

Excitement surged.

Anticipation simmered among those who knew.

Those who had witnessed that day.

Those who had seen-

Mu Linyue and Bai Zihan.

Two Grade-4 Alchemists!

Monsters!

Every so often, their gazes would drift toward a certain secluded area of the estate.

Where the private alchemy rooms were located.

Where-

For the past month-

The two had not stepped out.

Or rather...

One had not stepped out.

The other?

Came and went constantly.

Everyone already knew.

Mu Linyue practically lived in Bai Zihan's alchemy room.

At first, a few were surprised.

Then confused.

Then-

They accepted it.

Because every time she entered-

Hours would pass.

Days.

Sometimes even longer.

And when she came out-

Her eyes would be brighter and sharper.

As if she had grasped something new.

Inside Bai Zihan's alchemy room-

The flames slowly died down.

A rich, steady fragrance lingered in the air.

Bai Zihan lifted the lid.

Within, a pill rested quietly.

Its aura was stable.

A Fifth Grade Pill!

Bai Zihan glanced at it briefly.

He didn't even bother admiring it for long.

Instead, he turned.

"Did you get it?"

He asked.

Behind him, Mu Linyue stood still.

Her eyes shone.

She nodded immediately.

"I did! As expected of Master!"

Bai Zihan's lips twitched slightly. Master...

It had started a month ago.

On the very first day. When he refined a Grade-6 pill.

That moment, Mu Linyue had gone completely silent.

Stunned and shocked.

Then-

She accepted it.

She couldn't compare to Bai Zihan at all.

But instead of feeling frustrated or jealous, she became even more excited.

From that moment on-

She followed him.

Listened to him.

Watched quietly. Learned from him.

And Bai Zihan- Naturally-

Didn't miss the opportunity. "Call me Master!"

He had said jokingly.

Thinking he could get a bit of revenge.

Just a little.

After everything she had said before.

But-

"Master!"

She agreed instantly, without even a hint of hesitation.

Looking at Mu Linyue, she really didn't seem to care about anything other than learning alchemy.

"Tch!"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue lightly.

But deep down-

He didn't really mind.

Because Mu Linyue was terrifying.

A true genius!

Teach her one thing and she would derive ten. Explain a concept-

And she would expand it to a hundred.

Sometimes even he was caught off guard despite having Grade-8 alchemy knowledge.

He now understood why many alchemists were hesitant to teach her.

Not because she lacked talent or had a terrible personality-

But because she was too good for her own good.

Even when refining low-grade pills, she would ask questions that reached far beyond their level.

It was like explaining-

"An apple falls because of gravity."

And then immediately being asked-

"If gravity bends space, then could we manipulate spatial curvature to alter how matter falls-and if so, would that change the fundamental interaction between mass and energy?"

Ridiculous! And yet-

She asked as if it was natural.

So, it was understandable why no one wanted to teach Mu Linyue. She might even make them question their own ability and understanding.

Bai Zihan was able to answer most of them because of his Grade-8 alchemy knowledge.

Mu Linyue was also excited to finally have someone who could answer all her questions flawlessly and with logical reasoning.

Previously, many of her teachers stopped teaching her-perhaps she asked too many questions.

Hence, she preferred learning on her own.

But now, with Bai Zihan-

It was like having someone who could truly guide her.

Mu Linyue also didn't disappoint him at all.

Within a month-

She had broken through to Grade-5 Alchemist.

A true alchemy monster!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 535 Mu Yuelan's World Turns Upside Down[972 words]

Chapter 535 Mu Yuelan's World Turns Upside Down

Bai Zihan looked at Mu Linyue for a brief moment.

Then he nodded inwardly, satisfied.

In just a single month, raising someone from Grade-4 to Grade-5 Alchemist-

Even he had to admit-

That was monstrous.

Of course, it was also thanks to his teaching as well.

Mu Linyue's own talent was terrifying to the extreme but without him, she would have taken a very long time to make a breakthrough.

He had pointed the direction and she had walked the path herself.

And walked it faster than anyone he had ever seen.

With that, there was nothing more for him to do here.

His purpose in the Mu Clan had already been fulfilled.

Well, he had only considered staying for a few days to test his ability but ended up staying for over a month because of Mu Linyue.

He didn't think it was a bad investment though.

With Mu Linyue's talent, in the future, she would certainly surpass everyone and might stay at the peak of alchemy.

By then, he didn't need to worry about not getting any pills.

Now, it was time to return to the Bai Clan.

Before leaving, however, Bai Zihan made one final decision.

Within his storage, several Seventh Grade pill recipes appeared.

Apart from refining pills and teaching Mu Linyue, he had also been spending his time writing down the recipes for the Grade-7 pills.

For an alchemist to break into Grade-7, talent alone was not enough.

Skill alone was not enough.

Even resources alone were not enough.

One crucial element determined everything: Recipes.

Without a proper Seventh Grade pill recipe-

Even the most talented alchemist would be stuck at the threshold.

Unable to take that final step.

And that was precisely what limited the Mu Clan.

They had talent.

They had resources.

What they lacked were the paths forward.

Bai Zihan also spent time determining which pill recipes to give, as not every one of them was useful nor were their ingredients found in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

In the end, he decided on 10 Grade-7 pill recipes, which should be more than enough.

With those, it would only be a matter of time before the Mu Clan inevitably produced Seventh Grade Alchemists.

Their standing would rise once more.

Their influence would expand.

And their foundation in alchemy would become even more terrifying.

After all, in the Eastern Region, only the Vermillion Pill Empire has Grandmaster Alchemists.

This was the final thing he was going to do before leaving the Mu Clan.

Mu Yuelan arrived outside the alchemy room without much thought.

She had been called by Bai Zihan, so naturally, she came.

She raised her hand and pushed the door open.

Hum-

The formation rippled slightly as she entered.

Inside, the flames burned steadily.

Bai Zihan stood beside the furnace, expression calm, posture relaxed.

Mu Linyue stood opposite him.

Focused.

Attentive.

Like a student listening to her master.

Mu Yuelan blinked once.

(Since when did they become like this?)

But she didn't think too much about it.

If anything, she felt a bit relieved.

The two of them getting along like this was something she hadn't expected.

Given their personalities, she had thought there would be conflict.

Yet now, they were helping each other in alchemy, which she thought was good.

Her gaze naturally shifted toward the furnace.

Right on time, Mu Linyue lifted the lid.

A rich fragrance spread instantly.

Mu Yuelan's brows furrowed slightly.

(This aura...)

Mu Linyue reached in and took the pill out.

That was the moment everything froze.

Mu Yuelan's eyes widened.

Her pupils shrank violently.

Her entire body went still.

As if struck by lightning.

A pill rested in Mu Linyue's palm.

Mid-tier... Fifth Grade Pill!

For a brief moment, Mu Yuelan thought she was seeing things.

Her mind blanked.

Her gaze locked onto that pill, unable to move away.

(Mid-tier... Grade-5?)

Just a month ago, Mu Linyue had only just broken through to Grade-4.

Even with her talent-

Even with her monstrous comprehension-

This speed was absolutely absurd.

She rubbed her eyes, thinking she saw wrong and that perhaps it was a
Mid-tier Grade-4 pill.

Yet the scene before her remained unchanged.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan glanced at the pill casually.

Then nodded.

"Not bad!"

His tone was as casual as ever.

As if it wasn't anything worth making a fuss over.

"You've stabilized it well. Your control over the flame is better now."

A simple comment.

A simple acknowledgment.

Nothing more.

Mu Linyue nodded.

Her expression was also as calm as his.

As if this result was expected.

As if this was normal.

That calmness...

That indifference...

Mu Yuelan stood there-

Silent.

Her mind struggling to process what she had just witnessed.

(She broke through?)

(No... This isn't just a breakthrough...)

(She's already refining mid-tier Grade-5 pills?)

Her fingers trembled slightly. She didn't even realize it herself.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted slightly.

Then he noticed her.

"Oh, Mother, you've come!"

His tone was casual, as if nothing unusual had happened.

He then waved his hand lightly.

"Mu Linyue, go back to your room and practice more."

Mu Linyue nodded without hesitation.

"Alright!"

She turned and walked out calmly-

As if everything that had just occurred was perfectly normal.

"Stop!"

Mu Yuelan's voice suddenly rang out.

"Stop acting like everything is normal!"

Both Bai Zihan and Mu Linyue paused. Even Bai Zihan was slightly startled. He blinked.

"Mother, what's wrong?" He asked, genuinely confused.

Mu Yuelan took a deep breath.

Her eyes locked onto Mu Linyue. "When did you break through to Grade-5?"

Mu Linyue tilted her head slightly.

She thought for a moment.

Then-

"I don't remember exactly... Maybe about a week ago?"

Her tone was casual.

As if she was talking about something insignificant.

As if the exact time didn't matter at all.

Mu Yuelan froze.

A vein faintly throbbed on her forehead.

(A week ago?)

A headache crept in.

She raised a hand and pressed her temple lightly.

Trying to calm herself.

(This girl...)

Breaking through to Grade-5 Alchemist-

And treating it like nothing?

Not even reporting it?

Mu Yuelan exhaled slowly. She forced herself to settle down.

This matter needed to be discussed with the elders.

And Mu Linyue needed to be properly reminded.

Such breakthroughs were not trivial.

They couldn't be ignored so casually. After a moment, she finally shifted her gaze. Toward Bai Zihan.

"Why did you call me here?"

She asked.

Bai Zihan didn't delay.

He simply raised his hand.

A stack of jade slips appeared in his palm.

Without hesitation, he handed them over. Mu Yuelan subconsciously accepted them.

Her brows furrowed slightly.

"And this is...?" Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"Seventh Grade pill recipes!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 536 The Rise of the Mu Clan!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 536 The Rise of the Mu Clan!

Chapter 536 The Rise of the Mu Clan!

"Seventh Grade pill recipes!"

Mu Yuelan's mind went blank.

Her fingers tightened unconsciously around the jade slips.

Her breathing halted.

"...What?"

For a moment-

She thought she had misheard.

But Bai Zihan's expression remained calm.

As if he had just handed over something ordinary.

"Seventh Grade pill recipes."

He repeated lightly.

"Ten of them!"

BOOM!

This time, it wasn't just shock.

Mu Yuelan's pupils trembled violently.

Her heart pounded against her chest.

(Seventh... Grade... recipes?!)

Her hands trembled slightly.

Even more than before.

Because she knew exactly what this meant.

This wasn't just valuable.

This wasn't just rare.

This was the very thing the Mu Clan lacked-

The very thing that separated them from becoming a true powerhouse not only in the Desolate Heaven Empire, but across the entire region.

And now, it was placed in her hands.

Mu Yuelan slowly raised her head.

Her gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

She knew he wasn't someone who would joke about something like this.

And looking at his expression, it didn't seem like a lie.

For the first time, there was no composure left in her eyes.

Only shock!

Only disbelief!

"Zihan'er..."

Her voice was slightly unsteady.

"Where did you obtain these?"

She asked.

Mu Yuelan's voice echoed faintly in the quiet chamber.

Not just curiosity-

But caution, disbelief, and a trace of urgency.

Beside them, Mu Linyue had already stopped her movements.

She stood still listening.

Her usual calm expression shifted ever so slightly.

Her eyes lowered toward the jade slips in Mu Yuelan's hands.

Seventh Grade pill recipes...

Even for her, this was not something she could ignore.

Her shock was present but compared to Mu Yuelan, it was far more restrained.

Over the past month, she had already come to understand something.

Bai Zihan was not an ordinary alchemist.

There were moments when she would ask questions that even Grade-6 Alchemists could not resolve.

Yet Bai Zihan would respond effortlessly.

Not only giving answers but explanations she could understand easily.

That alone had already placed him beyond every alchemist she knew, including

Mu Yuelan.

So when she saw the Seventh Grade recipes-

She was surprised.

But not as much as Mu Yuelan.

Bai Zihan remained calm.

As he had anticipated this question long ago.

Though it was strange to him-

No one in the Mu Clan had ever questioned his identity as an alchemist or how

he could refine Grade-4 pills.

He had thought they would definitely ask once they found out.

But strangely-

They didn't.

Perhaps because Mu Linyue had become a Grade-4 Alchemist, the shock wasn't

as overwhelming.

Or perhaps they had simply chosen not to dig deeper and instead wait for his explanation.

Either way, he had already prepared an answer.

Bai Zihan's gaze remained steady.

His tone was composed and unhurried.

He explained that he had obtained the inheritance of a Grandmaster Alchemist from the Falling Star Empire.

Mu Yuelan's expression shifted slightly at the mention of the Falling Star Empire.

She remembered clearly, Bai Zihan had indeed gone there before.

Not the one where he has gone to kill Chong Sheng but rather when he went there a year ago.

Bai Zihan calmly explained that these pill recipes were an inheritance left behind by a Grandmaster Alchemist.

It was also the source of his knowledge and the origin of his alchemy skills.

The explanation answered many of Mu Yuelan's questions.

Though the situation was still astonishing, at least it fell within the realm of reason.

After all, only such a heaven-defying inheritance could explain Bai Zihan's rise in alchemy-

As well as the existence of these Seventh Grade pill recipes.

She lowered her gaze to the jade slips again.

Then looked back at Bai Zihan.

"This is a tremendous contribution to the Mu Clan. These recipes alone can change the future of our entire Desolate Heaven Empire."

She paused briefly.

"Once the elders are informed, the clan will reward you properly!"

However, Bai Zihan shook his head.

"There's no need. I've already gained enough benefits from the Mu Clan."

He was referring to the pills he had received previously.

Some were refined by his mother and others by members of the Mu Clan.

In any case, he would continue to rely on the Mu Clan's resources in the future.

There was no need for additional rewards.

"I'll be returning to the Bai Clan today!"

Mu Yuelan did not stop him.

Nor did she try to persuade him otherwise.

She shared the same thoughts.

There was no need to reward him explicitly right now.

After all, once the Mu Clan produced Grandmaster Alchemists and their influence rose, Bai Zihan would undoubtedly benefit as well.

And if he ever needed anything, he could simply ask.

She had no doubt the Mu Clan would fulfill his request.

Right now-

What mattered most was this!

The moment she left Bai Zihan's alchemy room, her expression turned completely serious.

The shock from earlier had not faded-

If anything, it had settled even deeper.

Ten Seventh Grade pill recipes.

Even now, her hands felt slightly unreal as she held the jade slips.

Without wasting a moment, she issued a direct order.

An emergency meeting.

The Mu Clan moved swiftly.

Within a short time, the main hall was filled once more.

Elders who rarely showed themselves had all gathered.

Mu Qingyuan sat at the head, his brows slightly furrowed. "Yuelan, what is it this time?"

His tone was calm but there was a hint of worry beneath it.

After all, such an emergency meeting was only called for matters of utmost importance-

Especially those concerning the safety of the Mu Clan.

Many, like Mu Qingyuan, assumed something had gone wrong.

Mu Yuelan stepped forward.

"There is something you must be informed about."

Mu Qingyuan's gaze sharpened slightly.

"What is it?"

Mu Qingyuan asked.

"Mu Linyue has already broken through to Grade-5 Alchemist."

Absolute silence!

It was as if the entire hall had been frozen.

For a few breaths, they simply stared at Mu Yuelan.

As if trying to understand what she had just said.

BOOM!

The hall erupted even more violently than before.

"Grade-5?!"

"In just one month?!"

"That's impossible!"

Even the elders lost their composure.

Some stood up abruptly while others stared in disbelief.

Their expressions filled with shock.

Because they all remembered clearly, just one month ago, Mu Linyue had broken through to Grade-4.

And now?

She already broke through to Grade-5?

Such speed... was no longer simply monstrous.

It was more shocking when one knows that there were elders here who had yet to reach Grade-5.

And now, a junior had already stepped into that realm.

Mu Qingyuan's eyes trembled slightly.

Even he couldn't remain calm.

"Are you certain?"

Although he knew that his daughter was talented, how can she break through in just one month?

One should know that as one advances in grade, their speed slows down but

Mu Linyue has done the exact opposite.

Mu Yuelan nodded.

"I witnessed it myself."

Silence returned once more. But this time-

It was heavy and complicated.

Because alongside the shock and excitement- There was something else.

Something subtle.

Pity!

An elder slowly exhaled.

"What a waste!"

The words were quiet yet they echoed clearly.

No one refuted it.

Because they all understood.

Mu Linyue's talent was too terrifying.

She would undoubtedly soar.

Rise above all.

Stand at the peak.

And yet, she was bound.

Bound by the limits of the Mu Clan. Even if she possessed the talent- Even if she possessed the skill-

Without Seventh Grade pill recipes and beyond... she would eventually be trapped.

Just like many of them.

At Grade-6!

Another elder spoke slowly.

"If things continue like this, she may have no choice but to leave."

Those words shifted the atmosphere.

Mu Qingyuan's gaze darkened slightly.

"The Western Region..."

Someone muttered.

The elders fell into thought. Because that was the only place left.

A land far more prosperous in alchemy.

Filled with powerful sects.

And true masters.

"With her talent, she would be accepted anywhere."

"Any sect would fight to take her as a disciple. No.... she could choose whoever she wants."

With Mu Linyue's ability, there was no door that would be closed to her.

But Mu Qingyuan remained silent.

His brows slowly furrowed.

He knew that even if Mu Linyue was sent to the Western Region, it wouldn't guarantee that she could become a disciple of Grandmaster Alchemist.

The Vermilion Pill Empire was the clearest example.

There-

Even if one was talented-

Even if one qualified-

To truly learn their core alchemy...

One had to become theirs.

Not just a student but their citizens. Even if not, it seems like there are a lot of restrictions to them.

In the end, those outsiders are reduced to nothing more than a pill refiner for the

empire. He feared that the Western Region may not be much different. After all, High-grade recipes are the foundation of one's Clan or Sect.

Mu Qingyuan's hand tightened slightly on the armrest.

Not to mention, how can he send away his daughter to some faraway place?

He was not just the Clan Head.

He was also a father.

If Mu Linyue stayed, she would be limited.

Her future is capped.

Her talent was wasted.

But if she left, who knows what kind of problem she might face and when he would get to see her again.

Mu Qingyuan slowly closed his eyes. Then opened them again.

A trace of conflict lingered within.

However, before he could make any decision, Mu Yuelan raised her hand.

A stack of jade slips appeared. Then she spoke-

"Zihan'er has provided the Mu Clan with ten Seventh Grade pill recipes."

Silence!

A deep, stunned silence.

For a few seconds-

No one reacted.

As if they couldn't comprehend what she had just said.

Then-

BOOM!

The hall erupted. "What?! Seventh Grade?!"

"Ten of them?!"

"Yuelan, are you sure?!"

Even the most composed elders lost control.

They stood up abruptly.

Eyes wide.

Mu Qingyuan's pupils also widened in shock.

His gaze locked onto the jade slips.

"...You're certain?"

His voice was low but filled with anticipation.

Mu Yuelan nodded.

"I've confirmed it myself."

Silence fell once again.

Most of them were like Mu Yuelan earlier-

Finding it hard to believe-

Yet knowing she would never joke about something like this.

Mu Yuelan briefly explained Bai Zihan's encounter with the Grandmaster

Alchemist's inheritance.

How he became an alchemist.

How he obtained these recipes. With that explanation, everything became easier to accept.

After the shock and disbelief settled- What followed- Was anticipation and excitement. Because everyone here understood what this meant.

For years-

No-

For generations-

The Mu Clan had been stuck at the same threshold. Peak Grade-6 Alchemist.

Unable to step forward.

Not because they lacked talent.

Not because they lacked resources.

But because they lacked direction.

The path to Grade-7 simply did not exist for them.

And now-

That path had been placed in their hands. "This... this is enough..."

"Enough for us to break through..." "With these... our Mu Clan can finally produce Grandmaster Alchemists!"

The words echoed through the hall.

Mu Qingyuan slowly exhaled.

Even he could no longer remain calm.

Because once that step was taken- Everything would change.

Status.

Influence.

Authority.

Even the Imperial Family would no longer treat the Mu Clan the same way.

A clan with Grandmaster Alchemists was an entirely different existence.

Moreover, he also wouldn't need to send away his daughter, atleast until she reached the Peak of Grade-7 Alchemist.

And the one who made all of this possible-

Was Bai Zihan!

Mu Qingyuan did not delay any further.

"Elders-"

His voice turned firm. "Let us study these recipes together."

Then-

A faint, rare smile appeared on his face.

"It seems... The time for the rise of the Mu Clan has arrived!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 537 The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill[923 words]

Chapter 537 The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill

The Bai Clan-

As steady and imposing as ever.

Nothing seemed to have changed on the surface.

Yet the moment Bai Zihan stepped through the gates-

Several gazes subtly shifted toward him.

His absence for over a month had not gone unnoticed. Yet it wasn't uncommon as one might go into seclusion for years.

Bai Zihan walked calmly through the clan grounds as if returning from a casual stroll.

Before long, he arrived at the inner courtyard.

Where a familiar figure stood.

Bai Tianheng!

Hands behind his back.

Gaze deep and contemplative.

As if he had already been waiting.

"You're back!"

His voice was steady.

Bai Zihan nodded.

"Mmm..."

Bai Tianheng glanced at him briefly.

He was already informed of Bai Zihan's stay at the Mu Clan, though he didn't expect Bai Zihan to remain there for over a month.

"Since you're back... it's time to resume your training. To become the next Clan Leader, you cannot afford to slack."

Bai Zihan didn't respond.

He simply stood there quietly.

(Well, looks like my little vacation is over!)

Bai Zihan thought.

Initially he thought that refining pills would be extremely boring but was proven wrong.

Although a bit repetitive, one could always improve with a bit of adjustment. Not to mention, he also added various flavors to the pills.

The most proud creation of his was the 'Cola' Flavored pills.

Although it lacks the frizziness of the drink, its taste was 80 percent that of Coca Cola.

However, the efficiency of the pill dropped by 10 percent which Bai Zihan thought wasn't much if those tasteless pills could taste so good.

Well, there was also the problem that refining such pills made it much harder to achieve those qualities, but with Bai Zihan's Grade-8 alchemy skill, it wasn't difficult-especially since he was refining pills of a lower grade than what he was capable of.

Bai Tianheng exhaled slowly.

A faint sigh escaped him.

"The time has also come..."

He muttered under his breath.

"For me to attempt a breakthrough."

His eyes turned distant.

From the Great Ascension Realm-

To the Immortal Realm.

A single step-

Yet like the difference between heaven and earth.

Then he shook his head slightly.

"If only I had a Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill..."

His tone carried faint regret.

The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill was a Grade-7 pill capable of greatly increasing the chances of breaking into the Immortal Realm by assisting one's body in resisting the Heavenly Tribulation.

But such pills... only the Vermillion Pill Empire has them in the entire Eastern Region.

And they're always in low supply while demand is extremely high.

Everyone in the Eastern Region desired to obtain one, especially those preparing to break through to the Immortal Realm.

The Vermillion Pill Empire knew just how precious they were and sold them at extremely high prices-

Yet no one complained.

Those at the Great Ascension Realm did not lack wealth.

To increase their chances of reaching the Immortal Realm, they were willing to pay any price.

Not to mention-

If one failed to resist the Heavenly Tribulation...

They would lose their life.

In that sense, the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill was more of a life-saving treasure.

Thus, even at exorbitant prices, people would still fight to obtain one.

However, the Vermillion Pill Empire did not sell them openly like other pills.

Instead, they held auctions once every year, maximizing their profit.

Knowing that his time to break through was approaching, Bai Tianheng had attempted to obtain one before-

But ultimately failed.

(The Vermillion Pill Empire seemed wary of the Desolate Heaven Empire.)

Bai Tianheng thought.

As the Clan Leader of Bai Clan, he didn't lack money to exchange for The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill.

But recently, it has become difficult to obtain one especially for those in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

He inquired and found out that he wasn't the only one but many others from the Desolate Heaven Empire.

It was understandable!

Selling more The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill to Desolate Heaven Empire meant increase of Immortal Realm Cultivator for Desolate Heaven

Empire.

Since they don't want the Desolate Heaven Empire to have more Immortal Realm experts, they naturally would avoid selling it to them.

But well, it wasn't like the Vermillion Pill Empire had completely stopped selling them since they were the biggest profit for their Empire.

He would have to wait for the next auction and try his luck again.

But his cultivation could not wait indefinitely.

It seemed he would have to enter seclusion and gather every treasure he could to withstand the Heavenly Tribulation without the pill.

Bai Zihan heard his father's murmur.

He remembered that among the pill recipes he had given to the Mu Clan, there was one that helped resist the Heavenly Tribulation-

And its effect was even superior to the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill of the Vermillion Pill Empire.

Considering the abilities of the Mu Clan elders, Bai Zihan didn't think they would need long before producing such pills.

Bai Zihan spoke.

"Father!"

Bai Tianheng glanced at him.

"Give it a few days. Perhaps the Mu Clan can refine one for you."

Bai Tianheng froze for a brief moment.

Then he shook his head with a faint smile.

He thought that Bai Zihan didn't fully understand. The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill was a Grade-7 pill.

Without a Grandmaster Alchemist, it was impossible to refine. Not to mention, the Mu Clan didn't even possess such a recipe.

But even so, a small smile still appeared on his face.

At least his son was thinking about him.

That alone was enough.

"I too wish for that!"

Bai Tianheng said jokingly. He then turned and began to leave.

"Prepare yourself! We will continue your training."

His figure slowly walked away.

Behind him, Bai Zihan stood quietly.

His expression unchanged.

(They should have started by now.)

Bai Zihan genuinely believed that it would only take a few days before the entire Desolate Heaven Empire welcomed its first Grandmaster Alchemists. And he knew very well- That this might also set something into motion across the entire region.

He couldn't wait for that!

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 538 Seventh Grade Pill!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 538 Seventh Grade Pill!

Chapter 538 Seventh Grade Pill!

Back at the Mu Clan-

The atmosphere had completely changed.

If previously it had felt like a quiet lockdown-

Now, it was a fortress.

Sealed and impenetrable.

No outsiders were allowed entry.

Not even those with extremely close relationships to the Mu Clan.

Everything was shut out.

The reason was obvious.

The entire Mu Clan Elders had thrown themselves into studying the recipes. given by Bai Zihan.

All focused on a single goal.

Seventh Grade Pills!

A realm they had been unable to reach for generations.

Naturally, such a moment could not tolerate any disturbance.

Secrecy became absolute.

Even the formations surrounding the clan were reinforced multiple times over. Nothing was left to chance.

To outsiders-

This behavior was strange and suspicious.

Even unsettling.

The Mu Clan already had the Bai Clan as its backer.

With Bai Tianheng's growing power, there were few forces in the region bold enough to provoke them.

And yet, they had chosen to isolate themselves completely.

Speculations began to spread.

Some believed the Mu Clan had offended a powerful force beyond the Empire.

Others thought they were preparing for an impending conflict with a great sect.

A few even whispered about internal turmoil.

But inside the Mu Clan-

No one cared.

They had no time to.

Compared to what they were pursuing, rumors were meaningless.

The outside world was almost irrelevant.

Right now, what they were doing would change their Empire!

Inside a heavily reinforced alchemy chamber-

Silence reigned!

An elder sat before the furnace.

His name was Mu Tianxuan, Mu Yuelan's father and Bai Zihan's grandfather.

His hair had long turned white.

His aura was deep, steady, yet stagnant.

Mu Tianxuan was the Mu Clan's best alchemist and the one who had the highest chance of success at refining Grade-7 pill, which was why he was the first to attempt.

Every Elders were present, wanting to witness what might be the history that would be told for generations to come.

Mu Tianxuan took a deep breath.

For hundreds of years, he had remained at Peak Grade-6 Alchemist.

Unable to take that final step.

Until today.

Before him-

Flames danced with precision.

Controlled.

Refined.

Every movement of his was flawless.

Around him, the other elders stood in silence as they watched.

Not a single one dared to speak.

Among the ten Seventh Grade recipes, Mu Tianxuan chose the simplest one.

After all, it was their first time refining a Grade-7 pill, and choosing the easiest one was the wisest choice.

While this was the easiest pill to refine, even so, it was still a Seventh Grade pill.

A grade none of them had ever tried to refine.

Time passed slowly.

Each step progressed carefully.

Every phase was executed with extreme caution.

No one blinked.

No one relaxed.

Even breathing seemed heavier.

Until the final step arrived.

Mu Tianxuan easily handled that part as well and finished refining the pill.

Many were excited, thinking that they had finally refined a Grade-7 pill.

"I knew Master Mu Tianxuan-no, it should be Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan now -could do it."

"As expected of the best alchemist in the Mu Clan. Success on the first attempt." "Looks like we are going to rise! Grandpa will become the first Seventh Grade Alchemist of the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

Everyone thought that Mu Tianxuan had succeeded and that they now had someone in their ranks who could be called Grandmaster.

But then a faint tremor ran through the furnace.

The flames surged slightly.

The elder's expression tightened.

Then it happened.

The sky above the Mu Clan shifted.

Dark clouds began to gather.

Slowly at first, then rapidly.

A heavy pressure descended.

The kind that made one's heart sink.

The elders' expressions changed instantly.

Pill Tribulation!

For a moment, some of them were stunned.

As if they had forgotten such a thing even existed.

After all, none of them had ever refined a Seventh Grade pill before.

This was their first time witnessing it.

But reality did not wait for them to process.

The clouds thickened.

Lightning flickered faintly within.

Even with the formations activated-

Even with layers upon layers of concealment-

It was impossible to hide.

This was not something that could be suppressed completely.

Not something that could be concealed.

They knew well that others would see this, but could only pray that none of them could recognize what it was.

But how could that be possible?

One or two might not recognize it, but among so many people, there would surely be a few-perhaps several-who could.

And outside-

In the shadows surrounding the Mu Clan-

Figures moved.

Hidden observers.

Spies from various clans and sects.

They had been watching for days, waiting.

The moment the sky changed, their expressions shifted drastically.

They immediately began recording everything.

Sending messages.

Reporting back.

Some were confused.

Others uncertain.

But-

Not all.

A few recognized it instantly.

Their pupils shrank.

Their breathing quickened.

Pill Tribulation!

Seventh Grade Pills and above were the only ones that could summon such a phenomenon.

Without hesitation-

They transmitted the information back to their respective forces.

Absolutely Urgent!

Because they all understood what this meant.

The Mu Clan was attempting to refine a Grade-7 pill-a realm none had been able to touch in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Inside the alchemy chamber-

The moment the tribulation clouds formed-

Mu Qingyuan's expression changed.

His voice rang out instantly.

"Block it!" There was no hesitation.

Because everyone present understood-

If the Pill Tribulation was not stopped-

It wouldn't just destroy the pill.

It could also injure-

Or even kill-

The alchemist refined it.

The next moment-

The elders moved. In perfect coordination.

Layer after layer of defensive treasures was thrown out.

Barrier talismans ignited. Protective arrays activated. Spiritual shields overlapped one another.

Forming a dense wall above the furnace.

BOOM! The first bolt of lightning struck.

Violent.

Fierce.

Carrying the will of the heavens.

It slammed directly into the defenses.

The entire chamber trembled. But it held.

The elders' expressions tightened.

Spiritual energy surged as they reinforced the barriers.

Then-

Another strike!

BOOM!

And another!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The tribulation descended relentlessly.

Each bolt stronger than the last. But the Mu Clan was prepared. With so many Peak Grade-6 Alchemists present-

With their accumulated wealth of defensive treasures-

They endured it.

Blocked it.

Again and again.

The lightning roared. The chamber shook.

But the furnace remained intact.

The elder at its center- Unmoving. Focused to the extreme. Finally- After what felt like an eternity-

The tribulation began to weaken. The clouds thinned.

The lightning faded.

Until-

Silence returned.

The sky cleared. The pressure vanished.

The Pill Tribulation....

Had passed. For a brief moment-

No one moved.

Then-

Every gaze turned toward the furnace.

Eyes burning.

Hearts pounding.

Anticipation surging. Because now-

All that remained-

Was the result. Their very first- Seventh Grade Pill!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 539 Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan[1,037 words]

Chapter 539 Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan

Everyone stared at the furnace.

Inside the furnace, a faint glow lingered.

At last, a soft hum echoed.

Mu Tianxuan slowly lifted his hand.

The furnace lid trembled slightly, then opened.

A wave of rich medicinal fragrance burst forth.

Carrying a depth that far surpassed anything they had ever smelled before.

At the center, a pill hovered.

Its surface was smooth and flawless.

Faint patterns of Dao marks flickered across it.

A subtle glow pulsed from within, as if it were alive.

Seventh Grade Pill!

There was no doubt.

For a long moment, everyone simply stared.

Finally-

Mu Yuelan stepped forward.

Her gaze trembled slightly as she looked at the pill, then at her father.

A rare softness appeared in her usually composed expression.

She bowed her head slightly.

"Congratulations, Father, on becoming a Grandmaster Alchemist!"

Her voice broke the silence.

Like a stone dropped into still water-

The entire chamber erupted.

"Congratulations on becoming Grandmaster!"

"Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan!"

"Hahaha! Our Mu Clan has finally done it!"

Excitement surged like a tidal wave.

Faces that had remained tense for hours now beamed with joy.

Some elders even laughed openly.

Others clenched their fists in exhilaration.

The long-standing bottleneck has finally been broken.

Finally, they have a Grandmaster Alchemist in their clan.

Mu Tianxuan held the pill in his hand.

His expression was calm, but the slight tremor in his fingers betrayed him.

His eyes lingered on the pill for a moment, then slowly lifted.

Toward Mu Yuelan.

Toward the elders.

And finally-

Toward a distant direction.

As if looking beyond the walls of the Mu Clan.

A faint smile appeared.

"This old man merely took the final step."

His voice was steady.

"I have stood at this threshold for hundreds of years."

He paused slightly.

Then continued.

"If not for that child bringing back these Grade-7 recipes..."

His gaze softened.

"There would be no breakthrough today."

A quiet understanding passed through the room.

The elders nodded one after another.

Indeed!

Mu Tianxuan had always possessed everything required to become a Grandmaster Alchemist but was stuck because of a lack of a Grade-7 recipe.

Not only him, but many geniuses of the Mu Clan were stuck for precisely that same reason for many generations.

I was their shackle!

But now, Bai Zihan has given them the solution.

Mu Tianxuan's smile deepened slightly.

"That little grandson of mine..."

A hint of pride flashed in his eyes.

"He has given the Mu Clan a gift greater than anything we could have imagined."

The atmosphere softened.

But only for a moment.

Because soon-

Another topic arose.

One elder was unable to contain his excitement thinking about the future.

"Now that Lord Mu Tianxuan has succeeded..."

His eyes shone brightly.

There would be more!

There are at least two more elders who stand at the same level as Mu Tianxuan

in the clan, and it shouldn't be difficult for them to take that final step as well.

There are others as well, but perhaps they might need to practice a bit more. But since there is now a path for advancement, they will definitely work harder

than before.

It wouldn't be long before our Mu Clan has several Grade-7 Alchemists.

The very thought made their hearts race.

Although even then they might not be able to compete with the almighty Vermillion Pill Empire, which has more than 20 Grandmaster Alchemists, it wouldn't be wrong to say that they would definitely be second in the region.

An empire built over countless generations was not something that could be surpassed overnight.

However, if one only competes with alchemist clans and sects, then it wouldn't be wrong to say that they might take the first position soon.

Mu Qingyuan was also very excited and knew what that meant.

"There will be none who can stand above us!"

Smiles spread.

Because they all knew this was not arrogance.

With one Grandmaster, they had broken their limits. It wouldn't be wrong to say there was no one other than the Vermillion Pill Empire who could compete with them with just one Grandmaster.

With three, they could even compete with some of the powerful clans from the Vermillion Pill Empire.

If they reached ten Grandmasters-

Then calling themselves the strongest alchemy family in the region would not be an exaggeration.

The atmosphere surged with excitement.

Hope!

Ambition!

Dreams that had once seemed unreachable now felt within grasp.

But-

Amidst this rising tide-

A note of caution emerged.

Mu Qingyuan slowly raised his hand.

The room gradually quieted.

His expression turned serious. "We shouldn't celebrate too early though."

Everyone's expressions shifted slightly.

"The Pill Tribulation was not something that could be hidden."

"By now," Mu Qingyuan said slowly, "many forces should already be aware that something has happened within our Mu Clan."

"Even if they cannot confirm everything... they will investigate and find out about today's incident."

The joy in the room cooled slightly.

Because they all understood what that meant.

A Grandmaster Alchemist was not just glory.

It was an influence and power.

And obviously, their enemies wouldn't be very happy with such news.

Who knows what stunt they will pull when they receive the news.

"We cannot possibly hide the fact that Father has broken through," Mu Qingyuan concluded.

Mu Tianxuan fell silent for a moment.

His gaze lowered slightly.

Thoughtful and calculating. Then he slowly raised his head.

A sharp light flashed in his eyes.

"If it cannot be hidden..."

He said calmly.

"Then we will not hide it. And instead-"

A faint smile appeared. "We will display it proudly."

A ripple passed through the room.

"Invite everyone for the celebration."

His voice was steady and confident.

"Hold a grand celebration for my breakthrough."

By doing this-

They would not only acknowledge the truth-

They could make use of it.

Since they can't hide it, then utilize it and increase their influence.

Mu Tianxuan continued.

"Since our strength has been exposed... then we will let the entire Desolate

Heaven Empire see it clearly."

"Let them know-"

"That the Mu Clan has risen!"

Although there was excitement, there were still worries and concerns.

They were not afraid of the forces within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

With their own strength and the Bai Clan backing them, there wasn't anyone who would make things difficult for them.

Not to mention, having a Grandmaster Alchemist, many cultivators would rather be willing to ally themselves with them than offend them.

But-

Everyone present knew-

This matter would not remain confined to just the Desolate Heaven Empire.

A Grandmaster Alchemist appearing outside the Vermillion Pill Empire would inevitably shake the Vermillion Pill Empire and its standing.

Previously, they didn't have any opponents and continued to dominate the alchemy scene in the region.

But with Mu Tianxuan breaking through, they would obviously be the ones who are least happy.

They were certain that if no one else, at least the Vermillion Pill Empire would

pull something

off.

Mu Qingyuan's eyes darkened slightly.

"The Vermillion Pill Empire will not ignore this. We need to prepare to face them!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 540 The News Reaches the Vermillion Throne[1,020 words]

Chapter 540 The News Reaches the Vermillion Throne

No sooner did the Mu Clan send invitation letters to all the powerful sects and clans, including the Imperial Family.

Invitation letters began to arrive with the unmistakable insignia of the Mu Clan.

At first, most treated it as nothing unusual, nor with much importance.

Of course, the Mu Clan is a powerful clan whose alchemy legacy is one of the best in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

However, since there are other similar clans who also have many Grade-6 Alchemists, their importance and influence aren't as much as they deserve.

That was the case for many other alchemist clans in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

After all, the Desolate Heaven Empire values overall battle strength more than anything else and ranks them based on it.

Anyways, it was just a celebration invitation.

Perhaps for some achievement.

Nothing worth attention.

But the moment the seal was broken-

Everything changed.

Shock!

That was the only reaction.

Eyes froze on the contents.

Breathing slowed.

Expressions stiffened.

Again and again, the same scene repeated across the empire.

Because written clearly within the invitation was a single, undeniable truth.

The Mu Clan had produced a Grandmaster Alchemist.

And they invited everyone to celebrate it with them.

Those who had received prior reports from spies were less shocked.

But only slightly.

Because suspicion was never the same as confirmation.

What they had before was doubt.

Now it was confirmed!

Different factions obviously had different reactions to the news.

Clans allied with the Mu Clan were obviously very happy after receiving such news, especially the Bai Clan, which is very close to them.

They were already developing at a rapid pace, and with the Mu Clan finally having a Grandmaster Alchemist, that would only increase the pace further.

The elders of the Bai Clan were rejoicing at the news.

It seemed like no one could stop the rise of the Bai Clan.

Bai Tianheng, in particular, was very happy after learning about the

He knew about the limits of alchemist families in the Desolate Heaven Empire and had tried to find a way to help the Mu Clan.

However, obtaining a Grade-7 recipe was harder than obtaining a Heavenly Grade cultivation technique.

In order to get one, you need to know a Grandmaster Alchemist and perhaps bestow a great favor-similar to saving their life-for them to consider giving you even one recipe.

But that was almost impossible in the Eastern Region, where Grandmaster Alchemists are controlled by the Vermillion Pill Empire.

He then remembered the conversation he had with Bai Zihan a few days ago. (Did he know?)

Bai Tianheng thought that perhaps the reason Bai Zihan stayed for so long was because he knew Mu Tianxuan was preparing to break through and stayed behind to watch.

And why he said to wait for a few days, and perhaps he might obtain the pill that he needed.

Anyways, he also got an additional letter along with the invitation, and that was regarding the Vermillion Pill Empire and that they might get involved.

Since the Bai Clan needed to protect the Mu Clan, they needed to be warned in advance about the potential danger.

Bai Tianheng understood that and prepared themselves.

Anyways, if they took away alchemy from the Vermillion Pill Empire, they were nothing more than weaklings before the Bai Clan.

Meanwhile, the expressions of people from the Li-Zhao faction were as if they had eaten sh*t.

"Dammit! Why is it someone from the Mu Clan?"

Li Jianhong couldn't help but curse.

They were already at a disadvantage against the Bai Clan, and now he received

a letter saying that one of the alchemist families closely allied with the Bai Clan

had a Grandmaster?

How could their luck be that bad?

If it had been someone from their faction, then they would have risen with

their help.

If it had been someone who was neutral or loosely allied with the Bai Clan, they would do everything to recruit them with a lot of benefits.

But it had to be the Mu Clan.

With the marriage of Mu Yuelan to Bai Tianheng, and their next Clan Leader

being Bai Zihan, their alliance was almost unbreakable.

Many of the rival factions of the Bai Clan had similar thoughts.

Why is the Bai Clan so blessed?

Why haven't the alchemists they are allied with had a breakthrough?

Is the heavens playing favorites?

Well, even if they had complaints, they all had to attend the invitation.

With the Mu Clan having a Grandmaster, no one could disrespect them.

Far away-

Within a grand palace forged from ancient jade and fire-

The Vermillion Pill Empire!

The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive.

Not a single person present dared to speak.

At the center, a figure knelt.

His body trembled uncontrollably.

Cold sweat drenched his back.

He had reported everything and how Mu Tianxuan seemed to have broken

through to a Grade-7 Alchemist.

Every detail.

From the pill tribulation-

To the invitation.

And after that-

Silence!

A suffocating silence that stretched on for a long time.

No one moved.

No one dared to even breathe loudly.

Because seated above-

On the jade throne-

Was the ruler of the Vermillion Pill Empire.

His expression was terrifyingly furious.

BANG!

The jade throne cracked slightly under the force of his strike.

A terrifying aura burst forth.

Unrestrained rage!

This was something he had never expected.

A Grandmaster Alchemist appearing outside their control.

"Unacceptable!"

His mind raced rapidly.

Analyzing and calculating.

Three possibilities emerged.

First-

Betrayal! One of their own had secretly passed a Grade-7 recipe to the Mu

Clan.

Second-

Theft! The Mu Clan had somehow stolen one of their Grade-7 recipes through

unknown means.

Third-

Someone from beyond the region had stepped in and helped them.

In any case, none of them were good.

Because no matter the cause, the result remained the same.

Someone other than the Vermillion Pill Empire now possessed a Grandmaster Alchemist.

And that challenged their authority.

Their dominance for centuries.

Their absolute control over alchemy in the region.

This could not be tolerated.

His gaze turned cold.

A decision was made instantly.

"Send out my orders! Summon all the best alchemists of my Empire."

His fingers tightened slightly on the armrest.

"They are to assemble immediately and personally go to the Desolate Heaven Empire."

A ripple of shock passed through the hall but no one dared to react.

The Emperor's gaze turned colder.

"This matter will not be left unresolved."

His voice dropped further.

His voice dropped further. Filled with unmistakable killing intent.

"A newly ascended Grandmaster?"

A faint sneer appeared.

The pressure in the hall intensified. "Good! Very good!"

Then-

His voice rose.

"We will let the entire world witness-"

"What a true Grandmaster looks like."

A pause. Then the final command fell like a verdict. "Prepare. We will thoroughly humiliate him!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 541 Celebration Of A New Grandmaster

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 541 Celebration Of A New Grandmaster

The Celebration Day for Mu Tianxuan becoming a Grandmaster Alchemist was set two months after his breakthrough.

Within that period, the news about Mu Tianxuan becoming a Grade-7 Alchemist had spread throughout.

Within the Desolate Heaven Empire, there was no one who didn't know about this big news.

But it did not stop at the Desolate Heaven Empire.

All the neighboring empires had also received the news and were equally stunned.

Reactions varied for each empire.

Those who maintained neutral or friendly relations with the Desolate Heaven Empire were mostly pleased.

They even felt excited.

Because it meant the end of the Vermillion Pill Empire's monopoly over Grade-7 Pills.

They might no longer need to pay absurd prices for Grade-7 pills.

Well, it might take time, but obviously there should be a reduction in price since the Vermillion Pill Empire no longer has a monopoly.

On the other hand, those who held hostility toward the Desolate Heaven Empire found themselves conflicted.

Since the Desolate Heaven Empire was their rival, its increase in strength was not very good news.

And yet, even for them, the breaking of a monopoly held undeniable appeal. After all, unless they have a special relationship with the Vermillion Pill Empire, everyone has to pay those exorbitant prices for Grade-7 Pills.

Meanwhile, at the heart of it all-

The Mu Clan was preparing for the upcoming celebration.

For two months, they spared no effort.

Since they were an alchemy clan, they lacked no money and spent lavishly to prepare for what might be the biggest event in their clan's history.

Everyone knew that the upcoming celebration wouldn't just be a simple celebration.

Not to mention, the list of guests included every powerhouse in the empire and also those outside the empire.

And that was precisely why the celebration was delayed by two months.

Preparation alone required time.

But that was not the only reason.

The day of the event had finally come.

The Mu Clan territory had never seen such a sight.

The skies, once vast and serene, were now filled.

Massive flying ships drifted across the heavens, one after another, casting enormous shadows over the land below.

The people beneath could not help but look up.

Again and again!

Each arrival drew gasps.

Each insignia stirred recognition.

"Look! That's the Imperial Family's insignia!"

A voice rang out from the crowd, filled with shock.

Heads turned instantly.

A colossal ship, far grander than the rest, cut through the sky with absolute authority.

Golden patterns shimmered along its hull.

Dragon motifs coiled across its structure.

Its mere presence demanded reverence.

And that was only one among many.

Today, they had witnessed things they would never forget.

Top powerhouses!

Existences that most would never see even once in their lifetime.

And yet, here they were.

Arriving one after another.

And everyone knew why.

Meanwhile, inside the Mu Clan territory, the atmosphere was even more intense.

Servants rushed about tirelessly.

Their movements were quick and precise. Not a single moment was wasted.

They carried trays filled with exquisite dishes.

Rare spiritual fruits.

Fine wines that released rich aromas even from afar.

Every guest was treated with utmost care.

Streams of refreshments flowed without end.

At the same time, soft music filled the air.

The musicians played with complete focus, weaving together a beautiful harmony that echoed across the grand halls.

Each note blended seamlessly into the next.

Creating an atmosphere both refined and majestic.

Graceful dancers moved in rhythm.

They captivated the attention of many guests, adding life and vibrance to the already grand celebration.

Nothing was lacking and nothing was overlooked.

At the grand entrance, Mu Qingyuan personally stood to receive the guests.

Each time a new force arrived, he stepped forward.

Greeting them with proper courtesy befitting their status.

The clan representatives, mostly their leaders, responded in kind.

Polite and respectful.

And noticeably warmer than before.

Each offered congratulations.

Each spoke words of praise.

Because everyone understood that maintaining a good relationship with the Mu Clan had now become crucial.

Becoming their enemies was no longer just a matter of conflict.

It was tantamount to sacrificing the future of one's own clan.

Even if they themselves did not want to, would those at the Peak Great

Ascension Realm Elders not care?

Would those in the Immortal Realm, who needed Grade-7 pills to advance, not care?

Even if they did not want to do so, they were pressured to do so by their own clan.

Even those who were once rivals-

Even those who stood on opposing sides-

Had no choice but to smile and offer polite and respectful words along with gifts.

None of the people who attended this celebration held back on their gifts and brought their most precious treasures.

The Imperial Family even brought Heaven-Grade Artifacts for them.

It could be seen from this gesture that even the Imperial Family wanted to get along well with the Mu Clan.

Inside the grand halls-

Conversations flowed endlessly.

Voices remained controlled, but the content of discussion was strikingly consistent.

How did Mu Tianxuan manage to break through?

That was the question on everyone's mind.

And they discussed with each other in low voices.

"Did you find out how the Mu Clan got their hands on a Grade-7 recipe?"

"I heard that the Mu Clan sent their people to the Central Continent, and it seems like they got their hands on it there."

Speculations spread quietly.

Did they receive help from a hidden expert?

Was there involvement from forces beyond the region?

Perhaps someone from the Central Continent?

Or did they go there and obtain Grade-7 recipes themselves?

However, Grade-7 recipes were not something easily obtained.

Even if they sent their people, it remained unclear how they could convince alchemists of the Central Continent to give away their recipes.

No one had the real answer, and everyone could only guess and make assumptions.

On the other side, Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian watched everything with

frowns on their faces.

Looking at their allies as they flattered the Mu Clan, who should have been their enemy, they didn't feel good.

However, they also understood their position well.

They too were here in the hope of establishing a good relationship with the Mu

Clan despite knowing that the Mu Clan are strongly allied with the Bai Clan.

At least they still had to try.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 542 The Vermillion Pill Empire Arrives[992 words]

Chapter 542 The Vermillion Pill Empire Arrives

The atmosphere remained lively.

For the most part-

Everything unfolded exactly as one would expect from a celebration of this magnitude.

Laughter echoed.

Cups were raised.

Conversations flowed without end.

And then, the moment everyone had been waiting for finally arrived.

Mu Tianxuan appeared.

He stepped into the grand hall calmly, his presence steady yet profound.

The moment he appeared, the entire hall seemed to shift.

Then a wave erupted.

Congratulations poured in from all directions.

"Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan!"

"Congratulations on your breakthrough!"

"The Mu Clan's rise is unstoppable!"

Voices rose one after another.

Even those who had once stood in opposition stepped forward with smiles.

Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong.

Their expressions were not pleasant.

But they hid it well.

Following the flow of the crowd, they too offered their congratulations.

Mu Tianxuan accepted everything calmly and gave a nod.

He neither appeared overly proud nor falsely humble.

The celebration continued.

One by one, representatives lined up to meet and talk with Mu Tianxuan.

Time passed.

The atmosphere grew even more vibrant.

And then another wave arrived.

"They are..."

"As expected! I knew that they aren't just going to sit around and do nothing." "Looks like a drama is coming up!"

Representatives from other empires also arrived.

Some had received formal invitations.

Those with friendly relations to the Desolate Heaven Empire entered openly.

Most of them were ministers, as for such occasions sending their Emperor would not look good.

Even for the Desolate Heaven Empire, the Imperial Family had sent their minister, as well as prince and princess who came by themselves to establish relationships.

But officially the Emperor only sent a minister as his representative.

Anyways, not only those who were invited arrived, but also those who weren't invited had arrived.

Among them, one group clearly stood out immediately.

This could be seen by other representatives flattering the group and trying to look as friendly as they could before them.

It was a group of alchemists from the Vermillion Pill Empire!

At their head stood a man many recognized instantly.

Huo Zhouchen!

A renowned Pill Alchemist famous across the region.

An existence whose respect was more than even Earth Immortal cultivators.

It is said that he reached Grandmaster Alchemist status in his 200th year.

Although he wasn't the most skilled in the Vermillion Pill Empire, he was one of the top alchemists.

Following him was also someone who is widely regarded as the most talented alchemist in the entire region, without any rivals.

Huo Shenyu!

Son of Huo Zhouchen, and his talent was even more absurd than his father.

He has yet to reach the age of 40, and yet he was already a Grade-4 Alchemist.

He is proclaimed to be the most talented alchemist.

Whispers spread immediately.

Eyes turned.

Attention focused.

The lively atmosphere dimmed slightly.

Huo Zhouchen stepped forward calmly with confidence.

A faint arrogance was hidden beneath his composed exterior.

Then he spoke.

"Sorry for coming without any invitation."

His gaze swept across the hall.

Lingering briefly on Mu Tianxuan.

"However..."

A faint smile appeared.

"I trust the Mu Clan will not chase us away."

Huo Zhouchen deliberately said that.

For one, he was certain that with many other representatives coming without invitations, the Mu Clan would not dare chase away all of them.

And if by any chance they did chase them away, that would show that the Mu Clan was afraid of facing the Vermillion Pill Empire.

Whichever scenario occurred, it was beneficial for them.

Silence!

For a brief moment, the entire hall quieted and simply watched what the Mu Clan would do.

At the entrance, Mu Qingyuan's expression stiffened slightly.

He had already anticipated this.

His gaze shifted subtly.

Mu Tianxuan remained calm.

After a brief pause, he gave a slight nod.

Mu Qingyuan understood immediately.

No matter their intentions, they could not be turned away.

Although everyone present knew that the Vermillion Pill Empire had not come in good faith.

But what could they do?

Avoidance was not an option. They could only face them head on.

Mu Qingyuan drew a breath.

He was just about to speak when-

"Some shameless people could even come to another's door and still act so self-righteously. Tsk! Tsk!"

Every gaze snapped toward the source.

Bai Zihan!

He stepped forward leisurely, munching on a Spirit Fruit.

His expression was indifferent, as if he had merely stated an obvious truth.

The moment those words left Bai Zihan's mouth, the expressions of the Vermillion Pill Empire group darkened.

Not only them, even the representatives from other empires who had arrived without invitation frowned.

"Whose child is this?"

"No manners at all..." "How dare he speak like this? Do you even know who we are?"

Those people began to question Bai Zihan, obviously they did not recognize him.

Huo Zhouchen, however, remained silent.

His eyes locked onto Bai Zihan.

He was evaluating him.

(Who is this youth that dared to speak so boldly?)

One should know that even the Desolate Heaven Empire's Emperor would not dare speak to them like this.

Even if he was displeased, he would not show anger as long as they did not cross the line.

Since Bai Zihan could come to such an event, he knew that his background would not be low.

There was no need to guess for long.

The surrounding whispers answered him. "Bai Zihan has done it again."

"As expected of him. He would put these people in their place. How dare they be arrogant after coming without an invitation."

"They have met their match. In terms of arrogance, who under Heaven dares to challenge Bai Zihan?"

"Where is the Bai Clan Leader? Did they only send their heir?"

Huo Zhouchen's eyes flickered slightly.

Although not many outside the Desolate Heaven Empire knew how he looked, everyone had heard the name Bai Zihan.

After all, Bai Zihan was a martial genius said to possess unparalleled talent.

His recent feats were already well known beyond the Desolate Heaven Empire.

They also knew that Bai Zihan's mother is from the Mu Clan.

No wonder he dares act so arrogantly in front of them-this was his maternal home.

"Is this how you treat your guests?"

One of the representatives said through gritted teeth.

"Guests? Invited guests are always welcomed. However, you all are clearly not invited.."

Bai Zihan continued.

"What? So should I treat anyone who shows up uninvited as a guest? Would I also need to treat all dogs who show up as guest?"

Bai Zihan said.

That representative wanted to argue, but no words came from his mouth.

Indeed, they had no invitation, yet still dared to be arrogant.

How could anyone tolerate that?

Unfortunately for them, they met Bai Zihan!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 543 Uninvited Guests, Unwelcome Arrogance[1,026 words]

Chapter 543 Uninvited Guests, Unwelcome Arrogance

Bai Zihan did not stop.

Every word landed precisely where it hurt the most.

"Coming uninvited is one thing."

He took another bite of the Spirit Fruit.

"But acting as if you are owed respect..."

A faint glance swept across the group.

"...that is another matter entirely. Even shamelessness has a limit!"

No one interrupted as Bai Zihan began throwing one insult after another. Each sentence stripped away their dignity.

Each word made them feel like they had committed a grave offense just by coming here uninvited.

The representatives who had arrived without invitation grew increasingly unsightly.

Then, a few of them who didn't seem to be part of Huo Zhouchen's group stepped forward.

They knew that Bai Zihan wasn't really targeting them but rather Huo Zhouchen, who was from the Vermillion Pill Empire.

"We apologize for coming uninvited."

One of them spoke, cupping his fists respectfully.

"We admit our fault."

Then he continued.

"But we truly came to congratulate Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan."

Others nodded with his words.

They lowered their heads slightly.

Showing restraint.

Showing respect.

It was clear, they were not part of the group that had been fawning over Huo Zhouchen.

Though they too lacked invitations, their attitude was entirely different.

Bai Zihan glanced at them.

His gaze lingered for a moment.

Then he gave a slight nod.

"Of course, since you sincerely came to congratulate Grandmaster Mu Tianxuan, you may enter."

Just a simple sentence, yet it carried undeniable authority.

Relief flashed across their faces.

They didn't know how they could answer to their Emperors if they failed to even enter the celebration.

They quickly expressed their thanks before stepping aside respectfully.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted.

Toward Huo Zhouchen.

Toward the others behind him, those who had been posturing arrogantly. A faint smile appeared.

"Looks like..."

He said lightly.

"Some people still have self-awareness and manners-unlike certain others." Bai Zihan said sarcastically.

The expressions on Huo Zhouchen and those behind him worsened.

Not only was Bai Zihan blatantly calling them shameless, but he had allowed others in while stopping them.

"Why did you let them in but not us? They too don't have an invitation."

"Aren't you blatantly targeting us? Do you know the consequences, Young Master Bai?"

"Young Master Bai, please watch your words."

They tried to argue with Bai Zihan, pointing out how he was clearly targeting them.

Huo Zhouchen looked at the allies beside him and quietly shook his head.

(They are being played by Bai Zihan!)

Seeing how they had already lost their composure and were acting emotionally, he knew Bai Zihan had achieved his goal.

If they didn't stop, they would only make fools of themselves.

Huo Zhouchen had no choice but to step forward.

Continuing like this would only worsen the situation.

And more importantly, he had already realized something.

Arguing directly with Bai Zihan was not wise.

He wasn't someone who would give face to anyone and didn't seem to understand the word 'fear.

His gaze moved away from Bai Zihan and landed on Mu Qingyuan.

"Clan Leader Mu!"

His tone was calm and respectful.

"If I may ask..."

A slight pause.

"Can his words represent the Mu Clan?"

The question hung in the air.

Because everyone understood the implication.

Bai Zihan was from the Bai Clan.

Yes, he had ties to the Mu Clan.

Yes, his mother was from here.

But in the end, he was not from the Mu Clan.

Could he truly speak for them?

Could his words carry the same authority as the Clan Leader?

Huo Zhouchen did not believe so.

And neither did many others.

All eyes turned toward Mu Qingyuan.

Mu Qingyuan did not hesitate for a single second.

He immediately nodded.

"Yes!"

The single word echoed clearly.

A ripple spread instantly through the hall.

Shock!

Disbelief!

Many had not expected this.

They wouldn't have said anything if it were in the Bai Clan, as Bai Zihan was their heir and held enough influence.

But to think that even in the Mu Clan, his words carried authority equal to that of the Clan Leader-

How could that be?

Everyone couldn't understand why Bai Zihan held such authority in the Mu Clan.

Of course, they agreed that Mu Yuelan was highly influential, but even she might not hold such authority.

Mu Qingyuan's voice remained steady as he continued.

"He can."

No elaboration.

No justification.

Just certainty.

It meant not only that they treated Bai Zihan as equal to a Clan Leader or elder of the Mu Clan-

But also that they agreed with everything Bai Zihan had said to those representatives from other empires.

Immediately, Huo Zhouchen's mood dropped.

He had thought he could ignore Bai Zihan's words and deal directly with Mu Qingyuan.

But now, Mu Qingyuan's response made it clear-

He would have to deal with Bai Zihan. Immediately, Huo Zhouchen's mood sank further.

He had intended to bypass Bai Zihan entirely and speak directly with Mu Qingyuan.

But now that path has been completely cut off.

A brief silence passed.

Then Huo Zhouchen took a deep breath and stepped forward.

To everyone's surprise, he cupped his fists and bowed.

"I was impolite."

His voice was calm and measured, carrying none of the arrogance from before.

"We came without invitation."

A slight pause.

"But I truly wish to congratulate a fellow Grandmaster."

As he spoke, he raised his hand.

A jade box appeared.

When it was opened, a rich, overwhelming medicinal aura spread instantly.

Mid-tier Grade-7 Pills!

Even among Grandmasters, such items were not easy to produce.

Their value was immense.

A ripple spread through the crowd.

This was Huo Zhouchen's sincerity.

Or at the very least, an undeniable display of it.

Bai Zihan glanced at the pills briefly.

Then at Huo Zhouchen.

A faint smile formed.

"Not bad."

A pause.

"Even dogs can be taught."

Huo Zhouchen's expression stiffened, just for a fraction of a second.

But he endured it.

Arguing with Bai Zihan now would only waste everything he had done.

Following Huo Zhouchen, the others-though unwilling-had no choice but to lower their heads as well.

After all, even Huo Zhouchen had bowed.

What were they compared to him?

Bai Zihan waved his hand lightly.

"You may enter."

Just like that, permission was granted.

Huo Zhouchen and his group stepped forward.

But this time, there was no arrogance on their faces as before.

Instead, it felt as though they had been slapped in front of everyone. The contrast from before was stark.

Originally, with Huo Zhouchen leading them, they had intended to walk in with their heads held high.

But now-

Before even entering-

They had already bowed their heads.

And everyone saw it.

A strange feeling rose among the guests.

Those who held invitation letters suddenly felt proud.

They had entered openly.

With dignity. With their heads held high.

Meanwhile, even someone like Huo Zhouchen, a famed alchemist of the

Vermillion Pill Empire, had been forced to lower his head. The thin invitation slip in their hands seemed to gain weight.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 544 Even a Grandmaster Must Lower His Head[1,102 words]

Chapter 544 Even a Grandmaster Must Lower His Head

Everyone watched as Huo Zhouchen stepped inside.

Some felt pity.

A renowned alchemist, someone respected across the region, had been forced to bow before even entering the gates. It was not a sight one could witness easily.

Others, however, felt like laughing and gloating.

After all, before, when they had to see someone like Huo Zhouchen, they would be treated like someone who owed them something and looked down on them. Now that they have suffered the same, they can't help but feel that it was their karma catching up to them.

Zhao Wutian and Li Jianhong exchanged glances, their expressions filled with a strange sense of satisfaction.

So even the Vermillion Pill Empire's famous Huo Zhouchen couldn't handle that brat.

For once, they didn't feel alone in their suffering. If anything, they even felt a faint sense of camaraderie with Huo Zhouchen.

They almost wanted to ask him how it felt.

Of course, they didn't dare say it aloud.

Meanwhile, as Huo Zhouchen entered, Bai Zihan suddenly felt a gaze on his back.

He turned slightly, only to see that it was Huo Shenyu.

The young alchemist stared at him, his eyes filled with anger and bloodlust. It was easy to understand why.

The person he respected, his father, had just been forced to bow, and the one responsible stood right before him.

Bai Zihan only glanced at him briefly before looking away, uninterested.

To him, Huo Shenyu was nothing more than a young phoenix who had yet to grow.

Others might praise his talent, might even call him unrivaled among his generation, but in Bai Zihan's eyes, such praise meant little.

Not to mention, compared to Mu Linyue, his so-called talent was hardly worth mentioning.

Bai Zihan shook his head slightly.

If this Huo Shenyu ever met Mu Linyue and still believed himself to be unmatched, his Dao Heart might not be able to endure it. It wouldn't be strange if a Heart Demon formed.

Of course, that was only if he remained arrogant enough to believe he had no equal.

Bai Zihan didn't dwell on it.

He stepped forward and entered the hall.

Then, as if nothing had happened, his voice rang out casually.

"Sorry for the disturbance. Now that we've dealt with some audacious people, let the celebration continue."

Many people's expressions twitched slightly but no one said anything.

Thus, the brief tension quickly faded.

As if nothing had happened, the celebration continued.

One after another, guests stepped forward to congratulate Mu Tianxuan.

Voices of praise filled the hall once more.

"Grandmaster Mu, your breakthrough has shaken the entire region."

"The Mu Clan's future is limitless!"

"To witness such a moment is truly an honor!"

Cups were raised again.

Laughter returned.

Music resumed its rhythm.

The atmosphere regained its earlier liveliness.

Mu Tianxuan responded calmly, nodding to each guest, occasionally exchanging a few words.

His demeanor remained steady, neither arrogant nor overly humble, yet his presence now carried a weight that could not be ignored.

However, not everyone shared in that harmony.

On one side of the hall, Huo Zhouchen and his group stood isolated.

People avoided them.

No one approached them and even those with little acquaintance seemed to deliberately keep their distance.

Even those who would normally rush to curry favor with the Vermillion Pill Empire now kept their distance.

After all-

Who knew whether Bai Zihan had truly let the matter go?

What if they approached Huo Zhouchen-

And Bai Zihan suddenly turned his attention toward them?

Wouldn't they be dragged into unnecessary trouble?

No one wanted that.

So, they chose the safest option: completely avoid the Vermillion Pill Empire's representatives.

To the Vermillion Pill Empire's alchemists, this was infuriating.

Their expressions darkened.

In any other situation, these same people would be surrounding them and couldn't wait to flatter them.

But today, they were being treated like a plague.

When had they ever suffered such humiliation?

Even if Huo Zhouchen remained composed, the others could barely contain themselves.

Their fists clenched.

Their eyes burned with suppressed anger.

They couldn't wait to humiliate the Mu Clan.

There were also those from the younger generation whose gazes toward Bai Zihan had completely changed.

Some looked at him with admiration.

To them, what Bai Zihan had just done was something they could only dream

of.

To stand before so many powerful figures, even representatives from empires, and speak without restraint-without fear-was something far beyond their

reach.

But not all gazes were so simple.

Some were complicated.

There were those who had once competed with Bai Zihan.

Those who had stood on the same stage as him.

Those who had suffered defeat at his hands.

Now, looking at him, they couldn't help but fall silent.

He was the same age as them. Some were even older than him.

And yet-

The level he stood on now was completely different.

They were still competing within their own generation.

But Bai Zihan was already playing a different game.

Facing elders.

Clashing with empire-level figures.

Even influencing the stance of an entire clan like the Mu Clan.

The gap was no longer something that could be closed.

It wasn't even something that could be measured.

A few of them could only shake their heads bitterly.

They had already accepted it.

Whether in politics or on the battlefield, they simply could not compete with

Bai Zihan.

And perhaps

They never would.

On another side of the hall, Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang had also witnessed everything.

Bai Xueqing let out a quiet breath.

The moment Bai Zihan opened his mouth, she already knew he was going to stir up trouble.

And not just any trouble but against the Vermillion Pill Empire's representative.

A group of Grade-7 Alchemists were not someone to be provoked lightly.

Yet the result had unfolded exactly as she expected.

Bai Zihan had not only provoked them but they had to apologize to him instead.

On the other hand, Chu Ziyang's reaction was entirely different.

Her eyes sparkled as she remained fixed on Bai Zihan.

To her, everything that had just happened only made him appear even more dazzling.

She watched him as if he were the most handsome and captivating person in the entire hall, completely enchanted. Well, she wasn't the only one.

Many girls seemed to have their heart charmed by Bai Zihan's performance.

The lively atmosphere continued to ripple across the grand hall, but beneath that surface-Tension quietly gathered once more.

From within the ranks of the Vermillion Pill Empire, another figure stepped forward.

Unlike Huo Zhouchen, he was less renowned but he was also a Grade-7 alchemist.

His presence alone was enough to draw attention.

He stepped into the open space calmly, his robes swaying slightly, before cupping his fists toward Mu Tianxuan.

"I would like to congratulate the newly ascended Grandmaster."

His voice was clear and carried throughout the hall.

"I have long heard of the Mu Clan's excellence in alchemy."

A polite beginning, flawless on the surface.

But then a subtle shift.

His gaze swept across the hall, lingering for just a fraction of a second on Bai Zihan before returning forward.

"Since today is such a grand occasion..."

A faint smile formed.

"How about we liven things up a little? Why not have a small competition among the younger generation?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 545 The Mu Clan Raises the Stakes[1,628 words]

Chapter 545 The Mu Clan Raises the Stakes

The alchemist from the Vermillion Pill Empire smiled faintly and continued, as if everything had already been carefully prepared.

"Today is a celebration for the birth of a new Grandmaster."

His voice carried smoothly across the hall.

"If we do not include something related to alchemy..."

A slight pause.

"...wouldn't that be a pity?"

A few nods appeared among the crowd.

After all, what was more fitting than alchemy in a celebration for a Grandmaster Alchemist?

He lifted his hand and a jade box appeared.

The moment it was opened, a dense, profound medicinal aura spread instantly across the hall.

Eyes widened.

"The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill!"

Someone exclaimed in shock.

A ripple surged through the crowd.

This was no ordinary Grade-7 pill.

It was one of the most sought-after treasures for those at the Great Ascension Realm.

Even those who had tried to maintain composure could no longer hide the greed flickering in their eyes.

The alchemist observed the reactions calmly.

Exactly as he expected. Then he spoke again.

"This shall be the prize for the winner!"

The words landed heavily.

Instantly, the atmosphere changed.

Excitement!

Anticipation!

All began to rise.

"Of course," he continued smoothly, "this is merely to liven up the celebration."

A faint smile lingered on his face.

"Anyone present may participate."

A pause.

Then-

"However, to keep things... appropriate..."

His tone remained polite.

"It would be best if only those below the age of fifty take part."

Another pause.

"And only those who have reached at least Grade-3 in alchemy."

Murmurs spread.

But instead of dissatisfaction, most nodded in agreement.

It made sense.

If there were no restrictions, even low-grade alchemists might attempt to participate, turning the event chaotic and meaningless.

"Looks like the Vermillion Pill Empire is planning to play big"

"To take out the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill, they must be confident." "Well, they have Huo Shenyu. It is certain that they do not care about what reward they bring out since they will win it themselves."

Anyone could guess that the only reason they brought something so precious- unfitting for such a small competition-was because they were very confident. But even so, no one was discouraged. After all, while Huo Shenyu might be very talented and perhaps the best below age fifty, he too could make mistakes. Many felt it was a brilliant addition to the celebration.

Even some representatives from other empires showed interest.

After all, a chance to obtain a Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill was not something that appeared often.

The Vermillion Pill Empire's representatives looked like they had completed their mission.

This competition was not just aimed at the Mu Clan but also at the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

They wanted to show before everyone present that they, the Vermillion Pill Empire, were still the best at alchemy and would continue to be.

And Huo Shenyu would make sure to dominate and suppress every younger generation here.

On the Mu Clan's side, a few elders exchanged glances.

They had already anticipated something like this might happen, especially if the Vermillion Pill Empire were to show up.

The moment they saw Huo Shenyu along with others from the Vermillion Pill Empire, they suspected they might pull something like this.

Previously, they had already decided on what they should do for such an occasion.

They already knew that with Mu Linyue, they won't lose in a competition among the younger generation.

However, the problem was that if Mu Linyue's talent were revealed, she might be targeted by others.

Especially the Vermillion Pill Empire. They would certainly sense danger from her overwhelming talent.

Who knows what lengths they might go to eliminate such a threat?

But losing was also not an option, especially before many influential people.

They also considered having Bai Zihan participate, but he rejected it without any hesitation.

Bai Zihan thought it would be too much bullying if he participated with his Grade-8 skill.

As for why they weren't afraid of Bai Zihan being targeted-well, he was already on the target list of many, and adding one more wouldn't make any difference.

He was also too powerful, and other than Immortal Realm experts, it was difficult to kill him.

Not to mention, one would have to infiltrate the Bai Clan's territory to even attempt it.

So, looking at everything, if Bai Zihan could participate, then it would be for the best.

Obviously, compared to Mu Linyue winning, the impact would be less, but it wouldn't put Mu Linyue's life in danger.

However, after much deliberation, the elders and Mu Qingyuan decided to ask Mu Linyue.

After all, while there was danger, it was also an opportunity for her to showcase her skill.

When Mu Linyue heard that, she accepted in a heartbeat.

The reason was that it wasn't her style to hide her skill, and moreover, she was excited to compete with others.

As for the danger, she said that the Mu Clan and the Bai Clan would protect her.

With the strongest clan as her backer, what was there to worry about?

Which made sense. After all, in terms of strength, the Bai Clan might be invincible in the region.

Even if they went against an empire, they might not necessarily lose. And even if they chose short-term caution and hid her, how much longer could they really conceal her talent?

So, it was better to take this opportunity to show it.

Now everything was unfolding just as they had expected-although they never thought the prize would be something like the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering

Pill.

A few elders were even smirking, silently thanking the Vermillion Pill Empire for such a wonderful gift.

Mu Qingyuan did not delay.

Seeing that the atmosphere had already reached this point, he stepped forward decisively.

His gaze swept across the hall, calm yet authoritative.

"Since everyone is so interested..."

His voice carried clearly.

"Then let us proceed!"

A brief pause followed.

Then, under the watchful eyes of countless guests, Mu Qingyuan raised his hand.

A jade box, no less exquisite than the one before, appeared in his palm.

The moment it was revealed, a faint yet profound aura seeped out, subtle at

first-

Then overwhelming.

It spread like a silent tide across the hall.

Many who were still immersed in the excitement from before suddenly froze.

A second wave.

Stronger.

He opened it.

Inside, a pill rested quietly.

Its surface shimmered with faint lightning patterns, yet unlike the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill, its aura felt more stable... more refined... as if it had already weathered countless tribulations and emerged perfected.

A breathless silence fell.

Then-

"That... that is...?!"

Someone's voice trembled.

Mu Qingyuan spoke calmly.

"This is the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill. Grade-7 Pill with similar effect

as Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill!"

Another Grade-7 pill.

And not just any-

One with effects comparable to the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill.

The prize had doubled.

The atmosphere, which was already heated, surged to an entirely new level.

If before it was excitement-

Now it was a frenzy.

Eyes burned with desire.

Two Grade-7 pills!

Both capable of aiding one's ascent toward the Immortal Realm.

Such a reward-

Even for Grandmaster's celebration was a bit excessive.

"We will add this as prize from our side."

This was not merely about matching the Vermillion Pill Empire's prize.

This was a declaration.

A statement to everyone present.

The Mu Clan could also produce such pills.

The Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill which is in high demand, we too have one with similar effect.

This was kind of like an advertisement.

Across the hall, the expressions of the Vermillion Pill Empire representatives shifted.

Huo Zhouchen's eyes narrowed slightly.

He did not speak but he understood the meaning behind this better than anyone.

The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill-

Their strongest hold over the market.

Their greatest leverage.

And now-

A competitor had appeared.

There would no longer be a monopoly.

No more absurd pricing.

This single moment would ripple across every empire.

Huo Zhouchen exhaled slowly.

His expression returned to calm.

(So be it...)

They never thought that the Mu Clan would have their hand on a pill recipe of something similar to Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill.

But there was nothing that they could do.

What they could do is focus on their mission.

Moreover, it was good for them since not only could they humiliate every younger generation but also get a Grade-7 pill.

"Those who are qualified may step forward."

At Mu Qingyuan's signal, the Mu Clan disciples immediately sprang into action.

Orders were relayed.

Servants and attendants moved swiftly.

Large spaces within the hall were cleared.

Rows of alchemy platforms were prepared. Cauldrons of various grades were brought out for those who had not brought

their own.

At the same time, containers filled with common alchemical ingredients were placed nearby, ensuring that no participant would be hindered due to a lack of materials.

Everything was arranged with astonishing efficiency.

This alone showed the Mu Clan's deep foundation in alchemy as well as the vast resources they possessed.

Meanwhile, movement began among the crowd.

One by one, figures stepped forward.

Young.

Confident.

Eyes burning with ambition.

Although none had expected such a competition, many had brought their best alchemist with them.

After all, this was a Grandmaster Alchemist's celebration.

Every major clan and sect had brought their most talented alchemy geniuses.

Some came out of admiration.

Mu Tianxuan, a man who had broken through the barrier that countless alchemists could only dream of surpassing.

To many, he was an idol, especially for those in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

A symbol of what they wished to become.

Others came with hope.

Hope that perhaps- Just perhaps-

They might catch his eye.

And if fortune favored them, they might be accepted as his personal disciple.

And now, an opportunity has appeared.

A chance to showcase themselves not only before Mu Tianxuan but before the powerhouses of the entire region.

Moreover, the prize of two Grade-7 pills was more than enticing. Naturally, none would hold back.

Soon, dozens of young alchemists stood ready.

The best of the younger generation. At this moment, they had all gathered in one place.

On the other side, the Vermillion Pill Empire remained composed.

Huo Shenyu stepped forward calmly.

His expression had already returned to its usual arrogance.

But he was not alone.

Beside him stood another young alchemist, less eye-catching.

Although he wasn't as well known as Huo Shenyu, he too was a genius who had broken through to Grade-4 at the age of forty.

As for the other empires, a few figures also stepped forward.

Five in total.

Though fewer in number, none of them appeared weak.

They were also the best alchemists of their respective empires, brought here with similar intentions as the others.

To witness a Grandmaster.

To seek opportunity.

Now, although unofficial, this had truly become a competition-

To determine the greatest young alchemy talent across the Eastern Region!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 546 If I Compete, It's Bullying! [1,195 words]

Chapter 546 If I Compete, It's Bullying!

As the participants stepped forward and took their places, the atmosphere in the hall subtly shifted once more.

Low murmurs began to spread across the hall as people started discussing among themselves.

Eyes swept across the lineup of young alchemists.

"Without a doubt, Huo Shenyu is the favorite to win."

"Of course! He has been a Grade-4 alchemist for many years... who knows what his level is right now?"

"And don't forget, he comes from the Vermillion Pill Empire. His foundation is not something others can compare to."

Many nodded in agreement.

Huo Shenyu stood calmly among the participants, his robes flowing lightly, his expression confident.

However, he was not the only one drawing attention.

Eyes shifted toward another figure.

A young man clad in deep blue robes stood quietly, his aura restrained yet steady.

"That's Yan Ruichen from the Azure Cloud Empire."

"He reached Mid Grade-4 last year, didn't he?"

"Yes. Though not as famous as Huo Shenyu, his control over flames is said to be exceptional."

Nearby, another figure caught attention.

A woman dressed in elegant green robes, her expression calm and focused.

"Qi Meiling of the Jade River Empire."

"She's known for her precision. They say her pill success rate is terrifyingly high."

"Though she has also just stepped into Mid Grade-4, she might not be easy to deal with."

The murmurs continued.

Names were spoken.

Reputations weighed.

Strengths compared.

Each one of them, a genius in their own right.

Then-

Someone's gaze shifted toward the Mu Clan's side.

"And what about the Mu Clan?"

"Do they have anyone who can compete with those geniuses from other Empires?"

Then-

"Mu Linyue is definitely the most talented."

Many turned to look.

Among the participants, Mu Linyue stood quietly.

"She broke through to Grade-3 before the age of twenty. That alone is monstrous talent."

"Give her ten more years, and she will dominate the entire younger generation." "But right now, where Grade-4 alchemists compete, she isn't ready!" Although they couldn't deny that Mu Linyue was a top genius and perhaps one of the most talented, she was too young and inexperienced to compete at this stage.

Instead, their gazes shifted toward a few older participants. Among them-

A man in his early forties, his aura steady and experienced.

"Mu Chenhai. A Grade-4 alchemist who has been stable for years. Although his talent isn't comparable to Mu Linyue, he is a genius in his own right."

"And there's also Mu Yansong. He also broke through to Grade-4 last year."

"These two... they might have a chance."

The voices lowered slightly.

"Winning may be unlikely... but at the very least, I hope our Desolate Heaven Empire's alchemists don't lose too badly."

It wasn't that they didn't trust their Empire's alchemists, but because the opponents were simply too strong.

Huo Shenyu!

Yan Ruichen!

Qi Meiling!

Especially Huo Shenyu. Rumors have it that he could already refine top-tier Grade-4 pills, so if one wanted to win, they had to at least match that quality. So, the competition was mostly between those at Grade-4, and Grade-3 participants were just here for participation.

As for Grade-5, no one below the age of 50 had ever reached that level. Bai Zihan also stood off to the side, casually observing.

His gaze swept across the participants-not with scrutiny, but with mild interest, as if he were watching a performance rather than a competition he could be part of.

Well, he already knew who the winner would be, though that Huo Shenyu seemed to be hiding something.

Mu Linyue, who stood not far from him, hesitated for moment before stepping closer.

She looked at him, a hint of confusion in her eyes.

"You're not participating?"

Her voice wasn't loud, but it wasn't particularly soft either.

Before answering, he glanced around, looking at the participants.

"If I participate, wouldn't that be bullying them too much?"

His tone was calm.

Matter-of-fact.

As if he were stating something completely obvious.

But his voice wasn't low.

And in a hall filled with cultivators-

It was more than enough.

Subtle ripples spread through the crowd.

Expressions changed.

Some stiffened.

Others frowned.

A few even revealed traces of ridicule.

(Too arrogant...)

(Does he even hear himself?)

(Does he think alchemy is the same as fighting?)

Although no one dared to say anything aloud, especially after witnessing how he handled the Vermillion Pill Empire earlier-

Their thoughts were far from polite.

In their eyes, Bai Zihan had crossed into ignorance.

Yes, he was powerful.

Yes, he was influential.

But alchemy?

That was an entirely different field.

And here he was, claiming that competing with Grade-4 alchemists would be "bullying"?

Most could only shake their heads inwardly.

However, not everyone thought so.

Within the Mu Clan, several elders exchanged knowing glances.

They know Bai Zihan is capable of refining Grade-4 pills.

Even if winning against monsters like Huo Shenyu might not be guaranteed-

He would absolutely be able to compete.

Mu Linyue, on the other hand, didn't react with surprise at all.

She had personally seen Bai Zihan refine even Grade-6 pills. Compared to that, this so-called competition... really did seem beneath him.

After a brief moment, she simply nodded.

"I understand!"

Mu Linyue thought that she might be able to compete with Bai Zihan. Even though she knew she wouldn't win, she could show her progress to him.

"Good luck! Though I don't think you would need it."

Bai Zihan said. Meanwhile, not far away, Bai Xueqing watched the scene unfold.

Her lips twitched slightly.

"His mouth is still so pretentious..."

She muttered under her breath.

She also knew about Bai Zihan's previous attempt at alchemy, which-mildly put-could be called a failure, and more accurately, a disaster.

As she also had Mu Clan's blood, she too tried alchemy, although she wasn't too interested.

She was also a genius at learning and could refine Grade-1 pills without any problem.

Now that she was stronger, with a bit of practice, she didn't think Grade-2 pills would be a problem either.

Anyways, she believed-just like many others-that Bai Zihan was just saying things.

After all, if he could, he would participate. Not to mention the fame-those two Grade-7 pills alone were worth it.

"Heh... bullying? He isn't even eligible to participate and dare make such a big claim.""

Yan Ruichen said mockingly.

His gaze drifted toward Bai Zihan, calm yet carrying a trace of amusement.

His tone wasn't aggressive, but it wasn't respectful either.

He would have said more if it weren't for giving face to Grandmaster Mu.

Nearby, Qi Meiling also glanced over.

Her eyes lingered on Bai Zihan for a brief moment before she spoke lightly.

"Well, ignorance is bliss. He doesn't even know how difficult it is to refine even a Grade-1 pill."

Her voice was gentle, but her words were sharp.

"Sigh... looks like all the rumors about him being heroic were just false. Tsk, I even thought he looked a bit handsome."

She muttered to herself in disappointment.

It was clear that she also thought that Bai Zihan was looking down on them.

Several others from the competing group let out faint laughs.

Not loud.

Not blatant.

But enough to show what they thought.

To them-

Bai Zihan had overstepped. Perhaps he was unrivaled in combat.

Perhaps his influence was terrifying. But here, this was alchemy. And he dared to say he would "bully" Grade-4 alchemists?

Even Huo Shenyu wouldn't dare to be so audacious.

On the other side, Huo Shenyu said nothing. Well, what he wanted to say, others had already said.

Bai Zihan was too arrogant for his own good. He didn't like him the moment he humiliated his father-and now even more so.

(Hmph...)

He didn't want to waste time thinking about some arrogant and ignorant young master.

Because today-

He will crush all these so-called geniuses.

Not just the Desolate Heaven Empire, but every empire here.

He would show them-

The true gap.

The difference between them...

And himself.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 547 The Gap Between Alchemist Geniuses

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 547 The Gap Between Alchemist Geniuses

Mu Qingyuan stepped forward once more, his presence drawing every gaze in the hall.

The murmurs gradually subsided.

His eyes swept across the participants, checking whether everyone was prepared.

"Before we begin, let me lay down the rules."

The young alchemists straightened instinctively.

"This competition has no restriction on equipment or ingredients."

A slight pause.

"You may use your own cauldrons, flames, and materials."

Although it won't be entirely fair-since depending on one's background, one can obtain better equipment and ingredients-in the end, that too is an ability.

This was the reality of the cultivation world.

After all, no one would care about what materials were used or what equipment was involved.

The only thing that mattered was the quality of the pill.

"Of course," he added, "for those who did not prepare, the Mu Clan has already provided standard cauldrons and ingredients."

His gaze shifted briefly toward the neatly arranged platforms.

"No one will be prevented from participating due to a lack of resources."

Then his expression turned slightly more serious.

"During the competition..."

A faint pressure spread from him.

"No one is allowed to interfere with another alchemist, whether intentional or accidental."

"If anyone violates this rule, they will be immediately disqualified."

Under the watch of so many powerful figures, nobody dared to disobey.

Even the tiniest Qi fluctuation couldn't escape the eyes of a Grandmaster Alchemist.

Finally, Mu Qingyuan raised his hand slightly.

"As for the outcome..."

All attention sharpened.

"The winner will be determined by the quality of the pill refined."

Simple and straightforward.

"And if the grade is the same..."

A faint glint appeared in his eyes.

"We will judge based on the pill itself."

No two pills are the same.

Some are more difficult to refine, while others are simpler-even if both share the same grade.

With so many great alchemists present, although opinions may vary, they could decide by vote if necessary-but only if the best pills have the same grade. With that-

The rules were set.

Mu Qingyuan lowered his hand.

"Now..."

A slight smile appeared on his face.

"Begin!"

The moment Mu Qingyuan gave the signal, the competition began.

Almost instantly, the atmosphere transformed.

One by one, the participating alchemists raised their hands.

Light flickered.

Storage rings shimmered.

And then, cauldrons appeared.

A series of metallic hums echoed as heavy vessels descended onto the prepared platforms.

Some were simple.

Ordinary-grade cauldrons-sturdy but unremarkable.

Others were more refined-high-quality vessels, their surfaces engraved with basic runes, clearly Yellow Grade artifacts.

They were already considered decent among most alchemists.

Yet-

The moment the top geniuses revealed theirs-

The difference became painfully clear.

A deep, resonant clang echoed.

Yan Ruichen's cauldron landed before him.

Its body was deep azure, with intricate flame patterns carved along its surface.

The aura it emitted was steady and profound, faint wisps of spiritual heat distorting the air around it.

"Profound Grade..."

Someone whispered.

Not far away-

Qi Meiling's cauldron appeared just as gracefully.

Elegant.

Refined.

Its jade-green surface shimmered faintly, almost like flowing water. The inscriptions on it were delicate yet complex, clearly crafted by a master.

Another Profound Grade artifact.

While Profound Grade weapons wouldn't be that rare, it was different for cauldrons, which were much rarer.

Hence, even though it was just a Profound Grade artifact, since it was a cauldron, it was almost like they were taking out Earth-Grade weapons.

Murmurs spread.

Already, the gap in resources had begun to show.

But then-

A heavier sound resounded.

BOOM!

The moment Huo Shenyu's cauldron appeared, the entire hall seemed to pause.

Dark crimson in color, with faint golden lines running across its body like

flowing lava. The aura it emitted wasn't just strong-it was oppressive. Even without activating it, the surrounding Qi seemed to bend slightly toward

it.

Then-

"...That... that can't be... Earth-Grade?!"

The words spread like wildfire.

Shock!

Disbelief!

An Earth-Grade cauldron.

Something that even many Grade-7 alchemists did not possess.

Yet here it was in the hands of Huo Shenyu.

"It really is the Vermillion Pill Empire..." "They actually gave such a treasure to a junior..."

"This... this is ridiculous..."

Even Yan Ruichen's brows furrowed slightly.

Qi Meiling's calm expression showed the faintest ripple.

Not only was Huo Shenyu more skilled than everyone present, but now, with a cauldron of such level, the difference only increased.

Among the crowd, many could only sigh inwardly.

(How do you compete with that...?)

On the Mu Clan's side, even some elders couldn't help but frown slightly.

They had expected Huo Shenyu to be prepared-but not to this extent. On the other hand, Mu Linyue also stared at Huo Shenyu's cauldron with envy.

She also had a Profound Grade cauldron, which was better than most-but still

paled in comparison to an Earth-Grade one. However, she wasn't jealous.

(Bai Zihan has already promised to give me an Earth-Grade cauldron when I

reach Grade-6!)

With the treasure of Immortal Emperor Feilian in his hand, he not only had Earth-Grade cauldrons but even Heaven-Grade ones.

The only reason he had not given one to Mu Linyue was because he believed a

Profound Grade cauldron was more than enough-perhaps even overkill for someone at her level.

No matter the tool, he believed that if the person lacked the ability to handle it,

then it would simply be wasted.

Moreover, by making a promise to give her one upon reaching Grade-6, he also

increased her motivation to work even harder.

Sigh!

Many felt that they weren't going to win even before refining the pills.

But they weren't people who would give up so easily.

Then-

Flames rose.

Whoosh! Spiritual flames ignited across the hall.

Even the weakest among those present possessed spiritual flames far superior

to ordinary fire.

After all, no one standing here was ordinary.

They were all geniuses.

Yet-

Just like with the cauldrons-

The gap quickly revealed itself.

Yan Ruichen raised his hand.

A deep blue flame burst forth.

It did not flicker wildly-instead, it flowed like water, steady and controlled.

The temperature was terrifying, yet its movements were precise.

"That's... a Beast Flame!"

"Azure Serpent Flame... if I'm not mistaken!"

Murmurs rose.

A flame harvested from a high-level spirit beast-

Rare and powerful.

And superior to spiritual flames.

Not far away, Qi Meiling also revealed hers.

A soft green flame blossomed in her palm.

At first glance, it seemed gentle-

Almost harmless.

But the moment it touched the cauldron, the air itself warped slightly, as if

being refined along with the ingredients.

"Another Beast Flame..."

"Jade Mist Spirit Flame..." "She truly lives up to her reputation..."

Her control- Her precision-

Combined with such a flame-

It was no wonder her success rate was so terrifying.

Across the field, several other geniuses also revealed their own flames.

All of them, without exception, possessed high-quality spiritual flames.

Two even had weaker Beast Flames.

This alone showed the level of this competition.

But then-

Huo Shenyu moved.

He raised his hand.

BOOM!

A dark crimson flame erupted.

It did not flicker.

It did not waver.

It roared.

Like a living entity.

Golden streaks ran through it, like molten veins pulsing with terrifying heat.

The moment it appeared, the surrounding flames trembled.

Some even dimmed slightly.

As if suppressed.

"...!"

Shock spread across the hall.

"That... what kind of flame is that?!"

"It's also a Beast Flame-but... far stronger than the other two!"

Even Yan Ruichen's blue flame wavered faintly.

Qi Meiling's green flame lost a trace of its earlier brilliance.

Side by side-

The difference was obvious.

If their flames were exceptional then Huo Shenyu's was dominant.

The temperature alone was enough to distort the air violently.

The pressure it emitted caused even spectators to feel a faint heat pressing against their skin.

"This..."

"How is anyone supposed to compete with that...?"

Whispers spread uncontrollably. Background! Cauldron!

Flame!

In every aspect, Huo Shenyu stood above the rest.

Even before the competition had truly begun, the outcome already seemed decided.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 548 Breakthroughs and Failures

Chapter 548 Breakthroughs and Failures

One by one, the alchemists began.

Herbs were drawn out.

Fires were adjusted.

Cauldrons hummed.

The sharp, distinct fragrance of medicinal ingredients began to spread, layer upon layer, filling the entire hall with a dense, almost intoxicating aura.

At first glance, it seemed uneventful.

Even... dull.

To ordinary cultivators-especially the younger generation-the process was slow, repetitive, and difficult to find anything interesting.

But-

For alchemists?

This was a completely interesting event.

Their eyes shone as they kept their eyes on the participants.

Because what they saw was more than what ordinary cultivators could perceive.

They could see the participants' control over the flame.

The timing of ingredient insertion.

The subtle fluctuations of Qi within the cauldron.

Even the smallest adjustment spoke volumes about how skilled an alchemist truly was.

And among all, one person stood at the very center of attention.

Huo Shenyu!

Almost everyone's gaze was fixed on him.

Younger Alchemists see him as an idol whereas the older ones wanted to see just who skill he really was.

Huo Shenyu's movements were smooth.

Every action carried a sense of absolute confidence, as if everything was already within his calculations.

His flame roared steadily beneath the Earth-Grade cauldron, its oppressive aura making even nearby alchemists feel a faint pressure.

"What is he refining...?"

Many were trying to decipher the pill that he was going to refine-

"He definitely won't go below Mid-tier Grade-4..."

"That much is certain."

"With his level, even attempting a High-tier Grade-4 pill isn't impossible..."

Even after observing for a long time, no one could tell exactly what pill he was trying to refine.

Most knew that Huo Shenyu must be refining a pill from the Vermillion Pill Empire, whose recipes are closely guarded.

After all, the Vermillion Pill Empire had many such pills, and it would be difficult to guess what he was refining until the very end.

However, it was very hard to estimate which grade of pill Huo Shenyu was trying to refine.

Looking at the Grade-4 and Grade-5 ingredients, it was very likely a Top-tier Grade-4 pill or above.

And since Huo Shenyu was a Top Grade-4 alchemist, many believed that it was going to be a Top-tier Grade-4 pill.

Meanwhile-

On the other side-

Yan Ruichen moved with precision.

His Azure Serpent Flame coiled like a living entity, wrapping around his cauldron as he carefully controlled the temperature.

"It's the Blue Spirit Tempering Pill..."

An experienced alchemist muttered.

"Mid-tier Grade-4."

"Difficult, but with his skill, he should be able to succeed."

Nearby, Qi Meiling was no less impressive.

Her Jade Mist Spirit Flame flowed gently, almost like a soft breeze.

Yet beneath that gentleness was terrifying control.

"She's refining the Verdant Heart Nourishing Pill..."

"Also Mid-tier Grade-4..."

"And one that requires extreme precision..."

Indeed, her reputation for a high success rate wasn't exaggerated.

Every movement she made was meticulous.

As for the rest, the gap became increasingly clear.

Some attempted Top-tier Grade-3 pills.

Others pushed themselves toward Low-tier Grade-4.

From this alone, many knew that the outcome was clear.

As long as Huo Shenyu doesn't mess up, he would be the winner!

Time passed-

Then-

The atmosphere shifted.

"The pill is about to form..."

Across the platforms, the flames intensified.

The cauldrons trembled faintly.

Qi surged inward, drawn toward the center of each vessel as the refining process reached its final and most crucial stage.

This was where success and failure were decided.

Suddenly, a sharp burst of qi echoed.

Clang!

A lid trembled violently before settling.

A voice rang out clearly, carried by powerful Qi.

"Lie Fang has successfully refined a Top-tier Grade-3-Crimson Meridian Pill!"

A ripple spread through the crowd.

Not bad!

For someone of his age, it was already an impressive achievement.

But before the murmurs could settle-

Another sound.

Boom!

A puff of black smoke burst from a cauldron.

The sharp scent of burnt herbs spread.

"...Failed!"

A voice announced without emotion.

"Zhung Wi has failed to refine a pill."

A brief silence followed.

Then-

Soft sighs.

No ridicule.

No mockery.

Only understanding.

Alchemy was never absolute.

Even geniuses failed, especially under pressure.

More so when pushing beyond one's limits.

Not everyone was trying to refine pills they were already capable of making. Some tried to go beyond their limits and break through here.

Some were able to do so, while others failed.

In any case, it was commendable in both cases.

One could say the former was reckless, but others could see it as courage-stepping out of one's comfort zone.

On the other hand, the latter could be seen as cowardly, while others might say they were simply aware of their own strength and chose to do what they did best.

Obviously, no one was right or wrong.

Soon, more results followed.

"... has successfully refined a Top-tier Grade-3-Bone Tempering Pill!"

"... has failed in refinement!"

"... has successfully refined a Low-tier Grade-4-Flowing Essence Pill!"

That last announcement drew more attention.

A Low-tier Grade-4 pill.

Even among geniuses, that was no small feat.

The Alchemist revealed a faint smile.

A breakthrough under pressure. That alone spoke of potential.

Gradually, the number of active cauldrons decreased.

One by one, participants finished.

Some succeeded.

Some failed.

Some exceeded expectations.

Others fell short.

But throughout it all, no one looked down on anyone.

Because everyone here knew that standing on that platform alone already proved their talent.

Today's failure did not mean tomorrow's defeat.

With enough opportunity...

With enough enlightenment... Any one of them could rise in the future.

The path of alchemy was long and unpredictable.

Only one group remained as arrogant as ever. The Vermillion Pill Empire!

Their representatives watched with faint smiles, some even carrying traces of disdain.

To them-

This was expected.

After all, in their eyes, they controlled the pill market in the Eastern Region.

Grade-7 pills-the finest-were in their hands, so no matter how strong other alchemists were, they believed none could surpass Grade-6.

At least, until now. But now, with Mu Tianxuan, their position was being threatened. Still, they believed that Huo Shenyu would be able to give a stern reminder that

even if there was a Grade-7 alchemist outside their Empire, they were still the best.

Only four cauldrons remained active.

Yan Ruichen, Qi Meiling, Huo Shenyu and Mu Linyue. Many felt curious about what pill Mu Linyue was trying to refine.

Among all the remaining participants, she was the only Grade-3 alchemist.

If she were refining a Grade-3 pill, she would have finished long ago with her

talent. Other than the Mu Clan, no one paid attention to her, and they didn't know what pill she was refining.

Others speculated that perhaps she was trying to break through to a Grade-4 alchemist here, like some.

Anyway, it was just curiosity and nothing more.

They still knew that the competition was between the other three, especially depending on whether Huo Shenyu would succeed.

Right now, the best pill that had been refined was a Low-tier Grade-4. If the four of them could refine something higher than that, then the winner

would be chosen from those results-though almost everyone knew it wouldn't come to that.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 549 Huo Shenyu Claims Absolute Win?[1,012 words]

Chapter 549 Huo Shenyu Claims Absolute Win?

The tension in the hall remained as high as ever, perhaps even higher.

Four cauldrons remained.

And among them, the first to reach completion was Yan Ruichen.

A deep blue glow suddenly surged from within his cauldron.

His Azure Serpent Flame coiled tighter, compressing the heat inward as the final stage of condensation was forced together.

The cauldron trembled.

The lid rattled.

Then-

Clang!

Yan Ruichen raised his hand and withdrew the flame.

A wave of medicinal fragrance spread outward as the lid lifted slightly.

Inside, a pill floated calmly, its surface smooth and perfectly formed. The announcement quickly followed.

"Yan Ruichen has successfully refined a Mid-tier Grade-4-Blue Spirit Tempering Pill!"

A ripple spread through the hall.

"Mid-tier Grade-4!"

"As expected of Yan Ruichen! His fame is well deserved."

Yan Ruichen exhaled slowly.

Only now did people notice the thin layer of sweat running down the side of his face.

Refining a Mid-tier Grade-4 pill was far from easy, even for someone like him. Yet his expression remained calm.

Satisfied-

But not overly excited.

Because he knew very well, this competition was not over.

Two more people could still surpass him.

His gaze subconsciously shifted toward the nearby platform.

Qi Meiling!

Almost at the same moment, her cauldron also began to tremble.

Her Jade Mist Spirit Flame flowed gently, as if guiding the final fusion rather than forcing it.

The green flame gradually dimmed.

The air filled with a refreshing fragrance.

Then the lid of her cauldron lifted.

A soft glow escaped.

"Qi Meiling has successfully refined a Mid-tier Grade-4-Verdant Heart Nourishing Pill!"

Another wave of murmurs followed.

"Another Mid-tier Grade-4!"

"She succeeded as well!"

Both pills were of the same grade.

But to the eyes of experienced alchemists, the difference was clear.

Qi Meiling's pill carried a purer aura.

The medicinal fragrance was richer.

The surface of the pill was smoother, almost flawless.

If the two pills were placed side by side, anyone knowledgeable could immediately tell.

Qi Meiling's refinement quality was slightly superior.

If the competition ended at this moment then Qi Meiling would undoubtedly take the victory.

But no one thought about that possibility.

Because the entire hall's attention had already shifted elsewhere.

Huo Shenyu!

Qi Meiling also kept her calm and glanced over.

If Huo Shenyu failed, although the chances were low, she was confident that the winner would be her.

Then those two Seventh Grade Pills would be hers to keep.

Obviously, it was useless for her to eat them at her cultivation, but she could study them.

No matter how much of a genius she was, she wouldn't be given precious Grade-7 pills to study.

But if she won, then she could do whatever she wanted with those pills.

Huo Shenyu's cauldron shook violently.

The dark crimson flame roared like a beast, pressing upward against the lid as if something inside was struggling to break free.

The aura spilling from the cauldron grew denser.

Even the surrounding Qi began to distort.

"...It's forming."

The terrifying pressure filling the hall made it obvious that Huo Shenyu had also reached the final stage.

The moment stretched, then-

BOOM!

A violent surge of energy erupted from Huo Shenyu's cauldron.

The lid shot upward, trembling mid-air as if unable to withstand the pressure within.

The crimson flame roared one final time before collapsing inward.

Silence!

A terrifyingly dense medicinal aura exploded outward, sweeping across the entire hall like a storm.

Everyone froze.

Eyes widened.

A pill!

Crimson-gold in color.

Faint patterns like flowing veins pulsed across its surface, releasing an aura that felt transcendent.

"T-That... that is...!"

"No way..."

"...A Low-tier Grade-5 Pill?!"

The words struck like thunder.

Shock erupted.

"Grade-5?!"

"He... he refined a Grade-5 pill?!"

"That's impossible-he's not even fifty!"

Even Yan Ruichen's calm expression shattered.

His pupils shrank as he stared at the pill.

"...Grade-5..."

A bitter smile unconsciously formed on his lips.

So this was the gap between him and the very best.

Beside him, Qi Meiling's composure also broke. Her eyes widened, fixed firmly on the pill.

A flicker of disbelief-

Then realization-

Then quiet acceptance.

Sigh!

She had completely lost.

This was an entirely different level.

A whole realm above them.

Mid-tier Grade-4?

Compared to a Grade-5 pill, it was nothing.

The difference between tiers wouldn't have caused such helplessness.

But the difference between grades was like heaven and earth.

And to think that they are of the same generation, she could help but shake her head.

"Incredible!"

"The youngest Grade-5 alchemist in history!"

"Such talent-unparalleled!"

"He will definitely become the greatest alchemist in the world!"

Praise surged like a tidal wave.

Voices overlapped-exaggerated, excessive-yet not entirely false. Because what stood before them was indeed monstrous.

On the Vermillion Pill Empire's side smiles spread with pride and satisfaction.

Even a hint of arrogance.

Their representatives exchanged glances, their expressions almost smug.

This was their genius.

Their future pillar.

Their proof.

No matter what changes occurred-

No matter who rose-

The Vermillion Pill Empire would still stand at the peak of alchemy.

On the other side, the mood of the Azure Cloud Empire and Jade River Empire sank.

Before this, they had believed-

Even if Huo Shenyu won-

The difference would not be overwhelming.

Their geniuses were still comparable.

But now, that illusion shattered. Because a Grade-5 pill was not just better.

It was dominance.

And among all, the most affected was the Desolate Heaven Empire.

The atmosphere on their side grew depressed.

Not just because they lost.

But because of how they lost.

This was their home ground.

They had the numbers. The advantage.

The support.

And yet, they were completely suppressed.

Not even second place.

Not even close.

Compared to the Azure Cloud Empire and Jade River Empire, they were already behind.

And now, faced with Huo Shenyu, the gap felt suffocating.

An entire realm apart.

It wasn't just defeat.

It was humiliating.

A quiet silence spread among their ranks.

Even the previous happy atmosphere of the Desolate Heaven Empire finally having a Grandmaster seemed to have vanished.

At the center of it all, Huo Shenyu stood calmly.

The crimson-gold pill floated above his palm, rotating slowly, its radiant aura casting faint ripples through the surrounding Qi.

He simply looked around.

His gaze swept across the hall.

Across the stunned crowd. Across Yan Ruichen.

Across Qi Meiling.

Across the elders.

And finally, across the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

In his eyes, there was no longer restraint.

Only superiority.

A faint curve lifted the corner of his lips.

As if everything before him... was beneath him.

Then he cupped his hands lightly toward Mu Qingyuan and the assembled elders.

"I was not in my best condition today..."

His tone was calm. Humble-on the surface.

But everyone could tell that he was just pretending and was quite arrogant about it.

"But fortunately, I still managed to refine a Low-tier Grade-5-Heavenflame Tempering Pill."

The pill above his palm pulsed once, its aura intensifying as if responding to his words.

"I believe that I am the winner!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 550 Clown Show

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 550 Clown Show

"I believe that I am the winner!"

No one saw anything wrong with Huo Shenyu claiming himself as the winner.

A Grade-5 pill!

A difference no one in the younger generation could bridge.

On the Vermillion Pill Empire's side, several elders nodded with satisfaction, their expressions filled with pride.

Some even looked toward the Desolate Heaven Empire with faint amusement, as if this outcome had always been inevitable.

Almost immediately, voices rose from all directions.

"As expected of Huo Shenyu! We knew you would win!"

"Who here could possibly compete with you?"

"A Grade-5 pill... sigh... compared to you, the rest are ordinary!"

"You truly live up to your reputation!"

Praise flowed endlessly.

Some were sincere.

Others... not so much.

But no one dared to oppose the tide.

It was as if the competition had already ended the moment Huo Shenyu declared himself the winner.

One of the representatives from the Vermillion Pill Empire stepped forward, his face beaming with delight.

"Hahaha! Such an achievement cannot go uncelebrated!"

He clasped his hands, his voice carrying across the hall.

"A Grade-5 pill at such an age... this is unprecedented!"

He turned toward Huo Shenyu, his eyes shining.

"We must hold a grand celebration for Young Master Huo! An event worthy of this moment!"

At those words, several others immediately echoed in agreement.

"Indeed! This deserves to be commemorated!"

"A banquet is a must!"

"The entire Eastern Region should know of this!"

The momentum shifted once again.

From praise-

To glorification.

Huo Shenyu listened calmly.

Then, he gave a slight nod.

"As you wish."

His tone was composed, but the faint pride in his eyes did not fade. "In one month..."

He paused briefly, glancing across the gathered empires.

"...the Vermillion Pill Empire will send out invitation letters."

A faint smile appeared.

"I hope all of you will attend!"

The words sounded polite.

But everyone present understood the deeper meaning.

This wasn't just a celebration. It was a declaration.

An announcement to the entire region of his achievement.

Also the Vermillion Pill Empire's continued supremacy.

This will also diminish the influence of Mu Tianxuan who has just become Grandmaster Alchemist.

As expected, no one dared to reject it.

"Of course! We will definitely attend!"

"How could we miss such a grand occasion?"

"To witness the rise of such a genius-it is our honor!"

Voices rang out one after another.

Agreement came swiftly.

Even those who felt uncomfortable could only nod along.

Then, someone said with a sigh of admiration-

"Today... we have witnessed a dragon ascend."

The words spread softly through the hall.

And at the center of it all, Huo Shenyu stood tall, basking in the recognition.

"Phui! Hahahahahaha...!"

A sudden, unrestrained laugh shattered the atmosphere.

It echoed loudly through the hall. Instantly, all voices stopped.

Every gaze turned toward the source.

Bai Zihan!

He stood there, one hand covering his face slightly, his shoulders trembling as laughter continued to escape him.

It wasn't polite.

It wasn't restrained.

It was the kind of laughter one would have when watching the most ridiculous performance imaginable.

A complete clown show.

...

The entire hall fell into an awkward silence.

Not far away, Bai Xueqing's expression changed. She quickly stepped closer, lowering her voice urgently.

"Stop it! What are you doing?!"

Her brows furrowed slightly.

"Do you even realize where you are? If you keep this up, it won't look good for the Mu Clan."

In her eyes, Bai Zihan was clearly stirring trouble again-at the worst possible moment.

But Bai Zihan didn't stop. If anything, his laughter only softened, turning more amused.

Finally, he lowered his hand.

His gaze swept across the hall.

Then, without the slightest attempt to hide it, he spoke loudly.

"When a clown performs..."

A pause.

"...shouldn't the audience show respect by laughing?"

Silence!

His words hung in the air like a slap.

Then he tilted his head slightly, looking toward the Desolate Heaven Empire's side.

His expression turned almost puzzled.

"Why aren't you laughing?"

The confusion in his tone felt genuine, as if he truly couldn't understand.

The crowd stiffened.

Expressions turned strange.

Everyone understood.

There was no ambiguity.

Bai Zihan was referring to Huo Shenyu and those who were just praising him.

On the Vermillion Pill Empire's side, expressions darkened instantly.

And at the center, Huo Shenyu's face hardened.

His eyes locked onto Bai Zihan.

A trace of anger flickered within.

"So this is how the Desolate Heaven Empire treats its guests?"

His voice was calm.

But beneath it, there was clear hostility.

"If you cannot win..."

A faint sneer formed.

"...you resort to insults?" He took a step forward.

The oppressive aura around him didn't diminish-instead, it seemed to grow sharper.

"Young Master Bai, don't be such a sore loser."

The words landed heavily.

The tension in the hall surged once more.

"Sore loser?"

Bai Zihan repeated the words, as if amused by them.

Then he tilted his head slightly, a faint smile still lingering on his lips.

"Why would I be a sore loser?"

His tone wasn't angry. Huo Shenyu shook his head slowly, his gaze filled with disdain.

Clearly, in his eyes, Bai Zihan was simply refusing to accept reality. "There is still someone who has yet to complete her pill refinement..." Bai Zihan continued, his voice calm yet carrying clearly across the hall.

"And you are already claiming victory? Aren't you a bit hasty?"

A slight ripple passed through the crowd.

Only then did many realize-there was indeed one person left.

Mu Linyue!

All eyes turned. She still stood before her cauldron, her expression focused, her hands steady as she controlled the flame.

Huo Shenyu let out a faint scoff.

"There is no need to wait."

His voice was firm and decisive.

"A Grade-3 alchemist-"

He glanced toward Mu Linyue, then back at Bai Zihan.

--^^

"Does Young Master Bai truly not understand the difference between us?"

A trace of arrogance surfaced fully now.

"Even if she breaks through on the spot..."

He paused

"...she can, at best, refine a Grade-4 pill."

His lips curled slightly.

"It is meaningless!"

Absolute confidence. Not even a hint of doubt. To him, this outcome was

already decided.

Bai Zihan didn't react. He simply looked toward Mu Linyue for a moment.

Then back at Huo Shenyu.

"Well, we won't know until we see for ourselves."

His tone was casual but it caused many to frown.

Some from the Vermillion Pill Empire were already about to speak, their expressions filled with ridicule.

"What is there to see-"

But before they could continue, Huo Shenyu raised a hand slightly.

He looked at Bai Zihan for a moment.

Then a cold smile appeared.

"Very well! If you insist..." He clasped his hands behind his back.

"We shall see what kind of pill she can refine. What

Don't you all agree?"

a few more minutes?

With Huo Shenyu saying those words, others could only play along, even though they thought it was just a waste of time.

At that moment, all attention shifted once more. Toward Mu Linyue.

Her cauldron trembled faintly.

The flame beneath it flickered with increasing intensity.

She was also at the final stage, Pill formation.

Her expression remained calm and focused.

Completely unaware-or perhaps completely indifferent-to the storm of gazes now fixed upon her.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

