

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 551 From Victory to Humiliation[1,146 words]

Chapter 551 From Victory to Humiliation

A sharp tremor ran through Mu Linyue's cauldron.

Buzz-

A low, resonant hum spread outward, far deeper than anything heard before.

And then, a surge of Qi exploded outward.

"..."

Several onlookers straightened instantly.

Their expressions changed.

"That... this aura..."

"Something's wrong-"

The lid of the cauldron trembled.

Clang!

The lid lifted.

A wave of medicinal fragrance spread outward.

The surrounding Qi surged toward it instinctively.

"...Could it be... a Grade-4 pill?"

Someone muttered in disbelief. After all, the Qi they sensed was obviously much more powerful than that of a Grade-3 pill.

"Grade-4?! At her age?!"

"She's only eighteen!"

"Damn... a Grade-4 alchemist at eighteen?"

"Isn't that even more monstrous than Huo Shenyu's talent?!"

Looking at how powerful the Qi emitted was, everyone took it as a sign that Mu Linyue had refined a Grade-4 pill.

The reaction wouldn't have been so intense if it were any other participant, but because it was Mu Linyue-someone still in her teens-it became a major shock.

That would mean she had shattered Huo Shenyu's previous record and replaced him as the youngest Grade-4 alchemist.

Excitement erupted among the Desolate Heaven Empire.

"Hmph! Give her a few more years, and she might surpass Huo Shenyu!" "Then let's see who's arrogant!"

For a moment, their earlier despair cracked, replaced by anticipation.

Previously, they had felt humiliated, looked down upon for lacking a genius comparable to Huo Shenyu.

But now?

Everything had changed.

But not everyone was celebrating.

Among the higher-grade alchemists-

Silence!

Their brows furrowed.

Their eyes narrowed.

Because what they sensed... didn't match the conclusion others had reached.

"This... this Qi..."

"It's too dense..."

"Even that Grade-5 pill that Huo Shenyu refined wasn't this powerful-"

A chill crept into their hearts.

An impossible thought surfaced-

Then was immediately suppressed.

'Impossible...'

"There's no way..."

'She's too young...'

'No one at her age could possibly refine a Grade-5 pill...'

One by one, they dismissed it, unwilling to accept such a terrifying possibility.

It was already shocking enough that Mu Linyue could refine a Grade-4 pill. If it were anything higher...

They didn't even know what to call such talent.

Some speculated that it was simply a particularly violent or unstable pill, which explained the overwhelming Qi and fragrance.

Huo Shenyu's expression also changed.

It wasn't that he believed Mu Linyue had refined a Grade-5 pill-but even the thought of her reaching Grade-4 Alchemist at such age filled him with fury.

His gaze locked onto Mu Linyue's cauldron.

Still, he consoled himself.

He would still win this competition and just because she reached grade-4 doesn't automatically mean that she would be able to reach Grade-5 faster.

Slowly, the light within the cauldron stabilized.

The aura condensed.

Then Mu Linyue raised her hand.

And from within the cauldron, a pill rose.

Floating gently into the air.

It was flawless.

Soft light pulsed across it, layer upon layer, like breathing.

Mu Linyue caught it lightly.

Then turned and displayed it openly, for everyone to see.

Silence!

The alchemists-

The other cultivators-

Even Huo Zhouchen-

All widened their eyes.

Shock!

Disbelief!

Horror!

Meanwhile, those unable to discern its grade frowned in confusion.

"What... what is it?"

"Why is everyone reacting like that?"

"I can't tell... what grade that pill is..."

The silence stretched.

No one dared to speak until a trembling voice finally broke it.

"...Top-tier..."

Gulp!

As if he couldn't believe it even while seeing it clearly-

"Top tier Grade-5 pill."

BOOM!

It was as if thunder exploded in every mind.

"What?!"

"How is that possible?!"

"It isn't Grade-4... but Grade-5?!"

Shock spread like wildfire.

Those who couldn't sense it earlier finally understood.

No wonder the high-grade alchemists had looked as if they had seen something

impossible.

Because they had.

All eyes turned toward Mu Linyue.

She stood calmly, as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

Then, in a steady voice, she spoke.

"This is a Top-tier Grade-5-Heavenly Verdant Soul Refining Pill."

The pill rested in her palm, radiating a soft yet overwhelming aura, its presence far surpassing what most had ever witnessed.

"...Top-tier"

"...Grade-5"

Some repeated the words unconsciously, as if trying to convince themselves it was real.

Meanwhile, Huo Shenyu's expression twisted.

"That's impossible!"

His voice rang out sharply, breaking the silence.

"You're lying!"

All attention snapped toward him.

The accusation hung in the air.

And for a moment, many actually felt his words made sense.

How could someone so young refine a Grade-5 pill? Even Huo Shenyu had only barely reached Low-tier Grade-5.

And he was already considered a once-in-a-generation genius.

Mu Linyue?

Eighteen years old?

Top-tier Grade-5?

It sounded absurd. Unreal.

Right then-

"Pfft-"

A laugh slipped out.

"Hahahahaha!"

Bai Zihan didn't even try to hold it this time. His laughter rang out clearly, filled with mockery.

Then he looked directly at Huo Shenyu.

"Oh? Young Master Huo, can't take a loss?"

A grin spread across his face.

"What a sore loser!"

The words struck like a blade.

Huo Shenyu's face flushed with anger.

"You-!"

His aura surged slightly, his voice turning sharp.

"This is impossible! There must be something wrong!"

Huo Shenyu frantically tried to find any justification or explanation, but nothing came.

He then turned instinctively-

(Father must know!) "Father-"

"Enough!"

Huo Zhouchen's cold voice cut through everything.

"She is-"

But before he could continue-

"Shut up! Didn't you disgrace yourself enough?"

Huo Zhouchen's voice was cold, carrying unmistakable anger. Huo Shenyu froze.

His words died in his throat.

Never in his life had his father scolded him like this.

Huo Zhouchen's gaze fell upon the pill in Mu Linyue's hand.

Others might doubt and be uncertain but how could he-a Grade-7 alchemist-

make a mistake in recognizing a Grade-5 pill's grade?

That pill was undeniably a Top-tier Grade-5 pill. "Tsk! Tsk! Where is your arrogance now? Still think you've won?"

Bai Zihan continued, rubbing salt into the wound.

Huo Shenyu wanted to refute him, but seeing his father's reaction, he knew that it was real.

So what could he even say now? "Looks like some of you still have your doubts."

Bai Zihan spoke again, smiling faintly. "Then how about this?"

He turned toward Huo Zhouchen.

"Grandmaster Huo, do you also think that Mu Linyue's pill isn't a Top-tier Grade-5 pill?"

The question was deliberately asked to Huo Zhouchen.

Huo Zhouchen frowned slightly, but he still needed to maintain composure.

His gaze lingered on the pill in Mu Linyue's hand.

Then he spoke.

"It is a Top-tier Grade-5 pill."

Silence!

There was no longer any room for doubt.

Those words came from a Grade-7 alchemist.

From Huo Zhouchen himself. The authority behind them crushed all disbelief.

And in that instant, the last fragile thread of denial shattered. Bai Zihan's lips curled upward.

Then he slowly turned, his gaze sweeping across the crowd.

Across those who had just praised Huo Shenyu. Across those who had declared the outcome prematurely. His voice rang out, clear and unhurried.

"Now then... do you all still believe Huo Shenyu is the winner?"

The same people who had spoken so confidently just moments ago now stood frozen.

Their faces stiff, burning with embarrassment.

Their earlier words echoed like ridicule in their minds.

Each sentence now felt like a slap-to themselves.

But the one who suffered the most humiliation was Huo Shenyu.

His fists clenched tightly.

The arrogance he displayed earlier...

The certainty.

The declaration of victory.

All of it now felt like a clown proclaiming himself emperor.

That arrogance had turned into the greatest humiliation.

And Bai Zihan wasn't letting it go.

"Tsk... tsk..."

He clicked his tongue lightly, his expression filled with amusement.

"What happened? You were so certain just now, saying it was meaningless to continue and that you were the winner!"

His eyes locked onto Huo Shenyu, filled with mockery.

"Do you still have the same delusion?"

Huo Shenyu's jaw tightened.

His entire body trembled faintly from rage and humiliation.

When has he ever, in his entire life, been so humiliated?

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 552 A Talent That Shakes Empires

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 552 A Talent That Shakes Empires

Mu Linyue stood quietly on her platform.

The pill rested in her palm, its glow steady and serene.

Her gaze lingered on Bai Zihan as he talked about something she didn't understand.

After all, she hadn't paid attention to anything other than pill refinement earlier and didn't know that Huo Shenyu had declared himself the winner previously and Bai Zihan was making fun of him for that.

She didn't know why Bai Zihan was going after them, but she wasn't planning to stop him either.

After all, everyone here knew that those from the Vermillion Pill Empire hadn't come with good intentions.

Meanwhile, Huo Shenyu stood frozen.

The humiliation weighed heavily on him.

Even the Vermillion Pill Empire's side had fallen silent, their earlier pride now replaced with an awkward heaviness.

Even though Bai Zihan was blatantly humiliating them, they couldn't do anything.

The atmosphere had turned suffocating.

At that moment, Huo Zhouchen stepped forward.

His expression had already returned to calm.

"The young lady of the Mu Clan is truly talented."

His voice was steady, carrying across the hall.

"I did not expect such a genius to emerge from the Desolate Heaven Empire" Then-

"Congratulations on your victory!"

With just a few words, the atmosphere shifted.

The focus moved away from Huo Shenyu's humiliation and settled onto Mu Linyue.

Huo Zhouchen knew that no matter what they said now, it would only add to their humiliation.

So he changed the subject, and by shifting the focus to Mu Linyue's victory, he knew Bai Zihan wouldn't continue pressing Huo Shenyu.

"Truly incredible!"

"A Top-tier Grade-5 pill... at such an age! She will definitely rise and become the best alchemist in the world."

"A genius beyond imagination!"

"This victory is well deserved!"

The tone of the hall changed again.

From tension-

To admiration.

Just like before.

Only this time, it was all directed at Mu Linyue instead of Huo Shenyu.

Bai Zihan watched and knew what Huo Zhouchen was trying to do but didn't

stop.

After all, he has already humiliated them enough and continuing to press further would undermine Mu Linyue's victory.

Mu Qingyuan stepped forward.

Then, in a clear and steady voice, he declared-

"Without any doubt..."

A brief pause.

"The winner of this competition is Mu Linyue!"

It was clear to everyone present.

Yan Ruichen stood quietly, his gaze fixed on Mu Linyue.

Even now, disbelief lingered in his eyes.

Earlier, Huo Shenyu's Grade-5 pill had already made him feel sense of helplessness.

But that was Huo Shenyu-a genius renowned throughout the region.

But Mu Linyue...?

Someone younger.

Less famous.

Someone he had barely regarded as a true competitor.

Yet now she has reached a level even higher.

A bitter smile slowly formed on his lips.

It was a gap he had never imagined could exist.

Beside him, Qi Meiling remained silent.

Her expression was calm on the surface, but her eyes betrayed her thoughts.

She had always been confident in her control and her talent.

But today, she realized how vast the world truly was.

Mu Linyue hadn't just defeated them, she had made their efforts seem insignificant.

And it wasn't just those two.

The other participants stood in silence.

Earlier, some had felt proud.

Proud of breaking through.

Proud of refining pills beyond their limits.

But now, that pride felt hollow.

Compared to Mu Linyue, what were their achievements?

An eighteen-year-old had already stood at a height they were still trying to

reach.

What had they been doing all these years?

They were called geniuses.

Praised and admired by millions.

But now, that title felt almost like mockery.

Because compared to Mu Linyue, they weren't even average-they were nothing.

Mu Qingyuan's face was filled with satisfaction.

Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped forward and waved his sleeve.

Two jade boxes appeared in his hands, sealed with intricate runes.

Within them were the Grade-7 pills.

A faint, profound aura leaked out even through the seals, causing the surrounding
to ripple subtly.

"These were the promised rewards."

His voice carried warmth as he turned toward Mu Linyue.

"And now-they belong to you."

From the very beginning, they had already believed these pills would return to the Mu Clan's hands.

Mu Linyue accepted them calmly as if receiving something ordinary.

But the subtle shift in the crowd's breathing made it clear, there was nothing ordinary about Grade-7 pills.

While she knew just how valuable they were, she knew that she had yet to reach the level needed to study them.

Not to mention, it was only good for breaking through to Immortal Realm, so it wasn't useful to her.

On the other side, Huo Zhouchen also stepped forward.

His expression remained composed.

But for the briefest moment, a trace of reluctance flickered in his eyes.

He, more than anyone present, understood the value of what was being handed over.

Grade-7 pills were not something that could be casually refined.

They required not only a Grandmaster-level alchemist but also extremely rare and precious ingredients.

Each one was a culmination of effort, resources, and time.

Not to mention, because of their monopoly, the value of these pills was several times higher on the current market.

But compared to losing the pill, being able to reveal such a major threat was more valuable.

His gaze shifted briefly toward Mu Linyue.

Mu Tianxuan had already shaken their foundation.

A Grade-7 alchemist outside the Vermillion Pill Empire meant their monopoly was no longer absolute.

But even then, they had remained confident.

With their foundation.

With their resources.

With Huo Shenyu's talent, they would still continue to dominate the Pill Market.

That they would still stand at the peak.

But now... that confidence wavered.

Because Mu Linyue's existence threatened everything they believed.

With her talent, reaching Grade-7 wasn't even a question.

It felt inevitable.

And once that happened...

Would Grade-7 truly be her limit?

Huo Zhouchen's eyes narrowed slightly.

For the first time, a thought he had never seriously considered before emerged clearly.

Could she... become the first Grade-8 alchemist of the Eastern Region?

The idea sounded absurd.

Yet-

Looking at her-

It no longer felt impossible.

Still, he knew talent alone wasn't enough.

She would need pill recipes, resources, and time.

And more importantly, would she live long enough to reach that height?

On the other side, the audience was still discussing Mu Linyue.

"Monstrous... truly monstrous..."

"I never thought she would reach such a stage..." "Top-tier Grade-5 at eighteen... what kind of existence is that?"

Among them, members of the Imperial Family were also watching closely- especially the princes.

Their gazes lingered on Mu Linyue, each one deep in thought.

Talent!

That alone was enough to shake them.

A genius of this level, if brought to their side, would be a decisive advantage in the struggle for the throne.

But it wasn't just her talent.

Her appearance was also a factor.

She might not be overwhelming at first glance, but the more one looked, the more captivating she became.

Easily among the top beauties of the Empire.

Then there was her background.

The Mu Clan was already a powerful alchemy clan of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And now, with the emergence of a Grandmaster, their status would soar.

It was now undeniable-they were the number one alchemy force in the Empire.

On top of that, their alliance with the Bai Clan.

Mu Linyue was the niece of Bai Tianheng, the current Bai Clan Leader.

And the cousin of Bai Zihan, the future Clan Leader.

If they married Mu Linyue, then in the battle for the throne, the Bai Clan would very likely support her husband.

Unless, of course, Bai Zihan or Bai Xueqing married someone from the imperial family instead.

But Bai Zihan was already engaged to Chu Ziyan.

And Bai Xueqing had an almost impossible condition for marriage, to defeat Bai Zihan.

Defeat Bai Zihan?

Even among their generation, or even the previous one, few could achieve that.

So marrying into the Bai Clan directly was nearly impossible.

But Mu Linyue?

She was different. She was attainable-or so they believed. Everyone knew, any prince or princess who gained the Bai Clan's support

would almost certainly win the throne. Marrying her wouldn't just bring one genius.

It could bring the support of two great clans. Several princes glance at Mu Linyue. No words were spoken but the intent was

clear.

Win her over-at any cost.

Qin Lingxiao also watched.

Even she couldn't remain calm.

Compared to the Desolate Heaven Empire and the Eastern Region, she had

seen many geniuses.

Among them, Huo Shenyu could be considered excellent but not the best. However, Mu Linyue was different.

Even among the top geniuses she had seen, none matched her.

It wouldn't be wrong to say, Mu Linyue's alchemy talent might truly be the best in the world.

(If I could bring her back...)

With her talent, Qin Lingxiao knew it would be a waste for her to remain here.

She had to bring her back to her clan.

With such talent, even the top alchemists of the Central Continent would fight to take her as a disciple.

"Maybe... I need to make some changes to my plan."

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 553 Do you want to be my disciple?[1,077 words]

Chapter 553 Do you want to be my disciple?

The hall did not calm. If anything, it grew louder-not with shock this time, but with intent.

The eyes that had once held only awe now carried calculation.

Mu Linyue had not merely won a competition; she had become something far more significant-a future that many now sought to grasp.

Mu Qingyuan naturally noticed the subtle shift. His gaze swept across the crowd, taking in the princes, the elders, and the representatives of the various empires.

All of them were watching intently, their minds already moving as they weighed their options and formed their plans.

He knew that after today, the status of his daughter would be very different.

Some might try to form an alliance with them, but those who were their enemies as his gaze naturally shifted toward the Vermillion Pill Empire-would definitely try to take her life.

A faint smile appeared on his face, but his eyes grew colder.

"Since the winner has been decided, this concludes the alchemy competition."

The competition ended somewhat abruptly, but it had turned out to be quite entertaining.

Although the Vermillion Pill Empire had its own intentions, in the end, the result was beneficial to the Mu Clan.

With this competition, the Mu Clan's influence would only increase further.

The celebration for Mu Tianxuan's breakthrough continued.

Only this time, the focus was no longer on him alone. "Grandmaster Mu truly has a remarkable granddaughter!"

"The Mu Clan will surely rise to unprecedented heights!"

"Grandmaster Mu, I have a son who has broken through to the Soul Formation Realm at only twenty years old. What do you think about-"

Praise flowed once more, but now it was directed at both Mu Tianxuan and Mu Linyue.

Moreover, many now wished to marry their sons to Mu Linyue. She was certain to soar, and by establishing ties with her, they too would rise alongside her.

The atmosphere grew lively again, as if the earlier tension had never existed.

Then Huo Zhouchen stepped forward once more. His actions drew everyone's attention.

Huo Zhouchen's gaze settled directly on Mu Linyue. "Young Lady Mu."

His voice was calm, yet it carried undeniable weight.

"I wonder if you would be willing to become my disciple?" Silence!

All attention instantly shifted toward the two.

Even Mu Qingyuan's expression changed slightly.

Huo Zhouchen's intention was clear.

Mu Linyue's talent was far too terrifying to ignore. Her future in the alchemy

world was almost guaranteed to reach unimaginable heights.

Since that was the case, why not claim her as his disciple?

With his status, ability, and influence, he had every qualification to do so.

Mu Linyue herself was momentarily surprised.

She had never imagined that someone like Huo Zhouchen would one day personally invite her to become his disciple.

"If you become my disciple, I will grant you access to all my resources, connections, and inheritance."

His voice grew firmer.

"Within ten years, I can ensure that you reach the Grandmaster level."

A slight pause.

"And beyond that... it will not be impossible!"

The implication was clear.

Grade-8 Alchemist!

Perhaps even higher.

Mu Linyue did not hesitate. She cupped her hands slightly.

"Grandmaster Huo, I appreciate your offer, but I must decline."

Her tone was respectful.

While becoming the disciple of someone like Huo Zhouchen might be the dream of every young alchemist, Mu Linyue did not think it was necessary.

There was already Bai Zihan, who taught her better than anyone.

In just one month with him, her progress had been astonishing.

There wasn't a single question Bai Zihan couldn't answer, and when he taught something, his explanations were always profound and insightful.

While she did not look down on Huo Zhouchen, she did not feel that even he could match Bai Zihan's level.

Of course, this was only her personal feeling. Huo Zhouchen might very well be superior, given that he was a Grade-7 alchemist.

However, there was no need to become his disciple. If she wished to reach the Grandmaster level, her grandfather was already one and could guide her. Perhaps it might have been a tempting offer three months ago, but now it was not something she was interested in.

Not to mention, if she became his Huo Zhouchen, there would be issues regarding allegiance. She might be treated like a traitor by the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Her freedom might be restricted, and she might not even be able to share her pill recipes with her own clan.

Thus, Huo Zhouchen's offer-including resources and connections-felt more like a burden than an advantage.

More cons than pros.

For her, it was a simple decision, though others saw it as her missing a great opportunity.

After all, Huo Zhouchen was not just any Grandmaster-he was considered one of the most outstanding among them.

Compared to him, Mu Tianxuan could only be considered a newly advanced Grandmaster.

Huo Zhouchen looked at Mu Linyue, unwilling to accept the rejection.

He remained silent for a moment, his gaze fixed on her.

In his mind, a thought surfaced.

Perhaps... This rejection stemmed from what had happened earlier.

But to him, such matters were insignificant when compared to the bigger picture.

If Mu Linyue became his disciple, then all enmity between the Mu Clan and the Vermillion Pill Empire could be erased instantly.

Not only would they no longer be wary of the Mu Clan, they might even welcome such a development.

In his eyes, clinging to temporary grievances over such an opportunity... was foolish.

But then again, she was still very young.

It was understandable.

With that thought, he spoke again.

"May I ask... your reason?"

His tone remained calm, though this question itself slightly damaged his standing.

A figure like him was not someone who should need to ask twice.

But he needed to know.

If it was what he thought, he could still persuade her.

Mu Linyue did not hesitate.

"I already have a teacher."

Huo Zhouchen's expression changed slightly.

The crowd stirred.

Even the Mu Clan members were visibly surprised.

A teacher?

Mu Linyue... had a teacher?

As far as they knew, her talent had always been self-driven.

Even high-grade alchemists had been hesitant to teach her because some of her questions were too profound. They feared losing face and thus avoided

instructing her.

As for Mu Qingyuan and Mu Yuelan, while they guided her at times, they were often occupied with their own responsibilities.

Mu Yuelan had many matters to deal with, especially those concerning Bai Zihan.

Mu Qingyuan, meanwhile, was busy managing the clan.

There had never been a single figure who could be called her dedicated master.

Yet now she claimed she already had one.

The Mu Clan members even wondered if this was merely an excuse to make

Huo Zhouchen withdraw gracefully.

Huo Zhouchen narrowed his eyes slightly.

He hadn't expected to encounter such an obstacle.

In the end, he could only take a step back.

"My offer still stands. If Young Lady Mu ever wishes to become my disciple, you may send me a message."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 554 The Condition That Silenced the Princes[908 words]

Chapter 554 The Condition That Silenced the Princes

The crowd had yet to settle from the shock of everything that had transpired.

Whispers still lingered, discussions overlapping-when suddenly, another figure stepped forward.

Seventh Prince, Yu Longxuan!

All eyes turned toward him as they expected another good drama.

He stopped a short distance before Mu Linyue, his gaze softening as it rested upon her.

"Miss Mu," he began, his voice gentle yet clear enough to carry across the hall, "from the moment I saw you today... I found myself unable to look away."

A slight pause.

"As foolish as it may sound, I believe this is what people call love at first sight." A ripple passed through the crowd.

"I, Yu Longxuan, sincerely wish to take you as my consort."

Silence!

The words landed heavily.

No one had expected something so direct.

But before anyone could fully react-

Another voice followed.

"Seventh Brother, you truly move quickly."

A second figure stepped forward.

Third Prince, Yu Wenzhao!

His expression held a faint smile, but his eyes were sharp.

"I must say... I feel the same."

He turned toward Mu Linyue, bowing slightly.

"Miss Mu, I too was deeply moved upon seeing you today. I, Yu Wenzhao, would also like to invite you to become my consort."

The atmosphere instantly changed.

The two princes stood facing the same person-but the air between them was anything but calm.

Yu Longxuan's gaze flickered toward Yu Wenzhao, a trace of fury and hostility surfacing.

He thought that by making a first move, other prince would not interfere as that would be inappropriate and cause one to look face.

But Yu Wenzhao wasn't playing by the rule and followed him.

Everyone present understood that this wasn't about love.

They all knew that two of them wants her because of how valuable she would be in their upcoming battle for the throne.

The other princes remained where they were, watching carefully.

They didn't step forward.

Not because they lacked interest-but because two had already made their move. To barge in now would only make them appear desperate.

All eyes turned toward Mu Linyue once again.

The Mu Clan didn't seem to want to interfere as doing so might seemd disrespectful to the Imperial Family.

All they can do is trust the decision in Mu Linyue's hand.

Mu Linyue remained calm, though a trace of helplessness flickered in her eyes.

She cupped her hands lightly.

"Your Highnesses, I appreciate your intentions..."

Her tone was polite.

Measured.

"But I have no plans of falling in love at the moment."

A clear rejection.

However, neither prince moved.

Yu Longxuan's expression did not change.

Yu Wenzhao's smile remained.

"As expected of Miss Mu," Yu Longxuan said softly. "But such matters... can be considered slowly."

Yu Wenzhao nodded slightly. "Indeed. There is no need to decide immediately. We can cultivate our love as we live together."

Well, they weren't looking for love, so they didn't care much about whether Mu Linyue would love them as long as she agrees to marry them.

Their intention was clear and they were not accepting any answer that leads to ambiguity.

Not without a reason strong enough to force them to withdraw.

Mu Linyue looked at the two princes and felt a faint headache coming.

She had already been polite enough, yet neither of them showed any intention of backing down.

If she wished, she could have spoken bluntly, even ridicule but the people before her were princes.

Their status was far from ordinary. Offending them would only bring trouble to the Mu Clan, something she had no intention of doing.

At the same time, she understood clearly, they would not give up so easily.

Her gaze shifted slightly, searching for a way out.

Then she paused.

Not far away, Bai Xueqing stood still while Bai Zihan were munching on Spirit Fruits as if none of this concerned him.

!!!

A strange idea surfaced in her mind.

Mu Linyue turned back to the princes, her expression returning to calm.

"Since young," she said slowly, "I have always admired strong and powerful men."

The moment those words left her lips, Yu Longxuan and Yu Wenzhao both straightened subtly.

Their chests lifted.

Their auras rose.

Even the surrounding Qi stirred faintly as they unconsciously released a trace

of their cultivation, as if to display their strength.

Mu Linyue continued, her tone steady.

"In fact..."

She paused, then added lightly-

"My cousin has always been someone I admire greatly."

A ripple spread through the crowd.

Cousin?

Everyone instinctively followed her line of sight-

Toward Bai Zihan who was still chewing.

Mu Linyue's lips curved ever so slightly.

"If someone like him were to appear..."

A brief pause.

"I wouldn't mind considering marriage."

Now, the attention of the entire hall sharpened.

Everyone could sense it, she was leading somewhere.

Then Mu Linyue spoke clearly.

"If anyone can defeat my cousin, Bai Zihan... I can consider marriage."

Silence!

Then a strange feeling spread across the crowd.

Deja vu!

Many people exchanged glances.

Wasn't this something that they heard somewhere?

Wasn't this exactly how Bai Xueqing had rejected countless suitors before?

Anyone who could defeat Bai Zihan, she would consider.

And what was the result?

Until now, forget a victor, there hadn't even been a single challenger.

Because this was Bai Zihan.

Within his generation, who could stand against him?

Even if he fought with one hand behind his back, no one would dare step forward.

And just like that, Proposals had naturally disappeared.

After all, she wasn't asking for something unreasonable. She simply wanted someone stronger than her "little brother."

A perfectly fair condition, only if that "little brother" wasn't Bai Zihan.

Yu Longxuan and Yu Wenzhao both fell silent.

Their earlier confidence... froze.

Previously, this was precisely the excuse Bai Xeuqing used and rejected most of them.

Now Mu Linyue was employing the same tactics.

And at the center of it-

Bai Zihan calmly swallowed his fruit, glanced up, and raised a brow slightly.

"Huh?"

(What's going on? Why is everyone looking at me? Am I too handsome even when I am eating?)

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 555 Mu Linyue's Condition

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 555 Mu Linyue's Condition

"Miss Mu... your condition is indeed admirable. But could you perhaps consider changing the person?"

Yu Longxuan said.

Yu Wenzhao nodded in agreement.

"After all, Young Master Bai's strength is well known. Within our generation, there is hardly anyone who could match him."

That was already putting it politely.

Everyone present knew the truth. There wasn't "hardly anyone."

There was no one.

None of the princes were foolish enough to challenge Bai Zihan in public and humiliate themselves.

If they could, they would have done so long ago to marry Bai Xueqing.

Mu Linyue tilted her head slightly, as if considering their words.

Then she spoke again, her tone calm.

"That wouldn't be appropriate. Cousin Bai has bullied me since I was young."

Mu Linyue continued with a straight face.

"So naturally, my future husband should be stronger than him... so he can help me take revenge."

Her tone remained completely serious, as if this was only natural.

The moment those words fell, several people nearly choked.

Bullied?

Revenge?

Who here hadn't suffered at his hands in some way?

If someone could truly take revenge on him, then Bai Zihan wouldn't be standing there right now.

The idea sounded satisfying, but reality was another matter entirely.

It would already be good if they didn't suffer at his hands anymore.

Yu Wenzhao forced a smile.

"Miss Mu, Young Master Bai is a gentleman among gentlemen. How can he bully a beautiful girl like you? It is surely just a joke, and Miss Mu shouldn't take it too seriously."

Yu Wenzhao not only praised Bai Zihan to gain favor but also subtly tried to persuade her to change her condition.

Indeed, the royals were very eloquent with their words.

Mu Linyue looked at them quietly, then shook her head.

"This is my condition!"

No room for negotiation.

Well, there shouldn't be one, since she was trying to reject them and ensure that other men also don't think about marrying her.

Mu Linyue's condition lingered in the air, with no one willing to accept it.

Even the two princes considered dropping the matter for now and bringing it up later.

Just when it seemed the matter would end there, a voice cut through the crowd.

"Do you truly mean what you said?"

Everyone turned.

A man stepped forward. The moment he appeared, recognition spread like wildfire.

"It's him...!"

"Feng Xuanye!"

"The Void Refinement genius from the Tianyan Empire!"

Whispers erupted.

Feng Xuanye!

A name that carried undeniable prestige.

He had stepped into the Void Refinement Realm at just forty-widely regarded as one of the youngest to ever do so in the Eastern Region.

Not only that, rumors claimed he had once fought a Great Ascension Realm expert to a draw.

Whether exaggerated or not, no one dared underestimate him.

He was considered one of the strongest martial geniuses of his generation.

If not for the emergence of geniuses like Bai Xueqing and Bai Zihan, his fame would be much higher than what it was.

His gaze fell directly on Mu Linyue.

"I assume your words hold true for me as well."

There was no hesitation in his voice.

It was clear that he was here for her.

Unlike the two princes, who were more interested in her background, he was more interested in her.

Her beauty.

Her talent.

In his eyes, only someone like Mu Linyue was worthy to stand beside him.

A ripple spread through the Desolate Heaven Empire's side.

The Tianyan Empire's greatest genius!

Among the many empires surrounding the Desolate Heaven Empire, the

strongest was definitely the Tianyan Empire.

There were frequent clashes between the two empires along the border, and it could be said that their relationship was the worst among all neighboring

powers.

Many looked at him with surprise while others with pity.

What he was doing was extremely courageous, no doubt-especially to those from the Desolate Heaven Empire who had personally witnessed Bai Zihan's

strength.

But more than bravery, many thought it was foolishness.

Feng Xuanye, however, thought differently.

He had heard the rumors regarding Bai Zihan.

That Bai Zihan had defeated Great Ascension demonic elders.

That his strength was monstrous.

But he wasn't convinced by rumors alone.

He himself had fought against elders of his own clan-true Great Ascension experts and managed to hold his ground.

And in his mind, those elders were far stronger than mere demonic cultivators.

If Bai Zihan could do it, then so could he.

By that logic, he believed he could win.

But that wasn't the only reason why he dared to challenge Bai Zihan.

His gaze shifted slightly toward Bai Zihan.

A faint spark of battle intent flickered in his eyes.

He wanted to see for himself.

The so-called genius who had overshadowed his own name.

Were those feats real?

Or just exaggerated rumors?

Did Bai Zihan truly deserve that reputation?

Or-

Was he nothing more than a story inflated by the Desolate Heaven Empire?

The representatives from the Tianyan Empire also showed no intention of stopping Feng Xuanye.

They even smiled and seemed to agree with his decision. Seemingly appearing as if saying, 'everyone might fear Bai Zihan but we don't!'

They also wanted to gauge Bai Zihan's true strength, as he would undoubtedly become a future threat to their empire.

Even if Feng Xuanye, they didn't think it would change anything for them.

Moreover, if Mu Linyue were to become Feng Xuanye's wife, she would be brought into the Tianyan Empire.

Such a genius-if they could claim her-would undoubtedly elevate their

alchemy standing.

Not to mention, if Feng Xuanye defeated Bai Zihan, it would diminish Bai Zihan's current fame while elevating Feng Xuanye's.

So, no matter the outcome, it was a win-win situation. Though, naturally, it would be far better if Feng Xuanye won.

A faint frown appeared on Mu Linyue's face.

She had thought that invoking Bai Zihan's name would be enough to deter anyone.

Within the Desolate Heaven Empire, that name alone was enough to silence even the most confident geniuses.

But she had overlooked one thing.

Outsiders did not fear him the same way-especially not someone like Feng Xuanye.

For a brief moment, she felt a slight headache coming on.

Still, her expression quickly returned to calm.

Since the words had already been spoken, there was no reason to take them back.

Moreover, she trusted Bai Zihan's strength.

Although she had not witnessed it personally, from everything she had heard, she believed it was unlikely he would lose.

Mu Linyue gave a small nod.

"My words naturally stand."

Feng Xuanye's lips curved into a smile.

"Good!"

His aura surged faintly, a sharp edge of excitement flashing in his eyes.

"Then let's not waste any more time."

His gaze shifted, locking directly onto Bai Zihan.

"I challenge Bai Zihan to a match!"

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 556 If You Insist, I'll Oblige

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 556 If You Insist, I'll Oblige

Bai Zihan blinked.

For a moment, he genuinely looked bewildered.

One moment, he had been peacefully standing at the side, casually eating spirit fruits without the slightest intention of getting involved.

The next, every gaze in the hall had turned toward him.

As if he had just done something outrageous.

"..?"

He slowly chewed, then swallowed.

Only after hearing the exchange did he finally piece things together.

His expression turned strange.

So that's how it is...

A quiet complaint rose in his mind.

First Bai Xueqing... now Mu Linyue too?

(What next? Some cousin I don't even know will also use my name to avoid marriage?)

He felt a slight injustice.

(How come I didn't get such a convenient shield when I was forced into an engagement with Chu Ziyang?)

That thought lingered for a second.

Then he clicked his tongue inwardly.

These relatives of his, one shrewder than the other.

Still, he didn't say anything.

Instead, he calmly picked up another spirit fruit and took a bite.

Crunch.

Sweet.

Far better than the other dishes laid out. It was truly disappointing compared to all that food back on Earth.

(Perhaps I should send one of my chefs over next time.)

He seriously considered it.

After all, if he was going to attend events like this, the least they could do was serve proper food to him.

As for his name being used?

He couldn't do anything right now, but he should give a stern warning later. His name wasn't something to be used lightly.

What if they used his name to provoke a fight with someone like Qin Lingxiao?

Then won't that be the perfect setup to be beaten by some Heaven Chosen One?

Though obviously, with his current fame, he didn't think that anyone would challenge him.

He continued eating, completely unconcerned.

That is until-

"I challenge Bai Zihan to a match!"

The words rang out clearly.

"...?"

Bai Zihan paused mid-bite.

Slowly, he lowered the fruit in his hand.

Then he lifted his head.

His gaze met Feng Xuanye's.

(Who is this idiot?)

Looking at his outfit, Bai Zihan knew that he was someone from another Empire.

Bai Zihan stared at Feng Xuanye for a moment.

Then he casually took another bite of the spirit fruit.

Crunch! Crunch!

Sweet juice spread across his tongue as if nothing of importance had just happened.

Meanwhile, all eyes were fixed on him.

Bai Zihan chewed thoughtfully.

He seemed to think for a moment.

"No! I don't want to fight anyone right now."

The response was so straightforward that it caught many off guard.

They thought Bai Zihan would be like other geniuses who, when challenged- especially before such a crowd-would accept without much hesitation.

Bai Zihan didn't even look particularly interested as he continued,

"There's no merit in it. These are just her words,"

He tilted his head slightly toward Mu Linyue.

"What does that have to do with me?"

Feng Xuanye's eyes narrowed slightly.

He hadn't expected this outcome. Slowly, his gaze shifted toward Mu Linyue.

"Then what now?"

His tone carried a trace of dissatisfaction.

Mu Linyue blinked, clearly not expecting Bai Zihan to refuse so easily.

For a brief moment, she hesitated.

Then she walked over, before stopping in front of Bai Zihan.

Her eyes lifted slightly, carrying a faint pleading look.

"Why won't you fight him?"

Bai Zihan rolled his eyes.

"Why should I fight a weakling?"

His tone was casual, almost bored.

"It serves no purpose."

Silence!

Feng Xuanye's expression darkened instantly.

Weakling?

He, Feng Xuanye, who stood among the strongest of his generation, had just been dismissed with a single word.

Mu Linyue, however, didn't back down.

She leaned slightly closer, lowering her voice.

"...Help me a bit."

A quiet whisper.

But Bai Zihan didn't even react.

He simply took another bite.

As if he hadn't heard her at all.

Feng Xuanye suddenly let out a short laugh. His tone turned sharp, laced with sarcasm.

"Is Young Master Bai perhaps afraid?"

Those words immediately surprised many of the guests. However, looking at the situation, it definitely seemed like Bai Zihan wanted to avoid the fight because of Feng Xuanye's strength.

Even if that wasn't the reason, many couldn't think of any other reason than for

Bai Zihan to decline the fight so decisively.

"Don't worry, I will go easy on you."

Feng Xuanye became certain of his assumption.

Now that the time had come for Bai Zihan to fight, he was avoiding it. This made him certain that those rumors about him were all exaggerated.

"Afraid?"

Bai Zihan repeated the word, almost amused.

He tilted his head slightly, looking at Feng Xuanye as if he had just heard something mildly entertaining rather than insulting.

(I gave you a chance, and this is the kind of attitude I get in return?)

He thought.

Of course, he didn't feel provoked. Nor did he feel the need to prove anything since Feng Xuanye provoked him.

Anyways, he still felt that this was all happening because of Mu Linyue.

He glanced at Mu Linyue, ignoring Feng Xuanye's provocation.

"He is definitely funny."

A faint teasing smile appeared on his face.

"Perhaps marrying him would be good for you?"

Mu Linyue immediately narrowed her eyes at him.

But instead of answering, she reached into her sleeve and pulled out something.

A crystal-like mirror, faintly glowing.

A Memory Crystal Mirror!

At first, Bai Zihan didn't understand what she intended.

Then-

A faint telepathic message reached him.

Instantly, his eyes narrowed.

He turned to her slowly.

"You are bluffing."

Mu Linyue's lips curved. A small, almost mischievous smile appeared.

"I really have it."

She tilted her head slightly.

"You should know whether I am lying or not."

Bai Zihan frowned.

(Is this the reward for teaching you?)

Bai Zihan asked.

(This and that is different. Please just help me with this once!)

Mu Linyue pleaded even though she was blackmailing him.

A moment of silence passed.

Then-

"Tsk!"

He clicked his tongue.

Slowly, his gaze turned back toward Feng Xuanye.

The atmosphere around him subtly changed.

"Right now, I am in a bad mood..."

His voice carried a faint pressure, and everyone could feel the shift.

"Since you're so eager to get beaten..."

He lifted his eyes fully now, directly locking onto Feng Xuanye.

"I shall oblige"

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 557 Bai Zihan Vs Feng Xuanye?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 557 Bai Zihan Vs Feng Xuanye?

Chapter 557 Bai Zihan Vs Feng Xuanye?

"Such confidence..."

"As expected of Bai Zihan..."

"He didn't even give face to the Vermillion Pill Empire earlier-how could he possibly take Feng Xuanye seriously?"

To them, Bai Zihan's words were not mere arrogance; they felt almost natural.

Looking down on Feng Xuanye?

Others might not be worthy, but Bai Zihan definitely was.

Yet, not everyone dismissed Feng.

"He is still Feng Xuanye..."

"A Void Refinement expert! He was already very powerful before; he should be even stronger now."

"He definitely has a chance"

"If Bai Zihan underestimates him, he might actually lose."

Meanwhile, at the center of it all, Feng Xuanye's expression had darkened completely.

The anger in his chest surged like a rising tide.

But he suppressed it.

Soon, he would have the chance to return everything.

(Underestimate me while you can. I will make you regret it!)

Feng Xuanye thought.

Bai Zihan casually tossed the half-eaten spirit fruit aside and stepped forward.

He raised his hand slightly.

"Come!"

A simple gesture.

"I'll give you the first move."

Another wave of murmurs spread.

"Giving him the first move?"

"Isn't that too much?"

"That's Feng Xuanye... Bai Zihan is too overconfident. Does he think Feng Xuanye is the as other cultivators?"

Even those confident in Bai Zihan felt a trace of unease.

This wasn't an ordinary opponent.

But Bai Zihan didn't seem to care at all.

Feng Xuanye's eyes turned cold.

"You'll regret that!"

Boom!

His aura exploded outward.

A terrifying pressure swept across the hall as Qi surged violently around him.

"Mid Void Refinement Realm! Feng Xuanye has advanced to the Mid Void Refinement Realm!"

"Looks like Bai Zihan is in trouble. He has greatly underestimated Feng Xuanye!"

Many were surprised by Feng Xuanye's breakthrough.

At higher cultivation levels, progress slowed significantly, so even a minor realm advancement within thirty years after reaching the Void Refinement Realm could be considered extremely fast.

For Feng Xuanye to do so within a few years, his former fame wasn't for naught.

Whoosh!

The ground beneath Feng Xuanye's feet cracked.

His robes fluttered wildly as he took a step forward-then vanished.

"So fast!"

Several people's expressions changed as they couldn't see Feng Xuanye.

In the next instant, he appeared directly before Bai Zihan.

A punch shot forward.

Space itself seemed to tremble under the force of it.

This was not a probing strike.

It was a full-powered attack.

Feng Xuanye had no intention of holding back.

If Bai Zihan dared to look down on him, then he would crush him in a single move!

The distance closed instantly.

The punch arrived-and yet, Bai Zihan didn't move.

He didn't dodge, nor did he bother blocking.

He simply stood there, watching calmly.

Feng Xuanye smirked inwardly.

Seeing Bai Zihan remain completely still, he felt a surge of confidence.

(Tsk! I expected more.)

Even though he thought Bai Zihan had underestimated him and was about to lose, he did not hesitate for even a fraction of a second.

His punch continued forward, carrying overwhelming force-but just as it was about to land-

It struck nothing.

"...?!"

His pupils shrank.

Before he could even react-

Before he could even form the word What-?

Bang!!!

His head was slammed violently into the ground.

"Argh!"

The impact echoed across the hall like a thunderclap.

The floor shattered beneath him, cracks spreading outward in all directions.

For a brief moment, no one even saw what had happened.

One instant, Feng Xuanye had been attacking.

The next, he was already embedded in the ground, unconscious.

Bai Zihan stood where he was.

His hand lowered slowly, his expression unchanged.

As if he had merely brushed aside something insignificant.

He glanced down at Feng Xuanye briefly.

"He can only blame himself for being weak."

His tone carried no arrogance.

Only simple facts.

Silence!

The entire hall fell into absolute silence.

Every single person stared, their expressions frozen.

Shock!

Disbelief!

They had prepared themselves for a fierce battle.

Some had even thought Feng Xuanye might stand a chance.

Yet, it had ended before it even began.

One move!

From beginning to end, it hadn't taken a second.

The Desolate Heaven Empire's side remained quiet, but their eyes were filled with complicated emotions.

They already knew Bai Zihan was terrifying.

They had seen it before.

But even then-

This was beyond expectation.

Feng Xuanye was not weak.

He was one of the strongest geniuses of the Eastern Region.

A mid Void Refinement expert!

Someone who had fought Great Ascension cultivators.

And yet, he couldn't even force Bai Zihan to take a second step.

On the other side, the Tianyu Empire delegation was completely stunned.

"How...?"

"That... that was Feng Xuanye..."

Defeated in an instant.

It didn't make sense. They had thought that even if he lost, they would at least learn something.

Gauge Bai Zihan's strength.

But now, they have learned almost nothing-except one thing.

That Bai Zihan was terrifyingly powerful.

The representative of the Tianyu Empire stood there, mouth slightly open, unable to speak.

What had just happened had completely exceeded their understanding.

They had thought that even if Feng Xuanye lost, he would at least showcase his abilities.

Yet it ended immediately.

Feng Xuanye's reputation would most likely never recover from this.

There was a high chance that in the future, when speaking about geniuses, many might even exclude Feng Xuanye.

After all, the way he was defeated was too humiliating.

Bai Zihan glanced around.

"Is there anyone else who would like to challenge me?"

He asked casually.

No one answered.

Not a single person.

The same crowd that had been filled with confidence and speculation just moments ago now stood completely still.

Because what had just happened had shattered every expectation.

Feng Xuanye!

A top genius of the Eastern Region.

A mid Void Refinement expert!

Someone who had the confidence to challenge Bai Zihan in public had been defeated in less than a second.

Under such circumstances- Who would dare step forward?

Who would be foolish enough to repeat the same mistake?

Even the most arrogant geniuses lowered their gazes.

Challenge him?

After seeing that?

That wasn't courage.

That was stupidity.

Bai Zihan waited for a moment.

Then raised a brow slightly.

"Really no one?"

Still-

Silence!

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue lightly.

"Then I hope next time you don't come forward to challenge me. I am giving you a chance but you all didn't take it."

Bai Zihan didn't want to be challenged again and again, which was why he had given them the chance now.

"I went easy on him. But I might not be so lenient with the next challenger."

Those words fell-

Unconsciously, many turned their gazes toward Feng Xuanye.

Still embedded in the cracked ground who was still unconscious.

Aside from the blood at the corner of his lips and the shattered floor beneath

him-

He looked almost... intact? At least, he seemed alive.

Then they looked back at Bai Zihan, who had calmly claimed he went easy on him.

If that was going easy...

Then what would it look like if he didn't?

Turn him into a pool of blood?

Whether Bai Zihan was telling the truth or not, no one was foolish enough to question it.

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 558 An Announcement

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 558 An Announcement

Bai Zihan swept his gaze across the silent hall one last time, then turned away as if nothing of importance had happened.

He walked back toward Mu Linyue.

The moment he stopped before her, he extended his hand.

"Give it."

No explanation.

Mu Linyue immediately understood what he meant.

A faint smile appeared on her lips-almost as if she had been waiting for this moment.

Without any resistance, she took out the Memory Crystal Mirror and placed it into his hand.

"Here!"

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes slightly at her expression, then let out a soft scoff. "Hmph!"

He took the crystal without hesitation and stored it away.

Only then did he glance at her again, his gaze carrying a faint warning.

But he didn't say anything further.

Mu Linyue simply smiled, completely unbothered.

Anyways, she didn't expect Bai Zihan to be so powerful. Those rumors she has been hearing weren't exaggerations at all.

Coupled with his Alchemy Knowledge, Mu Linyue didn't know when this useless cousin of hers became so powerful.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the hall slowly began to recover.

The earlier shock did not disappear, but it was gradually buried beneath forced smiles and renewed conversation.

After all, this was still a celebration.

The celebration for Mu Tianxuan's breakthrough continued, though it was clear that it was nearing its end.

Mu Qingyuan observed everything quietly.

Then, his gaze shifted-

Toward Mu Yuelan.

The two exchanged a brief look.

A silent understanding.

Mu Qingyuan gave a slight nod.

Mu Yuelan stepped forward.

Her movement immediately drew attention.

"Everyone!"

Her voice was clear. It cut through the lingering noise with ease.

All eyes turned toward her.

"I would like to make an announcement."

A pause.

Her gaze swept across the gathered guests.

"On this occasion of celebrating my father's breakthrough..."

Her voice remained steady.

"There is another piece of good news I wish to share!"

Curiosity flickered across many faces.

Another announcement?

Mu Yuelan did not keep them waiting.

"My son, Bai Zihan will be the new Clan Leader of the Bai Clan."

A wave of shock rippled through the hall.

"The Clan Leader?!"

"So soon?"

"Bai Zihan is only 18, right? Did something happen to Clan Leader Bai Tianheng?"

Even those from other empires paid attention, as this was no small matter. After all, it wasn't just any clan, but the Bai Clan-the strongest in the region.

The change in its leadership would definitely bring drastic changes.

Not to mention, there had never been a Clan Leader so young, at least not among the top clans.

Even the youngest clan leader present here might be over a hundred years old.

Now, someone who was just a teenager was going to become the Clan Leader of the strongest clan-it was definitely huge news.

Of course, no one thought it was strange for Bai Zihan to become Clan Leader, as he was the most likely candidate.

It was just that it happened so soon and so suddenly that they weren't prepared at all.

Many whispered and discussed why Bai Zihan was suddenly appointed as the Clan Leader.

Some thought it was because Bai Zihan was extremely talented and already so powerful, so they wanted him to take responsibility early.

Others speculated that Bai Tianheng might be preparing to break through to the Immortal Realm.

"Congratulations, Young Master Bai!"

"No... Clan Leader Bai now!"

"What a joyous occasion!"

One after another, the guests stepped forward, cupping their fists in greeting.

Their tones were warm and respectful.

"The Bai Clan will surely rise to even greater heights under your leadership!"

"To have such a young and talented Clan Leader is truly enviable!"

"This calls for a double celebration!"

Laughter followed, but beneath it, there was seriousness.

Because everyone understood what this meant.

Bai Zihan was no longer just a rising genius.

He now held authority.

Authority over what might be the strongest clan.

The future of the Bai Clan was now in his hands.

Among the crowd, the expressions of the Imperial Family shifted the most.

The princes who had been competing moments ago were now far more restrained.

Yu Wenzhao's gaze flickered.

Yu Longxuan fell silent.

Yu Zidi, the First Prince, also narrowed his eyes.

They all knew how difficult it would be to bring Bai Zihan to their side.

If the Clan Leader had been someone else, they might have had a chance-but with Bai Zihan, it would be extremely difficult.

Then there were also the princesses, who watched quietly.

Their eyes moved between Bai Zihan... And Chu Ziyan.

A trace of regret surfaced in more than one pair of eyes.

If they had acted earlier...

Before Bai Zihan's fame rose-

Perhaps they would have secured him.

But now?

It was too late.

Chu Ziyan had already secured that position.

The one opportunity that countless forces would have fought for had already been taken.

Everyone had previously laughed at Chu Ziyan and pitied her for being engaged to Bai Zihan.

Now?

They felt like fools, realizing they might have missed the greatest opportunity.

Now, that "opportunity" has become something far beyond reach.

Back at the center, Bai Zihan accepted the congratulations with a calm expression.

He neither showed excessive pride nor false humility.

His father was preparing to break through to the Immortal Realm with the pills from Mu Tianxuan.

This was the perfect opportunity to announce the succession, and he had already discussed it with the Mu Clan beforehand.

They were mostly excited and than happy to support it.

In any case, announcing such news at the Mu Clan only showed that Bai Zihan was not just of the Bai Clan's blood, but also deeply connected to the Mu Clan.

Mu Yuelan raised her hand slightly once more.

"There is... another piece of news."

Her lips curved into a faint smile. Interest immediately flared across the crowd.

"We will be hosting an auction."

The moment those words fell-

A stir spread instantly.

An auction?

Many quickly began to piece things together and knew what might come in the auction.

Their eyes lit up as anticipation soared.

Mu Yuelan did not keep them guessing for long.

"Of course..."

Her gaze swept across the hall.

"There will be Grade-7 pills."

Boom!

The reaction was immediate.

"As expected!"

"The Mu Clan can now produce Grade-7 pills! They would definitely make use of this opportunity."

Excitement surged. This was no small matter.

Until now, high-grade pills-especially Grade-7-had been almost monopolized by the Vermillion Pill Empire.

Anyone who needed them had little choice but to go through them.

But now, things were changing and everyone present could feel it.

This was not just an auction.

It was a declaration.

The rise of the Mu Clan in the alchemy world.

At the side, the expressions of the Vermillion Pill Empire delegation darkened.

This was exactly what they had been concerned about.

A new competitor!

Still, they would have to wait and see.

If the quality of the pills was subpar, then there would be no need to worry much.

Anyways, the pills being auctioned will show just how capable the Mu Clan was.

Mu Yuelan continued, her tone steady.

"And that is not all."

A brief pause.

"There will also be Heaven-Grade artifacts."

The excitement surged again.

"Heaven-Grade artifacts?!" "Are they serious?!"

"That level of treasure..."

The atmosphere surged once more.

Excitement.

Greed.

Anticipation.

All of it began to rise within the hall.

What had started as a simple celebration had now turned into something far greater.

A turning point.

And everyone present knew-

They were witnessing the beginning of something big!

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 559 Mu Clan's Auction

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 559 Mu Clan's Auction

"How many Grade-7 pills will there be?"

"With only one Grandmaster in the Mu Clan... even three would already be impressive."

"They won't sell everything. Two... maybe three at most."

"If it's something like the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill... then this trip alone is worth it."

For many, this was no longer just a celebration-it was an opportunity.

They could also gauge Mu Tianxuan's ability. Although the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill had already indicated that the pill market was going to change- One pill wasn't enough.

If the Mu Clan wants to change the pill Market, they need atleast five different pills.

Soon, the hall was rearranged.

A raised platform formed at the center, elegant yet imposing.

Someone from the Mu Clan stepped forward, acting as the auctioneer.

Her voice carried clearly across the hall.

"Honored guests, the auction shall now begin. Let us start!"

The auctioneer waved her sleeve.

A jade tray floated forward, settling gently at the center.

"This is a Grade-6 pill."

The auctioneer spoke calmly.

"The Heavenly Void Transformation Pill!"

"Effects: Assists Void Refinement cultivators in breaking through."

Even though it was only Grade-6, its effect was anything but ordinary. Although, compared to the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill, the difference of just one grade was like heaven and earth, it was still quite valuable.

Not to mention, for a warm-up item, it wasn't bad at all.

The auctioneer smiled faintly.

"The starting price-one hundred thousand gold!"

"Each increment is no less than ten thousand."

Almost instantly-

"Two hundred thousand!"

"Three hundred thousand!"

"Three hundred fifty thousand!"

The bids rose rapidly.

For many present, hundreds of thousands weren't much, especially for pills of this quality.

The price climbed higher and higher.

Until-

"Five hundred thousand!"

A calm voice cut through the noise.

All eyes turned.

The Tianyu Empire delegation-and many instantly understood.

"It must be for Feng Xuanye."

"Of course! He's at the Mid Void Refinement Realm... this is perfect for him."

...

Even though Feng Xuanye had just suffered a crushing defeat, that did not change one fact.

His talent was still real.

His future still held value.

And for the Tianyu Empire, he was still worth investing in.

The auctioneer's voice rang out.

"Going once... going twice..."

A pause.

"Sold!"

The hammer fell.

The first item was won by the Tianyu Empire.

A faint smile appeared on the Tianyu elder's face.

Regardless of what had happened earlier, this made the trip worthwhile.

And for Feng Xuanye-

Perhaps this would be the stepping stone for his return.

The excitement had barely settled when the auctioneer raised her hand once more.

"Let us proceed to the second item."

The moment those words fell, the attention of the entire hall sharpened again.

This time, it was not a pill but a weapon.

A spear.

Its shaft was deep obsidian, etched with faint flowing patterns that seemed to move like living streams of Qi.

The spearhead gleamed with a cold, silvery light, and around it, a subtle vortex of Qi rotated endlessly.

Even without activation, it exuded pressure.

The auctioneer's voice rang out clearly.

"A Low Heaven-Grade Artifact-Soul Devouring Abyss Spear!"

A stir erupted instantly.

"Heaven-Grade?!"

"And this is only the second item?!"

Shock flashed across countless faces.

If the first item had been considered a strong opening-

This was a leap.

A massive one.

The auctioneer continued calmly.

"This spear possesses a unique ability."

Her gaze swept across the crowd.

"It can absorb the Qi of those it strikes... and convert it to replenish the wielder."

Silence!

Then-

"Absorb Qi?!"

"That's practically endless sustain in battle!"

"Damn! The effect is too powerful. Who could fight someone wielding such a weapon?"

Eyes lit up.

This wasn't just a Heaven-Grade weapon-it was a weapon that could turn the tide of battle, especially in prolonged fights.

Its value skyrocketed instantly in everyone's mind.

The auctioneer did not rush.

She let the atmosphere build before speaking again.

"The starting price-one million gold coins. Each increment-no less than one hundred thousand."

The moment she finished-

"Two million!"

"Three million!"

"Three point five million!"

The bids exploded upward without restraint.

There was no hesitation.

Everyone knew this was something worth fighting for.

Within moments, it had risen to four million.

"Five million five hundred thousand!"

Calm and firm.

Carrying absolute certainty.

The hall quieted slightly as gazes shifted.

Li Jianhong!

His eyes shone with excitement.

For him, this weapon was not just valuable.

It was perfect.

No one immediately responded.

The price had reached a level where even top factions began to hesitate.

After all, this was only the second item.

More treasures were yet to come.

The auctioneer glanced around. "Five million five hundred thousand..."

"Going once..."

A pause. No one spoke. "Going twice..."

Still silence. "Sold!"

The final word echoed.

The Soul Devouring Abyss Spear belonged to Li Jianhong-

A faint smile appeared on his face.

Though the price had exceeded his initial expectations, he did not regret it in the slightest.

With this spear in hand, his combat strength would rise to an entirely new level, especially in drawn-out battles.

Meanwhile, the rest of the hall grew even more restless.

If the second item was already a Heaven-Grade weapon of such caliber-

Then what about the next?

Or the Grade-7 pills yet to appear?

The momentum of the auction did not slow.

If anything, it only grew more intense.

The auctioneer raised her hand again, maintaining perfect control over the rhythm of the event.

"The third item."

A new tray appeared.

"This is a Peak Earth-Grade defensive artifact-Golden Earth Barrier"

A faint golden talisman hovered above the tray, radiating a steady, grounded aura.

"It can withstand multiple strikes from Void Refinement cultivators and even endure a single full-powered attack from a Great Ascension expert"

A good item, but compared to the Soul Devouring Abyss Spear, it lacked that overwhelming, irresistible appeal. Still, bidding began steadily.

The fourth item followed soon after.

Another pill.

"This is a Grade-6 pill-Seven Meridian Cleansing Pill."

"It purifies internal impurities, strengthens meridians, and increases the success rate of future breakthroughs."

Again-

A good item, but not enough to shake the hall like the earlier spear. It was quickly contested and sold, drawing interest from several factions who

sought to nurture their younger generation.

Yet everyone could feel it.

These were... transitions.

Build-up.

Because the real highlight was still to come.

And then-

The auctioneer paused slightly.

A subtle smile appeared on her lips.

"The fifth item..."

Her voice slowed.

"This-"

A new jade box appeared.

The moment it opened-

A dense, almost oppressive medicinal aura flooded the hall.

Even breathing felt heavier. Eyes widened instantly. "This is a Grade-7 pill-Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill."

Boom!

The hall erupted.

"It's really here!"

"The Mu Clan is actually auctioning this?!"

The auctioneer raised her hand slightly, calming the noise.

"The effect of this pill..."

She spoke clearly, each word deliberate.

"Is similar to the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill."

A pause.

Then-

"It is over thirty percent more effective."

Silence!

Then chaos. "What?!"

"Thirty percent?!"

Shock spread like wildfire.

This wasn't a minor improvement. This was a complete shift in value.

A thirty percent increase at this level was enough to redefine standards.

At the side, the delegation of the Vermillion Pill Empire stiffened.

Their expressions darkened

visibly.

One of them stepped forward.

"Are those words... true?"

The hall quieted again.

All eyes turned toward the auctioneer.

She did not hesitate and gave a calm nod.

"You are welcome to verify it."

Simple and confident.

No trace of doubt. A brief silence followed-

Then Huo Zhouchen stepped forward.

As one of the Vermillion Pill Empire's foremost representatives, his presence alone carried weight.

He approached the platform slowly.

The pill was handed to him.

The moment it entered his palm, his expression changed subtly.

His eyes narrowed slightly as his spiritual sense swept across the pill.

Time seemed to stretch.

The entire hall held its breath.

Then-

He exhaled lightly.

And returned the pill.

"It is... comparable to our Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill."

His tone was steady and neutral.

But anyone could see that there was a trace of surprise and shock in his expression.

Because those who understood... could see it.

That fleeting change in his expression earlier.

That slight tightening of his gaze.

He had not denied it.

And that was enough.

A ripple spread through the hall.

"So it's true..."

"It's actually better..."

"The Mu Clan will change the pill market."

...

Even without him saying it directly, everyone understood.

The auctioneer's words were not exaggerated. Otherwise, if it were truly similar, Huo Zhouchen would have said it was

slightly inferior.

But since he said "comparable," it was certain that it was better-yet he could not admit it, as that would make the Vermillion Pill Empire inferior.

At that moment, the value of the pill skyrocketed in everyone's mind.

This was no longer just a Grade-7 pill.

It was something beyond.

The auctioneer did not delay further.

Her voice rang out once more.

"The starting price is one million gold."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 560 The Vermillion Pill Empire Loses Its Monopoly[1,119 words]

Chapter 560 The Vermillion Pill Empire Loses Its Monopoly

The moment the bidding began, it erupted instantly.

"Two million!"

"Two point five!"

"Three million!"

Voices overlapped one another as the price surged upward without pause.

No one held back.

This was not just any Grade-7 pill.

This was a superior Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill.

A treasure capable of pushing a peak Great Ascension cultivator one step closer to the Immortal Realm.

Even a 10 percent increase would have warranted interest-not to mention 30% better, which meant increasing the survival chance by 30 percent.

For anyone looking to breakthrough to the Immortal Realm, this pill can be the difference between success and failure.

Adding to that was the fact that the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill was already in low supply, no wonder no one held back.

"Three point five million!"

"Three point eight!"

"Four million!"

The moment the price hit four million, the hall trembled slightly from the intensity of the bids.

A pause and it seems like that would be the winner.

Then a calm voice rang out.

"Four million and five hundred thousand!"

Zhao Wutian!

He immediately increased the price by five hundred thousands.

With such a move by Zhao Wutian, many didn't want to compete anymore. Moreover, The Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill could at most cost 4 million, so bidding more than that wasn't something other was too keen on. The auctioneer glanced around.

"Four million and two hundred thousand-going once..."

No one challenged.

"Going twice... Sold!"

The hammer fell.

The Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill belonged to Zhao Wutian.

A faint, composed smile appeared on his face.

Everyone glanced at Zhao Wutian.

Looks like... the Zhao Clan was about to welcome a new Immortal cultivator.

A subtle ripple spread through the hall as people realized the implication.

One pill!

Just one pill and four million gold had already changed hands.

At that moment, many couldn't help but think-

If a single pill could command such a price...

Then how much wealth did the Vermillion Pill Empire truly possess?

For years, they had monopolized pills of this level.

Accumulated resources beyond imagination.

In terms of wealth, the Vermillion Pill Empire should be the richest in the Region.

But that wealth might soon be snatched by someone else.

The auction continued, and the Mu Clan presented four more Grade-7 pills, each sold for more than 3.5 million.

In total, the Mu Clan had made almost 20 million from the Grade-7 pills alone.

This had nearly doubled their treasury.

If this continued, there was no doubt that the Mu Clan's wealth would become untouchable within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Then there were also other artifacts that were sold for a good price.

But those artifacts weren't theirs-they belonged to Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan had many artifacts that he didn't use, and seeing this as an opportunity to sell them, he put them up for auction.

Totalling everything, he gained almost 10 million gold coins.

The reason he needed so much money was to procure materials for alchemy.

Aside from Mu Tianxuan, there were already two more alchemists within the Mu Clan who had successfully stepped into the Grade-7 realm.

But this news was kept strictly hidden.

There was no need to reveal everything at once.

What they had shown tonight was enough to shake the region.

From this point forward, the Mu Clan would focus on refining Grade-7 pills in large quantities.

This alone was enough to alter the balance of power.

However, even with all their current strength, there was still a clear limit.

Not to mention, although the changes brought by three Grandmasters would be significant, Bai Zihan still didn't think it was enough.

To bring about even more significant changes, Bai Zihan knew that he had to rely on Grade-8 pills.

But only he had the knowledge and skill to do so.

And even then, skill alone was not enough.

The materials required for such pills were far too rare.

Even gathering enough for a single refinement was extremely difficult.

Therefore, he needed a large amount of money to gather the materials required to refine Grade-8 pills.

Bai Zihan had already begun planning ahead.

The purpose of these pills was not just profit.

It was power.

He intended to use these high-grade pills to elevate the strength of the Bai Clan as a whole.

The Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill alone could significantly increase the chances of stepping into the Immortal Realm.

But that was only the beginning.

There were also other pills-

Pills that could aid those who had already stepped into the Immortal Realm.

From Immortal to Earth Immortal.

From Earth Immortal to Golden Immortal.

And the pill that he was aiming to refine was precisely the one that could help Earth Immortal Realm to breakthrough to Golden Immortal.

Even if there was a single Golden Immortal cultivator in their clan, they would

be invincible in the region-and it might even be possible to contend with someone like Qin Lingxiao.

Even if reaching the Golden Immortal Realm was not possible, increasing the number of Earth Immortals would still greatly improve their chances.

With enemies becoming stronger, he knew he had to be prepared to face them.

His goal was simple.

Raise the Bai Clan to an untouchable level.

So strong that even forces from other regions would not dare step into their territory lightly.

And if they did, they would be dealt with without hesitation.

With resources, alchemy, and strength all converging, Bai Zihan was laying the foundation for something far greater.

Not just dominance within the Desolate Heaven Empire-

But absolute control over the region.

The auction finally came to an end.

But unlike an ordinary conclusion, the atmosphere remained charged with lingering excitement.

Even as the last item was taken away, the crowd had yet to calm down.

Discussions continued in low voices.

Eyes still flickered with anticipation, greed... and calculation.

Mu Qingyuan stepped forward once more.

A faint smile rested on his face as he cupped his hands. "Honored guests, today's celebration and auction have come to a close."

His voice carried warmth, yet also authority.

"It has been our Mu Clan's honor to host you all."

One after another, the guests returned the gesture.

"Clan Leader Mu is too polite!"

"This has truly been an eye-opening experience." "Congratulations once again!"

Voices of praise and congratulations echoed through the hall as people began to depart.

But beneath those polite exchanges, everyone was calculating.

Tonight had not only been a celebration.

It had been a revelation.

The rise of the Mu Clan...

And the shifting of power within the region.

Some left with excitement.

Some with anticipation.

And some with unease.

Among them, the Vermillion Pill Empire delegation stood out the most.

Huo Zhouchen gave a brief, courteous farewell.

"Clan Leader Mu, we will take our leave."

Mu Qingyuan nodded with a calm smile.

"Safe travels."

No more words were exchanged.

Yet both sides understood-this was far from over.

As they walked out of the hall, the expressions of the Vermillion Pill Empire members turned noticeably colder.

The earlier composure had vanished.

Replaced by something far more serious.

Five different Grade-7 pills.

All revealed in a single auction.

And every single one of them was of high quality.

Every one of them was in high demand, especially the Heavenly Ascension

Tempering Pill-the kind of pill that had long been controlled almost exclusively by the Vermillion Pill Empire.

But now-

That control was slipping.

No...

It had already begun to slip.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 561 War of Alchemy and Wealth[1,131 words]

Chapter 561 War of Alchemy and Wealth

Soon, the news of the celebration spread like wildfire.

Within a single day, it swept across the entire Desolate Heaven Empire and even beyond.

Everywhere, people were talking about it.

"A pill more effective than the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill?"

"Grade-7 pills? And they sold over five different ones?"

"And those pills... all of them sold for millions!"

Shock!

Disbelief!

Jealousy!

All kinds of emotions surfaced.

For smaller clans, four million gold coins was enough to change their fate.

With that, even an insignificant clan could become the strongest in their own city.

It could even allow a few of their geniuses to rise to the Void Refinement Realm.

Yet for the Mu Clan, they earned that with a single pill.

That alone was enough to make countless forces feel a deep sense of imbalance.

At the same time, another piece of news stirred waves.

Bai Zihan becoming the new Clan Leader of the Bai Clan.

"The Bai Clan... handed over control to an 18-year-old?"

"Is he truly capable? Isn't he too young?"

"He may be strong, but managing a clan is different from fighting"

...

Discussions erupted everywhere.

Some doubted.

Some supported.

But no one could ignore it.

Because regardless of opinion, Bai Zihan was now the head of the strongest clan in the region.

And that fact alone carried immense weight.

Everyone knew that the Desolate Heaven Empire was about to change.

And it didn't take long for those changes to appear.

Within just a few days, the Mu Clan's gates became crowded.

Clans!

Sects!

Merchants!

All arrived one after another.

Some brought rare treasures while others brought precious herbs.

All for one purpose-to build a relationship with the Mu Clan.

The Mu Clan did not turn anyone away, especially not the merchants. In fact, they welcomed them.

Because they were exactly the people that the Mu Clan needed.

Merchants were the best way to obtain ingredients, especially in large quantities.

Not just rare ingredients for Grade-7 and Grade-8 pills, but also a massive supply of Grade-6 materials.

If they wanted to expand their influence in the pill market, then production had to scale.

And that required resources.

A lot of them!

Of course, the priority remained clear.

High-grade materials.

The higher, the better.

Because those were the foundation for true power.

And the merchants understood this clearly.

"If we can secure a supply route..."

"If we can provide them with high-grade materials..."

"Then we might gain access to Grade-7 pills..."

Their eyes burned with ambition.

This was not just about profit.

It was about reputation and status.

If a merchant house could become a supplier for the Mu Clan, their name would spread across regions.

Their influence would skyrocket.

Even other great forces would treat them with respect.

Because they would be connected to the rising center of the alchemy world.

And so, one after another-

Deals were proposed.

Partnerships were discussed.

All in hopes of securing even a small foothold.

While the Mu Clan was busy, Bai Zihan was equally occupied.

His father had already gone into seclusion to break through.

But he was not the only one.

Several elders who had long been stuck at the Peak Great Ascension Realm- held back due to insufficient preparation, especially the lack of the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill-now stepped forward.

With the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill in hand, they finally chose to attempt a breakthrough.

Although the absence of so many key figures would inevitably affect the clan's daily operations, the increase in strength was far more critical at this moment.

Bai Zihan himself encouraged them to go.

Given their current standing, no one believed any force would dare act against the Bai Clan.

Thus, without worry, they entered seclusion one after another.

Of course, with their absence, their responsibilities did not disappear.

They fell onto Bai Zihan.

Naturally, he did not handle everything alone.

Kong Zhanhong stood by his side.

With his assistance, managing the clan's affairs became far easier than expected.

After all, Kong Zhanhong had long been handling such matters.

At this point, he could already be considered an expert.

And where he couldn't, he always had his connection and knew someone who could.

You could say that Kong Zhanhong, while weak in cultivation, if one looked at other aspects, he might be the best candidate to become a clan leader or sect leader.

At the same time, both the Bai Clan and the Mu Clan issued a joint notice.

They were purchasing materials.

Not ordinary ones but ingredients required for Grade-8 pills.

The prices offered far exceeded market value.

And money was not the only option.

In exchange, one could request techniques of equivalent value.

Even Artifacts or even pills, whichever one wanted.

As long as the material provided was valuable enough-

The Bai Clan was willing to trade.

This single move sent another wave through the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Everyone could see that the Bai Clan and the Mu Clan were preparing for something even bigger than one expected.

But would it really be that easy?

The answer came swiftly.

Within just a few days, the Vermillion Pill Empire made their move.

They began purchasing materials aggressively.

At prices just as high-if not higher-than what the Mu Clan was offering.

Anyone with even a bit of sense could guess their intention.

If the materials never reached the Mu Clan...

Then the Mu Clan could not refine pills.

They want to choke the Mu Clan at the source. The market trembled.

Obviously, this won't just affect the Mu Clan but everyone else as well.

Other Alchemists would also find it difficult to get their hands on the ingredients and even if they did, they would need to pay a high price. That includes the Vermillion Pill Empire who was buying all the herbs at a very

high price.

The Vermillion Pill Empire revealed its true financial power.

They bought everything.

Any ingredient.

Any seller.

As long as it had even the slightest relevance to high-grade pill refinement,

they bought it without any hesitation.

'No need to think about profit. Buy it!'

That seemed to be their only directive.

They don't care about shooting themselves on the foot as long as they could

prevent the Mu Clan, it seems.

Gold flowed like water.

No-Like a flood.

For a moment, it seemed as though the entire ingredient market had been

swallowed by the Vermillion Pill Empire.

Naturally, this placed immense pressure on the Mu Clan.

Supply lines tightened.

Availability dropped.

Prices rose even further.

It was a suffocating tactic.

However-The Mu Clan remained calm because they were not unprepared.

Long before this confrontation had begun, they had already made their moves.

Many of the critical ingredients-they grew themselves. Others had been stockpiled over the years.

Even those Grade-7 materials that they previously had no means to use-they

had hoarded in large quantities.

And more importantly, in the two months prior, they had already begun quietly

purchasing materials in large quantities without drawing attention. Preparing for exactly this situation.

So in the short term-there was no need to fear.

The Mu Clan could continue refining without disruption.

But in the long term-that was a different matter. Because the Vermillion Pill Empire's strategy was not meant for immediate

victory.

It was a war of endurance.

A battle of wealth.

A contest of who could last longer.

And if the Vermillion Pill Empire could sustain this level of spending...

Then sooner or later-

Even the Mu Clan would feel the pressure.

However, whether the Mu Clan gave up first or the Vermillion Pill Empire collapsed first, only time would tell.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 562 The End of Monopoly Pricing

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 562 The End of Monopoly Pricing

"Have you heard? The Verdant Moon Auction Hall is said to be auctioning a Grade-7 pill from the Mu Clan!"

"What?! Is that true?"

"Yes! They're promoting it fervently. The entire city is talking about it!"

"This is the advantage of having a Grandmaster Alchemist within the empire... Let's go take a look!"

The moment the news spread, it ignited countless hearts.

People rushed to watch, even if they knew that they couldn't afford it.

However, this wasn't some one-time event.

Other auction houses also began to advertise that they had Grade-7 pills for auction.

Many people were attracted by Grade-7 pills.

Not just locals, but cultivators, merchants, and even envoys from other regions.

The Mu Clan had begun releasing pills steadily.

They supplied them to trusted merchant houses and auction halls-those who had already established relations with them.

It was both a favor and a calculated move.

By allowing these businesses to auction Grade-7 pills, they attracted more wealthy participants.

More attention.

More influence.

In return, the Mu Clan gained profit and strengthened their alliances.

Soon, scenes like this became common.

"Another Grade-7 pill is being auctioned!"

"Where this time?"

"Golden Silk Auction Hall!"

"Quick! We might still make it!"

Grade-7 pills-

Once rare beyond imagination were now appearing again and again.

Of course, the majority still couldn't afford them.

But that wasn't the point.

The fact that they were being sold so frequently meant that there was no shortage of Grade-7 supply now.

The Desolate Heaven Empire was rising.

Its economic activity surged.

Its influence expanded.

Because the participants were no longer limited to the empire itself.

Experts from neighboring empires began to arrive.

Wealthy merchants crossed borders.

Even powerful clans sent representatives.

All for one reason-the pills.

And this, in turn, boosted everything.

Trade flourished.

Markets expanded.

Cities grew livelier.

The entire empire benefited.

It became a cycle.

The Mu Clan produced pills.

Auction houses spread them. Foreign forces brought wealth.

And the empire grew stronger.

A perfect loop.

But not everyone was pleased.

The Vermillion Pill Empire was watching silently.

It seemed like their plan to stop the Mu Clan wasn't working.

Buying out ingredients?

It didn't even slow down the Mu Clan.

They were releasing Grade-7 pills occasionally to the point where the Vermillion Pill Empire began to doubt whether they were even trying to prevent the Mu Clan from obtaining the ingredients.

The consequences of having competitors were becoming clear.

One auction.

Two auctions.

Then many.

Each one chipping away at their dominance.

Each one weakening their control over the market.

Finally, they understood that just relying on preventing the Mu Clan from getting their hands on ingredients wouldn't work.

The Emperor, along with the Grandmaster Alchemist, seemed to have come to a decision.

Soon, an announcement was spread by the Vermillion Pill Empire.

The Vermillion Pill Empire will be auctioning Grade-7 pills!

At first, many thought this would suppress the Mu Clan. After all, if both sides released pills into the market at the same time-

Then the Mu Clan's profits would surely drop.

But what followed was something no one had fully anticipated.

The Vermillion Pill Empire did indeed intend to suppress the Mu Clan.

They wanted to attract customers and prevent them from purchasing the Mu Clan's pills.

But that meant too many Grade-7 pills being sold at the same time which drove down their prices.

While they reduced the Mu Clan's gains, in doing so, they were also cutting into their own profits.

And that was far more painful for them.

Previously, a Grade-7 pill like the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill would easily fetch three million gold coins at minimum.

Sometimes even more.

There was no choice.

Supply was limited.

Demand was overwhelming. People had no alternatives.

They paid whatever was asked.

But now?

Things were different.

With the Mu Clan steadily releasing Grade-7 pills, and now the Vermillion Pill Empire doing the same-

Buyers were no longer desperate.

They had options, and they believed that even if they couldn't obtain one this time, they would get another opportunity soon.

There was no need to overbid.

They could simply wait.

That single shift in mindset changed everything.

The bidding wars for Grade-7 pills lost their intensity.

The urgency disappeared.

Prices began to fall rapidly.

From three million...

To two and a half...

Then-

Barely two million.

And sometimes, even lower.

The drop was sharp and unmistakable.

For many, it was shocking.

For others, it was thrilling. Because they understood what this meant.

The era of monopolized pricing of Grade-7 pills was ending.

But while the cultivators rejoiced-the Vermillion Pill Empire felt the pressure the most.

They had long been accustomed to setting the price.

To demanding exorbitant amounts.

To extract maximum profit from every single pill.

That had been their foundation.

Their strength.

But now, that foundation was shaking.

Every pill sold at a lower price was a loss compared to before.

Meanwhile, the Mu Clan remained calm.

Because their expectations were different.

Even one million gold coins was already a massive profit to them.

Of course, more was better.

But less?

They didn't mind.

Because for them, this was the expansion of their influence and market.

They weren't protecting an old system.

They were building a new one. And that difference showed clearly.

While the Vermillion Pill Empire grew increasingly frustrated-

The Mu Clan continued steadily.

As if the falling prices did not concern them at all.

And in the middle of it all, the true beneficiaries were the cultivators-

especially Peak Great Ascension Realm cultivators.

Now, they could afford to buy a pill that would help them in their ascension to

the Immortal Realm.

"This... is because of the Mu Clan."

"If not for them, prices would never fall."

"So this is what competition looks like..."

Many felt a surge of gratitude, even admiration.

Because this was exactly what they had long hoped for when they heard about

the Mu Clan having a Grandmaster Alchemist.

Of course, no one expected to see the effects so soon.

It hadn't even been four months since Mu Tianxuan was revealed as a Grade-7

Grandmaster.

And yet, the price of Grade-7 pills had already dropped by nearly half.

A change that should have taken years had happened in mere months.

Perhaps it wouldn't have taken even that long if the Mu Clan hadn't been occupied with the celebration.

Moreover, those who had taken the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill could clearly tell that it was better than the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill.

Because of this, the demand for the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill became even higher than that of the Heavenly Tribulation Tempering Pill. And naturally, its price was also slightly higher-

Which was greatly beneficial for the Mu Clan. Additionally, for other pills with similar effects to those of the Vermillion Pill

Empire-

It became clear to buyers that the Mu Clan's pills were of higher quality.

This difference ensured that the Mu Clan's pills remained in higher demand.

Even if the Vermillion Pill Empire tried to flood the market with their Grade-7

pills-

Their customers did not disappear.

In fact-

They increased.

The entire pill market had been overturned by a single clan.

And the Vermillion Pill Empire didn't know how to stop them!

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

The struggle between the two sides intensified.

One was an empire that had ruled the pill market for countless years.

The other... merely a single clan.

And yet neither side was willing to back down.

The Vermillion Pill Empire began to feel the pressure more clearly with each passing day.

Confusion lingered within their ranks.

The Mu Clan should not have been able to compete with them.

Not when they only had one Grandmaster... or so they believed.

Meanwhile, the Vermillion Pill Empire possessed several.

By all logic, this should have been a one-sided suppression.

But reality told a different story.

The Mu Clan stood firm.

And even when they tried to overwhelm the Mu Clan using their numbers, the

Mu Clan was clearly also releasing one pill after another.

How could Mu Tianxuan be able to do so? Was he really that good?

No matter how many pills the Vermillion Pill Empire released...

The Mu Clan continued to respond.

As if their Grade-7 pills supply would never run dry.

This alone was enough to make the Vermillion Pill Empire realize that this was not a short-term clash.

And during this period-the hunt for materials reached a fever pitch.

Across the Desolate Heaven Empire and beyond, the value of rare ingredients soared.

Grade-6 to Grade-8 herbs were bought at all-time high prices.

The Vermillion Pill Empire spent lavishly, relying on their vast reserves.

Obviously, when it came to competing with the Vermillion Pill Empire to purchase materials, the Mu Clan couldn't compete directly.

They would buy if it was something they needed, but not for more than twice its previous value.

Compared to the Vermillion Pill Empire, who didn't hesitate.

But when it came to ingredients that Bai Zihan wanted, there was no hesitation -and even if the Vermillion Pill Empire were to quote a high price, he would do so as well.

Not to mention, he offered not just money, but precious artifacts or martial art techniques in exchange.

So, when it came to those ingredients that Bai Zihan targeted, even the wealthy Vermillion Pill Empire stood no chance.

They might have money-but did they have the artifacts or the martial art techniques?

And many people who were in possession of high-grade ingredients were mostly cultivators, so they understood the value of artifacts and martial art techniques, which were worth far more than mere money.

By doing so, he was easily able to gather the ingredients he needed to refine the Grade-8 pills.

Well, only for two pills, which he thought were vital for his clan.

There was a Grade-8 pill capable of allowing an Earth Immortal to ascend toward the Golden Immortal Realm-

Golden Immortal Ascension Pill!

And another, a far superior version of the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill- Heavenly Golden Tribulation Tempering Pill!

This was also a Grade-8 pill.

Compared to the Heavenly Tribulation faced when ascending from the Great Ascension Realm to the Immortal Realm, the one faced when going from the Earth Immortal to the Golden Immortal Realm was far greater.

Hence why there was no Golden Immortal Realm cultivator in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

No matter what preparation one made, it was useless, and those at the Earth Immortal Realm were already considered the strongest, so there was no need to take a risk where there was a high chance of death.

But with this pill, the chance of ascending to the Golden Immortal Realm would be much higher.

Now that the materials for those pills were collected, it was time for refining them and only he was capable of doing so.

Without hesitation, he handed over all administrative responsibilities-work he had no interest in-to Kong Zhanhong.

As always, Kong Zhanhong accepted without complaint.

With that-Bai Zihan left the Bai Clan and arrived once more at the Mu Clan.

The atmosphere there had changed completely.

If before it was lively-now, it was blazing, especially among the Grade-6 alchemists.

Excitement burned in their eyes.

Motivation surged in their hearts.

Because now-the path to Grade-7 was no longer a distant dream.

Mu Tianxuan's breakthrough had already shaken them.

But now, with two more stepping into that realm... it became undeniable.

What was once thought impossible had become attainable.

And that realization was enough to ignite an entirely new wave of determination.

Obviously, there was also the profit from those Grade-7 pills that brought great joy to the Mu Clan.

There was no hesitation as Mu Qingyuan spent that money to support his clansmen, helping them reach new heights.

The moment Bai Zihan stepped into the Mu Clan once more, he didn't directly go to his alchemy room.

He wanted to see either his mother or uncle.

The reason was because before he began his refinement, there was something important to prepare.

Formations-especially concealment.

A Grade-8 pill was not something that could be refined quietly.

The Grade-7 pill tribulation had already caused too much commotion, and

although this had become a common sight in the Mu Clan recently, the one caused by a Grade-8 pill would be even greater.

Although he did not believe that many in the Desolate Heaven Empire would be able to recognize a Grade-8 pill tribulation, it was better to be prepared.

Of course, he didn't think that the current level of formations could hide something like a Grade-8 pill tribulation-he could only try.

Even if concealment would ultimately be unable to fully hide it-

It could still mislead.

Make others believe that it was merely a high-end Grade-7 pill tribulation.

And that alone would be enough.

After all, those who were not alchemists-or had never witnessed a true

Grade-8 pill tribulation-would not be able to tell the difference.

With that thought, his pace quickened slightly.

However, just as he turned past a courtyard, his steps halted.

A familiar figure entered his sight.

Mu Linyue!

The moment Bai Zihan saw her, his brows furrowed slightly.

A faint trace of annoyance surfaced in his eyes.

(This girl...)

He could remember the betrayal she had previously committed.

"Oi... backstabber, what are you doing here?"

Mu Linyue blinked once.

Then her lips curved upward, amusement flickering in her eyes.

"Oh? What makes you call me a backstabber?"

Bai Zihan let out a short breath.

"I taught you... and how did you repay me? By blackmailing me?"

There was a hint of complaint in his voice.

Mu Linyue clicked her tongue softly.

"Tsk! You didn't even break a sweat beating that Feng Xuanye down."

She tilted her head slightly, looking at him with a playful expression.

"Can't your cousin take advantage of you a little?"

Her words carried no shame.

If anything-she sounded perfectly justified. After all, from her perspective... Bai Zihan hadn't struggled at all.

She dragged him into an unwanted fight, but it had been nothing more than a casual move for him.

So naturally, she didn't feel even the slightest bit guilty for pushing him into it.

She might have if Bai Zihan struggled or worse lost.

Bai Zihan narrowed his eyes slightly.

But in the end, he didn't pursue it further.

There were more important matters.

"Go inform your father. Tell him to strengthen the formations around the Mu Clan. Especially the concealment arrays."

Mu Linyue raised a brow.

"Hmm?"

This time-her expression changed slightly.

The casual playfulness faded.

Replaced by curiosity. "You're refining a pill?"

Bai Zihan didn't deny it. "Yes"

Mu Linyue's eyes lit up instantly.

The earlier laziness vanished completely. "What pill?"

Her voice carried clear excitement now. "Grade-8 pills!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 564 Refining Grade-8 Pill[1,170 words]

"Grade-8?"

Mu Linyue froze for a second.

Then she burst out laughing.

"Hahaha... Bai Zihan, I didn't think you could joke with such a straight face. Hahaha-!"

Her laughter rang clearly through the courtyard.

It wasn't just amusement, there was also a hint of mockery within it.

After all, a Grade-8 pill?

Even the greatest alchemists in the region wouldn't dare claim such a thing.

And yet, Bai Zihan said it so casually and so seriously that one might think he was truly serious.

Bai Zihan's expression slowly darkened as Mu Linyue laughter continued.

Her laughter continued for quite some time before she finally noticed his expression.

Only then did she gradually stop, though a faint smile still lingered on her lips. "Okay, okay... I'll go and inform my father."

This time, she didn't tease him further.

After all, she knew Bai Zihan's temperament.

Pushing him too far wouldn't end well for her.

Without waiting any longer, she turned and left.

Bai Zihan watched her go for a moment before turning in the opposite direction.

Soon, he arrived at his alchemy room.

Although it was unknown when he would return, if at all, the Mu Clan still kept this room as his personal alchemy room.

With a wave of his hand, one after another, materials appeared.

Spiritual herbs!

Demonic beast cores and blood!

Each one radiated a powerful aura.

Not to mention, the demonic beast cores were from the Immortal Ascension Realm, while the spiritual herbs were also of Grade-8, containing powerful Qi.

Dense Qi filled the alchemy room.

Thud!

Then another object appeared.

A cauldron!

It landed heavily at the center of the room.

It was a Heaven-Grade Cauldron.

One of the treasures obtained from Immortal Emperor Feilian's storage ring.

Even she had only one such cauldron. That alone spoke volumes about its rarity.

For refining Grade-8 pills, having such a cauldron was very helpful, especially when facing the pill tribulation.

Of course, simply a cauldron wouldn't protect the pill from the Pill Tribulation, but it would definitely help.

Everything was ready for pill refinement.

Just then, the door opened once more.

Mu Linyue entered without any hesitation, as if it was her alchemy room.

"I've informed father," she said casually.

After informing Bai Zihan, she didn't leave.

Instead, she walked in and stood at a distance, watching.

She had done this many times before, observing Bai Zihan refine pills when he was still at the Mu Clan previously.

However, the moment her gaze fell upon the materials laid out before him, her expression changed.

The earlier amusement faded, replaced by shock.

(Those materials...)

With her knowledge, how could she not recognize them?

Most of them were clearly Grade-8 spiritual herbs.

Her eyes slowly widened.

(Does he really want to refine a Grade-8 pill?)

The thought surfaced once more.

She didn't doubt Bai Zihan's alchemy skill and acknowledged that he was indeed much better than she was.

However, she also didn't think that he could refine Grade-7 and above pills.

She wouldn't have believed he could refine even Grade-6 pills if she hadn't seen it several times with her own eyes.

But Grade-8 pills?

Strictly speaking, if one could manage to do so, then he or she would definitely be considered the best alchemist of the Eastern Region.

Not only right now but in the history of its existence.

Her gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

And then something else caught her eyes instead.

The cauldron.

(This...)

It wasn't the cauldron given by the Mu Clan.

She was certain of it.

Not only that-the aura it emitted was far superior to any cauldron that she had seen.

Even compared to the one used by Huo Shenyu, this cauldron felt more powerful.

A trace of greed flickered in her eyes.

For someone like her who pursued the path of alchemy, a cauldron was like a sword to a sword cultivator.

Obviously, when she saw a high-quality cauldron, she would want it for herself.

Although she didn't know for sure, she knew that it was higher grade than the one used by Huo Shenyu, so at least an Earth-Grade Cauldron.

Questions surged within her mind.

What pill was he going to refine?

Where did he get this cauldron?

But in the end, she said nothing and just continued to watch quietly.

She knew better than to disturb an alchemist while they were going to refine a pill. She considered that the worst possible thing one could do.

So she suppressed her curiosity and simply watched with even greater focus.

Bai Zihan stood before the cauldron.

With a slight motion of his hand, flames ignited.

It was still a fire formed by Qi.

(Perhaps I need to look into finding Spiritual Flames or some powerful Beast Flames!)

Not only would they be better for refining pills, but also helpful in combat.

But obviously, the ones that could satisfy him wouldn't be easy to find. However, with his current wealth and status, it wouldn't be difficult either-as long as they existed in the Desolate Heaven Empire, he could obtain them.

However, this wasn't the time to think about such things.

He controlled the fire to an astonishing degree.

One by one, the materials rose.

The first batch entered the cauldron.

Instantly, the refining began.

Impurities were stripped away with terrifying precision.

There was no wasted movement.

Every adjustment, every fluctuation of flame was perfectly controlled by him.

Even the smallest trace of impurity in the materials was eliminated.

Then he transitioned into the next step seamlessly.

Mu Linyue's eyes gradually shifted from earlier curiosity to pure admiration for the display of skill.

(No matter how many times I see it, it's always so beautiful.)

In her eyes, this was not simple pill refinement.

It was an art!

Bai Zihan's movements were smooth and natural.

Like an artist painting.

Like a dancer moving across a stage.

Every action flowed into the next.

Perfectly and elegantly, without the slightest flaw.

Hours passed.

For most alchemists, maintaining such intense focus for even a fraction of that time would already be exhausting.

But Bai Zihan remained unaffected by the passage of time.

Even after many hours, he still maintained the same level of focus he had when he started refining the pill.

Every movement was still as precise as before.

Every control of flame remained perfect.

It was as if time had no effect on him at all.

Then it was time for the condensation of ingredients and the formation of the

pill.

The aura within the cauldron suddenly condensed.

All the refined essences began to converge.

Merging, compressing, and transforming. Pill Formation!

Bai Zihan's gaze sharpened slightly.

His hand moved, and the flames shifted.

And within the cauldron, a faint glow began to take shape.

At the same time, the heavens seemed to respond.

A low rumble echoed from above.

Mu Linyue's eyes widened instantly.

She looked up.

Beyond the roof, dark clouds were gathering rapidly and violently.

"This..."

Her heart trembled.

Pill tribulation! She knew it well.

It only appeared when refining Grade-7 pills and above.

But-

The one forming now was different from what she knew.

The clouds were much larger than the ones she had seen before.

It felt far more oppressive.

The clouds churned like a storm about to devour everything. Lightning flickered faintly within.

Even without fully descending, the pressure alone was enough to make her feel suffocated.

Her gaze snapped back to the cauldron.

Then to Bai Zihan.

Shock filled her eyes.

This confirmed that the pill Bai Zihan was attempting was at least Grade-7!

Moreover, this tribulation she was witnessing was stronger than any she had seen before. Stronger than when Mu Tianxuan refined his pills.

Stronger than any of the other Grandmasters.

A thought slowly surfaced in her mind.

Her voice came out almost as a whisper.

"Could it really be... a Grade-8 pill?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 565 Who Is Refining Inside?[982 words]

The change in the sky did not go unnoticed.

What began as a distant rumble quickly turned into a growing commotion.

Within the Mu Clan, countless heads lifted.

Eyes turned toward the heavens.

The oppressive aura pressed down on everyone.

Even those far from the alchemy room could feel it clearly.

"This... what kind of pill tribulation is this?"

"It's far stronger than before!"

"Which Grandmaster is refining today?!"

Voices rose across the clan as confusion spread.

If not for being accustomed to pill tribulations due to the constant refining of Grade-7 pills, the commotion would have been even greater.

Within the main hall, Mu Qingyuan stepped out, his gaze fixed on the sky.

His brows furrowed slightly.

"A Grade-7 pill?"

He muttered under his breath, but something didn't feel right.

As far as he knew, none of the Grandmasters were scheduled to refine today.

If they did, he would have made ample preparations-not only to avoid disturbing them, but also to provide protection.

Not to mention, the intensity of this tribulation...

It was clearly stronger than anything he had experienced before.

His eyes narrowed.

(Is someone making a breakthrough?)

He considered the possibility that someone might be attempting to refine a higher-grade pill to break through.

But he quickly dismissed it.

That wasn't possible.

They had only recently stepped into the Grade-7 Alchemist realm.

He didn't think they would attempt to break through when it hadn't even been a year.

If they were doing so, he should have been informed beforehand.

Mu Qingyuan's expression grew more serious.

No matter the reason, this was not something trivial.

And more importantly, such a disturbance would definitely attract attention.

Fortunately, he had already strengthened the formations at his daughter's request.

"Good thing she told me to reinforce the formations."

Without wasting another moment, he stepped forward, moving swiftly toward the source of the tribulation.

He wasn't the only one.

In another courtyard, Mu Tianxuan abruptly opened his eyes.

The moment he felt the aura, his expression changed.

"This pressure..."

His pupils contracted slightly.

It was far beyond what he himself could produce.

"Did someone invite a Great Expert Alchemist...?"

Without hesitation, he rose to his feet.

The gathering happened quickly.

One after another, figures arrived outside Bai Zihan's alchemy room.

Mu Qingyuan.

The three Grandmasters.

And shortly after, Mu Yuelan as well.

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However, not everyone was allowed to approach.

The moment others tried to follow, they were stopped.

Standing before the alchemy room, the group fell into brief silence.

deepened their

Their gazes swept across the area but what they

confusion.

Every Grandmaster was present here, so who was refining the pill?

The aura clearly originated from inside this room yet the ones capable of doing

so were all standing outside.

Mu Qingyuan's brows tightened.

"If it's not you all..."

He glanced at Mu Tianxuan and the others.

"...then who?"

A thought surfaced almost instantly.

"Did Bai Zihan invite some supreme expert into the clan?"

The others exchanged glances.

It wasn't impossible.

In fact, it might be the only reasonable explanation.

Someone capable of producing such a terrifying pill tribulation.

Perhaps he had taken some expert alchemist as his master-which was possible given his terrifying talent and the inheritance he obtained.

Without hesitation, Mu Qingyuan stepped forward.

Knock! Knock!

Even though he knew this was somewhat rude-disturbing someone during pill

refinement was taboo-

At this point, they had no choice.

They needed to know.

Inside, Mu Linyue was still completely absorbed.

Her eyes were fixed on Bai Zihan.

On the cauldron.

On the forming pill.

Her mind had long gone blank from the shock.

Knock! Knock!

The sound snapped her back to reality.

She blinked.

Then quickly moved toward the door.

Creak-

The door opened.

Mu Qingyuan and the others immediately saw her.

"Linyue'er!"

Mu Qingyuan called out.

Mu Linyue blinked in surprise.

"Dad? Aunt? Grandmasters? What are you all doing here?"

She clearly hadn't expected to see all of them gathered like this.

Mu Qingyuan didn't waste time.

"Who is refining the pill inside?"

His voice was low, but carried urgency.

Mu Linyue tilted her head slightly.

Then, without hesitation, she simply raised her hand and pointed inside.

What they saw left them completely speechless.

Inside the room, flames danced with perfect control.

And standing at the center of it all was Bai Zihan.

Time seemed to freeze.

No one spoke.

No one moved.

They simply stared at the boy they had watched grow up.

The same child who had once been mischievous and troublesome.

And yet now, that same person was refining a pill capable of attracting such a

terrifying tribulation.

After what felt like an eternity, a soft, trembling voice broke the silence.

"Zihan'er..."

Mu Yuelan's eyes were filled with disbelief.

Mu Tianxuan slowly stroked his beard.

His gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan, deep and thoughtful.

Then he spoke. "Could it be the inheritance he obtained... was far greater than we imagined?"

It was the only explanation that made sense.

And yet, even that felt insufficient.

They had never heard of an inheritance that could enable someone to refine a

Grade-7 pill-let alone beyond.

The others exchanged glances, then slowly nodded.

It didn't fully explain things but it was the only way they could rationalize what they were seeing.

Mu Tianxuan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"What pill is he refining?"

His voice carried a trace of curiosity.

Because whatever it was, it was clearly beyond anything they had ever seen.

Mu Linyue, still standing by the door, answered without hesitation.

"Grade-8 pill!"

Silence!

Absolute silence!

"Grade-8!!!"

Their voices overlapped.

Eyes widened. Expressions froze.

Shock surged once more.

They had expected many things. Mid-tier Grade-7!

Perhaps even top-tier Grade-7!

But Grade-8?

That was an entirely different realm.

A level that, in their understanding, should not exist within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Mu Tianxuan's hand, which had been calmly stroking his beard, froze mid-air.

His mind blanked for a moment.

"Grade... 8?"

He repeated slowly.

As if trying to confirm he had heard correctly.

The others were no different.

Their gazes snapped back to Bai Zihan.

To the cauldron.

To the heavens above.

The terrifying tribulation.

If it was truly something like a Grade-8 pill, no wonder it felt several times more powerful than when refining Grade-7 pills.

"Linyue, are you sure?" Mu Qingyuan asked.

Although he knew that Mu Linyue wasn't someone who would lie about something like this, he still needed to confirm.

After all, Grade-8 pills weren't something that could be casually mentioned.

Mu Linyue shook her head.

"Bai Zihan said it himself. I don't know for certain."

Only then did they calm down slightly.

They all thought that Bai Zihan was messing with Mu Linyue-and that it was likely a Grade-7 pill he was refining.

Of course, even that would be an incredible achievement-almost unbelievable.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 566 Golden Immortal Ascension Pill!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 566 Golden Immortal Ascension Pill!

Soon the pill tribulation descended.

Lightning roared as it tore through the heavens, carrying a destructive aura that made even seasoned cultivators feel a chill.

Yet Bai Zihan stood there calmly.

He had made almost no visible preparations. No defensive formations. No protective artifacts specifically for this.

Because in his eyes, this level of tribulation was nothing.

He had already endured heavenly tribulations far more terrifying than this.

Compared to those, this pill tribulation was insignificant. It could help temper his body a bit if it was powerful.

But to the others watching, it was a completely different story.

Mu Yuelan's expression turned grave.

"He didn't prepare anything?"

A trace of worry surfaced in her eyes.

(Has he underestimated the pill tribulation?)

The others felt the same.

That terrifying pressure alone was enough to make their hearts tremble yet Bai Zihan stood there as if facing nothing at all.

For a moment, they were ready to intervene.

But then Bai Zihan raised his hand and signaled them to stop.

Their steps halted instantly.

They hesitated but did as asked by Bai Zihan.

After all, when it came to strength, Bai Zihan was undoubtedly the strongest among them.

Perhaps he had something in his sleeve and didn't need their help.

Boom!!!

The first bolt of tribulation lightning descended.

It tore through the air, striking down with unstoppable force.

And then it hit Bai Zihan or more accurately it was going for the pill that he refined.

When the light faded, Bai Zihan was still standing there, not a speck of damage on his body.

As if nothing had happened.

Not a single injury.

Not even a change in expression.

"Watch out!"

"Be careful!"

Voices rang out almost simultaneously.

Everyone's expression changed.

That bolt of lightning, it was several times stronger than a normal pill tribulation.

They felt a sense of great danger from it and yet, Bai Zihan had not even raised a defensive barrier.

He simply stood there.

This only made their worry intensify.

But before anyone could act, the lightning had already fallen.

Boom!!!

A deafening explosion erupted.

Blinding light engulfed the entire area.

For a brief moment, everything disappeared within that radiance.

Then, the light slowly faded.

And what appeared before them left everyone stunned.

Bai Zihan still stood there unscathed.

Not a single mark on his body.

It was as if the terrifying strike from before had never existed.

A collective breath was released.

Relief washed over them.

Only now did they realize they had been holding their breath.

One by one, they stepped

Their gazes immediately shifted toward the cauldron. Toward the pill.

Mu Qingyuan spoke first.

"Bai Zihan... the pill-was it successful?"

Bai Zihan gave a small nod.

Then, with a flick of his hand, a pill appeared in his palm.

Golden light shimmered.

A dense, majestic aura spread outward.

Golden Immortal Ascension Pill!

Everyone's gaze locked onto it.

The aura was completely different.

It wasn't like any Grade-7 pill they had ever encountered.

Even top-tier Grade-7 pills seemed insignificant in comparison.

This was something beyond.

Something they had no reference for.

Mu Yuelan's lips parted slightly.

Her eyes trembled.

She seemed to remember Mu Linyue's earlier words.

"Is this... a Grade-8 pill?"

Her voice was uncertain.

Because even as she asked, she could hardly believe it herself.

Bai Zihan didn't hesitate.

"Yes!"

Silence!

Their eyes widened.

Shock spread across every face.

They wanted to doubt it.

They wanted to think it was a joke.

But Bai Zihan would not lie about something like this to his own mother.

And more importantly, the pill itself spoke the truth.

Its aura. Its presence. The tribulation it had just endured.

Everything pointed to one conclusion.

This was not a Grade-7 pill.

It was something higher.

Something that should not exist within this region.

A Grade-8 pill!

Their gazes slowly returned to Bai Zihan.

To the calm young man standing before them.

Eighteen years old.

And yet a Grade-8 Alchemist.

In an instant, everyone rushed forward.

"Zihan! Since when could you refine Grade-8 pills?!"

"How did you do it?! Is it really successful?!"

"Can you refine more?!"

Voices overlapped chaotically.

One question after another poured out without pause.

Even the usually composed Grandmasters had lost their calm.

Their eyes burned with intensity as they stared at Bai Zihan, as if afraid he might disappear the next moment.

Bai Zihan frowned slightly.

"Calm down-"

But no one listened.

How could they?

This was earth-shattering.

The Mu Clan had struggled for countless years just to produce a single Grade-7 Alchemist.

They had invested everything.

Endured setbacks.

Faced limitations.

And only recently had they finally stepped into that realm by the help of his Grade-7 Pill Recipe.

Yet now he was already capable of refining Grade-8 pills.

How could they possibly remain calm?

This wasn't just a breakthrough.

This was a complete overturning of everything they knew.

"Zihan, answer me first!"

"Where did you obtain the Grade-8 pill recipe?! Is it from the same inheritance?"

"Are there more materials?! Can you refine another?!"

The barrage continued.

Bai Zihan's expression darkened slightly.

The barrage of questions still continued without any sign of stopping.

No one even realized they were interrupting each other.

The entire room had fallen into chaos.

Minutes passed like this.

Only after some time did a few of them begin to notice it.

The fact that none of them were behaving like respected figures of the Mu Clan.

Gradually, the voices began to quiet.

One person stopped.

Then another.

Until finally, silence returned once more.

The atmosphere slowly settled.

What was once chaotic became calm again.

Almost as if nothing had happened.

Mu Qingyuan let out a light cough.

A trace of embarrassment appeared on his face.

The others weren't much different.

Even the Grandmasters looked slightly awkward. They had truly lost face just now.

"In our excitement... We were a bit out of line. Sorry for that, Bai Zihan!"

Mu Qingyuan spoke, his tone more composed.

The others nodded.

After all, what they had just witnessed was simply too shocking. Although they felt it was understandable given the situation, it was still undignified especially in front of a junior.

Only after the atmosphere fully calmed did Mu Tianxuan step forward.

He stroked his beard, though his eyes still carried a deep intensity.

"Zihan'er... this Grade-8 pill..."

He paused briefly.

As if choosing his words carefully.

"Where did you obtain its recipe?" Bai Zihan didn't hesitate.

"It's from the same inheritance," he said calmly. "The one where I obtained the Grade-7 pill recipes."

He paused briefly before continuing.

"I already had these as well... I just didn't think it was necessary to hand them over to the Mu Clan before."

After all, they didn't even have Grade-7 alchemist, much less Grade-8

Alchemist, so what would they do with them?

The room fell silent again.

Mu Tianxuan slowly nodded, his expression thoughtful.

"I see..."

That part, at least, made some sense.

If the inheritance could contain Grade-7 pill recipes, then having Grade-8 ones wasn't impossible.

However, that wasn't the real issue.

Mu Tianxuan's gaze sharpened slightly. "Then what about your ability?" His voice grew more serious. "Since when could you refine Grade-8 pills?" Everyone listened intently. Their eyes were fixed on Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan thought for a moment before answering.

"Since I obtained the inheritance... I've been able to understand many things about alchemy."

He frowned slightly, as if trying to put it into words.

"But it's not something I can explain clearly. It's just... there. Like an instinct."

His explanation was vague.

But strangely, no one questioned it. Instead, they were all pondering. Something like this could not be explained.

Even if Bai Zihan tried, they likely wouldn't believe any explanation even the most detailed one.

After all, no answer could explain how someone who once knew nothing about alchemy became a Grade-8 alchemist.

Because everything about this was already beyond reason.

Obtaining Grade-8 pill recipes was unbelievable. Being able to refine them? Even more so.

No matter what answer he gave, it would sound absurd.

In the end, they could only arrive at one conclusion.

Bai Zihan had encountered a heaven-defying opportunity.

Mu Tianxuan remained silent for a moment after hearing Bai Zihan's answer.

Then, as if making a decision, he spoke again. "Zihan'er... Do you plan on refining any other pills right now?"

With Bai Zihan's level of skill, If they could witness it again, even just once more...

They might gain insight. Even the slightest understanding could be invaluable.

Bai Zihan didn't think too much about it.

He simply nodded.

"Yes. I was planning to refine another Grade-8 pill."

Silence fell once more.

Then-

"Another Grade-8?!" Their voices rose again, filled with shock. Refining pills-especially high-grade ones-was no simple matter.

Even for Grandmasters, refining a single Grade-7 pill would consume a significant amount of energy. They would need time to recover before attempting another.

Yet Bai Zihan had just finished refining a Grade-8 pill...

Faced its tribulation....

And now casually said he would refine another?

Their gazes became even more incredulous.

But Bai Zihan remained indifferent.

To him, it was nothing unusual.

With the Supreme Dao Bone and his vast Qi reserves, this level of consumption was negligible.

Mu Tianxuan's eyes lit up slightly.

He didn't hide his intent this time.

"Zihan'er... would it be possible for us to observe?"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

First Prince's residence!

Within the Desolate Heaven Empire's Imperial Family, tension was as high as ever.

Although the sudden appearance of the Emperor-who looked unexpectedly healthy-had temporarily cooled the conflict between the princes and princesses, it was only on the surface.

Beneath that calm... The storm was still raging.

Inside a grand hall, Yu Zidi sat on his throne-like seat, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the armrest.

"How did father recover?"

His voice was low, but carried clear irritation.

Before him, a masked figure knelt respectfully.

One of his most loyal subordinates.

Yu Zidi had already dispatched many of his men to investigate the Emperor's sudden recovery.

Others might not be certain about the Emperor's health but he was.

He had seen his father countless times before.

Each time, the Emperor looked as if he was on the verge of death.

It was precisely because of this that he and his siblings-had begun making their moves for the throne.

Yet now... The Emperor appeared as if he could live for another thirty years. It was absurd.

Yu Zidi had tried everything to uncover the reason.

And yet still found nothing concrete.

The masked figure lowered his head slightly.

"Your Highness... despite our best efforts, we were unable to discover anything"

Crack!

The teacup in Yu Zidi's hand shattered as he slammed it to the ground. Fragments scattered across the floor.

"Damn it!"

He rose abruptly, anger flashing across his face.

"Nothing is going my way!"

Not only had the old man refused to die when he had the advantage over his siblings, he hadn't even been granted the position of Crown Prince by him.

Worse still... his siblings had begun making moves which truly began to threaten him, especially Yu Feiyan.

Her sudden rise in power was something he had not anticipated. She is about to reach a point where she could now rival him.

At one point, she was nothing more than an eye and in the next moment, she was contending for the throne alongside her.

It was like something miraculous had happened to her.

"Just why are those neutral clans supporting her? What advantage does she have?"

He roared angrily, especially since many of those forces rejected him and cited their neutrality only for them to join his sister.

It felt as if everything he once held firmly in his grasp was slipping away.

And then there was his greatest concern.

The Li Clan!

The Zhao Clan!

At first, he had thought them to be his greatest advantage.

A hidden alliance that, once revealed, would force all his competitors into submission.

But now... it has become somewhat of a weakness.

Because the enemy of those two clans, The Bai Clan was even greater power.

If the Bai Clan were to discover that the Li and Zhao Clans were secretly supporting him then everything might change.

They would never allow him, who is supported by their rivals, to ascend the throne.

Instead... they would throw their full support behind another prince or princess.

And if that happened, that sibling would gain an invincible ally.

One that even the combined strength of the Li and Zhao Clans-and their entire alliance-might not be able to suppress.

Yu Zidi's expression darkened further.

This was why he had never revealed his backing.

Why he had refrained from relying on them unless absolutely necessary.

Because the moment the Bai Clan stepped in... the situation would spiral beyond control.

"I just hope they don't interfere..."

He muttered under his breath.

That was the best outcome he could hope for.

Of course, if the Bai Clan supported him instead that would be ideal.

But he knew that was unrealistic.

The Li and Zhao Clans would never allow it.

And the Bai Clan would never accept such a situation where they would support someone that their enemies did.

That was why he had never actively tried to win their support unlike his siblings.

Fortunately, they had all failed as well.

For now...

The Bai Clan remained uninterested but till when?

Yu Zidi's brows furrowed deeply.

He didn't like this situation. A situation where he had no control.

And the battle for the throne was clearly heading in that direction.

Now, with the rise of the Mu Clan, he knew they had to be at the top of the list.

of forces he needed to win over.

But that was easier said than done.

As previously seen, the Mu Clan stance seemed to be the same as the Bai Clan.

"Damn it..."

His fingers tightened against the armrest.

He was in deep thought as to what he should do to bring things in his favor once again.

!!!

Then his eyes suddenly flashed as an idea struck him.

"What if..."

A slow smile crept onto his lips.

"...I gain the support of the Mu Clan's enemy?"

The masked man immediately stiffened.

He understood who the first prince was referring to almost instantly.

"You mean-"

"The Vermillion Pill Empire!"

Yu Zidi's smile widened slightly.

"If I can guarantee that the Mu Clan will be suppressed then they will have every reason to support me."

His gaze turned sharp.

With their backing... even the Mu Clan-and the Bai Clan-won't remain untouchable.

After all, One was an empire. The other... merely clans.

No matter how powerful the Bai Clan was, could it truly contend against an entire empire?

Not to mention, The Vermillion Pill Empire itself was far from weak.

If they stood on his side then even the so-called "invincible" Bai Clan might not be so invincible anymore.

And with the Li Clan and Zhao Clan backing him as well, the Bai Clan has no chance of escaping from his grasp.

The masked man hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"Your Highness... involving another empire in our internal affairs..."

His voice lowered.

"...would undermine the Desolate Heaven Empire itself."

He continued cautiously.

"And suppressing the Mu Clan... is no different from weakening our own empire. If the Vermillion Pill Empire gains too much

He didn't finish the sentence.

But the meaning was clear.

uence..."

The Vermillion Pill Empire would definitely be happy to do so but that would be harming their own Empire.

If people found out about such things, the First Prince would be accused of selling the Empire for the throne.

Yu Zidi's expression darkened slightly.

But then he raised his hand, stopping him.

"Enough!"

His voice was cold. His eyes carried a trace of madness. (What if the Desolate Heaven Empire cannot compete with the Vermillion Pill

Empire in alchemy? As long as the throne falls into my hands... nothing else matters.)

In his eyes, power came first. Everything else could be dealt with later.

Not to mention, he didn't believe the situation would become that dire.

After all, even without the Mu Clan, the Desolate Heaven Empire was still stronger than the Vermillion Pill Empire.

And more importantly, If the throne fell into the hands of his siblings then nothing the empire did would matter anyway.

A cold smile spread across his face.

"If I seize the throne and restore my Imperial Family authority..."

He let out a low laugh.

"...then that would be doing what's best for my Yu Clan!"

His laughter echoed faintly through the hall. "This... is all for the sake of the Imperial Family. Hahaha..."

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 568 The End of an Era, The Beginning of War

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Within the Vermillion Pill Empire...

A sealed letter had just arrived at the imperial court.

At the highest seat of the grand hall, Emperor Ouyang sat calmly, his gaze resting on the contents of the message.

Silence filled the room.

Below him stood ministers and advisors, each waiting for his words.

After a brief moment, Emperor Ouyang lowered the letter slightly.

"What do you think?"

His voice was steady, yet carried authority.

The contents of the letter were simple.

The First Prince of the Desolate Heaven Empire sought their support.

In exchange... Once he ascended the throne, he would ensure that the Mu Clan would lose its greatest strength.

Mu Tianxuan would die!

Every Grade-7 pill recipe within the Mu Clan would be handed over.

The moment the contents were understood, a faint ripple spread across the court.

This offer was far too tempting.

The rise of the Mu Clan had already begun to affect the Vermillion Pill Empire. Their influence was growing.

Their pills were entering markets that once belonged solely to the Empire.

If this continued... their revenue might be reduced to half of what it once was.

Naturally, they wanted the Mu Clan suppressed.

No... destroyed would be more accurate.

"Your Majesty, this is indeed a favorable proposal."

The advisor's tone was calm, but his eyes flickered with interest.

"If the Mu Clan loses its Grandmaster Alchemist... it will collapse almost instantly."

Another nodded in agreement.

"And without Grade-7 pill recipes, they can't produce more Grade-7 alchemists, while obtaining them would greatly strengthen our empire."

However, not everyone was convinced.

Another minister frowned slightly.

"But... what if this is a trap?"

He continued.

"Which empire would willingly sell its greatest asset to a rival? This is definitely suspicious."

For a moment, doubt lingered.

Then, another advisor spoke up.

"Perhaps not!"

All eyes turned toward him.

"If something grows beyond one's control... even an empire would want to suppress it."

He paused briefly.

"And the Bai Clan's strength is too powerful. They are more powerful than the Yu Family. They would definitely want to suppress them and any clan

connected to them."

He continued further.

"Moreover, the First Prince is not the only one seeking external support."

A murmur spread.

"I have received word... the Second Prince has also begun approaching other empires."

At those words, the atmosphere shifted slightly.

"It seems the battle for the throne of the Desolate Heaven Empire may soon involve external forces."

If multiple princes were already seeking outside support, then this was no longer unusual.

It was desperation.

And desperation made people do anything.

The earlier doubts gradually faded.

Instead, a subtle excitement began to rise.

If they accepted this proposal-

Not only would the Mu Clan be crippled-

They would also gain influence over the future Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And if the conflict escalated further...

If the Bai Clan were dragged into it...

If the Li and Zhao Clans suffered losses...

Then who was to say the Desolate Heaven Empire would remain the strongest?

The balance of power could shift entirely.

At the head of the hall, Emperor Ouyang's lips curved slightly.

"Then..."

He glanced at the court.

"...it is decided?"

No one objected.

Most of them had already made up their minds.

The benefits were too great and too tempting to ignore.

While the loss on their side could almost be said to be negligible. Even if this doesn't work out, the effect on them wouldn't be significant.

A faint chuckle escaped Emperor Ouyang,

"Hehehe..."

His eyes gleamed with cold ambition.

"Looks like the Desolate Heaven Empire's supremacy is coming to an end."

Deep within the imperial palace of the Desolate Heaven Empire... inside the Emperor's private chamber.

The atmosphere was heavy.

The air itself seemed still, as if even it did not dare to move.

On the grand bed, the Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire lay weakly.

Gone was the imposing figure that had recently shocked the entire court.

In his place was a man on the verge of death.

His face was pale. His breathing was shallow, each breath seeming like a struggle.

Beside him stood Minister of Internal Affairs, Yan Taifeng.

His expression was tense.

"Looks like... these foolish sons of mine want to drag the entire region into their fight for the throne..."

The Emperor spoke slowly.

Although the princes and princesses thought that they could deceive everyone and scheme beneath him, he knew every move of theirs.

Cough! Cough!

A violent coughing fit interrupted him.

A trace of blood stained the corner of his lips.

"Your Majesty!" Yan Taifeng stepped forward instinctively, worry flooding his face.

But the Emperor raised a trembling hand and stopped him.

"...No need."

A bitter smile appeared on his face.

"Even Grade-8 pills cannot save a dying man."

His voice carried a quiet resignation.

Yan Taifeng's expression tightened.

Only he knew the truth.

The previous display was nothing more than borrowed time.

A Grade-8 pill that forcibly replenished life force, restoring vitality for a short period.

At the cost of an even greater backlash.

"Your Majesty..."

Yan Taifeng's voice trembled slightly.

But he didn't know what to say.

What could he say?

The Emperor slowly closed his eyes for a moment.

"I thought... I could at least settle things before I leave..."

His voice grew softer.

"Take care of the Bai Clan before it got too powerful... but failed."

His only choice left was to help the Li-Zhao Alliance try to suppress the Bai Clan, but with the Mu Clan now having Grandmasters, that had become even more impossible.

"...even failed to leave Yu Feiyan in the hands of someone capable of protecting her."

A faint trace of warmth appeared in his otherwise dim eyes.

Yu Feiyan.

His daughter.

His only child with the woman he had truly loved, although no one acknowledged her nor her daughter.

An illegitimate child, as one might say.

He had tried to arrange everything to secure her future.

Bai Zihan had once seemed like the perfect choice. A cripple, yet backed by an unparalleled force.

With that, they can also reinforce the authority of the Imperial Family. Although crippled, Bai Zihan's status was absolute, and even if Yu Feiyan was

his illegitimate daughter, no one would have dared to touch her if she had become Bai Zihan's wife.

But that plan had failed as well.

Moreover, Yu Feiyan had stepped into the storm herself, into the battle for the throne.

A path filled with blood and death.

Regret!

It filled his heart completely. Cough! Cough!

Another violent fit shook his body. This time, more blood spilled. Yan Taifeng clenched his fists tightly.

His eyes reddened.

The Emperor stared blankly ahead.

His thoughts drifted. Looking back at his life...

He found nothing. No great accomplishments.

No lasting legacy.

Only struggles.

Only compromises.

And now...

What he would leave behind was chaos.

A battlefield for his own children.

"I tried..."

He murmured faintly. "...but it seems I couldn't fix anything."

Silence filled the room once more.

The candlelight flickered weakly.

As if it too was about to go out.

The Emperor's breathing grew slower.

Weaker and weaker.

His eyes began to lose focus.

His chest no longer rose.

The final breath... had left him.

Silence!

The Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire had fallen.

And with his death...

The Desolate Heaven Empire was about to enter an age of chaos.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 569 The Last Words of an Emperor[1,333 words]

Every prince and princess... along with the Queens and the Empress, received an emergency summons.

The letter bore the Emperor's personal seal.

It was absolute, which could not be disobeyed, nor delayed.

Within just a few days, even those stationed in distant lands abandoned everything and rushed back toward the Imperial Palace.

No one dared to ignore it.

No one dared to be late.

Soon... the Imperial Palace was filled once more.

All heirs of the throne had gathered.

From the moment they arrived, the tension in the air was palpable.

They were all competitors.

Aside from a few who still maintained some form of relationship, most exchanged cold glances with one another.

Hidden hostility flickered beneath their calm expressions.

Yet no one acted openly.

After all... it was the Emperor who had summoned them.

On the surface, they greeted one another like normal siblings.

"Brother Longxuan, I heard you made another breakthrough. Congratulations!"

"Sister Qingya, I heard you defeated that so-called genius from the Northern Region. Impressive!"

"Eighth Brother, still guarding the borders? I suppose someone has to do the hard work."

Although they exchanged polite pleasantries with each other, they all knew that it was just an act.

The Queens and the Empress were no different.

Their expressions were elegant and dignified.

Their words were gentle and refined.

But in their hearts, each of them knew only one thing mattered.

Their child must ascend the throne.

No matter the cost.

At that moment, a figure stepped forward.

Minister Yan Taifeng!

The moment he appeared, the murmurs grew louder.

"Why is he here?"

"Where is the Father Emperor?"

Confusion grew.

After all, the summons had been issued using the Emperor's seal.

Only he could do that, yet he was nowhere to be seen.

And the one to appear was Minister Yan.

Suspicion began to surface.

All eyes fell onto him.

Yan Taifeng stood calmly before them, though his expression was solemn.

His gaze swept across the hall.

Almost everyone was present.

He took a slow breath, then spoke.

"Please... come inside."

His voice was steady.

But what he said next caused subtle shifts in expression.

"What you are about to see... must not be leaked to anyone."

The atmosphere instantly grew heavier.

Some frowned.

Some narrowed their eyes.

Others felt an inexplicable sense of unease rising in their hearts.

Yan Taifeng lowered his gaze slightly.

A trace of helplessness flickered within it.

This was meant to prevent chaos.

To delay the inevitable.

But he knew...

Once they learned the truth...

None of them would remain still.

They were princes and princesses.

Each one was ambitious.

Each one hungry for the throne.

This revelation would not calm them.

It would ignite them. It would be they who might start this civil war.

Still... he had no choice.

He could not hide this forever.

And what they chose to do after this was no longer something he could control.

He could only pray-

Those things would not spiral beyond salvation.

Without another word, Yan Taifeng turned and began walking deeper into the inner palace, protected by countless powerful formations.

One by one... they followed.

As they walked deeper into the inner palace, an uneasy silence settled over the group.

Suspicion had already begun to take root in their hearts.

Most of them were not fools.

From the urgency of the summons... the absence of the Emperor... the solemn demeanor of Yan Taifeng...

They had already arrived at a conclusion.

But no one spoke it aloud.

There was no need, as the truth would reveal itself soon enough.

They soon arrived before the Emperor's chamber.

The doors stood closed, as if sealing something irreversible within.

Yan Taifeng stopped.

He turned to face them.

His expression was grave.

"Your Highnesses! Please... steady yourselves."

Minister Yan said with a heavy heart as he finally pushed the doors open.

Creak... The doors slowly parted.

And they stepped inside.

The moment their eyes fell upon the scene, a shockwave rippled through the entire room.

Even though many had already expected it....

Even though they had mentally prepared themselves...

When faced with reality, it still struck them.

There, upon the grand bed... lay the Emperor.

His eyes were closed.

His face was pale.

Gone was the authority that once commanded an empire.

Gone was the presence that once made countless kneel.

What remained was a lifeless body.

Yet even in death, his expression was not peaceful.

A faint trace of unwillingness lingered between his brows.

Regret etched deeply across his features.

As if even in his final moments, he could not let go.

Silence filled the chamber.

For a brief moment, time itself seemed to stop.

Some of the princes and princesses froze. Shock and sadness flickered across their faces.

But only for a few seconds.

Very quickly, sadness faded.

Replaced by something else. Ambition.

Calculation.

Their gazes shifted.

From the Emperor...

To one another. The meaning was clear.

The moment had arrived.

The Empress and the Queens, however, reacted differently.

Or at least...

On the surface.

Cries broke the silence.

Tears flowed.

Expressions filled with grief and sorrow.

"My Emperor..." "How could this happen..." "Why did you leave us so soon..."

Their voices trembled with emotion.

Their bodies shook as if unable to accept reality. Perhaps it was real.

Perhaps it was not.

Within the royal family... no one could truly tell.

Some princes lowered their heads.

Some clenched their fists.

Some stood silently, their thoughts hidden deep within.

But one thing was certain, no one here was truly unprepared.

Then a figure stepped forward.

First Prince, Yu Zidi!

His expression was solemn, his brows tightly furrowed.

There was even a trace of grief within his eyes, or at least... it appeared so.

He looked toward Yan Taifeng and spoke in a low, heavy voice.

"How did this happen?"

He paused briefly before continuing.

"Just a few months ago... Father Emperor seemed to have recovered."

His tone carried disbelief.

As if he could not accept what he was seeing.

All eyes turned toward Yan Taifeng.

They were all thinking the same thing. The Emperor had clearly appeared healthy not long ago.

So how could he have fallen so suddenly?

Yan Taifeng took a slow breath.

He had expected this question.

"The Emperor's recovery... was only temporary."

His voice was steady, yet heavy.

"He consumed a special healing pill that could temporarily restore his vitality."

A brief pause.

"But the price was severe. He knew... that his time was already running out."

Murmurs spread softly among the crowd.

Yan Taifeng continued.

"He did it... because he wanted to see all of you one last time."

Silence followed.

No one spoke.

No one questioned further.

Whether they believed it fully or not... It was a reasonable explanation.

Yu Zidi lowered his gaze slightly.

His expression turned even more solemn.

But within his eyes...

A faint glimmer of understanding flashed.

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

He also thought about that possibility and turns out he was right.

He slowly nodded, accepting the explanation.

At that moment, another figure stepped forward.

Fourth Princess, Yu Qingya!

Her posture was elegant.

Her gaze was calm yet sharp.

"Minister Yan..."

Her voice was soft, but clear. "Did Father Emperor... leave any instructions for us?"

The moment those words were spoken-

The atmosphere shifted subtly. Everyone understood what she truly meant. Did he name a successor?

Did he appoint a Crown Prince... or Crown Princess?

Even if he had... would they accept it?

Most already had their own answer. Still... they wanted to know. Which prince or princess did the Emperor favor among them.

Yan Taifeng looked at her.

Then slowly nodded.

"I did!"

With that, he reached into his sleeve.

And took out a scroll.

The Imperial Decree!

The moment it appeared, everyone's expression changed.

Almost instinctively, they all bowed.

As if the Emperor himself still stood before them.

The room fell into complete silence.

Yan Taifeng carefully opened the decree.

His hands were steady.

But his eyes... carried a trace of complexity. Then he began to read. "The Emperor speaks..."

His voice echoed within the chamber.

"To my Empress... my consorts... my sons and daughters..."

"I have ruled for many years..."

"But I now see clearly... I have failed."

A ripple spread across the room.

Failed?

Those words... coming from the Emperor?

Unthinkable.

"I failed as a husband..."

"I failed as a father..."

"And perhaps... I failed as an Emperor."

Silence deepened.

Many of them were stunned.

This was not the man they knew.

The Emperor they remembered was absolute and unyielding.

Never one to admit weakness.

Yet now...

In his final words...

He laid everything bare. After all, this was his final message to his family and he

can't

just keep acting.

When he was alive, he needed to be always aware of his position as the

Emperor. Do everything that was required as the Emperor.

He can't show weakness.

But in the end, what does that matter to a dead man?

"I leave behind not prosperity... but conflict."

"I leave behind not unity... but division."

"For this... the fault lies with me."

Even those with hardened hearts felt a slight stir, but only slightly.

Because beneath that emotion, something else lingered stronger. Anticipation!

Who would he choose?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 570 The Emperor's Final Wish[968 words]

Yan Taifeng paused briefly.

Then continued.

"To my children..."

"If there is one thing I wish..."

"It is not a command. It is not a decision. It is just my wish!"

A moment of stillness.

"Live without regret!"

The Dead Emperor knew that an imperial decree or choosing a crown prince or princess wouldn't change anything.

They would still fight for the throne. So, he could only say that no matter what they did, they should do it without regret, unlike him.

If you wish to fight for the throne, then fight.

If you wish to step away, then step away.

There was nothing that he could do and could only leave them to their fate.

That was what the Emperor wanted to say, it seemed.

The princes and princesses remained silent. Their expressions were unreadable.

Minister Yan glanced at them and sighed inwardly.

"This is it! I hope you keep His Majesty's words in your hearts!"

The Imperial Decree ended.

Silence!

A long, suffocating silence.

Then whispers.

"There's... no Crown Prince?"

"No successor? He didn't name anyone?"

"It seems like it will be up to us to decide that then."

All eyes subtly shifted once again.

From the Emperor's lifeless body...

To one another.

This time, there was no restraint left.

The First Prince, Yu Zidi, remained still.

But his brows tightened ever so slightly.

A trace of disappointment flickered within his eyes.

(He didn't choose me...)

For a moment, a shadow passed through his thoughts.

He had believed-no, he had been certain that his father would name him.

After all, he was not only the firstborn but had worked extremely hard to achieve everything he had.

He did everything to earn his father's approval and worked with the Empire's court from a very young age.

He believed that there was no one more suitable than him to become Emperor. (Why? WHY? Just why?)

He had sacrificed so much, worked so hard, and still he couldn't earn his father's acknowledgement.

(How am I not better than them?)

He glared at everyone. Although he didn't claim to be the most talented in cultivation or skills like alchemy or formations, when it came to handling court matters, he was undoubtedly the most experienced and the obvious choice.

He had earned the trust of many ministers, and on occasions when the Emperor was absent, he was the one who worked the most among all his siblings.

Yet it seemed those extra efforts were never acknowledged by his father.

He felt a tinge of sadness as well as anger.

But that moment passed quickly, replaced by something sharper and colder.

(It's fine!)

His lips curled faintly, almost imperceptibly.

(This is better.)

No one had been named, which meant that the Emperor didn't favor him-but also that others weren't favored either.

Looking at the current situation, it was undoubtedly true that he was the strongest candidate among everyone present.

His gaze swept across the others.

The Second Prince.

The Fourth Princess.

The rest.

Some looked thoughtful.

Some looked confident.

Some were already calculating their next move.

Yu Zidi's smile deepened slightly.

(You all think you have a chance...)

His eyes darkened.

(But you don't. The Vermillion Pill Empire has already agreed to support me.)

A flicker of cold certainty passed through him.

With the support of the Vermillion Pill Empire, he could deal with any competitor stronger than himself.

Of course, he didn't think that even without them, any of his siblings stood a chance against him.

(Once the funeral is over... I will take the throne.)

However, he wasn't the only one thinking this way.

Other princes and princesses who had already prepared for the battle also believed their plans would succeed and that they would be the final victor.

Yu Zidi looked at his siblings once more.

Seeing their calm expressions, their confidence, and their unconcealed ambition, he scoffed inwardly.

(You're all overestimating yourselves. I will be the one to take the throne.)

Everyone still stood there, looking at the face of their deceased father.

Then Yu Zidi took a step forward.

His expression had already returned to calm.

The earlier turmoil was nowhere to be seen, only composure remained.

He slowly swept his gaze across the room.

Across his siblings.

Across the Empress and the Queens.

Across the lifeless figure on the bed.

Then he spoke.

"Father Emperor has passed away."

His voice was calm and steady.

"The Empire shall enter a mourning period of forty-nine days."

His tone grew firmer and more authoritative.

"All unnecessary activities are to cease immediately. No celebrations. No

banquets. No military movements without proper cause."

His words flowed naturally.

Others weren't very thrilled to see the First Prince acting as if he was already in

charge, as if he were the Emperor.

The Second Prince narrowed his eyes slightly.

The Fourth Princess remained expressionless.

Several others exchanged subtle glances.

But no one interrupted him, because as the eldest, he wasn't overstepping too

much either.

"The funeral ceremony will be held after the mourning period. It shall be

conducted with the highest rites befitting the Emperor."

What Yu Zidi was doing was obvious to many.

Taking initiative and pretending that he was in control.

Acting... like the Emperor already.

Some lowered their gaze, not interested in the battle for the throne and didn't think much of it.

Some smirked faintly.

(Act while you can. Enjoy it while it lasts.)

Because in their hearts, they believed the same thing.

(Soon, I will be the one giving commands!)

Then Yu Zidi took another step forward.

This time, his gaze shifted.

From his siblings...

To the Empress and the Queens.

Their cries still echoed softly within the chamber. Some wept openly.

Some covered their faces with trembling sleeves.

Whether real or not... the scene was one of mourning.

Yu Zidi lowered his head slightly.

His expression softened.

His voice, no longer carrying the same authority as before, became gentler.

"Mother Empress... Honored Mothers...Please... take care of yourselves. Father Emperor would not wish to see you in such distress."

His tone was respectful, filled with caring tone.

He turned and his gaze fell upon Yan Taifeng. "Minister Yan!"

His tone shifted again.

Back to firm. Back to commanding.

"Make the necessary preparations."

Yan Taifeng immediately cupped his hands.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

Yu Zidi continued.

"Send out an official announcement to the entire Empire."

A brief pause.

"Declare that the Emperor has passed."

The weight of those words settled heavily.

"The mourning period shall begin immediately."

"All regions, all cities, all sects and clans within the Empire's domain are to observe it."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 571 The Empire Reacts to the Emperor's Death[967 words]

The announcement was made immediately.

From the capital...

To the farthest borders of the Empire...

Within a single day, the news had reached nearly every corner.

"The Emperor is dead?!"

"Is that true?!"

Shock!

Disbelief!

Confusion!

At first, many refused to believe it.

How could they?

Just months ago, the Emperor had appeared healthy, and it was said that he had recovered.

And now the opposite was being said.

Yet now-being an official decree-even those who didn't believe had to accept it.

With this being announced to every city, town, and even village, there was no room for doubt.

In the capital, crowds gathered in the streets.

Voices overlapped endlessly as everyone discussed the death of their Emperor. Many mourned.

Incense burned in homes.

Prayers were offered.

Heads were lowered in respect.

To them, the Emperor-regardless of his flaws-was still the ruler who had held
the Empire together.

A symbol of stability.

But not everyone felt the same.

There were those who did not care.

Commoners who had never seen the Emperor.

Never felt his presence.

Never been touched by his decisions.

To them, it changed nothing.

They might be surprised, exclaiming "oh," but then go back to their everyday tasks.

And then, there were those who smiled.

Those who had suffered under his rule.

Those who had lost because of his decisions.

Those who had long waited for this day.

Because no matter who a ruler was-loved or hated-there would always be both sides.

But for the majority... their concern quickly shifted.

"How did he die? Was it naturally, or was he...?"

"Did he leave any Imperial decree?"

"Was a Crown Prince named?"

Questions rose like waves, one after another.

But the answer was obvious after no such decree was announced.

"What happens now? Will the princes fight?"

"Is a civil war coming?"

"Looks like the future will be grim for a bit."

Fear began to spread slowly.

Because everyone knew-

Every time a new Emperor rose... blood followed.

Power was never passed peacefully.

Not in an empire like this.

And this time, it was worse.

No Crown Prince.

No chosen successor.

Only multiple princes and princesses, each powerful and influential.

Each unwilling to bow.

No one believed they would step back.

No one believed they would yield.

Which meant conflict was inevitable.

In taverns, in markets, in sect halls, the same discussions echoed.

"This won't end peacefully."

"Prepare yourselves."

"Stock up on resources."

"Something big is coming..."

The atmosphere across the Empire shifted subtly but unmistakably.

And while the common people whispered and worried...

The true powers of the Empire reacted differently.

Deep within a snow-covered mountain range, where frost lingered all year round, stood a serene and elegant sect.

Frost Lily Pavilion!

Cold winds brushed past jade halls.

White petals drifted through the air like falling snow.

Yet beneath that calm beauty... a decisive will was already forming.

Inside the main hall, the Sect Master stood with her hands behind her back.

Her gaze was distant.

Before her, a disciple knelt.

"Reporting to Sect Master... the Emperor of the Desolate Heaven Empire has passed."

Silence followed.

Then-

"I see..."

Her voice was calm and unmoved.

As if she had already expected this.

"Inform all elders. Begin preparations!"

Although they couldn't act openly due to the mourning period, they all knew

that preparation needed to begin.

Because once this ended, it would be full-scale war.

"We will support Yu Qingya. See what her plans are and coordinate with her."

The Fourth Princess.

Their chosen candidate.

"If she ascends the throne... Frost Lily Pavilion will rise with her."

Far from the icy mountains...

In a land where thunder roared endlessly and lightning split the skies stood another great power.

Crimson Thunder Palace!

Unlike the quiet tension of Frost Lily Pavilion... this place was filled with excitement.

"Hahahaha!"

A booming laugh echoed through the grand hall.

"So it has finally begun!"

An elder slammed his hand against the table, his eyes blazing with anticipation.

"The Emperor is dead! The era of chaos is here!"

Lightning crackled faintly around the pillars.

The air itself seemed to vibrate with energy.

"At last..."

Another elder grinned.

"We've waited long enough!"

At the center of the hall, the Palace Master sat with a fierce expression.

His gaze burned with ambition.

"Prepare everything. Notify Yu Longxuan and increase his security"

Everyone knew that while none of the sects dared act openly during this period, they could always act from the shadows.

Assassinations of potential candidates weren't rare during such times.

On more than one occasion, many princes and princesses had lost their lives during this period.

So it was essential for those sects or clans to protect the candidate they supported.

"If he takes the throne... Crimson Thunder Palace will stand above all!"

A wave of excitement surged through the hall.

"Finally!"

"Time for chaos!"

"Let the world tremble!"

Bai Zihan also got the news immediately.

"Oh!"

Bai Zihan exclaimed without any change in his expression.

It was definitely a surprise to hear the news, as he hadn't anticipated this.

He had previously thought that perhaps someone like Qin Lingxiao had replaced the Emperor, but it seemed that wasn't the case.

His other speculation-that forbidden pills were used-must be true, he thought.

Anyway, it was a relief to him that it wasn't Qin Lingxiao; otherwise, things would have been much more difficult.

Across from him, Kong Zhanhong stood with a serious expression.

His gaze was steady, but beneath it was urgency.

"Young Master... the entire Empire is already preparing for a civil war."

He paused briefly before continuing.

"What shall we do?"

Bai Zihan didn't think much about it. He shook his head.

"We're not supporting anyone in this battle. There's no need to give it much thought."

Bai Zihan's thoughts were simple.

The Bai Clan stood at the peak of the Empire.

No one would dare make a move against them.

None of the princes or princesses would risk offending them, fearing that the Bai Clan might support their rivals instead.

Of course, once one of them ascended the throne, resentment might linger in their hearts.

But resentment meant nothing without power.

And against the Bai Clan, there was little they could do.

Because in the end, strength dictated everything.

Bai Zihan had no fear.

Nor did he have anyone he particularly wished to support.

However, there was one exception.

Yu Feiyan-or rather, Qin Lingxiao.

She was the one he did not want to ascend the throne.

Her rise had been rapid.

Support from neutral clans. Support from sects.

Even the favor of the common people.

Bai Zihan knew that it must be due to her technique.

Anyone could become the Emperor. But not her!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 572 Respect for the Dead, Schemes for the Living[1,494 words]

The forty-nine days passed in silence.

Across the Desolate Heaven Empire, all celebrations had ceased.

Music disappeared from the streets.

Markets quieted.

Even cultivators restrained their movements.

On the surface, the Empire mourned.

But beneath that stillness... preparations never stopped.

For forty-nine days, blades were sharpened in the dark.

Princes and princesses made their efforts to bring in more supporters.

Schemes were woven behind closed doors.

And now, the day has arrived.

The Emperor's funeral!

An invitation was sent to every powerhouse.

Such an invitation-no one dared to decline, nor did anyone even consider it.

Streams of figures moved toward the Imperial Capital.

Experts traveled with overwhelming auras that caused the very air to tremble.

The Imperial capital... was filled once more.

White banners hung across every street.

Black cloth draped from towering walls.

Incense burned endlessly.

A thick, solemn fragrance filled the air.

At the very center of the Imperial Palace, the grand funeral hall stood open.

It was vast and magnificent.

And yet... suffocating.

At its heart rested the Emperor's coffin.

Crafted from ancient spirit wood.

Adorned with golden carvings of dragons.

Symbols of authority.

Symbols of power.

Yet now, all of it meant nothing.

The man within no longer ruled.

Rows upon rows of officials stood in silence.

Heads lowered.

Expressions solemn.

Behind them, the princes and princesses stood.

Dressed in mourning attire.

White robes.

Black sashes.

Only the Empress and the Queens cried openly.

Their voices echoed through the hall, filled with grief and sorrow.

The mourning hall remained steeped in solemn silence.

But that silence did not last long.

One by one... the great powers began to arrive.

Each arrival was like. storm pressing into the palace.

Heavy footsteps echoed.

Auras spread without restraint.

It was as if each faction was announcing: we are here.

And we are not to be underestimated.

The first to arrive were several mid-tier sects and aristocratic clans.

They entered in orderly formations, their elites following behind, their presence steady but restrained.

They paid their respects.

They bowed before the coffin.

Yet even then, their gazes subtly wandered-

Toward rivals.

Toward allies.

Toward the princes and princesses they supported.

They gave a slight nod to them.

Then the atmosphere shifted.

A far heavier pressure descended.

The Li Clan had arrived.

At the forefront stood Li Jianhong.

Behind him, Grand Elders followed one after another, their presence vast like towering mountains.

However, compared to before, there was a subtle difference.

Their numbers were reduced by one.

Everyone knew, the previous clash involving the Half-Qilin had cost them

dearly.

Even so, what remained was more than enough to suppress most forces present.

Their arrival drew countless glances.

Some wary.

Some respectful.

Some calculating. Not long after, another wave of pressure surged forward.

The Zhao Clan!

Zhao Wutian stepped forward, his expression calm yet domineering.

Behind him, their Grand Elders moved like a tide of overwhelming force.

More forces followed.

Sect after sect.

Clan after clan.

Each one bringing their strongest.

The air grew heavier and more suffocating.

It was no exaggeration to say this gathering had drawn more power than even the wars against the Demonic Forces.

And most understood why.

This was not just about paying respects.

This was about their future.

And then, everything changed. A presence descended. The Bai Clan had arrived.

At the front was Bai Zihan.

The new Clan Leader.

The moment he stepped into the hall, countless gazes locked onto him.

Something was different about Bai Zihan.

His appearance had matured, though not drastically.

More importantly, his presence had changed completely.

It felt distant and untouchable.

No one could quite explain it-but everyone felt it.

Behind him stood Bai Ren.

And beside him, Bai Tianheng.

The former Clan Leader.

At first glance, nothing seemed unusual.

Bai Tianheng had some relationship with the Emperor, so it wasn't strange that he would appear even if he had been in seclusion.

But to those with sharp perception-especially those in the Immortal Realm-their expressions changed.

A whisper spread.

"Look... Bai Tianheng..."

"He's different..."

"He has entered the Immortal Realm."

Shock rippled silently.

"So he succeeded..." "Well, it was to be expected. With the Mu Clan behind them... do you really think they lack the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pill?"

"But now, the Bai Clan has another Immortal Realm cultivator."

A few exchanged glances.

Their thoughts shifted instantly.

The Bai Clan had grown even stronger.

Relief soon followed among many.

"...It seems the Bai Clan has no intention of participating in the battle for the throne."

"That's for the best!"

"If they stepped in... everything would be over."

A quiet exhale passed through more than one faction. Looking at how the Bai Clan had only Bai Ren and Bai Tianheng present,

everyone could see they had no intention of meddling in the struggle.

Otherwise, they would have brought far more of their strongest members to intimidate others.

Because everyone knew-

If the Bai Clan chose a side...

There would be no balance left.

The Bai Alliance held more than half of the Empire's powerhouses.

One word from them could shift the entire outcome.

Yet their stance remained unchanged.

It didn't matter who they supported-because the Bai Clan supported no one.

Bai Zihan didn't even mention opposing Yu Feiyan.

He knew that if she truly wanted their support, words alone would not stop it.

Better to appear uninvolved.

Better to let her lower her guard.

He then stepped forward with his father and Bai Ren.

Step by step, he advanced toward the coffin.

Soon, he stood before the Emperor's coffin.

Up close, the figure within was clearer.

The once-mighty ruler of the Desolate Heaven Empire now lay utterly still.

His face was pale.

His aura completely extinguished.

Yet that faint trace of unwillingness still lingered between his brows.

As if even in death, he could not let go.

Bai Zihan lowered his gaze.

Then he bowed in respect.

For a man who had once stood at the peak of an empire.

When he straightened, his eyes lingered on the Emperor's face.

He did not know what the Emperor's final moments had been like.

Whether they were filled with regret.

With helplessness.

Or with acceptance.

But he knew what kind of person the Emperor had been while alive.

Cautious!

Always seeking balance.

Always trying to maintain stability-even if that stability was fragile.

Even if it was temporary, even if it was not true peace.

But it was still something.

In a world like this... that alone was not easy.

At the very least, the Emperor had delayed chaos.

And in doing so, he had kept countless common lives from being dragged into conflict.

That was worthy of acknowledgement.

Bai Zihan's gaze softened slightly.

Even if the Emperor had been wary of the Bai Clan...

Even if he had sought to suppress their growing influence... That too was understandable. From his position, it was only natural.

There was no personal resentment in it.

Only opposing roles. Opposing responsibilities.

In the end, he had been a ruler doing what he believed was necessary.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

Not to mention, hating the dead is useless.

Bai Zihan looked once more at the faint trace of unwillingness etched upon the Emperor's face.

"I hope you find peace in the afterlife."

He stepped back.

The hall gradually settled as everyone finished paying their respect to the dead Emperor.

The weight of countless gazes, countless intentions, pressed invisibly upon the space.

And then, the funeral began.

A deep, resonant bell tolled.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Each strike echoed through the vast hall, spreading outward like ripples, carrying with it the finality of an era's end.

All voices ceased.

All movements stilled.

At the forefront, ceremonial officials stepped forward in unison.

Their expressions were solemn.

Their movements precise.

Ancient rites, passed down through generations, were carried out without the slightest deviation.

Incense was offered.

Kneeling rites were performed.

Prayers for the departed Emperor echoed softly through the hall.

On the surface... everything was dignified and orderly.

But beneath that, the undercurrents were far more telling.

Because as the ceremony progressed... The positions of each faction became increasingly clear.

Where one stood determined everything.

Behind certain princes and princesses, powerful figures gathered.

Standing slightly closer.

Their presence alone was enough to signal allegiance.

No words needed to be spoken. Everyone understood.

This was no longer just a funeral.

This was a silent declaration.

A choosing of sides.

Yu Qingya, the Fourth Princess, stood with composure.

Behind her, representatives from powerful sects-most notably those aligned with Frost Lily Pavilion-remained quietly present.

Cold and Elegant.

Yu Longxuan, the Seventh Prince, carried a different aura entirely.

Like a storm waiting to erupt.

Those aligned with Crimson Thunder Palace stood not far from him, their presence aggressive even in restraint.

Yu Wenzhao, the Third Prince, maintained a calm and steady demeanor.

Yet the forces behind him were anything but simple.

Most notably, the Heaven Suppression Pavilion, long known to support him.

And then, Yu Feiyan, the Ninth Princess.

Her rise had not gone unnoticed.

Behind her stood a mix unlike any other. Those from neutral sects and independent factions.

An unpredictable force.

One that many found difficult to measure. These four stood out clearly.

Undeniably the strongest contenders.

And yet, there was something equally important.

The absence of certain presences.

The top three clans.

None of them stood behind any prince or princess.

Not the Li Clan.

Not the Zhao Clan.

And most importantly, not the Bai Clan.

They stood apart.

Detached.

Observing.

This alone sent waves of quiet relief through many factions.

At the forefront, Yu Zidi, the First Prince.

He stood slightly ahead of the others.

Throughout the ceremony, he moved with authority.

Spoke when needed.

Directed the proceedings when required. Everything he did was exactly what a crown prince would do.

And the court responded to him.

Ministers deferred to him naturally. Officials awaited his instructions.

Even without the title, he was already stepping into the role. It was clear that

the whole court supports the crown prince to become the new Emperor.

In terms of external clan support...

He did not appear the strongest.

But within the Imperial Court itself, his advantage was undeniable.

As the final rites continued...

As incense burned down to ash...

As the bell tolled once more, a single thought echoed silently in the hearts of all present.

The Emperor had been buried.

The battle for the throne has begun!

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 573 A Moment of Grief... or Deception?

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 573 A Moment of Grief... or Deception?

As the final rites came to an end, the deep toll of the bell faded into silence.

The incense had nearly burned out.

The prayers ceased.

The ceremonial officials stepped back.

And just like that, the Emperor's funeral was over.

One by one, the gathered forces began to withdraw.

Some calmly.

Some with lingering glances.

Some were already sending silent signals to their allies.

Bai Zihan turned and was about to leave as well.

He had no intention of lingering.

Everything that needed to be seen had been seen.

But then... his movement paused.

His gaze shifted.

It landed on a figure not far away.

Yu Feiyan!

The Ninth Princess.

For a brief moment, his eyes narrowed slightly.

Something felt off about her.

Unlike her usual self, she did not carry that calm, almost calculating composure.

Nor that subtle charm she often wielded effortlessly.

Instead, she stood still and silent.

Her expression... subdued.

There was a faint trace of sorrow lingering in her eyes.

Even more, the subtle redness around them had not completely faded.

As if she had cried.

Bai Zihan's brows furrowed slightly.

(What is going on?)

Yu Feiyan wasn't even her real self, nor did he think that the two had any kind of relationship-unless he was mistaken.

Even so, he didn't think a person like Qin Lingxiao would cry.

(Acting?)

It would make sense.

Feign grief.

Win sympathy.

Lower suspicion.

It was something Qin Lingxiao was more than capable of.

And yet... something about it felt wrong.

Her sadness felt quite genuine that if not for knowing that she wasn't the real Yu Feiyan, it would be seen as her being in grief.

Still, he did not know.

And for someone like him, uncertainty was something he did not like.

He would usually avoid her, as she was someone who could kill him easily. But this time, he wasn't afraid.

For one, his father and Bai Ren were here, even if both were weaker than her. Moreover, in such a situation, even if Qin Lingxiao wanted to make a move, she wouldn't be able to-unless she intended to kill everyone to remove witnesses. Without hesitation, Bai Zihan changed direction.

And began walking toward Yu Feiyan.

His movement did not go unnoticed.

"Bai Zihan... is heading toward the Ninth Princess?"

"Is he supporting her?"

BETH

"That's impossible! Didn't he reject her before? There shouldn't be any relationship whatsoever between the two."

"Then what is this?"

A few exchanged sharp glances.

Their expressions changed subtly.

"Did she seduce him somehow?"

"When did that happen?"

Shock!

Confusion!

Speculation!

All of it spread like wildfire.

But among all of them, the most visibly affected were those standing behind Yu

Feiyan.

Their eyes lit up.

Excitement surged within them.

(If Bai Zihan supports her...)

A single thought echoed in their minds.

(Then victory was theirs!)

(Good work, Princess!)

Yu Feiyan noticed him only when he was already standing before her.

For a brief moment, genuine surprise flickered across her face.

She clearly had not expected him to approach.

Bai Zihan stopped just a step away.

His expression remained calm, but his gaze lingered on Yu Feiyan.

Then, he spoke with a gentle tone.

"Your Highness... my condolences."

A pause.

"His Majesty's passing is a great loss to the Empire."

His words were formal and appropriate.

Yet there was something else beneath them.

"But the past cannot be changed."

His voice lowered slightly.

"You should take care of yourself... and move forward."

Those words, as he spoke them, carried a faint sense of familiarity between them.

Yu Feiyan froze slightly.

Her lips parted.

But no words came out immediately.

"Th-thank you... Young Master Bai..."

Her voice was soft.

There was even a faint tremble within it.

She lowered her gaze slightly.

Her fingers tightened subtly at her sleeves.

She was polite and proper, although her words were stammering-but one could take this as her losing control due to grief.

(If she is acting, then she deserves an oscar!)

Bai Zihan thought as he observed her.

"Hmmm..."

Something was definitely off.

No matter how good one was at acting, her surprise and trembling almost in

fright, this was too good.

It was almost as if-

Just as that thought was about to fully form, a figure suddenly stepped forward.

"Thank you, Clan Leader Bai, for your concern toward Her Highness."

The voice was respectful yet calculated.

It was Yu Feiyan's attendant.

She stepped slightly ahead, positioning herself just enough to subtly interrupt the moment.

Her posture was perfect.

Her expression was composed.

"With His Majesty's passing, Her Highness has been deeply affected."

She continued gently.

"It is fortunate that someone as considerate as Young Master Bai would come personally to offer comfort."

Her words flowed naturally, but their intent was clear.

To everyone watching, it painted a different picture.

One of familiarity.

Of closeness.

As if Bai Zihan and Yu Feiyan shared a deeper connection.

A political move!

The surrounding whispers shifted instantly.

"I knew it... there's something between them..."

"So it's true..."

"Bai Zihan is really supporting the Ninth Princess?"

Excitement surged even more among Yu Feiyan's faction.

Their earlier hope now began to feel real.

Bai Zihan's gaze slowly moved.

From Yu Feiyan...

To the attendant.

He looked at her quietly.

His eyes were unreadable.

Then a faint smile appeared on his lips.

(So that's how it is.)

In that instant, he understood everything.

Yu Feiyan before him was the real Yu Feiyan-and not Qin Lingxiao.

And Qin Lingxiao... was this attendant.

Although everything about her was different, he felt the same uneasiness as

when he had previously spoken with Qin Lingxiao.

Initially, he thought that Yu Feiyan might have been killed by Qin Lingxiao, who then took her place.

But it looked like things were different from what he had thought. Looking at how Qin Lingxiao had brought her back to see her father last time, it

seemed their relationship was good-and that Yu Feiyan was cooperating with

her.

As for Qin Lingxiao becoming the attendant, it was probably to help Yu Feiyan from the shadows.

After all, there was no guarantee that other princes or princesses wouldn't act

right after the funeral ended.

With Yu Feiyan's comparatively meager strength, she stood no chance.

And if she died...

All of Qin Lingxiao's efforts would be for nothing.

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 574 Bai Zihan's Preference

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Bai Zihan's gaze lingered, not on Yu Feiyan but on her attendant.

Longer than it should have.

Qin Lingxiao felt it almost immediately.

(Did I get found out?)

The thought surfaced instinctively.

But just as quickly, it was dismissed.

In all her years-over a century moving through shadows, weaving identities, replacing faces-no one had ever truly seen through her.

Not once.

Not even those far more experienced and powerful than Bai Zihan.

And him?

A junior!

A so-called genius, yes-but still couldn't be compared to the powerhouses she had dealt with.

How could he possibly notice anything?

More importantly, what was there to notice?

He had never seen her real appearance.

He had never interacted with her true identity.

He didn't even know that Yu Feiyan had been replaced months ago.

There was no connection.

No thread for him to follow.

No clue to grasp.

Her disguise was flawless.

Even her habits, her posture, her breathing-everything had been altered.

There was no flaw.

There couldn't be a flaw.

Qin Lingxiao's thoughts settled.

(There is no way.)

And yet, that gaze remained.

A flicker of confusion rose this time.

If not suspicion, then what?

Her brows almost imperceptibly tightened.

(Why is he looking at me like that?)

She was, at this moment, nothing more than an ordinary attendant.

Her current appearance was deliberately average.

Not ugly but far from striking.

The kind of face that would be overlooked in a crowd.

Even her charm-once overwhelming-had been suppressed along with her current appearance.

Not to mention, previously, even when in Yu Feiyan's appearance and using her charm, Bai Zihan was not affected.

(Don't tell me...)

A strange thought surfaced.

And yet, it refused to leave.

(His preference... is someone like this?)

She paused internally.

Then considered it seriously.

After all, people had different tastes.

Even someone like Bai Zihan would not be an exception.

Not everyone pursued peerless beauty.

Not everyone was drawn to dazzling figures.

Some preferred simplicity.

And then, some information surfaced in her head.

Information about Bai Zihan before he rose to prominence.

(Bai Zihan harasses his maids...)

At the time, she had dismissed it as meaningless gossip.

With his standing, which peerless beauty couldn't he have? He didn't need to harass some ordinary maid.

But now...

Placed against the current situation...

It painted a different picture.

He showed no particular interest in the beautiful women of the Empire.

Yet now, he was staring at her-an attendant.

Qin Lingxiao's thoughts began to align in a different direction.

(Such preferences do exist.)

It was not impossible.

In fact, in her long life, she had seen stranger inclinations.

Powerful men who rejected elegance but indulged in control.

Who found interest not in brilliance-but in submission.

(So that's how it is?)

A subtle shift occurred in her understanding.

The confusion lessened, replaced by something closer to clarity.

And perhaps, a faint trace of amusement.

Bai Zihan looked at Qin Lingxiao, who was giving a somewhat understanding look, which he found strange.

He didn't know what was going through her head, but regardless, he had already confirmed his suspicion and left.

The atmosphere of mourning had already begun to fade.

In its place was tension.

Bai Zihan's gaze swept across the hall before settling in a familiar direction.

There was his father.

Bai Tianheng stood not far away.

And beside him...

Li Jianhong!

Zhao Wutian!

"Hahaha!"

Bai Tianheng's laughter rang out, completely unconcerned with the solemnity that had just ended.

"Li Jianhong, Zhao Wutian!"

His voice was loud, unapologetic.

"You're still stuck in the Great Ascension Realm?"

A pause.

Then, with blatant mockery-

"Have you two been slacking all these years?"

The words fell like a slap.

Li Jianhong's expression darkened instantly.

A vein bulged faintly at his temple.

Zhao Wutian's eyes narrowed slightly, though his face remained mostly composed.

But beneath that calm, there was displeasure.

They were of the same generation.

Once, they had stood on equal footing.

Yet Bai Tianheng had always been a step ahead.

And now, he has broken through to the Immortal Realm while they have yet to step to the Top Great Ascension Realm.

Leaving them behind completely.

That gap was no longer something effort alone could easily bridge.

"Bai Tianheng!"

Li Jianhong's voice carried suppressed fury.

"Don't be too smug."

His aura flared faintly.

"Do you think you're invincible just because you broke into the Immortal Realm?"

Without hesitation-

"Obviously!"

Bai Tianheng replied instantly, as if it were the most natural truth in the world.

Li Jianhong's teeth clenched.

His hands tightened within his sleeves.

(These Bai...!)

Arrogant.

Unbearably arrogant!

But the worst part was that Bai Tianheng had the strength to back it up.

Before the tension could escalate further, Zhao Wutian spoke.

"Bai Tianheng."

A slight pause.

"Are you here just to show off?"

His gaze was steady.

"If there's nothing else... we will be leaving"

Unlike Li Jianhong, Zhao Wutian had no intention of feeding Bai Tianheng's arrogance.

Arguing with him now would achieve nothing.

It would only make the other man more satisfied.

And that was the last thing he intended to allow. Bai Tianheng clicked his tongue lightly. Then, as if losing interest, he waved his hand.

The mocking grin faded.

Replaced by something more composed.

More serious.

"Alright, alright."

His tone shifted.

"Let's talk properly."

His gaze sharpened slightly as it moved between the two.

"Are you supporting any prince or princess?"

The question hung in the air. Direct and blunt.

Zhao Wutian did not hesitate.

"No!"

Zhao Wutian immediately replied.

Bai Tianheng stared at him for a moment.

Then a smirk slowly formed. "With your personality..." He tilted his head slightly.

"How could that be?"

His eyes gleamed faintly. "You're definitely supporting someone secretly."

No hesitation.

No restraint.

He exposed it outright.

Zhao Wutian's expression did not change.

But for the briefest moment, something flickered in his eyes.

Bai Tianheng's expression gradually turned solemn.

The playful arrogance faded.

In its place... was something far colder.

His gaze moved between Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian.

"It doesn't matter who you choose to support. But remember this-"

A faint pressure spread outward.

"Make sure you know your place. It doesn't matter who ascends to the throne because we, the Bai Clan, are invincible."

For a brief moment, the surrounding air seemed to freeze.

"If you dare bare your fang against us..."

A slight smile appeared on Bai Tianheng's lips.

"...your clans might just be erased."

Then-

"Haha!"

He suddenly laughed.

As if he had just told an amusing joke.

But Li Jianhong and Zhao Wutian did not laugh. That was no joke.

That was a warning. Li Jianhong's expression darkened instantly.

His fists clenched slightly within his sleeves.

Veins faintly bulged across his forehead. "Hmph!"

A cold snort escaped him.

"I will be going!"

He turned sharply.

His robes whipped through the air as he strode away without another word.

But the anger on his face was unmistakable, barely restrained.

Behind him, the elders of the Li Clan followed closely, their expressions equally grim.

The Grand Elders, however, were shocked.

Although Bai Tianheng had just broken through to the Immortal Realm, the aura he gave off was like that of someone who had been in this realm for hundreds of years.

His previous words didn't seem like a joke.

Even though he was newly ascended, Bai Tianheng might not lose to other

Immortal Ascension Realm cultivators. How can this be?

Why are these Bai Clan full of monsters?

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 575 The First Night of Chaos[1,315 words]

The funeral ended.

And just like that, everything seemed to return to normal.

The Imperial Capital slowly resumed its rhythm.

The white banners remained, the mourning had not yet fully lifted-but beneath it, life continued.

At least... on the surface.

Then shocking news spread just after a day has passed.

Like a spark falling into dry grass.

"The Eleventh Prince... has been assassinated!"

Shock rippled through the capital as well as other parts of the Empire.

The announcement came abruptly.

The Eleventh Prince was dead.

Found in his own residence.

There were no signs of struggle.

No trace of intrusion.

No evidence left behind.

Only his lifeless body.

It was said that a maid had gone to deliver his usual meal.

She entered, only to find the lifeless body of the prince.

The news had barely been digested before another followed.

"The Thirteenth Princess has also been assassinated!"

Two royals!

Dead in less than a day after the Emperor's funeral.

Even those who had anticipated bloodshed did not expect it to come this fast. This was ruthless!

Gulp!

Many could not help but swallow nervously.

Those who had never experienced the battle for the throne hadn't expected it to be this brutal from the very first day.

'Do royals not have any bond with their siblings?'

Well, for the throne, those blood relationships certainly didn't seem to have any effect.

Now they understood.

This was the battle for the throne.

But everyone thought the same thing.

Who did it?

And the answer was simple.

Any of the remaining princes.

Any of the remaining princesses.

All of them had the same motive, and they all had the means to do so as well.

As for investigation?

The Imperial officials would definitely take this seriously since it was an Imperial member-but only on the surface.

Although the specific culprit wasn't known, anyone could tell that it was one of the princes or princesses.

Their status was too high for the officials to act freely, and they might lose their lives instantly if they overstepped.

So, they could only appear to do their job seriously-but beneath that, those cases would not go too far.

"Sigh! I didn't think those princes' and princesses' lives would one day be worth less than mine."

Kong Zhanhong let out a quiet breath as he spoke.

There was no mockery in his tone.

Only a heavy sense of reality.

In this period, it was true.

The lives of royal heirs-once untouchable, once revered-had become fragile.

Disposable.

Another prince.

Another princess.

If they died, it would barely cause more than a ripple.

Bai Zihan stood beside him, his expression calm.

He did not refute those words because they were true.

Being born into the Royal Family-something countless people envied.

Power.

Status.

Authority.

Yet now, it seemed almost tragic.

Bai Zihan's gaze shifted slightly, his thoughts steady.

It was cruel, but it was also inevitable.

They were the ones who chose this path.

The moment they set their sights on the throne, they had already stepped into
a battlefield.

A battlefield where retreat was no longer an option.

And where the only end was victory or death.

There were several princes and princesses who had withdrawn from the battle
for the throne and had no intention of fighting for it either.

Well, Bai Zihan thought that the former Emperor was also to be blamed for

today's situation.

If he had properly trained a successor and then suppressed others who wanted to fight for the throne, then this wouldn't have happened after his death.

What was happening now was simply the consequence.

Bai Zihan exhaled faintly.

Then his gaze turned toward Kong Zhanhong.

"So, did you find out who it was?"

Kong Zhanhong shook his head slightly.

"Young Master, it's hard to say for certain right now."

After all, it had been less than a day since the information was received, so even with their network, it was difficult to find out.

"But judging from those who were killed, there are only a few likely candidates."

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Oh?"

Kong Zhanhong lowered his voice.

"The First Prince and the Second Prince."

A flicker of understanding passed through Bai Zihan's eyes.

Kong Zhanhong continued his explanation.

"Both the Eleventh Prince and the Thirteenth Princess had influence that lay mostly within the Imperial Court and Capital."

"And that is exactly where the First and Second Princes hold their greatest advantage."

With the deaths of those two, who would benefit the most?

The First and Second Princes' control over the court would only increase further.

Thus, Kong Zhanhong came to the conclusion that it must be them.

As for who sent the assassins, the answer could be either.

Perhaps even both.

One might have been sent to kill the Eleventh Prince, while the other was responsible for the Thirteenth Princess's death.

They might even be cooperating to eliminate their rivals before turning on each other.

The next day, the Empire did not wake to peace.

It woke to urgency.

P

The assassinations of the Eleventh Prince and the Thirteenth Princess had done more than remove two contenders.

They had shattered hesitation.

What was once a silent, cautious struggle had now become a race.

A race against death.

Because everyone understood one thing-

If they were slow, they would be next.

Across the Desolate Heaven Empire, movements began at once.

Princes and princesses who had once maintained dignity and distance now acted without hesitation.

Envoys were dispatched.

Tokens were sent.

Meetings were arranged.

Some moved openly.

Others vanished into the shadows but their goal was the same.

To garner support from more clans and sects.

To increase their power.

They needed power. And they needed it now.

First-rate clans!

Second-rate clans!

Major sects.

Minor sects.

No one was spared from their reach.

One invitation after another was sent out, every one of them asking the other party to support them.

Some were respectful while others were forceful.

At first glance, being chosen seemed like an opportunity.

To stand beside a future Emperor.

To rise with them.

To gain influence, authority, and unimaginable benefits.

But that was only one side of the coin.

Because the other side was far more terrifying.

If they chose wrong-

If the prince or princess they supported lost-

Then everything they had, their legacy could be erased by their opposition.

For the truly powerful forces, they could still choose to refuse even if that came from someone like the First Prince.

Top clans and top sects.

Behemoths like the Bai, Li, and Zhao. They could refuse.

They could remain neutral. Because they had the strength to do so.

No prince or princess would dare push them too far.

But for the rest?

Second-rate clans!

Rising sects!

Newly established powers...

There was no such luxury. Refusal was not truly an option. If they did, they would be destroyed.

Compared to uncertain destruction and certain destruction, the choice was

obvious.

For some, there was no need to even act directly.

A trade route might collapse overnight. Allied clans might suddenly withdraw support.

Or worse-they would be directly exterminated.

Before, such actions would have been unthinkable.

The Emperor had been the final authority.

The one who maintained order. The one who kept everyone in check.

No matter how powerful a prince or princess was, they would not dare cross

certain lines.

At least, not directly.

If they did, the Emperor would mercilessly punish them.

In some cases, punishment even involved being sent to the battlefield at the

borders.

And for those princes and princesses, survival was rare.

Whether due to plots or incompetence... they never returned.

Thus, no one dared act out of line before.

But now, there was no Emperor.

No one to enforce those boundaries.

No one to restrain them.

And so, those lines no longer existed.

Far from the Imperial Capital, within a vast territory that had stood firm for centuries, a First-Rate Clan faced its reckoning.

The Xue Clan!

A lineage that had weathered wars, upheavals, and countless shifts in power.

Their halls stood tall.

Their formations were layered and intricate.

Their influence stretched across multiple regions.

For generations... they had remained independent and unaffiliated.

And just yesterday, they had rejected him.

At the entrance of the Xue Clan's ancestral grounds, the atmosphere was suffocating.

The gates stood open.

But not in welcome.

Guards lined both sides, their expressions tense, their grips tight on their weapons.

Elders had gathered.

Disciples stood in formation.

Every single one of them could feel it.

That pressure.

Yu Longxuan had arrived.

The Seventh Prince!

He did not come alone.

Behind him stood figures clad in dark robes, their presence crackling faintly with suppressed power.

The unmistakable aura of those from the Crimson Thunder Palace. Lightning flickered subtly around them.

The air itself seemed to hum-violent and unrestrained.

Yu Longxuan stepped forward slowly.

Each step echoed across the stone path.

His gaze swept across the gathered members of the Xue Clan.

Cold!

Indifferent!

As if he were not looking at people but at something far less significant.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 576 Seventh Prince Forces the Xue Clan to Submit

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

"What is the meaning of this, Seventh Prince?"

The Xue Clan Leader asked with a frown on his face.

"Patriarch Xue, I have given you a chance again and again. But you don't know what's good for you!"

Yu Longxuan said angrily.

He was, after all, an arrogant person whose status was high. He felt that the Xue Clan should have been the one to approach and beg him.

But despite lowering himself to offer them this opportunity, he had been rejected previously-and even yesterday, he was rejected.

So, obviously, he was very angry.

Previously, he endured it--but now? There was no need to do so.

The Xue Clan Patriarch did not answer immediately.

Because he knew this was no longer a negotiation.

Behind Yu Longxuan, there were several elders from the Crimson Thunder Palace.

Judging by their aura, they were no weaker than him-Great Ascension Realm. With the pressure those elders exuded, it was enough for them to simply stand there and still threaten everyone.

Several disciples of the Xue Clan paled. Some staggered slightly under the pressure.

Even if they wanted to resist, there was no chance at all.

The message was clear.

Yu Longxuan clasped his hands behind his back.

His tone remained arrogant.

"I have endured you for a long time. But I can give you one last chance. Xue Clan, do you submit to me?"

A faint tremor passed through the Xue Clan ranks.

The Patriarch's eyes hardened.

"Your Highness," he said slowly, "our Xue Clan has always remained neutral-" "Neutral?"

Yu Longxuan interrupted.

The word was repeated softly-almost amused, but at the same time, annoyed. "There is no such thing as neutral anymore."

A pause.

Then a faint surge of killing intent spread.

"You either stand with me or you stand against me!"

Yu Longxuan declared authoritatively.

No middle ground.

No compromise.

The Patriarch's fists tightened within his sleeves.

His mind raced.

Yesterday, he still believed there was room to refuse.

But today, that illusion had been shattered.

He couldn't do anything to Yu Longxuan, who was a prince-and additionally, he had brought elders from the Crimson Thunder Palace.

Refusal no longer seemed like an option.

Patriarch Xue was pressed between a rock and a hard place.

Refuse and he would face annihilation from the Seventh Prince.

Accept? Then they would be dragged into the battle for the throne-and honestly, he didn't think the Seventh Prince had a high chance of winning, which was one of the reasons why he had declined.

If he swore allegiance and the Seventh Prince lost, then they would also be eliminated.

But between immediate destruction and a chance to survive-and even rise-he knew which option was better.

Patriarch Xue's lips had just begun to part.

The words of submission... were about to leave his mouth.

Just then-

"I didn't think the Seventh Prince was someone who forces others to swear allegiance."

The voice was calm and clear.

And completely out of place in this suffocating atmosphere.

Every gaze snapped toward the source.

A young man stepped forward from within the Xue Clan ranks.

Tall!

Refined!

His features were sharp and composed-handsome enough to turn heads even among cultivators.

But more than that... there was a quiet confidence about him.

As if the pressure in the air meant nothing.

"Young Master Nie Fengzhuo, what are you doing?!"

Patriarch Xue's expression changed instantly to alarm.

He hurried forward, trying to stop him-but it was too late.

The words had already been spoken.

Yu Longxuan's expression darkened.

The temperature seemed to drop.

"Hmph!"

His gaze locked onto Nie Fengzhuo like a blade.

"Who are you? And how dare you meddle in this prince's affairs?"

The pressure surged from Prince Yu.

But Nie Fengzhuo did not retreat.

"Who I am is not important."

His tone remained steady.

"But forcing others to swear allegiance..."

A slight pause.

"...doesn't seem fitting for a prince of the Empire."

Yu Longxuan's eyes narrowed.

"It is their blessing to serve me."

His voice carried absolute certainty.

Arrogance without restraint.

Nie Fengzhuo met his gaze.

"Whether it is a blessing or not, it should be for them to decide."

Silence!

The elders of the Crimson Thunder Palace frowned slightly.

However, they still waited for the Seventh Prince to make a decision on his own.

Yu Longxuan's expression turned cold.

Apart from that one person, there had never been anyone who dared speak to him like this.

And now, someone stood before him and did exactly that.

His killing intent flickered.

Then he paused.

Recognition dawned.

"Oh..."

A slow, mocking smile appeared.

"I thought your name sounded familiar."

His tone, which had been cold, became amused.

"Isn't this the discarded fiancé of the Bai Clan?"

Years ago, this matter had shaken many. The broken engagement.

The humiliation that the Nie Clan faced.

The name Nie Fengzhuo became widely known.

After all, Bai Xueqing's affair was closely watched by many and something like breaking off the engagement couldn't be hidden at all.

Moreover, as a prince who wanted the Bai Clan's support, he obviously couldn't miss the opportunity.

What was better than marrying the princess of the Bai Clan?

Though, of course, he was rejected back then.

But that is not the only reason why he recognizes Nie Fengzhuo.

It was due to the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, where Nie Fengzhuo shook the Empire and changed his status from trash to genius.

He was even about to win-though in the final battle against his ex-fiancée, he ultimately lost.

Yu Longxuan had also seen him in that competition.

Nie Fengzhuo's reputation and fame might have soared even further if not for that loss, which ultimately made it seem like Bai Xueqing's decision wasn't

wrong. Otherwise, Nie Fengzhuo would have been known as the number one genius. Unfortunately, Bai Xueqing was too powerful-and now there was also her brother, Bai Zihan.

The title was destined not to fall into his hands.

Nie Fengzhuo did not react as one would expect. After all, he was already used to others insulting him like that.

Of course, those insults had mostly disappeared since he came second-but there were still whispers that he had been cast aside because he didn't deserve Bai Xueqing.

He simply looked at Yu Longxuan calmly.

As if those words held no weight at all.

"That is a matter of the past." Nie Fengzhuo quickly composed himself.

"You are still forcing a clan to submit. Aren't you ashamed of doing that, Your Highness?"

Yu Longxuan's smile slowly disappeared.

His patience... had reached its limit.

"So be it."

His voice turned cold.

"If you want to play the hero-"

A step forward.

Lightning began to gather faintly around his hand. "Then I'll show you the price."

Patriarch Xue stepped forward abruptly.

"Your Highness!"

His voice was urgent.

"This matter has nothing to do with him. He is merely a guest of our Xue Clan!"

Yu Longxuan did not look at him.

His gaze remained fixed on Nie Fengzhuo.

"Anyone who dares stop me today is my enemy!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 577 Yu Longxuan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 577 Yu Longxuan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!

Whoosh!

Yu Longxuan moved as lightning erupted from his palm like a violent storm unleashed, tearing through the air with a sharp, deafening crack.

The killing intent within it was real.

This was not intimidation.

This was an execution.

The Seventh Prince's eyes were filled with confidence.

Since his humiliation at Mo Tianji's hands, he had thrown himself into relentless cultivation.

Day and night without rest.

And the results spoke for themselves.

Soul Formation Realm!

A level far beyond most of his peers.

More importantly, he had crossed realms to fight.

He had defeated cultivators in the Spirit Severing Realm as well.

That alone was enough to place him among the top of his generation.

So in his eyes-Nie Fengzhuo?

Just another stepping stone.

Someone who dared to stand in his way.

Someone who would be crushed.

"You overestimate yourself!"

Yu Longxuan's voice thundered as the lightning in his hand surged even more violently.

In an instant, he appeared before Nie Fengzhuo.

The lightning strike descended.

Fast.

Fierce.

But Nie Fengzhuo didn't move as he calmly watched Yu Longxuan make his move.

"Sigh!"

Slowly, he raised his hand, and a sword appeared.

"Did you think that sword could protect you?"

Yu Longxuan asked mockingly as he struck Nie Fengzhuo. BANG!!!

A terrifying surge of Qi exploded outward.

Shockwaves tore through the courtyard.

Stone tiles shattered.

Disciples were forced back.

Even elders narrowed their eyes.

But at the center of it all, Nie Fengzhuo stood still.

Not even a single step back.

His robes fluttered slightly from the aftermath, but that was all.

The fierce attack from the Seventh Prince had been completely blocked.

Yu Longxuan's pupils shrank.

That strike-he knew exactly how much power he had used.

Even a Spirit Severing cultivator would not dare take it so casually.

And yet, Nie Fengzhuo had done so....

Nie Fengzhuo lowered his sword slightly.

His gaze remained calm, almost indifferent. "You done?"

His voice carried no mockery nor any anger.

To him, Yu Longxuan truly wasn't much.

A prince raised on resources.

Fed with pills.

Pushed upward by status and backing.

Such people often looked powerful on the surface...

But in real combat?

They were nothing more than paper tigers.

Of course, comparing Yu Longxuan to those useless young masters wouldn't be entirely fair.

He did have some strength.

But that was all.

It didn't match the arrogance he displayed.

In Nie Fengzhuo's eyes-even his past self, the one who fought against Bai Xueqing in the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, would have been enough to suppress the current Yu Longxuan.

Not to mention, with his current cultivation-Peak of the Soul Formation Realm.

Yu Longxuan's expression twisted.

His teeth clenched tightly.

That look.

That tone.

That indifference-

It stabbed deeper than any insult.

And in that instant, a memory surfaced. Mo Tianji, looking down on him.

The same gaze.

The same dismissal.

The same feeling of being... insignificant.

"Don't get ahead of yourself!"

Yu Longxuan roared, his aura erupting wildly.

"Blocking one strike means nothing!"

Lightning surged again.

More violent!

More powerful!

He struck again and again!

Each attack carried killing intent.

But it didn't change anything.

Nie Fengzhuo moved effortlessly.

A step to the side, he avoided one strike.

A slight lift of his sword, another was deflected.

A turn of his wrist, the lightning dispersed.

There was no panic nor any sign that he was even taking this seriously.

The gap was obvious.

And that only made Yu Longxuan more furious.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo's thoughts remained steady.

He wasn't worried about losing.

That had never even crossed his mind.

What concerned him was something else entirely.

His opponent was a prince.

Killing him here?

It might not bring immediate retaliation from other princes or princesses.

In fact, some might even applaud it.

One less competitor.

But that didn't mean there would be no consequences.

The Imperial Family was still the Imperial Family.

If they didn't do anything to the killer of a royal, it would diminish their authority.

Obviously, they would send Imperial Guards to capture him or even target his entire clan.

And more importantly, the Crimson Thunder Palace.

They would never let it go.

The Nie Clan and the Xue Clan-

Both would be dragged into the aftermath.

Right now, he was here as a guest.

Invited to discuss an alliance.

In this unstable period, unaligned forces were the most vulnerable.

That was why the Nie Clan had reached out.

They sought cooperation with a First-Rate Clan like the Xue Clan, who also didn't want to get involved in the battle for the throne.

But now, because of this conflict, everything risked collapsing.

(...Troublesome!)

Nie Fengzhuo deflected another strike.

His eyes flickered slightly.

He needed to end this.

Otherwise, this situation would only escalate further.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes flickered.

Then his aura rose like a blade being drawn from its sheath.

A sharp, suffocating pressure spread outward.

Yu Longxuan's movements slowed for a fraction of a second.

His pupils shrank.

Because for the first time, he felt overwhelming pressure. "This...!"

Yu Longxuan's expression changed.

The lightning in his hand wavered slightly.

At the same time, a faint trace of killing intent emerged from Nie Fengzhuo.

It wasn't overwhelming, but it was real.

Locked onto him-and that... shook him.

Up until now, Yu Longxuan had always believed one thing: no one would dare truly kill him.

He was a prince.

But now, looking into Nie Fengzhuo's eyes, that certainty cracked.

Because those eyes held no hesitation.

Doubt crept into Yu Longxuan's mind. (He... wouldn't actually-?) Nie Fengzhuo raised his sword.

A simple motion, yet it sent a jolt through everyone present.

"Nie Fengzhuo, don't!"

Patriarch Xue's voice rang out urgently.

At the same time, the elders of the Crimson Thunder Palace stepped forward,
their expressions darkening.

"Stop!" "Don't you dare!"

"Do you know who he is?!"

Their auras surged, threatening and oppressive.

"Touch a single hair on His Highness, and your entire clan will be eradicated!"

The warnings came one after another.

But Nie Fengzhuo didn't react, as if he hadn't heard a single word.

His gaze remained fixed on Yu Longxuan.

Then he struck.

A single slash descended.

Patriarch Xue's eyes widened, then shut tightly.

(...It's over!)

If the prince died here, everything would be finished.

The Xue Clan...

The Nie Clan...

All of it would be dragged into destruction.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders surged forward instantly.

Too late to stop.

Too late to change anything.

But-

What they expected did not happen.

The sword did not kill.

A sharp impact landed on Yu Longxuan's neck with the sword hilt.

Yu Longxuan's body stiffened.

His eyes widened in disbelief.

Then darkness.

His consciousness faded instantly.

His body collapsed forward.

Nie Fengzhao slowly lowered his sword as looked down.

Yu Longxuan lay on the ground, sleeping peacefully.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 578 Wrath of the Crimson Thunder[1,324 words]

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders moved instantly.

Whoosh!

In a blur of motion, they appeared beside Yu Longxuan, their expressions tense as they checked his condition.

"He's just unconscious."

A breath of relief escaped their mouths.

The tight atmosphere loosened-just slightly.

But only for a moment, because the next second, their expressions turned dark and cold.

Their gazes snapped toward Nie Fengzhuo like blades.

"Nie Fengzhuo!"

One of the elders stepped forward, his voice thunderous with fury.

"How dare you?!"

A terrifying pressure descended instantly.

"You must think you've grown wings on your back to act so recklessly!"

His eyes burned with anger.

"To strike the Seventh Prince-do you understand what you've done?!"

Each word carried weight.

"Can you bear the consequences?"

"Can your Nie Clan bear the consequences?!"

The threat was naked and unrestrained.

Even though Yu Longxuan was not killed... the damage was already done.

He was knocked unconscious in one move, and that too before an entire clan.

His prestige-his authority-had taken a massive blow.

And in the battle for the throne... reputation was power.

If this got out, others would only look down on the Seventh Prince, making it far more difficult for him to gather support.

The air trembled as the elder's aura surged.

Great Ascension Realm!

"I will teach you,"

He said coldly,

"what it means to go against the Imperial Family."

BOOM!

His foot stepped forward powerfully, cracking the ground beneath him.

A massive pressure bore down toward Nie Fengzhuo.

Killing intent-unmasked.

Patriarch Xue's expression changed drastically.

"Wait-!"

He stepped forward instinctively, but the pressure forced him to halt. His heart sank.

(This is bad...!)

If this continued, Nie Fengzhuo would be crippled at best-or killed at worst. Ignoring Patriarch Xue completely, the elder of the Crimson Thunder Palace stepped forward.

His aura surged like a rising tide.

He had no intention of killing Nie Fengzhuo-not here, not in front of so many eyes. The consequences would be troublesome even for them.

After all, Nie Fengzhuo was a promising talent of the Desolate Heaven Empire, and as an elder, how could he openly kill such a junior?

People everywhere would criticize him, and other princes and princesses wouldn't waste such an opportunity to create trouble for the Seventh Prince. But letting him off?

Impossible!

Breaking a few limbs would be more than enough to send a message.

"You should feel lucky," the elder said coldly, stepping closer, "that I'm not taking your life."

The pressure intensified.

However, Nie Fengzhuo remained calm, not a hint of panic on his expression.

Whether the elder intended to kill him or merely cripple him, it made no difference.

Both were his enemies, and he was not someone who let his enemies go easily. Still, a Great Ascension Realm expert was far beyond what he could handle.

(Master!)

His voice echoed within his mind.

There was no hesitation, because this was not a battle he could win alone.

Rather than suffering, it was better to reveal his cards early and take a swift victory.

He knew that his Heaven-Rending Breakthrough Technique weren't good enough to deal with someone in the Great Ascension Realm.

(I know. Prepare yourself!)

Du Changsheng's voice responded calmly.

The next instant-

BOOM!!!

A terrifying surge of power erupted from Nie Fengzhuo's body.

His aura soared and continued rising rapidly, breaking past its limits.

Soul Formation...

Spirit Severing...

Then-

Great Ascension Realm!

The surrounding air distorted violently under the sudden pressure.

The Xue Clan and even the Crimson Thunder elders' expressions changed.

Shock!

Disbelief!

"This-?!"

The Crimson Thunder Palace elder who was about to strike froze for a split second,

His eyes widened in disbelief.

"How is this possible?!"

A junior...

A mere junior...

Breaking into the Great Ascension Realm in an instant?

Impossible!

This defied all logic.

All understanding.

But that hesitation lasted only a moment.

Because no matter how strange it was, he could not stop now.

"Hmph!"

The elder's expression hardened.

"So what if you've used some forbidden method?"

It wasn't like he had never seen something like this.

Bai Zihan could also use something similar.

But he also knew that while it could increase one's strength, there were many flaws-especially that it couldn't be sustained for long.

He would just need to drag the battle out a bit, and the result would be the same.

His voice turned colder.

"It won't change anything!"

With that, he struck.

His palm descended like a falling mountain.

Nie Fengzhuo did not retreat.

His sword rose and met the elder's attack head-on.

BANG!!!

The two forces collided violently.

A deafening explosion echoed across the Xue Clan grounds as a terrifying shockwave erupted outward, forcing disciples to stumble back and even some

elders to brace themselves.

Dust surged into the air.

The ground beneath their feet cracked and sank.

At the center of it all, Nie Fengzhuo stood firm.

His sword held steady against the elder's palm.

The elder's expression did not change much.

There was no panic.

No disbelief.

Only deeper focus.

After all, at this moment, Nie Fengzhuo's aura was undeniably at the Great

Ascension Realm.

And he didn't think it was difficult to block his attack, which wasn't even his full power.

"Hmph..."

A cold snort escaped him.

"So that's your trump card."

His eyes narrowed slightly.

He had already seen through the situation.

The elder did not rush. Instead, his attacks became steadier, aiming to exhaust Nie Fengzhuo before

making any decisive move.

Each strike carried immense force, yet lacked the urgency from before.

He was dragging it out, waiting for Nie Fengzhuo's borrowed power to collapse.

But Nie Fengzhuo understood this clearly.

From the very first exchange, he had already seen through the elder's intention.

(Drag it out?)

A faint glint flashed through his eyes.

(You think I'll give you that chance?)

The pressure on his body was real.

Even now, he could feel the strain. His meridians trembled.

His flesh felt as if it would tear apart under the surging power.

And deep within, Du Changsheng's soul power was being consumed continuously.

This wasn't something that could be maintained for long.

Which meant he had to end it quickly.

Suddenly, Nie Fengzhuo moved.

Not to defend-but to attack.

His sword shifted.

The calm defense vanished instantly, replaced by a sharp, overwhelming killing edge.

"Hmm?!"

The elder's eyes flickered.

Too fast!

Nie Fengzhuo stepped forward, his figure blurring as the sword in his hand descended.

A single slash.

But within it, power surged like a raging tide.

BOOM!!!

The elder raised his arm to block instinctively.

But the moment the blade met his defense, his expression changed.

A terrifying force erupted.

Not just equal-but stronger!

The elder was forced back a step.

Then another.

His robes fluttered violently as he stabilized himself, shock flashing across his face.

"This...!"

He could feel it clearly.

This strike... was not something he could casually defend against.

Not only him, the other elders of the Crimson Thunder Palace stiffened as well.

Their expressions shifted.

Even Patriarch Xue's eyes widened in disbelief.

The Xue Clan elders behind him exchanged stunned glances.

This...

This level of power...

Previously, they had considered forming an alliance with the Nie Clan mainly because of Nie Fengzhuo's potential.

Though he didn't win the Dragon and Phoenix Competition, coming second already spoke for itself.

Of course, like many, they didn't want to offend the Bai Clan if possible, so they observed and investigated quietly.

They found that while the two clans appeared at odds due to the broken engagement, in reality, they were not hostile.

The Bai Clan didn't seem to care about the Nie Clan, and even their allies continued relations as usual.

This showed the Bai Clan's stance--they weren't targeting the Nie Clan.

So forming an alliance didn't seem risky.

At best, it was a future investment.

Someone who would rise later.

But now?

Looking at the young man standing before them, sword in hand, aura shaking the heavens-

For a brief moment, he seemed even stronger than their own strongest expert.

That realization sent a chill through their hearts.

If not for the current situation-

If not for the fact that he was clashing with the Crimson Thunder Palace-

This would have been a moment of immense opportunity for the Xue Clan.

But now, it was anything but fortunate.

Nie Fengzhuo did not stop and continued to press forward.

The sword in his hand became a streak of light, cutting through the air with unstoppable momentum.

The elder's expression darkened.

He could no longer afford to remain passive.

The pressure had shifted.

And it seemed like he was now the one on the verge of being suppressed.

BANG! BANG! BANG!!!

Their clashes echoed continuously.

Each collision sent waves of Qi tearing across the surroundings.

The courtyard was already in ruins. Cracks spread like spiderwebs across the ground.

Even the protective formations of the Xue Clan began to flicker under the pressure.

And at the center of it all, a young man stood, forcing a Great Ascension Realm elder back.

"Time to end this!"

Nie Fengzhuo muttered as he looked at the Crimson Thunder Palace's elder.

"Absolute Severance!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 579 Crimson Thunder's Utter Humiliation!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 579 Crimson Thunder's Utter Humiliation!

"Absolute Severance!"

A single line of light cut through the space between them.

A terrifying strike that seemed to cut through everything in its path.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elder's pupils shrank instantly.

Danger!

A true sense of danger surged through his heart.

He raised both arms, gathering his full power to block.

Lightning erupted wildly.

His aura surged to its peak.

SLASH!!!

A devastating shockwave exploded outward the next instant.

Even the ground split apart.

Dust and debris surged into the sky like a storm.

Everyone was forced to shield their eyes.

For a moment, no one could see anything.

Then slowly... the dust settled.

And what they saw made their hearts tremble.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elder was on his knees.

His robes were torn, blood seeped from a deep cut across his chest.

His powerful aura had collapsed completely.

Looking at him, he no longer had his previous arrogance and looked utterly defeated.

Silence fell!

No one could believe what they had just witnessed.

A junior defeating a Great Ascension Realm elder.

Not only defeating, but overwhelming him.

This...

This was something that only one person had done before.

Bai Zihan!

He was well known for having defeated several Great Ascension Realm Demonic Elders and Grade-10 Demonic beasts.

Although hearing those rumors certainly stirred their hearts, compared to witnessing something similar with their own eyes, the reaction was completely different.

Nie Fengzhuo had achieved the same feat, perhaps even more ridiculous since his cultivation was only at the Soul Formation Realm.

Bai Zihan was a monster.

And now... there was another.

The Xue Clan elders stared, their expressions frozen in disbelief.

Even Patriarch Xue felt a chill run through his spine.

(What did we just witness...?)

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders were no better.

Shock!

Then embarrassment.

Then-fury!

Their expressions twisted as reality set in.

Their elder had been defeated by a junior.

If this news spread, their Crimson Thunder Palace would become a laughingstock.

Their prestige would plummet.

Their enemies would seize this opportunity without hesitation.

Their gazes turned cold.

Killing intent surged.

"Lad...!"

One of the elders stepped forward, his voice trembling with anger.

"How dare you embarrass us like this?!"

"You will pay for angering the Crimson Thunder Palace!"

Another stepped forward.

Then another.

Their auras rose simultaneously.

And this time, there was no restraint.

Because in their eyes, there was only one way to erase this humiliation.

Kill him!

Nie Fengzhuo stood where he was.

His breathing was heavy.

His grip on the sword tightened slightly.

His aura was flickering.

The backlash had begun.

The strain on his body was immense.

Even Du Changsheng's presence had weakened.

He had enough strength left to escape, but not to fight multiple Great

Ascension Realm experts.

(This might get dangerous!)

His eyes narrowed slightly.

But before the Crimson Thunder Palace elders could move-

"Stop!"

A powerful aura erupted from the side.

Patriarch Xue stepped forward.

Behind him, the Xue Clan elders moved as one.

Formations activated.

Weapons drawn.

Their auras rose, directly confronting the Crimson Thunder Palace.

"You've done enough," Patriarch Xue said coldly.

"This is the Xue Clan's territory! I won't tolerate your actions anymore."

His voice carried weight.

The situation had changed.

Their strongest person in the opposition had been defeated.

The balance had shifted.

The remaining Crimson Thunder Palace elders were no longer overwhelming.

If they truly clashed, neither side would come out unscathed. Although they didn't want to offend the Crimson Thunder Palace or the

Seventh Prince, things had already reached this stage.

With Nie Fengzhuo helping them, they couldn't abandon him when he was in trouble.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders' expressions darkened.

Their fists clenched tightly.

Their killing intent surged, but they did not make a move.

They realized that they were now at a disadvantage.

With one of their Great Ascension Realm experts-also their strongest- defeated, their strength had decreased significantly.

The Xue Clan had the same number of Great Ascension Realm experts, in addition to other members who weren't to be taken lightly if they worked together.

Not to mention, Nie Fengzhuo, who had just defeated a Great Ascension Realm expert, was still standing.

In this situation, if they made a move, then perhaps they would lose their lives.

Not to mention, to silence them, killing them along with the Seventh Prince was very likely.

A long, tense silence filled the air.

Then-

"Hmph! This matter... is not over."

Their gaze swept over Nie Fengzhuo, then to Patriarch Xue, and finally the entire clan.

"We will remember this."

"You will pay for this!"

Threats lingered in the air.

But in the end, they turned and left the place.

One of them lifted the unconscious Yu Longxuan.

Another supported the defeated elder.

Whoosh!

Their figures disappeared into the distance.

Only then did the tension finally break.

The Xue Clan disciples collapsed where they stood.

The Xue Clan elders exhaled deeply.

Patriarch Xue closed his eyes briefly.

Relief washed over him.

And at the center, Nie Fengzhuo finally lowered his sword.

His aura faded rapidly.

The borrowed power receded like a falling tide.

His body swayed slightly before he steadied himself.

A long breath escaped his lips.

This was truly dangerous. If the Xue Clan hadn't come to help him, he might have been killed.

Nie Fengzhuo took a steady breath.

Then stepped forward. Cupping his fists, he bowed slightly toward Patriarch Xue and the gathered elders.

"Many thanks to Patriarch Xue and the Xue Clan for your assistance"

His voice was filled with sincerity.

Without them stepping in just now, even if he managed to escape, the consequences would have been far worse.

Patriarch Xue waved his hand immediately.

"No!"

His expression was grateful as he looked at Nie Fengzhuo.

"It is we who should be grateful. Thanks to your help."

A pause.

His gaze swept across the ruined courtyard... then back to the young man before him.

"If not for you, our Xue Clan wouldn't have been able to escape today's situation so easily."

That was the truth.

Had Nie Fengzhuo not intervened, they would have either been forced into submission or destroyed on the spot.

Patriarch Xue's expression gradually turned solemn.

"However..."

The word hung heavy.

"This is only temporary peace!"

Silence followed.

Everyone present understood what was coming next.

"The Seventh Prince and the Crimson Thunder Palace-they will likely return."

His voice lowered.

"And next time-they will be more prepared."

The atmosphere instantly turned heavy again.

Everyone knew what that meant. They would not repeat the same mistake and would come at them with full force.

"They underestimated you today!"

Patriarch Xue looked directly at Nie Fengzhuo.

"But next time... they won't."

A brief pause.

Then-

"There is even a chance..."

His voice grew quieter.

"That an Immortal Realm cultivator may get involved."

Those words struck like a hammer.

Even the elders stiffened.

Immortal Realm!

An existence they could not defeat even if they combined everything they had.

Against such power, the Xue Clan would be helpless.

Patriarch Xue exhaled slowly.

"You should prepare as well."

His gaze sharpened.

"With the Seventh Prince's temperament, he will not let this go. There is a high chance... he will target the Nie Clan as well."

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes flickered slightly.

He already knew this.

Today's conflict was not resolved-it had only escalated.

A faint killing intent surfaced in his eyes.

(Should I kill him?)

The thought appeared suddenly.

If the Seventh Prince died, the problem might disappear at its root.

But just as quickly, he dismissed it.

Too risky!

The Seventh Prince would now be heavily protected. And even if he succeeded, the consequences would be far worse.

Killing a prince was not a small matter-even in the battle for the throne.

It would implicate the entire Nie Clan.

Not to mention, even if the Seventh Prince was removed, there were still other princes and princesses who would make their moves on their clan.

That would not be solving the problem. That would be jumping out of boiling water... only to land in burning fire.

Nie Fengzhuo's gaze steadied. The killing intent faded. Replacing it was clarity. He looked toward Patriarch Xue. "Patriarch Xue," he said calmly, "let's continue our discussion regarding the alliance."

A slight pause.

"I believe other clans are also seeking to avoid being dragged into this battle for the throne."

Patriarch Xue nodded slowly.

Today was a lesson.

A harsh one.

Neutrality alone... was no longer enough.

If they wanted to remain uninvolved, then they needed strength.

And not just individual strength.

An alliance!

A powerful one.

Strong enough that even princes and princesses would hesitate before forcing

them.

"Indeed!"

Patriarch Xue's expression turned thoughtful.

"If we can gather enough forces who wish to remain uninvolved, there is a chance we can form a neutral faction strong enough to deter them."

Of course, that would not be easy. Because to achieve that, they would need powerful clans. Clans that could stand their ground against the top sects and clans backing

those princes and princesses.

Patriarch Xue paused. Then glanced at Nie Fengzhuo. Actually, there was one clan which, if they could bring in, would solve

everything.

But he just didn't know whether Nie Fengzhuo would agree.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 580 Taking Advantage of the Situation[1,553 words]

Back at Seventh Prince's Residence!

On the grand bed at the center of the chamber, Yu Longxuan's eyes snapped open.

A sharp breath escaped him.

For a moment, confusion flickered between his eyes.

???

Then the memories came rushing back to his mind.

His expression twisted instantly.

"Nie Fengzhuo!"

His voice was hoarse, but the hatred within it was unmistakable.

BOOM!

A surge of Qi erupted from his body, cracking the bed beneath him.

The attendants nearby paled and immediately retreated, not daring to stay any longer.

Humiliation!

He, the Seventh Prince of the Empire, knocked unconscious in front of an entire clan!

As if that wasn't enough, he had even failed to make the Xue Clan submit.

And then came the final blow.

The report he had just received.

The Great Ascension Realm elder was also defeated by Nie Fengzhuo. And they had no choice but to retreat.

His fists clenched so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

"How... HOW?!"

His voice exploded with rage.

"That trash—!"

But the words stopped halfway.

If it was previously, then it would have been a fact but now, Nie Fengzhuo was anything but the trash thrown aside by Bai Xueqing.

The elders of the Crimson Thunder Palace stood nearby, their expressions solemn.

They also weren't in a very good mood nor were they coping well with the fact that Nie Fengzhuo defeated their strongest.

Yu Longxuan's chest rose and fell violently.

Then suddenly, his gaze snapped toward them.

"I want the Immortal Grand Elder."

His voice was cold, filled with killing intent.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders exchanged glances.

Their expressions tightened.

"Your Highness..."

One of them spoke carefully.

"The Immortal Grand Elder is our trump card. Revealing him now—"

After all, they were the strongest individuals and should be used when clashing against other powerful candidates for the throne.

"—I don't care!"

Yu Longxuan interrupted sharply.

His aura flared again.

"Do you want this humiliation to spread across the Empire?!"

His eyes burned with fury.

"A Great Ascension elder defeated by a junior! My name dragged through the mud! Do you think we can afford to hold back?!"

Silence!

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders' expressions grew darker.

Indeed, if they can't even take care of an individual who dares stand in their way, then how can they win against other Princes and Princesses?

If they don't handle this seriously then not to mention, other princesses or princes, even other clans would look down on them.

So, it was only natural that Yu Lingxuan wanted to take care of this incident as quickly as possible.

And what's better than to have their Immortal Realm take care of it.

"Without an Immortal Realm cultivator dealing with them will indeed be difficult."

One of the elders admitted after recalling how Nie Fengzhuo easily defeated their strongest. The others also slowly nodded.

Nie Fengzhuo alone was already a problem.

And the Xue Clan had shown they were willing to resist.

If they delayed any longer, things might spiral further.

More importantly, the elders also wanted revenge for the humiliation they faced.

A First-Rate Clan!

A mere First-Rate Clan!

And a rising Clan like the Nie Clan, daring to stand against them?

Unacceptable!

Their eyes turned cold.

"Very well!"

One of them said slowly.

"We will request the Immortal Grand Elder's intervention."

A faint killing intent spread across the room.

This time—

There would be no holding back.

They would crush them completely with their full power.

Yu Longxuan let out a cold breath.

"Good!"

His eyes flickered with vicious satisfaction.

"Xue Clan... Nie Fengzhuo..."

A faint smile appeared.

Cruel!

Twisted!

"I'll make sure you regret ever opposing me."

But just as the atmosphere settled—

"Hahaha...!"

A loud, unrestrained laugh echoed from outside the chamber.

"Little brother, I heard you were beaten black and blue by Nie Fengzhuo. Is that true?"

BANG!

The doors burst open.

Figures strode in without restraint. A man clad in luxurious robes, his expression full of mockery.

Yu Wenzhao!

The Third Prince!

Behind him stood several experts, their auras were all powerful and oppressive.

The unmistakable presence of the Heaven Suppression Pavilion.

Yu Longxuan's eyes widened, shock flashed across his face.

"Yu Wenzhao?!"

His expression darkened instantly.

Firstly, Nie Fengzhuo and now before he took care of that, another problem showed up

"How did you get in here?"

His voice turned sharp.

"Guards!"

He shouted.

"GUARDS!"

Silence!

No response.

Not a single footstep.

Not a single voice.

The realization hit instantly.

Yu Longxuan's expression sank.

His gaze swept across the experts behind Yu Wenzhao.

Then back to him.

"You..."

Yu Wenzhao smiled leisurely, fanning himself as if he had just entered his own courtyard.

"Guards! Come and take him away!"

No matter how Yu Longxuan shouted, no one came.

Not a single guard of his.

Only the Crimson Thunder Palace elders remained in the chamber.

The silence was deafening.

Yu Wenzhao watched him calmly, a faint smile playing on his lips as he slowly fanned himself.

"Sorry," he said lightly, almost amused, "but they won't be coming."

A slight pause.

"How about I sent you to the same place as them?"

Yu Longxuan's pupils contracted sharply.

For a split second, he froze.

Then realization struck.

His expression changed drastically.

"You...!"

His voice trembled with suppressed fury.

"You touched my people?!"

Yu Wenzhao's smile widened slightly, but he didn't answer directly.

That smile was already an answer.

The air in the chamber instantly turned cold.

A terrifying killing intent burst out from Yu Longxuan.

"You dare?!"

His aura surged violently, cracks spreading across the already damaged floor.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders immediately stepped forward, their expressions turning grave as they locked onto Yu Wenzhao and the experts behind him.

This was no longer a simple provocation.

This was an invasion and the third prince seemed prepared.

Yu Wenzhao took a slow step forward, his gaze sweeping across the room before settling on Yu Longxuan.

"Little brother," he said, almost lazily,

"You should calm down."

A faint chuckle escaped him.

"You're already in a bad shape, don't make it worse for yourself."

Yu Longxuan's fists clenched tightly.

His nails dug into his palms.

"Yu Wenzhao...!"

His voice was low and angry.

"You think just because you brought a few people, you can act however you want in my residence?"

The experts behind Yu Wenzhao didn't react but their presence alone spoke volumes.

Each one stood like an immovable mountain.

Their auras restrained—but suffocating.

Yu Longxuan knew that Yu Wenzhao was acting arrogant because of them.

But no matter how powerful they were, Yu Longxuan felt that when Crimson Thunder Palace Grand Elders got involved, those people would be taken care of. .

So, why would he need to be scared?

Of course, he needs to be scared because his opponents were already here with their trump card while he has to wait.

If he gets killed here then no matter who was behind him, it won't matter.

Yu Longxuan's thoughts raced.

There was no doubt about it, at this moment, Yu Wenzhao held the upper hand.

The timing was too perfect.

He had just returned injured.

And now, Yu Wenzhao appeared with his experts, his guards gone, his residence compromised.

This wasn't a coincidence, this was planned.

An ambush.

A calculated one.

Yu Longxuan's eyes narrowed.

(He came prepared...)

But what he couldn't understand was—

Where did Yu Wenzhao get the information?

Even with experts from the Heaven Suppression Pavilion behind him, this was still too quick.

"You've got quite the courage, Third Brother!"

Yu Longxuan's voice was low, controlled but one could feel the anger in his tone.

"But have you thought about the consequences of killing me?"

Yu Wenzhao didn't reply.

He simply watched with interest.

As if waiting to see what Yu Longxuan would say next.

Yu Longxuan took a slow step forward.

His aura, though unstable, still carried the weight of a prince.

"If word of this gets out..."

His eyes locked onto Yu Wenzhao.

"You barged into my residence... killing my guards... to kill your own brother... What do you think people will call you?"

A pause.

"A brother killer!"

The words fell heavily.

In the battle for the throne, schemes and assassinations were common.

However, openly killing one's own brother still has consequences despite this being the battle of the throne. Other Princes and Princesses would definitely make use of this to suppress Yu Wenzhao.

By killing Yu Longxuan, Yu Wenzhao would definitely earn attention from everyone.

However, while there were definitely disadvantages, there were also advantages like garnering more fame and gaining the resources of the Seventh Prince.

"You think the Empire and the people will accept that? You can't inherit the throne with such a reputation."

His voice dropped.

"You'll be condemned before you even get the chance."

The room fell into a heavy silence.

Yu Longxuan stared directly at Yu Wenzhao.

Right now, he was at a disadvantage with Yu Wenzhao with the Heaven Suppression Pavillion force.

He only needed to make Yu Wenzhao hesitate and make him retreat.

But he would remember this.

He will immediately call for Grand Elders of Crimson Thunder Palace and launch a full-scale war against the third prince.

(I will definitely make each and every one of you regret this!)

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 581 Brother vs Brother: No Mercy Left

Yu Wenzhao stared at him for a moment.

Then—

He burst out laughing.

"Hahaha—!"

It was loud, unfiltered, and filled with ridicule.

He even had to hold his stomach slightly as if he truly couldn't control it.

The sound echoed throughout the chamber, sharp and grating.

Yu Longxuan's expression darkened further.

"What's so funny?!"

Yu Wenzhao finally slowed, though a faint chuckle still escaped him.

He wiped the corner of his eye as if amused to the extreme.

"Little brother..."

He shook his head.

"You still believe such naive things? I didn't think you were this stupid!"

Another short laugh escaped him.

"In the battle for the throne, who cares about something like 'brother killer'?"

His tone turned mocking.

"If that's the case..."

His lips curled into a cold smile.

"...then what should we call our dead father?"

Silence!

Yu Longxuan's pupils contracted slightly.

"Brother Massacrer?" He tilted his head.

To ascend the throne, blood had always been the price.

Killing brothers?

Which Emperor in the past hadn't done that to ascend to the throne?

And it wasn't just one or two—even reaching double digits.

And their father was even more ruthless, having killed everyone—even those who didn't want to participate in the battle for the throne.

He removed everyone so that he could avoid headaches in the future.

Yu Wenzhao's gaze grew colder.

A faint sneer appeared.

"Everything is meaningless except the throne."

Yu Longxuan's expression turned ugly.

He didn't care about anything that Yu Wenzhao was saying because he also knew it was the truth.

However, the meaning was clear from what he was saying—that he wasn't going to spare him today.

"You should blame yourself."

Yu Wenzhao said as faint killing intent was unleashed.

"For losing so miserably at the Xue Clan."

Otherwise, why would he come here?

It was precisely because of this that he wanted to take the opportunity to eliminate a competitor.

But he was also well aware that it wasn't without risk—not to mention the trump card that Yu Longxuan might be hiding. Who knew whether the First Prince or Fourth Princess would make a move?

He needed to remain vigilant to ensure that he didn't do all the work only for the benefits to fall into someone else's hands.

"Haven't you lost enough? Just surrender and save your dignity!"

Yu Longxuan's killing intent also surged.

"You—!"

But before he could finish, Yu Wenzhao raised his hand slightly.

And instantly, the experts behind him stepped forward.

BOOM!

The pressure in the room exploded.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders reacted immediately.

Their auras surged to meet the incoming force.

The two sides clashed—not physically, but through sheer presence.

The air distorted.

The ground trembled.

"Argh!"

But what could those Crimson Thunder Palace elders do?

Their opponents were in the Immortal Realm, and they were easily overwhelmed by their pressure.

"Take the prince and escape!"

One of the elders gritted his teeth and suggested.

Once the prince was killed, they could say goodbye to all their plans.

But if the Seventh Prince could escape, then Yu Wenzhao's attempt could be considered a failure.

The others' expressions all turned solemn, but they nodded in agreement as they saw no other choice.

"Heh, what are you whispering about? Don't tell me you still think you can escape?"

Yu Wenzhao asked, amused.

He could easily tell what they were planning just by looking at them.

But was escaping that easy when he had Immortal Realm cultivators on his side?

It was almost impossible—especially if they also had to carry Prince Yu Longxuan.

Yu Longxuan's eyes turned bloodshot.

Disaster... upon disaster.

First the humiliation at the Xue Clan.

And now, an ambush in his own residence.

His fists trembled slightly.

(Am I going to die here...?)

The thought surfaced unwillingly.

He hadn't even revealed all his cards yet.

And yet he was already being pushed to the edge.

He was unwilling—very unwilling.

"Move!"

One of the Crimson Thunder Palace elders roared.

BOOM!

At that instant, an Immortal Realm expert behind Yu Wenzhao stepped forward.

A palm descended.

It carried an overwhelming force that crushed everything in its path.

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders reacted instantly.

"Block it!"

Their auras erupted.

Qi surged violently as multiple defenses rose at once.

BANG!!!

The collision shook the entire residence.

Although the elders from the Crimson Thunder Palace tried to block the attack from the Immortal Realm expert, the difference was too great.

Immortal Realm!

A completely different level.

Even though the Crimson Thunder Palace had the advantage in numbers, there were three Immortal Realm experts on the other side.

Even if there had been a single Immortal Realm elder, they would have struggled—not to mention three.

There was truly no chance.

In less than a minute—the result was clear.

"Ugh—!"

One elder from the Crimson Thunder Palace coughed up blood as he was blasted backward.

Another was forced to his knees.

The rest staggered, their formations shattered.

Their defenses were broken.

Their resistance was nothing more than a joke to the Immortal Realm experts.

Yu Longxuan's heart sank.

Hopelessness!

For the first time, he felt true hopelessness.

No matter what he could think of, he couldn't find a way to escape this disaster.

Yu Wenzhao watched him coldly.

Even if Yu Longxuan was his blood brother, he felt no pity nor any sympathy.

Being born in the Imperial Family, this was something he had always known would happen.

If not Yu Longxuan, then it could have been him.

"This is the end, little brother."

He said lightly.

The Immortal Realm expert raised his hand again.

Ready to strike.

And this time, there would be no one left to block it.

Yu Longxuan's breath slowed.

His vision sharpened.

(So this is how it ends...?)

Just as the attack was about to descend—

"Hahaha—!"

A loud laugh suddenly echoed across the sky.

It rolled like thunder.

Shaking the very air.

The next instant, several figures descended from the sky.

Their auras were vast and overwhelming.

"Since when..."

A cold voice followed the laughter.

"...did the Grand Elders of the Heaven Suppression Pavilion stoop so low? Sending Grand Elders to deal with the younger generation?"

BOOM!

Their presence crashed down onto the scene.

Forcing even the Heaven Suppression Pavilion experts to stiffen slightly.

"When did your dignity fall so low? Or do you think we, the Crimson Thunder Palace, are so easy to bully?"

The figures landed.

Revealing themselves.

Crimson Thunder Palace's Grand Elders!

Yu Longxuan's pupils shrank.

Then—

Relief surged through him.

"You are here...!"

Not just one.

Not just two.

Their number matched that of the Heaven Suppression Pavilion.

It seemed like they had already foreseen this situation.

"Prince, sorry for being late!"

They cupped their hands and bowed.

"No, no, it isn't your fault at all. I just didn't expect Yu Wenzhao to be so black-hearted and try to kill me in my own residence."

Yu Longxuan's eyes, full of killing intent, glared at Yu Wenzhao.

"But with you here, let's see whether he still dares to dream such a thing!"

Yu Longxuan's confidence returned.

With three Immortal Realm cultivators on Yu Longxuan's side, the oppressive advantage that Yu Wenzhao held just moments ago vanished.

Yu Wenzhao's expression finally changed.

His smile faded slightly, and his eyes narrowed.

"So..."

He muttered softly.

"You came out after all."

His gaze swept across the newly arrived figures.

He still tried to maintain his nonchalant and confident expression, but anyone could tell that his arrogance had been toned down quite a bit.

Previously, it would have taken only a few minutes to kill Yu Longxuan.

But now, with Immortal Realm cultivators on Yu Longxuan's side, it was no longer possible.

Not to mention—even his own life was no longer guaranteed.

Now, his plan had failed.

No matter whether he could kill Yu Longxuan or not, he knew that continuing would implicate him.

After all, he wanted to end this quickly and return before others came to take advantage of the situation.

If he took too long, other princes and princesses would take advantage of his absence.

Now, with Immortal Realm elders present, it would take far too long to deal with this situation.

By then, even if he dealt with Yu Longxuan, he himself might be targeted immediately afterward.

He saw no path to victory, now only retreat remained.

"Grand Elders, let's leave!"

Yu Wenzhao didn't want to waste time or resources and give others an advantage.

Yu Wenzhao turned to leave.

"Stop!"

Yu Longxuan's voice was no longer shaken.

It was cold—filled with unrestrained killing intent.

"You think you can just walk away?"

Yu Wenzhao paused mid-step.

Slowly, he turned back.

Their gazes met.

Then Yu Wenzhao sighed faintly.

"Little brother..."

His tone lost its earlier mockery and turned slightly serious.

"You should know when to stop."

A pause.

"We've both revealed too much today. If we continue, it will only benefit others."

The warning was real.

"I will retreat," Yu Wenzhao continued calmly, "and we both preserve our strength. This is also for your own good."

What Yu Wenzhao said made sense.

But Yu Longxuan's eyes were bloodshot.

His expression twisted.

"Good...?"

He let out a low laugh.

"Hahaha... You barged into my residence... killed my guards... almost killed me—and now you're telling me to stand down?"

The words came out like a roar.

At this moment, there was no calculation in his eyes.

Only one thing remained.

Revenge!

"Grand Elders!"

Yu Longxuan suddenly shouted.

His voice carried absolute command.

"Kill them!"

The order fell heavily.

"They've already exhausted themselves from breaking through my defenses."

His eyes gleamed with vicious light.

"They're not at their best! If we strike now—we can kill them here!"

The Crimson Thunder Palace Grand Elders' eyes flickered.

Indeed!

The Heaven Suppression Pavilion had exposed their Immortal Realm experts.

Had forced their way in.

Had already consumed strength.

This was an opportunity.

And considering the temperament of the Crimson Thunder Palace...

How could they let their enemies leave so easily?

Impossible!

"Hmph!"

One of the Grand Elders stepped forward.

A thunderous aura erupted.

"You dare invade our prince's residence and think you can walk away?"

Another followed.

Lightning crackled faintly around him.

"Since you've come, then leave your lives behind!"

Their killing intent surged unrestrained.

Yu Wenzhao's expression darkened.

"Bunch of idiots..."

He muttered under his breath.

The Heaven Suppression Pavilion experts behind him also frowned.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 582 Can the Weak Stand Together?[1,585 words]

"Mmm... Looks like they are really going at it."

Bai Zihan muttered with interest as he read the report from Kong Zhanhong.

Assassinations of princes and princesses had already begun from the very first day after the Emperor's funeral.

They didn't wait to exert pressure across various clans and sects in order to gather forces for the battle for the throne.

The most prominent information was about the direct clash between Yu Longxuan and Yu Wenzhao.

It contained all the details leading up to their confrontation.

Yu Wenzhao had attempted a surprise attack to kill the Seventh Prince, but the Crimson Thunder Palace had been prepared.

In the end, both sides—each with three Immortal Realm cultivators—clashed.

Initially, their strength was evenly matched, but because the Third Prince's Immortal Realm cultivators had already participated in a previous battle, they were at a slight disadvantage.

After an hour-long fight, the Third Prince and the Heaven Suppression Pavilion managed to retreat, though one of their Immortal Realm cultivators was heavily injured.

It seemed that not only had the Third Prince failed, but he had also suffered a significant loss. If those injuries weren't healed quickly, his faction would struggle to compete with the others.

Still, the news that interested Bai Zihan the most was about Nie Fengzhuo.

It seemed that he was forming some kind of alliance to resist the chaos of the battle for the throne.

After all, for smaller clans, it was extremely difficult to refuse when princes and princesses demanded their allegiance.

Unlike the Bai Clan, which no one dared to offend.

Thus, forming an alliance was indeed a good idea—though Bai Zihan doubted whether it could truly deter the imperial contenders.

After all, even if ants gathered together, they were still ants. Unless several First-Rate Clans joined, the effect of such an alliance would be minimal.

At best, it would be an annoyance for the Princes and Princess but not something they can't deal with.

At worst, it would just become a convenient target.

Just then—

A servant stepped in and bowed respectfully.

"Clan Leader, someone has come requesting an audience."

Bai Zihan's eyes flickered slightly.

If it were insignificant, it wouldn't have been reported.

That meant the visitor either had status... or purpose.

"Let them in."

"Understood!"

Moments later, Bai Zihan stepped into the reception hall.

And there, a middle-aged man stood waiting.

Patriarch Xue!

The moment he saw Bai Zihan, his eyes lit up.

He immediately stepped forward and cupped his fists.

"Clan Leader Bai!"

His tone was respectful and polite, with even a hint of subservience.

But there was also excitement.

After all, he had come prepared to be rejected.

He had thought he might not even get to see Bai Zihan before being turned away.

The Bai Clan's prestige was simply too high.

Even top clans with Immortal Realm experts couldn't always secure an audience with Bai Zihan.

And yet, here he was. That alone meant half his objective was already accomplished.

The rest would depend on his words.

Bai Zihan returned the greeting with a slight nod.

"Patriarch Xue."

Calm and polite, without arrogance.

That alone caused a ripple in Patriarch Xue's heart.

This was completely different from what he expected.

He had expected indifference... or even disdain.

For a brief moment, his confidence rose.

Bai Zihan gestured lightly.

"Please, sit."

"Thank you!"

As for why he was here, it was simple.

To invite the Bai Clan into the alliance.

A fragile gathering of clans who wished to avoid being dragged into the brutal struggle for the throne.

But Patriarch Xue was not naive.

He knew very well that such an alliance, in its current form, was nothing more than a loose collection of fearful forces.

If the princes and princesses truly decided to act, they could crush them without much effort.

That had already been demonstrated by the Seventh Prince. Fortunately, due to Nie Fengzhuo, the Xue Clan had avoided being dragged in.

He was also aware that, after clashing with the Third Prince, the Seventh Prince would not target the Xue Clan for a short period of time.

But after that... who knew?

That was why they needed a pillar.

A true powerhouse!

Someone whose mere presence could make even the imperial contenders hesitate.

And in the entire empire, there were only a few who fit that role.

The Bai Clan was one of them.

No—

Not just one of them.

The best choice!

Not only because of their overwhelming strength and prestige, but also because of their stance.

They had shown no intention of participating in the battle for the throne.

Although the Li Clan and Zhao Clan appeared neutral as well, from what he knew, there was a high chance they were secretly supporting someone.

But the Bai Clan was different.

They truly supported no one.

Otherwise, the princes and princesses would have already announced it.

After all, with the Bai Clan backing them, no one could stand in their way.

And no clan or sect would dare oppose them.

Moreover, the Bai Clan had nothing to gain from supporting anyone. They were already at the peak of the empire.

If the Bai Clan stood at the center of the alliance, then this fragile structure would instantly transform—

From scattered sand...

Into something unmovable.

That was his goal.

That was the reason he had come here.

"Clan Leader Bai... I won't go around in circles."

His tone was steady, respectful, yet firm.

"I came here to request the Bai Clan's support. I hope that you can join the Neutral Alliance that was established not long ago."

Bai Zihan listened without much change in his expression.

He had already anticipated something like this.

"It is an alliance formed by clans who wish to remain uninvolved in the battle for the throne."

Patriarch Xue's voice grew slightly heavier.

"You already know the situation. Refusal is no longer an option for most of us. If we don't choose... we will be forced to choose."

He lifted his head slightly.

"But most of us do not wish to walk down this path of destruction. So we formed an alliance in hopes of avoiding this conflict."

He paused, then continued more directly.

"But I will not hide it."

His eyes met Bai Zihan's.

"This alliance, as it stands, is weak. It cannot deter the princes, nor can it resist them."

A bitter truth.

"That is why... I ask Clan Leader Bai to join us. Your name alone would act as a deterrent."

Silence lingered.

Then Patriarch Xue continued more candidly.

"To be frank—this will not benefit the Bai Clan much. No matter how we phrase it, the Bai Clan will gain very little."

He did not embellish it nor did he attempt to disguise it.

The truth was simple—

The Bai Clan would be perfectly fine without them.

And there was nothing they possessed that could truly interest the Bai Clan.

Still, he chose honesty over making some lies.

"I know this request is presumptuous."

A faint, self-aware smile appeared.

"And I know what we are asking for is essentially your protection... without offering equal return."

"But still, I came. For the sake of those clans who do not wish to be crushed in this chaos."

The hall fell silent again.

Bai Zihan had not moved the entire time.

His gaze lingered on Patriarch Xue.

There was no flattery.

No false promises.

Only honesty.

(He knows his place...)

Bai Zihan thought.

If Patriarch Xue had tried to exaggerate benefits or pretend this was advantageous to the Bai Clan, he would have already lost interest.

After all, there was nothing this alliance could truly offer the Bai Clan.

"Clan Leader Bai, what are your thoughts?"

Patriarch Xue asked, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Bai Zihan remained silent for a moment.

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"Patriarch Xue... is this your personal decision, or the alliance's decision?"

Patriarch Xue immediately responded.

"Although I have not discussed this with the others, if it is the Bai Clan, no one would reject it!"

After all, who would dare refuse if the Bai Clan joined?

...though—

A certain figure did appear in his mind.

Nie Fengzhuo.

There was a chance he might object.

But for the greater good, Patriarch Xue could only hope he would set aside personal grievances and cooperate.

After all, for their alliance to work, the Bai Clan help was indispensable."

So, even if the Nie Clan has a bad relationship with the Bai Clan, he hopes that they don't object.

Bai Zihan's gaze lowered slightly, his fingers tapping lightly against the armrest.

(Nie Fengzhuo!)

A faint, almost imperceptible smile appeared at the corner of his lips.

(Forget the grudge?)

Impossible!

In his eyes, someone like Nie Fengzhuo was not the type to simply let things go.

Heaven Chosen were, by nature, proud and unyielding.

Once they set their sights on something—whether it be power, status... or a person—they would not easily give up.

On the contrary, failure would only deepen that obsession.

After all, how could a Heaven Chosen accept defeat so easily?

Letting go?

That was something ordinary people did, not them.

Since he had failed once, it was far more likely that Nie Fengzhuo was already thinking of ways to overturn that loss.

Ways to stand above Bai Xueqing.

Ways to reclaim what he believed should have been his.

And now, forming an alliance with the same clan that humiliated him?

Nie Fengzhuo would be the first one to reject it.

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Ways to reclaim what he believed should have been his.

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 583 Patriarch Xue's Gamble[1,302 words]

Patriarch Xue saw Bai Zihan fall silent.

His heart immediately tightened, thinking that he was going to refuse.

The Bai Clan's decision would determine whether the Neutral Alliance could truly survive the coming storm.

Patriarch Xue quickly spoke again.

"Clan Leader Bai..."

His tone became even more cautious.

"I know what you are worried about."

Patriarch Xue forced out a faint smile.

"The Nie Clan!"

Patriarch Xue continued cautiously.

"I know about the entanglement between the two clans."

His voice slowed slightly.

"But those things are all in the past and that if the Bai Clan doesn't mind it, then the Nie Clan shouldn't either..."

Toward the end, his confidence weakened slightly.

He wasn't fully certain what the Nie Clan's stance on this might be.

And thinking about the proud Nie Fengzhuo, he felt that it wouldn't be easy for him to seek help from someone who had once humiliated him.

But in Patriarch Xue's mind, if the Nie Clan truly understood the situation, then they should agree.

This wasn't merely about personal grievances anymore.

This concerned their survival. More importantly, the overall survival of the alliance.

If the Nie Clan rejected this simply because of past conflicts, then perhaps they had never truly cared about the alliance to begin with.

After all, concessions were normal, especially during chaotic times like this.

If one could avoid such trouble simply by letting go of a grudge, then that was naturally for the best.

Looking at Bai Zihan, Patriarch Xue felt that there was no real hatred or hostility from the Bai Clan's side.

Otherwise, Bai Zihan wouldn't have even listened to him and might have thrown him out the moment the alliance was mentioned.

Deep down, Patriarch Xue believed that the matter between the Bai Clan and Nie Clan had never truly reached the point of irreconcilable hatred.

At least not between the clans themselves.

After all, from his perspective, Bai Xueqing had simply chosen to break off the engagement because she did not wish to marry.

What was wrong with that?

She was a heavenly phoenix whose future path was vastly different from the previous Nie Fengzhuo.

She would almost certainly reach the Immortal Realm, while the old Nie Fengzhuo's limit had seemed to be merely Foundation Establishment.

If things had continued that way, Bai Xueqing might have become a widow within a few hundred years and spent the remaining thousands of years in loneliness.

Wasn't that cruel?

Although the engagement had been arranged by their predecessors and breaking it off had indeed been improper, Bai Xueqing had not acted without reason.

She had even prepared compensation back then.

It was the Nie Clan who refused it.

And despite everything, the Bai Clan had never suppressed the Nie Clan afterward.

Otherwise, with the Bai Clan's power, erasing a clan like the Nie Clan would have been effortless.

That alone already proved enough.

At least in Patriarch Xue's eyes, it showed that the Bai Clan did not truly regard the Nie Clan as an enemy.

The real issue was not between the clans but between the two youths themselves.

Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Xueqing.

That was all!

Seeing that Bai Zihan still remained in deep thought, Patriarch Xue assumed he was still hesitating because of the Nie Clan.

"Clan Leader Bai,"

His expression turned more resolute.

"If your concern is that others within the alliance may object,"

He took a slow breath.

"Then I will personally visit them and ask for their opinions. But I know that no one would object to such blessing."

In truth, aside from the Nie Clan, no one else would refuse the Bai Clan's participation.

So, he only intended to personally visit the Nie Clan and discuss the matter—or rather, inform them that the Bai Clan might join the Neutral Alliance.

As for the others, he would merely send letters notifying them.

And if anyone dared object, they would simply be expelled from the Alliance.

And if—

If the Nie Clan truly opposed it, Patriarch Xue's eyes hardened slightly.

Then he could only ask them to leave the Neutral Alliance as well.

Because compared to the survival of the alliance, no single clan was indispensable.

Even if he was grateful for what Nie Fengzhuo had done previously.

Reality was reality.

This alliance was not built for one person.

It was built for everyone who wishes to avoid getting dragged into the battle for the throne.

If the Nie Clan truly wished to act selfishly, then for the sake of his own clan and everyone else, he could only expel them.

Bai Zihan sat quietly in his seat, his expression unreadable.

Patriarch Xue's heart tightened slightly.

Had he said too much?

Or perhaps—

Too little?

Just as he was beginning to feel uneasy, Bai Zihan suddenly spoke.

"Patriarch Xue."

His calm voice broke the silence.

"If that is the case,"

Bai Zihan slowly stood up.

"then I shall go with you."

Patriarch Xue blinked.

For a moment, he thought he had misheard.

"Go...?"

His mind blanked briefly.

"Go where?"

The question escaped almost instinctively.

Bai Zihan looked at him calmly.

"To the Nie Clan!"

The simple words instantly froze Patriarch Xue in place.

"The Nie Clan?!"

His eyes widened in disbelief.

He had thought he misunderstood.

But clearly, he had not.

Bai Zihan wanted to personally visit the Nie Clan?

For what?

To convince the Nie Clan that the Bai Clan wished to join the alliance?

That hardly seemed believable considering the Bai Clan's status.

For a moment, Patriarch Xue became completely confused.

After all, with Bai Zihan's identity and status, personally visiting the Nie Clan was no small matter.

Not to mention, the relationship between the two sides was... complicated.

Bai Zihan's thoughts, however, were much simpler.

He simply wanted to see what the Nie Clan looked like.

Even after everything that had happened back then, Bai Zihan had never personally visited the Nie Clan.

When Bai Xueqing broke off the engagement, he had deliberately avoided going there.

At the time, he had feared accidentally becoming entangled in some Heaven Chosen-related conflict and dying because of it.

So before becoming strong enough, he had no intention of stepping into Heaven Chosen's territory.

Everything he knew about the Nie Clan came only from reports.

But now he was powerful enough. He wanted to personally check the Nie Clan.

And perhaps...

He might discover a hidden opportunity that is waiting for Nie Fengzhuo or even if that is almost impossible, he can certainly learn more about Nie Fengzhuo's weaknesses.

Although Nie Fengzhuo had not been much of a threat after his defeat to Bai Xueqing, Bai Zihan still had no intention of lowering his guard.

Knowing Nie Fengzhuo's weaknesses would simply serve as additional insurance for the future.

Bai Zihan's eyes flickered faintly.

Meanwhile, Patriarch Xue's thoughts were already in chaos.

(Clan Leader Bai is personally going...?)

His scalp tingled slightly.

This matter had suddenly escalated far beyond his expectations.

If Bai Zihan personally appeared at the Nie Clan and the Nie Clan rejected him to his face—

Wouldn't all of Patriarch Xue's efforts collapse instantly?

Patriarch Xue swallowed before carefully speaking.

"Clan Leader Bai, are you certain? I believe my presence alone should be enough. If Clan Leader Bai requires anything, this humble one will do his best to accomplish it."

Bai Zihan merely smiled faintly.

"Since we are discussing cooperation, isn't it normal to meet everyone personally?"

A slight pause followed.

"Not to mention, the Nie Clan and the Bai Clan share a rather special relationship. It wouldn't be inappropriate for me to pay them a visit together with Patriarch Xue, would it?"

His tone was casual.

"O-Of course not!"

Patriarch Xue hurriedly responded.

"If Clan Leader Bai personally visits, that would naturally be the Nie Clan's honor!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 584 Nie Qingyu

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Cloudcrane City!

The streets were bustling with people.

Merchants called out endlessly.

Cultivators moved through the city one after another.

Many of the shops have a silver crane soaring amidst storm clouds, the emblem of Nie Clan.

Ever since Nie Fengzhuo's meteoric rise, the status of the Nie Clan had soared alongside him.

Not to mention, it wasn't just Nie Fengzhuo—many members of the Nie Clan had also mysteriously become far stronger than before.

Thus, the once-declining clan had risen and taken the position of the number one force in Cloudcrane City.

No one within Cloudcrane City dared provoke them anymore.

And at this moment, a group of youths walked proudly through the central streets.

At the center of them was a young girl dressed in elegant pale-blue robes embroidered with silver patterns.

Her appearance was beautiful and lively.

Her chin was slightly raised as she walked.

Everywhere she passed, people immediately greeted her respectfully.

"Young Miss Nie!"

"Young Miss Nie has come out today?"

"Young Miss Nie looks even more beautiful today!"

Voices rang out continuously, each filled with flattery.

The girl merely nodded lightly in response, clearly already accustomed to such treatment.

She was Nie Qingyu, Nie Fengzhuo's younger sister.

And currently one of the most untouchable young figures within Cloudcrane City.

After all, who dared offend the biological sister of Nie Fengzhuo?

The current Nie Fengzhuo was no longer the useless youth from the past.

He was now the pride of the Nie Clan and the pride of Cloudcrane City.

A Heaven Chosen whose fame had spread across the empire.

Even powerful clans now treated the Nie Clan cautiously because of him.

Naturally, Nie Qingyu's status also rose alongside his.

The youths surrounding her all wore flattering smiles.

Some were descendants of local clans.

Others were talented disciples hoping to gain favor with the Nie Clan.

One young woman beside her smiled sweetly.

"Qingyu, I heard your brother recently forced back even the Seventh Prince?"

Nie Qingyu's eyes immediately brightened with pride.

"Hmph, of course!"

Her small face lifted even higher.

"My brother is a genius! Even those princes are nothing before him."

Her tone was filled with admiration and pride.

The surrounding youths quickly nodded in agreement.

"That's true!"

"Young Master Nie is unmatched among the younger generation!"

"Even those imperial princes don't dare underestimate him now!"

Hearing the praise directed toward her brother, Nie Qingyu felt even happier.

Ever since childhood, she had always believed her brother was extraordinary.

Even during the years when everyone mocked and looked down on him, she never doubted him.

And now, those same people who once sneered at the Nie Clan could only lower their heads respectfully.

Thinking of this, Nie Qingyu felt extremely satisfied.

Especially when she recalled how the Bai Clan had once humiliated her brother.

A trace of anger appeared in her eyes.

(Hmph... Bai Xueqing...)

Even now, she still deeply hates that name.

Back then, after breaking off the engagement, the Bai Clan had caused her brother to become the laughingstock of countless people.

If not for her brother's strong will, he might never have recovered.

Fortunately, her brother had risen rapidly afterward.

And now, even the Bai Clan could no longer casually look down on him like before.

Just as Nie Qingyu was thinking this—

A sudden commotion erupted near the city gates.

"Hm?"

Many people instinctively turned their heads.

A luxurious flying carriage slowly descended from the sky.

The moment people saw the insignia upon the carriage, the entire street fell silent.

Then shock exploded everywhere.

"T-That symbol..."

"The Bai Clan?!"

"What are they doing here?"

...

Cloudcrane City instantly fell into an uproar.

No one knew why the Bai Clan had suddenly arrived.

But one thing was certain—their arrival was enough to shake the entire city.

After all, this was the Bai Clan!

One of the supreme overlords of the empire.

A force standing at the very peak of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Compared to them, the current Nie Clan—even with Nie Fengzhuo's rise—still appeared insignificant.

Countless similar thoughts immediately surfaced within everyone's minds.

(They must be here for the Nie Clan!)

Those close to the Nie Clan felt their hearts tighten.

Anxiety spread rapidly across their faces.

Some people had already begun sweating nervously.

The matter between Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Xueqing was no secret.

And now, the Bai Clan had suddenly appeared in Cloudcrane City without warning.

How could they not panic?

Meanwhile, those who had once been suppressed by the Nie Clan felt the exact opposite.

Their eyes lit up with excitement.

Some even secretly revealed schadenfreude-filled smiles.

"The Nie Clan has been arrogant for too long."

"Maybe the Bai Clan has finally come to settle accounts!"

"If the Bai Clan truly suppresses them, then the Nie Clan is finished!"

Many people could barely hide the hope in their eyes.

After all, ever since the Nie Clan rose to power, countless local factions had been suppressed by them.

When one force rose, others naturally declined.

Many had lost resources and influence because of the Nie Clan.

If the Nie Clan fell, wouldn't that mean they could rise once again?

Thus, in just a few moments, the atmosphere within Cloudcrane City became extremely strange.

Some were nervous.

Some were terrified.

Others were secretly celebrating.

And among them, Nie Qingyu narrowed her eyes.

The moment she saw the Bai Clan insignia, hatred and anger immediately surfaced within her gaze.

"What do they want now?"

She muttered coldly.

Her expression darkened visibly.

The surrounding youths also became uneasy.

The Bai Clan's presence was simply too terrifying.

Several people immediately began retreating.

"Haha... Qingyu, I suddenly remembered I still have something to do..."

"Yes, yes, my father told me to return early today..."

"I should leave first..."

One after another, excuses appeared instantly.

After all, if they were seen standing too close to Nie Qingyu while the esteemed Bai Clan was offended, their own clans might become implicated.

In mere moments, more than half the group had disappeared.

Only a few remained beside Nie Qingyu.

Even then, their expressions were stiff and nervous.

"Qingyu... maybe we should return to the clan first and inform the elders?"

Another hurriedly nodded.

"Yes! We should warn them immediately!"

But Nie Qingyu showed no fear.

Instead, she lifted her chin proudly.

"Hmph!"

Her eyes remained fixed on the enormous flying carriage in the sky.

"Why should we retreat?"

Her tone carried obvious arrogance.

"This is Cloudcrane City, not the Bai Clan's territory! Why should I be afraid in my own home?"

As she spoke, confidence filled her eyes.

In her mind, Nie Fengzhuo was already invincible among the younger generation.

Her Nie Clan was also on the verge of becoming a First-Rate Clan.

There was no need to fear the Bai Clan.

"Let's go!"

Nie Qingyu suddenly declared.

"We'll go see who came!"

The few remaining youths froze.

"You want to go there?!"

Nie Qingyu snorted.

"What? Are you scared?"

Her gaze carried disdain.

Instantly, several youths straightened their backs awkwardly.

"N-No!"

"Of course not!"

Although fear remained in their hearts, none of them wanted to appear cowardly before Nie Qingyu.

Thus, they could only grit their teeth and follow her.

At the same time, many people within the city also began moving toward the gates.

Curiosity had already overwhelmed them.

After all, a visit from the Bai Clan was something Cloudcrane City might not witness even once in a hundred years.

Although Bai Xueqing had come a few years ago, she had arrived under the banner of the Heaven Sword Sect.

Today, however, it was a true Bai Clan flying carriage.

Moreover, judging from the sheer size and luxury of the carriage, everyone knew that the person inside was definitely no ordinary figure from the Bai Clan.

(Who is it?)

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

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 585 The Crimson-Eyed Young Master

Nie Qingyu's gaze remained locked onto the enormous Flying Ship.

Not just her, everyone nearby stared at it intensely.

Curiosity burned within their eyes.

After all, who exactly had arrived from the Bai Clan? Even the remaining youths beside Nie Qingyu forgot their nervousness momentarily as they focused on who the person might be.

The Flying Ship docked and after a few seconds, the door opened.

A figure slowly stepped out.

The moment he stepped out, countless breaths unconsciously paused.

A young man dressed in luxurious white robes slowly walked down.

His long black hair fluttered lightly behind him.

His features were flawless to an almost unreal degree.

Most striking of all were his crimson eyes.

Eyes that symbolized the direct bloodline of the Bai Clan.

An invisible aura surrounded him.

Noble!

Untouchable!

As though he naturally stood above everyone else in the world.

Even without releasing the slightest Qi, his mere presence alone caused the surroundings to fall silent.

Nie Qingyu's companions widened their eyes instantly.

"So handsome..."

One of her friends subconsciously muttered.

Several cultivators nearby were also stunned by Bai Zihan's appearance.

Nie Qingyu immediately scoffed after hearing their reactions.

"Hmph!"

Though even she had to admit inwardly, the man was indeed extremely good-looking.

"He is almost on par with my brother."

Her friends didn't comment on her words.

Although Nie Fengzhuo was also exceptionally handsome, the young master descending before them carried an entirely different feeling.

He was handsome, and his presence even more so than Nie Fengzhuo's.

But of course, they wouldn't say that out loud for fear of angering Nie Qingyu.

With such a striking appearance, others grew even more curious about who he was.

Nie Qingyu frowned slightly.

Just like everyone else, she could not recognize who he was.

Well, it was to be expected. Apart from Bai Xueqing, they wouldn't be able to recognize anyone else from the Bai Clan at all.

But soon, her eyes suddenly narrowed.

She noticed another familiar figure walking respectfully behind the young man.

Patriarch Xue!

Nie Qingyu instantly recognized him.

Recently, Patriarch Xue had personally visited the Nie Clan several times to discuss some important matters with her father.

Although she didn't know the specifics, she knew exactly who he was.

A Great Ascension Realm expert!

The Clan Leader of the Xue Clan, which was a First-Rate Clan!

Even the current Nie Clan had to treat him with utmost respect.

Yet now, Patriarch Xue was acting almost like a servant beside the young man.

His posture was respectful.

His attitude was cautious, as though he feared the slightest displeasure might cost him his life.

He even walked half a step behind him.

It was as though he feared overstepping his boundaries.

Seeing this scene, Nie Qingyu's heart shook slightly.

(Who is he?)

Her curiosity instantly deepened.

After all, even if the young man was from the Bai Clan, she did not believe an ordinary Bai Clan member could make a Great Ascension Realm expert behave this way.

Unless—

A shocking possibility suddenly surfaced in her mind.

Her pupils contracted slightly.

(Could he be...?)

But before she could finish the thought, the surrounding crowd had already erupted into whispers.

"Red eyes..."

"That appearance..."

"No way..."

A cultivator nearby suddenly inhaled sharply.

"Clan Leader B-Bai Zihan?!"

The moment that name was spoken, the entire area exploded into chaos.

"B-Bai Zihan?!"

"No way!"

"It's actually him?!"

Shock instantly spread throughout the crowd.

One after another, people widened their eyes in disbelief as they stared at the young man descending from the flying ship.

After all, who in the empire had not heard of Bai Zihan?

His achievements were simply too monstrous.

Too unbelievable!

From suppressing countless geniuses of the younger generation to forcing major factions to lower their heads...

From his terrifying cultivation speed to his ruthless methods...

Every one of his feats had already spread throughout the empire like legends.

Although most discussions about Bai Zihan revolved around his strength, cultivation, and accomplishments, his appearance was also often mentioned.

A peerlessly handsome face.

Cold crimson eyes.

And most importantly, that dangerous aura around him, which made others feel frightened to look at him yet unable to look away at the same time.

It was difficult to describe.

Like a deadly ancient beast hidden beneath a beautiful exterior.

Dangerous, yet strangely captivating.

Just like how people feared powerful beasts while simultaneously being drawn toward them, Bai Zihan possessed the same kind of charm.

A charm that naturally attracted attention.

Many young women nearby unconsciously lost themselves for a moment staring at him.

The entire Cloudcrane City instantly became incomparably quiet.

Some people even subconsciously lowered their heads.

Others hurriedly stepped aside.

A few weaker cultivators directly knelt without even realizing it.

Meanwhile, countless thoughts raced through everyone's minds.

(Bai Zihan personally came to Cloudcrane City?!)

(Why would someone like him appear here?)

(Is it really for the Nie Clan?)

The more they thought about it, the colder their hearts became, especially those local factions previously suppressed by the Nie Clan.

Excitement nearly overflowed from their eyes.

If Bai Zihan truly came to suppress the Nie Clan, then the Nie Clan was finished.

Even if that wasn't his main objective, they could still sow discord between the two sides.

It should be very easy considering that Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Xueqing already had deep entanglements and grievances between them.

If that played out well, then the Nie Clan could be destroyed easily.

Even the Azure Sun Holy Sect had been destroyed beneath Bai Zihan's hands.

Who was the Nie Clan compared to that?

For a moment, the entire city became extremely tense.

Everyone straightened themselves unconsciously.

No one dared act recklessly anymore.

Even breathing became more careful.

After all, if they accidentally offended this terrifying existence—

Not only would they die...

Even their clans and families might be buried alongside them.

Bai Zihan's ruthlessness was already known throughout the empire.

Mercy?

That word seemed to have little connection to him.

Nie Qingyu's companions were also feeling the same pressure.

The moment Bai Zihan's identity was revealed, their scalps tingled.

Fear surged uncontrollably within their hearts, especially after remembering all the rumors surrounding him.

Compared to such a figure, the current Nie Clan still seemed insignificant.

Several youths immediately wanted to persuade Nie Qingyu to retreat and quickly return to inform the Nie Clan elders.

"Q-Qingyu, we should go back first—"

"Yes! You need to inform your clan immediately!"

But before they could continue, they suddenly froze.

Because when they turned around, Nie Qingyu was no longer beside them.

"Huh?"

Their eyes widened.

They quickly looked ahead, and there she was, walking directly toward Bai Zihan.

"Qingyu!"

One of them called out anxiously.

But Nie Qingyu did not even turn back.

Her pale-blue robes fluttered lightly as she continued forward proudly.

Seeing this scene, countless people nearby immediately noticed as well.

Whispers instantly spread through the crowd.

"Is that Nie Qingyu?"

"She's actually approaching Bai Zihan?"

"She's crazy!"

"Doesn't she know who Bai Zihan is? If she dares offend him, she might disappear before she even realizes what happened!"

Meanwhile, those local clans previously suppressed by the Nie Clan nearly failed to suppress their excitement.

Their eyes lit up instantly.

They hadn't even needed to do anything, yet trouble had already walked straight toward Bai Zihan on its own.

A good show was about to begin!

Several people even secretly prayed inside their hearts that Nie Qingyu would anger Bai Zihan directly.

If that happened, the consequences for the Nie Clan would be unimaginable.

Under countless gazes, Nie Qingyu finally stopped before Bai Zihan.

Compared to Bai Zihan's calm and noble presence, her aura instantly appeared much weaker.

Yet despite that, she still lifted her chin arrogantly.

At this moment, Bai Zihan also noticed her.

His crimson eyes shifted slightly toward the young girl before him.

Meanwhile, Patriarch Xue nearly broke into cold sweat beside him.

(Why is she here?!)

His heart almost jumped out of his chest.

The last thing he wanted was conflict breaking out the moment they arrived, especially with Nie Qingyu's temperament.

Before anyone could react further, Nie Qingyu directly pointed at Bai Zihan arrogantly.

Her eyes carried obvious hostility and vigilance.

"What are you doing here?"

The moment those words fell, the surrounding crowd nearly stopped breathing.

Several people's faces instantly turned pale.

Even the few youths following behind Nie Qingyu felt their legs weaken.

(Over... it's over...)

They almost wanted to flee immediately.

After all, who dared point at Bai Zihan like that?

Even Patriarch Xue's expression changed drastically.

"Miss Nie!"

He hurriedly spoke.

"Lower your hand immediately!"

His tone carried rare severity.

But Nie Qingyu merely frowned.

Why was Patriarch Xue reacting so strongly?

She was the sister of Nie Fengzhuo!

Even if Bai Zihan was powerful, this was still Cloudcrane City.

Her Nie Clan's territory.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan simply looked at her quietly.

No anger.

No killing intent.

He just continued to stare at Nie Qingyu without any change in his expression.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 586 Nie Qingyu's Public Confrontation[1,642 words]

Bai Zihan looked at the young girl before him with faint amusement in his crimson eyes.

He had already guessed her identity the moment she approached.

And Patriarch Xue's words had only confirmed it further.

(She must be Nie Qingyu.)

The younger sister of Nie Fengzhuo!

With Kong Zhanhong constantly investigating matters related to Nie Fengzhuo, how could he forget to investigate someone like her?

He had already read detailed reports about her long ago.

According to the reports, she was arrogant, prideful, and quick-tempered on the surface.

But inwardly, she was actually soft-hearted and fiercely protective of those she cared about.

More importantly, she was one of the very few people who had supported Nie Fengzhuo during his darkest years.

When the entire world mocked him...

When even members of the Nie Clan looked down upon him...

Nie Qingyu had remained by his side.

The bond between the siblings was extremely deep.

And because of that, Bai Zihan had long since remembered her name.

(If Nie Fengzhuo truly rises further in the future and seeks revenge...)

Bai Zihan's lips curved slightly.

(Then I can make use of her.)

The thought passed calmly through his mind.

Nie Qingyu was clearly one of Nie Fengzhuo's biggest weaknesses.

A weakness that might prove very useful one day.

Thinking this, the smile on Bai Zihan's face deepened slightly.

However, that very smile caused countless people nearby to misunderstand instantly.

Especially those local factions previously suppressed by the Nie Clan.

Their hearts nearly burst with excitement.

(He's angry!)

(Bai Zihan is definitely angry!)

(Someone is about to suffer!)

Many people almost laughed out loud.

In their eyes, Nie Qingyu's actions were simply suicidal.

Pointing at Bai Zihan arrogantly in public?

Questioning him in such an aggressive tone?

She was practically dragging the Nie Clan toward destruction herself!

Even Patriarch Xue's face turned pale.

His heart pounded violently.

He was here with the hope that the Bai Clan and Nie Clan could put aside their previous grievances and work together for a better future.

But before that plan even began, someone was already ruining it.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu herself remained completely unaware of the atmosphere around her.

She only frowned at Bai Zihan's smile.

For some reason, that calm expression irritated her greatly.

Then Bai Zihan finally spoke.

"None of your business!"

His voice was calm, yet the arrogance within those four words was even greater than Nie Qingyu's.

Bai Zihan's crimson eyes looked directly into hers.

"Who are you to question me?"

His tone was indifferent, as though her questioning him was something utterly ridiculous.

The moment those words entered her ears, Nie Qingyu's expression froze.

Indeed, while she hated the Bai Clan, and hated Bai Zihan, who was she to question him?

Still, the moment she thought about her brother and the Bai Clan, the anger in her heart immediately surged again.

Nie Qingyu gritted her teeth tightly.

Her eyes became even sharper as she glared at Bai Zihan.

"If you came here to cause trouble for my brother..."

Her voice rose slightly.

"Then I'll make you pay for it!"

The moment those words fell, the entire surroundings became deathly silent.

Then—

Many people almost burst out laughing, especially those local clans that had long been suppressed by the Nie Clan.

Their expressions became extremely strange.

"She is threatening Bai Zihan?"

"Does she even know what she's saying?"

To them, the scene was almost absurd.

Nie Qingyu might indeed be an untouchable figure within Cloudcrane City.

But before Bai Zihan?

Her status meant absolutely nothing.

The difference between them was like the difference between a local city official and the emperor himself.

One commanded a city.

The other could decide the fate of the entire Empire with a single sentence.

Even some cultivators nearby silently lowered their heads, fearing they might accidentally laugh aloud and attract Bai Zihan's attention.

Meanwhile, Patriarch Xue nearly fainted on the spot. His scalp tingled violently.

He had already been nervous enough.

Now Nie Qingyu was directly threatening Bai Zihan in public.

If this continued, forget the alliance, the Nie Clan might truly offend Bai Zihan completely before discussions even began.

Patriarch Xue could no longer remain silent.

"Young Miss Nie!"

He hurriedly stepped forward slightly and lowered his voice.

"My little ancestor, please calm down!"

His tone carried both panic and helplessness.

"Do you even know who he is?"

He almost wanted to beg her to stop talking.

Unfortunately, Nie Qingyu only became more displeased after hearing him.

Of course she knew who Bai Zihan was.

That was precisely why she disliked him.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely watched the scene with amusement.

Then, as though suddenly curious, he glanced toward Patriarch Xue.

"Patriarch Xue."

His tone was calm.

"Who is this brazen child?"

"Brazen child?!"

Nie Qingyu was instantly angered at being called brazen.

Patriarch Xue's forehead immediately became covered in sweat.

Still, he forced out an awkward cough.

"Ahem! She is Mrs. Nie Qingyu, the daughter of the Nie Clan Leader and the younger sister of Nie Fengzhuo."

Patriarch Xue hid nothing, fearing Bai Zihan might get angry if he found out later.

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan raised his brows slightly as though finally enlightened.

"So she's from the Nie Clan."

His gaze swept casually over Nie Qingyu again.

"No wonder!"

Those simple words instantly caused Nie Qingyu's face to darken.

"What do you mean by that?!"

Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"Nothing much."

His tone remained leisurely.

"I merely found it surprising."

He paused briefly before continuing.

"A small clan from a small city has managed to produce people with such confidence."

Nie Qingyu's face instantly flushed with anger.

"You—!"

Her chest rose and fell violently.

"What right do you have to look down on the Nie Clan?!"

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

"What right?"

His crimson eyes stared calmly at her.

Then a terrifying pressure suddenly spread invisibly from his body.

Not even directed at her.

And yet the surrounding crowd instantly felt their breathing stagnate.

Several weaker cultivators nearly collapsed to the ground.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan simply looked at her indifferently.

"The fact that I am Bai Zihan!"

Silence!

Absolute silence descended across the streets.

Even Nie Qingyu froze momentarily beneath that overwhelming presence.

Nie Qingyu's body stiffened beneath the invisible pressure.

For the first time, she truly understood why the entire empire feared the man before her.

Just standing there casually, Bai Zihan already made the surroundings feel suffocating.

Still, the more pressure she felt, the more unwilling she became to lower her head, especially in front of someone from the Bai Clan.

Nie Qingyu bit her lip tightly before raising her chin once more.

"Hmph!"

Her voice was noticeably less steady than before, yet she still forced herself to speak.

"So what if you're Bai Zihan? You think just because you're from the Powerful Clan, you can look down on everyone else?"

The surrounding crowd immediately became alarmed again.

(Even now she still dares to talk?!)

Several people felt their hearts trembling.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely looked at her calmly.

There was no anger in his eyes.

No irritation.

Only faint amusement and even a bit of admiration.

By all logic, someone weak like Nie Qingyu shouldn't even be able to stand under such pressure, yet she can still talk back with such arrogance.

(Even a Heaven Chosen's sister is not ordinary.)

"You're mistaken. I'm not looking down on everyone."

His crimson eyes swept lightly across her.

"I'm only looking down on you."

Nie Qingyu's face instantly reddened with fury.

"You—!"

She pointed at Bai Zihan again.

"You Bai Clan people really are arrogant!"

Bai Zihan raised a brow slightly.

"And?"

His tone was calm.

"Should I pretend otherwise?"

Nie Qingyu froze briefly.

Bai Zihan continued leisurely.

"From the moment you approached me, you pointed your finger at me, questioned me aggressively, and even threatened me."

His tone remained calm and composed.

"Compared to Miss Nie, I've been quite humble."

Nie Qingyu was taken aback by Bai Zihan's rebuttal as she knew that he was telling the truth.

But despite that, she couldn't back down because before her was the brother of the woman who humiliated her brother.

Which only made her angrier.

Nie Qingyu clenched her fists tightly.

She continued bickering with Bai Zihan.

The more Nie Qingyu argued, the more powerless she felt.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan remained calm from beginning to end.

Not once did he lose composure.

Not once did anger appear on his face.

Compared to Nie Qingyu's emotional outbursts, his calmness only made the difference between them even clearer.

The surrounding crowd gradually became more stunned, especially Nie Qingyu's friends.

At first, they had been terrified that Bai Zihan would kill her on the spot.

After all, according to the rumors, Bai Zihan was supposed to be a ruthless person.

Someone who would not tolerate even the slightest offense.

Yet now?

Despite Nie Qingyu repeatedly challenging him...

Despite her insults and hostility...

Bai Zihan still remained completely calm and hasn't taken any action.

He was even casually replying to her as though entertaining a child throwing a tantrum.

This strange scene left many people deeply confused.

"Is this really Bai Zihan?"

"Why isn't he angry?"

"Someone else would've died ten times already..."

Even Patriarch Xue became increasingly bewildered.

The Bai Zihan before him seemed entirely different from the ruthless figure described in countless rumors.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu herself was reaching her limit.

Every sentence she threw out was calmly dismantled by Bai Zihan.

Every argument ended with her unable to reply.

Finally, she could only stand there fuming silently.

Her face flushed red with anger, yet she did not know what else to say.

Seeing her speechless expression, Bai Zihan's lips curved slightly once more.

And somehow, that faint smile irritated her more than anything else he had said.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 587 Bai Zihan Visits the Nie Clan[1,277 words]

Bai Zihan looked at the fuming Nie Qingyu for a few more moments before finally losing interest.

"We've played around long enough."

His tone was calm and casual, as though the entire exchange earlier had merely been a small pastime to him.

"Patriarch Xue, let's go!"

The moment those words fell, Patriarch Xue nearly felt tears welling up in relief.

"Yes! Yes, Clan Leader Bai!"

He hurriedly nodded.

His tense heart finally relaxed slightly.

Earlier, he had truly feared that Nie Qingyu's actions would completely offend Bai Zihan and cause him to leave immediately.

If that happened, everything would be over before it even began.

Fortunately, Bai Zihan was still willing to proceed.

At that moment, Patriarch Xue suddenly realized something.

No matter how young Bai Zihan appeared, he was still the Clan Leader of the Bai Clan.

A true overlord of the empire.

How could someone like him allow a child's angry words to affect important matters involving entire clans?

Thinking this, Patriarch Xue secretly admired him even more.

(As expected of Clan Leader Bai Zihan...)

Taking a deep breath, Patriarch Xue immediately stepped forward to lead the way.

"Clan Leader Bai, this way please."

Bai Zihan nodded lightly and began walking calmly through the streets of Cloudcrane City.

The crowd instantly parted wherever he passed.

No one dared block his path.

Many people even lowered their heads completely, not daring to look directly at him.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu stared at his back angrily.

Her chest still rose and fell with frustration.

After standing there for a few moments, she finally gritted her teeth and hurriedly followed behind them.

"Wait!"

Her voice rang out sharply.

Patriarch Xue's scalp immediately tingled again.

(This little ancestor is still following?!)

He almost wanted to cry.

Nie Qingyu quickly caught up and walked beside them with an angry expression.

"What exactly are you here for?"

Her tone remained filled with suspicion.

Clearly, she still believed Bai Zihan had come with bad intentions.

After all, why else would someone like Bai Zihan suddenly appear in Cloudcrane City?

Bai Zihan looked at her briefly.

Then the corners of his lips curved upward faintly.

"Guess?"

"You—!"

Seeing her reaction, Bai Zihan's smile deepened slightly before he calmly continued walking forward as though teasing her was rather entertaining.

Nie Qingyu still followed closely behind them.

Her brows remained tightly furrowed as she glared at Bai Zihan's back.

"If you really came here with bad intentions toward the Nie Clan, you won't get away with it easily!"

Her voice carried obvious hostility.

"Our Nie Clan isn't weak anymore! My brother won't lose to you either!"

She continued speaking one sentence after another.

At times warning him.

At times mocking him.

At times even trying to provoke him deliberately.

Yet throughout the entire journey, Bai Zihan barely responded.

Most of the time, he simply ignored her completely.

Occasionally, he would glance at her with faint amusement before continuing forward calmly.

That indifferent attitude only made Nie Qingyu even angrier.

Before long, the enormous Nie Clan Estate finally appeared before them.

Tall walls surrounded the estate.

Numerous guards stood outside vigilantly.

The atmosphere around the Nie Clan was far more imposing than ordinary clans within Cloudcrane City.

Clearly, after Nie Fengzhuo's rise, the Nie Clan had expanded greatly.

The guards immediately noticed the approaching group, but they weren't too alarmed.

After all, Nie Qingyu was walking with them.

They subconsciously assumed these were merely acquaintances of the young miss.

However, their expressions quickly changed when they recognized Patriarch Xue.

"Patriarch Xue!"

The guards hurriedly bowed respectfully.

Then their eyes instinctively shifted toward the young man beside him.

The moment they saw Bai Zihan's crimson eyes and extraordinary aura, their hearts shook slightly.

Although they did not recognize him immediately, they could already tell this young man's identity was absolutely terrifying.

Patriarch Xue stepped forward quickly.

"This is Clan Leader Bai."

The guards froze instantly.

Clan Leader Bai?!

Their minds blanked briefly.

Then their faces changed drastically.

Shock appeared in their eyes.

"We have important matters to discuss with your Clan Leader. Please inform your Clan Leader immediately!"

The guards did not dare waste even a moment.

"Yes!"

One of them instantly rushed into the estate at full speed.

The others became visibly nervous.

Although the Nie Clan had complicated feelings toward the Bai Clan because of the broken engagement, most ordinary members did not truly harbor deep hatred.

Aside from the engagement incident, the Bai Clan had never truly suppressed or targeted the Nie Clan afterward.

More than hatred, they feared them like any other major power.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu looked at the respectful guards and became even more displeased.

"Hmph!"

She crossed her arms angrily.

"Useless!"

Her voice was filled with dissatisfaction.

She felt that they should have stopped him instead of letting him enter so easily, considering their history with the Bai Clan.

Yet those guards were obediently letting Bai Zihan in with even more respect than they ever showed her.

She followed them inside but gave the guards a glare before entering.

Inside the grand reception hall of the Nie Clan Estate, the atmosphere became unusually tense.

Servants hurried about nervously.

No one dared to act carelessly after learning that Bai Zihan had personally arrived.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan sat calmly in the main guest seat.

His posture was relaxed, as if he were in his own residence.

One hand rested lightly against the armrest as his crimson eyes casually observed the surroundings.

Patriarch Xue sat beside him, though his posture was far more restrained.

As for Nie Qingyu, she remained standing nearby with her arms crossed tightly.

Her expression was still filled with dissatisfaction.

From time to time, she glared at Bai Zihan as though afraid he might suddenly do something.

Bai Zihan naturally noticed her gaze.

But he simply ignored it.

The hall remained quiet for only a short while before hurried footsteps suddenly sounded from outside.

A middle-aged man quickly entered the hall.

His aura was powerful and steady.

The pressure of a peak Void Refinement Realm cultivator faintly spread from his body.

This man was naturally the current Clan Leader of the Nie Clan, Nie Yuanfeng.

The moment he entered, his eyes immediately landed on the white-robed young man seated calmly ahead.

And instantly, his heart shook slightly.

(Bai Zihan...)

Even though he had never personally met him before, there was no need for introductions.

Those crimson eyes alone already revealed everything.

For a brief moment, Nie Yuanfeng even felt pressure far greater than when facing some older generation experts.

He quickly suppressed the shock in his heart and stepped forward respectfully.

"Young Master Bai..."

He paused briefly before correcting himself with a bitter smile.

"No, I should say Clan Leader Bai now."

After all, Bai Zihan was no longer merely a junior of the Bai Clan.

He was now the true ruler of the entire Bai Clan.

A figure whose status stood at the absolute peak of the empire.

Nie Yuanfeng clasped his fists politely.

"This Nie Yuanfeng greets Clan Leader Bai."

His attitude was extremely courteous.

There was not the slightest hint of arrogance.

Because he understood very clearly just how terrifying the person before him was.

The current Nie Clan might have risen greatly because of Nie Fengzhuo.

But compared to the Bai Clan, they were still far too weak.

Not to mention the Bai Clan itself.

Even Bai Zihan alone was already an existence the current Nie Clan could hardly afford to offend.

Thus, despite the complicated history between the Bai Clan and the Nie Clan, Nie Yuanfeng had absolutely no intention of offending Bai Zihan.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 588 Bai Zihan's Purpose in Joining the Neutral Alliance[1,255 words]

Bai Zihan looked at Nie Yuanfeng's respectful greeting and gave a slight nod in return.

"Clan Leader Nie!"

His tone was calm, neither arrogant nor overly polite.

Nie Yuanfeng quickly straightened slightly, though his expression remained cautious.

After all, someone of Bai Zihan's level appearing personally in Cloudcrane City was already an enormous matter.

He did not believe for a second that this was a casual visit.

"May I ask... Clan Leader Bai's purpose in coming to my Nie Clan today?"

He asked carefully.

Patriarch Xue immediately stepped forward to answer Nie Yuanfeng's question.

"This matter concerns the Neutral Alliance."

Patriarch Xue continued quickly.

"We are here to hear the Nie Clan's opinion regarding the Bai Clan joining the Neutral Alliance."

Nie Yuanfeng's eyes widened slightly in shock.

"...What?"

For a second, he almost doubted his own hearing.

The Bai Clan?

Joining the Neutral Alliance?

That Bai Clan?

His gaze subconsciously shifted toward Bai Zihan, as if trying to confirm whether this was some kind of misunderstanding.

Seeing that Bai Zihan wasn't denying it, he finally accepted that what Patriarch Xue was saying was true.

Nie Yuanfeng's heart trembled slightly.

(This doesn't seem to be a joke.)

Only then did the weight of the statement fully sink in.

The Bai Clan, one of the absolute overlords of the empire, was actually considering joining a Neutral Alliance?

The Neutral Alliance was made up of only a few second-rated clans and weaker factions. The strongest among them was the Xue Clan.

Under normal circumstances, the Bai Clan would not even spare such an alliance a second glance.

Yet now, they actually wanted to join.

Nie Yuanfeng quickly suppressed his shock, but his voice still carried disbelief.

"Clan Leader Bai, this is truly unexpected."

He paused briefly, carefully choosing his words.

"I never imagined the Bai Clan would be interested in our alliance."

After saying that, Nie Yuanfeng fell silent for a moment before speaking again.

"To be honest..."

His expression became more serious.

"If the Bai Clan truly wishes to join the Neutral Alliance, then naturally, this Nie Yuanfeng would gladly support it."

Those words were not false politeness.

If the Bai Clan joined them, the entire Neutral Alliance's status would rise instantly.

No force within the empire would dare underestimate them anymore.

Only then would they truly be able to remain uninvolved in the battle for the throne.

"But..."

Nie Yuanfeng hesitated slightly.

"I would still like to know the reason."

His gaze landed directly on Bai Zihan.

"After all, there seems to be no need for the Bai Clan to join us."

His tone remained respectful, but the confusion within it was obvious.

It was already unbelievable that the Bai Zihan wanted to join such a weak alliance.

Not to mention, Bai Zihan personally came all the way to Cloudrane City to ask for his opinion.

Furthermore, if the Bai Clan truly wished to join, then with the Bai Clan's status, a single sentence would already be enough.

There was no need for Clan Leader Bai to personally come here and ask for his opinion.

His eyes remained fixed on Bai Zihan.

So Nie Yuanfeng truly wishes to understand why Bai Zihan was going through so much trouble?

He did not believe Bai Zihan had come for revenge, nor did he think the Bai Clan was targeting the Nie Clan.

Because if the Bai Clan truly wished to destroy them, they could do so without much effort.

Why waste time scheming against a clan as small as theirs?

At the side, Patriarch Xue also perked his ears.

Truthfully, he had also been curious as well.

Although he was grateful beyond words that Bai Zihan was willing to join the Neutral Alliance, he also could not understand the reason.

What benefit could such a weak alliance possibly bring to the Bai Clan?

Bai Zihan remained silent briefly before finally speaking.

"There is indeed not much benefit for the Bai Clan."

His answer was direct and honest.

"I'm merely doing this to protect those clans that do not wish to be dragged into the battle for the throne."

His tone was indifferent, as though he were simply stating a fact.

"The struggle for succession will only become more chaotic from now on."

"If too many factions become involved, then countless clans and cultivators will fall alongside them."

Bai Zihan paused briefly before continuing.

"I would rather avoid unnecessary losses especially for those who don't wish to participate in such a bloody battle."

That was indeed the truth.

Bai Zihan genuinely wished to keep the scale of the conflict as controlled as possible.

Because he knew very clearly that his enemies were not only within the empire.

There were also foreign powers beyond the empire secretly eyeing them.

Once the empire weakened too much through internal conflict, those outsiders would definitely make their move.

If too many powerhouses fall now...

If too many clans collapsed during the succession struggle...

Then when foreign enemies truly invaded in the future, the empire would become far more vulnerable.

Thus, Bai Zihan hoped to preserve as much strength as possible.

At the very least, the Neutral Alliance could become a shelter for those clans unwilling to participate in the imperial struggle.

And perhaps they might prove useful when dealing with those outsiders in the future.

At the very least, the Nie Clan still had Nie Fengzhuo, who would likely become very useful later on.

If the Desolate Heaven Empire is invaded by outsiders, he didn't think that Nie Fengzhuo would sit still, considering his clan is still here.

Nie Yuanfeng's eyes shook slightly as he heard Bai Zihan's answer.

Even Patriarch Xue became stunned.

Neither of them had expected such a noble reason.

In their minds, Bai Zihan's actions now seemed almost benevolent.

A man standing at the peak of the empire was actually considering the survival of weaker clans?

For a moment, both men unconsciously felt admiration rise within their hearts.

However—

"Hmph!"

A scoff suddenly rang out.

Nie Qingyu crossed her arms and looked at Bai Zihan with obvious disbelief.

"Stop lying with such a straight face."

Her tone was full of ridicule.

"Acting righteous without meaning it. How shameless!"

Nie Yuanfeng's expression changed drastically.

"Qingyu!"

His voice became stern immediately.

"You've gone too far!"

Nie Qingyu froze slightly.

Clearly, she had not expected her father to react so harshly.

But Nie Yuanfeng no longer cared.

He quickly turned toward Bai Zihan with a troubled expression.

"Clan Leader Bai, please forgive her."

His tone carried helplessness.

"It is this Nie Yuanfeng's fault for spoiling her too much and failing to teach her properly."

At that moment, he truly feared Bai Zihan might finally become angered.

After all, Nie Qingyu had repeatedly challenged and mocked him since the moment he arrived.

Yet Bai Zihan merely smiled faintly.

"I don't mind."

His calm answer instantly stunned Nie Yuanfeng.

Bai Zihan glanced toward the furious Nie Qingyu nearby.

"She is rather interesting."

The moment those words fell, Nie Yuanfeng secretly sighed in relief.

Fortunately, Bai Zihan truly did not seem angered.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu herself nearly exploded from rage.

Interesting?!

To her ears, Bai Zihan's words sounded less like praise and more like he was treating her as some amusing child.

Her face flushed red instantly.

"You—!"

She wanted to argue again but seeing her father's stern face, she held herself back.

'Hmph! One day, I will definitely tear apart that calm expression of yours and see what pathetic face you're hiding underneath!'

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 589 We Meet Again! [1,363 words]

With Nie Yuanfeng's approval and Bai Zihan himself showing no objections, the matter was settled smoothly.

The Bai Clan officially joined the Neutral Alliance.

The moment the agreement was finalized, Patriarch Xue nearly lost control of his expression.

The old man's face was filled with unconcealable excitement.

After all, when he first approached the Bai Clan, he had merely intended to try his luck.

At most, he thought the Bai Clan might offer a few words of support or perhaps remain neutral toward them.

Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that Bai Zihan would actually join the alliance.

From this moment onward, which prince or princess would still dare force the Neutral Alliance to choose sides easily?

If they attempted to force them now, it would be no different from openly provoking the Bai Clan.

The gains would be insignificant compared to the potential consequences.

Patriarch Xue felt as though a massive tree had suddenly grown above their heads.

Before, the Neutral Alliance had been like a small boat drifting helplessly amidst a violent storm.

But now?

With the Bai Clan standing behind them, even the fiercest winds would no longer be enough to overturn them so easily.

The more Patriarch Xue thought about it, the happier he became.

At the same time, he inwardly laughed at himself for previously overthinking matters between the Bai Clan and the Nie Clan.

Originally, he had feared lingering resentment between the two sides because of the broken engagement and everything involving Nie Fengzhuo.

Yet now, looking at Bai Zihan and Nie Yuanfeng conversing calmly before him, one might even mistake them for old acquaintances rather than clans with recent grievances.

Patriarch Xue immediately made a mental note.

From now onward, the Xue Clan must treat the Nie Clan with even greater respect.

Not only because their relationship with the Bai Clan now seemed to be moving in a positive direction—

But also because of Nie Fengzhuo himself.

Patriarch Xue's expression unconsciously became solemn when thinking of that young man.

Nie Fengzhuo was already stronger than him despite being from the younger generation.

And his growth speed was simply terrifying.

Patriarch Xue could not even imagine what heights Nie Fengzhuo might reach in the future.

(Immortal Realm, at the very least.)

The thought suddenly appeared within his mind.

And the more he thought about it, the more possible it seemed.

If Nie Fengzhuo truly became an Immortal expert one day, then the Nie Clan's status would rise far beyond what the Xue Clan could compare to.

By then, even the entire empire would likely have to reevaluate the Nie Clan completely.

Just as Bai Zihan and Patriarch Xue were preparing to leave—

A hurried aura suddenly approached from outside the reception hall.

Moments later, a young man stepped inside quickly.

His breathing was slightly uneven, as though he had rushed over immediately after receiving the news.

The moment he entered, his sharp eyes instantly locked onto Bai Zihan.

Nie Fengzhuo!

The atmosphere within the hall subtly changed.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu's eyes brightened immediately.

"Brother!"

Clearly, Nie Fengzhuo had already been informed that Bai Zihan had personally arrived at the Nie Clan Estate.

And upon hearing such news, he stopped cultivating and rushed back without hesitation.

After all, no matter what Bai Zihan's intentions appeared to be, Nie Fengzhuo could not remain at ease knowing someone like him was near his family.

However, after arriving and seeing the intact hall, the calm atmosphere, and his father and sister unharmed—

He quietly let out a breath of relief internally.

Fortunately, nothing had happened.

At the same time, Bai Zihan's crimson eyes also landed upon Nie Fengzhuo.

For a brief moment, the two simply looked at one another.

Then Bai Zihan smiled faintly.

"We meet again."

His calm gaze swept across Nie Fengzhuo carefully.

"You've grown stronger."

His tone carried a trace of genuine acknowledgment.

And indeed, Nie Fengzhuo's current cultivation was far higher than before.

Clearly, even after suffering defeat against Bai Xueqing, he had not stopped improving.

Still, Bai Zihan could also tell that something about Nie Fengzhuo felt slightly different now.

His growth had slowed somewhat compared to before.

(As expected...)

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed faintly.

Losing to Bai Xueqing had clearly affected him deeply.

After all, that battle had not merely been a simple defeat.

For Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Xueqing had represented a goal and mission.

Someone whom he desperately wished to defeat.

He got the opportunity to do so but ultimately lost.

That kind of frustration naturally left behind a knot within one's heart.

More importantly, Nie Fengzhuo had even relied on external assistance during that battle.

That alone was extremely unusual.

At least, compared to the so-called Heaven Chosen and protagonists Bai Zihan had read about.

Normally, those favored by destiny possessed absurd pride.

Unless their lives were truly endangered, they rarely accepted outside help in competitions against peers.

They always insisted on relying on themselves.

But Nie Fengzhuo had broken that pattern.

Which only proved one thing—

Bai Xueqing's pressure on him had been enormous.

So enormous that even someone like Nie Fengzhuo had subconsciously abandoned part of his pride just to compete.

Of course, Bai Zihan knew that it was all because those Heaven Chosen would ultimately win.

But if they were about to lose and possessed some kind of cheat or external advantage, they would still rely on it while giving various excuses to justify themselves.

They might speak proudly about fairness when it suited them, yet completely turn around once they themselves were cornered.

If those same people truly encountered someone overwhelmingly superior within the same generation, many of them would likely do exactly what Nie Fengzhuo did.

After all, once they realized they could not win through their own abilities alone, they would eventually return to relying on others.

Those protagonists were truly shameless.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo remained completely focused on Bai Zihan.

His expression was calm, but inwardly, he was already filled with vigilance.

No matter how calm Bai Zihan appeared on the surface—

No matter how polite the atmosphere currently seemed—

Nie Fengzhuo never dared let down his guard around him.

He knew very clearly how terrifying this man truly was.

Even his master had repeatedly warned him before.

Bai Zihan was dangerous, extremely dangerous.

Even someone as experienced as his master could not fully discern him now.

That uncertainty alone was enough to make Nie Fengzhuo wary.

Thus, despite Bai Zihan's seemingly casual greeting, Nie Fengzhuo remained entirely on guard.

Nie Fengzhuo's gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan for several moments before he finally spoke.

"What were you discussing?"

His voice was calm, though the vigilance within it remained obvious.

Nie Yuanfeng quickly stepped forward and briefly explained the situation regarding the Neutral Alliance and the Bai Clan's decision to join it.

The moment he heard it, the tension within his heart loosened noticeably.

So Bai Zihan had not come to target the Nie Clan.

Instead, he had come for the Neutral Alliance.

That was undoubtedly good news.

At the very least, it meant the current Bai Clan had no intention of making things difficult for his family.

Nie Fengzhuo quietly exhaled inwardly.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan slowly stood from his seat.

Since the matter had already been settled, there was naturally no need for him to remain here longer.

"Since everything has been discussed, I'll take my leave."

His tone remained calm and unhurried.

However, just as Bai Zihan turned around—

"Wait!"

Nie Fengzhuo suddenly spoke.

Bai Zihan paused mid-step before slowly glancing back.

His crimson eyes landed upon Nie Fengzhuo once more.

Nie Fengzhuo clenched his fists slightly.

Truthfully, even he knew what he was about to do was irrational.

But despite understanding that, he still could not stop himself.

Ever since losing to Bai Xueqing...

Ever since that crushing defeat...

A knot had remained within his heart.

And standing before Bai Zihan now—the brother of the person who defeated him—

That unwillingness inside him surged uncontrollably once again.

He wanted to know.

"Clan Leader Bai Zihan,"

His voice echoed clearly throughout the hall.

"I want to challenge you to a fight!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 590 Nie Fengzhuo challenges Bai Zihan[1,228 words]

Inside Nie Fengzhuo's mind, an angry roar instantly erupted.

"What are you doing?!"

Du Changsheng's voice was filled with alarm and frustration.

"Didn't I already tell you that Bai Zihan is dangerous?!"

He truly could not understand what his disciple was thinking.

Unlike everyone else, Du Changsheng had long since sensed that something about Bai Zihan was deeply abnormal.

Whether it was his intention...

Or his cultivation...

He simply could not see through him at all.

Either Bai Zihan's control over himself had already reached an absurd level, or his realm had become so high that even Du Changsheng could no longer discern it properly.

No matter which possibility it was, neither was good.

Even more terrifying was the strange feeling Bai Zihan occasionally gave him.

Sometimes, when Bai Zihan's crimson eyes swept across Nie Fengzhuo, Du Changsheng would instinctively feel as though the young man could somehow perceive his existence.

Every single time that thought appeared, his heart would involuntarily tense.

Although rationally, he knew such a thing should be impossible.

After all, his soul was hidden within the ancient ring.

Not to mention Bai Zihan, even many Immortal experts should not be able to discover him easily.

And yet, that strange unease still lingered.

Because of that, Du Changsheng had hoped Nie Fengzhuo would avoid becoming too entangled with Bai Zihan whenever possible.

But now?

This foolish disciple of his had directly challenged Bai Zihan to a fight!

Du Changsheng nearly wanted to curse aloud.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo quietly responded within his mind.

"Master, don't worry."

His gaze remained fixed on Bai Zihan ahead.

"At the very least, Bai Zihan does not seem to hold bad intentions toward me or the Nie Clan right now."

Du Changsheng frowned heavily.

Even if that was true, it still did not change how dangerous Bai Zihan was.

However, before he could continue scolding him, Nie Fengzhuo spoke again.

"Master..."

His voice became quieter.

"My cultivation progress has slowed drastically ever since I lost to Bai Xueqing."

Du Changsheng fell silent immediately.

Of course he had noticed.

How could he not?

Before that defeat, Nie Fengzhuo's cultivation had advanced almost explosively.

His momentum had been unstoppable.

But after losing to Bai Xueqing, that sharp momentum had clearly weakened.

Although his cultivation speed was still astonishing compared to ordinary geniuses, compared to his previous self, the difference was obvious.

Du Changsheng simply never brought it up because he did not wish to discourage him further.

Not to mention, even slowed down, Nie Fengzhuo's cultivation speed was still enough to leave countless geniuses despairing.

So there had been no need to pressure him further.

Then Nie Fengzhuo continued.

"I want to challenge the strongest."

His eyes slowly sharpened.

"Everyone knows Bai Zihan's talent and strength are unparalleled within our generation. With an opportunity like this standing directly before me, how can I miss it?"

His fists unconsciously tightened.

"It might even become the answer to my stagnant cultivation."

Du Changsheng quietly fell into thought.

After a long moment, he slowly sighed internally.

Because he could not completely deny Nie Fengzhuo's reasoning.

Cultivators grew through tempering themselves.

Only through true pressure and challenge could one continue advancing.

Although Nie Fengzhuo could challenge older experts stronger than himself, it was fundamentally different.

When facing older generations, even defeat could easily be excused because of the age gap.

But opponents of the same generation?

That was different, especially someone like Bai Zihan.

A monster universally acknowledged as the pinnacle of the younger generation.

If Nie Fengzhuo won, then perhaps the knot left behind from his defeat against Bai Xueqing would finally break completely.

And even if he lost, perhaps he could still gain something from it.

At the very least, facing Bai Zihan directly might allow Nie Fengzhuo to rediscover the momentum he once possessed.

Thinking this, Du Changsheng finally stopped trying to dissuade him further. Well, he also knew that once Nie Fengzhuo made up his mind, there was nothing that he could do.

Though deep inside, his unease still refused to disappear.

Because no matter how he looked at it, Bai Zihan was simply far too dangerous.

Nie Yuanfeng's expression changed immediately after hearing Nie Fengzhuo's challenge.

"Fengzhuo!"

His voice became stern.

"Stop joking around!"

The pressure of a Clan Leader instantly surfaced.

"Apologize to Clan Leader Bai at once!"

The entire hall became tense again.

Even Patriarch Xue was startled by Nie Fengzhuo's sudden challenge.

After all, Bai Zihan had only just joined the Neutral Alliance.

If conflict arose now, then everything they had discussed earlier might become awkward again.

Nie Yuanfeng's brows furrowed tightly as he looked at his son.

Naturally, he understood why Nie Fengzhuo might still feel unwilling.

After all, the broken engagement had caused a great deal of trouble for both him and the Nie Clan.

But regardless of personal feelings, Nie Yuanfeng could not allow emotions to ruin the current situation.

Especially now that the Bai Clan had chosen to support the Neutral Alliance.

With the Bai Clan standing behind them, not only the Nie Clan, but countless smaller clans finally had hope of avoiding being dragged into the increasingly chaotic struggle for the throne.

Because of personal grievances, were they supposed to destroy such an opportunity?

Impossible!

Nie Fengzhuo quietly listened before shaking his head.

"Father, you misunderstood."

His voice remained calm.

"I have no intention of offending Clan Leader Bai."

His gaze slowly shifted back toward Bai Zihan.

"I simply wish to test myself against the strongest of our generation. That's all!"

His fists tightened unconsciously.

"I want to know how far I still am from the peak."

Nie Yuanfeng still frowned deeply.

Clearly, he remained unconvinced.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan silently observed Nie Fengzhuo from beginning to end.

Indeed, Nie Fengzhuo did not seem driven by petty resentment over the broken engagement.

There was genuine battle intent within his eyes.

The desire to challenge the strongest.

Unfortunately, Bai Zihan knew very clearly that the gap between them was currently far too large.

Even though Nie Fengzhuo, as a Heaven Chosen, was vastly stronger than ordinary geniuses of the same generation...

Compared to him, the difference was still overwhelming. He might have had a chance previously but now, with his Great Ascension Realm Cultivation, there was zero percent chance of Nie Fengzhuo winning.

Even if Nie Fengzhuo relied on Du Changsheng, Bai Zihan still did not believe he had any realistic chance of victory.

Right now, Nie Fengzhuo posed no threat to him whatsoever.

Still, Bai Zihan's thoughts shifted slightly.

(If I defeat him personally...)

His eyes flickered faintly.

(Will the System give another reward?)

Previously, even though Bai Xueqing had defeated Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Zihan still received rewards because of the Heaven Chosen's setback.

So if he personally crushed Nie Fengzhuo himself, would there be another reward?

The possibility genuinely interested him.

At that moment, while Nie Fengzhuo was still trying to persuade his father, Bai Zihan suddenly spoke.

"Very well."

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes brightened immediately.

"You agree?"

There was obvious excitement in his voice now.

Bai Zihan merely smiled faintly.

"A simple sparring match is not a problem."

His tone remained calm and leisurely.

Hearing this, Nie Fengzhuo's heart instantly surged with excitement.

"Thank you, Clan Leader Bai!"

The fighting intent within his eyes became even stronger.

"Please follow me to the training grounds!"

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 591 Bai Zihan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 591 Bai Zihan Vs Nie Fengzhuo!

The moment news spread that Nie Fengzhuo and Bai Zihan were about to spar, the entire Nie Clan instantly erupted into commotion.

Countless disciples rushed toward the training grounds at full speed.

Even many elders appeared one after another.

No one wished to miss such a scene.

Very quickly, the enormous training grounds became packed with people.

Excitement filled the air.

At the center of the arena, two figures stood facing one another calmly.

One wore white robes with crimson eyes that seemed capable of suppressing the heavens themselves.

The other stood tall and sharp like an unsheathed blade.

Bai Zihan vs Nie Fengzhuo!

The atmosphere alone caused countless disciples' hearts to pound wildly.

Many younger disciples stared with flushed faces and excited expressions.

"This is unbelievable..."

"Senior Brother Fengzhuo is actually fighting that Bai Zihan!"

"I never thought I'd witness something like this in my lifetime!"

Voices continuously rose around the training grounds.

After all, to the current younger generation of the Nie Clan, these two names represented absolute peaks.

Nie Fengzhuo was already regarded as the greatest genius the Nie Clan had produced in thousands of years.

But Bai Zihan was on another different level.

Throughout the empire, he was publicly acknowledged as the most terrifying talent in recorded history.

There was simply no comparison.

Neither the present nor the past had ever seen someone like Bai Zihan.

Among the gathered crowd, many Nie Clan disciples clenched their fists nervously.

Could Nie Fengzhuo defeat someone like Bai Zihan?

After all, throughout his entire journey, Nie Fengzhuo had continuously overcome impossible opponents again and again.

Countless times, he had defeated enemies thought to be invincible.

To many disciples, he had become synonymous with miracles.

But this time...

The opponent was Bai Zihan.

And that name alone placed enormous pressure upon everyone.

Not to mention, Nie Fengzhuo had already once suffered defeat at the hands of another Bai, Bai Xueqing.

And Bai Zihan was even more terrifying than her.

Thus, excitement and nervousness mixed together throughout the entire training ground.

Meanwhile, at the side of the arena, Nie Qingyu watched with tightly clenched hands.

Her expression was far more nervous than before.

Although she always acted confident in her brother...

And although she hated admitting it...

She knew very clearly that Bai Zihan was not someone who could be underestimated.

At the high platform nearby, Patriarch Xue slowly stepped forward.

Since both sides had agreed willingly, he naturally became the most suitable person to preside over the sparring match.

The rules were simple.

The battle would end when one side lost the ability to continue fighting or voluntarily admitted defeat.

Patriarch Xue slowly raised his hand and dropped it.

"Begin!"

BOOM!

The instant those words rang out, a powerful aura erupted from Nie Fengzhuo's body.

Qi surged violently around him like a rising storm.

The ground beneath his feet cracked apart instantly.

His sharp eyes remained firmly locked onto Bai Zihan without the slightest carelessness.

BOOM!

The instant Nie Fengzhuo moved, the aura of a Peak Soul Formation cultivator exploded outward without reservation.

Nie Fengzhuo did not hold back in the slightest.

Because he understood very clearly that against Bai Zihan, even going all out still might not be enough.

Whoosh!

His figure blurred instantly.

A sharp sword cry echoed throughout the training grounds.

In the next moment, Nie Fengzhuo already appeared directly before Bai Zihan.

His sword descended violently.

The strike tore through the air with astonishing momentum.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan finally moved as well.

However, the cultivation he released was also only at the Soul Formation Realm.

It was not because he underestimated Nie Fengzhuo.

Rather, if he truly used his full cultivation, then this battle would lose all meaning.

It would not even qualify as a sparring match.

The fight would likely end within a single breath.

Bai Zihan himself also wished to see something.

Without relying on overwhelming cultivation suppression, how far could Nie Fengzhuo actually push him?

After all, Heaven Chosen were existences capable of overturning impossible situations.

Even when cornered, they always managed to find opportunities to survive and rise again.

Bai Zihan slowly drew the Eternal Spirit Sword.

CLANG!

The two swords collided instantly.

A terrifying shockwave erupted outward.

The ground around them shattered layer by layer.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes sharpened.

Without hesitation, he unleashed another strike.

Then another.

And another!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The sounds of metal collisions echoed continuously throughout the arena.

Sword shadows filled the sky.

Nie Fengzhuo attacked fiercely like an unstoppable storm.

Every strike carried astonishing power.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan defended calmly from beginning to end.

His movements appeared simple, yet every single attack from Nie Fengzhuo was blocked perfectly without Bai Zihan ever stepping back.

It was as though Bai Zihan had already seen through every attack before it even arrived.

Seeing this, Nie Fengzhuo's expression gradually became more serious.

"Nine Desolations Tyrant Sword!"

BOOM!

The sword in his hand released dazzling light as enormous destructive power condensed around the blade.

Clearly, Nie Fengzhuo had no intention of testing the waters slowly.

Against Bai Zihan, he intended to go all out from the very beginning.

The tyrannical sword strike descended violently.

The pressure alone caused cracks to spread rapidly across the arena floor.

However, Bai Zihan merely raised his sword calmly.

No technique.

CLANG!!!

A deafening explosion erupted throughout the training grounds.

Violent qi swept wildly outward.

Yet Bai Zihan did not move even half a step.

His white robes fluttered slightly in the wind.

That was all.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo's pupils contracted faintly.

Because he could clearly feel it—

No matter how much force he poured into his attacks...

No matter how fiercely he exploded with power...

It all seemed completely useless.

Bai Zihan's defense felt like an immovable mountain.

No—

More terrifying than a mountain.

At least mountains could still be shattered eventually.

But Bai Zihan gave off the feeling of something absolutely unshakable.

An existence impossible to move.

Of course, with Bai Zihan's terrifying physique, even while suppressing himself to the Soul Formation Realm, it was nearly impossible for another Soul Formation cultivator to overpower him directly.

Thus, the outcome was almost inevitable from the very beginning.

With Nie Fengzhuo's current strength, breaking through Bai Zihan's defenses was practically impossible.

But Nie Fengzhuo was not someone who gave up easily.

Not even close.

Instead, the more pressure he felt, the brighter the fighting intent within his eyes became.

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

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 592 Nie Fengzhuo Goes All Out[1,457 words]

The clash only got more and more intense as the battle went on.

CLANG! CLANG! SLASH!

The arena trembled continuously beneath the violent exchange.

Sword light filled the skies.

Shockwaves spread outward one after another, forcing many weaker disciples to retreat repeatedly with pale expressions.

Yet despite the terrifying momentum erupting from Nie Fengzhuo, Bai Zihan remained calm.

Clang!

Another sword strike collided against the Eternal Spirit Sword.

Nie Fengzhuo immediately twisted his body midair.

His sword transformed into dozens of afterimages that rained downward from every direction simultaneously.

Each strike was aimed precisely.

Each carried enough force to heavily injure Soul Formation cultivators.

"Nine Desolations Tyrant Sword"

WHOOSH!

Nie Fengzhuo's combat ability was honestly monstrous.

If it were even the Spirit Severing Realm cultivator, they might also be defeated.

However—

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Every single strike was still blocked effortlessly.

Bai Zihan's figure barely moved.

You can say that against Nie Fengzhuo's complex and terrifying attacks, Bai Zihan only seemed to be defending with simple movements.

He also hadn't used his cultivation to his advantage and used as little qi as possible. Perhaps he wasn't even using Soul Formation power, relying mostly on his physique.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo himself felt the pressure most clearly.

The more he fought, the more suffocating Bai Zihan's strength became.

No flaws.

No openings.

No weaknesses whatsoever.

It did not matter what technique he used.

No matter how fiercely he attacked, Bai Zihan remained completely unmoved.

It was as though he stood before an endless abyss impossible to measure.

Yet instead of despair, the flames within Nie Fengzhuo's eyes only burned brighter.

He hadn't expected an easy battle since he challenged Bai Zihan.

BOOM!

His aura surged again.

The sky above the arena faintly trembled. Even the surrounding spiritual qi became chaotic.

Nie Fengzhuo slowly raised his sword.

An astonishing destructive aura began condensing around the blade.

"Absolute Severance!"

BOOOOOOM!!!

A terrifying sword beam erupted forward instantly.

The arena split apart violently.

Even space itself seemed distorted beneath the overwhelming destructive force.

The sword strike carried an aura capable of severing everything in its path.

Some even subconsciously believed the entire training grounds would be split apart.

Facing such a strike, Bai Zihan finally narrowed his crimson eyes slightly.

However, he still did not use any technique.

The Eternal Spirit Sword rose calmly.

Then—

CLANG!!!!

A heaven-shaking explosion erupted.

The violent sword beam shattered instantly.

Terrifying shockwaves swept through the arena like a natural disaster.

Yet amidst the chaos, Bai Zihan still stood there calmly, completely unharmed.

The entire training ground instantly fell silent.

Everyone stared blankly.

Even after unleashing such a terrifying attack...

Bai Zihan still had not used a single technique.

Meanwhile, Nie Fengzhuo's breathing had become slightly heavier.

But the light within his eyes became brighter than ever before.

"Young Master Bai..."

He slowly spoke.

"You are truly powerful!"

There was no resentment in his voice.

Because for the first time in a very long while, Nie Fengzhuo felt genuine pressure again.

He thought that he was very talented, perhaps even the most talented, though that didn't mean he went easy on training.

But although he didn't become very arrogant, he had subconsciously begun to think that within the younger generation, there might not be anyone who could truly be his opponent.

Bai Xueqing gave him a hard slap back to reality and Bai Zihan gave him an immeasurable pressure that made him feel the same sensation as when people used to call him 'trash'.

The kind of feeling when he fought and did everything he could but still felt powerless.

But that was precisely why he couldn't give up.

He hadn't given up then, and he certainly wouldn't give up now.

BOOOOOOM!!!

Suddenly, an even more violent aura exploded from Nie Fengzhuo's body.

The qi throughout the entire training grounds instantly went berserk.

The heavens themselves seemed to rumble faintly.

Patriarch Xue's eyes narrowed instantly.

"This aura..."

Nie Yuanfeng's expression changed drastically as well.

"Heaven-Rending Breakthrough!"

A terrifying pressure exploded outward.

His cultivation surged upward at astonishing speed.

Peak Soul Formation Realm—

Spirit Severing Realm!

However, it did not stop there.

The surrounding spiritual qi began pouring into his body like a flood.

Another bottleneck shattered instantly.

Void Refinement Realm!!!

The entire training grounds erupted into complete chaos.

"He broke through?!"

"Two major realms at once?!"

"How is this possible?!"

Countless Nie Clan disciples stared in utter disbelief.

Even many elders revealed shocked expressions.

Only Patriarch Xue remained relatively calm.

After all, this was not the first time he had witnessed Nie Fengzhuo doing something like this.

Previously, he had even seen Nie Fengzhuo forcefully raise his strength all the way into the Great Ascension Realm.

Compared to that monstrous scene, breaking through two realms now no longer seemed quite as shocking.

Meanwhile, Nie Qingyu's previously nervous face instantly lit up with excitement.

"Brother!"

Her eyes sparkled brightly again.

"My brother will definitely win!"

She shouted happily without hesitation.

At that moment, she looked completely confident once more.

However, unlike the younger disciples, the older generation experts remained silent.

Because they understood something very clearly.

Would Void Refinement Realm cultivation truly be enough to defeat Bai Zihan?

The answer was obvious.

Absolutely not!

After all, Bai Zihan was someone who had personally slaughtered several Great Ascension Realm demonic cultivators.

Compared to those monsters, Void Refinement Realm cultivation was still far too weak.

However—

Even so...

If Nie Fengzhuo could force Bai Zihan into fighting more seriously then it would already be considered an astonishing achievement.

But whether he could do that or not, they shall find out soon enough.

Right now, Bai Zihan was still keeping his cultivation at the Soul Formation Realm and hadn't used his Martial Technique at all.

The instant Nie Fengzhuo's cultivation stabilized at the Void Refinement Realm, his aura transformed completely.

Compared to before, the pressure radiating from him had increased several times over.

The surrounding space distorted faintly.

Even the arena beneath his feet began cracking continuously under the pressure alone.

Nie Fengzhuo slowly raised his sword once more.

His sharp eyes locked firmly onto Bai Zihan.

Then—

WHOOSH!

His figure vanished instantly.

The speed this time was far beyond before.

Many Soul Formation disciples could no longer even follow his movements with their eyes.

CLANG!!!

A violent sword collision erupted.

This time Bai Zihan was actually pushed half a step backward.

The entire crowd instantly erupted.

"He moved!"

"Senior Brother Fengzhuo pushed him back!"

"As expected of Senior Brother Fengzhuo!"

Even Nie Qingyu nearly jumped excitedly.

"I knew it! My brother can definitely fight him!"

Her voice was filled with excitement and confidence.

Meanwhile, within the battlefield itself, Nie Fengzhuo attacked continuously without pause.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

His sword moved like lightning.

Every strike carried overwhelming destructive force.

Compared to before, the difference was immediately obvious.

Bai Zihan was no longer merely standing still, casually blocking everything with minimal movement.

The battle instantly became far more intense.

BOOOOM!!!

Sword qi exploded everywhere.

The arena floor shattered repeatedly beneath their clash.

Many Nie Clan disciples became increasingly excited watching the fight.

Because in their eyes, Nie Fengzhuo was finally forcing Bai Zihan to become serious.

Even some elders secretly nodded.

Regardless of the final outcome, being able to force Bai Zihan this far while still being part of the younger generation was already shocking enough.

However, only the true experts present could see the deeper reality.

Nie Yuanfeng's expression gradually became solemn.

Because although Bai Zihan was now fighting more seriously compared to before, his cultivation was still suppressed at the Soul Formation Realm.

He still had not raised it further.

And more terrifyingly, he still had not used a single martial technique.

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Nie Fengzhuo could already feel cold sweat gradually appearing on his back.

CLANG!!!

Another violent collision forced both figures apart briefly.

Nie Fengzhuo immediately stabilized himself.

His breathing had already become noticeably heavier.

His arms even felt faintly numb from the repeated impacts.

But when he looked ahead, Bai Zihan still appeared completely calm.

His breathing remained steady.

There was not the slightest trace of panic upon his face.

(Is there really such a big difference?)

The moment that thought appeared, Nie Fengzhuo already knew the answer.

Nie Fengzhuo slowly took a deep breath.

Then—

To everyone's surprise—

He stopped attacking.

His gaze became sharper than ever before as he stared directly at Bai Zihan.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan also calmly lowered his sword slightly and looked back at him.

The entire training grounds unconsciously became silent.

Then Nie Fengzhuo slowly spoke.

"Young Master Bai, If you can defend against my next attack..."

He tightened his grip around the sword.

"...then I will admit defeat!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 593 One Slash to End It All[1,603 words]

Nie Fengzhuo wanted to end everything with this one final move.

If he can't defeat Bai Zihan with this, then he has nothing left.

Though he also knew that after using this attack, his Qi would be depleted, so there was really nothing he could do even if he wanted to.

Qi began surging toward his sword madly.

The surrounding space trembled faintly as enormous amounts of qi gathered around Nie Fengzhuo's sword.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan simply stood quietly in place.

He made no attempt to interrupt him.

Normally, allowing an opponent time to gather power like this would be foolish.

Against true experts, such an opening would often determine victory or defeat instantly.

But Bai Zihan did not care. There was no need.

More importantly, he also wished to see just how far a three-star Heaven Chosen like Nie Fengzhuo could truly go.

The crimson glow within Bai Zihan's eyes deepened slightly.

Across from him, Nie Fengzhuo's aura continued rising endlessly.

The sword in his hand began trembling violently.

Cracks spread beneath his feet.

Even the surrounding space started showing signs of instability.

Then, Nie Fengzhuo suddenly opened his eyes.

"ABSOLUTE SEVERANCE!!!"

A monstrous sword beam erupted forward instantly.

Compared to the previous time he used this technique, the difference was heaven and earth.

The moment the strike appeared, the entire training ground shook violently.

A terrifying destructive aura swept across the heavens.

Even space itself seemed to crack apart beneath the attack.

Black fissures faintly appeared along the path of the sword beam.

Patriarch Xue's pupils contracted instantly.

A trace of dread appeared within his eyes.

(If that attack were aimed at me...)

His expression turned grave.

(I might not be able to block it.)

He, a Great Ascension Realm expert, felt threatened by a Void Refinement Realm attack.

Well, he wasn't embarrassed about that at all. After all, even the Great Ascension experts from the Crimson Thunder Palace had been defeated by Nie Fengzhuo before.

Though he still didn't understand why Nie Fengzhuo hadn't increased his cultivation to the Great Ascension Realm like he did when facing those elders from the Crimson Thunder Palace.

Although he felt that even if Nie Fengzhuo did increase his cultivation further, it didn't seem like the result would change.

At the side, Nie Yuanfeng stared proudly at his son.

Even Nie Qingyu's eyes sparkled brightly with excitement.

Clearly, Nie Fengzhuo had grown even stronger during the time they had not seen him.

Bai Zihan finally moved.

However, he still did not unleash any grand technique nor erupt with overwhelming cultivation.

Instead, Bai Zihan simply raised the Eternal Spirit Sword calmly.

A terrifying Sword Intent silently gathered around the blade.

Then—

He slashed forward casually.

A simple sword slash.

Nothing flashy.

Nothing overwhelming in appearance.

The two attacks collided instantly.

BOOOOOOOOM!!!!

For a brief moment, the heavens themselves seemed to freeze.

One side carried monstrous destructive force capable of splitting apart space itself.

The other was merely a simple sword slash.

Yet, the outcome was decided instantly.

CRACK!!!

Nie Fengzhuo's Absolute Severance shattered apart violently.

No, it was completely obliterated.

The destructive sword beam collapsed layer by layer before Bai Zihan's slash.

And Bai Zihan's sword qi did not stop there.

It continued forward directly toward Nie Fengzhuo.

Nie Fengzhuo's expression changed drastically.

He immediately raised his sword to defend.

BOOM!!!

The impact exploded violently.

Nie Fengzhuo was sent flying backward like a cannonball.

His body smashed heavily against the distant wall of the training grounds.

The entire wall cracked apart instantly.

Dust exploded everywhere.

The entire arena fell deathly silent.

Moments later—

"Cough!"

Nie Fengzhuo slowly emerged from the rubble.

Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth.

His arms trembled slightly from the impact.

However, the attack had clearly not been fatal.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes held disbelief. He gave everything, every last bit of him, and it couldn't compare to a single slash from Bai Zihan.

Bai Zihan had used only a single attack, and that alone was enough to end the fight then and there.

Nie Fengzhuo slowly steadied himself against the shattered wall.

Blood still dripped faintly from the corner of his lips.

Yet compared to the physical pain, the shock within his heart was far greater.

The entire training ground had already fallen into absolute silence.

Not only Nie Fengzhuo, everyone present was equally stunned.

Moments earlier, many had begun believing Nie Fengzhuo could finally force Bai Zihan to reveal his true strength.

Especially after breaking through all the way into the Void Refinement Realm.

Especially after unleashing that terrifying Absolute Severance capable of making even Patriarch Xue feel dread.

For a moment, hope had appeared within countless people's hearts.

But reality shattered that hope mercilessly.

One slash!

That was all Bai Zihan needed to bring everyone back to reality.

This was Bai Zihan.

The invincible figure of the Empire.

An existence whose strength seemed completely unfathomable.

Even someone as monstrous as Nie Fengzhuo— a Heaven Chosen who continuously created miracles and defeated impossible opponents—still could not do much against Bai Zihan.

At the edge of the arena, Nie Qingyu stood frozen completely.

The excitement and confidence from earlier had vanished entirely.

One moment, she had believed her brother would finally defeat Bai Zihan and reclaim his pride.

The next moment—

The person she viewed as invincible had been defeated so thoroughly.

"T-This..."

Her voice trembled.

"How can this be...?"

She simply could not believe what she had just witnessed.

Meanwhile, Patriarch Xue slowly exhaled deeply.

Even though he had already expected Bai Zihan to win, seeing it personally was still an entirely different feeling.

Too terrifying!

Bai Zihan's strength was simply too overwhelming.

Soon, the spar officially came to an end.

Nie Fengzhuo slowly walked back onto the battlefield.

His breathing gradually stabilized.

The excitement and burning battle intent from earlier had already faded.

In their place remained only silence and complicated emotions.

Originally, he believed this battle would allow him to gain insight.

Perhaps even rediscover the momentum he had lost after his defeat against Bai Xueqing.

But now, all he truly gained was a deeper understanding of how powerless he currently was.

A bitter smile appeared faintly within his heart.

At this moment, he suddenly felt fortunate.

Fortunately, the one he met during the final round of the Dragon and Phoenix Competition had been Bai Xueqing instead of Bai Zihan.

Because now he realized clearly, if his opponent back then had truly been Bai Zihan, the outcome would likely have been complete humiliation.

Du Changsheng remained silent for a long time. His eyes carried unconcealable shock.

Even after personally watching the battle from beginning to end, he still could not see through Bai Zihan.

Not the depth of his cultivation.

And especially not that terrifying Sword Intent.

Terrifyingly powerful.

Far beyond what someone of Bai Zihan's age should possess.

Even among the countless geniuses Du Changsheng had seen throughout his life, very few could compare.

Finally, Du Changsheng sighed internally.

He never imagined that within such a seemingly backwater empire, a monster like Bai Zihan could actually appear.

Compared to Bai Zihan, many so-called heavenly geniuses he once met suddenly seemed almost ordinary.

Truly...

One would never know how vast the world was until they had seen it personally.

Nie Fengzhao stood silently for several moments.

The pain within his body gradually settled, but the emotions inside his heart remained turbulent.

Finally, he slowly took a deep breath.

Then he walked forward toward Bai Zihan.

The countless gazes around the arena immediately focused upon him once more.

Under everyone's attention, Nie Fengzhao stopped a short distance away from Bai Zihan before cupping his fists respectfully.

"Thank you, Young Master Bai, for your guidance."

His voice was calm and sincere.

There was no unwillingness within it anymore.

After personally crossing swords with Bai Zihan, Nie Fengzhao finally understood just how terrifying this man truly was.

The pressure Bai Zihan gave him was something entirely different from Bai Xueqing.

If Bai Xueqing was a towering mountain difficult to overcome—

Then Bai Zihan was more like an endless sky.

So vast that one could not even see its limits.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely looked at him calmly.

Then a faint smile appeared on his face.

"You're not bad either."

Bai Zihan's crimson eyes swept briefly across Nie Fengzhuo.

"Especially your final attack."

There was genuine acknowledgment within his tone.

Nie Fengzhuo's eyes flickered slightly.

"Still, you still have a long way to go."

The moment those words were spoken, many surrounding disciples revealed strange expressions instinctively.

If anyone else had said such words to Nie Fengzhuo, they would likely think that person was mocking him.

After all, at Nie Fengzhuo's current age, possessing such cultivation and combat power was already something countless cultivators could never hope to achieve even in their entire lives.

And yet someone dared say he still had a long way to go?

It sounded absurd.

But when those words came from Bai Zihan, no one found them strange.

Because compared to Bai Zihan, Nie Fengzhuo indeed still had an unimaginably long road ahead of him.

Nie Fengzhuo himself also understood this clearly.

Thus, instead of feeling dissatisfied, he merely nodded slowly.

"I understand."

Then he cupped his fists once more.

"Thank you again, Young Master Bai!"

This battle had indeed defeated him thoroughly.

But at the same time, it also allowed him to see the gap between himself and the true peak more clearly than ever before.

And strangely enough, the knot within his heart regarding Bai Xueqing's defeat seemed to loosen slightly because of it.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 594 Neutral Alliance Shakes the Empire[1,176 words]

The rival factions of the Nie Clan within Cloudrane City had been quietly waiting all this time.

Waiting for disaster to descend upon them.

And then, they got their hands on a shocking piece of news.

Nie Fengzhuo had challenged Bai Zihan to a fight!

The moment they heard this, countless people became ecstatic.

"Hahaha! The Nie Clan is finished!"

"They truly don't know the immensity of heaven and earth!"

"First the daughter offended Bai Zihan, and now even the son dares challenge him? Looks like they are hell-bent on offending Clan Leader Bai."

Many rival clans nearly celebrated on the spot.

In their eyes, this was simply courting death.

Who was Bai Zihan?

The current most terrifying genius within the entire empire.

He had also become the leader of the most powerful clan within the empire.

And yet the Nie Clan repeatedly provoked him again and again?

Naturally, everyone believed Bai Zihan would become enraged.

Some even began speculating that the Bai Clan might directly suppress the Nie Clan entirely and thoroughly make them suffer.

Others believed the Bai Clan would completely destroy them to establish their authority further.

After all, no one believed a monster like Bai Zihan would tolerate repeated "offenses."

The rival clans became increasingly excited the more they thought about it.

Some had even already begun preparing how to divide the Nie Clan's resources once they collapsed.

But before they could celebrate for long, another piece of news arrived.

And the moment it spread, the entire Cloudrane City fell silent.

The Bai Clan had officially joined the Neutral Alliance.

"...What?"

The clans who had been eagerly waiting for the Nie Clan's downfall were instantly dumbfounded.

Their minds blanked completely.

"How can this be?!"

"The Bai Clan joined the same alliance as the Nie Clan?!"

"Why would Bai Zihan help them?!"

...

No matter how they thought about it, they simply could not understand.

The Bai Clan should have been suppressing the Nie Clan, not supporting them!

Many people became so furious their faces twisted.

Some even wanted to directly question Bai Zihan about what exactly he was thinking.

Of course, that thought only remained inside their minds.

Actually going to question Bai Zihan regarding a decision he personally made?

They would not have that kind of courage even if they had 9 lives.

Everyone knew clearly that if they offended Bai Zihan recklessly, they might not even survive to see the next sunrise.

Very quickly, the shock spread far beyond Cloudrane City.

The entire empire was shaken by the news.

Because the Neutral Alliance itself was extremely special.

Its purpose directly conflicted with the current struggle for the throne.

In the midst of the increasingly chaotic battle between princes and princesses, the Neutral Alliance sought to prevent smaller clans and sects from being dragged into meaningless warfare.

Of course, the alliance originally was not taken seriously by most people.

No one believed that small clans banding together could deter princes and princesses backed by top clans and sects.

What they were doing was viewed as meaningless resistance that would likely only attract further disdain from the Imperial Family.

But now, the Bai Clan has openly joined it.

The implications were enormous.

Countless smaller clans immediately began investigating the authenticity of the news.

And after confirming it was true, many instantly became restless.

Because for smaller factions, the imperial succession struggle was simply too dangerous.

Once dragged into it, a single wrong choice could annihilate their entire clan.

But now the Neutral Alliance offered another path, especially with the Bai Clan backing it.

Everyone understood clearly that as long as the Bai Clan remained within the alliance, very few people would dare move against it openly.

Thus, many clans immediately began preparing gifts and delegations.

Their destination—

The Xue Clan!

The recognized leaders of the Neutral Alliance.

Naturally, everyone understood that directly meeting Bai Zihan himself would be even better.

But meeting someone like him was far too difficult.

Thus, most chose to visit Patriarch Xue instead and attempt to join the alliance through him.

Many commoners felt that the Bai Clan was doing this for the sake of the common people.

By joining the Neutral Alliance, they believed Bai Zihan wanted to reduce the scale of the conflicts and allow those who did not wish to participate in the struggle for the throne to avoid it entirely.

"It's a good thing. Finally, someone is taking a stand against such a ridiculous fight. Why should we all suffer just because the Imperial Family wants to fight over power?"

"With the Bai Clan involved, let's see how those princes and princesses react now."

"Hmph! What can they do? If they still have some common sense left, they'll avoid forcing those who joined the alliance into the battle."

...

Meanwhile, compared to the excitement among smaller clans and commoners, the reactions from the princes and princesses were far more complicated.

Naturally, many were dissatisfied with the Bai Clan's actions.

After all, numerous factions they had originally planned to recruit were now beginning to lean toward neutrality instead.

If this continued, their ability to expand their forces would become far slower than before.

However, not everyone viewed this as bad news.

Those who had already mostly completed their recruitment were actually quite pleased.

Because if the Neutral Alliance successfully prevented others from recruiting additional forces rapidly, then the balance would stabilize.

And the people who already held advantages would benefit the most.

Among them, the First Prince Yu Zidi was especially satisfied.

Unlike several other princes and princesses, his focus had always been the imperial court itself.

He had already gathered the majority of officials and political influence around him.

His interest in forcibly recruiting smaller clans had never been particularly strong. Thus, the rise of the Neutral Alliance would mainly hinder his competitors instead.

Which naturally increased his chances of victory further.

Inside his palace, the First Prince slowly smiled after receiving the report.

"Interesting..."

His fingers lightly tapped the table.

"With Bai Zihan supporting neutrality, the others will have a much harder time expanding now."

To him, this was excellent news.

Not to mention, his forces did not only exist within the Desolate Heaven Empire.

By the Bai Clan preventing the other princes and princesses from rapidly expanding their forces within the empire, he felt that his victory had become even more assured.

"Hehe... I didn't expect that I would benefit from the Bai Clan's decision. Looks like even the heavens want me to ascend the throne!"

The First Prince could not help but mutter those words.

Of course, while he currently felt somewhat grateful toward the Bai Clan, that did not mean he intended to be friendly with them.

He had already made an agreement with the Vermillion Pill Empire.

And part of that agreement involved targeting the Mu Clan, which naturally meant eventually standing against the Bai Clan as well.

Not to mention, he obviously did not wish for any uncontrollable force to continue existing within the empire he would rule.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 595 The Bai Clan's Unshakable Confidence[1,115 words]

Back at the Bai Clan, the news of Bai Zihan officially joining the Neutral Alliance had naturally already spread throughout the entire clan.

However, contrary to what outsiders expected, not a single voice of opposition appeared.

If it had been any other Clan Leader making such a decision, many elders would likely have questioned it immediately.

Why should the Bai Clan join such a weak alliance?

Why offend the Imperial Family over smaller clans and sects?

And more importantly, how could such a major decision be made without first consulting the clan elders?

Under normal circumstances, those questions would absolutely arise.

But the person who made the decision was Bai Zihan.

Within the Bai Clan today, Bai Zihan's prestige had already reached an almost untouchable level.

No one doubted his judgment anymore.

Instead, the entire clan became even more excited after hearing the news.

"Hahaha! As expected of Clan Leader Bai!"

"Even while standing at the peak, he still thinks about protecting smaller factions. Truly broad-minded!"

"Hmph! Those princes and princesses had better understand their place."

"They can still act arrogant now only because our Bai Clan does not care about the throne. Otherwise, everyone knows clearly who would truly rule this empire."

Many Bai Clan members nodded confidently.

In their eyes, the Imperial Family was no longer some untouchable existence.

At best, they were merely a paper tiger maintaining their status because the Bai Clan had no interest in replacing them.

Otherwise, with the Bai Clan's current strength, overturning the balance of the empire was no longer impossible.

Especially after the clan's explosive growth recently.

DRRRRMMM!!!

Suddenly, a deep rumbling sound echoed across the Bai Clan territory.

Dark clouds rapidly gathered in the skies once more.

Many casually glanced upward before speaking almost lazily.

"Oh? Which elder is breaking through this time?"

The tone was so relaxed that outsiders would likely cough blood hearing it.

After all, Heavenly Tribulations were supposed to be rare and shocking events.

Yet within the current Bai Clan, they had practically become a common scene.

No one even bothered panicking or being shocked anymore.

Many clan members merely looked up briefly before continuing their conversations normally.

At most, some younger disciples became curious about which elder had advanced this time.

Because during this recent period, the number of Bai Clan experts breaking through had simply become too absurd.

No one knew the exact number anymore.

But everyone understood one terrifying fact clearly.

Even if all the top factions of the Desolate Heaven Empire combined their Immortal Realm experts together, they still might not surpass the Bai Clan anymore.

And the reason for all this was naturally obvious.

The Mu Clan!

More specifically, the Heavenly Ascension Tempering Pills supplied by them.

With sufficient resources and the Bai Clan's already terrifying foundation, countless experts who had been stuck at bottlenecks for years were now continuously breaking through one after another without failure.

This was also why the Bai Clan's confidence had reached unprecedented heights.

Nearby, several younger Bai Clan disciples were still discussing the Neutral Alliance excitedly among themselves.

"Hmph! Those princes and princesses really think they can do whatever they want."

"With Clan Leader Bai backing the alliance, let's see who still dares force smaller clans into the throne struggle."

"Our Bai Clan truly stands above everyone else now!"

The more they spoke, the more excited they became.

However—

"Ahem!"

A heavy cough suddenly rang out nearby.

The surrounding disciples instantly stiffened.

Their expressions changed drastically as they hurriedly turned around.

"G-Grand Elder Feng!"

Several of them immediately bowed nervously.

Standing there with his hands behind his back was Bai Feng.

His aura had become far deeper and more terrifying compared to before.

Even though he was not intentionally releasing pressure, merely standing there already made the surrounding disciples feel tremendous oppression instinctively.

After all, this was now an Immortal Realm expert.

Bai Feng frowned slightly as he looked at the group.

"Instead of wasting your time gossiping here, why aren't you cultivating? Do you think with your strength and attitude, you can be of any help to Clan Leader Bai?"

His voice carried clear displeasure.

"If you have time to talk nonsense, then use that time to improve your strength instead."

The disciples immediately became nervous.

"Yes!"

"Grand Elder Feng, we shall obey!"

They hurriedly bowed repeatedly before quickly scattering toward the training grounds, not daring to remain any longer.

Seeing their panicked appearances, Bai Feng snorted lightly.

However, despite the stern expression on his face, inwardly, his mood was actually extremely good.

No, it would be more accurate to say he had been in an excellent mood ever since breaking through into the Immortal Realm.

Even now, he still occasionally finds the whole thing surreal.

Immortal Realm!

A realm he once thought he would never touch in this lifetime yet now he had truly stepped into it.

And all of it was thanks to Bai Zihan.

Thinking about this, Bai Feng's expression became somewhat complicated.

Back then, he had once stood on the opposite side of Bai Zihan.

Although he had never directly harmed him, he also certainly had not supported him either.

But now?

Not only had Bai Feng completely acknowledged Bai Zihan as Clan Leader, he even fully supported nearly every decision Bai Zihan made.

Of course, he was not the only one.

The entire Bai Clan was basically the same now.

Who would oppose Bai Zihan in the Bai Clan?

No one, even the Earth Immortal Grand Elder doesn't.

Sometimes, a few elders still offered suggestions or advice during clan meetings.

But that was mostly just to preserve appearances and show they were still participating in discussions.

In reality, most of the elders no longer questioned whatever decision Bai Zihan made.

Others had even abandoned clan matters almost entirely to focus on cultivation instead.

After the Mu Clan continuously supplied Grade-7 pills, many elders who had been stuck at bottlenecks for hundreds or even thousands of years finally felt their stagnant cultivation begin moving again.

That feeling alone was enough to drive cultivators crazy.

Breakthroughs that once seemed impossible had now become realistic possibilities.

Naturally, the Bai Clan's elders had become increasingly obsessed with cultivation lately.

Many of them even remained in seclusion constantly.

And the results were equally terrifying.

One Immortal Realm expert after another began appearing within the Bai Clan.

Now, when discussing enemy factions like the Li Clan, the Zhao Clan, or even the Imperial Family, the Bai Clan elders no longer felt much pressure at all.

Because their perspective had already begun changing completely.

To the current Bai Clan, the Desolate Heaven Empire' itself no longer seemed all that important anymore.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 596 The Imperial Court Erupts[1,645 words]

The atmosphere within the Imperial Court was suffocatingly heavy.

Silence pressed down upon everyone like a mountain.

Rows upon rows of officials stood quietly beneath the towering golden pillars.

Not a single person dared speak carelessly.

Because today, something enormous has happened.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

The sound of chains echoed throughout the hall.

Instantly, countless gazes turned toward the entrance.

The Second Prince was being escorted into the court under heavy restraint.

Several imperial guards surrounded him tightly from all directions.

His hands were bound behind his back with Qi-sealing chains.

However, despite his current appearance, the Second Prince's eyes still burned with furious hatred.

Especially when his gaze landed upon the figure standing calmly near the center of the court, the First Prince.

At this moment, the First Prince wore dark imperial robes as he sat calmly upon his seat with his hands resting lightly on the armrests.

His expression remained calm and composed from beginning to end.

No arrogance.

No mockery.

Only cold dignity.

It was precisely this composed appearance that made the Second Prince's anger burn even hotter.

The moment he was forced to kneel—

BOOM!

The Second Prince suddenly exploded with rage.

"You dare?!"

Terrifying pressure erupted from his body despite the restraints.

Several guards were instantly forced backward.

However, before the pressure could spread further—

HUM!

The sealing chains lit up brightly.

The Second Prince's aura was immediately suppressed again.

His face darkened further.

Meanwhile, the entire court remained deathly silent.

Finally, Yu Zidi spoke.

"Do you know your crime?"

The voice was filled with authority, almost like he was already the Emperor.

The Second Prince stared at him coldly for several moments.

"Hahahaha!"

Then he suddenly laughed. The laughter was filled with ridicule and fury.

"My crime?"

He slowly raised his head.

His eyes were bloodshot.

"Isn't this all just your ploy to seize the throne?"

His voice exploded throughout the court.

"What crime do you want me to admit to this time?!"

The sneer upon his face became increasingly cold.

The moment those words fell, the officials aligned with the Second Prince instantly erupted.

"This is absurd!"

"On what grounds is His Highness being restrained like this?!"

"You must provide a proper explanation!"

...

Several ministers stepped forward one after another angrily.

Their expressions were filled with indignation.

The moment the furious voices erupted across the court, a figure slowly stepped forward from the First Prince's faction.

It was Minister Zhu!

An old man with sharp eyes and a cold expression.

Within the Imperial Court, his status was extremely high.

More importantly, everyone knew clearly that he was one of the First Prince's most loyal supporters.

He was also the maternal uncle of the First Prince, so it made sense that he would support the prince who shared blood ties with him.

Minister Zhu slowly swept his gaze across the officials supporting the Second Prince and then the remaining officials.

"You ask for an explanation? Very well!"

His sleeves fluttered lightly as he raised a jade scroll into the air.

"The Second Prince's crimes are numerous."

"But among them, the gravest crime of all is conspiring behind the assassination of the Eleventh Prince and the Thirteenth Princess!"

The entire court instantly exploded into chaos.

"What?!"

"The Second Prince?!"

"How is that possible?!"

Countless officials revealed shocked expressions.

Even many neutral ministers' faces changed drastically.

After all, the deaths of the Eleventh Prince and Thirteenth Princess had shaken the entire Imperial Family recently.

Both had died mysteriously in the capital.

And despite massive investigations afterward, the true mastermind had never been found.

Yet now, Minister Zhu was directly accusing the Second Prince of being behind everything?!

The officials aligned with the Second Prince instantly erupted with fury.

"Ridiculous!"

"That is slander!"

"How dare you falsely accuse His Highness?!"

Several ministers stepped forward angrily.

One elderly official immediately cupped his fists toward the throne.

"Your Majesty! The Second Prince is still a member of the Imperial Family! To place Qi-sealing restraints upon him without clear evidence is simply humiliating the dignity of the royal bloodline!"

Another official stepped out furiously.

"That's right! Even criminals deserve evidence before judgment! We request the court immediately release the Second Prince!"

Voices rose continuously throughout the court.

The faction supporting the Second Prince clearly had no intention of remaining silent.

Some officials even glared openly toward the First Prince's faction.

The atmosphere instantly became tense.

Meanwhile, the officials aligned with the First Prince remained comparatively calm.

Many merely watched coldly from the side. As though they had already expected this reaction.

Apart from the two factions, there was also almost one-third who belonged to neither faction.

Previously, some had supported the Eleventh Prince while others supported the Thirteenth Princess, but with their deaths, they had become like ownerless dogs.

Of course, there were also others who immediately joined one of the two factions after the deaths of the two royals.

Still, a large one-third remained without supporting either prince, and in this court, the final decision would largely be affected by those people.

And since this concerned the prince and princess they once supported, if the mastermind behind their deaths was indeed the Second Prince, they would obviously take the First Prince's side.

Of course, that was only if the First Prince could produce enough evidence to prove that the Second Prince was behind their deaths.

Minister Zhu's expression remained indifferent as he glanced toward the furious officials.

"Clear evidence?"

He spoke calmly.

"Since all of you demand evidence, then naturally, we shall provide it."

He waved his sleeve lightly.

"Bring them in!"

The great doors of the Imperial Court opened once more.

Soon, several figures were dragged into the hall under heavy guard.

The moment everyone saw them, countless expressions changed drastically.

Because these people were not strangers.

They were all trusted subordinates of the Second Prince.

Some were even his personal guards and loyal retainers who had followed him for many years.

However, their current appearances were miserable.

Their robes were stained with blood.

Their faces were pale.

Bruises covered their bodies.

Some even limped while walking, clearly suffering from fractured bones and severe torture.

The entire court instantly became restless.

The Second Prince's eyes widened furiously the moment he saw them.

"YOU DARE?!"

Terrifying killing intent exploded from his body once more.

The Qi-sealing chains rattled violently.

Several nearby guards' expressions changed instantly.

The Second Prince stared directly toward the First Prince.

His eyes were filled with rage.

"Yu Zidi!"

His voice thundered throughout the court.

"How dare you lay hands on my people?!"

The veins on his forehead bulged visibly.

"If anything happens to them, I swear I will never let you off!"

The atmosphere instantly became even heavier.

Yet facing the furious Second Prince, the First Prince merely smiled faintly.

Seeing his younger brother's furious appearance, Yu Zidi slowly walked forward.

"Brother..."

His voice carried slight disappointment.

"Although we are all competing for the throne..."

He sighed softly.

"Isn't assassinating your own younger brother and sister a little too heartless?"

Yu Zidi's gaze landed upon the restrained Second Prince.

"The Eleventh Brother and Thirteenth Sister both died tragically."

His expression became increasingly solemn.

"How could they rest in peace if their murderer remains unpunished?"

Yu Zidi slowly shook his head.

"To be honest, I truly never expected the mastermind behind everything to actually be you."

Those words sounded sincere and disappointed. As though he genuinely felt grief toward his own brother's actions.

But hearing this, the Second Prince nearly exploded from anger.

"Bullshit!"

His furious roar shook the entire court.

"You shameless hypocrite! You framed me and still dare pretend to act righteous here?!"

His eyes were practically bloodshot now.

The more Yu Zidi acted calm and sorrowful, the more disgusted and enraged the Second Prince became.

Because he knew clearly that everything was fake.

Every word.

Every expression.

Every piece of so-called evidence.

All fabricated by the First Prince.

Yet the most terrifying part was that Yu Zidi acted so naturally that even many neutral officials had begun wavering.

Meanwhile, Minister Zhu spoke coldly once more.

"These individuals have already confessed."

He pointed toward the kneeling retainers.

"They admitted personally that they carried out the assassination under the Second Prince's orders."

The expressions of many officials changed drastically.

The Second Prince instantly became furious, but more than that, disbelief was written all over his face.

Not to mention, he truly had not ordered the assassination of his siblings.

Even if he had, he did not believe these men would ever betray him so easily.

One of the battered retainers suddenly trembled.

Then, under everyone's gaze, he slowly raised his head weakly.

Blood stained the corner of his lips.

This was one of the Second Prince's closest confidants.

His voice trembled slightly.

"Y-Your Highness..."

The Second Prince's pupils contracted.

The man lowered his head painfully.

"We... failed you... I didn't think they would find out!"

The entire court instantly exploded into chaos again. Many neutral officials' faces changed completely.

Those words were as good as admitting to the crime that the First Prince accused the Second Prince of.

"No..."

The Second Prince's face twisted.

"You—!"

But before he could continue, Minister Zhu suddenly raised another jade slip.

"Not only confessions. We also discovered secret communications between these individuals and external assassins."

"And the payment records used for the assassination were traced directly to the Second Prince's private treasury."

One piece of evidence after another was thrown out continuously.

Each one seemed airtight.

Each one left almost no room for rebuttal.

The atmosphere within the Imperial Court quietly shifted.

And seeing this scene, the Second Prince finally understood clearly.

This was not a sudden accusation.

This was a trap prepared long ago.

A trap so thorough that Yu Zidi had already blocked nearly every possible path of escape for him.

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 597 Fall Of The Second Prince[1,178 words]

The atmosphere within the Imperial Court grew heavier and heavier.

One piece of evidence after another was presented continuously.

Secret letters.

Payment records.

And the most undeniable part of the evidence was the Memory Crystal showing the Second Prince's subordinates carrying out the assassination.

This final piece of evidence alone was enough to prove who the assassins were.

Although the Second Prince himself had not personally participated, all the assassins were his loyal subordinates.

Under such circumstances, how could he claim he had no involvement at all?

Even if that were true, no one would believe it.

And most devastating of all were the confessions of the Second Prince's own trusted subordinates, all of whom claimed they acted under the Second Prince's orders.

Each confession struck the court like a hammer.

The battered retainers knelt upon the cold floor with pale faces.

Some trembled weakly.

Others lowered their heads in shame.

Yet every single testimony pointed toward only one person.

The Second Prince!

"The assassination orders were personally delivered to us..."

"We were given a reward by the Second Prince..."

One confession after another echoed throughout the hall.

Every word pushed the Second Prince deeper into an abyss.

At this point, even many neutral officials had completely changed expressions.

Because the evidence was simply too complete.

Too airtight!

Even if the Second Prince had not personally carried out the assassinations himself, everything now pointed toward him as the mastermind behind it all.

The officials supporting the Second Prince gradually fell silent one after another.

Some opened their mouths as though wanting to argue, only to close them again moments later.

Because against such overwhelming evidence, what could they even say?

Even several members of the Second Prince's own faction began wavering internally.

Could it be...

Their prince had truly done it?

To eliminate his rivals, had he really sent his loyal retainers to carry out the deed?

But then why not consult them?

Why send people so closely tied to him to assassinate imperial royalty?

After all, the people confessing now were not random prisoners.

They were the Second Prince's most loyal confidants.

People who had followed him for years. People willing to risk their lives for him.

If even they admitted everything personally, then how could others continue denying it?

The atmosphere within the court quietly shifted further.

Meanwhile, the Second Prince himself remained kneeling in the center of the hall.

His eyes were bloodshot.

His gaze swept across the kneeling retainers before landing upon Yu Zidi once more.

Hatred burned within his pupils.

But beneath that hatred, there was also disbelief.

Disbelief toward the very people who had once sworn absolute loyalty to him.

(How...?)

His fists clenched tightly.

(How could they betray me?)

He knew these people well.

Too well.

They had been with him for most of his life.

They were the backbone of his confidence.

The people who had supported him the most.

These men were also not cowards.

Simple torture and beatings alone would never make them betray him.

But no matter what the reason was, it no longer mattered.

The moment these men confessed publicly before the court, everything was already over.

And at that moment, the Second Prince understood clearly.

He had truly been betrayed by them.

By then, even the last traces of fighting spirit within him had begun collapsing.

Because these were not just ordinary subordinates.

They were the people closest to him.

The people who knew his secrets best.

And now those very people had personally become the knives stabbing into his back.

If even they betrayed him, then what exactly could he still use to compete against the First Prince?

The Second Prince suddenly felt an unprecedented sense of coldness spread through his heart.

Not fear.

But helplessness.

Because he realized clearly that no matter what he said now, it was useless.

No one would believe him anymore.

Not before such overwhelming evidence.

Not after the testimonies of his own loyal followers.

At the side, Yu Zidi quietly observed his kneeling brother.

His expression remained calm and solemn.

Yet deep within his eyes, a cold light flickered faintly.

Everything had proceeded exactly according to plan.

(Oh, brother... Did you truly think you could compete with me?)

He looked at the appearance of his foolish younger brother who had already lost all spirit.

Then—

Yu Zidi slowly stepped forward once more.

His gaze overlooked the kneeling Second Prince calmly.

"Brother,"

His voice echoed quietly throughout the hall.

"Do you have anything left to say in your defense?"

Silence!

The Second Prince did not respond.

He did not move.

He merely remained kneeling there silently with his head lowered.

The entire Imperial Court became deathly quiet.

Seeing this, Yu Zidi's eyes narrowed faintly.

"If nothing remains to be said..."

His tone became colder.

"Then naturally, punishment shall be carried out according to imperial law."

The expressions of countless officials changed slightly.

Then Yu Zidi slowly continued.

"The murder of an Imperial Family member, what punishment does the law decree?"

No one answered immediately.

Because everyone already knew the answer.

Even commoners and illiterate peasants knew it clearly.

Execution!

The murder of imperial royalty was among the gravest crimes within the entire empire.

Normally, with the Second Prince's status, there might still have been room for mercy.

But this case involved not one—

But two royal deaths.

The Eleventh Prince.

And the Thirteenth Princess.

Such crimes were simply too severe.

Just then—

"Hahahahaha!!!"

Suddenly, loud laughter erupted throughout the hall.

The Second Prince began laughing like a madman.

The sound was hoarse and filled with madness.

Many officials' expressions changed instantly.

Then slowly, the Second Prince raised his head.

His bloodshot eyes locked directly onto Yu Zidi.

"How..."

His voice sounded almost crazed.

"How did you do this?"

There was unwillingness within his gaze.

Confusion and Hatred.

And also fear toward the terrifying methods of the man standing before him.

Yet Yu Zidi did not answer.

He merely frowned slightly as though disappointed by the question.

Seeing this reaction, the Second Prince suddenly laughed again.

Then his gaze slowly shifted toward the kneeling retainers.

For the first time in his life, he realized that perhaps he had never truly understood these people at all.

Finally, the Second Prince slowly closed his eyes.

Then he spoke weakly.

"You've won..."

The Second Prince's lips slowly curled into a bitter sneer.

"But let's see how long your victory lasts."

His eyes opened once more and stared directly at Yu Zidi.

"Because a puppet king..."

A trace of ridicule appeared on his face.

"...is the most you will ever become."

The moment those words fell, Yu Zidi's brows furrowed instantly.

A cold light flashed across his eyes.

However, he quickly suppressed his expression again.

"Take him away!"

His voice became icy cold.

The imperial guards immediately stepped forward.

The heavy chains rattled loudly as they dragged the laughing Second Prince toward the prison halls beneath the palace.

His laughter mixed with curses continued echoing faintly throughout the Imperial Court for a long time.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 598 A Lifetime of Deception

Imperial Prison!

Darkness filled the underground prison.

Cold air lingered heavily within the stone corridors.

Torchlight flickered faintly against the damp walls, casting long distorted shadows across the cells.

Deep beneath the Imperial Palace, the Second Prince sat quietly inside a heavily sealed prison chamber.

His hands and feet remained bound by Qi-sealing chains.

Numerous restriction formations glowed faintly around the cell.

Clearly, the Imperial Family held no intention of allowing even the slightest chance for escape.

Yet strangely enough, the Second Prince appeared far calmer now compared to his outburst earlier within the Imperial Court.

He merely sat silently against the cold wall with lowered eyes, almost lifeless.

CLANK! CLANK!

The sound of footsteps echoed through the corridor.

Soon, several figures appeared outside the prison cell.

At the front stood Yu Zidi.

Behind him followed several heavily armed guards.

The prison guards immediately knelt respectfully.

"Greetings, Your Highness!"

Yu Zidi waved his hand lightly.

"You may leave."

"Yes!"

Very quickly, only the brothers remained within the corridor alongside a few trusted guards.

The Second Prince slowly lifted his head.

His gaze landed upon Yu Zidi calmly.

Surprisingly, there was not much emotional fluctuation anymore.

No furious cursing.

No struggle.

No madness.

Seeing this, Yu Zidi frowned slightly inwardly.

Honestly, he had expected something else.

He wanted to see this younger brother of his break down completely.

Beg for mercy.

Curse desperately.

Plead for survival.

Yet instead, what he received was near acceptance.

"Tsk!"

Yu Zidi clicked his tongue inwardly.

(Still pretending?)

Yu Zidi slowly stepped closer toward the cell.

Then, with a flick of his sleeve, a small jade bottle appeared within his hand.

He casually tossed it toward the Second Prince.

The jade bottle rolled across the floor before stopping nearby.

"Drink it!"

The Second Prince glanced at the bottle quietly.

There was no need to ask what it was.

Poison!

Yu Zidi naturally had no intention of openly executing him publicly.

No matter how grave the crime, directly killing an Imperial Prince would still create enormous backlash throughout the empire.

If he decided to execute his brother publicly, then perhaps the people might accuse him of being too heartless, similar to his father.

He wasn't going to walk the same path as his father.

But what if Second Prince suicide?

That was different.

If the Second Prince supposedly took his own life out of guilt and shame after his crimes were exposed, then many troublesome issues would disappear naturally.

Of course, Yu Zidi never truly expected his brother to obediently drink it willingly.

If necessary, he had already prepared countless methods to make him "choose" suicide himself.

Torture.

And if that didn't work, then he would simply force the poison down his throat afterward and announce the result publicly.

In the end, the outcome would remain the same regardless.

However, to Yu Zidi's surprise, the Second Prince merely picked up the jade bottle calmly.

Then a strange, somewhat self-deprecating smile appeared upon his face.

Seeing this reaction, even Yu Zidi paused slightly.

"Before that..."

The Second Prince finally spoke softly.

"I would like to ask a few questions."

His tone remained unexpectedly calm.

Yu Zidi narrowed his eyes slightly.

Then he suddenly smiled faintly.

His mood today was extremely good.

After all, the greatest obstacle before him had already completely fallen.

And since this was likely the final conversation they would ever have, Yu Zidi decided to humor him.

"Very well."

He clasped his hands behind his back calmly.

"You may ask!"

The prison fell silent for several moments.

Only the faint crackling of torchfire echoed through the corridor.

The Second Prince slowly looked down at the jade bottle within his hand.

Then he finally raised his head again.

His bloodshot eyes stared directly at Yu Zidi.

"How..."

His voice was hoarse.

"How did you do it?"

The Second Prince clenched the jade bottle tightly.

"How did you convince them to betray me?"

His voice grew heavier.

If it were one person, perhaps even two, he could have still understood. After all, the human heart is complex, and there is no telling what might happen.

But every single one of them?

The Second Prince didn't know what trick Yu Zidi had used.

Disbelief still lingered deeply within his eyes.

"Just how is that possible?"

Those people were not ordinary subordinates.

They were the people closest to him.

The people he trusted most throughout his life.

Even now, he still could not understand how all of them had turned against him simultaneously.

Hearing this, Yu Zidi suddenly smiled.

Then—

"Hahahahaha!"

The First Prince laughed openly.

His laughter echoed faintly throughout the prison corridor.

When he looked back at the Second Prince again, there was almost pity within his gaze.

"Brother..."

Yu Zidi shook his head slowly.

"Did you truly never question their loyalty?"

The Second Prince frowned deeply.

Yu Zidi's smile widened further.

"Or perhaps..."

He looked at him almost mockingly.

"Did you really believe those people were ever your loyal subordinates to begin with?"

The Second Prince's pupils contracted slightly.

For a moment, he could not fully understand Yu Zidi's meaning.

Seeing this, Yu Zidi no longer bothered keeping him in suspense.

His lips slowly curled upward.

"The people you trusted most, they were mine from the very beginning."

"They didn't betray you. They were never loyal to you in the first place."

The Second Prince's eyes widened violently.

"What?!"

For the first time since entering the prison, his calm expression completely shattered.

"That's impossible!"

He suddenly stood up abruptly despite the chains restraining him.

The chains clattered loudly.

"How can that be?! How can they be your people, they were clearly... "

His voice was filled with genuine shock now.

Because this revelation was simply too absurd.

Too impossible!

Those people had followed him since he was young.

Some had grown up alongside him.

Some had protected him through countless dangers.

One of them had nearly died several times shielding him from assassins during their younger years.

Another had abandoned his own family entirely to save him when forced to choose between them.

Their loyalty had always seemed absolute.

Or at least...

That was what he believed.

More importantly, many of them had followed him since childhood.

How could people like that possibly be planted by Yu Zidi?

The Second Prince's breathing became increasingly unstable.

"No..."

He shook his head repeatedly.

"No, that's impossible..."

His eyes stared fixedly at Yu Zidi.

"You're lying."

But hearing this, Yu Zidi merely smiled calmly.

"A lie?"

He slowly stepped closer toward the prison bars.

"Since your death is already inevitable, I suppose there is no harm in telling you everything in detail. Listen Carefully!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 599 Enemies Since Birth[1,608 words]

"Do you still remember when you took in Zhao Ming?"

The Second Prince's pupils contracted slightly.

Of course he remembered.

Zhao Ming had followed him for over twenty years.

Back when they were still teenagers, Zhao Ming had once nearly died protecting him during an assassination attempt outside the capital.

Since then, the Second Prince had trusted him completely.

Yu Zidi smiled faintly.

"You always believed he became loyal to you after that incident."

"But the assassins that night..."

He looked directly into the Second Prince's eyes.

"...were arranged by me."

The Second Prince's mind shook violently.

"The wound on Zhao Ming's chest was real."

"The blood was real. The near-death experience was also real."

"But the entire situation itself was planned from the beginning. The risk was real and he could have been killed."

Yu Zidi's expression remained indifferent.

"I needed you to trust him absolutely, so I can't skimp on detail."

The Second Prince's breathing instantly became heavier.

Before he could even process it fully, Yu Zidi continued.

"And Liu Wen."

Yu Zidi merely smiled.

"He truly did sacrifice his family for you."

"But only because I ordered him to."

Yu Zidi clicked his tongue lightly.

"Tsk! Tsk! He really was a loyal dog. To think he would even go that far for my orders."

Despite Liu Wen sacrificing everything for the mission, Yu Zidi treated it as completely natural.

As though such sacrifices were only to be expected from his subordinates.

"But you believed he did all of that out of loyalty toward you."

The Second Prince's body trembled faintly.

"No..."

Yu Zidi continued mercilessly.

Yu Zidi's scheme had gone far deeper than the Second Prince ever realized.

It was not merely a matter of planting his own people beside him.

Over the years, whenever truly loyal retainers appeared around the Second Prince, Yu Zidi would quietly deal with them one way or another.

Some were framed as traitors.

Manipulated evidence would appear against them, gradually causing suspicion to form within the Second Prince's heart.

Eventually, several of those genuinely loyal followers were personally executed by the Second Prince himself.

Others died during dangerous missions and sudden conflicts carefully arranged behind the scenes.

The Second Prince's eyes widened further and further with every revelation.

Each sentence shattered another piece of what he once believed.

Every sacrifice.

Every act of loyalty.

Every emotional moment he treasured, all of it now seemed manipulated by his brother.

By the time Yu Zidi finished speaking, the Second Prince no longer looked angry.

Only shocked.

Utterly shocked.

His eyes stared blankly at Yu Zidi, as though looking at a complete monster.

At this moment, he suddenly realized something terrifying.

Almost every important relationship he thought he personally built had traces of Yu Zidi hidden behind it.

The Second Prince's lips trembled slightly.

"You..."

His voice sounded dry.

"You planned all of this?"

Yu Zidi merely smiled calmly.

The Second Prince's heart grew colder and colder.

He no longer doubted that the First Prince was lying because Yu Zidi even knew details he believed only he himself knew.

The exact places where he first met those people.

The conversations they shared.

The moments their loyalty was "proven."

Yu Zidi knew everything.

It felt as though his entire life had been quietly watched from the shadows.

The Second Prince suddenly raised his head sharply.

Then he stared fixedly at Yu Zidi.

A terrifying thought finally surfaced within his mind.

"...Wait..."

His breathing became unstable.

"Some of those people have been beside me since childhood..."

His voice became increasingly hoarse.

"Don't tell me..."

Even he found the thought unbelievable.

"You started planning this since we were children?"

Yu Zidi's smile deepened meaningfully.

And seeing that expression, the Second Prince's heart sank completely.

Yu Zidi looked at the shocked Second Prince calmly.

Then, a faint smile slowly appeared on his face.

"Oh, Brother."

His voice was gentle.

"Since the moment we were born into the Imperial Family, you should have already understood one thing."

He slowly clasped his hands behind his back.

"We were destined to become enemies."

His eyes carried no guilt whatsoever.

"So what is wrong with preparing early?"

The tone with which he spoke was so natural that it sent chills down the Second Prince's spine.

As though all of this—

The manipulation.

The schemes.

Were merely ordinary and reasonable actions.

Meanwhile, the Second Prince could only stare at him blankly.

At this moment, the person standing before him no longer resembled a human in his eyes.

Only a monster wearing human skin.

No...

A demon.

Even if the Imperial Family constantly competed against one another, back then they were still children.

Naïve children!

How could someone begin planning such terrifying schemes from that age?

How could someone quietly arrange so many pieces over decades without revealing the slightest flaw?

Yet reality was already standing directly before him.

Not only was it possible, Yu Zidi had succeeded completely.

The Second Prince suddenly felt a deep sense of helplessness spread through his heart.

Because he finally realized something horrifying.

Against Yu Zidi...

He had never truly stood a chance from the very beginning.

Every step he took.

Every trusted subordinate.

Every move within the throne struggles.

Perhaps all of it had already been anticipated long ago.

The Second Prince slowly lowered his head.

Then he suddenly laughed bitterly.

"Hahaha..."

Now he finally understood.

Yu Zidi could have killed him long ago if he truly wished to.

With those people planted around him, assassinating him would not have been difficult at all.

But Yu Zidi never did.

And he knew why.

The Eleventh Prince and Thirteenth Princess both possessed enormous influence within the Imperial Court.

Their existence alone prevented Yu Zidi from completely controlling the court.

So Yu Zidi used the Second Prince's own "trusted men" to eliminate them both.

Then afterward, he pushed all the blame directly onto the Second Prince himself.

By doing so, Yu Zidi achieved multiple goals at once.

He removed three major competitors.

Killed two competitors while leaving the Second Prince to bear all the blame.

By doing so, he gained trust and even support from many officials who had previously followed the Eleventh Prince and Thirteenth Princess.

And most importantly, he made himself appear righteous.

A prince who sought justice for his murdered siblings.

A future emperor who punished even his own brother according to the law.

Not only did he avoid suspicion entirely, his prestige within the court even rose further because of it.

Three competitors were removed with a single scheme.

The more the Second Prince understood it, the colder his heart became.

What kind of terrifying calculation was this?

The Second Prince slowly lifted his head once more.

Then he looked at Yu Zidi with complicated eyes.

"...A master scheme indeed."

Even his voice now sounded exhausted.

The Second Prince's expression had already lost most of its previous anger and madness.

What remained now was only exhaustion.

After learning the truth, he finally understood just how thoroughly he had lost.

Against someone like Yu Zidi, perhaps he truly never had any hope from the very beginning.

The Second Prince slowly lowered his gaze toward the jade bottle in his hand.

Then, after several moments of silence, he suddenly spoke again.

"...There's one final thing I want to know."

Yu Zidi looked at him calmly.

"Speak!"

The Second Prince slowly raised his head.

His eyes stared fixedly at Yu Zidi.

"Was it only me?"

His voice was low and hoarse.

"Or did you also place your people beside the others as well?"

The moment those words fell, the prison suddenly became deathly quiet.

Because after hearing everything Yu Zidi had revealed, the Second Prince no longer believed he was some special exception.

With how cautious and calculating Yu Zidi was, how could he possibly limit such preparations to only one brother?

The Second Prince no longer dared underestimate this elder brother of his in the slightest.

Meanwhile, Yu Zidi merely looked at him silently for several moments.

Then a faint smile slowly appeared on his face.

"What do you think?"

The answer was neither confirmation nor denial.

Yet at the same time, it was already the clearest answer possible.

The Second Prince's pupils trembled faintly.

Then he suddenly laughed softly.

A bitter laugh filled with despair.

The Second Prince slowly shook his head.

Then he finally opened the jade bottle quietly.

A faint medicinal smell drifted into the air.

He stared at the poison silently for several moments.

Then he looked toward Yu Zidi one final time.

Hatred still lingered within his eyes.

But beneath it, there was also fear.

Fear toward the terrifying monster standing before him.

Finally, the Second Prince spoke softly.

"Then..."

A cold smile appeared upon his face.

"I wish you also die a bitter death."

Those were his final words.

Then—

Without hesitation—

He raised the jade bottle and drank the poison completely.

The bottle slipped from his hand moments later.

CLINK!

It shattered against the cold prison floor.

Very quickly, black veins began spreading across the Second Prince's neck.

His body trembled violently.

Blood slowly flowed from the corner of his lips.

Yet throughout the entire process, his eyes never left Yu Zidi.

As though trying to carve this man's face into his soul before death.

Finally, his body collapsed heavily onto the cold prison floor.

Silence returned completely.

Yu Zidi merely stood there quietly.

His expression remained calm from beginning to end.

No sadness.

No guilt.

No emotion whatsoever.

After a few moments, he turned around indifferently.

"Announce that the Second Prince consumed poison and have committed suicide."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 600 Yu Zidi Seizes the Imperial Court[1,853 words]

The news exploded across the empire like a violent storm.

The Second Prince was dead.

And not only dead, he had died within the Imperial Prison after being detained for the murders of the Eleventh Prince and the Thirteenth Princess, ultimately committing suicide out of guilt and fear of punishment.

The moment the official announcement spread, the entire Imperial Capital erupted into chaos.

Shock!

Disbelief!

Outrage!

The deaths of the Eleventh Prince and Thirteenth Princess had already shaken the empire greatly, but now that the culprit had officially been confirmed, emotions immediately surged to their peak.

Within tea houses, restaurants, markets, and cultivation halls, countless people discussed the matter endlessly.

"That beast actually killed his own younger siblings?"

"To think the Second Prince was truly capable of something so vicious..."

"Hmph! What else do you expect from the Imperial Family?"

Some cursed him furiously.

Others merely sneered coldly.

The Imperial Family's struggle for the throne had never been clean to begin with.

Brothers killing brothers.

Princes scheming against their own blood.

Such things were cruel, yet far from uncommon.

Even so, openly murdering one's own siblings still crossed a line in the eyes of many.

"The Second Prince deserves death!"

"He should have been executed publicly!"

"Committing suicide was letting him off too easily!"

The people of the capital cursed his name endlessly.

Meanwhile, outrage also spread throughout the Imperial Court.

Memorials condemning the Second Prince flooded the palace one after another.

Several renowned scholars even wrote essays criticizing the brutality and corruption hidden beneath imperial succession struggles.

However, among cultivators and older political figures, the reactions were far more complicated.

Because many understood one truth clearly.

This was the Imperial Family.

In a battle for the throne, blood ties often meant very little.

Some merely sighed quietly after hearing the news.

"In the end, the throne devours everyone."

Others were even more indifferent.

"He lost. That is all."

"To fight for the throne without sufficient ability is simply courting death."

And some remained skeptical from beginning to end.

"Who can truly say whether the Second Prince was guilty... or merely framed?"

Many older cultivators had witnessed countless political storms throughout their lives.

To them, truth was often less important than the final outcome.

Still, regardless of what people privately believed, one fact became increasingly undeniable across the empire.

The First Prince's prestige soared dramatically.

From the perspective of the public, Yu Zidi had handled the entire matter almost flawlessly.

He personally investigated the murders.

He uncovered the truth.

And despite the criminal being his own blood brother, he still upheld justice without hesitation.

Such actions earned enormous praise throughout the Imperial Capital.

Countless commoners began speaking of him with admiration.

"The First Prince truly possesses the bearing of a wise ruler."

"He values justice above family ties."

"Perhaps the empire finally has hope for a worthy emperor."

Within only a few short days, support for Yu Zidi surged rapidly throughout the capital.

To ordinary citizens, the outcome already seemed clear.

The First Prince would most likely become the next Emperor.

After all, who else could still contend against him now?

The Imperial Court was already almost entirely under his control.

From military officials to civil ministers, countless important figures had openly begun standing at his side.

Even many former supporters of the Eleventh Prince and Thirteenth Princess gradually shifted toward Yu Zidi after witnessing how decisively he handled the matter.

As for the Second Prince's faction, those deemed useful were spared and absorbed.

Those considered dangerous, disloyal, or insignificant were either executed for assisting the Second Prince or exiled from the capital forever.

At first glance, the First Prince's ascension seemed almost inevitable.

However, such thoughts existed mostly among commoners and ordinary officials.

For the truly powerful factions of the empire, the situation was far from settled.

Because everyone understood one thing clearly.

As long as other competitors still remained, the throne could not truly belong to Yu Zidi.

No matter how thoroughly he controlled the Imperial Court.

After all, in this world, governmental authority may dominate ordinary mortals but among cultivators, true power was everything.

And right now, there were still four remaining competitors whose backing was powerful enough to contend against the First Prince.

Yu Qingya, The Fourth Princess, supported by the Frost Lily Pavilion.

Yu Longxuan, The Seventh Prince backed by the Crimson Thunder Palace.

Yu Wenzhao, The Third Prince, Supported by the Heaven Suppression Pavilion.

And Yu Feiyan, The Ninth Princess.

Though lacking support from a top sect like the other three, she was supported by numerous clans and sects throughout the empire.

Unless those four either submitted, formed agreements, or were eliminated entirely, The First Prince would never truly be able to ascend the throne.

Yu Zidi naturally understood this better than anyone.

In truth, he had already begun preparing long ago.

However, for now, the most important matter was consolidating his authority within the Imperial Court completely.

Although his control was already overwhelming, it would still require time to fully place the entire government beneath his hand.

And once that moment arrived, he would declare himself the new Emperor.

Obviously, although declaring himself the new Emperor even with the official announcement wasn't enough.

It could sway public opinion and in the longer run unless his sibling did anything, he could sit in the Emperor throne.

As for his sibling retaliation, hmph, once they are forced to enter the Capital, he can easily deal with them.

"Bastard!"

BOOM!

The Seventh Prince's furious roar exploded throughout the hall as a terrifying burst of lightning aura erupted from his body.

A chair beside him shattered instantly into splinters after being kicked across the room.

Cracks spread along the floor beneath his feet.

The surrounding servants immediately lowered their heads in fear, not daring to make a sound.

Yu Longxuan's face was extremely ugly.

Things had gone from bad to worse for him recently.

First, the failure to force the Xue Clan into submission, then his humiliating defeat against Nie Fengzhuo.

Not long afterward, the Third Prince openly attacked him though he survived and even injured them.

And now, The First Prince had suddenly gained overwhelming momentum after eliminating the Second Prince from the struggle entirely.

Everything happened too quickly.

Within only a few short days, the balance within the Imperial Court had shifted completely.

The more Yu Longxuan thought about it, the colder his heart became.

At this rate, The First Prince might soon begin turning his attention toward the remaining princes and princesses including him.

Although he still possessed the support of the Crimson Thunder Palace, Yu Longxuan knew clearly that it was not enough.

Originally, he had planned to rapidly expand his influence among the major clans.

But everything had been ruined.

Because of the Neutral Alliance.

Ever since the Bai Clan joined it, things made it difficult for him to move against those clans.

Many factions Yu Longxuan once intended to force into submission had already entered the Neutral Alliance.

And once they joined, touching them meant risking the Bai Clan's wrath directly.

Thinking about this only made Yu Longxuan even more furious.

BOOM!

Another chair was sent flying across the hall.

"Bai Zihan!"

Yu Longxuan gritted his teeth so hard that faint cracking sounds could almost be heard.

"If not for him..."

His expression twisted with rage.

"If not for that bastard, I would have already stormed the Xue Clan with the Grand Elders and forced them into submission long ago!"

The atmosphere inside the hall became extremely oppressive.

Several elders from the Crimson Thunder Palace exchanged uneasy glances before one of them finally stepped forward.

"Your Highness, calm yourself."

"Yes," another elder added solemnly. "This is not the time to lose composure."

However, Yu Longxuan immediately turned toward them with bloodshot eyes.

"Calm down?"

His voice rose sharply.

"How am I supposed to calm down?!"

Lightning flickered violently around his body.

"With death already nearing my doorstep..."

"With the First Prince controlling the court..."

"With enemies surrounding me from every direction..."

"You tell me to calm down?!"

The elders fell silent instantly.

Because none of them could deny his words.

The current situation was indeed becoming increasingly dangerous.

Yu Longxuan's chest rose and fell violently as rage and pressure continued building inside him.

Once Yu Zidi stabilized the Imperial Court completely, the next targets would inevitably be the remaining competitors.

If he continued sitting still now, he would eventually be devoured as well.

Gradually, the fury within Yu Longxuan's eyes slowly transformed into cold determination.

Then he suddenly spoke.

"We move immediately."

The Crimson Thunder Palace elders frowned slightly.

"Your Highness?"

Yu Longxuan's eyes turned icy.

"We will make the Fei Clan submit."

The expressions of the Crimson Thunder Palace elders changed slightly.

The Fei Clan!

A First-Rate Clan that had only recently joined the Neutral Alliance.

In truth, Yu Longxuan had already been eyeing them for quite some time.

The Fei Clan possessed considerable influence, numerous industries, and several powerful experts.

If he could force them beneath his command, his strength would immediately increase greatly.

Originally, he had intended to act against them long ago.

But having failed to make Xue Clan submit and then Third Prince attacks, delayed them.

Moreover, the Bai Clan's involvement with the Neutral Alliance had forced him to suppress those thoughts temporarily.

After all, offending the Bai Clan directly was not something he wished to do unless absolutely necessary.

However, Yu Longxuan no longer had the luxury of waiting.

If he continued doing nothing while Yu Zidi consolidated power within the Imperial Court, then sooner or later, death would inevitably come for him as well.

Compared to that outcome—

Taking risks now was the only choice left.

One elder frowned deeply.

"Your Highness... the Fei Clan is already part of the Neutral Alliance."

"I know!"

Yu Longxuan's expression remained cold.

Another elder hesitated briefly before speaking carefully.

"If we forcefully move against them now, the Bai Clan may intervene."

At those words, Yu Longxuan narrowed his eyes slightly.

For several moments, the hall remained silent.

Then—

"Hmph!"

A cold sneer escaped his lips.

"The Bai Clan may be powerful, but do they truly intend to protect every single clan within that alliance?"

His gaze became increasingly sharp.

"The Xue Clan is different. They are one of the leaders of the Neutral Alliance. Naturally, Bai Zihan would intervene personally for them."

"But the Fei Clan?"

Yu Longxuan's tone became colder and colder.

"They are merely one newly joined First-Rate Clan among many. I refuse to believe Bai Zihan would truly choose to openly offend me and the Crimson Thunder Palace over such a clan."

The elders exchanged glances silently.

Although his reasoning carried risks, it was not entirely without logic.

Would they truly escalate matters completely for the sake of the Fei Clan?

Even they could not say for certain.

Moreover, they really can't stay and do nothing while Yu Longxuan's enemy continues to seize more power.

"Hmph! I want to see whether Bai Zihan would truly dare offend me and the Crimson Thunder Palace over such a clan!"