

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 61: Factions Within Heaven Sword Sect[ 1,610 words ]

### *Chapter 61: Factions Within Heaven Sword Sect*

Bai Zihan didn't plan to do anything to Shen Liang at the moment.

Fang Jinyan was going to inform him when Shen Liang decided to carry out the plan.

And Bai Zihan didn't have to do much to thwart Shen Liang's plan, which was already known to him.

Bai Zihan cultivated for the two days before Kong Zhanhong appeared with the task completed.

"Young Master, I have collected all the required information and written it in this scroll."

Kong Zhanhong said as he handed over the scroll.

Bai Zihan took it.

"Good job! Here's your reward," Bai Zihan said as he handed him a jade bottle.

Kong Zhanhong caught it, then checked what it was—and was shocked when he saw it.

"This... Young Master, is it okay for me to accept this?"

Kong Zhanhong asked fearfully.

After all, what was in the jade bottle were five high-quality Golden Essence Pills, which were extremely effective for someone like him.

It was too precious. His clan could only afford to send one such pill every two months, and even that was low quality.

"Take it. Anyway, I don't lack such things. You can cultivate for now—and remember to come when I call you."

Bai Zihan said, not caring in the slightest about the pill he'd given Kong Zhanhong.

After all, the Bai Clan treasury had plenty of such pills, and he'd taken a bunch of them with him when he came to the Heaven Sword Sect.

"Thank you, Young Master. I will carry out your orders without hesitation."

Kong Zhanhong said, his voice trembling with forced loyalty.

"Even if I have to walk through a thousand swords or swim through a sea of flames... I'll do it!"

He was initially only submissive to Bai Zihan because he feared for his life, but after receiving such a reward for such an easy job, he now realized what a great opportunity this was.

Kissing Bai Zihan's ass was a hundred times better than trying to work under Fang Jinyan or Shen Liang.

This is what a real tycoon looks like!

After giving a big bow, Kong Zhanhong left.

(What a dramatic guy.)

Bai Zihan thought, before turning his attention to the scroll.

Indeed, Kong Zhanhong had done a great job with the task he was given.

He'd written in detail about the different factions within the Heaven Sword Sect and their power levels compared to each other as well.

Kong Zhanhong might act like a clown, but when it came to information gathering, the guy didn't mess around.

He'd written everything down—names, power levels, political leanings... even added a few notes on personal grudges and rumors.

"Faction Breakdown within the Heaven Sword Sect!"

There were several small factions, mostly led by elders who either wanted more resources or wanted to get into higher positions.

Standard sect bullshit.

But there were two factions that truly divided the sect.

One was the Anti-Sect Leader Faction, and the other was those who supported the current Sect Leader.

Bai Zihan's brows lifted.

Shen Liang's backing—his uncle—belonged to the Anti-Sect Leader Faction.

It seemed their primary objective was to have the current Sect Leader removed and replaced with someone they considered better: their faction leader.

And that faction leader was Elder Han, head of the Punishment Hall.

The guy was obsessed with law, order, and "restoring the sect's former glory"—whatever that meant.

He was known to be cold, ruthless, and absolutely uncompromising.

And apparently... he wasn't a fan of the current Sect Leader.

The scroll noted that Elder Han believed the current leadership was too soft—favoring diplomacy over strength, avoiding war, and tolerating too many internal disputes.

In short, the Sect Leader is a reasonable person who doesn't like to abuse his power and this Elder Han didn't like it.

(Perhaps the Sect Leader should do what Elder Han likes and use his power to teach him a lesson.)

Well, that's what he thought—but he also knew it wouldn't be easy, considering Elder Han held a lot of power and influence within the sect.

But if it was Bai Zihan doing it, he figured it wouldn't be all that hard.

If there wasn't a good excuse, then just make one—after dealing with Elder Han.

Who'd even dare protest once the guy was dead?

And even if someone did, without Elder Han to lead them, they'd fall apart faster than dry leaves in the wind.

"Is this why Shen Liang is so arrogant?"

No wonder Shen Liang was such a self-important little shit. He had backing.

And not just from anyone, but from one of the most dangerous factions in the sect.

It might not just be him Bai Zihan had to deal with—but the entire faction.

Why?

Because the Sect Leader was the one who agreed to accept Bai Zihan as a disciple of the Heaven Sword Sect.

If they were targeting the Sect Leader, there's no way they wouldn't target him too.

Perhaps the Sect Leader was being criticized for accepting him. It might not seem important, but they'd definitely use it as ammunition.

Bai Zihan tapped his chin.

So that's how it was.

"Interesting!"

Bai Zihan smiled as he thought of what action to take in the future.

Bai Zihan wasn't scared—he actually found it intriguing.

He wasn't sure whether Shen Liang's moves were directly ordered by the faction, but either way, they were his enemies.

Reason being, the Sect Leader is Father's friend—or at least that's what he knows.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have accepted Bai Tianheng's request to admit him as a disciple.

Moreover, the Sect Leader wasn't powerless.

He had his own supporters—known as the Sect Leader's Faction.

They mostly existed to resist the Anti-Sect Leader Faction and prevent them from achieving their goals.

They also helped stabilize the Sect Leader's position both within and outside the sect.

Looking at the power scale, the two factions were equally powerful. It didn't seem like the Anti-Sect Leader side had a real advantage.

Unless, of course, there were hidden forces not visible to the general public—and Kong Zhanhong didn't know.

After all, it would be tough for just an Inner Disciple to know everything about the sect's true power, even after years.

There was even a list showing which Peak Masters supported which faction—including Mystic Moon Peak.

As expected, Mystic Moon Peak was labeled "Neutral."

It was also stated that Elder Qinglan didn't give a damn about sect politics.

She cultivated, taught her disciples, and stayed the hell out of the mess. Her status and power was also so high that no one dared provoke her.

Moreover, both factions wanted Elder Qinglan on their side—because her support could tip the balance in their faction's favor.

Of course, she wasn't interested. If she was, she could've easily become the Sect Leader herself.

And although she didn't side with either faction, she was considered to lean slightly toward the Sect Leader's faction.

After all, she gave up her right to become Sect Leader in favor of her senior brother—who is the current Sect Leader.

So, Bai Zihan came to a simple conclusion—there were three major factions in the sect.

One that supported the current Sect Leader, one that wanted to replace him, and the neutrals who wanted no part in the power struggle.

Bai Zihan realized that the neutral group might actually be the most powerful of the three.

After all, to resist pressure from both major factions, these so-called "neutrals" had to be strong enough that no one dared mess with them—Elder Qinglan being the perfect example.

If you added up all the neutral elders, their collective influence could easily surpass either faction.

Of course, whether they were truly neutral or quietly backing someone behind the scenes was another matter entirely.

Not everyone plays their cards out in the open.

Anyway, Bai Zihan kept that information tucked away. It might come in handy later.

Now for the next scroll—the one about his second task: tracking down the whereabouts of other Bai Clan members in the sect.

"Hmph! These rebellious Clan members!"

Bai Zihan knew they were all hiding from him. Otherwise, he would've seen at least one of them by now.

And it's not like they didn't know he was here.

As the Heir of the Bai Clan and their future Clan Leader, they should've been the first to greet him when he arrived.

Bai Zihan wasn't planning to let those clan members off easy.

Names, locations, excuses. It was all written out, but the moment he started reading, his frown deepened.

One Bai Clan disciple was "in seclusion for a critical breakthrough."

Another had been "assigned to a long-term mission outside the sect—expected to return in four months."

One had "suffered severe injuries during training" and was "currently recovering in the Medical Pavilion under Elder He."

(Seriously?)

How convenient.

Every single one of them had some reason—some bullshit excuse—that made them "unavailable" for the next few months.

Bai Zihan scoffed.

"Hiding like rats."

It was all done professionally, too—just enough detail to sound legitimate, giving each of them a solid excuse to avoid him for the next couple of months.

But did Bai Zihan need a reason to unleash his anger?

Hell no!

The moment he laid eyes on them, he was going to let them have it—no holding back.

He was the Heir of the Bai Clan. Their future Clan Leader. And instead of supporting him, they were scrambling to stay out of his way—as if he were some plague.

He continued to read the names on the scroll then his eyes stopped on a particular name.

"Bai Xinyue!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 62: Bai Xinyue[ 1,565 words ]

*Chapter 62: Bai Xinyue*

"Bai Xinyue!"

His cousin's sister, the one whose Dao Bone was taken away and was even banished from the clan.

Bai Zihan was most fearful of her because if she was one of the Heaven Chosen, then he was definitely the villain destined to be killed by her hands.

This was all due to his mother.

"Why did Mother even do this?"

Bai Zihan muttered, a bit resentful.

He knew his mother had done it for his sake, thinking that transferring the Dao Bone to him would grant him the same abilities his cousin had shown.

However, there was no change.

The System didn't even show the Dao Bone in his constitution—which it should if it were really there—and although it was technically present, it just sat there doing nothing.

Seriously, it was like the Dao Bone knew it wasn't in the right body and refused to help him in any way.

All it did was give him an enemy who might trample him beneath her feet.

"Why is she here?"

Bai Zihan didn't know why Bai Xinyue was here.

Although he hadn't paid much attention to her before, he did know one thing—she had vanished, with her whereabouts completely unknown.

She had gone into hiding, likely because of the very real possibility that Bai Zihan's mother might try to finish the job.

That's why, for the past five years, there hadn't been a single trace of her—no sightings, no rumors, nothing.

But now, she appeared here?

Was the Heaven Sword Sect protecting her?

Bai Zihan wasn't sure, but with such an apparent enemy around, he knew he needed to be more careful.

Who knew whether Bai Xinyue would sneak up and assassinate him to reclaim her Dao Bone?

Unlike the others, Bai Xinyue's entry wasn't filled with dramatic excuses.

She wasn't in seclusion.

She wasn't injured.

She wasn't on some faraway mission.

Her record simply said she was currently residing on Azure Cloud Peak.

By now, she should know he was in the Heaven Sword Sect.

"I don't know whether she would refrain from killing me because of the sect."

She couldn't just kill him—at least not while he was in the Heaven Sword Sect—or else she'd be turning the sect into her enemy.

Without any backing, she surely wouldn't dare.

That is... if she doesn't have backing. And Bai Zihan knew that if she had the protagonist's destiny, she wouldn't be lacking it.

Additionally, she had always been talented—whether intellectually or in cultivation—that is, until her Dao Bone was taken away.

But now that she had been admitted to the Heaven Sword Sect, perhaps she had reawakened her cultivation talent.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been accepted as a disciple—let alone as an Inner Disciple.

Unless, of course, she came through the backdoor like him.

Which he found hard to believe.

Still, he found it surprising that Bai Xinyue hadn't shown up in front of him yet.

Or maybe... it just wasn't time. Maybe she was biding her time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

After all, simply killing him wouldn't be enough—not after everything she had suffered.

"Shit!"

He didn't think he'd encounter her already.

"Is Heaven Sword Sect a gathering of protagonists?"

There was already Lin Xuan. Now Bai Xinyue might be another.

And he hadn't even seen much of the sect yet.

He hadn't seen a single Heaven Chosen from the Bai Clan, despite it being one of the strongest clans.

(My clan is really a villain clan!)

Anyway, there was no need to deal with Lin Xuan—he already felt grateful to him.

Though Bai Zihan didn't know how long that would last.

At the moment, his focus was on Bai Xinyue.

Bai Zihan lacked information about her.

He needed to collect information—and he had just the person in mind.

"Kong Zhanhong!"

The moment Bai Zihan muttered the name, he tapped his finger against a smooth, jade-white slip that hung at his waist.

A faint spiritual ripple echoed outward as a soft glow enveloped the surface—like ripples through water—and the message inscription process began.

This Jade Transmission Slip was an artifact—something like a private spiritual communicator.

Its main function?

One-to-one, short-range messaging. Ten miles, max.

Although with higher-grade Jade Transmission Slips, longer range was possible—but those were ridiculously rare and expensive.

What Bai Zihan was using was already one of the best—so much so that even some Heaven Sword Sect elders had limited access to them.

"Yes, young master?"

Kong Zhanhong replied.

"I need you to urgently gather information on someone. The faster and more detailed the info, the better the reward you'll get."

Kong Zhanhong's reply came instantly, with a hint of excitement in his voice.

"Who should I investigate, young master?"

Well, after the reward Bai Zihan gave him earlier, of course he'd be eager now.

"Bai Xinyue of Azure Cloud Peak. I need a full report—cultivation level, habits, daily routine, temperament, who she hangs out with, who hates her, who's simping over her—everything."

"Understood, young master!"

Bai Zihan leaned back in his chair, fingers drumming against the armrest.

With Kong Zhanhong, he didn't need to personally investigate anything.

And once again, he realized just how useful the guy was.

After giving those orders, Bai Zihan returned to cultivating—this time with even more urgency.

"I need to break through to the Golden Core Stage as soon as possible!"

Unlike with Fang Jinyan, it would be impossible to take on Heaven Chosen with his Core Condensation Stage cultivation.

One day later, Kong Zhanhong arrived with the information, written down on a scroll like last time.

Bai Zihan handed him the reward—the same as before.

Kong Zhanhong had no complaints. This time, the target of the investigation was just a single person.

In a sense, he got the same reward for far less work.

The report was detailed—absurdly so.

Bai Zihan skimmed through the scroll, eyes narrowing with every line.

Recently admitted!

That was the first thing that caught his attention.

Bai Xinyue hadn't been in the sect for long. In fact, according to the report, she'd only been accepted a few months ago.

And yet... she was already being called one of Azure Cloud Peak's most promising new disciples.

Apparently, her talent had reawakened—or maybe it had never left to begin with. Maybe it had just gone dormant after the Dao Bone was torn out of her.

In any case, she was already in the Golden Core Stage despite being the same age as him.

Her comprehension was off the charts, mastering new techniques in a matter of hours.

With such talent, it would be weird if Heaven Sword Sect didn't accept her as a disciple.

"Her cultivation was last tested to be Mid-Level Golden Core Stage!"

(Looks like she's regained her talent—at least partially.)

Previously, her talent was said to be equal to or even greater than Bai Xueqing's.

If her talent had returned recently, it was understandable that she had reached the Mid-Level Golden Core Stage.

But if it had never disappeared and she only managed to reach Golden Core Stage, then she hadn't regained the full extent of her previous potential.

Or perhaps she had something more amazing than a Dao Bone, though Bai Zihan believed that would be too ridiculous.

Even for Chosen Ones, giving her something better than a Dao Bone? That's just overkill.

If that's the case, then once she regains her Dao Bone, wouldn't she become an unrivaled genius—one that no one could even hope to compare to?

Well, Bai Zihan stopped thinking about it as there was no way that he could confirm it at the moment.

Then came another interesting part.

She was offered a spot at Mystic Moon Peak.

Yes, Bai Zihan's own peak.

More specifically, his master, Elder Qinglan, had wanted her.

According to Kong Zhanhong, Elder Qinglan had been very interested in Bai Xinyue.

She'd even gone out of her way to personally extend the invitation—something that almost never happened.

Everyone assumed Bai Xinyue would accept.

Mystic Moon Peak was the most exclusive of all the peaks.

And with Elder Qinglan being one of the strongest, many disciples dreamed of joining her, especially the girls.

But Bai Xinyue refused.

Flat out!

Didn't even hesitate.

Instead, she chose Azure Cloud Peak.

Kong Zhanhong mentioned that he didn't know the reason and it seems like other people also didn't know.

However, Bai Zihan knew. How could he not?

It was probably to avoid being with Bai Xueqing. She saw everyone in Bai Zihan's family as enemies, and Bai Xueqing was likely no exception.

"She really hates us, huh?"

Understandably so.

But still... At the moment, she wasn't a match for Bai Xueqing. Perhaps she wouldn't even seek revenge against her.

But he was definitely on her list.

Probably at the top.

He leaned back and chuckled darkly.

He looked down at the report again.

"With her talent, it seems like a matter of time before she's admitted as a Core Disciple of Heaven Sword Sect. Likely to happen in the next Core Disciple Assessment."

Bai Zihan ran a hand through his hair.

"Of course she's getting fast-tracked..."

Bai Xinyue had all the marks of a Heaven Chosen—reincarnated talent, tragic backstory, terrifying growth rate, ice-cold determination.

Though to confirm, Bai Zihan has to rely on System's ability.

"Looks like I need to go meet with her!"

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 63: Heavenly Phoenix Rebirth[ 1,045 words ]

### Chapter 63 Heavenly Phoenix Rebirth

Bai Zihan stood up, brushing aside the scroll with a flick of his hand.

He didn't know where Azure Cloud Peak was, exactly.

The Heaven Sword Sect was huge—each peak like its own damn city. Wandering around like a lost puppy was not the vibe he wanted to give off.

Plus, there was one more thing nagging at him.

If Bai Xinyue really was a Heaven Chosen, then casually strolling into her territory alone might just be him walking straight into a damn protagonist death flag.

"Guess I better bring my life insurance policy with me."

Bai Zihan muttered.

\*\*\*

"Young master, why Azure Cloud Peak?"

Lin Xuan asked.

Bai Zihan had decided to bring Lin Xuan with him.

Not only could he show the way to Azure Cloud Peak, but he was also one of the Heaven Chosen.

With him by his side, the chances of survival might increase.

The two flew across the vast sect grounds on their swords, passing over white stone paths, bamboo groves, and outer disciple training ground until they reached the edge of Azure Cloud Peak.

A few disciples standing guard at the outer plaza looked over and immediately furrowed their brows.

"Who are you?"

One of them asked sharply.

It seemed like he didn't recognize Bai Zihan. Otherwise, his attitude wouldn't be like this.

"Bai Zihan of Mystic Moon Peak!"

Bai Zihan answered.

The answer immediately surprised the guard, and their eyes widened in shock.

Immediately, they became wary.

"W-Why are you here?"

He asked again. Despite knowing the identity, it wasn't like they could just let him in.

"I'm just here to visit my cousin."

Bai Zihan answered.

"Cousin? Who?"

"Bai Xinyue!"

The answer surprised the guard more.

After all, there probably wasn't anyone from Azure Cloud Peak who didn't know the most cherished disciple of the peak.

"Disciples from other peaks aren't allowed here without permission."

The guard said again.

It seemed like visiting another peak wasn't as easy as Bai Zihan had thought.

Bai Zihan didn't flinch.

He flicked his sleeve, revealing a pale green pouch. Inside was a small stack of spirit stones-clean, high-grade ones.

If sold, the money earned would be enough for an average family of five to live comfortably for a year or two.

He casually handed one of them the pouch.

A quick peek inside was all it took.

The guy coughed lightly, and his tone was a complete one-eighty.

"Ah, so it's a family business. Of course, of course. Please, right this way!"

Bai Zihan smirked.

The guard cleared his throat and, after another glance at the pouch now nestled in his sleeve, leaned in slightly.

"Bai Xinyue is not in her residence right now."

He said, his tone more respectful.

"She's at the Azure Cloud Arena, way up that path. Turn left at the spirit spring -you'll know it when you see the crowd."

(Crowd?)

Bai Zihan didn't understand why there would be a crowd, but didn't ask-he'd find out soon enough.

Perhaps there is a fight between powerful disciples.

"Let's go!"

Azure Cloud Peak was every bit as refined as it looked-waterfalls cascading beside jade staircases, lotus ponds glowing with spiritual light, and elegant

pavilions dotting the landscape.

But the disciples here?

They were something else.

As soon as they stepped in, Bai Zihan could feel the stares from a few disciples.

Cold, judgmental, and in some cases, downright hostile.

He heard a whisper as they passed.

"Isn't that the Bai Clan waste? What is he doing in Azure Cloud Peak?"

"That's him? Teh... what a piece of trash."

"Who gave him permission to enter our peak?"

Bai Zihan rolled his eyes, ignored them, and kept walking.

Lin Xuan wasn't so calm.

He felt anger at the people insulting his benefactor, but also knew better than

to cause trouble.

After all, rather than focusing on such nonsense, he knew well that for Bai Zihan, his task was much more important.

There was also the fact that he couldn't do anything to those Inner Disciples who were in the Golden Core Stage.

Though he made sure to remember those faces for when he became strong.

They ascended the mountain trail, turned left after the spirit spring, heading toward the arena.

Soon, they heard the crowd before they saw it. A chorus of gasps, murmurs, and the occasional "Did you see that?" rang out across the trees.

And then the arena came into view.

A large, open-air platform of polished stone, rimmed with sky-blue pillars and glowing formation lines.

Dozens of disciples stood at the edges, craning their necks for a better look.

And at the center-

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed as he spotted her.

Bai Xinyue!

[Heaven Chosen Detected!]

(As expected!) Before the System even showed him who the Heaven Chosen was, Bai Zihan already knew.

[Scanning...]

[Heaven Chosen Profile Unlocked.]

Name: Bai Xinyue

Age: 17

Fate Grade: ★★★★★ (Five Stars)

Cultivation Base: Golden Core (Late)

Destiny: Heavenly Phoenix Rebirth

Bai Xinyue was born with the Heavenly Phoenix Constitution, an ancient and near-mythical body type said to descend from the bloodline of the Divine Phoenix itself.

This constitution grants her incredible regenerative powers-able to recover from grievous injuries, purge poisons, and even regenerate meridians and shattered bones.

Her vitality burns like an undying flame, allowing her to rise again and again, no matter how many times she falls.

However, her path was never smooth.

As a child, her Dao Bone-the spiritual core of her cultivation potential-was stolen through deceit and betrayal, robbing her of her rightful destiny. Labeled as mediocre and cast aside by her clan, she endured humiliation and

isolation.

But the Phoenix is not meant to crawl.

Through sheer will and unrelenting cultivation speed, she clawed her way back, breaking through bottlenecks faster than any of her peers. Blessed by the Heavenly Flame of Nirvana, her breakthroughs come with blazing revelations, purifying her Dao and pushing her cultivation forward like a raging inferno.

Her fate is one of vengeance, justice, and transcendence.

She will one day reclaim her stolen Dao Bone, unleashing her true potential.

The moment she does, the world shall witness the rebirth of the Heavenly Phoenix—a divine existence soaring high above the Nine Heavens, untouchable and eternal.

\*\*\*\*\*

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 64: Meeting with Bai Xinyue

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Well, now that confirms it.

Bai Xinyue is a protagonist, and one who is even more prominent than Lin Xuan.

She has the Heavenly Phoenix Constitution.

No wonder she recovered from the injuries of having her Dao Bone stolen and even got back her cultivation talent, though it still seemed to be less because of not having her Dao Bone.

And it also confirms that he was the villain that she must kill in order to fulfill her destiny and soar like a true phoenix.

Anyways, it seems like the crowd is gathered here because of Bai Xinyue.

And right in front of her... was a pretty boy.

"Bai Xinyue!"

He declared, loud enough for the whole damn peak to hear.

"I've admired you since the day I laid eyes on you! I've never met someone like you—so elegant, so talented, so... perfect!"

"Oh no!"

Bai Zihan muttered.

"It's that kind of drama."

He even thought that perhaps that man was a villain, but turns out he wasn't. He seemed to be just a simp.

The young master took a step forward, hand outstretched like he thought he was in a romance play.

"You already know this isn't the first time I've asked. So I'll say it again—will you be mine?"

(Really a simp!)

"Say yes! Say Yes!"

"Bai Xinyue, accept already. Young Master Mo Yichen is very sincere with you."

"Yes! Just accept it!"

...

The crowd erupted into chatter with many girls supporting the young man. It seemed like this young man was very popular, especially among the girls.

If he had confessed to any other girl, it looks like he would succeed without any problem.

However, Bai Xinyue?

She didn't even blink.

Her tone was calm. Freezing, even.

"No!"

Well, there was no surprise. After all, Bai Xinyue was the chosen one of five stars fate grade.

How could someone she would love be an ordinary person?

At the very least, he would need to be a Heaven Chosen.

Mo Yichen froze.

"I'm not interested!"

Bai Xinyue said, voice flat.

"And Mo Yichen, no matter how many times you ask, my answer will remain the same. Please, don't waste your time or mine."

There was a brief pause as the words sank in.

Mo Yichen's smile froze on his face like someone had just slapped him with a dead fish.

His hand—still outstretched—trembled slightly as he tried to save face.

Then, the cracks started to show.

"What's wrong with me?"

He muttered, voice rising.

"Am I not good enough for you?"

His tone sharpened, shifting from charming young master to a spoiled brat mid-tantrum.

"I'm the Young Master of the Mo Clan! One of the top ten clans in the entire Desolate Heaven Empire!"

He took a step closer to her, trying to puff up his presence like a damn peacock on steroids.

"Even though my talent might not be the same as yours, I am a genius known throughout the empire."

Bai Xinyue, on the other hand, didn't flinch.

She just stared at him like he was some bug buzzing in her ear.

Mo Yichen kept going, practically pleading and demanding at the same time.

"Why are you being like this?! If it were any other girl, they'd be grateful just to stand next to me!"

He reached out again—this time not in some dramatic, romance-novel pose.

No, this was some dumbass move that looked like he was actually going to grab her wrist.

And that's when Bai Xinyue's expression finally changed.

Her eyes narrowed. A chill rolled off her body like a blizzard wind.

For a brief second, her Golden Core aura flared—just a flicker, just enough to make a few nearby disciples stumble back.

She clenched her fist. Bai Zihan could practically see the murder in her eyes.

But she held back.

The only thing holding her back was the Sect rules.

If she beat his ass in public without a proper duel, it'd be a whole thing.

Discipline Hall, lectures, maybe even a temporary restriction on her cultivation rights.

She gritted her teeth and didn't move.

(Maybe I should have chosen a different peak?)

Bai Xinyue thought.

Day and night, she had been pestered by Mo Yichen.

And the chances of her accepting Mo Yichen's confession were zero to none because she was reminded of Bai Zihan by how Mo Yichen acted.

The same arrogance without regard to the feelings of others due to his own status.

(Endure it! Bai Xinyue, you must endure this!)

Bai Xinyue thought to herself.

Her revenge was still far off, and she had been enduring for so many years.

She believed that she only needed to endure a little more to succeed in her revenge.

"Young Master Mo should just give up. I am not worth it!"

Bai Xinyue said.

"Damn it! Damn it! You're just an abandoned girl from the Bai Clan. How dare you try to act superior?"

Mo Yichen threw away any pretense and angrily yelled.

There was no secret that Bai Xinyue was exiled, and everyone who knew her, knew about that.

That is why, despite being from the Bai Clan, Mo Yichen wasn't afraid of Bai Xinyue who didn't have the support of the Bai Clan.

That's when a slow, sarcastic clap echoed through the air.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Bai Zihan walked toward the arena where Bai Xinyue and Mo Yichen were.

"Who dares?"

Mo Yichen immediately had his attention attracted by the clap.

Not only him, the other audience members in the Azure Cloud Arena were equally stunned that someone dared to interfere with Mo Yichen—especially when the tension had risen and Mo Yichen was irritable.

Bai Xinyue's eyes widened and there was a big frown on her face, with anger visible.

"Bai Zihan..."

She muttered under her breath.

Although grown up and different from when they were children, it was impossible for her not to recognize the one she deemed her life enemy.

Plus, even if someone had the same appearance as him, she refused to believe that anyone could replicate that same arrogant aura.

Now, her life-long enemy was before her eyes!

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 65: Confrontation at Azure Cloud Peak

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Bai Zihan casually strolled forward, the sound of his slow, mocking applause echoing louder than it had any right to.

He stopped a few steps away from the little standoff and tilted his head, wearing that ever-so-punchable smirk of his.

"Well now," Bai Zihan said, eyes locked on Xu Yuhan.

"This is the first time I've seen someone so confidently threaten a member of the Bai Clan."

He chuckled—low and sharp.

"You're quite brave. Or maybe just stupid?"

Xu Yuhan narrowed his eyes in anger.

Not only had he been rejected by Bai Xinyue, now some smug bastard was rubbing salt in the wound.

Of course he was about to snap.

But before he could even speak, one of his lackeys tugged on his sleeve and whispered frantically,

"Young Master, that's Bai Zihan... the heir of the Bai Clan."

Xu Yuhan blinked.

"What?"

He looked from his lackey to the smirking Bai Zihan. Now that it was mentioned, yeah—he did recognize the face.

The Mo Clan and Bai Clan both ranked among the Top Ten of the Desolate Heaven Empire, so they'd crossed paths before.

But Bai Zihan was a joke.

A "waste." Even if he was heir to the mighty Bai Clan, Xu Yuhan never saw a reason to take him seriously.

Understandably, it slipped his mind—at least until his lackey whispered the name."

Suddenly, Xu Yuhan's puffed-up chest deflated just a bit.

Not because he feared Bai Zihan—he still believed he could take him in a one-on-one fight—but the Bai Clan?

Yeah. That was a different beast entirely.

The Mo Clan might be in the top ten, but the Bai Clan? Top three, maybe even number one.

So, he adjusted his tone. Just a little.

"What exactly do you mean by that, Bai Zihan?"

He asked with a frown.

His voice still carried that arrogant edge. He couldn't help himself—he still looked down on Zihan deep inside.

"Everyone knows Bai Xinyue was exiled from the Bai Clan. So how exactly am I threatening the Bai Clan?"

He asked.

Bai Zihan's smile didn't fade. In fact, it widened—dangerously so.

"Whether she's exiled or not, that's none of your concern."

He took another step forward, voice lowering just enough to make the threat under the sarcasm hit clear as day.

"This is a family matter. And you should know better than to provoke someone with the name Bai attached to them."

"Or what?" he added, eyes gleaming.

"Do you think your Mo Clan stands a chance against my Bai Clan?"

The arena went dead quiet.

Not a single soul dared make a sound.

After all, this wasn't some friendly spat. This looked like before a clash between two of the Empire's giants.

"You..."

Xu Yuhan's jaw clenched.

It was one thing to argue. It was another thing entirely to throw around clan-level threats.

"Hmph! Let's go!"

He turned and stormed off, his lackey scrambling after him.

Bai Zihan watched him leave like he was watching a person who didn't even know his place.

Bai Zihan watched him leave like he was watching some clueless fool who didn't even know his place.

Honestly, if you looked at the bigger picture, you could say he just saved Xu Yuhan's life.

The guy had the balls to bare his fangs at Heaven's Chosen One—his fate was already on a countdown the moment he opened his damn mouth.

So really, Bai Zihan had done him a favor.

Too bad the idiot wasn't smart enough to thank his fellow villain for saving him from a cliché villain's death.

"Tch. No spine!"

Bai Zihan muttered under his breath, then turned to the rest of the dumbfounded crowd.

"Well?"

He said lazily, voice echoing across the emptying arena.

"The drama's over. Go back to whatever boring crap you were doing before."

The disciples exchanged glances, shifting awkwardly.

"Hah? Who the hell does he think he is?"

"Arrogant bastard... This is Azure Cloud Peak, not his Mystic Moon pigsty!"

"Just because he scared off Xu Yuhan, he thinks he can boss us around?"

...

Despite the salty muttering, not a single one of them said it to his face.

One by one, they started to leave—some grumbling, some glaring—but none dared stay.

Because if even Xu Yuhan backed off... who the hell were they to pick a fight?

Soon, the arena emptied out, leaving just two people—

Bai Zihan!

And the girl who looked like she wanted to set him on fire.

Bai Xinyue stood still, arms crossed, her glare sharp enough to draw blood.

Her voice came out cold as frostbite.

"Why are you here, Bai Zihan?"

No thanks. No pleasantries.

Not that Bai Zihan expected any.

He smirked the moment she opened her mouth.

"Why?"

He repeated, his head slightly tilted.

"Am I not allowed to be here? Didn't realize Azure Cloud Peak belonged to you."

"You know damn well what I mean."

Bai Xinyue snapped, stepping forward. Her glare only sharpened.

"Don't act like you helped me, you hypocrite."

Her voice shook with fury, but she held it together. Barely.

"I don't know what you're scheming, what kind of twisted plan dragged you all the way here... but let me guess."

She tilted her chin upward.

"You want to shut me up. Make sure I never tell anyone what you did to me."

Then she sneered.

"But unfortunately for you, your measly strength isn't nearly enough to make that happen."

She, who had vowed to take revenge on him, never stopped tracking his movements.

She kept her ears open to every whisper about the Bai Clan—especially anything tied to Bai Zihan.

She knew he was still in the Core Formation Stage. Not a threat. Not to her.

Sure, if he'd dragged an elder along, maybe she'd worry. But this was the Heaven Sword Sect.

Even for the mighty Bai Clan, there were limits to what they could get away with here.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan stood there, still smirking like he was looking at a child throwing a tantrum.

(Still the same!)

Bai Zihan thought.

Bai Xinyue, despite the years, hadn't changed.

She still wore her emotions on her sleeve—at least around him.

He'd worried that time and exile might've twisted her. Turned her into a cold, scheming snake.

But no.

If she was that kind of person, she wouldn't be snapping at him like this.

She'd have smiled sweetly, maybe even thanked him for "saving" her... all while sharpening the knife behind her back.

But she didn't.

And honestly?

That made her easier to deal with.

"People like her are straightforward. You always know where the blade's coming from."

"It's the smiling ones that bury it in your spine."

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 66: Facing the Past

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

"Tsk! Tsk!"

Bai Zihan clicked his tongue, the sound sharp in the air like a slap.

"Your imagination's really something else, Xinyue," he said, tone mockingly amused.

"Unfortunately... it's dead wrong."

He strolled forward lazily, hands tucked neatly behind his back like he had all the time in the world and not a single care burdening his steps.

"I'm not here to shut you up. I'm just here to see my dear cousin."

The way he said it, with mock affection dripping off every syllable, made it clear he didn't expect a warm reunion.

If anything, it sounded like he was daring her to explode, taunting her like he used to when they were children—except back then, it was teasing over pastries or training dummies.

Now? Now they stood across from each other with years of blood, betrayal, and bitterness between them.

Bai Xinyue's eyes narrowed, her expression like frost slowly forming on glass. And then, she smiled.

Not a kind smile but a bitter one.

"Oh?" How touching. If only those heartfelt concerns had shown up before my Dao Bone was ripped out of my body."

She didn't yell. Didn't even raise her voice.

But her words hit harder than a slap.

Cold, cutting, and soaked in the kind of fury that didn't burn—it simmered.

She knew that the injustice she had endured was something only she could seek justice for.

After all, who could possibly hold the Bai Clan accountable when it was one of the most powerful forces in the land?

And just like Bai Zihan had said earlier, everything could be brushed aside with two simple words: family matters.

"I don't remember you stopping that from happening," she added.

Her arms were folded tightly, shoulders drawn up in tension. Her eyes locked onto his. Steady. Unflinching.

She stepped forward, just slightly. Not enough to threaten. Just enough to show she wasn't afraid.

"So forgive me if I'm a little suspicious of your sudden family bonding moment."

For a second, the silence between them stretched taut.

Then Bai Zihan let out a low, lazy chuckle. Like she'd told a joke.

"Oh, Xinyue..."

He said, sighing as if she was the one being unreasonable.

He shook his head, just once.

"Don't get me wrong. I didn't come here to make amends. Or explain the past. Or any of that sentimental nonsense."

His smile faded. His voice dropped.

"I came here to warn you."

The words were sharp and dry, like winter wind across stone. The mockery was gone now. His gaze hardened.

He wasn't trying to hide behind any false kindness or excuses. He didn't bother acting like he cared about her anymore. Maybe he never really did.

Because what apology could ever undo what had been done? What kindness could balance the scales of stealing someone's very Dao Bone?

He looked down on her now—not with arrogance, but with cold certainty.

"Don't sully the Bai Clan's name. How can you let someone from the Mo Clan—of all people—bully you?"

His words slammed into her like a slap to the face, but not because she cared about the Bai Clan anymore.

No.

It was the sheer audacity.

Bai Xinyue's fists clenched at her sides.

"What Bai Clan's name?"

She hissed, voice finally rising in fury.

"The one that abandoned me? The one that ripped my Dao Bone from my body like I was just a vessel to be emptied?"

She stepped closer, fire in her eyes.

"Don't you dare stand there and act like you're speaking from some noble high ground, Bai Zihan!"

But he didn't rise to her anger. He didn't yell back. He didn't even blink.

He just stared at her. Cold. Silent. Like her rage didn't even graze him.

After a long, drawn-out moment, he let out a breath—part sigh, part scoff.

"Looks like you're doing well for yourself!"

There was no emotion in his tone. No warmth. Just an observation. Detached. Indifferent.

"But no matter how far you run..."

He tilted his head, almost like he was studying her anew.

"You still carry the Bai Clan's name."

He took a step back, his voice lowering with every word, deliberate and sharp.

"So don't you dare lower yourself before insects like Xu Yuhan."

He turned, then. No dramatic flourish. No parting smirk.

Just a simple pivot and walk away.

His robes trailed behind him, and the cold wind seemed to follow in his wake as he disappeared from view, not even sparing her a backward glance.

Bai Xinyue stood frozen, glaring at the space he'd just occupied. Her breath came shallow and tight.

Today was full of surprises.

Xu Yuhan had shown his true colors—violent, entitled, pathetic.

But even more shocking was appearance of Bai Zihan.

Additionally, he had changed.

Still arrogant, yes. Still cruel, still sharp-tongued.

But beneath that cold demeanor, there was something... different.

She couldn't quite name it, but it wasn't the same helpless, frustrated Bai Zihan from years ago.

And that alone was dangerous.

Despite everything, despite the hatred twisting in her gut, she remembered.

When her parents disappeared, it had been Bai Zihan's family who took her in.

Back then, she had looked up to him. The young heir of the Bai Clan—cold, distant, but not unkind.

Not to her.

He had looked after her, in his own awkward way. And even when everyone mocked him for his lack of talent, she had never joined in.

When she awakened her Cultivation talent, she had hoped... foolishly hoped... that they could be close.

But instead, he distanced himself further. The gap between them grew.

She tried to comfort him once.

He thought she was mocking him.

After that, he changed.

He started lashing out—at the servants, the disciples, even her. But she let him. Endured it quietly.

It wasn't real bullying, not to her.

She saw it for what it was: desperation. The cries of someone drowning under pressure, with no one willing to reach out a hand.

She thought that was the least she could do for the boy who had once looked after her like a brother.

But then...

Then her Dao Bone was stolen. Her very essence. The foundation of her cultivation, her future, her life.

Ripped away.

Given to Bai Zihan.

Whether he asked for it or not, whether he knew at the time or not—it didn't matter.

Her fate was sealed that day.

Her body was broken. Her path crippled.

She survived only by sheer will. And luck. The kind that left scars.

"Bai Zihan..." she whispered, voice barely audible.

"No matter what, our fate is incorrigible."

She turned away from the wind, from the emptiness he left behind, and clenched her fists once more.

Her path forward wasn't for revenge alone.

It was for herself.

And maybe, just maybe, to one day stand before him again—on equal ground.

And ask the question that still haunted her:

Did you ever regret it?

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

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 67: Rumors, Trials, and Transformation[ 1,538 words ]

### *Chapter 67: Rumors, Trials, and Transformation*

Bai Zihan didn't think much about what Bai Xinyue thought.

He has already achieved his objective, which was to check whether Bai Xinyue was a Heaven's Chosen or not.

Turns out, she was a bigger threat than he had anticipated.

Making her into an ally wasn't easily achievable—unlike Lin Xuan, Bai Xinyue already had a deep grudge against him.

Treating her well?

That would just make him look like a hypocrite with some hidden agenda. Even if he tried, there was no way it would change Bai Xinyue's heart.

So, the only way for him to avoid the fate of being killed by Bai Xinyue... was to get stronger.

Bai Zihan returned to his residence without a word, his steps steady, the frigid wind swirling around him as if reluctant to let him go.

He sat down cross-legged within the quiet of his room, the Qi around him already humming to life.

He closed his eyes.

The world fell away.

All that remained was his breath and the steady pulse of his cultivation method—Myriad Breathing Technique.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, the sect was buzzing with even more rumors about Bai Zihan.

"Did you hear? Bai Zihan got his ass handed to him by Senior Brother Fang!"

"No way, that guy? Someone already taught him a lesson?"

"I heard he ran away, practically crying."

"I also heard he kidnapped a handyman and has been torturing him."

"Disgusting. Just because he's from the Bai Clan, he thinks he can do anything."

...

The source of the rumors? None other than Shen Liang, who had been relentlessly fanning the flames.

It didn't matter whether Lin Xuan was actually tortured or not.

As long as it sounded believable, Shen Liang made sure it looked like Bai Zihan really did it.

There was no guilt or remorse in what he was doing.

He believed it was justice—justice for what he couldn't do back at the Bai Clan, where he'd been falsely accused.

The little rat was moving fast, making sure that every corner of the Heaven Sword Sect whispered tales of Bai Zihan's cowardice and cruelty.

With the help of his lackeys, it seemed like he'd made sure everyone in the sect had heard about Bai Zihan's so-called "atrocities."

Even Lin Xuan, who openly tried to shut the rumors down, found himself met with pity and skeptical stares.

"I told you, that's not what happened!"

Lin Xuan said, jaw tight as he tried to resolve whatever misunderstanding the other disciples had about him being mistreated by Bai Zihan.

"Of course, of course!"

One of them said, all fake politeness.

"We don't want Bai Zihan to know that you're not helping him. But don't worry—we know the truth."

"Don't worry, Lin Xuan. It won't be too long before you're saved from the claws of that evil bastard."

No matter how much Lin Xuan tried to explain, it was pointless. Those disciples weren't interested in the truth.

They refused to believe him even when the truth was before them.

They were already convinced that he was under Bai Zihan's threat and only pretending to support him.

They thought they were clever, thought they could "see through" his act.

In reality?

They couldn't see shit.

Just a bunch of self-righteous clowns convinced they were geniuses.

\*\*\*\*\*

During the past weeks when the rumors was spreading like wildfire, Bai Zihan hadn't said much about it.

Hadn't even denied the nonsense.

He just kept to himself, training like none of it mattered.

Lin Xuan had gone to Bai Zihan to talk about it, but Bai Zihan didn't seem interested—he told him to ignore it.

But how could he?

When the person who changed his life was being falsely accused, dragged through the mud—using his name, no less.

But after trying for a while, Lin Xuan realized it was useless.

Those people only liked to hear what they wanted to hear.

So, Lin Xuan wanted Bai Zihan to speak up for himself—shut down the rumors, clear the air, and show everyone the truth.

He believed that, with Bai Zihan's permission and his own drastic improvement, proving those rumors wrong would be a piece of cake.

As for the one about Bai Zihan getting beaten up by Fang Jinyan... Lin Xuan wasn't sure if it was true or not.

But judging from how Bai Zihan carried himself, the whole "begging for help and running away" part?

Yeah, that sounded like complete bullshit. Definitely the kind of lie cooked up by someone who hated his guts.

And yet, Bai Zihan didn't care. Didn't even flinch. He just told Lin Xuan to focus on his cultivation and ignore the noise.

Maybe the master has some kind of plan...

That's what Lin Xuan thought when he saw how calm and nonchalant Bai Zihan remained.

Maybe he already has a solution.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Perhaps I should listen to what Master says and focus on my cultivation. It's time for the Heaven Sword Sect's disciple assessment test."

It was one of the most grueling trials in the entire cultivation world—something that crushed the ambitions of tens of thousands of people every year.

Not just because it was difficult, but because it was designed to be.

A meat grinder for dreams. A crucible that only the absolute best could crawl out of alive—and changed.

There were three stages to the test, each more brutal than the last.

The first stage tested your comprehension of cultivation fundamentals—your ability to circulate Qi, align your meridians, and absorb Qi from your surroundings.

It didn't just test your talent—it also depended heavily on your cultivation technique.

A lot of people failed right there. Including Lin Xuan himself.

Not because he lacked talent, but because his previous cultivation method was trash.

His meridians were weak and his pills were low-quality, full of impurities.

That test had always been his wall.

But now?

With Bai Zihan giving him an Earth-grade cultivation technique and high-quality pills, Lin Xuan's body was completely different.

The rate at which he could absorb Qi now was at least ten times higher than before.

He believed that this time, he could easily pass the first test.

\*\*\*

The second stage was worse.

The combat trial.

A massive open arena hidden deep inside the sect's trial grounds.

You'd be dropped into a formation array and forced to fight spirit beasts, golems... or other applicants.

Sometimes, all three at once. No rules. No mercy.

It was pure chaos. A trial that reduced the number of participants by ninety percent.

If you were unlucky?

You might end up facing someone way out of your league. Game over!

This part of the test was meant to weed out those so-called geniuses from prestigious clans—pampered with high-quality pills and resources, but with zero real combat experience.

It also served to gauge your proficiency in actual fighting techniques, which was just as important as raw cultivation talent.

The final stage? The Dao Resonance Mirror.

It wasn't difficult but the pass rate was very low.

A mirror forged from the bones of a dead god and imbued with ancient heavenly will.

It didn't just reflect your image—it reflected your worth. Your potential. Your fate.

If the mirror rejected you?

That was it.

No matter how well you'd done in the first two stages, if your Dao didn't resonate—even faintly—you were out.

That's why the pass rate was less than 0.01%.

Out of the hundreds of thousands who tried each year, only a tiny handful were chosen as Outer Disciples.

This was exactly why the Heaven Sword Sect stood at the top of the Desolate Heaven Empire—because they only accepted the absolute best of the best.

Lin Xuan had tried before. Twice!

And failed.

But now?

Now things were different.

"I've reached Core Condensation in just a month..."

Lin Xuan muttered as he sat cross-legged on a stone platform outside Bai Zihan's residence.

The early morning light shone on his skin, flickering with the faint glow of Qi cycling through his meridians.

He could feel the power humming inside him.

The transformation in his body, the clarity in his mind—it was like night and day compared to before.

All thanks to Bai Zihan.

The guy didn't even ask for gratitude.

Just handed him a rare Earth-grade cultivation technique, gave him pills worth more than his life, and told him to use them well.

Lin Xuan had done exactly that.

"Becoming an Outer Disciple will be easy!"

He smirked, cracking his knuckles.

He didn't care about the rumors anymore. Let those fools whisper.

He was done chasing explanations.

All that mattered now was power.

And passing the assessment test would be the first step.

He looked toward Bai Zihan's residence, eyes gleaming.

And maybe one day... he'd stand beside that man—not as a follower, but as an equal.

"Just wait," he muttered, fire burning in his chest.

"This time... I'll make it."

Then he'd be able to help Bai Zihan more—and let the entire sect know that he, Lin Xuan, made the right choice in following Bai Zihan.

That he wasn't mistreated.

That the rumors were nothing but lies.

If you morons won't listen, then go ahead—see for yourselves just how stupid you really are!

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 68: Heaven Sword Sect's Assessment Test[ 1,542 words ]

### *Chapter 68: Heaven Sword Sect's Assessment Test*

I had been cultivating for about a month since I met Bai Xinyue.

You could say that after realizing just how deep in shit I was, rest wasn't even an option—even if I wanted to.

As for Shen Liang? I couldn't care less. In my eyes, he was just an ant I could crush whenever I felt like it.

Instead of wasting time on him, I poured everything into getting stronger.

But the progress wasn't as fast as I'd hoped.

I only managed to break through once during the entire month, and another breakthrough didn't seem to be anywhere on the horizon no matter how hard I cultivate.

"System!"

\*\*\*\*\*

[ **Host Info** ]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 16

Cultivation Realm: Core Condensation (Mid)

Constitution: None

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

\*\*\*\*\*

Although that progress could already be said to be miles better than my previous pace, it was still slow compared to what I would like it to be.

With an opponent like Bai Xinyue, this progress felt very slow.

"I need something like a 10x Cultivation Speed Card to help me!"

With a 10x Cultivation Speed Card, cultivating was a breeze but those cards were insanely expensive in the System.

I want to save the System Points for emergencies.

(Should I go around beating up Heaven Sword Sect's disciple?)

That way I could earn a huge amount of System Points and perhaps even good rewards like 10x Cultivation Speed Card without needing to buy it.

But that is too risky, considering I am a new disciple and also have weak cultivation.

I will think about it once I reach the Golden Core Stage.

Before continuing with my cultivation, there was something I wanted to check out—the Heaven Sword Sect's Assessment Test.

Lin Xuan had told me about the assessment day where he would be participating to become an outer disciple.

I was interested. After all, this is the kind of event where a protagonist definitely shines.

Although there was already Lin Xuan, there might be others as well—just like how the Heaven Sword Sect already has two Heaven’s Chosen.

Who knows if another Heaven’s Chosen might pop up during the assessment test?

\*\*\*

Bai Zihan stood at the edge of a towering cliff that overlooked the sprawling valley below—the site of the Heaven Sword Sect’s Assessment Grounds.

A sea of disciples, elders, and onlookers filled the stone platforms, the air buzzing with anticipation.

This wasn’t just some little internal test of just Heaven Sword Sect—it was a grand event, practically a festival involving thousands of people from all over the Desolate Heaven Empire.

He folded his arms, black robe fluttering in the wind as he looked down with an indifferent gaze.

He didn’t come here to cheer anyone on.

He came to scout for potential Heaven’s Chosen.

However, despite being in such close proximity, there was no notification from the System indicating that a Heaven’s Chosen had been detected.

(This really must be Lin Xuan’s big moment!)

If no other Heaven’s Chosen showed up, then it basically confirmed this whole event was designed just for him to shine and blow everyone’s minds with his talent.

Bai Zihan kept his eyes on Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan stood alone in the crowd of thousands.

Although alone, he didn’t seem nervous—rather, he looked determined.

(As expected of a protagonist!)

After failing many times, it wouldn’t be easy to stay confident, no matter how much progress you’ve made.

But his previous failures didn’t seem to bother him at all.

Moreover, dozens of candidates were being knocked out cold, coughing up blood, or being dragged off the platform by stretcher teams.

The test was brutal for many who didn't have sufficient talent.

You had to sit within a special formation that simulated extreme spiritual pressure while absorbing Qi to keep yourself stable.

One mistake? One misstep? That was all it took to fail.

Hundreds had tried—only to walk away disappointed or get knocked out.

The elders were clearly growing disheartened.

"Looks like this year's recruitment is also going to be bad. No one has yet to pass."

"Seems like it's going to be hard to meet the quota this year."

With hundreds already failing without a single success, morale was sinking fast.

Of course, they wanted talented disciples to join the Heaven Sword Sect—but they also had standards.

They couldn't just accept anyone.

Their requirements were high, and for good reason.

"Participant No. 234! Please come forward!"

"Here!"

After some time, it was finally Lin Xuan's turn.

As Lin Xuan stepped into the circle, he took a deep breath, settled down cross-legged, and prepared to begin his test.

Then—

Boom!

The Qi around him surged like a flood breaking through a dam, rushing into his body with terrifying force.

Even the elders watching from above straightened slightly, their expressions turning serious.

Just last year, this exact test had nearly killed him.

He had struggled to absorb even a trickle of Qi and had been knocked out cold within seconds, coughing up blood and carrying off with serious internal injuries.

Back then, the pressure from the formation had felt like a mountain crushing his lungs and dantian.

But now?

Now there was no pain.

No strain.

Instead, his body felt light. Energized. His meridians greedily devoured the incoming Qi, circulating it with ease as his cultivation surged within seconds.

A full minute ticked by.

Yet there was no sign of strain. No twitch, no falter, not even the slightest irregularity in his breath.

Then—

In the corner, one of the outer sect elders responsible for overseeing the first stage stood up and slowly raised a jade token high into the air.

"Pass!"

His voice carried across the entire platform, filled with excitement.

The first pass of the day.

And not just any pass—but a flawless one.

The elder's calm "Pass" echoed like thunder across the entire platform.

There was a brief silence—then a wave of murmurs swept through the crowd like wildfire.

"Did the elder just say pass?"

"No way—someone actually passed?!"

"It's been nearly half an hour and this is the first guy who didn't pass out or explode!"

"Who is he?"

...

Then, someone in the crowd squinted toward the glowing circle.

"Wait a minute... isn't that Lin Xuan?"

"The handyman?!"

"Yeah! I remember him. He failed twice already. How the hell did he pass this time?"

"Didn't he get taken by that Bai Zihan guy? I heard he was being abused or something—locked up and tortured."

"Maybe he's been cultivating out of desperation for revenge. Maybe that's why he passed?"

...

The theories and gossip ran wild, but no one could deny what they had just witnessed.

Lin Xuan—the handyman no one expected—was the first to pass this entire Assessment Test.

Lin Xuan calmly stood up, nodded politely to the elders, then stepped aside to the designated waiting area for stage two participants.

Meanwhile, the rest of the test continued.

Dozens more entered. Dozens more failed.

Time crawled, and soon another hour passed with hundreds of new hopefuls stepping into the circle, only to be ejected seconds later—coughing, vomiting, or straight-up passing out.

By now, Lin Xuan was meditating as he waited for the second test to begin.

He sat quietly on a stone platform beside the formation circle, legs crossed, posture straight, eyes closed.

His breathing was steady. His meridians still warm from the surge of Qi he'd taken in during the first stage.

But inside?

He was grinning like a maniac.

(I actually did it... I passed the first stage!)

Lin Xuan felt the excitement bubbling inside his chest.

After all, no matter how calm he tried to be, he couldn't. He has failed twice with the thrice just being around the corner but he managed to pass.

And he knew that it was all thanks to Bai Zihan who gave him such a precious Cultivation Technique that he was able to prevent his third failure.

(Master Zihan... I really owe you everything.)

He silently thanked Bai Zihan in his heart, eyes still closed as he continued cycling his Qi, stabilizing the earlier breakthrough from the formation.

But although he was very happy that he passed, he didn't forget that it was just the first of the three tests and he still got two more to go.

(That was only the first part...)

The Combat Trial was next, and then finally... the Dao Resonance Mirror.

If he failed at either stage, this entire effort would be wasted.

Worse—he'd have wasted Bai Zihan's trust, time, and investment.

Although he knew that for Bai Zihan, what he gave him might not be much, for him, it was everything.

Even if it was for self-satisfaction, he was determined to make sure that those investments don't go to waste.

(I can't let that happen.)

He clenched his fists.

(I won't let that happen.)

Lin Xuan's expression turned serious once more, the earlier joy buried beneath fierce determination.

He'd prove himself.

Not just to the sect.

Not just to the fools whispering rumors behind his back.

But to Bai Zihan—the man who believed in him when no one else would.

(I'm going all the way!)

## Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 69: The Second Test: Combat Trail! [ 1,194 words ]

*Chapter 69: The Second Test: Combat Trail!*

As the final candidate of the hour was dragged off on a stretcher, coughing up blood and muttering nonsense, the first stage of the Heaven Sword Sect's assessment test finally came to a close.

Of the tens of thousands who entered, only a handful had passed.

And of those few, Lin Xuan stood out the most—not because he was the strongest, but because he was the most unexpected.

A nobody. A former handyman.

Yet now? He was one step away from becoming an outer disciple of one of the top sects in the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Everyone else who passed could be hailed as a genius anywhere they went, with their names already spreading like wildfire.

Of course, in the Heaven Sword Sect—where monsters walked the earth in human skin—those same geniuses barely counted for shit.

"All first-stage qualifiers, proceed to the central platform for the Combat Trial!"

A deep voice echoed from the clouds above.

It came from an elder standing atop a jade tower, his robes embroidered with the Heaven Sword Sect's crest, fluttering in the wind.

Lin Xuan slowly opened his eyes.

He could already feel the gazes shifting toward him.

Whispers spread like wildfire again.

"He passed the first stage flawlessly... will he pass the second too?"

"Tch, don't get your hopes up. He might've gotten lucky in the first test, but this next one's real combat."

"I heard they're using spirit beasts for the test. It's going to be brutal!"

"Who cares? I just want to see who gets eaten first."

...

Lin Xuan ignored all of it.

He got up calmly and followed the other qualifiers toward the central arena.

\*\*\*

The second trial was held inside a massive coliseum-like pit surrounded by towering stone walls, layered with countless inscriptions and runes to prevent damage from spilling outside.

At the center stood several reinforced gates, each sealed shut.

RAWRRRR!

From behind them, low growls echoed out. The sound of claws scratching against stone.

The kind of noise that made cultivators with weak hearts flinch.

THUD!

A loud thud.

THUD! THUD!

Then another.

"Combat Trial!"

The elder announced, stepping forward.

"You will each be facing a spirit beast suited for Rank-4. Defeat it, and you pass."

Spirit beasts were ranked similarly to human cultivators, though their system was simpler—Rank-1, Rank-2, and so on.

Rank-1 matched the Qi Refining Stage, Rank-2 with Foundation Establishment, Rank-3 for Core Formation, Rank-4 equivalent to the Core Condensation Stage, and so on.

In theory, that meant a Rank-1 Spirit Beast had the same strength as a Qi Refining cultivator.

In reality?

Spirit beasts at the same cultivation level as humans were much stronger.

A beast had thicker skin, sharper claws, and a brutal instinct to kill.

Their entire lives were forged through blood and survival.

Humans—especially those pampered by clans and sects—were fragile in comparison.

Only the exceptional stood a chance to defeat a spirit beast at the same level.

"If you fail—well, if you're lucky, you'll only get injured."

The elder said with a faint, almost mocking smile, as if it were some kind of joke.

No one laughed.

The mood was too heavy.

Although the Combat Trial using only spirit beasts had the highest pass rate, it was also the most dangerous—because you never knew what those beasts might do.

But that's exactly why the sect used them. They didn't want cowards or weaklings as disciples.

The elder continued, "These spirit beasts were captured specifically for this trial. Some are violent. Others are cunning. You will be judged not only on raw power, but on technique, awareness, and survival instincts."

He raised his hand.

"Number One! Step forward!"

The first qualifier walked up, fists trembling slightly.

The gate rumbled—and out charged a steel-furred wolf with blood-red eyes, snarling as it lunged straight at him.

It was chaos from the first second.

Blood. Screams. Dust flying.

The guy barely survived—collapsing with torn robes and claw marks across his chest.

Still... he passed.

But not everyone did.

One by one, each candidate was thrown into the pit.

Some managed to scrape through with grit and technique.

Some had to be pulled out by force before they died.

And then came the standout case.

"Number Sixty-One! Yan Xiu!"

A roar of approval came from the crowd.

"Holy shit, that's him! The Sword Prince from the Yan Clan!"

"I heard he killed a Rank-3 beast in the wild last year!"

"His sword mastery is unmatched among this batch!"

"Finally, someone who'll crush the test!"

Even Lin Xuan glanced over at the guy.

Tall. Dressed in crisp white robes. A cold look in his eyes and a profound-grade sword on his back.

Yan Xiu walked forward without hesitation, nodding slightly toward the elders. His movements were crisp.

Controlled.

The gate creaked open.

A two-headed flame bear charged out, each head roaring in unison, flames trailing behind like a storm of fire.

The arena lit up.

Yan Xiu drew his sword—and struck.

His swordlight tore through the air. Beautiful. Lethal.

But the beast didn't dodge.

It took the hit. Roared. And smashed into him like a meteor.

BOOM!

A massive explosion of flame and dust.

When it cleared...

Yan Xiu was embedded into the wall, blood dripping from his mouth, his sword snapped in two.

He slid down like a broken puppet, unconscious.

The entire crowd went quiet.

Even the elder looked slightly stunned and disappointed.

If Yan Xiu had been more cautious, he might've taken down the two-headed flame bear. But he was too confident—and lacked the real-world experience to back it up.

"Pull him out."

The elder finally said.

Everyone stared in silence.

Even Yan Xiu failed.

A genius known across the southern territories.

Someone who walked with pride and cut down enemies like weeds.

If he couldn't pass...

Then how the hell were they going to?

Of course, those were only the thoughts of the weaker candidates. The stronger ones weren't shaken by Yan Xiu's failure.

They had their own pride and saw themselves as far superior.

"Number Seventy! Lin Xuan!"

The crowd instantly came alive again.

"Finally, it is his turn. I have been waiting."

"Time to see if he's really the real deal or just a lucky bastard about to get eaten alive."

"Hmph! Even Yan Xiu failed. What chance does a handyman have? I bet he pisses himself before passing out!"

...

Most people thought Lin Xuan would fail.

And honestly, that was the logical assumption.

For one, passing the first test was one thing—but the second involved real combat, and that meant you needed your body refined. That took resources.

And Lin Xuan? No background, no clan. Where would he get the resources?

Second, martial techniques.

Only powerful clans and sects had access to the good stuff.

Lin Xuan, as a handyman, could only access Yellow-Grade techniques at Heaven Sword Sect—completely useless against a Rank-4 Spirit Beast.

There was no doubt in their minds.

Lin Xuan was going to lose.

But Lin Xuan himself looked calm, his eyes filled with confidence.

No fear! No hesitation!

He got up and walked straight toward the arena.

## Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 70: Lin Xuan's Strength

### Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

The massive gate across the arena groaned as it opened—

And out stepped a black-scaled serpent nearly ten meters long, its body coiled like a spring, tongue flicking out as it tasted the air.

Its eyes locked onto Lin Xuan in an instant.

A Venomfang Shadow Serpent.

Fast. Agile. Deadly.

A nightmare for any cultivator below the Golden Core stage.

One bite was all it took to immobilize anyone under that level.

Lin Xuan was seriously unlucky—he'd gotten one of the strongest spirit beasts as his opponent.

Though judging from his face, he didn't seem to care much.

He had only one goal—and no matter the opponent, he was determined to win.

The serpent lunged, its fangs gleaming with venom, ready to tear him apart in one bite.

And then—

Shing!

A flash of silver.

A blade appeared in Lin Xuan's hand like lightning, humming with a cold, sharp edge. The air around it seemed to tremble.

A Profound-Grade sword!

The same level as the one Yan Xiu had used.

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

"Wait... is that... a Profound-Grade weapon?!"

"No way! How the hell does a handyman have one of those?!"

"Is he hiding some secret background?"

...

Shock spread fast, especially among those who had been looking down on Lin Xuan.

Profound-Grade Artifacts were something they, with all their so-called noble backgrounds, didn't even have.

But Lin Xuan did. How?

That was the question on everyone's mind.

On the arena floor, the black serpent hissed again and darted forward, its massive body slamming toward Lin Xuan like a battering ram.

But Lin Xuan didn't move. He stayed calm.

Until the very last moment—

He moved.

Swish!

A shadow flickered.

No, not a shadow—many.

Multiple afterimages burst from Lin Xuan's body like a mirage, each one brandishing a blade.

One slash became ten.

Ten became a hundred.

"Thousand Shadows Sword!"

A storm of phantom blades engulfed the serpent mid-charge, the flurry so fast even the spectators couldn't track which strikes were real.

Blood sprayed.

Hisssss!

The serpent reeled back, screeching in agony, lacerated from head to tail.

It twisted, confused, panicking, striking at illusions that vanished before it could even react.

Someone in the stands stood up, eyes wide as they recognized the technique.

"Wait a minute... that sword technique—"

"Isn't that... the Thousand Shadows Sword Technique?!"

"Impossible! That's a secret technique of the Bai Clan!"

"Yeah! A Profound-Grade Sword Technique of Bai Clan! How the hell does he know it?!"

The name alone sent the crowd into a frenzy.

The Thousand Shadows Sword Technique—an infamous sword style developed by a legendary Bai Clan ancestor.

It emphasized unpredictability, overwhelming speed, and mental pressure.

Most who faced it didn't even realize they were dead until it was too late.

But what truly shocked everyone wasn't just the technique.

It was what it meant.

Lin Xuan was using the Bai Clan's technique... and wielding a Profound-Grade sword.

A Martial Art Technique that only a direct member—or someone incredibly trusted of Bai Clan—would ever have access to.

"How... how the hell does a handyman of the Heaven Sword Sect know the Bai Clan's sword technique?"

"I heard Bai Zihan made him his personal servant—but didn't they say that Bai Zihan treated him like crap?"

"Don't tell me... Bai Zihan taught him?"

"No way! Bai Zihan wouldn't even look at someone like that, let alone hand out treasures!"

"Then... he stole it?"

"Even more ridiculous!"

...

The shock wasn't dying down anytime soon.

But the truth was simple.

This technique was given to him—by Bai Zihan—as a gift for reaching the Core Condensation Stage, alongside pills and the sword.

Bai Zihan himself hadn't bothered learning the Thousand Shadows Sword. He had access to much more powerful techniques.

But he did know it.

So, he gave it to Lin Xuan without much thought.

Lin Xuan mastered it instantly with his insane learning talent.

If Bai Jian ever saw this, he'd probably cough blood on the spot.

He had once boasted about mastering it in three months and took pride in it.

Lin Xuan had taken just one day to do so.

There was no rule-breaking here either.

As Bai Zihan's personal servant, Lin Xuan technically belonged to the Bai Clan, and thus had every right to learn their techniques.

It wasn't like the Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword, which was strictly exclusive.

And after seeing Lin Xuan's potential, even those opposing elders of Bai Zihan wouldn't dare complain.

Back on the arena—

The serpent was on its last legs.

It screamed again and launched a final, desperate charge, pushing through its injuries.

Poison dripped from its fangs. Its eyes were wild, bloodshot.

But Lin Xuan's expression didn't change.

His footwork flowed—light, untouchable.

Another flicker. Another illusion.

And then—

"Thousand Shadows Sword—Final Bloom!"

The world blurred.

For one breath, Lin Xuan seemed to vanish entirely, leaving only a whirlwind of silver streaks spinning in the air.

A second later, he reappeared behind the serpent.

His sword was already sheathed.

The serpent froze.

Then—

THUMP!

Its body split diagonally in two.

Dead. Instant kill.

Silence.

Everyone just stared. Stared at the handyman who was supposed to fail. The nobody.

The guy they'd been mocking since the first trial.

He turned slowly, walking off the field without a scratch.

No smirk. No arrogance.

Just cold, terrifying calm.

On the jade platform, an elder finally muttered, "...Pass."

Even the elders looked shaken by Lin Xuan's display.

The disciples who had passed earlier only scraped by—dodging, surviving, doing just enough to escape or render the spirit beast harmless.

No one had finished off a spirit beast with such ruthless efficiency—let alone in less than a minute.

Cheers didn't erupt.

Everyone was still processing what they'd just seen.

This wasn't some desperate handyman clinging to life.

This was a swordsman.

A real one.

One who held a Profound-Grade sword.

One who wielded a Profound-Grade sword art from one of the top clans in the empire.

Someone dangerous.

"Who the hell... is this guy really? A handyman wouldn't have those things."

"Did Bai Zihan give him those things?"

"Even if he did—why?"

"Was the rumor that Bai Zihan treated his servant badly wrong? If getting Profound-Grade Artifact and Martial Art is bad then I also want to be treated that bad."

"Damn! Is Bai Zihan looking for another servant? I am totally willing to be one."

...

Many in the crowd—especially those who'd heard the rumors about Bai Zihan abusing Lin Xuan—were starting to catch on.

Turns out, the gossip floating around the Heaven Sword Sect was complete bullshit.

Because really, how else do you explain everything Lin Xuan just pulled off?

Even an idiot could see the connection—his insane growth, his technique, that Profound-Grade sword—it all pointed back to Bai Zihan, the one who took him in as a personal servant.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.