

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

### Chapter 621 The Beginning of Long Haotian's Misfortune[ 1,236 words ]

Bai Zihan had instructed Kong Zhanhong long ago to keep an eye on various suspicious individuals entering the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And that naturally included Long Haotian and his two bodyguards.

The three had been on his radar ever since they appeared in the Capital with their luxurious carriage.

From the very beginning, they had been suspected to be outsiders. And clearly, that judgment had not been mistaken.

Of course, they were not the only suspicious individuals.

There were also several other groups suspected to have come from outside the Desolate Heaven Empire.

Through the intelligence network Kong Zhanhong had painstakingly built over the years, reports continuously flowed in from every major city.

Thus, Bai Zihan learned about Long Haotian's movements almost immediately.

Including the moment they departed from the Capital and headed toward the Heaven Sword Sect.

The moment Bai Zihan received that report, his closed eyes slowly opened.

A faint smile appeared on his face.

"Heaven Sword Sect..."

Although he did not know why they were going there, he immediately realized that this was an excellent opportunity.

Because the current Sect Leader, Han Sha, was under his control.

If he wished to move against someone inside the Heaven Sword Sect, things would become much easier with Han Sha's cooperation.

As for what he intended to do with them was simple.

Capture them and interrogate them.

No matter how much he observed them, Bai Zihan still could not determine their true objective.

He knew they were searching for something.

That much was obvious.

Yet what exactly they sought remained unclear.

Therefore, he planned to capture them and interrogate them personally.

After all, people from the Central Glorious Continent won't travel thousands upon thousands of miles for trivial matters.

There had to be a reason.

Something important enough to attract their interest toward the Desolate Heaven Empire.

And if such a thing truly existed then Bai Zihan needed to know exactly what it was.

Bai Zihan held no personal hostility toward the three.

But unfortunately for them, they had chosen to head toward a place where it would become very easy for him to deal with them.

After making his decision, Bai Zihan immediately issued an order.

"Summon Grand Elder Bai Ren and Grand Elder Bai Chu."

Bai Zihan had no intention of mobilizing the entire Bai Clan.

Not only would that be unnecessary, but it would also alert the enemy.

Besides, the Heaven Sword Sect itself already possessed more than enough manpower.

Thus, he only chose to bring the two strongest Bai Clan Grand Elders.

Because he knew very well that the three outsiders would not be simple opponents.

Their cultivation might even rival Qin Lingxiao.

Therefore, he naturally could not be careless.

Soon afterward, Bai Zihan quietly arrived at the Heaven Sword Sect and followed the three toward the Sect Arena.

Bai Zihan frowned slightly.

"The arena?"

His expression became somewhat strange.

At that moment, Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyan were currently engaged in their duel.

Why would these outsiders head there?

To watch a fight?

Bai Zihan genuinely found it difficult to understand.

"Do they have that much free time?"

He honestly wondered.

Thus, accompanied by Bai Ren and Bai Chu, he quietly entered the arena.

To avoid attracting attention, he concealed his appearance and suppressed his aura.

From beginning to end, nobody noticed his arrival.

Then he silently watched everything unfold.

Truthfully speaking, he did not pay much attention to the duel itself.

Instead, most of his focus remained on Long Haotian and the two old men.

Then Long Haotian suddenly interrupted the duel.

And publicly declared that Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyan were worthy of becoming his wives.

Bai Zihan stood silently within the crowd.

"..."

For a moment, he genuinely became speechless.

Then he nearly face-palmed.

He had spent so much effort trying to determine Long Haotian's objective.

Was this really it?

Was marrying women truly his purpose?

It didn't seem likely.

Yet somehow, the man's focus had completely shifted toward Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyan.

Bai Zihan suddenly felt disappointed.

Beside him, Bai Ren and Bai Chu's expressions immediately darkened.

A terrifying pressure flickered within their eyes.

The moods of the two elders instantly became terrible.

Someone had appeared out of nowhere and publicly declared his intention to marry a princess of the Bai Clan.

Who gave him such courage?

And worse, Long Haotian was not merely targeting Bai Xueqing.

He was also targeting Chu Ziyang, Bai Zihan's fiancée.

Yet this stranger openly declared that he wanted to take her for himself.

The two elders were already suppressing the urge to rush out and teach him a lesson.

Had it not been for Bai Zihan stopping them, they likely would have acted long ago.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan remained calm.

He simply continued watching.

One thing after another.

The rejection.

The arguments.

The arrogant declarations.

The increasingly shameless behavior.

And finally, Long Haotian decided that he would defeat him personally.

He would force Bai Zihan to cancel the engagement.

Then marry Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang himself.

Bai Zihan rubbed his forehead.

Even he was beginning to feel mentally exhausted.

"This fellow..."

For the first time in a long while, Bai Zihan genuinely did not know what to say.

Eventually, Long Haotian demanded to know his whereabouts.

Then he declared that he would personally go find him.

Bai Zihan sighed softly.

At that point, there was no longer any reason to remain hidden.

After all, this was an excellent opportunity.

Thus, Bai Zihan finally stepped forward.

His gaze landed directly upon Long Haotian.

A faint smile appeared on his face.

Then his calm voice echoed throughout the arena.

"There is no need. I am here!"

The moment the voice echoed throughout the arena, countless gazes immediately turned toward him.

Long Haotian's eyes narrowed slightly.

His gaze carefully swept over Bai Zihan.

Then he turned toward the Shen Clan disciple beside him.

Long Haotian pointed toward the approaching figure.

"Is he Bai Zihan?"

The Shen Clan disciple instinctively stiffened.

The moment his eyes landed on Bai Zihan, a trace of fear flashed across them.

His scalp instantly went numb.

His heartbeat accelerated.

After all, this was Bai Zihan.

Hatred was one thing.

Fear was another.

If Bai Zihan were absent, he naturally dared to scheme against him.

But now that Bai Zihan was personally standing before him...

The pressure was entirely different.

Still, after glancing toward Long Haotian and remembering the terrifying cultivation and background behind him, the disciple forcibly steadied himself.

He immediately nodded vigorously.

"Y-Yes! That's Bai Zihan!"

"There is absolutely no mistake!"

Upon receiving confirmation, Long Haotian's eyes instantly brightened.

A smile spread across his face.

Excellent!

Truly excellent!

Originally, he had planned to waste time searching for Bai Zihan personally.

Instead, the man had delivered himself directly to him.

What could be more convenient?

Long Haotian's mood instantly improved.

At the very least, Bai Zihan had saved him the trouble of searching.

Thus, Long Haotian burst into laughter.

"Hahaha!"

His laughter echoed throughout the arena.

Then he looked directly toward Bai Zihan.

His eyes shone with excitement.

"Good! You've arrived at exactly the right time!"

His tone carried genuine satisfaction.

As though Bai Zihan had just done him an enormous favor.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely glanced at Long Haotian.

Then his gaze shifted toward the two old men standing behind him.

His eyes lingered on them briefly.

The two old men immediately felt a faint sense of discomfort.

Most people would become nervous when facing two Immortal Realm experts.

Yet Bai Zihan looked at them as though he were calmly evaluating ordinary cultivators.

The feeling was extremely strange.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian remained completely oblivious.

He pointed toward Bai Xueqing.

Then toward Chu Ziyang.

His actions were so natural that they almost appeared reasonable.

"I'll keep this simple."

Long Haotian continued confidently.

"Your sister and your fiancée have both caught my eye."

Bai Ren's eyelid twitched violently.

Bai Chu's face darkened completely.

Long Haotian, however, continued speaking without noticing anything unusual.

"So I need you to do two things."

He raised one finger.

"First. Allow me to marry your sister."

Then he raised a second finger.

"Second. Cancel your engagement with Chu Ziyang, so that I can marry her."

His tone remained completely serious.

As though these were perfectly reasonable requests.

"Of course, I will compensate you generously!"

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### Chapter 622 Do you even deserve that?[ 1,322 words ]

Bai Zihan looked at Long Haotian quietly, then a faint smile appeared on his face.

Long Haotian immediately noticed it.

His mood improved slightly.

(As expected, he is quite happy to hear his generous proposal.)

He thought.

After all, who wouldn't be happy?

He was the heir of a Top Clan from the Central Glorious Continent.

His talent was unparalleled.

His background was monstrous.

His future was limitless.

To become his brother-in-law was an opportunity countless people could only dream of.

In Long Haotian's eyes, this was no different from a chicken transforming into a phoenix.

Naturally, he thought that Bai Zihan should be delighted.

Thus, Long Haotian waited confidently for Bai Zihan's response.

Then Bai Zihan finally spoke.

"Do you even deserve that?"

Silence!

The smile on Long Haotian's face froze instantly.

Long Haotian blinked.

Then his expression slowly darkened.

"What did you say?"



His voice became noticeably colder.

Bai Zihan merely smiled.

"Are your ears also malfunctioning now?"

His gaze swept over Long Haotian leisurely.

Then he shook his head slightly.

"Toad dreaming about eating swan meat!"

The surrounding disciples immediately lowered their heads.

Many were desperately suppressing their laughter.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian's face became increasingly ugly.

"You!"

His voice contained a warning.

"I advise you to think carefully before speaking. Do you know who this young master is?"

Immortal Realm pressure subtly leaked from his body.

Many disciples immediately felt their breathing become difficult, yet Bai Zihan remained completely unaffected.

Long Haotian continued coldly.

"You should understand your position. I am already giving you plenty of face!"

His expression became increasingly arrogant.

"Don't mistake my goodwill for weakness."

Then he sneered.

"Don't refuse a toast only to be forced to drink a forfeit!"

His eyes flashed coldly.

"I sincerely advise you not to choose the second option."

The threat was obvious.

Everyone present could hear it clearly.

Long Haotian took another step forward. His aura surged slightly.

"Because once I start using force..."

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"You won't like the outcome."

Countless eyes turned toward Bai Zihan.

Waiting for his reaction.

Waiting to see whether he would back down.

However, Bai Zihan simply smiled.

"I see!"

Long Haotian thought he had finally understood.

A trace of satisfaction appeared on his face.

Unfortunately, Bai Zihan's next words immediately shattered that illusion.

"Then I'd quite like to see it."

Long Haotian stared at him.

Bai Zihan met his gaze calmly.

As though he genuinely wanted to see what Long Haotian could do.

Long Haotian felt something was wrong.

The confidence before him did not seem fake, yet that was impossible.

No matter how talented Bai Zihan was, he should be younger than Bai Xueqing.

Meanwhile, he was already an Immortal Realm expert.

The difference between them should have been insurmountable.

Behind Long Haotian, the two old men narrowed their eyes.

While they found Bai Zihan strange, their focus was on Bai Ren and Bai Chu.

They didn't know why, but those two gave them a feeling of threat, almost as though they were as strong as they were.

However, they shook their heads. They didn't think that should be possible.

They were two of the strongest cultivators in the Central Glorious Continent.

How could people from such a remote place possess strength comparable to theirs?

Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang silently watched everything unfold.

Previously, when Long Haotian had revealed his Immortal Realm cultivation, both of them had been somewhat worried.

After all, regardless of how arrogant he was, his strength was real.

However, the moment Bai Zihan appeared, those worries quietly disappeared.

The two women understood him far too well, especially that expression.

That calm smile and relaxed demeanor.

When Bai Zihan acted like this, it usually meant one thing.

Everything was already under control.

At least, that was what Chu Ziyang believed.

Looking at Bai Zihan's back, the coldness in her eyes gradually softened.

Meanwhile, Bai Xueqing's thoughts were on different things.

While she also trusted Bai Zihan completely, she knew her younger brother better than almost anyone.

Therefore, something immediately felt suspicious.

The timing was too perfect.

Not only had Bai Zihan appeared at exactly the right moment, he had also brought Grand Elder Bai Ren and Grand Elder Bai Chu with him.

That was definitely not a coincidence.

Bai Xueqing's eyes narrowed slightly.

(He's planning something.)

The thought immediately surfaced in her mind.

She knew that Bai Zihan never acted without purpose.

Still, regardless of what Bai Zihan was planning, one thing was certain.

Long Haotian had already become his target.

And once Bai Zihan set his sights on someone...

Their fate was usually not very pleasant.

Unfortunately, the person in question remained completely unaware.

Long Haotian's expression became uglier and uglier.

The more Bai Zihan spoke, the angrier he became.

In his eyes, he had already shown tremendous generosity.

He had even considered treating Bai Zihan as a future brother-in-law.

Yet instead of gratitude, he received mockery.

Long Haotian felt that his goodwill had been completely trampled upon.

His expression darkened.

"So be it!"

His voice became cold.

"Since you refuse to recognize what's good for you..."

A terrifying aura surged from his body.

The surrounding air immediately became heavy.

"Then I can only do this the hard way."

Immortal Realm pressure swept across the arena.

Many disciples instantly felt their blood qi fluctuate.

Some weaker disciples even turned pale.

Long Haotian's gaze looked down upon Bai Zihan.

Arrogant and domineering.

Like a ruler looking down upon a mortal.

Then his voice echoed throughout the entire arena.

"Bai Zihan! I challenge you! Do you dare accept it?"

The moment those words fell, the entire Heaven Sword Sect erupted.

Countless disciples immediately became excited.

Fear?

There was definitely fear.

After all, Long Haotian was an Immortal Realm cultivator.

But excitement quickly overwhelmed it.

Because opportunities like this were simply too rare.

An Immortal Realm battle!

Many cultivators could spend their entire lives without witnessing one.

And now they might witness it with their own eyes.

Moreover, one of the participants was Bai Zihan.

The legendary genius of the Desolate Heaven Empire.

The man who had overturned countless impossible situations.

The man whose strength nobody could accurately measure.

Instantly, everyone's attention became focused.

Even the elders could not remain calm.

The atmosphere reached an unprecedented level.

The atmosphere inside the Heaven Sword Sect's arena reached its peak.

Countless eyes were fixed upon Bai Zihan.

Would he accept? Or would he refuse?

After all, his opponent was an Immortal Realm cultivator.

Bai Zihan merely stood there calmly.

Outwardly, his expression remained unchanged.

Internally, however, he was already weighing several considerations.

Agreeing had several benefits.

The first was time.

Han Sha had already received his instructions, but mobilizing the Heaven Sword Sect's forces still required time.

The longer Long Haotian remained occupied, the better.

A duel would naturally buy him that time.

The second reason was curiosity.

Bai Zihan had heard countless legends regarding the Central Glorious Continent.

He wanted to see for himself whether those stories were exaggerated or true.

He knew that there was a high chance of war between the Desolate Heaven Empire and the Central Glorious Continent.

So, it was a good idea to learn about their strengths.

And now, a perfect test subject had conveniently delivered himself to his doorstep.

The third reason...

Bai Zihan glanced at Long Haotian.

Then a faint smile appeared on his face.

He simply wanted to beat him up.

The fellow was truly irritating.

Thus, after a brief moment of silence, Bai Zihan finally nodded.

"Sure, why not!"

A confident smile appeared on Long Haotian's face.

Then he suddenly raised a hand.

"Wait!"

Long Haotian looked toward Bai Zihan.

"If we're going to fight, then let's make things more interesting."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?"

Long Haotian clasped his hands behind his back.

His expression was full of confidence.

"Let's make a bet!"

Long Haotian pointed toward Chu Ziyang.

"If I win."

His voice echoed throughout the arena.

"You will dissolve your engagement with her."

The moment those words fell, Chu Ziyang's expression instantly became cold.

Yet Long Haotian remained completely serious.

Bai Zihan did not immediately agree.

Instead, he looked at Long Haotian.

Then he casually asked,

"And if you lose?"

Long Haotian blinked.

For a brief moment, he genuinely froze.

Lose?

The word felt unfamiliar.

The possibility had never crossed his mind.

After all, he was Long Haotian.

He was an Immortal Realm cultivator.

How could he lose to someone from the Desolate Heaven Empire?

The very idea sounded absurd.

Thus, after a short pause, Long Haotian laughed loudly.

"Hahaha!"

His laughter was filled with absolute confidence.

Then he proudly declared,

"If I lose?"

He spread his arms.

"Then name your price!"

His voice thundered throughout the arena.

"Anything you wish!"

The two old men behind him immediately frowned.

Their expressions changed slightly.

Unfortunately, Long Haotian either failed to notice or simply didn't care.

His confidence had already reached its peak.

After all, in his mind, there was only one outcome to this battle.

Victory!

Therefore, making promises cost him nothing.

As long as Bai Zihan accepts his bet!

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### Chapter 623 The Fish Takes the Bait[ 942 words ]

Bai Zihan did not answer immediately.

Although he had already made his decision internally, he still needed to appear somewhat reluctant.

Several moments passed before Bai Zihan finally nodded.



"Very well!"

Long Haotian's smile widened.

However, before he could speak, Bai Zihan continued.

"But verbal agreements are cheap."

The smile on Long Haotian's face paused slightly.

Bai Zihan looked at him and spoke leisurely.

"If you're serious about this wager, then make a Heavenly Vow."

The entire arena instantly fell silent.

Even Long Haotian's expression stiffened slightly.

A Heavenly Vow?

The smile on his face immediately became somewhat forced.

Unlike ordinary promises, Heavenly Vows were not things cultivators made lightly, especially powerful cultivators.

Breaking such a vow could result in terrifying consequences.

Long Haotian's eyes narrowed.

Behind him, the expressions of the two old men immediately changed.

"Young Master!"

"A mere native from a remote empire is not worth making a Heavenly Vow over."

Although they believed Long Haotian would win, neither of them liked unnecessary risks.

After all, Heavenly Vows were not jokes.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely smiled as he looked at Long Haotian.

"What?"

His tone was filled with mockery.

"Scared of losing?"

The moment those words fell, Long Haotian's face darkened.

Bai Zihan had struck precisely where it hurt the most.

Long Haotian's pride!

The two old men inwardly cursed.

Sure enough, Long Haotian's expression immediately became ugly.

"Scared?"

He almost laughed.

"Me?"

A powerful aura erupted from his body.

His eyes burned with anger.

"How could this young master possibly lose?"

Bai Zihan shrugged.

"Then why hesitate?"

The simple sentence instantly shattered the last traces of Long Haotian's hesitation.

His pride simply would not allow him to back down, especially in front of Bai Xueqing and Chu Ziyang.

Long Haotian immediately sneered.

"Fine! A Heavenly Vow it is!"

Then he looked at Bai Zihan.

"But if I make one, you will make one as well."

His eyes narrowed.

"I don't trust your words either."

Bai Zihan smiled.

"Of course!"

His agreement came so quickly that Long Haotian was momentarily stunned.

Naturally, Long Haotian had no way of knowing that Bai Zihan cared very little about Heavenly Vows.

After surviving Heavenly Tribulations before, he was no longer particularly fearful of them, even if he were to break one.

Not to mention, he had absolutely no intention of losing.

Thus, under countless gazes, the two stepped forward.

Long Haotian raised his hand. His voice echoed throughout the arena.

"I, Long Haotian, swear upon Heaven and Earth. If I lose this battle, I shall fulfill one request made by Bai Zihan."

Seeing this, Bai Zihan smiled as he also raised his hand.

His voice remained calm.

"I, Bai Zihan, swear upon Heaven and Earth. If I lose this battle, I shall dissolve my engagement with Chu Ziyan."

There was no turning back now.

Long Haotian's confidence returned instantly.

In fact, it became even stronger than before.

Now that the Heavenly Vow had been established, victory would bring him everything he wanted.

Thinking about it, he could not help but smile.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan was equally satisfied.

Everything was proceeding exactly as planned.

The fish had already swallowed the bait.

Now all that remained was reeling it in.

The two old men behind Long Haotian exchanged uneasy glances.

For some reason, they could not shake the feeling that something was wrong.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

The Heavenly Vow had been made.

There was no withdrawing now.

At the center of the arena, Long Haotian slowly stepped forward.

Immortal Realm aura surged from his body like a tidal wave.

Across from him, Bai Zihan remained calm.

A faint smile lingered on his face.

Long Haotian's eyes blazed with excitement.

The Heavenly Vow had already been established.

The bet had been set.

Everything was in place.

A magnanimous expression appeared on his face.

"Bai Zihan!"

His tone became unexpectedly generous.

"Although you have agreed to this fight, I don't wish for others to say that I bullied you."

Long Haotian continued.

"After all, I am already in the Immortal Realm."

He clasped his hands behind his back.

"If you wish, I can suppress my cultivation to match yours."

Long Haotian wasn't finished.

"I can also refrain from using my artifacts."

With Bai Zihan's background, he probably possessed an Earth Grade Artifact at best.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian possessed several Top Grade Heaven Grade Artifacts personally bestowed upon him by his clan.

If he revealed them now, Bai Zihan might lose all confidence before the battle even began.

Moreover, defeating a weakling with his full cultivation and artifacts felt somewhat excessive.

At least in Long Haotian's mind.

He was giving Bai Zihan plenty of face.

Thus, he proudly continued,

"How about it? This young master is more than willing to give you a handicap."

Bai Zihan looked at Long Haotian quietly.

Truthfully speaking, under normal circumstances, he would gladly agree.

Why wouldn't he?

If an enemy voluntarily weakened himself, only a fool would refuse.

Unfortunately, today was different.

Bai Zihan actually wanted to see the true standards of the Central Glorious Continent.

He wanted to know how strong they really were.

If Long Haotian suppressed himself, there would be little point.

Thus, Bai Zihan slowly shook his head.

"Cut the crap. Come at me with your full strength."

Then a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"You can talk about handicaps after you manage to land a punch on me."

Long Haotian's expression froze.

The smile on his face slowly disappeared.

Then—

Crack!

A faint cracking sound echoed.

Several veins bulged on his forehead.

His fists clenched tightly.

Land a punch?

This fellow was actually questioning whether he could even touch him?

Long Haotian gritted his teeth.

His eyes became increasingly dangerous.

In his mind, Bai Zihan had become the most irritating person he had ever met.

This fellow simply refused to appreciate kindness.

No matter what he said, Bai Zihan always found a way to mock him.

Finally, Long Haotian's patience reached its limit.

Long Haotian stared directly at Bai Zihan.

His eyes burned with anger.

"Fine!"

His voice echoed throughout the arena.

"If that's what you want, then don't blame me later."

Bai Zihan merely smiled.

Long Haotian felt his blood pressure rise even further.

This fellow was smiling again.

At this point, he desperately wanted to wipe that smile off Bai Zihan's face.

Thus, he no longer wasted words.

His fighting intent surged toward the heavens.

"Let's fight!"

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### Chapter 624 Long Haotian Vs Bai Zihan! [ 1,179 words ]

The ground beneath Long Haotian's feet exploded.

His figure instantly disappeared.

Countless disciples widened their eyes.

Too fast!

Even many elders could barely follow his movements.

All they could see was a blurry streak tearing through the arena.

Whoosh!

Long Haotian's figure appeared directly in front of Bai Zihan.

His lips curled upward.

A sneer appeared on his face.

(As expected!)

Bai Zihan was still standing there without even having time to react.

Long Haotian inwardly laughed.

(He can't even keep up with my speed. Let's see you talk after taking this punch!)

The difference between the Immortal Realm and lower realms was enormous.

No matter how talented Bai Zihan was, there was no way he could react.

Long Haotian raised his fist.

His punch shot directly toward Bai Zihan's face.

Unfortunately—

Before his fist could even arrive, another fist suddenly appeared in his vision.

Long Haotian's pupils contracted.

"What?!"

The next moment—

Bang!!!

A terrifying impact erupted.

Long Haotian felt as though a mountain had smashed into his face.

His entire body instantly lost control.

Blood sprayed from his mouth.

Then his figure shot backward like a cannonball.

Bang!

The arena shook violently. Dust and rubble filled the air.

Silence!

Absolute silence!

Everyone stared blankly at the scene before them.

Nobody could comprehend what had just happened.

A moment ago, Long Haotian appeared impossibly fast.

A moment later, he had been punched across the arena.

The two old men behind him froze.

Their eyes widened. Their calm expressions completely disappeared.

"Impossible!"

The first old man blurted out.

The second old man's face changed dramatically.

Their divine senses instantly swept toward Bai Zihan.

The result made their hearts tremble.

Great Ascension Realm!

Bai Zihan was actually a Great Ascension Realm cultivator!

Their minds shook violently.

(How old was he?)

Not only had he reached the Great Ascension Realm at such an age, he had also sent Long Haotian flying with a single punch.

Even if Long Haotian had underestimated Bai Zihan and held back, that should still have been impossible.

Even ordinary Immortal Realm cultivators might not be capable of such a thing.

Meanwhile, Bai Ren and Bai Chu remained calm.

Neither looked surprised.



To them, this outcome was perfectly normal.

In fact, if Bai Zihan had been the one sent flying, that would have been truly shocking.

Boom!

The pile of rubble suddenly exploded.

A figure shot out.

Long Haotian immediately reappeared.

His clothes were somewhat disheveled.

A clear fist mark could be seen on his face.

His expression was filled with disbelief.

He stared at Bai Zihan.

As though looking at a monster.

"You..."

His voice trembled slightly.

Genuine shock appeared on his face.

"You..."

Long Haotian pointed at him.

Then finally blurted out,

"You're in the Great Ascension Realm?!"

Bai Zihan might have been able to deceive others before, but once a battle against an Immortal Realm cultivator began, hiding his cultivation became nearly impossible.

Not to mention, Bai Zihan had not even attempted to conceal his aura when he struck.

The entire arena exploded into chaos.

"What?!"

"Great Ascension Realm?!"

"Clan Leader Bai is in the Great Ascension Realm?!"

"How is that possible?!"

Countless disciples nearly screamed.

Even many elders were stunned.

Previously, it was already shocking enough that Bai Zihan had reached the Void Refinement Realm.

Yet less than a year had passed, and now he had entered the Great Ascension Realm.

What kind of cultivation speed was that?

Everyone felt as though lightning had struck their minds.

A Great Ascension Realm cultivator!

Under twenty years old!

Many elders suddenly felt that they had cultivated their entire lives for nothing.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian continued staring at Bai Zihan.

His mind was in complete disorder.

Originally, he had assumed Bai Zihan would be at most in the Nascent Soul Realm.

Perhaps Soul Formation Realm if he was exceptionally talented.

That alone would already qualify him as a top genius, even in the Central Glorious Continent.

Yet reality had viciously slapped him across the face.

Not only was Bai Zihan a Great Ascension Realm cultivator, he was powerful enough to send an Immortal Realm expert flying with a single punch.

Even if Long Haotian had been caught off guard, that should still have been extremely difficult.

After all, his physique was one of the top physiques within his clan.

Long Haotian's expression twisted.

Even now, he still could not understand it.

How?

How had Bai Zihan sent him flying with a single punch?

His face still throbbed painfully.

The pain was so intense that even speaking caused the muscles in his face to twitch.

For a brief moment, he almost doubted reality.

He couldn't remember the last time someone had hit him this hard.

In fact, even when his father personally beat him during training, it had never hurt this much.

The more he thought about it, the uglier his expression became.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely glanced at him casually.

Even though Bai Zihan could have taken advantage of the situation to attack him, it seems like he has no intention of doing that.

It was as if he didn't care about the duel nor took it seriously.

That attitude immediately infuriated Long Haotian.

His fists clenched.

His teeth ground together.

That arrogance should have belonged to him!

Not Bai Zihan!

He was the Immortal Realm cultivator.

Yet somehow...

The roles had become completely reversed.

"Looks like you overestimated yourself."

Bai Zihan's gaze swept across Long Haotian.

Then he leisurely added,

"You can't even withstand a single punch of mine."

Long Haotian's face instantly turned red.

Not from embarrassment but from anger.

"Don't get cocky!"

His roar echoed throughout the arena.

"That was only because you caught me off guard!"

Immortal Realm aura exploded from his body.

The rubble around him instantly shattered.

His eyes burned with fury.

"The real battle starts now!"

Shing!

A sharp sword cry suddenly echoed throughout the arena.

Long Haotian took out his sword from his storage ring.

"Heaven Grade Artifact!"

"No! It's a Top Grade Heaven Grade Sword!"

Shock appeared on countless faces.

Even many elders revealed expressions of envy.

Such a weapon would be considered a supreme treasure and even those at the very Top had them.

Yet such a young man has it. This only made others certain that Long Haotian's background must be terrifying.

Long Haotian gently stroked the blade.

A trace of pride appeared on his face.

This sword had accompanied him for years.

Countless geniuses had fallen beneath it.

Today would be no exception.

His gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

"Let's see how long you can remain arrogant."

Whoosh!

Long Haotian vanished.

Sword light filled the sky.

A golden streak split the air and instantly arrived before Bai Zihan.

The sword descended.

Space itself seemed to distort under its edge.

Long Haotian sneered.

This attack was completely different from before.

This time, he was serious.

This time, Bai Zihan would understand the difference between them.

Unfortunately, Bai Zihan's expression didn't change at all.

Shing!

A sword cry echoed. A silver blade appeared in Bai Zihan's hand as well.

Then—

Bang!

The two swords collided.

Terrifying shockwaves exploded outward.

The arena trembled violently.

Long Haotian's sneer instantly froze.

His pupils contracted.

The attack had been blocked. Not even a step backward.

The sword in Bai Zihan's hand remained steady.

As though blocking the attack had required no effort whatsoever.

Long Haotian's eyes widened.

His gaze immediately landed on Bai Zihan's sword.

Then his expression changed.

His mind blanked.

Because he could clearly sense it.

22:47

The sword in Bai Zihan's hand... was actually on the same level as his own.

A Top Grade Heaven Grade Sword!

"Impossible!"

Long Haotian blurted out.

His voice was filled with disbelief.

"How can you possess a Top Grade Heaven Grade Sword?!"

The surrounding elders were equally stunned.

Their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

Another Top Grade Heaven Grade Artifact?

In the entire Desolate Heaven Empire, such treasures could almost be counted on one hand.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan merely glanced at his sword.

Then at Long Haotian.

A playful smile appeared on his face.

"What?"

His tone was filled with amusement.

"Did you think only you could have one?"

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

### Chapter 625 One Sword Breaks His Dao Heart[ 1,419 words ]

Long Haotian's expression remained ugly.

Of course, he didn't think he was the only person in the world who possessed a Top Grade Heaven Grade Artifact.

What truly shocked him was that someone like Bai Zihan had one.

His eyes narrowed, then he coldly snorted.

"Don't become overconfident just because you possess a Top Grade Heaven Grade Sword. You are still nothing before me!"

Boom!

Immortal Realm Qi erupted once more.

Long Haotian stepped forward.

His sword swept through the air.

A dazzling golden sword light instantly slashed toward Bai Zihan.

At the same time, a sharp aura suddenly erupted from his body.

The surrounding sword cultivators immediately felt their own swords tremble slightly.

Long Haotian's lips curved upward.

A proud smile appeared on his face.

This was his true confidence.

Half-Step Sword Intent!

Although he had not fully comprehended Sword Intent, he had already stepped through the door.

He was only half a step away.

Within the younger generation of the Central Glorious Continent, this achievement was already enough to make countless geniuses despair.

The two old men nodded slightly.

Their expressions eased somewhat.

Although Long Haotian was difficult to deal with and stubborn to his core, his talent was something nobody could deny.

One old man silently sighed.

Long Haotian's temperament may be flawed, but his talent is undoubtedly heaven-defying.

Half-Step Sword Intent at such an age.

Given another decade or two, he would likely truly comprehend Sword Intent.

By then, there won't be many who could be compared to him.

This was what it meant to be favored by the heavens.

Slash! Slash!

Long Haotian's attacks became increasingly fierce.

Each strike carried traces of Half-Step Sword Intent.

The power behind every attack multiplied dramatically.

The difference between possessing Sword Intent and lacking it was like the difference between heaven and earth.

Even Half-Step Sword Intent was enough to crush countless sword cultivators.

The surrounding Heaven Sword Sect disciples stared in awe.

Most of them were sword cultivators.

Thus, they could feel the terror of Long Haotian's swordsmanship more clearly than anyone.

Yet—

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Every attack was blocked.

Bai Zihan's figure remained steady.

His sword moved calmly.

Neither hurried nor slow.

No matter how fierce Long Haotian's attacks became, he seemed unable to gain even the slightest advantage.

Eventually, Bai Zihan became somewhat disappointed.

His expression turned indifferent.

Then he casually spoke.

"If that's all you've got..."

Clang!

Another attack was effortlessly deflected.



"...then you might as well give up."

The words almost caused Long Haotian to cough up blood.

He was already using Half-Step Sword Intent!

Yet Bai Zihan was speaking as though he were some ordinary cultivator.

Rage exploded within Long Haotian's chest.

"You arrogant—"

Before he could finish, Bai Zihan moved.

Whoosh!

His figure suddenly disappeared.

Long Haotian's pupils contracted.

Fast!

The next moment, a silver sword light appeared before him.

Instinctively, Long Haotian raised his sword to block.

Clang!!!

A deafening explosion rang out.

Long Haotian was forced backward several steps.

His arms trembled.

His expression changed.

Something was wrong.

Very wrong.

The pressure from Bai Zihan's sword had changed completely.

Whoosh!

Another sword strike arrived.

Then another.

Then another.

Each strike was faster than the last.

Each strike was sharper than the last.

Soon, Long Haotian found himself completely suppressed.

The confident smile on his face had long disappeared.

Meanwhile, the two old men behind him gradually frowned.

Their eyes became increasingly serious.

At first, they thought Long Haotian was merely being pushed back due to carelessness.

Then they noticed something.

An aura that every sword cultivator dreamed of obtaining.

The first old man's eyes widened.

"No..."

The second old man's breathing abruptly stopped.

"That aura..."

Their gazes locked onto Bai Zihan's sword.

Then both of them froze.

Complete disbelief appeared on their faces.

Sword Intent!

Not Half-Step Sword Intent.

Actual Sword Intent!

The first old man's voice trembled slightly.

"S-Sword Intent..."

The second old man's eyes widened to their limit.

His heart shook violently.

Impossible!

This should be impossible.

How old was Bai Zihan?

Even in the Central Glorious Continent, countless old sword cultivators spent centuries pursuing Sword Intent without success.

Yet this young man had already comprehended it.

And not merely touched its edge.

He had truly stepped into the realm of Sword Intent.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian finally noticed it as well.

The moment realization struck him, his entire body almost froze.

His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

The sword in Bai Zihan's hand descended once more.

Wrapped in a sharp aura capable of splitting everything before it.

Long Haotian's voice trembled.

"Sword Intent?!"

His mind almost went blank.

This was no longer Half-Step Sword Intent.

This was the real thing.

A complete level above him.

And what neither Long Haotian nor the two old men dared imagine was that Bai Zihan's Sword Intent wasn't merely Basic Sword Intent at all.

If they knew the truth, their minds would likely collapse on the spot.

However, Bai Zihan wasn't interested in ending this fight too quickly and had no intention of using his Intermediate Sword Intent.

In fact, even using Basic Sword Intent might already have been excessive.

"When will you finally learn?"

Bai Zihan's calm voice echoed across the arena.

"You aren't the only person who can have something."

His sword descended once more.

Clang!

Long Haotian instinctively raised his weapon to block.

The impact forced him backward several steps, yet he barely noticed.

His attention was no longer focused on the battle.

Instead, his eyes remained fixed on Bai Zihan's sword.

Sword Intent!

Genuine Sword Intent.

Even now, he found it difficult to believe.

His Half-Step Sword Intent had always been one of his greatest sources of pride.

It was proof of his talent.

Proof of his hard work.

Proof that he stood above countless geniuses of his generation.

Throughout the Central Glorious Continent, there were not many who could compare to him in the Dao of the Sword.

At least, that was what he had always believed.

Yet now...

Reality had given him a vicious slap across the face.

A youth less than half his age.

A cultivator from a remote empire he had previously looked down upon.

Someone who had already accomplished what he himself had been striving to achieve.

The impact was simply too great.

His confidence was crumbling.

His pride was being shattered piece by piece.

And Long Haotian had never possessed a particularly steady heart to begin with.

His path had always been smooth.

His talent had always carried him forward.

His background had always protected him.

Whenever he encountered obstacles, others solved them for him.

Whenever he desired something, it was handed to him.

Thus, although his cultivation was high, his state of mind was far weaker than it should have been.

Now that he had encountered someone who completely surpassed his expectations, the flaw immediately revealed itself.

His thoughts became chaotic.

His sword became unstable.

His focus drifted.

Even while fighting, his mind remained occupied by the same question.

How?

How was this possible?

How could someone like Bai Zihan possess Sword Intent?

Whoosh!

A sword light flashed past his shoulder.

Long Haotian hurriedly retreated.

A strand of hair floated through the air.

Only then did he realize how close he had come to injury.

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan shook his head slightly.

Disappointment flashed through his eyes.

Originally, he had been somewhat interested in Long Haotian.

After all, this was supposedly a top genius from the Central Glorious Continent.

Someone nurtured by a powerful clan.

Someone who should have possessed a firm Dao Heart, yet the reality before him was completely different.

The moment Long Haotian discovered that Bai Zihan possessed Sword Intent, his mentality had begun collapsing.

In a life-and-death battle, such a reaction was fatal.

If Bai Zihan had truly intended to kill Long Haotian, he would have been dead several times by now.

Yet Long Haotian remained completely unaware.

The gap between them was far larger than he imagined.

Bai Zihan inwardly sighed.

Apart from his cultivation realm, Long Haotian had shown nothing particularly impressive.

His combat instincts were average.

His mentality was fragile.

His battle awareness was lacking.

Even his swordsmanship was overly reliant on brute force, despite being fortunate enough to comprehend Half-Step Sword Intent.

Compared to Chong Sheng...

The difference was enormous.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

The image of Chong Sheng appeared in his mind.

Someone whose cultivation, talent, combat experience, mentality, and Dao Heart had all been tempered to an extraordinary degree.

Even while facing impossible odds, Chong Sheng had remained calm.

Although Chong Sheng ultimately fell beneath his sword, Bai Zihan had needed to give everything he had to accomplish it.

It seemed that there was indeed a huge difference between a top genius and someone worthy of being called a Heaven Chosen.

The only area in which Long Haotian surpassed Chong Sheng was cultivation, and even that was largely because Long Haotian had been supplied with abundant resources and had enjoyed far more time to cultivate.

Meanwhile, Chong Sheng had possessed very few resources by comparison and very little time to grow.

Then again, Chong Sheng had been a reincarnated cultivator, so perhaps the comparison wasn't entirely fair.

Still...

Even his sister Bai Xueqing possessed a far stronger mentality than Long Haotian, and she wasn't even a Heaven Chosen.

Clang!

Their swords collided once more.

This time, Long Haotian was directly forced backward dozens of meters.

His arms trembled violently.

Bai Zihan remained standing in place.

He didn't move back even a single step.

Looking at Long Haotian's increasingly unstable expression, Bai Zihan could not help but shake his head again.

"If you don't want to fight, then just give up!"

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

### Chapter 626 Long Haotian's Power[ 1,404 words ]

Long Haotian's grip on his sword tightened until his knuckles turned white.

Give up?

Those words burned through him like acid.

Long Haotian of the Long Clan.

A recognized genius of the Central Glorious Continent.

Someone who had comprehended Half-Step Sword Intent at an age when most cultivators were still struggling with the foundations of their Dao.

He had never surrendered.

Not once in his entire life.

The word simply did not exist in his vocabulary.

"Don't... patronize me!"

He roared.

Qi erupted from his body in a violent torrent.

Every last bit of his cultivation surged forward without restraint.

The two old men behind him tensed instinctively, yet neither moved.

The first old man's hand rose halfway.

Then stopped.

The second old man glanced at him.

A silent exchange passed between them.

Then the second old man exhaled and settled back where he stood.

( Let him fight! )

It wasn't indifference.

Quite the opposite.

They had both lived long enough to recognize something important.

Long Haotian's greatest flaw had never been his talent.

His talent was extraordinary.

His technique was refined.

His cultivation, backed by the Long Clan's resources, was formidable.

The flaw was his fragile heart.



In moments exactly like this one.

When the world refused to bend to his expectations.

When something stood before him that he could not simply overpower.

Long Haotian's heart cracked.

And a cracked heart, left untempered, would one day shatter completely.

Every path beyond the Immortal Realm required a Dao Heart that could not be broken.

Until now, Long Haotian had never encountered anyone who could surpass his talent the way Bai Zihan did.

The first old man thought that Bai Zihan from a remote empire is the whetstone Long Haotian has always needed.

Perhaps today's humiliation would become the most valuable lesson the Long Clan could ever provide him.

Thus, they remained where they stood.

Meanwhile, Long Haotian roared again and charged.

Whoosh!

He crossed the distance instantly.

Golden Immortal Qi ignited around his body like a second skin.

His sword swept downward in a vicious arc.

"Heaven Sundering Blaze—First Form!"

Boom!

The technique erupted.

A Mid Heaven Grade Martial Art!

One of the Long Clan's most prized sword techniques.

The air itself seemed to ignite as a pillar of blazing golden sword light descended toward Bai Zihan like a falling sun.

The surrounding Heaven Sword Sect disciples scrambled backward.

The heat alone was enough to burn their robes.

Even several elders straightened slightly.

That was genuine power.

The full force of an Immortal Realm cultivator unleashing a Mid Heaven Grade technique was not something just anyone could receive head-on.

Bai Zihan tilted his head slightly.

His expression remained unchanged.

Then he raised the Eternal Spirit Sword.

Clang!

The impact was enormous.

The arena floor cracked beneath Bai Zihan's feet.

Not because he had been pushed back.

But because he had absorbed the force and redirected it downward.

The blazing golden light split around him like water flowing around a stone before dispersing into the air.

Long Haotian landed several paces away.

His teeth clenched tightly.

(He blocked it? That technique had been blocked?)

Whoosh!

He circled left.

Then slashed right.

Two feints.

One killing strike.

"Heaven Sundering Blaze—Second Form!"

Three waves of sword light erupted.

Each one stronger than the last.

Each one faster than the previous strike.

Each one carrying greater destructive power.

The second old man's eyes widened slightly.

Regardless of the outcome, Long Haotian's mastery of Heaven Sundering Blaze was undeniably exceptional.

Bai Zihan watched the three sword waves approach.

Then he moved.

Whoosh!

One smooth step.

The first wave passed harmlessly beside him.

A slight twist of his wrist redirected the second wave.

The attack spun sideways and crashed into the arena wall.

Boom!

A massive crack spread across the stone.

The third wave arrived.

Clang!

Bai Zihan met it directly.

Not with brute force.

But with the Eternal Flowing Water Sword Art.

His blade curved like flowing water.

The incoming force was swallowed whole.

The attack vanished as though it had fallen into a bottomless river.

Long Haotian stumbled forward.

The rebound from his own strike nearly disrupted his footing.

He recovered instantly yet his breathing had become heavier.

Not from exhaustion. His Immortal Realm cultivation possessed more than enough endurance.

No! It was something else.

He stared at Bai Zihan.

At the calm eyes looking back at him.

There was neither contempt nor excitement.

Only amusement.

It was as though this battle wasn't even worth taking seriously.

As though Bai Zihan could end it whenever he wished.

"How dare you look down on me!"

Long Haotian lunged forward again.

This time, he abandoned Heaven Sundering Blaze entirely.

The Immortal Qi surrounding his body changed.

Long Haotian planted his feet firmly.

His sword slowly rose before him.

Every cultivator present felt something tighten in their chest.

An instinctive warning.

A primal sense of danger.

The technique had not even been released.

Yet the pressure gathering around Long Haotian's body surpassed anything seen previously.

The two old men remained completely still.

No surprise appeared on their faces.

Only recognition.

The first old man exhaled softly.

(So he's using that.)

They had wondered whether he would.

Part of them had hoped he wouldn't need to.

Yet here it was.

Dragon Burial Slash!

The Long Clan's most closely guarded Technique.

A technique only taught to those who had made great contributions to the clan Or to the Clan Leaders.

Long Haotian had received it personally on the day his father acknowledged him as the heir of the Long Clan.

A Saint Grade Technique!

The only Saint Grade Technique possessed by the Long Clan.

The first old man glanced toward Bai Zihan.

Although Bai Zihan had impressed them greatly, he knew this was the end.

Even Earth Immortals would suffer if struck directly by this attack.

Let alone Bai Zihan, who was only in the Great Ascension Realm.

The fight was over!

And with it, Long Haotian's Dao Heart would be restored.

The humiliation.

The struggle.

The doubt.

The eventual victory.

A complete tempering.

Everything they could have hoped for.

Long Haotian's eyes blazed with confidence.

"I want to see how you block this!"

Long Haotian declared.

Bai Zihan looked at him calmly.

He could feel it.

The technique had not even been released yet, yet he could already tell how powerful it would be.

(If I take this head-on...)

His grip on the Eternal Spirit Sword shifted slightly.

Even with his physique, if the attack landed directly, he might suffer serious injuries.

He wasn't completely certain.

But one thing was obvious.

This attack was on an entirely different level from anything he had faced before.

At last, Long Haotian had finally demonstrated something worthy of being called a genius of the Central Glorious Continent.

With this technique alone, Long Haotian could walk sideways among his generation without fearing many opponents.

A smirk appeared on Bai Zihan's face.

"Nine Shadows Flowing Light Sword!"

Whoosh!

Nine afterimages erupted outward simultaneously.

Nine identical figures appeared.

Each carried the same aura.

The same Qi signature.

The same presence.

Nine Bai Zihans.

Long Haotian's eyes snapped left then right.

He immediately released a pulse of Immortal Qi.

Nothing!

All nine felt identical.

His expression changed.

Previously, when he had seen Bai Xueqing use this technique, he hadn't thought much of it.

He believed that with his divine sense, he could easily identify the real body.

But now?

He couldn't tell them apart at all.

Then they moved.

All nine figures stepped outward simultaneously.

Each moving in a different direction.

Within moments, they had spread throughout the arena.

Some stood near the walls.

Some near the arena's edge.

Some halfway up the stone steps.

All nine perfectly spaced apart.

Long Haotian's eyes swept across the battlefield.

His grip tightened.

The Dragon Burial Slash was still building within him.

But the targets had multiplied.

And he had no idea which one was real.

The nine figures watched him with identical expressions.

Then one tilted its head.

"What happened?"

The voice came from the left.

Long Haotian spun around.

"Couldn't tell us apart?"

Another voice sounded behind him.

"You were so confident a moment ago."

This one came from above.

One shadow leaned casually against a railing with his sword resting on his shoulder.

"I want to see how you block this."

Another one repeated Long Haotian's earlier words mockingly.

Long Haotian's eyes twitched.

"You—"

"Still charging up?"

One shadow asked conversationally.

"Take your time. We're not going anywhere."

"Well," another shadow said thoughtfully, "some of us might be going somewhere. It's getting a bit crowded here."

Long Haotian's Qi surged violently.

"Stop talking!"

"All of us?" one asked.

"Or just some of us?" another added.

"He might need to be more specific," a third remarked.

Long Haotian stood frozen at the center of the arena.

A Saint Grade Technique coiled within him like a loaded crossbow without a target.

Nine identical Bai Zihans surrounded him.

Leaning against walls.

Standing on steps.

Watching him as though he were a mildly interesting insect.

Bai Zihan's calculation had been simple from the very beginning.

A Saint Grade Technique from someone at Long Haotian's cultivation level could only be used once.



Maybe twice if he was willing to pay a severe price afterward.

So don't get hit.

It was that simple.

The moment Long Haotian revealed a technique capable of genuinely threatening him, the answer became obvious.

Make him unable to use it.

Then wait.

One figure near the arena wall examined his fingernails idly.

"Anytime now."

Long Haotian's jaw clenched so tightly that it was a miracle his teeth hadn't shattered.

But no matter how angry he got, there was no way for him to differentiate those Nine Shadows.

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

### Chapter 627 Dragon Burial Slash![ 1,303 words ]

The two old men's expressions had become increasingly ugly.

They could naturally see what Bai Zihan was trying to do.

He wasn't confronting the Dragon Burial Slash head-on.

He was stalling.

Dragging out the fight until Long Haotian exhausted himself maintaining the technique.

And the most frustrating part?

It was working.

Long Haotian's cultivation might be high, but a Saint Grade Technique was not something he could maintain indefinitely.

Every second consumed an enormous amount of Immortal Qi.

The first old man's eyes narrowed.

His divine sense spread outward.

The second old man did the same.

The nine figures scattered throughout the arena appeared identical.

To ordinary cultivators, they were impossible to distinguish.

However, the two old men were far from ordinary cultivators.

Their divine senses swept through the battlefield repeatedly.

No wonder, Long Haotian couldn't tell these clones apart.

Even the two of them were having hard time differentiating the real one, not to mention, Long Haotian.

Only after expending Qi and taking a few seconds, were they finally able to locate Bai Zihan.

Then—

The first old man's eyes flashed.

(Found him!)

Almost simultaneously, the second old man reached the same conclusion.

The real Bai Zihan was standing casually near one corner of the arena.

"Young Master! Three o'clock!"

"The one near the eastern wall!"

Long Haotian's eyes immediately snapped toward that location.

At the same time, mocking laughter erupted.

"Hahaha! Seriously?"

"Are they helping him?"

"Even in a duel between juniors, they still have to give him answers?"

"How shameless!"

"Forget genius. Without his elders helping him, he can't even tell who's real!"

"Hahaha! I guess this is the strength of an Immortal Realm genius?"

The laughter grew louder.

Although nobody explicitly accused the two old men of cheating, the meaning was obvious.

This was a duel between the two, and although the old man didn't physically intervene, it has similar implications.

The two old men's expressions immediately darkened. Their faces burned with embarrassment.

Under normal circumstances, they would never interfere.

However, they had no choice.

If Long Haotian continued wasting Qi, the Dragon Burial Slash would collapse on its own.

By then, if Long Haotian truly lost, who knew what would happen to his Dao Heart?

They only want to temper Long Haotian's Dao heart, not completely break it apart.

Unfortunately, they had been too eager to help and had blurted it out aloud rather than silently transmitting the message.

Long Haotian's face alternated between red and green.

His grip tightened.

The mocking voices entered his ears one after another.

Each sentence felt like a slap across his face.

Every word stabbed directly into his pride.

For a brief moment, he even wanted to turn around and yell at the two old men.

However, he couldn't really blame them either.

After all, if he weren't in trouble, they wouldn't have needed to intervene at all.

Moreover, without their help, he truly wouldn't have been able to identify Bai Zihan.

He would have continued wasting Qi like an idiot while Bai Zihan played with him.

That realization only made the humiliation even greater.

Veins bulged across his forehead.

His eyes became bloodshot.

The Saint Grade Technique within him grew increasingly unstable.

Then his gaze locked onto Bai Zihan.

Murderous intent erupted.

"Bai Zihan..."

His voice sounded like it had been squeezed through clenched teeth.

The surrounding temperature seemed to drop.

(Only by killing you...)

The pressure emanating from the Dragon Burial Slash skyrocketed.

Long Haotian's eyes burned with madness.

(...can I wash away today's humiliation!)

The accumulated power finally erupted.

The sky darkened.

An enormous golden dragon phantom appeared behind Long Haotian.

The dragon opened its eyes.

A terrifying dragon roar echoed throughout the Heaven Sword Sect.

ROAR!

The pressure was simply too terrifying.

Long Haotian raised his sword.

The dragon phantom followed the movement.

Golden light illuminated the heavens.

At this moment, Long Haotian no longer cared about winning elegantly.

He no longer cared about preserving face.

He only wanted one thing.

To crush Bai Zihan completely.

"DRAGON BURIAL SLASH!"

His roar shook the heavens.

Then the sword descended.

The enormous dragon phantom roared and lunged toward Bai Zihan.

Everything in its path shattered.

Even space itself seemed to distort beneath the overwhelming force.

The two old men stared intently.

Their hearts settled slightly.

(This attack should be enough.)

No matter how monstrous Bai Zihan was.

No matter how shocking his talent.

He was still only in the Great Ascension Realm.

Against a fully unleashed Saint Grade Technique, how could he possibly survive?

Meanwhile, Bai Zihan was also preparing himself.

Originally, he had intended to see whether Long Haotian would actually release the technique.

Unfortunately, the two old men had interfered.

Now that his position had been exposed, he had no choice but to deal with Long Haotian's technique head-on.

Just as Bai Zihan tightened his grip on the Eternal Spirit Sword, a familiar voice suddenly echoed inside his mind.

"We are ready!"

Bai Zihan's eyes flickered.

It was Han Sha.

It seemed that the preparations he had ordered were finally complete.

A faint smile appeared on Bai Zihan's face.

Perfect timing.

He had already seen enough of Long Haotian's strength.

And now that Han Sha and the others were prepared, there was no need to drag things out.

Across the battlefield, the enormous golden dragon roared as it descended.

Its pressure crushed everything in its path.

The sky trembled.

The earth shattered.

Even space itself seemed unable to endure its might.

Long Haotian's eyes were filled with madness.

"Die!"

His roar shook the heavens.

The Dragon Burial Slash surged forward with unstoppable momentum.

At that moment, Bai Zihan finally moved.

His eyes became incomparably sharp.

The playful expression that had remained throughout the battle completely disappeared.

An overwhelming aura erupted from his body.

Great Ascension Realm Qi exploded outward.

The surrounding spiritual energy instantly became chaotic.

His sword slowly rose.

The Eternal Spirit Sword emitted a clear cry as Sword Intent surged.

The surrounding sword cultivators felt their own swords trembling violently.

Even the two old men felt their expressions change.

A sense of danger suddenly appeared within their hearts.

Bai Zihan's gaze remained fixed on the approaching dragon.

"Fate Severing Slash!"

A terrifying sword light appeared.

The moment it appeared, countless cultivators felt an indescribable chill run through their souls.

As though nothing in heaven or earth could escape its edge.

Then the two attacks collided.

BOOOOOOM!!!

The entire Heaven Sword Sect shook violently.

An explosion unlike anything before erupted between the two techniques.

The arena instantly collapsed.

Even the very formation protecting the disciples and elders were shattered without a shred of resistance.

Countless disciples were thrown to their knees.

Some weaker cultivators directly coughed up blood.

Even the sect elders had to circulate their cultivation to resist the shockwave.

Bai Xueqing's expression changed.

Chu Ziyan's face turned pale.

The force generated by the collision was so terrifying that both women nearly lost their footing.

Fortunately, Bai Ren casually waved his sleeve, and a protective barrier instantly appeared around them.

Meanwhile, the two old men behind Long Haotian were no longer calm.

Their eyes widened.

Complete disbelief appeared on their faces.

They stared at the battlefield as though they had seen a ghost.

Because Bai Zihan's technique was actually competing against the Dragon Burial Slash.

A Saint Grade Technique!

Not only was it competing, it was gradually gaining the upper hand.

The golden dragon phantom roared furiously, yet the silver sword light continued advancing.

The dragon's body began to crack.

The cracks spread rapidly.

Then—

Boom!!!

The dragon phantom exploded.

Golden fragments filled the sky.

The Dragon Burial Slash had been destroyed.

And the silver sword light didn't stop.

It continued forward, straight toward Long Haotian.

Long Haotian's pupils contracted to the size of needles.

His face instantly lost all color.

"No!"

Long Haotian's mind went completely blank.

The scene before him felt unreal.

His strongest attack.

The technique he had always been proud of.

The Saint Grade Technique bestowed upon him by the Long Clan.

Dragon Burial Slash!

Destroyed.

His eyes remained fixed on the exploding dragon phantom.

For a brief moment, he completely forgot where he was.

Forgot about the duel.

Forgot about the countless spectators watching him.

His mind repeatedly echoed with the same thought.

(How? How did it lose?)



Unfortunately, reality did not care about his confusion.

The silver sword light continued advancing.

Fast.

Relentless.

Merciless.

It was already directly before him.

Only then did Long Haotian's instincts finally scream.

Danger!

His pupils contracted violently.

A cold chill surged from the soles of his feet to the top of his head.

Without hesitation, his hand shot toward his storage ring.

A bronze shield instantly appeared.

A Heaven Grade defensive artifact.

One of the life-saving treasures given to him by his clan.

"Protect me!"

Long Haotian roared.

The shield immediately expanded.

Layers of defensive runes erupted from its surface.

A massive barrier formed before him.

Then—

BANG!!!

The Fate Severing Slash arrived.