

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 91: Supreme Dao Bone

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Bai Zihan stared at the glowing notification with narrowed eyes, the corner of his lips twitching into a slow, crooked grin.

"Supreme Dao Bone... huh!"

He reclined slightly in his seat, fingers tapping the armrest rhythmically.

"System, absorb it!"

[Absorbing Supreme Dao Bone...]

[Warning: This process will replace your current Dao Bone.]

[Optional: You may store the current Dao Bone in inventory for 1000 System Points. Proceed?]

"Store it?"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

His current Dao Bone—well, technically, Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone—was already extraordinary.

Though it barely had any effect on him.

A normal cultivator would kill to get their hands on it. Selling it could probably buy a small sect.

If he could store it then that is probably the best option though it cost 1000 System Points. But it was worth it.

"Store it!"

[Confirmed! Deducting 1000 System Points.]

As the notification faded, Bai Zihan felt a strange pull inside his chest. Not painful, but deep.

Unsettling!

His breath hitched.

It was as if something from his body was being yanked out of him—like a buried chain finally being torn from the ground after years of silence.

Then it was gone.

Just like that.

He exhaled, sharp and shaky.

"Tch!"

A weight he didn't even realize he was carrying had been lifted.

"That thing really wasn't mine, huh..."

He leaned back, letting the sensation wash over him. There was a strange clarity in his thoughts now.

For years, he'd carried Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone—an unmatched treasure, sure, but it was no use to him at all.

Rather he clearly felt that he could absorb much of the Qi faster than before.

Rather than improving his cultivation, was Bai Xinyue's Dao Bone just restricting him?

It certainly felt that way.

He let out a low chuckle.

But before he could enjoy the clarity for long—

[Dao Bone stored in Inventory.]

[Beginning absorption of Supreme Dao Bone. Estimated time: 12 hours. Pain Level: Extreme.]

"Oh joy," Bai Zihan muttered, already bracing himself.

"It's always 'extreme' with you, isn't it?"

Then the pain hit.

Like every part of him—body and bone—was being deconstructed and rewritten on a fundamental level.

His bones shattered, his meridians rewired—then reforged with something more powerful.

Golden-blue light surged from his body, lighting up the entire room.

Perhaps it was because of his body refinement through the Primordial Chaos Body Refinement Technique, or maybe just because he had endured worse before—but Bai Zihan didn't think too much of the pain.

Of course, a normal person would've lost their mind by now.

Twelve hours later!

[Absorption Complete. Supreme Dao Bone successfully integrated.]

[Warning: Host's cultivation base has become unstable. Recommend entering cultivation immediately to stabilize.]

Bai Zihan's eyes snapped open. They glowed with swirling golden light, galaxies spinning in his irises.

He inhaled once—just once—and the heavens seemed to respond.

Spiritual Qi roared into his courtyard like a tidal wave. And that was without him even activating the Myriad Breathing Technique.

If he did use it, the Qi in his courtyard probably wouldn't be enough to keep up with him.

He cracked his neck and stood up.

"That's more like it!"

Finally, he had some hope of surpassing those so-called geniuses in cultivation speed.

He wasn't sure about Bai Xinyue, but he was damn sure his speed would now blow Lin Xuan out of the water.

And he still had a trump card: 10x Cultivation Speed Card (30 Days).

With that, even the so-called heavenly geniuses could eat his dust—at least for a month.

With the combination of his Supreme Dao Bone, Myriad Breathing Technique, 10x Speed Card, and top-tier pills from the Bai Clan, these next thirty days were going to be insane.

Normally, anyone else would've collapsed from that kind of agony—maybe even needed hours just to catch their breath.

But Bai Zihan? He barely flinched. And now, he acted like the pain had never even happened.

Without wasting a moment, Bai Zihan began to cultivate, sparing no resources.

While Bai Zihan was in seclusion, the outside world was reeling from what he had done.

"So all those rumors about Bai Zihan were made up by Shen Liang? What a despicable person!"

"Yeah! Everyone saw the Memory Mirror Crystal—he orchestrated the whole thing."

"And Bai Zihan? He took one of Shen Liang's hands as punishment. Dude didn't hold back at all."

"The Shen Clan won't take that lying down."

"Even if they don't, what can they do about it? Bai Clan is the strongest in the Desolate Heaven Empire!"

...

The Heaven Sword Sect was in an uproar. And the chaos didn't stop there—word had already spread across the entire Desolate Heaven Empire.

After all, neither Shen Liang nor Bai Zihan were unknown names.

But to think that Shen Liang—the so-called genius—had been humiliated by Bai Zihan, the infamous waste of the Bai Clan?

It was too ridiculous. People didn't believe it at first.

But the truth doesn't wait for permission. It spread like wildfire.

Now everyone was waiting for the Shen Clan's response.

Would they stay quiet and admit fault? Or escalate and fight the Bai Clan?

But not everyone was shocked.

"Hmph! Must've used some underhanded tricks, like always."

Bai Xinyue muttered when she heard the news.

Most people were shocked. But she wasn't.

Bai Zihan was weaker in cultivation and had long been branded the Bai Clan's joke. So for him to defeat Shen Liang?

It should've been mind-blowing.

But not to her.

Honestly, if she'd heard that Bai Zihan beat Shen Liang in a straight-up duel, she would've been shocked.

But relying on his background, schemes, or tricks?

That was textbook Bai Zihan.

She had no reason to fear those tactics.

She had her own trump cards. If Bai Zihan wanted to play games, she'd play too—and beat him at it.

But what she truly wanted... was a fair fight.

To face Bai Zihan, toe to toe.

And to show him that even with her Dao Bone, he was still trash.

Just as Bai Xinyue finished scoffing to herself—arms crossed, eyes cold—a light knock echoed at the entrance of her courtyard.

"Junior Sister Bai! Are you in?"

A voice called politely, slightly breathless.

She didn't respond right away. Her thoughts were still tangled up in the image of that arrogant bastard.

Still, she turned lazily toward the voice.

"Speak."

The door creaked open. A young man stepped in, wearing the sky-blue robes of Azure Cloud Peak.

His hair was tied in a hurried mess—he'd clearly run the whole way here.

"Junior Sister Bai," he said with a respectful bow, "Master is calling for you."

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

"Master? Do you know why?"

"Y-Yes! It seems some elders from the Bai Clan have requested to meet you."

That made her pause.

She narrowed her eyes.

(What do those people want now?)

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 92: Golden Core Stage[
1,213 words]

Chapter 92: Golden Core Stage

Ding!

[Notification: 10x Cultivation Speed Card (30 Days) has expired.]

Bai Zihan's eyes slowly opened.

Golden light swirled in his irises for a moment before fading.

His once-silent courtyard now brimmed with a residual, storm-like aura—an aftershock of the past month's madness.

He exhaled, long and deep.

It felt like an entire lifetime had passed. And yet, at the same time... not even a blink.

"Damn!"

Bai Zihan muttered, rubbing his temples.

"That speed card was crack."

Going from riding lightning bolts in the heavens to dragging his ass across the dirt again—yeah, that part stung.

His cultivation had skyrocketed. From the Mid Core Condensation Stage to the very brink of Nascent Soul.

His Supreme Dao Bone, paired with the Myriad Breathing Technique and pills worth more than some sects' entire treasuries, had done the impossible.

He felt like a different person.

More than that—he was a different person.

And yet now... the rush was gone. Like from Flying in the sky to crawling on the ground.

Still, he wasn't going to complain. Not when the results spoke for themselves.

"System," he murmured, stretching his arms lazily, "status!"

[Host Info]

Host: Bai Zihan

Age: 16

Cultivation Realm: Golden Core (Late)

Constitution: Supreme Dao Bone

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

"...Almost broke through to Nascent Soul," Bai Zihan muttered with a satisfied smirk.

"Another week and I might've done it."

Having the 10x Cultivation Speed Card, Supreme Dao Bone, and Myriad Breathing Technique was too much of a cheat.

Using them together was like flying through heaven without even trying.

It had already exceeded his expectations—and unexpectedly, he'd reached the Late Stage of the Golden Core Realm.

He'd only hoped to touch the Golden Core Stage, but he'd completely underestimated what the Supreme Dao Bone could do.

It was like strapping jet engines to a horse-drawn carriage. Like going from riding a donkey to piloting a jet.

He came out of his courtyard and looked toward the sky.

It was a sunny afternoon, with birds chirping and spiritual beasts roaring faintly in the distance.

The usual peace.

"Time to check what's been going on while I was cultivating."

He was curious to see whether the Shen Clan had responded—or if they were pretending like nothing had happened.

Had the Bai Clan managed to convince Bai Xinyue to return?

He stepped out of the training chamber, robes fluttering in the breeze.

"Should I call for Fang Jinyan or Kong Zhanhong?"

He smirked.

"Let's just call for both!"

It hadn't even been five minutes since Bai Zihan sent the summons.

Yet both Fang Jinyan and Kong Zhanhong arrived like they'd been camping outside his courtyard, just waiting for the call.

The two young men all but sprinted into the pavilion, robes barely smoothed down, faces wearing wide, practiced smiles.

"Young Master!"

They spoke in unison, nearly tripping over each other in their enthusiasm.

"You're both quick."

Kong Zhanhong clasped his fists with a respectful bow, grinning.

"We would've arrived sooner, but didn't want to disturb your cultivation."

Fang Jinyan added quickly, "Yes! We were outside—er, nearby! Just in case you needed anything!"

Both of them were practically radiating ass-kissing energy, their eagerness so strong it was almost visible in the air.

Kong Zhanhong was even more fired up—now there was competition for his role.

And not just anyone: Senior Brother Fang Jinyan, who was just as eager to kiss Bai Zihan's ass.

He couldn't afford to lose. He was set on becoming the greatest bootlicker in sect history.

"Young Master, congratulations on your cultivation! Your aura was radiating from afar—it felt like a Nascent Soul elder had descended! And the way you handled that bastard Shen Liang? Absolutely legendary! Word of your achievement is spreading throughout the Desolate Heaven Empire."

Kong Zhanhong went on, tone full of awe.

"It's a pity I wasn't there to see Shen Liang get crippled. This is my biggest regret!"

Bai Zihan just nodded, then turned to Fang Jinyan, who had been waiting patiently for his turn.

But how could he compete with veterans like Kong Zhanhong?

All he could do was watch as Kong Zhanhong went far and beyond to shovel praise.

"Fang Jinyan," Bai Zihan said calmly, sipping his tea.

"You did well before. For that..."

He tossed a small pouch forward.

Fang Jinyan caught it mid-air and opened it—his pupils shrank.

"Ten... these are—"

"High-tier Golden Essence Pills," Bai Zihan cut in, waving a hand.

"Your reward."

Fang Jinyan immediately knelt and bowed, eyes shining.

"Many thanks, Young Master!"

Kong Zhanhong twitched slightly but didn't say a word. He wasn't stupid—he knew he hadn't earned anything. Yet.

Bai Zihan let the moment hang, then set his cup down with a soft clink.

"Alright. Let's get to business."

His voice was calm but commanding. The mood shifted instantly.

"What's been happening in the sect while I was in seclusion? Give me everything major."

Kong Zhanhong immediately stepped up, scroll already in hand like he'd been waiting for this moment.

"Yes, Young Master. Here's the breakdown of recent events."

Lin Xuan's Heaven-grade Dao Resonance Mirror result was still dominating all sect discussions. His rise had turned him into the sect's new golden boy.

Bai Zihan's own reputation had also surged. Once dismissed as a waste, many were now reevaluating him.

Some still clung to the idea that he was just a better schemer than cultivator—but respect for him had undeniably grown.

Of course, Kong Zhanhong had his own take.

"In my humble opinion, Young Master's brilliance surpasses even the empire's Prime Minister! Your strategies are divine. The greatest mind in the world!"

Kong Zhanhong didn't miss any chance to shower Bai Zihan with compliments.

Next came the matter of Shen Liang. He'd been punished and sent to a reflection cave—but word was, he'd be out soon.

There were already whispers that he planned to leave the Heaven Sword Sect entirely.

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed at that last part.

"And the Shen Clan?"

He asked coldly.

This time, Fang Jinyan stepped forward.

"They're keeping their official stance. No public retaliation. But I've heard whispers—Shen Liang's uncle, Elder Shen, has been meeting privately with Elder He and a few others from the Anti-Sect Leader Faction. They haven't made any moves yet."

"Hmm..."

Bai Zihan tapped the rim of his cup.

"So they're not stupid enough to act openly... yet."

Which only meant they were definitely scheming something behind the scenes.

There was no way they wouldn't.

The Shen Clan could either swallow their pride or retaliate.

But retaliation would spell their doom—and Bai Zihan didn't think they were that dumb, even if Shen Liang was.

They might try to rally allies. The Li Clan, the Zhao Clan, perhaps even neutral forces.

And the Anti-Sect Leader Faction? After losing face and one of their own elders, they were weakened.

If they couldn't recover from that loss, their ambitions were dead in the water.

Their only shot was to rope in someone powerful from the neutral side... or find a way to make the Sect Leader's faction lose someone of equal weight.

Either way, they had to act soon.

Otherwise, they would just get crushed by the Sect Leader's Faction.

Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 93: A Promise Is a Promise

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Few things seemed to have changed since he was cultivating.

He was definitely prepared for some elders to appear and demand justice for what he'd done to Shen Liang.

But as a villain, it seemed like the usual script of "beat the young, the old one appears" wasn't going to happen this time.

Bai Zihan leaned back in his chair, gaze thoughtful as he swirled the tea in his cup—brought over by Kong Zhanhong.

It didn't seem like any of the parties had made any moves since he destroyed Shen Liang.

"Any news," he asked casually, eyes half-lidded, "regarding Bai Xinyue?"

Fang Jinyan and Kong Zhanhong both stiffened.

They both knew—or at least had an idea—about Bai Zihan's relationship with Bai Xinyue, which was definitely not amicable.

And the information they had... they knew it would infuriate Bai Zihan.

Kong Zhanhong glanced at Fang Jinyan—then wisely stayed silent, letting the senior disciple answer.

Fang Jinyan cleared his throat.

"There have been... rumors," he said carefully.

"After the Young Master went into seclusion, a few elders from the Bai Clan seemed to have approached Bai Xinyue. They had some talks."

(Oh? They already made their move?)

Bai Zihan thought. Seems like they couldn't wait to get Bai Xinyue back and immediately set out to do it.

Well, he'd already said he didn't mind—and there were plenty of elders who wanted Bai Xinyue back, many of whom opposed him.

Whether Bai Xinyue became a puppet in their hands or turned the tables on them, Bai Zihan wasn't too worried.

Not after what he'd gained.

He didn't think Bai Xinyue, in her current state, could take him on.

And as far as he knew her, she wouldn't want revenge in any roundabout way. If she wanted revenge, she'd fight him head-on.

As for schemes? He didn't think his stupid cousin had the brains for that.

Not then, nor now!

"And the talk?"

"It seems like the Bai Clan wants to reverse her expulsion and bring Bai Xinyue back into the clan."

Fang Jinyan answered, glancing at Bai Zihan to gauge his reaction.

But Bai Zihan's expression remained calm.

That helped Fang Jinyan relax a bit—it looked like Bai Zihan wasn't angry.

"So? Did she agree to rejoin the Bai Clan?"

Bai Zihan asked, more curious than anything.

"Well... it seems like her decision is on hold."

Fang Jinyan replied.

Bai Zihan nodded.

Understandable—probably because of him.

He didn't think Bai Xinyue had any issue with the other Bai Clan members aside from him and his family.

The other elders had treated her well, and ever since her talent was revealed, that only improved.

Surprisingly, Bai Zihan's mother had treated her like a daughter and was the one who brought her into the family after her parents disappeared—though now, it was clear that had only been to steal her Dao Bone.

Either way, the hesitation might be because of him... or maybe she held a grudge against the whole clan, unlike what he'd assumed.

But if she hadn't outright rejected the offer, then the latter probably wasn't true.

"Then what about Mei Rulan?"

She was the one who had accused him previously, and Bai Zihan had vowed to make her and her clan pay if she continued to lie.

And of course, she didn't take his words seriously and continued lying.

He didn't forget nor was he joking when he threatened her.

Because of the System's reward, Bai Zihan had to put those plans on hold, as he considered them a low priority.

Perhaps only Bai Zihan could consider destroying a clan a side quest of no importance.

"That accuser is also in Reflection Cave, and her clan has been given a stern warning about her behavior," Kong Zhanhong said.

"That's a pretty mild punishment, considering she messed with me."

Although Bai Zihan said that, it wasn't considered mild at all.

Mei Rulan had been stripped of her Inner Disciple status, all her cultivation resources had been taken back, and she was locked up in Reflection Cave.

Those punishments were all for merely falsely accusing Bai Zihan. If it had been anyone else, she wouldn't have been punished so severely.

Kong Zhanhong, of course, agreed with Bai Zihan's words on the surface and kept blabbing about how she should've been sliced into pieces and fed to spirit beasts for falsely accusing Bai Zihan.

He claimed her punishment was too light—even though he knew deep down it was already far too heavy for her actual "crimes."

"I did promise that I would destroy her clan, right?"

Previously, he had warned Mei Rulan that if she continued to falsely accuse him, he would take revenge by destroying her clan.

Fang Jinyan nodded. Kong Zhanhong hadn't been present at the time, but he had.

Bai Zihan had indeed said those words, though he'd assumed it was just a threat to scare Mei Rulan.

So he didn't understand why Bai Zihan was bringing it up again.

"Fine, then it looks like I need to keep my word," Bai Zihan said lazily.

It was like he didn't want to destroy the clan—but had to, simply because he'd said he would.

Not even treating it like anything outrageous.

Fang Jinyan and Kong Zhanhong didn't understand at first what Bai Zihan was talking about.

But then they thought about it—and immediately shivered.

"Young Master, you don't mean... destroying the Mei Clan?"

Fang Jinyan asked.

"What else could I mean? Since I already said I would do it, then I should keep my word," Bai Zihan answered casually.

Sweat immediately appeared on Fang Jinyan and Kong Zhanhong's faces.

They had also once been at odds with Bai Zihan, but unlike Mei Rulan, they'd been lucky enough to switch sides.

Otherwise, they couldn't fathom what their fate would've been.

Moreover, it wouldn't have just been their fate—but their entire clans' that might've been destroyed.

(Looks like I need to return to the Bai Clan...)

Bai Zihan thought.

Even though he'd become much stronger, he couldn't destroy the Mei Clan alone.

Well, maybe he could.

But he didn't want to take that risk. With a powerful clan backing him, why should he?

Of course, whether he could convince his father to help would depend entirely on his persuasion skills.

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 94: Back To Bai Clan

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Chapter 94: Back To Bai Clan

The skies parted as Bai Zihan's flying carriage tore through the clouds, wrapped in waves of spiritual light.

Inside, Bai Zihan leaned against the cushioned interior, arms folded and eyes closed, wearing an expression of lazy indifference.

He'd gotten permission from Elder Qinglan to go out.

The woman had just given him her usual cold look, nodded slightly, and said, "Go."

Not that he wouldn't have gone even if she hadn't said yes.

To Bai Zihan, Elder Qinglan was his master in name only. She hadn't taught him a thing to deserve the title.

Still, she let him go. That was what mattered.

Which meant, now, it was time to go back home.

"I wonder if anyone is missing me?"

Well, Bai Zihan doubts that himself.

It hadn't been that long since he'd returned—just a few months.

But in cultivation circles, even years could fly by, so this was practically a surprise visit.

The Flying Beasts let out sharp screeches as they descended, their spiritual Qi alone forcing nearby rogue cultivators to hit the dirt in panic.

The Bai Clan gates appeared ahead, tall and grand, surrounded by glowing formations and guarded by several cultivators.

Bai Zihan didn't even bother to slow the carriage.

With a casual flick of his sleeve, the protective formations at the gates parted like water.

The two gatekeepers blinked in disbelief, then paled as they recognized the carriage—Bai Zihan's personal ride.

"...Is that... Young Master Zihan?"

One of them muttered.

They hadn't expected him back anytime soon—not when he'd just joined the Heaven Sword Sect.

Knowing it was Bai Zihan, they didn't intervene and just continued with their duties.

The carriage screeched to a halt in front of the main courtyard.

With a flick of his fingers, the door opened, and Bai Zihan stepped out—robes fluttering, expression as arrogant as ever.

Several disciples and servants nearby froze. Some bowed on instinct. Others stumbled.

He glanced at them.

Didn't say a word.

Just kept walking.

Inside the main hall, Elder Bai Feng was sipping tea when the sound of footsteps echoed down the corridor.

Then without even asking the door was opened.

He frowned.

"Who dares to—"

Then he saw him.

Bai Zihan!

That same arrogant brat.

Back again.

Looking even more infuriatingly than before.

"You—!"

Bai Feng shot up, voice rising.

Bai Zihan just gave him a glance.

"Oh. Uncle!" he said lightly. "Didn't recognize you. You've aged."

Bai Feng's eyes twitched.

(This brat...)

He hadn't expected Bai Zihan to suddenly become respectful—but still, he was as disrespectful as ever.

He was surprised to find that Bai Zihan had come back, much to his annoyance.

Even more annoying were the rumors. About Bai Zihan's reputation which was getting better and better.

Which spelled trouble for him—especially since he wanted his own son to become the heir.

"Why are you here?"

Bai Feng asked with a deep frown.

Bai Zihan ignored him and kept walking into the inner hall, eyes sweeping across the familiar surroundings.

"Where's my father?"

Bai Feng's blood pressure spiked.

"Hmph! Find him yourself!"

He snapped, then stormed off before his blood pressure increased any further.

(What's up with this old man?)

Bai Zihan thought. Not that he questioned his own behavior.

(If Father is not in the inner hall, he's probably in his study.)

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Father."

The door creaked open as a servant respectfully stepped aside, bowing low.

"Young Master," he murmured.

Bai Zihan strolled in like he owned the place—which, let's be real, he sort of did.

Inside, Bai Tianheng looked up from a scroll. The lines on his face smoothed out into a wide smile.

"Zihan'er!"

He stood up at once, clearly in a good mood.

"When did you return, you brat? You should've informed me ahead of time!"

Bai Zihan's lips curled into a lazy smirk.

"Why? So you could prepare a welcoming party?"

"Hah! With the way things are going, I just might have!"

Bai Tianheng laughed heartily.

He came around the desk and clapped his son on the shoulder, eyes gleaming with pride.

"I've heard what you did at the Heaven Sword Sect. Well done! And more importantly..."

He picked up a jade slip and waved it.

"The Grand Elder came to see me when he returned. Do you know what he said?"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"That you're getting too old to lead and I should take over?"

Bai Tianheng barked out a laugh.

"Definitely not! He said you managed to recruit a Heaven-Blessed Genius. Lin Xuan, right?"

"Mmm!"

"The Dao Resonance Mirror glowed gold," Bai Tianheng said, almost reverently. "Do you know how rare that is?"

"I've got an idea."

"Of course you do."

Bai Tianheng beamed.

"Even the Grand Elder praised you. Many clan leaders are calling me with jealousy that we got Lin Xuan first... I couldn't be happier."

Of course, before all that praise, he'd gotten an earful.

The Grand Elder had chewed him out for not knowing about such a monstrous genius sooner—especially when other clans had already started sending invitations to Lin Xuan.

Bai Tianheng had cursed every Bai Clan member stationed at the Heaven Sword Sect.

Apparently, they were all "in seclusion" or "on missions."

Yeah, right!

Still, eventually, Bai Ren had switched tones and started praising Bai Zihan, much to Bai Tianheng's relief.

"Is it true you got your hands on an Earth-Grade Cultivation Technique?"

He asked curiously.

Even though the Grand Elder had told him, he still found it hard to believe.

This was Bai Zihan—the same kid he thought would die without constant supervision.

How could he possibly get something that even the Bai clan would struggle to obtain?

"Here!"

Bai Zihan casually tossed over a manual which he already prepared.

Bai Tianheng opened it and studied the contents. His eyes widened.

It was legit.

He put the manual away—he'd need time to study it in detail.

"Good! I heard you got it by accident which can be considered your own luck. I won't question it."

Then his expression darkened slightly.

"I also heard... Bai Xinyue is in the Heaven Sword Sect?"

Bai Zihan nodded casually.

Sigh!

"It seems she's doing well," Bai Tianheng said, guilt creeping into his voice.

After all, it was his wife who ruined her life—for Bai Zihan's sake. A choice he still didn't agree with.

Finding out that she was back on her feet, had regained her talent, and became an Inner Disciple of Heaven Sword Sect... it felt good knowing that she was doing good for herself.

"I heard you have no problem with her rejoining the clan?"

"Well, I never wanted her Dao Bone or her expulsion. I don't care if she comes back or not."

Bai Zihan's tone was indifferent—truly, like it didn't matter to him.

"That's good. But don't tell your mother. Who knows what she'll do."

Bai Zihan just nodded.

"Then... Why did you come back? Already missing home?"

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Novel Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! Chapter 95: Setting an Example

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan!

Bai Zihan smirked.

"Not exactly!"

He dropped onto the couch like it was his personal throne, crossing one leg over the other.

"I came back because I've decided to destroy a clan."

The room went dead silent.

Bai Tianheng blinked in surprise, not expecting such an answer.

And Bai Zihan was acting like he was saying he wanted to go on a stroll.

If it were an average person, they might've asked whether Bai Zihan had gone crazy.

"...Which one?"

But Bai Tianheng just asked which clan.

He figured it might be the Shen Clan—they were the ones who'd offended Bai Zihan, after all.

And destroying the Shen Clan wasn't exactly difficult... but it wasn't something you decided on over tea either.

If it was the Shen Clan, Bai Tianheng was already preparing to shut the idea down. It wasn't feasible.

"The Mei Clan," Bai Zihan said casually.

"...The Mei Clan?"

Bai Tianheng frowned. The name didn't even ring a bell.

He couldn't be bothered to remember every small-time group out there, and the Mei Clan was undoubtedly one of those.

So why the hell did his son want to wipe out some no-name clan?

He hadn't been at the Heaven Sword Sect lately and didn't know about Mei Rulan falsely accusing Bai Zihan.

Nor did the Grand Elder Bai Ren, who'd arrived late.

"Why?"

Bai Tianheng asked.

He wasn't against the idea—this was the cultivation world. Destroying a clan or two every few years was practically tradition.

If the Bai Clan did it, people might whisper for a bit... but then they'd forget in few weeks as well.

Still, he wasn't about to just hand his son a sword and say "go nuts" without a reason.

"She helped Shen Liang falsely accuse me. I warned Mei Rulan I'd destroy her clan if she kept lying. She didn't listen. So now I'm following through."

Bai Tianheng's brows furrowed. Even so, destroying a whole clan wasn't something you did on a whim.

"I think our Bai Clan's reputation has been slipping lately. Even someone like Mei Rulan dares to challenge the heir of the Bai Clan. If we crush the Mei Clan, it'll remind everyone not to mess with us."

Bai Zihan's tone was calm, but his intent was sharp.

Bai Tianheng rubbed his temples.

Indeed, ever since the Li and Zhao Clans had formed their alliance, the Bai Clan had been too passive. People were starting to doubt their strength.

Maybe that was why Shen Liang had dared to challenge Bai Zihan in the first place—thinking the Bai Clan had grown weak or distracted.

"Zihan'er, aren't you saying that just because of your personal grudges?"

"I am,," Bai Zihan said honestly. "But that doesn't mean I'm wrong."

"...Do you know how many elders I'll have breathing down my neck if we start a blood feud with the Mei Clan?"

Bai Tianheng muttered.

"Then just tell them to hold their breath," Bai Zihan replied without blinking.

Bai Tianheng exhaled sharply.

"You're serious."

"Dead serious!"

Silence!

Then Bai Tianheng leaned back and studied his son.

The brat he'd once thought would never amount to anything.

And now, he is planning to do something as big as this?

"You've really changed," Bai Tianheng murmured.

"About time, right?"

Bai Tianheng chuckled.

"Alright. I'm in a good mood, and you've made major contributions to the clan. Doing this favor to you won't hurt us."

"I'll need to know the strength of the Mei Clan first. After that, I'll decide how many elders to send."

"Great," Bai Zihan said, rising. "Let me know when you're ready. I'll watch the destruction myself."

Later...

On his way back, Bai Zihan slowed as he heard raised voices coming from the garden near his courtyard.

He frowned.

The Bai Clan estate was usually quiet and orderly—especially around his residence.

But now? Someone was yelling.

"Who the hell are these noisy clowns?"

He turned the corner.

Luo Qing stood stiffly beside a flowerbed, head lowered, gripping a broom with trembling hands.

Surrounding her were three maidservants, arms crossed, faces twisted in mockery.

"What the hell are you doing just standing there? It's your turn to clean the garden!"

"Yeah, must be nice, huh? Playing little mistress just because you served Young Master Bai before."

"Hah! Guess we were fools working hard while you just got to laze around."

Luo Qing's hands tightened around the broom handle. Her voice was barely a whisper.

"I didn't rest... I just went to get new broom bristles, I—"

"Excuses again!"

Another maid stepped forward.

"You think we're stupid? Just because you were his personal maid, you think you don't need to follow the schedule like the rest of us?"

Bai Zihan's expression turned icy.

He stepped forward.

"What's going on here?"

One of the maids, not turning, snapped, "It's none of your business—!"

Luo Qing gasped softly.

"Young master..."

The maid froze.

They all did.

Heads turned. Faces drained.

"Young Master Bai!"

"I—I didn't recognize you! Please forgive me!"

They dropped into frantic bows.

Bai Zihan's voice was cold.

"I'll ask again. Why were you yelling at my maid?"

One servant stammered,

"S-she was supposed to clean today, young master, but she didn't show up. We thought she was slacking..."

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"So you decided to surround her and scream?"

"N-no! We just—"

"Jealous because she's pretty, is that it?"

Silence!

"That's the real reason, right?"

He said, stepping forward.

"She's prettier than you. Better manners. Got promoted before you. And instead of working harder, you decided to gang up and bully her."

His gaze was like a blade.

"What, just because I was gone for a few months, you think it's open season on my people?"

Not a sound.

He laughed coldly.

"Did my reputation drop that low? Or did you think I'd never come back?"

He asked.

"N-no! Absolutely not, Young Master Bai!"

"We didn't think that, we just—!"

"You are just nothing."

Bai Zihan interrupted.

"You don't need to work here anymore."

Their faces went white.

"Y-young master, please! We were wrong!"

"We'll apologize! We'll clean everything ourselves for a month!"

Luo Qing stepped forward, flustered.

"Young master, please... It's alright. There's no need to go that far..."

Bai Zihan looked at her.

"You call this alright?"

He turned back to the servants.

"My maid getting bullied isn't just an insult to her—it's an insult to me. You ignored my name just because I wasn't here."

He narrowed his eyes.

"Maybe just firing you isn't enough?"

The maids dropped to their knees.

"Please! We understand!"

"We'll resign! We'll leave immediately!"

"We sincerely apologize!"

He waved them off.

"Get out of my sight!"

They scrambled away like terrified rats.

Luo Qing lowered her head again.

"...Thank you, young master," she whispered.

Bai Zihan looked at her, and for once, his tone softened.

"Why the hell are you doing extra jobs? Isn't your only responsibility to keep my courtyard clean?"

She didn't reply.

It was clear those servants had bullied her into taking extra duties. Her job was easier, and her pay was better.

Back when he was around, nobody even wanted to be associated with him.

They felt pity for Luo Qing who was stuck with him but now, they are jealous because her work is easier and pay is much higher?

"Tsk! You don't need to listen to what others say. If others try it again, just use my name. And if they still don't listen..."

He grinned.

"Well, there's no way they won't."

He looked her in the eyes.

"Do you understand?"

Luo Qing nodded quietly.

"Then what is your work?"

"To look after the Young Master's Courtyard."

"Good!"

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

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Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 96: Meihua City[1,169 words]

Chapter 96: Meihua City

The army to destroy the Mei Clan was ready by the next day. It included a few elders and many younger generation disciples.

Well, only the elders were truly needed to wipe out the Mei Clan—but the younger Bai Clan members were brought along to ensure no one escaped.

And, of course, to gain some experience.

But among them, one figure stood out above all.

"I didn't expect the Grand Elder to join us!"

Bai Zihan said with a raised brow.

Indeed, one of the Bai Clan's strongest had come along.

It was Grand Elder Bai Ren himself.

Frankly, Bai Zihan felt that no one else was needed if Grand Elder Bai Ren was here.

"Hahaha... I heard you were going to do something interesting. How could I miss out?"

The old man chuckled.

Clearly, the Grand Elder had joined for amusement.

Maybe being stuck inside the Bai Clan had left him bored.

After all, he'd even shown up when Bai Zihan only wanted a bit of support during his clash with Shen Liang.

But Bai Zihan had no complaints.

With Grand Elder here, what could possibly go wrong?

"Is everyone ready?"

Bai Zihan turned to the gathered elders and disciples.

"Yes!"

They shouted in unison.

"Well then, let's depart! Time to destroy the Mei Clan!"

The journey to the Mei Clan's territory wasn't short.

It took the Bai Clan forces half a day to fly across multiple mountain ranges aboard a Flying Ship.

A Flying Ship was a massive, skyfaring vessel powered by spirit stones and inscribed with flight and stabilization formations.

Shaped like a traditional sea vessel but designed for the skies, it could carry dozens—sometimes hundreds—of passengers, making it the preferred method of group travel in the cultivation world.

Hovering through the air like a slow-moving fortress, it combined speed, defense, and mobility. It wasn't just transportation—it was a war machine.

The Mei Clan's city, Meihua City, lay nestled in a fertile valley surrounded by high cliffs and shimmering rivers.

It was beautiful—yes—but beauty meant nothing when death loomed from above.

Meihua City was a major power in the region, ruled entirely by the Mei Clan. Here, they acted like kings.

Their banner—three crimson plum blossoms—flew proudly over every gate, and their disciples walked the streets like arrogant lords.

The city guards were all Mei Clan cultivators, their armor bearing the plum insignia.

But today, none of that mattered.

Today, the Bai Clan arrived.

As their enormous flying ship hovered outside the city, spiritual pressure spilled out like an overflowing dam.

People looked up from the streets in horror.

Commoners fled, merchants shuttered their stores, and cultivators scrambled to the city walls in panic.

After all, Flying ships weren't allowed to fly over Meihua City unless it was unauthorized.

Then a voice boomed across the sky, thundering like divine judgment.

A single figure shot forward from the flying ship, his robes flaring in the wind, black hair trailing behind him like a banner of war.

He stood mid-air, one hand behind his back, a lazy smirk on his face.

It was Bai Zihan!

"Mei Clan!"

His voice echoed with Qi.

"You've lived long enough!"

Countless eyes turned upward.

Mei Clan elders and disciples rushed out of their halls, expressions ranging from confusion to disbelief.

Some laughed, thinking it was a joke. Others felt an icy chill crawl down their backs.

Bai Zihan continued, his tone sharp and cold.

"Today, I, Bai Zihan, stand before your gates to uproot your entire clan. You have two choices—surrender now and maybe, just maybe, I'll spare you."

He grinned.

"Or resist... and you can forget about living."

Silence!

Heavy, suffocating silence fell over Meihua City.

Then, the Bai Clan forces descended behind Bai Zihan like gods of war, come to enforce divine retribution.

Anyone with half a brain could tell—this wasn't a bluff.

The flying ship was clearly that of the Bai Clan, and at its head stood their heir, Bai Zihan.

From the inner district of Meihua City, a surge of Qi rippled outward as several figures shot into the sky, streaks of light converging above the city gates.

Leading them was an old man with a long silver beard and deep-set eyes that shimmered with restrained power.

His robe bore the three-plum-blossom insignia embroidered in gold thread—clearly an elder of the Mei Clan.

He stepped forward, attempting to calm the fear below as he faced Bai Zihan.

"Young Master Bai," he said, his voice echoing through the air. "This... is unexpected."

He cupped his fists in formal greeting, though his hands trembled slightly.

"We, the Mei Clan, have always respected the Bai Clan. We've never crossed you. So may I ask—why have you come to our gates with such killing intent?"

For a moment, Bai Zihan just stared at him, lips curling.

Then he laughed.

"Hahaha..."

Loud. Arrogant. Contemptuous!

"Not offended me?"

He repeated mockingly.

"Are you truly clueless, or just pretending?"

Bai Zihan's expression turned cold.

"Didn't Mei Rulan warn you? Or are you really that in the dark? Seriously, just when did my words become a joke?"

Bai Zihan said with a hint of irritation.

The Mei Clan elder's face twitched.

"Rulan...?"

He did know that Mei Rulan had caused some trouble—breaking sect rules or something like that—but he hadn't imagined she'd provoked the Bai Clan heir.

She hid it well from them.

"Young Master," the elder said quickly, "although I don't know the full details, let me apologize on her behalf. She's young and ignorant."

Though he didn't fully understand the situation, he could tell that Mei Rulan had somehow offended Bai Zihan—and now, the clan was paying the price.

He had to do everything in his power to de-escalate this.

Bai Zihan looked amused. These old men knew their place. Unlike the younger ones.

"I already said it before everyone—if Mei Rulan doesn't stop falsely accusing me, I would destroy her clan. What can I say... a promise is a promise."

The Mei Clan elders' expressions darkened. Because of one reckless girl, their entire clan now faced annihilation.

Then—

"BAI ZIHAN!"

A furious voice rang out from the Mei Clan manor, high and sharp like a sword being unsheathed.

From deep within, a streak of light burst into the sky as a woman shot upward.

She was slim, her long black hair tied in a braid, her robes embroidered with the plum blossoms—though hers were edged in crimson.

It was Mei Rulan!

Looks like she has returned to the Mei Clan.

Bai Zihan raised a brow—wasn't she supposed to be in the Reflection Cave?

Maybe she had voluntarily left the Heaven Sword Sect... or maybe something had happened.

Either way, she was here now. And Bai Zihan thought—it was better this way.

That makes things easier.

She stopped mid-air, face pale but eyes burning with fury.

"Why are you here?!"

Bai Zihan smiled even wider.

"Oh, I made a promise to you, remember? Now I'm here to fulfill it."

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 97: Father's Shame, Daughter's Sin[1,189 words]

Chapter 97: Father's Shame, Daughter's Sin

Mei Rulan's face turned pale as the memory resurfaced.

At the time, she had thought Bai Zihan was just bluffing.

Who could've imagined he'd actually be mad enough to follow through?

"You want to destroy my clan?"

"Of course!"

Bai Zihan replied without the slightest hesitation.

"Rulan, what did you do?!"

The Mei Clan's elders shouted furiously.

How could they not be angry? After all, she was the reason this calamity had descended upon the Mei Clan today.

"I—I..."

Mei Rulan looked guilty, at a complete loss for words.

Her voice caught in her throat. Her hands clenched into fists as the stares of her clan bore down on her—some filled with disbelief, others with silent blame.

Elders, younger disciples, even city guards... all of them looked at her like she was the cause of this doomsday.

She was!

"I didn't think he'd really do it..."

She muttered under her breath.

Unfortunately for her, Bai Zihan heard her loud and clear.

"You didn't think I'd really do it?"

He repeated mockingly, floating lazily in the air, hands still behind his back like he was on a casual stroll.

"Did you forget who I am?"

He glanced at the stunned Mei Clan forces, then turned back to her with a tilt of his head.

"I said I'd wipe out your clan. Or did you think I was one of those idiot young masters who bark but never bite?"

His voice turned cold. The playful edge vanished like mist.

"Bai Zihan—enough!"

Another Mei Clan elder stepped forward, his face flushed with anger.

"So what if Mei Rulan offended you? You'd go this far just because of one clan member? You want to slaughter an entire clan? Isn't this too much?"

Bai Zihan turned toward him slowly. His eyes were calm, distant—bored.

"Of course it is not too much. Who told you to raise someone who would challenge the Heir of the Bai Clan? You should've done a better job educating her."

He raised a single finger.

"And didn't I give her a chance? She's the one who threw it away."

His eyes narrowed.

"So don't blame me for what happens next."

He pointed at the Mei Clan elder.

Boom!

A wave of spiritual Qi burst from the flying ship behind him.

The Bai Clan's elders stepped forward, robes flapping in the wind, faces calm and murderous.

At their head was Grand Elder Bai Ren, stroking his white beard with idle amusement.

The Mei Clan's Elders weren't going to back down easily as they got ready to respond to the Bai Clan's threat though many were visibly scared.

"Wait!"

A new voice echoed like thunder through the sky—steady, deep, and filled with authority.

Everyone turned toward the heart of Meihua City, where a majestic pressure surged upward, parting the clouds above like a divine blade.

From the main hall of the Mei Clan manor, a figure rose into the air.

He wore flowing silver and crimson robes embroidered with golden plum blossoms.

His long black hair was streaked with gray, and his stern face bore the weight of decades of leadership.

His presence silenced everything.

It was the Mei Clan Leader—Mei Yunhe.

The air turned heavier as he floated forward, stepping between his trembling clan members and the Bai Clan's looming forces.

"Young Master Bai Zihan!"

He said calmly, hands clasped behind his back.

"I am Mei Yunhe, head of the Mei Clan!"

He introduced himself politely with his head bowed.

Mei Yunhe's gaze swept over the devastation in the sky and finally landed on Mei Rulan.

She froze!

He turned back to Bai Zihan and bowed.

Not a groveling bow, but a formal, sincere gesture of submission.

"We... surrender!"

Gasps erupted behind him.

"What?!"

"Clan Leader!"

"Surely there must be another way!"

...

Several Mei Clan elders stepped forward in protest, faces twisted in disbelief.

"Patriarch, how can we just—"

"Silence!"

Mei Yunhe's voice cracked like thunder.

Those who spoke immediately shut their mouths.

He turned to them with eyes that had once led the clan through wars, disasters, and sect rivalries.

"Look around you. Do you think we are in any position to bargain?"

His eyes landed on Grand Elder Bai Ren.

Others might not recognize him, but how could he not?

Bai Ren—a monster in his prime. His name once echoed across the continent. No one dared to provoke him.

He was said to have reached the Immortal Realm—a realm Mei Yunhe couldn't even dream of touching.

If Bai Ren wanted to, Mei Yunhe knew that he could reduce Meihua City to ashes in seconds.

And even if they managed to defeat Bai Zihan and his forces now... what then?

The Bai Clan would simply send stronger reinforcements. Bigger. Deadlier!

There was no escape.

Surrendering... was the only option.

"That is the Bai Clan's Grand Elder. The power gathered here today could wipe us out ten times over. Do you want to resist and die, dragging all our disciples and families down with us?"

His voice was cold.

"All because of one mistake?"

The elders lowered their heads in shame.

Then his gaze fell upon Mei Rulan again.

She flinched.

"And you."

Mei Yunhe's voice dropped, now full of fury.

"You've truly brought disgrace to our clan."

"Father, I—"

She tried to speak, but he raised a hand.

"Enough! Not a word!"

His voice cut like a blade.

"You will be punished. Severely!"

Mei Rulan's lips trembled. She bit down and lowered her head, pride shattered.

Bai Zihan watched it all with amusement dancing in his eyes.

"Interesting," he murmured. "Looks like this one isn't completely stupid."

Mei Yunhe turned back to him.

"We accept all responsibility," he said steadily.

"If compensation is required, we will pay it. If punishment is needed, we will accept it."

He cupped his fists deeply.

"I only ask... for the lives of our people."

Silence!

The Bai Clan disciples and elders looked toward Bai Zihan, waiting for a signal. After all, everything depended on what Bai Zihan and they were just here to fulfill Bai Zihan's wish.

But Bai Zihan just smiled.

"Oh?"

He leaned forward slightly in the air.

"You'll accept any punishment?"

"Yes!"

Mei Yunhe said without hesitation.

"Even crippling your cultivation?"

Bai Zihan asked.

Gulp!

"If that's what it takes... I'm willing."

Mei Yunhe said firmly.

"Father!"

Mei Rulan cried out. She never imagined that chasing a little personal gain would bring her and her clan to this point.

Even her proud father was being humiliated, forced to kneel and bear this shame.

"Interesting..."

Bai Zihan said.

"I'm in a good mood today. Let's head to the Mei Clan. I'll decide what to do... once I'm there."

He hadn't expected the Mei Clan to surrender so easily.

Looks like their leader was a sensible man—he knew that resistance was pointless.

Though if this were a protagonist's story, he figured there'd be some dramatic last stand, a surge of power, or a last-minute miracle.

But this was the villain's path.

And villains rarely got that kind of drama.

Villain's path is easy until his death!

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 98: One Star Fate Grade[1,265 words]

Chapter 98: One Star Fate Grade

The Bai Clan forces descended like a dark tide, the air crackling with power as they followed Bai Zihan through the skies toward the Mei Clan compound.

The streets of Meihua City were deserted, its citizens hiding behind closed doors, shivering in fear as the infamous Young Master of the Bai Clan passed overhead.

Mei Rulan walked at the back, head bowed, steps unsteady.

Her hands wouldn't stop trembling.

She could still feel the weight of her father's glare—like a sword piercing through her spine.

It was over!

She'd doomed them all.

And it was because of her greed.

As the grand gates of the Mei Clan opened, a parade of elders, stewards, and disciples lined up in silence.

No one dared to speak.

Bai Zihan stood at the front, looking over them with that same casual smirk.

"So this is the mighty Mei Clan..."

He remarked sarcastically.

Well, compared to the Bai Clan, the Mei Clan couldn't even begin to compare.

Their mansions were like huts next to the Bai Clan's towering palaces.

"Kind of underwhelming, don't you think?"

No one from the Mei Clan responded. They didn't dare even if they knew that they were looked down on.

Though would you even call it looking down on when it was the reality?

Anyway, they continued toward the Mei Clan's Main Hall.

Red carpets had been rolled out. Incense burned in ornate golden burners.

Servants moved like the wind, setting down trays of spirit fruits, rare teas, and crystal cups filled with glimmering nectar.

The best of their reserves—plucked straight from the Clan Leader's personal treasury.

Top-grade spiritual peaches, luminous jade grapes, and Golden Mist Tea brewed from leaves over a hundred years old.

To most guests, this would've been a royal reception.

To the Bai Clan?

It was just barely passable.

Such things can only be said to be normal or even subpar compared to what they have at Bai Clan.

Not like they were expecting anything different from a small clan like the Mei Clan.

Bai Zihan sat at the head of the Main Hall with one leg lazily draped over the other, swirling a cup of tea without drinking it.

The smile on his lips was calm—but the air around him was suffocating.

All the Mei Clan disciples and elders stood stiffly in two orderly rows.

Every one of them had been instructed to show full respect.

Bow low. Speak politely. Don't speak unless asked.

They followed the orders to the letter.

Even the most hot-blooded ones, who had burned with indignation earlier, kept their heads down.

They didn't dare provoke the sleeping tiger.

At the far end, Mei Yunhe stood personally beside Bai Zihan, pouring tea himself.

He looked less like a respected Clan Leader and more like a servant.

"Please forgive the humble offerings, Young Master Bai," he said.

"We've provided the best our clan has to offer."

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? This is the best?"

"Yes," Mei Yunhe nodded quickly.

"Though I know it may not compare to the Bai Clan's standards, it is—"

"It's fine!"

Bai Zihan waved a hand, cutting him off mid-sentence.

He popped a single jade grape into his mouth and chewed slowly.

"It's not complete trash."

Mei Yunhe bowed again.

"Your grace humbles us!"

The Mei Clan was throwing everything at them, and it still looked like a pauper entertaining nobles.

But Mei Yunhe didn't falter.

He ordered more delicacies brought forward, instructed musicians to play soft guqin melodies in the background, and even offered several clan treasures as "tokens of apology"—all while smiling like this was just a friendly diplomatic visit.

But everyone knew the truth.

This wasn't hospitality.

It was survival.

Just as another tray of spirit fruit was laid before Bai Zihan, the heavy silence of the Main Hall was shattered.

"Let me go!"

An angry voice sounded from outside the Main hall of Mei Clan.

"Please, don't go!"

"Clan Leader has forbidden anyone to enter!"

It looked like the guards of Mei Clan were trying to stop the intruder though they failed.

BOOM!

A blast echoed through the air as the ornate main doors slammed open, cracking the intricate carvings along the frame.

A violent gust of wind tore through the hall, scattering incense smoke and rattling teacups.

Ding!

[Heaven's Chosen Detected!]

A system notification popped up, alerting Bai Zihan to the presence of a Heaven's Chosen.

He didn't even flinch.

He didn't look surprised.

If anything, he looked... amused.

His red eyes slowly turned toward the entrance, a flicker of curiosity surfacing beneath his lazy smirk.

"...Now that's more like it."

If it had been before, he might've been nervous—going up against a Protagonist was never a good idea.

But not this time.

He'd come here with elders not just to oversee the Mei Clan's destruction, but to sniff out any Heaven's Chosen who might return seeking revenge.

Looks like that was a good call. Even in a minor clan like the Mei Clan, one had shown up.

[Analyzing...]

Name: Mo Yichen

Age: 18

Fate Grade: ★ (One Star)

Cultivation Base: Golden Core (Early)

Destiny:

Mo Yichen has obtained a mysterious sword of unknown origin—an evolving divine weapon that grows alongside its wielder.

As long as the right materials are found, it can absorb them and evolve to the next grade. Its potential is limitless.

Through it, his swordsmanship advances at a terrifying pace, allowing him to dominate opponents far above his level.

So long as the sword continues to evolve...

So will he.

A low chuckle escaped Bai Zihan's throat.

This time, the Protagonist seemed to be the least favored among the Heaven's Chosen.

Understandable. If his only cheat was a powerful weapon, then his one-star fate grade made perfect sense.

Sure, it was a divine weapon that could carry him far, but that's all he had.

Strip it away, and he was just another decent cultivator. Nothing more.

No wonder the heavens gave him just one star.

Still... Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed.

That guy wasn't from the Mei Clan. So why was this guy here?

Whatever the reason—this was getting interesting.

The Bai Clan elders exchanged glances, subtly shifting into defensive positions—but held their ground, waiting for orders.

From the swirling dust at the entrance, a silhouette emerged.

Tall. Confident. Completely unbothered by the oppressive spiritual Qi flooding the hall—even as an early-stage Golden Core cultivator.

Clad in sleek black robes embroidered with silver thread, the newcomer strode forward with the calm arrogance of someone who knew exactly how strong they were—and didn't give a damn who else was watching.

A sword hung at their hip, pulsing faintly with sword intent. Every step they took seemed to compress the air around them.

Mei Yunhe's eyes widened.

"You! What are you doing here?!"

He finally thought that he had appeased the great calamity, only to be destroyed by someone.

Even if that someone was a great benefactor of Mei Clan, he can't be nice to him.

Mo Yichen didn't answer.

He walked straight down the central carpet—ignoring gasps, glares, and the presence of Bai Clan elders—until they stood just a few feet away from Bai Zihan's seat.

Their gazes locked.

Bai Zihan leaned forward, resting his chin on his palm.

"You've got guts," Bai Zihan said softly.

"Nobody seeks death like you do!"

Mo Yichen finally spoke. Voice calm. Clipped.

"Hmph! I'm not just a nobody then."

The words weren't loud—but they rang like thunder in the stunned silence.

Bai Zihan's smile widened.

"Yeah. I can tell!"

Turns Out, I'm In A Villain Clan! - Chapter 99: Classic Challenge[1,112 words]

Chapter 99: Classic Challenge

Mei Yunhe's face went pale as ash.

He shot forward like a flash, nearly tripping over himself as he rushed between Mo Yichen and Bai Zihan, forcing out a panicked smile.

"Y-Young Master Bai! Please, forgive this rudeness! T-this young man is... is Mo Yichen! A close friend to our clan—a benefactor, even! He once saved our disciples from a demonic beast raid! I don't know why he's acting out like this!"

He turned to Mo Yichen with gritted teeth, his voice lowered but still tense.

"Mo Yichen! Stop this madness at once! How dare you show disrespect to the esteemed Young Master of the Bai Clan?"

Mo Yichen flinched, caught off guard by Mei Yunhe's words.

He'd always been treated with respect—he'd even helped the Mei Clan more than once, and right now, he was still trying to help them.

So why was Mei Yunhe talking like this?

Then it hit him—it had to be because of Bai Zihan. The fear in Mei Yunhe's eyes... he wasn't angry, he was scared.

Maybe... maybe Mei Yunhe was the one trying to protect him—even though Mo Yichen was the one who thought he was doing the protecting.

"Clan Leader, I appreciate your concern but I can take care of myself."

Mo Yichen replied.

Mei Yunhe's face twitched.

(What do you mean you appreciate my concern? Please stop angering Bai Zihan!)

But before Mei Yunhe could say anything to Mo Yichen, he stepped forward again.

"I don't care what kind of monstrous background he has."

He said, pointing directly at Bai Zihan.

"I won't just stand by while someone tramples over others like some petty tyrant."

The words echoed like a slap through the Main Hall.

A ripple of gasps ran through the Mei Clan.

Mei Yunhe almost choked on his own spit. He turned beet red—not from pride, but fury.

(This idiot! Why the hell is he provoking the Bai Clan?! Does he think he's doing some noble deed?!)

'You goddamn moron, you're gonna drag us all down with you!'

Mei Yunhe screamed internally, but forced a tight smile in front of Bai Zihan.

He turned, about to kneel and beg again—maybe plead for mercy—but Mo Yichen cut him off with a raised hand.

"I said I won't back down."

He then looked straight at Bai Zihan, eyes steady with a flame burning behind them.

"I challenge you. One-on-one. Right here, right now!"

Mo Yichen declared righteously.

"If I win, I want you to leave the Mei Clan alone!"

The entire hall went dead silent.

Even the Bai Clan elders looked like they were looking at an idiot.

Was this brat insane?

Why would Bai Zihan even accept such a ridiculous request?

Everyone still believed Bai Zihan was only at the Core Formation Stage, while Mo Yichen was clearly radiating the aura of a Golden Core cultivator.

The gap in strength was obvious.

There was no benefit in accepting. The outcome was practically predetermined—so why bother?

They expect Bai Zihan to angrily order them to kill Mo Yichen.

Bai Zihan raised an eyebrow, amused by how typical this scenario was.

The protagonist, knowing he's at a disadvantage with no powerful background, pulls one last trick.

Challenge the "weaker" young master of the enemy faction, poke at their pride, make them accept, then beat them down and walk away with glory—leaving the young master disgraced.

Even when the young master should have the upper hand, fate bends to the protagonist's will.

Mo Yichen was following the script perfectly.

If he succeeded, he'd earn the Mei Clan's gratitude, boost his reputation, and make Bai Zihan look like a joke.

Bai Zihan leaned back in his seat, chuckling softly.

"Is that so?"

He tapped the rim of his teacup thoughtfully.

"Honestly, I wasn't planning to play around today. Bit busy crushing a clan into the dirt, you know?"

A flicker of sword intent sparked from Mo Yichen's blade.

"Scared?"

Bai Zihan let out a soft laugh.

"Cute!"

Mo Yichen was still trying to provoke him into accepting that ridiculous challenge—one with zero upside.

If he were one of those typical third-rate villains with more pride than brains, he probably would've taken the bait just to save face and underestimate the so-called protagonist.

Just then, one of the Bai Clan elders leaned in and whispered urgently.

"Be cautious, Young Master. This one isn't just some random upstart. We've heard of him—Mo Yichen. He has been said to have defeated Three Golden Core Stage cultivators at the same time. We even considered recruiting him ourselves as he doesn't seem to belong to any faction."

The Bai Clan Elder was desperately trying to keep Bai Zihan from accepting the challenge in a fit of anger.

He—and the others—knew full well that the moment Bai Zihan agreed, the Bai Clan would end up losing face.

Instead of turning the Mei Clan into a warning for others, they'd become the ones humiliated.

"Oh?"

Bai Zihan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Now that was interesting.

Mo Yichen's story arc was clearly heating up.

He was in that classic stage—his rep and cultivation exploding right before facing his first true boss.

Was Bai Zihan that boss?

He didn't think so.

Maybe a third-rate villain. Definitely not final boss material.

Even in Bai Xinyue's story, where their fates were deeply intertwined, he didn't think he was her main enemy.

Just someone she needed to bulldoze for a power-up before taking on the real villain.

Maybe the Bai Clan as a whole was the final challenge.

But him? No way.

Anyway, Mo Yichen still had a long way to go before becoming invincible but his attitude was already arrogant, matching a third-rated villain.

Maybe he'd never suffered a real setback before. Or maybe he was just that confident in his strength—or rather, in his weapon.

A low, dangerous grin spread across Bai Zihan's lips.

"Alright," he said, standing up slowly and dusting off his sleeves.

"You want a duel? Fine. I'll amuse you."

Bai Zihan accepted.

He normally wouldn't go along with the protagonist's game, but this time, he was curious.

Could he, with his current strength, actually beat Heaven's Chosen?

Would fate let him win? Or would some divine plot armor force him to lose?

Would the protagonist pull some last-minute miracle and win with 1 HP left?

And most importantly—could he kill Heaven's Chosen?

If he found that answer, it would help him later. Besides, Mo Yichen only had one Fate Star.

Even if there was some backlash for killing him, it wouldn't be too serious—not like offing a five-star protagonist.

Anyways, Bai Zihan thought that it was a good opportunity.

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Chapter 100: Falling for one's trick?

The moment Bai Zihan accepted the duel, an audible gasp swept through the hall.

The Bai Clan elders stiffened, their expressions twisting into a mix of disbelief and barely restrained panic.

They all clearly thought that Bai Zihan had fallen for the tactics of Mo Yichen and was trying to get himself humiliated.

Hook, line, and sinker!

He's fallen for it, they thought grimly.

Rather than showing that they were a clan to be feared, their reputation might plummet—and their enemies would surely capitalize on that, saying the mighty Bai Clan couldn't even destroy a small clan like the Mei Clan.

And if the Bai Clan didn't keep their word and continue to destroy the Mei Clan?

Their credibility would plummet further, which had already taken a hit due to Bai Xueqing's canceled engagement.

Of course, there was a way to kill everyone and leave no evidence, but who knows?

There are a lot of ways to convey evidence even on the brink of death, and they couldn't take that chance.

Their safest bet was to not even entertain the idea of accepting the challenge—especially not from a known genius like Mo Yichen.

But Bai Zihan had already accepted it.

Many of them sighed in disappointment.

Their young master, who had seemingly changed, was still the same arrogant fool who couldn't see past his pride—or so they thought.

However, Grand Elder Bai Ren showed no such sign of concern. He was watching Bai Zihan's actions without missing a beat.

With how Bai Zihan had performed at the Heaven Sword Sect and how he handled Shen Liang, Bai Ren knew this boy was no fool.

He wouldn't walk into an enemy's trap without something to back it up.

(Don't disappoint me!)

Grand Elder Bai Ren thought.

On the other side, Mei Yunhe was trying very hard not to let a grin creep onto his face.

(He accepted... He actually accepted!)

He glanced at Mo Yichen, eyes flickering with a mix of hope and desperation.

It was the complete opposite of his earlier attitude, when he'd been furious with Mo Yichen's behavior.

Now? He thought it was a good thing that Mo Yichen had been so provocative—because Bai Zihan had swallowed the bait.

(If Mo Yichen really can beat Bai Zihan, then we won't need to worry about the Bai Clan. Haha... I can even accept taking him as my son-in-law!)

Mei Yunhe thought excitedly, his hope rekindled.

He also knew why Mo Yichen had dared to provoke even the Bai Clan—he was after his daughter, Mei Rulan.

Previously, although Mo Yichen was very talented and someone he wanted in his clan, his poor background had made him hesitate.

However, if he managed to save Mei Clan from this great calamity, then he wouldn't mind helping Mo Yichen win his daughter's heart.

Similar thoughts were shared by the other Mei Clan members.

Everyone had seen with their own eyes just how powerful Mo Yichen was—even opponents at the same cultivation level wouldn't be able to defeat him.

And on the other hand, despite Bai Zihan's recent fame, one thing hadn't changed since his days of infamy: his cultivation.

Everyone thought he was still in the Core Formation Stage, which he'd barely reached last year.

Even if he was a talented genius, no one believed he could be beyond the Core Condensation Stage.

And even if they were at the same cultivation level, most would still feel confident against him—let alone when they assumed there was a massive gap in cultivation too.

So, they all believed Bai Zihan stood no chance against Mo Yichen.

And unlike Li Feng, whom Bai Zihan beat up during the engagement ceremony, Mo Yichen hadn't promised to seal his cultivation.

It was a 100% guaranteed loss.

It wasn't even a question.

In Mei Yunhe's eyes, this wasn't a duel. It was a gift—a golden opportunity.

He exhaled softly, some of the tension in his shoulders melting away as he turned to the Mei Clan elders nearby.

They looked just as relieved, quietly nodding to themselves.

Of course, they didn't show it. The Mei Clan elders kept their expressions calm and respectful—because even if Mo Yichen won, that didn't give them the right to mock or insult the Bai Clan.

They knew better. If word of this duel spread in the wrong way, who knew what kind of retaliation the Bai Clan might unleash next time?

So, while there was hope blooming in the Mei Clan's hearts, they were still walking on thin ice.

Well, that only applied to the experienced and wise elders. The younger Mei Clan disciples couldn't hide their excitement—their happy, eager smiles said it all.

Mo Yichen stood tall, sword in hand, eyes burning with righteous fire.

He felt the confidence radiating from the Mei Clan and gave them a slight nod—especially when Mei Rulan looked at him with trusting eyes.

He would win. Of course, he would.

He was already imagining the glory that awaited him after defeating Bai Zihan.

Across from him, Bai Zihan stopped a few paces away, his hands lazily tucked behind his back.

He was trying hard not to smirk. He knew exactly what was going through everyone's heads as they looked down on him.

He didn't care if they underestimated him—but if even a so-called Heaven's Chosen did it, only to die pathetically...

Well, that would be kind of disappointing.

Bai Zihan stood up and proceeded to head towards Mo Yichen.

The Bai Clan elders only grew more distressed. They turned to the Grand Elder, who still hadn't said a word, his face like stone.

But it didn't seem like he was going to stop Bai Zihan.

'Are we really about to lose face like this?'

That was the thought in every disciple and elder's mind.

None of them understood why Bai Zihan had agreed to this farce.

None of them believed he could win.

They had come here to crush the Mei Clan underfoot. Instead, their young master was walking right into a trap—blinded by pride.

At least, that's what everyone thought.

"I'll give you this," Mo Yichen said, voice loud enough for the crowd to hear.

"At least you've got the guts to face me head-on. I've met plenty of young masters who hide behind their clan's name, bark orders, and then run when shit gets real."

Murmurs spread through the Mei Clan ranks, some elders nodding in approval.

It almost sounded like Mo Yichen was trying to give Bai Zihan a shred of respect before publicly crushing him.

But Bai Zihan?

He just... laughed.

A genuine, amused laugh.

Not the fake kind you put on to save face.

The kind that says, "You poor idiot. You have no idea what's coming."

"Haha..."

Bai Zihan chuckled, finally raising a hand to hide the smirk tugging at his lips.

"You're really something, you know that?"

Mo Yichen's brow twitched.

He had just praised Bai Zihan for his courage—and was getting laughed for it?

"What's so funny?"

Mo Yichen asked, frowning.

Bai Zihan dropped his hand and stared straight at him, eyes sharp as blades.

"You stand there, acting all righteous, tossing compliments like you're doing me a favor. Saying I've got guts."

He stepped forward slightly, still calm, still composed—but now cold and mocking.

"Shouldn't I be saying that to you? You have the guts to challenge me with your meager strength?"

Mo Yichen's jaw tightened.

"A loser like you getting a chance at me—and actually having the guts to face death head-on. Of course, I should be the one complimenting your bravery,"

Bai Zihan said with a straight face, as if he were merely stating a fact.

Not that anyone took those words seriously.

Except for one.

Mei Rulan.

She had already learned the hard way that Bai Zihan wasn't the waste that everyone made him out to be.

He was insidious—his schemes deeper than the ocean.

When he spoke, it always sounded like a joke or a vague threat. But wasn't it always the truth in the end?

Otherwise, how had she brought such a disaster down on her own clan?

Wasn't it because she thought Bai Zihan's words were just empty talk?

Even so, she pushed aside her pessimistic thoughts and focused on what mattered now.

If Mo Yichen could win, her clan might avoid being crushed by Bai Zihan.

And with how Bai Zihan had always kept his word so far, she believed he would do the same this time too.

"You arrogant bastard—!"

Mo Yichen said angrily.

The terrible memories came rushing back—times when he was mocked and looked down upon.

Back before he got the artifact that changed everything.

Sure, he always believed it was his talent and hard work that led him to it. And yeah, that was partly true.

But the artifact would've been powerful with or without him. The same couldn't be said for him without it.

Ever since then, no one had dared to look down on him.

His fame had spread across the Desolate Heaven Empire, and even first-rate clans wanted to recruit him.

But once again there was looking down on him and the one looking down on him was the infamous waste of the Bai Clan.

"I just hope you're not all bark and no bite. If you can't even last ten minutes... I'll be really disappointed."

Bai Zihan said.

Mo Yichen's killing intent surged.

"You really think you can beat me?"

He spat, stepping forward with a glare that could melt steel.

"Bai Zihan, you overestimate yourself!"