

Chapter 21

And You Call Yourselves a Man?

After Elder Lan left, Su Yang went back inside his room to cultivate. However, it wasn't long before a group of people approached his house with irritated expressions on their faces, clearly here to cause trouble.

"Su Yang! Get your ass out here right this instant! You have been hiding inside that house like a turtle in his shell while being protected by girls for the past few days, but now that you've stabbed yourself in the foot, who will stop us from approaching you?!"

"Su Yang, I will fucking kill you for touching my girl!"

Ever since Su Yang opened up his massage parlor, he has seen more than 500 girls. However, it was obvious that the majority of these girls if not all already has a partner within the sect. While Su Yang did not touch them vulgarly in any way, the way the girls acted afterward raised many suspicions within their partners' heart.

And despite the girls reassuring their partners many times that Su Yang only gave them a normal massage, who in their right mind would believe that a mere massage could make them act like dogs in heat?

A few moments later, the door opened, and Su Yang calmly walked outside with a nonchalant expression.

He glanced at the dozen angry men standing before him like a group of angry protestors, and said: "I apologize, but I do not touch men."

His words further increased the crowd's anger. "Who the fuck said that we are here to enjoy your service?! How dare you touch my girl! Because of you, she has been refusing to cultivate with me as of lately!"

"Su Yang! What did you do to my Xia'er?! After meeting you, she dared to tell me that I am 'not enough' to satisfy her!!!"

Hearing the crowd's complaints, Su Yang couldn't help but chuckle.

"So, you all came here to blame another man for your inability to satisfy your own girl? And you call yourselves a man? How laughable!"

"What did you say?!"

"You are courting death, Su Yang!"

Su Yang shrugged at their anger and said, "It is normal for male disciples to cultivate with more than one female disciple at a time, and vice versa, so why are you all so upset that they are seeing another man besides yourself? The fact that you cannot satisfy your partners means that you are no longer useful to them! No matter how talented you are or how vigorous your Yang Qi is, if your partner does not find pleasure in cultivating with you, then you are worthless!"

Su Yang's harsh words struck pain into the heart of everybody there; it felt to them as though their heart was pierced by a sharp sword.

While it was normal for disciples to have more than one cultivating partner at a time as it is more convenient and efficient than having just one, nobody there wanted to admit that Su Yang, who was known for being useless and never considered a threat to anyone, was better at pleasing their partners than them.

In a sect where dual cultivation is the norm, losing your woman to another man is far worse than death, even more so if the girl left because the other man was doing a better job at pleasing them. Furthermore, admitting defeat meant that you are accepting the fact that you are inferior to another man – a man's worst nightmare!

"Su Yang! I want a deathmatch!"

"Me, too!"

The crowd was so irritated and speechless that they began talking about fighting a deathmatch, as that was the only thing they could think of that would lessen the shame and embarrassment that have faced today.

"Hmph. Besides raw strength, what else can you all say with confidence that you are superior when in front of me?" Su Yang coldly snorted and continued: "A bunch of kids that cannot even satisfy their own woman dares to approach my doorstep and bark like dogs, what a bunch of fools."

When it comes to dealing with women, Su Yang would turn into a kind prince no matter the situation. However, when he has to deal with men – annoying ones at that – he would turn into the devil and consume their confidence as a man and force them to their knees.

Even in his previous life, Su Yang was the bane of all men – an existence that would force the males into experiencing anxiety, as they fear that Su Yang would snatch their women with a mere glance!

"You do not dare to fight me?! And you call yourself a man?!"

"If your techniques do not work in the battlefield, then you are just as worthless!"

Su Yang smiled at their words and said: "100 Premium Points and I will enter the stage for a deathmatch."

"What?! You want us to pay you to fight?!"

"How shameless!"

Su Yang shrugged: "I am a busy man. If you want to waste my time, then you need to pay up, just like your partners did when they approached me for pleasure instead of you..." he said with a grin, causing the crowd to explode in anger.

"Su Yang!!! I will fucking kill you today! 100 Premium Points it is! Fight me to death right now!"

"Fuck! I will pay you 150 Premium Points to fight me first!"

"200!"

Su Yang accepted the highest offer of 250 Premium Points with a smile and nodded: "Very well. Then let us make a request to the sect and schedule our—"

"Right now! I want to fight right now!"

Su Yang shook his head and said: "I have already been warned once by a sect elder. Before we step onto the stage, we must get permission from the sect. Until then, our deathmatch will have to wait."

"What?! But you have already accepted my payment!"

"This and that are two different things."

"Su Yang!!!"

Su Yang only smiled with a calm expression at the raging scene. Because the sect forbids any fighting amongst disciples unless officially approved by the sect, he wasn't worried that they might attack him out of nowhere. However, even if they did, he was confident in his own abilities.

As someone with countless same experience in his previous life, Su Yang was not dumb enough to offend others without having absolute confidence in his victory. With his current abilities and resources, he was confident that he could stay safe even if every Outer Court disciple within the sect knocked on his door.

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 22 Deathmatch

Inside the Morning Wood Pagoda, where most of the sect's administration are dealt with, Su Yang and a group of Outer Court disciples stood in front of an old man, who was known as Elder Zhou, one of the many elders within the Outer Court that deals with disputes between disciples.

"...Let me get this straight... You, Outer Court disciple Su Yang, would like to have a deathmatch with Outer Court disciple Dai Zheng? The last time I checked, you are a mere Elementary Realm at the third level, and you agreed to fight someone at the fifth level of the Elementary Realm? Are you stupid or are you crazy?" Elder Zhou looked at Su Yang with an odd expression.

In this world, unless one is a cultivation genius or happen to have a powerful weapon, they would never be able to beat another with a higher cultivation base, let alone two whole levels! And in Elder Zhou's eyes, Su Yang was only a mere Outer Court disciple with some talent in his hand techniques, definitely not a cultivation genius.

"You are neither a genius nor should you have any weapon powerful enough to suppress someone two levels above you, yet you still dare to fight him? Are you courting death?"

"Elder Zhou! This is his choice, not mine! I did not force him to fight me; it was something he accepted with a smile on his face!" Dai Zheng, the one who had the highest bid and the one who will be fighting Su Yang first, was worried that Su Yang may coward away from fighting him at this rate.

Su Yang remained calm despite Elder Zhou's harsh words, and he said with a smile: "Elder Zhou is right, I am neither a cultivation genius nor do I have any powerful weapon. However, as a man, would you back

out from a fight with your pride on the line just because you are facing someone stronger than yourself?"

His words caused Elder Zhou to lift his brows, and to everybody's surprise, he answered: "No, I would not."

"Right? Then allow me to fight him."

Elder Zhou turned silent to ponder for a moment, and he said a few seconds later: "This is a deathmatch with your life at risk, not some spar where you get away with only minor injuries. Once you step onto that stage, neither of you are allowed to leave until only one remains in this world."

Without needing to think, Su Yang nodded. "While we are at it, we might as well schedule everyone here a deathmatch with me," he said nonchalantly, dumbfounding everybody there.

"What did you just say? You want a deathmatch with everyone here?" Elder Zhou looked at the dozen Outer Court disciples with a bewildered expression.

"That's why they followed, right?" Su Yang looked at the dazed crowd with a smile.

"Su Yang! How arrogant of you to think that you will get the chance to fight another person before our deathmatch even started! Are you saying that you are absolutely confident in your victory?!" Dai Zheng exploded into a rage after hearing Su Yang's words, feeling as though he had his face stomped by Su Yang without mercy.

Su Yang glanced at his red face that was bulging with veins and said with a surprised look: "Why else would I fight you? To die? Are you stupid?"

"SUUU YANNNG!"

Just as Dai Zheng was a second away from attacking Su Yang out of anger, Elder Zhou coughed once, instantly forcing Dai Zheng to halt his steps.

"Where do you think you are, disciple Dai Zheng?" Elder Zhou's narrowed gaze caused Dai Zheng to freeze, seemingly petrified by his dangerous gaze.

"T-This disciple apologizes to Elder Zhou for overstepping his boundaries." Dai Zheng quickly apologized with a deep bow.

Elder Zhou sighed and said: "Since the two of you want to fight so badly, I shall accept your wish and personally oversee this deathmatch myself."

Dai Zheng showed a beaming smile and bowed again: "Thank you, Elder Zhou, for giving this disciple a chance to repay his debts!"

Su Yang snorted coldly at how Dai Zheng truly believes that he would lose to him. He originally didn't plan to dirty his hands with blood so soon after his reincarnation, especially when he still hasn't obtained the Pure Yang Flower. However, Su Yang knew very well that if he ignored these people today that they will surely come to bother him again in the future, hence why he decided to clean up the trash early so he wouldn't have to worry about it later.

"When do you want this deathmatch to take place?" Elder Zhou asked.

"As soon as possible!" Dai Zheng said as he stared at Su Yang with a menacing look.

"Then how about right now? I happen to be free until right now."

"This disciple will greatly appreciate that!"

"Disciple Su Yang?" Elder Zhou looked at him for confirmation.

Su Yang nodded and said: "I have no problem doing it now."

"Very well, then let us head to the stage..."

Elder Zhou began walking first and led the way.

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"Hey look! It's an official deathmatch!"

"What? Who's fighting?"

The disciples that happened to be around the arena quickly approached the stage when they noticed Su Yang and Dai Zheng climbing the steps.

"Elder Zhou is overseeing this deathmatch, so it really is official!"

"That's Dai Zheng! Who is he fighting... that's Su Yang?!"

"Su Yang is having another deathmatch just a week after his last one!"

The disciples were clearly excited to witness this fight, especially after hearing rumors of Su Yang defeating Yang Ming, who was at the sixth level of Elementary Realm.

"Are the two of you ready?" Elder Zhou asked the two on the stage.

"Ready!" Dai Zheng tightly held the sword in his grasp, his breathing patterns change.

Su Yang played around with the steel sword in his hands; it was a borrowed weapon just for this fight.

"Before we start, I'd like to tell you a story... a love story between a renowned general and a rogue cultivator," he said in a nonchalant manner, dumbfounding everybody there.

A love story between a general and a rogue cultivator? What the hell is going on? Since when did this deathmatch become a place for story-telling?

"What the fuck are you talking about?! Hurry up and fight me!" Dai Zheng said in an irritated and impatient tone, his teething itching just to see Su Yang's blood.

However, Su Yang ignored him and continued to speak with a calm expression on his face: "During the Chaotic Era, when wars are considered a common sight, there existed a peerlessly beautiful woman,

who happened to be a general for some powerful army. Her beauty was said to be devastating enough to destroy continents and her talent with the sword unrivaled..."

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 23 Sword Inten

"...Her beauty was said to be devastating enough to destroy continents and her talent with the sword unrivaled. Many generals, kings, even emperors tried to court her, but alas, none of them were successful, as she was only looking for someone who was stronger than herself, which was nearly impossible during that era."

Su Yang's calm voice and perfectly paced story-telling quickly made the place silent.

"Then there was this young rogue cultivator who fell in love with her. However, this young man was from a common background and could be regarded as an ant in the eyes of these kings and emperors; he was someone who wasn't meant for her, not even in ten lifetimes."

"However, despite knowing that he would never be able to stand next to her, the young man never gave up and earnestly cultivated both his body and sword techniques, wishing that it could help him close their never-ending distance..."

Su Yang stopped the story at this point and glanced at Dai Zheng with a calm, yet overbearing gaze.

"What do you think happened to that young man?" he asked him.

"A fool chasing an impossible dream... what else besides the obvious would happen?" Dai Zheng sneered.

Su Yang smiled at his answer, and he casually lifted the sword in his hands.

"!!!"

Suddenly, Elder Zhou's eyes snapped open, his gaze filled with shock and disbelief.

"What's that glow surrounding his sword?"

"I have never seen anything like that before..."

The disciples were puzzled by the visible aura that suddenly appeared around the steel sword in Su Yang's grasp, giving it an overbearing pressure and seemingly twisting the space that surrounded it.

"Impossible! That looks like Sword Intent!" Elder Zhou recognized the aura surrounding the sword. However, his knowledge only further confused him, even shocking him to the core.

Sword Intent is the essence of a sword; it is something that only appears when the user has complete control and comprehension over the sword, in other words, complete mastery. These users are widely known as Swordmasters, and they are highly respected figures around the world.

"How could it possibly be Sword Intent?! He's just 16 years old! Not even experts at the Earth Spirit Realm would be able to emit such a powerful Sword Intent!" Elder Zhou didn't dare to believe that a 16 year old idiot like Su Yang could become a Swordmaster despite the clear Sword Intent, so he forced

himself to believe that Su Yang had prepared some cheap tricks in order to make it seem like Sword Intent.

Su Yang casually swung his sword, and a tyrannical pressure swept the place, sending chills down the spine of everyone there — Elder Zhou included.

"Sword Intent relies on one's experience and mastery with swords. It does not matter if I am a mortal or a saint, as long as I understand the sword, I will be able to use Sword Intent," Su Yang recalled the countless hours he had spent trying to master the sword in his previous life.

"You... what is your partner's name?" Su Yang suddenly asked Dai Zheng, who seemed to be frozen solid ever since the domineering Sword Intent appeared.

"Cheng Yu..." Dai Zheng unconsciously replied.

Su Yang nodded and said in a nonchalant tone, "Don't worry, I will be sure to take care of your girl after your death so she wouldn't be lonely without your presence... Elder Zhou, we can begin."

Dai Zheng directly coughed up a mouthful of blood after hearing Su Yang's vicious words.

To hear Su Yang say such words after all that has happened, Dai Zheng was already on the verge of death from sheer anger before the fight even began!

"I will fucking kill you, Su Yang!" Dai Zheng threw away his fighting stance and charged at Su Yang like a madman with red eyes. He was so angry that it made him blind and unable to see the blade slashing down at his direction.

Su Yang sighed inwardly. "I hope this will be the first and last time I take a life in this place..."

While Su Yang wasn't the type to kill people over small things, he needed to set an example for the others so it wouldn't happen again. In his previous life, he has encountered many situations where he showed mercy only to have them bite back twice as hard later on.

"Wait!" Elder Zhou hastily called out, but alas, it was too late.

The tip of the sword in Su Yang's grasp gently touched the ground, and a beautiful arc of light appeared, cleanly cutting Dai Zheng in half from top to bottom.

Shocked gasping resounded as organs fell. Blood splattered all over the arena and covered Su Yang, and everybody stared at the horrifying scene with wide eyes and dropped jaws, looking as though they were watching a scene from hell.

Nobody there, Elder Zhou included, have seen such a merciless strike occur on this stage before, not even in the cruelest deathmatches.

Su Yang turned around to face the shocked audience with a calm expression, and he said coldly: "Knock on my door if you want, I will play with you, but be prepared to face the consequences."

The overbearing and domineering pressure Su Yang was emitting caused many there to fall on their rear. He looked like a general who has fought many wars before, someone with an unfathomable presence.

"As for the story... that young man not only conquered the general's heart with his sword techniques, he also continued to achieve many impossible feats that none of these kings and emperors could have imagined possible for themselves, let alone from someone who they regarded as a mere ant..."

Su Yang approached Elder Zhou, who stood there with a dazed face, and returned the bloody steel sword to him. "A decent sword," he said to him before calmly walking off the stage.

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 24 His First Love

After the deathmatch between Su Yang and Dai Zheng that ended immediately after it started, Su Yang's name quickly became the center of attention once again. Those who happened to witness Su Yang's display of dominance began spreading words of the event like wildfire.

They portrayed Su Yang as though he was a devil from hell who could kill without batting an eyelid. They also mentioned the cruel scene of Dai Zheng splitting into two pieces, causing many who heard it to nearly vomit from disgust and shock.

However, what scared these disciples the most was not Su Yang's cruelty that allowed him to kill with ease but his sharp and harsh words that could easily kill anyone weak-hearted, especially when they learned of Su Yang's last words to Dai Zheng before slaying him. They all had a feeling that Su Yang was not talking only to Dai Zheng but to everybody that dared to think of causing trouble for him.

"You dare knock on my door for trouble? Then I will take your girl before and after your death as compensation!"

These words that could very possibly haunt them even after their deaths resounded — sounding like Su Yang's cold voice — in the head of those who were there to witness his deathmatch, causing them to tremble in fear even in their dreams.

Very quickly, the name Su Yang became something to be feared by the Outer Court disciples. As for those who went to challenge Su Yang with Dai Zheng, they all locked themselves inside their homes and refused to come out, afraid that Su Yang might look for them for revenge.

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Inside the Morning Wood Pagoda, a group of sect elders gathered around the meeting table and discussed the deathmatch between Su Yang and Dai Zheng with serious expressions.

By the time Elder Zhou finished recalling the events that occurred during the deathmatch, every sect elder there showed a shocked expression, seemingly in disbelief at what they just heard.

"Sword Intent? Are you absolutely certain about this, Elder Zhou?"

"I know it may sound like I am cracking a crazy joke, but I can promise you that I am absolutely serious in this matter. I also doubted it at first — I mean, who wouldn't doubt their eyes if they saw a 16-year-old

using Sword Intent? If I never saw it with my own eyes then I wouldn't believe it even if you told me while beating me to death!" Elder Zhou reassured them his seriousness.

"A 16-year-old Swordmaster... how frightening would that be if it were true?" However, despite Elder Zhou's clear voice, the others still doubted Su Yang's ability to use Sword Intent, as it was something unimaginable for them.

It was extremely hard for them to believe it even if such a story came out of the Matriarch's mouth, especially since there are currently less than ten Swordmasters still alive in this world, all who are profound and renowned experts with more than 100 years of experience under their belt.

Elder Zhou knew that his story would be hard to believe and had already prepared himself prior to the meeting, so he wasn't that bothered by their doubt.

"Whatever, I give up. It doesn't matter if you believe me not at this point. When you see it for yourselves, then you will know the truth." Elder Zhou left the room while sighing, leaving the other sect elders dumbfounded.

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Meanwhile, Su Yang directly went home to clean the dried blood on his body, his calm expression looking as though the deathmatch never happened.

Afterward, he laid on the bed and closed his eyes, and the scene of the moment when he first embraced the beautiful general appeared in his head.

The feeling of her smooth yet sturdy skin, her warm body, the lingering smell of the battlefield in her hair — all of that resurfaced at once in Su Yang's head, feeling as though it happened just yesterday.

He stayed like that for many hours, seemingly asleep, but he was actually wide awake, thinking about the precious time he had spent with his first love in his previous life, who was also the one who made him into a cultivator.

But alas, despite winning that general's heart, by the time he reached to that point, she was already past her prime age for growth and had long met her limit as a cultivator, and as a mortal. However, Su Yang himself continued to grow stronger, even breaking his mortal shackles in the near future, becoming an Immortal with a profound longevity that the mortals desired since the ancient times.

And because of his growth and ever-increasing cultivation, Su Yang looked the same as the day he met the general even after many years whilst the general became an old lady, who died from natural cause a few years later.

"I fell in love with you when I was a mere kid, about the same age as currently, perhaps even younger, but you were already an adult. By the time I obtained enough strength to stand beside you, you had already existed for more than 50 years. Yet, you still looked as beautiful as when I saw your brilliance for the first time many years ago, maybe even brighter. My only regret during that era was my powerlessness — my inability to support your cultivation base while I selfishly grew stronger by myself..."

Su Yang recalled the moment when he stood in front of her grave as a young man who looked no different than the day when he first held her hands.

"After your death was when I truly realized the difference between Immortals and mortals, and I became a coward – a coward who feared that he might one day fall in love with another mortal and experience the same grief as he did with you – so I left the mortal world, only returning thousands of years later for a short period of time..."

Su Yang suddenly opened his eyes, and he showed a bitter smile to the plain, boring ceiling. "I am once again in the mortal world, and there is this sect elder who has the same stubborn demeanor as you... Is this fate, or is this a joke the heavens created just to mess with me?"

He left the bed and walked to the windows where he noticed a young lady approaching his doorstep. This young lady wore a different kind of robe than the ones normally worn by Outer Court disciples. Instead of the plain white robes that all Outer Court disciples wore, the color of this young lady's robe was green; it even has a different air to it, seemingly with a more profound and noble feeling to it.

"An Inner Court disciple?" This is Su Yang's first time seeing an Inner Court disciple, and with a single glance, he could tell the vast difference between Outer Court disciples and Inner Court disciples.

"Interesting..." he mumbled to himself as he prepared to greet her at the door.

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 25 Inner Court Disciple

The disciples within the Profound Blossom Sect were separated into three core groups – the Outer Court disciples, Inner Court disciples, and the Core disciples.

Anybody could join the sect as an Outer Court disciple as long as they fulfilled the minimum requirements set by the sect and passed the entrance exam.

Once an Outer Court disciple, they will use whatever resource they have at their disposal to grow stronger. After they reach the point where they satisfy the conditions to qualify as an Inner Court disciple, they will participate in a series of tests given to them by the sect. If they manage to pass, then they will become Inner Court disciples with privileges to study stronger cultivation techniques and acquire valuable resources that Outer Court disciples could only dream to obtain, whilst their status with the sect also increase.

And unlike Outer Court disciples that are considered expendable resources, Inner Court disciples are all viewed as talented individuals that are worth investing with the sect's resources, so they all get priority when it comes to guidance and sharing resources within the sect.

Then there are Core disciples, the true pillars of the sect with status even higher than most sect elders. Anyone who has the ability to become a Core disciple, no matter which sect they belong, are all geniuses and prodigies – monsters that cannot be measured with common senses and live in a world of their own.

When the young lady in green robes approached Su Yang's living quarter, her presence attracted the gazes of all the nearby Outer Court disciples.

"Hey, look! That's an Inner Court disciple!"

"Greetings, senior!"

Although the disciples did not know her name, they still looked at her with admiration and respect. To these Outer Court disciples, being an Inner Court disciple meant status and power – idols each and every single one of them were striving to become.

And very rarely did Inner Court disciples leave their court, hence why these disciples were surprised and excited to see one appear here.

The young lady noticed the attention, and she waved back at them with a friendly smile.

The disciples could feel their hearts throbbing like drums after seeing her elegant smile, some even screaming from sheer excitement.

"I'd like to ask, does a disciple by the name 'Su Yang', live here by any chance?" asked the young lady.

The disciples nodded vigorously, some even pointing directly to Su Yang's door: "He does! Right there!"

"Thank you," said the young lady before approaching Su Yang's place.

She knocked on the door the moment she arrived at the doorstep, and Su Yang came out a few seconds later.

"How may I help you?" Su Yang asked her with an indifferent expression, looking as though he was not surprised about her unexpected visit.

The young lady did not mind his manners and continued to smile. "Are you Su Yang?" she asked.

"I am indeed called Su Yang."

"Hmm..." The young lady looked at him with narrowed eyes as though she was inspecting him. "I have heard many things about you, Su Yang, from your profound techniques to your ruthless character. I wonder if you are really as good as they praise?"

Su Yang remained calm despite her obvious provoking.

And before he could open his mouth, the young lady continued: "Of course, I believe it. If you weren't as good as they say you are then there wouldn't be so many people talking about it, now would there?"

"Su Yang, I'd like to experience it – your techniques," she said without beating around the bush.

"It would be my pleasure to serve a lady as beautiful as you," Su Yang said with a friendly smile. "It will be 100 Premium Points–"

However, before Su Yang could continue, the young lady sighed loudly: "Aiya! I nearly forgot! I have recently spent all of my Premium Points on a Profound Yin Pill, so I am currently low on Premium Points! Su Yang, if you don't mind, would you allow me to experience your profound techniques free of charge this time? I, Inner Court disciple Li Xiao Mo, will owe you a favor!"

Su Yang showed a smile once he realized the type of game this Li Xiao Mo was playing at.

"I apologize, but I do not work for free. If you are low on Premium Points at this moment, then you can always come back later when you have enough."

Although Su Yang refused to serve her for free with a gentle and respectful tone, Li Xiao Mo saw it as a slap to her beautiful face. How could he, a mere Outer Court disciple, refuse to serve her, an Inner Court disciple? Does he not the consequences for offending an Inner Court disciple? Unlike the Outer Court, offending a disciple in the Inner Court meant offending all of them!

"Is this how you treat a senior? Do you have any idea how much effort it took me to walk myself to this trash-filled court? Or is a favor from an Inner Court disciple such as myself not worth your effort?" Li Xiao Mo said with a disgusted frown, her demeanor taking a sudden 180.

"One word from my mouth and the entire Inner Court will become your enemy! Once I turn around from this place, you can forget about living a peaceful life after today. What will it be, Su Yang?"

"..." Su Yang turned silent, seemingly speechless.

Li Xiao Mo saw his silence as fear and grinned: "Although your name may scare the Outer Court disciples, you are nothing but an ant in my eyes! If you serve me like a dog from now on, then I will turn a blind eye your rude behavior just now."

"Who knows, if you manage to satisfy me with your service, then I may treat you less of a worthless dog and more as a slave..."

Su Yang closed his eyes and sighed. When he opened his eyes, a profound and vicious light flickered deep within.

"Very well... follow me."

The grin on Li Xiao Mo's face widened, who was feeling quite proud of herself after seeing Su Yang surrender.

"Good dog..." she mumbled as she followed Su Yang, unaware of the change in atmosphere the moment she stepped inside his house.