

Dual Cultivation #Chapter 3 Waste of a Handsome Face -
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Inside his room, Su Yang stripped and went into the bathroom that was connected to his room to clean the blood off his body.

"Still, that kid did a good one on me... How many years has it been since I last saw my own blood, let alone getting a hole opened in my chest?"

Su Yang was an Immortal in his previous life, someone who was near the peak of cultivation. He had it all, beautiful women and power, something that was to be envious of. Now, however, he cannot even hold a candle against a mere mortal at the Elementary Spirit Realm, not to mention the heavy injury.

Of course, it was the previous 'Su Yang' who had gotten into that situation, not the current Su Yang. However, Su Yang didn't use that as an excuse since he was in the same body, so he blamed it on himself.

After cleaning the blood off his body, he smeared some medicine over the hole in his chest before wrapping some cloth around the injury and calling it a day.

By the time Su Yang was done with treating his injury, the news of him beating Yan Ming on the stage in a deathmatch had already spread around the outer court like wildfire.

"What? That good-for-nothing Su Yang who can't even use his thing down there properly defeated Yan Ming? Are you sure?"

"I saw it with my very two eyes! After getting stabbed in the chest by Yan Ming, Su Yang suddenly roared, and everybody surrounding the stage suddenly puked up a mouthful of blood, and Yan Ming himself had fallen to the ground without any conscious!"

"A mere shout had caused everybody to puke blood? What bull! I do not believe it."

"Aiii... I do not blame you... Even I had a hard time believing my eyes at the time..."

Such conversations were going on throughout the sect, and even Elder Sun who had stopped the fight could not help but recall the frightening pressure that suddenly enveloped the place.

"What happened between the two of you during the fight? Tell me everything!"

Elder Sun glared at Yan Ming who he had taken in for questioning.

"I... I don't know..." Yan Ming said with a huge headache: "All I can remember is stabbing that Su Yang in the chest before a sudden wave of killing intent overwhelmed me... Before stabbing him, it was like fighting an idiot who didn't even know how to swing a sword properly... After that, however..."

Yan Ming shivered when he recalled the expression on Su Yang's face after stabbing him.

"It was almost as if I was looking at another person after he received my sword!"

"..."

Elder Sun pondered the words Yan Ming spoke.

"The killing intent I felt coming from that boy was not something that could be created after getting stabbed once but something that can only be created with many near-death experiences and after killing many people... Who is that Su Yang, really? And how come I have never heard of him until today?"

Elder Sun looked at Yan Ming and said: "You can leave now. Do not let me catch you on the stage without permission again!"

"This disciple would not dare!"

After Yan Ming left the scene, Elder Sun began looking up information of Su Yang. But after just a few minutes of research, he was dumbstruck by the information he has received.

From what he had gathered, Su Yang has been in this sect for nearly an entire year, yet there has been no progression with his cultivation since he joined because he was unsuccessful in finding a partner. Elder Sun couldn't believe how such a handsome man such as Su Yang would be unable to find a partner, so he dug a little bit deeper.

What he found shocked him numb. To the point where he didn't know what to feel.

"Mental issues? Don't know how to use his thing down there properly? No talent? Are you sure about this?"

Elder Sun asked the person who was providing him the information, who happened to be another sect elder.

"You may not know about him since you rarely pay attention to the outer court, but almost everybody within the outer court knows Su Yang and his condition. The only reason he is still able to stay in this sect as a disciple is because the Patriarch believes that he could still be of some use for the sect with his handsome face."

"Aiii! If he at least had a straight mind, then he would still have a chance in this world..."

Elder Sun sighed at the elder's words. Indeed, it was true that Su Yang had an incredibly handsome face even with the sect's high standards. But with the way he is... what waste of a handsome face.

"However..."

Elder Sun suddenly narrowed his eyes: "He looked nothing like what you just told me when I saw him today."

"I don't know what else to tell you, Elder Sun. That's all we know about him." The elder shrugged.

"..."

"I understand. Thank you for the information, Elder Mu."

"Right, how's your granddaughter holding up within the sect? Does she have a partner, yet?"

Elder Mu suddenly brought up his granddaughter who had recently joined the sect.

When Elder Mu mentioned his granddaughter, the seriousness on Elder Sun disappeared, and he laughed: "That girl is very picky; it'll be a long while before she finds somebody."

"Then, how about letting her meet my grandson, Mu Gong, one of these days?"

Elder Sun's lips twitched at Elder Mu's suggestion, but he kept his smile and said casually: "One of these days."

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When he finally decided to leave his room, Su Yang was greeted by Tang Hu and another figure – a beautiful young lady. She was Meng Jia, Tang Hu's partner.

"How's your injury?"

Tang Hu asked him after noticing him.

"Just a bug bite."

"Bug bite, huh..."

Tang Hu chuckled. Being roommates for nearly a year, he was able to feel that there was something different about the current Su Yang. The most obvious part was that he no longer has that idiotic expression on his face and now looked more normal.

"Hm? Where are you going now?"

"Just a stroll around the place," said Su Yang who was already at the door, ready to leave.

"But your injury..."

"Like I said – just a bug bite."

"..."

After Su Yang left the place, Meng Jia said: "He looks different today..."

"You think so, too? How so?"

"He's... more handsome?"

"Eh?"

Her words dumbfounded him.

Meng Jia smiled at his expression and said: "Don't worry. No matter how handsome he gets, you will be my only partner!"

"That's not it..." Tang Hu said with a blush.

"Alright! Let's go cultivate."

Meng Jia suddenly pulled Tang Hu to his room, where they would soon embrace each other with bare skin.

