

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 41 You Heard Me

After leaving the restaurant, Su Yang walked a straight path through the streets until he reached the other end of the city, where the exit gate was stationed.

When he reached the gate, Su Yang noticed a large group of people and a few carriages waiting right outside the gate. They were all equipped with weapons and armors, looking as though they were about to enter a battle. There were even a few people in robes that looked to be disciples of some sect mixed in with the crowd.

By the time Su Yang passed the guards and stepped out of the city, the majority of the crowd was already looking at him with many different kinds of gazes. Some gazes were filled with envy and others looked at him with disdain. But of course, there were also a few females there that looked at him with adoring lights in their eyes.

Under the gazes of over fifty people, Su Yang calmly walked the road, his expression as tranquil as a still lake. He didn't care what they were doing, nor was he interested. However, his ears couldn't help but pick up the whispers of the crowd.

"Isn't that a disciple from the Profound Blossom Sect?"

"The only shameless sect that chooses its disciple by their looks first and talent second?"

"Yeah, that sect."

"All they do is screw each other day and night without proper training, hence why they usually have a high cultivation base but zero experience in combat."

"They only cultivate for their looks, so they wouldn't care even if they only have high cultivation bases and nothing else..."

Su Yang acted as though he didn't hear anything when the disciples from another sect within the crowd spoke badly about his sect, but he was laughing deep inside. While their words were harsh, there was actually some truth behind it.

The Profound Blossom Sect was known for their beautiful people, vulgar practices, and high cultivation base. However, the majority of its disciple had little to no experience when it came to techniques for combat – at least that was true within the Outer Court.

From what Su Yang received from his memories and what he personally witnessed in the Outer Court, the Outer Court disciples are usually so focused on increasing their own cultivation base that they barely bother to train in real techniques used for combat. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that most Outer Court disciples would rather spend their time in bed with their partner than to actually pick up a sword and train until they sweat.

Suddenly, somebody from the front shouted out loud, causing everybody to look at him – it was a bulky man with a bald head.

"Alright! Everybody, we are ready to travel to the Thunder Valley! If you are not ready by now, then you should just go back home!"

Some of the crowd laughed at the bulky man's words.

"If you have any questions, now is the time to ask!"

"How long will the journey to the Thunder Valley take?" asked a skinny man with a bow in his hands.

"Five days, give or take."

"Do you have any idea how many Lightning Cats will be there for us to slay?"

"We are unsure of the exact number, but they are in the hundreds at least," said the bulky man, and he continued: "Listen here! There will be a lot of Lightning Cats running around and it will be a difficult subjugation! However, this just means that there will be more wealth for all of us to share afterward!"

A thundering battle cry suddenly resounded, causing Su Yang's hairs to tremble.

"What a lousy crowd..." Su Yang thought to himself, and he looked at the paper in his hands. "This mission seems to be bigger than expected..."

—

—

—

It has been some time since Su Yang left the Swift Feather City. He calmly walked down the middle of the wide path with his hands behind his back, looking as though he was taking a stroll in a park. He was looking left and right, seemingly interested in mother nature. Behind him was a large group of fifty people, all of them watching Su Yang in the lead with weird expressions.

"Why does it look like we're all being led by that dog?" Someone from the crowd purposely said out loud.

"Now that you mention it... why are we walking at his pace?"

"We can't go any faster because we are already cramped as it is!"

"This is unacceptable! We won't make it there by next week at this rate! Hey, brat in the white robes! Get out of the way before we run you over!" The bulky man shouted in his obnoxiously loud voice.

Hearing the loud commotion coming from the back, Su Yang turned his head around and glanced at the crowd. However, he didn't stop walking and returned to looking at the front after a single glance.

His simple yet arrogant action instantly angered many in the crowd.

"You fucking brat! Are you picking a fight with all of us by yourself?!"

"Simply courting death!"

Su Yang didn't bother turning around for the second time and continued to walk at a casual pace. Everybody within the crowd was at least at the 7th level of the Elementary Spirit Realm with a few of them at the early Profound Spirit Realm.

Such a large group radiated an overwhelming pressure that would easily scare anyone weak-hearted, yet in Su Yang's eyes, they were only a bunch of fools with loud mouths.

"Hmph! Let's see if you dare ignore me after I start swinging my axe at you!" The bulky man stepped forward and approached Su Yang with a wide steel axe in his grasp.

It was at this moment Su Yang suddenly stopped walking and turned around to face the crowd.

"I won't tell you to not swing that toy at me, but just know that you will not step foot inside the Thunder Valley once you do... ever." Su Yang said in a low and calm voice, his face still as tranquil as ever. However, his low-sounding voice was as loud as a fly buzzing directly in the ears of the bulky man.

"What did you just say to me, you fucking brat?!" The bulky man's forehead began popping with veins the moment he heard Su Yang's threat, his face red from anger.

Su Yang smiled and said: "You heard me." He then turned around and began walking again.

[DUAL CULTIVATION](#)

[Chapter 42 Golden Carriage](#)

When Su Yang turned around and walked, the bulky man exploded in anger, his eyes red.

The bulky man was a cultivator at the 3rd level of the Profound Spirit Realm, and he has never been so deeply disrespected by anyone, let alone a disciple from the shameless Profound Blossom Sect.

"You fucking brat! Who do you think you are?!" The bulky man suddenly pounced at Su Yang from a distance like a tiger with his steel axe raised high into the air.

The steel axe quickly dropped towards Su Yang's head. However, just inches before the axe could touch even a strand of hair on his head, Su Yang made a swift turn and unsheathed the sword by his side.

A flicker of light flashed, followed by a tyrannical pressure that was filled with killing intent.

Once the crowd behind the bulky man felt the killing intent, their legs stopped working and their bodies trembled as though it was freezing cold. Although the pressure only lasted for a brief second before it disappeared, it was enough to halt the movements of everybody there, even the horses pulling the carriages.

Instantly after the killing intent passed, the bulky man's frozen body in the air began moving again – it began falling backward like a stone statue.

The body fell slowly and felt like it took forever in the witnesses' eyes, but when it finally touched the ground, everybody there was shocked to find the head missing from the bulky man's body.

A few people from the crowd suddenly looked up into the sky after they saw a shadow spinning in the air. When they noticed that it was actually the bulky man's head that was spinning in the air they

screamed in horror, not to mention the flying head still had the angry expression of the bulky man before his death!

Su Yang retrieved his sword at the same moment the flying head touched the ground. He then looked at the bewildered crowd calmly with a bright smile and said: "Since we are all going to the same place with the same objective, why don't we stop this foolishness before I start littering this road with corpses? Though I wouldn't mind warming up before I start hunting at the Thunder Valley..."

The crowd slowly nodded to his suggestion while swallowing hard. They have never met someone as menacing as this young man from the Profound Blossom Sect before; it felt to them as though they were standing in front of the devil himself.

"Good." Su Yang also nodded. "Then let's make this journey worthwhile..." He turned around and began walking again.

Su Yang's figure quickly disappeared from the crowd's view. When they confirmed that Su Yang was truly gone, the group of people fell to their butts, their body covered in sweat.

"W-Who the hell was that?! I have never heard of such a frightening existence belonging to the Profound Blossom Sect!"

"Who was it that said he was just an Outer Court disciple?! He's clearly powerful enough to become an Inner Court disciple even in my sect... no, even becoming a core disciple is possible!"

The group soon continued their journey despite their leader's sudden death. It was not as though they can just go home after coming all the way out here, not to mention the wealth they could obtain from slaying Lightning Cats.

This is a world where the strong eats the weak. It isn't uncommon for a powerful individual like the bulky man to die from defeat, as there would always be someone stronger.

—
—
—

Four days quickly passed.

Su Yang has been walking for four days without rest, yet he seemed perfectly fine, almost as if he was full of energy.

"Hm?" He suddenly noticed an expensive-looking carriage in the distance. It was surrounded by many armored men on horses.

The carriage was entirely made out of gold and expensive jade, giving it an exquisite aura, as though it belonged to royalty. Above the carriage was an old man in a grey robe, who was sitting there cross-legged, seemingly in cultivation.

Although Su Yang was unable to detect the old man's cultivation base, he was able to guess it just from his experience alone.

"Heavenly Spirit Realm... what could someone at his level be doing here, sitting on top of a carrier like some kind of guard?" He wondered.

What about the person sitting inside the carriage? Who could possibly have enough status to keep a Heavenly Spirit Realm expert as a guard in this mortal world when they are considered masters at the apex?

Su Yang was intrigued by the golden carriage and its heavy guard, but he wasn't someone who'd stick his nose into places it doesn't belong, so he only ignored it and silently walked behind it.

After some time, the guards finally noticed Su Yang following them.

"Senior, should we do something about that kid? He's been following us for quite some time now," said one of the armored guards.

The old man slowly opened his eyes, and he turned his gaze to look at Su Yang. However, when he tried to probe him, the old man was surprised to find out that he was unable to see his real cultivation, feeling like he was looking at a cloud of human-figured smoke. However, despite Su Yang's mysterious presence, the old man did not feel any threat or malicious feeling towards him.

"Ignore him..." he said a moment later.

The guards nodded and no longer thought about approaching Su Yang. However, they were still paying attention to him just in case he starts acting suspiciously.

"What an interesting young man..." The old man smiled to himself before closing his eyes again.

[DUAL CULTIVATION](#)

[Chapter 43 Shadowy Figure](#)

After walking for a few more hours without any hurdles, the golden carriage suddenly came to a stop. The guard narrowed their gazes at the shadowy figure in the front, and the old man slowly stood up.

Seeing this sudden development, Su Yang also halted his steps. The shadowy figure was clad in full black robes with only his two black eyeballs exposed, looking like an assassin. However, a real assassin wouldn't reveal himself this openly and obviously.

"Is this some kind of joke?" The old man opened his mouth to ask the shadowy figure. "The Moonlight Blades had sent you, a single Earth Spirit Realm expert here, despite being aware of my presence?"

The shadowy figure chuckled and said in a hoarse-sounding voice: "I am only here to pass on a message to the young lady inside that carriage on the behalf of my king."

"If you do not obediently hand over the Hundred Poisons Body by the time the next full moon is present, then we will have no choice but to take it by force," said the shadowy figure.

When the soldiers on the horses heard the message, their eyes radiated with anger.

"How imprudent! Have you forgotten who we are?! Even if the Moonlight Blades were to attack us with full force, you wouldn't even get past the front gate!" One of the guards shouted loudly.

"How dare you threaten the young lady! It will only be a matter of time before we find your hideout and wipe you out!" said another guard.

"Hahaha!" The shadowy figure burst out laughing. "Of course, if we were to fight you head-on, our Moonlight Blades would stand no chance. However, who do you think we are? You should know better than anyone else that we will never fight fists with fists!"

Su Yang silently listened to the conversation being held by the two parties, both of them with a seemingly profound background. Although he has never heard of the Moonlight Blades before, they seemed to be some sort of faction that lives in the shadow.

"The Hundred Poisons Body, huh..." Su Yang pondered the name.

"Is that all you have to say?" said the old man, who has been silent this whole time. "If that's all, then you may die now..."

The old man suddenly retrieved a paper fan from inside his robe and gently waved it at the direction of the shadowy figure.

A powerful ripple appeared from the paper fan the moment the old man waved it, causing it to fly towards the shadowy figure. However, before the ripple could touch him, the shadowy figure disappeared from where he stood like a ghost, and where he just stood exploded an instant later.

The old man suddenly turned to look at Su Yang and shouted: "Watch out!"

"Knowing that I would die today, I had planned to take a few of your guards with me before I die. However, this kid's face is very annoying to look at, so be gracious that I will take his life instead!"

The shadowy figure suddenly appeared behind Su Yang with a black dagger in his grasp raised and ready to strike.

However, unfortunately for the shadowy figure, Su Yang's grasp was already on the sword handle by his side before the shadowy figure even disappeared.

A profound and fierce light flashed within Su Yang's eyes, and an overwhelming amount of sword intent exploded from within his body, causing the shadowy figure to freeze for an instant from the sudden pressure.

The instant the shadowy figure was frozen from shock, Su Yang swiftly turned around and unsheathed his sword, sending a powerful wave of sword intent towards the shadowy figure.

The shadowy figure couldn't even scream in pain before the sword intent effortlessly sliced his body in half like a sword cutting a piece of paper.

After cutting the shadowy figure in half, Su Yang coldly snorted at the corpse on the floor: "Did you think that I wouldn't notice your obnoxious gaze staring at me? This is not the first time something like this has happened before."

"..."

The guards and the old man watched Su Yang return his sword into its scabbard with shocked expressions. What just happened? At one moment the shadowy figure disappeared from their views and an instant later he became a corpse with his body cleanly sliced in half, laying beside that young man who has been suspiciously following them?

"Sword intent!" When the guards finally returned from their astonishment, they realized that it was sword intent that the young man had used to kill the shadowy figure.

"What terrifying sword intent!" Even the Heavenly Spirit Realm old man was shocked by the destructive power and pressure shown by the sword intent! It was something even a Heavenly Spirit Realm expert like him would not be able to replicate!

The old man jumped off the carriage and approached Su Yang. "Young man, what is your name?" he asked.

"Xiao Yang."

"If you don't mind me asking, how old are you?"

Su Yang did not instantly answer and instead silently looked at the old man, seemingly in deep thoughts.

When the old man saw his calm expression, he smiled and said: "I was immensely impressed by your sword intent, but your appearance makes it difficult for me to see you as a mere junior."

"What does my age matter? The only thing that matters in a fight is one's strength and wisdom. Anything else is irrelevant."

Su Yang's words left the old man speechless.

"Senior Zhong... is everything fine out there?" A sweet feminine voice resounded from inside the golden carriage, causing the old man to turn around.

"Young lady, the threat is no longer here," said the old man named Senior Zhong.

"Then let's continue our journey. We don't have much time to spare here..."

Senior Zhong looked at Su Yang with a bitter smile. "Although I wish to talk more to you about your sword intent, we are in a hurry. I am Senior Zhong from the Divine Sword Temple. If you ever happen to have the chance to visit, you can show anyone there this and they will bring you to me."

Senior Zhong handed Su Yang a yellow jade slip.

"If I get the chance..." Su Yang casually accepted the jade slip.

When Su Yang showed no reactions after he mentioned the Divine Sword Temple, Senior Zhong was slightly surprised. Was it ignorance, or was the name 'Divine Sword Temple' not enough to even lift his brows?

Senior Zhong became more interested in Su Yang's background, but alas, he did not have the time to stay around to learn more about him.

After their short interaction, Senior Zhong went into the carriage before they began moving again.

DUAL CULTIVATION

Chapter 44 Heavenly Constitution

Inside the carriage, Senior Zhong sat in front of a female figure, her face covered by a veil.

"The Moonlight Blades are really relentless..." sighed the veiled figure.

The sigh was so heartfelt that Senior Zhong could feel the exhaustion in her heart.

"The Young Lady does not have to worry. We will find their hideout soon and wipe them from this earth," said Senior Zhong.

His voice was clear and filled with confidence, yet his eyes were dim. The Moonlight Blades could be considered the most secretive and deadly underground organization to have ever existed in this world, they are so well-hidden that even after 100 years of active operations, nobody has been able to unveil their main hideout, only minor branches.

"I'm sure you will..." said the young lady in a tender voice, and she continued: "Thank you, Senior Zhong."

"I did not do anything to be deserving of your praises..." he shook his head, refusing her gratitude.

"But you protected me just now."

Senior Zhong chuckled slightly and said: "I would naturally protect the young lady, however, I really did not do anything just now. The one who dealt with the assassin was a young man."

"A young man?"

The young lady sounded intrigued, and Senior Zhong began recalling to her what had happened.

"The assassin came here to deliver the message knowing that he will die afterward, and he had intended to deal some damage to us. But at the last second, he decided to surprise attack this young man instead."

"Why was he attacked? Is he okay?"

When Senior Zhong recalled what the assassin had said, he couldn't help but smile bitterly. "Because his face was annoying..."

The young lady covered her mouth from surprise after hearing his words. A bystander was attacked solely for the reason that he had an annoying face? What kind of development was this?

"As for his well-being... Not only did he manage to escape unharmed, but he also turned the situation around and killed the assassin with sword intent."

"Sword intent? That terrifying sword intent I felt just now didn't belong to Senior Zhong?" she asked in a puzzled tone.

Senior Zhong shook his head in regret and said: "I wouldn't be able to emit such powerful sword intent even if I tried."

The young lady was truly in shock now. She knew Senior Zhong's demeanor very well, and his capabilities as a swordmaster could be considered top-notch even amongst masters. But for him to sound so disheartened and inferior when speaking about himself was a first.

"This young man, who is he?"

"I don't know his background, only his name – Xiao Yang. Although he looks like a teenager, his demeanor says otherwise. If I had to guess, then he must be some revered swordmaster in disguise."

"Xiao Yang... is he still out there right now? Why don't you invite him inside to have a talk?"

The young lady's words surprised Senior Zhong. "But we don't know his background. While I can't sense any threat from him, I don't think it would be a good idea to have him so close to the young lady!"

"I am interested in this swordmaster who even our esteemed Senior Zhong cannot comprehend. And since he's strong enough to kill someone from the Moonlight Blades, I'd like to at least create some kind of connection between us."

"..." After a moment of silence, Senior Zhong nodded and left the carriage.

–

–

–

Outside the carriage, Su Yang was still trying to recall the name 'Hundred Poisons Body' mentioned by the assassin.

"Ah! I remember now. It is a Royal-grade Heavenly Constitution! Anyone with the Hundred Poisons Body would be immune to all poisons at the mortal rank." Su Yang finally recalled why he found the name so familiar.

Heavenly Constitutions are special bodies that grant the person with it unique and sometimes heaven-defying talents, such as the Hundred Poison Body that allows the person to be immune to all poison and even cultivate with it.

Those with Heavenly Constitutions are all considered heaven-sent prodigies and are usually cultivated at a young age with all sorts of valuable resources and miracle medicines.

Heavenly Constitutions, like techniques and weapons, have their own levels of rarity and quality. The Hundred Poisons Body, for example, was at the Royal-grade, the lowest grade in the Heavenly Constitution rankings, whilst the superior Thousand Poisons Body, would be an Imperial-grade Heavenly Constitution.

"A Royal-grade Heavenly Constitution, huh..." Su Yang gaze narrowed at the carriage.

Suddenly, Senior Zhong came out of the carriage and approached Su Yang again.

"Young man, my young lady would like to invite you into the carriage for a little talk. She wants to personally thank you for dealing with the assassin." Senior Zhong said to him in a different tone than previously.

Su Yang looked at Senior Zhong's serious face and took another quick glance at the carriage.

"Very well." He accepted their offer.

When the guards noticed Su Yang follow Senior Zhong into the carriage, their jaws dropped from shock. How could Senior Zhong let some stranger into the carriage when their young lady was also inside?!

However, as much as they wanted to complain and block Su Yang, none of them dared to open their mouth when they recalled the prowess he showed, not to mention Senior Zhong being beside him.

Once Su Yang entered the carriage, he was greeted by a elegant figure clad in red robes sitting on one side of the carriage. Although he couldn't see her face, his vast experience told him that she was definitely a great beauty.

On the other hand, when the young lady saw Su Yang's handsome face for the first time, she was greatly surprised by his appearance, even fascinated.

When Senior Zhong talked about him, he didn't mention anything about Su Yang being this handsome of a young man, which dumbfounded the young lady for a second when she saw him, as she wasn't expecting someone this handsome.

Su Yang sat on the other side of the carriage beside Senior Zhong with a nonchalant expression on his face, seemingly unfazed by the situation.

"You must be the great swordmaster, Xiao Yang. My surname is Xie, Xie Xingfang. I have heard about you from Senior Zhong, and I'd like to personally thank you for dealing with that assassin from the Moonlight Blades," said the young lady with her fair hand extended for a handshake.

Su Yang chuckled inside when she called him a swordmaster. "You don't have to thank me. I did what I did only to protect myself," he said as he shook her hands that were soft and smooth.

"?!" Senior Zhong was secretly shocked when he saw Xie Xingfang extend her hands out for a handshake, as it was something unthinkable for someone of her status. He wanted to say something, but alas, Su Yang's quick movements allowed him to touch her hands before he could even open his mouth.

[DUAL CULTIVATION](#)

[Chapter 45 Hundred Poisons Body](#)

Xie Xingfang looked at their handshake with a somewhat dazed expression. She didn't know why she willingly extended her arms for a handshake; it was almost as though her body moved without thinking.

"It's my first time feeling the skin of a male that's not in my family..." she thought to herself as the feeling of Su Yang's warm hand gently held her hand.

Perhaps it was because of Su Yang's natural charm and presence, but Xie Xingfang didn't know why she reached out her hands to him. Even Senior Zhong was surprised to see his young lady, who has a tendency to stay away from others, willingly offer her skin for another to feel.

"Umm... my hand..." Su Yang said a moment later when Xie Xingfang didn't release her grasp after some time.

"Ah! Where are my manners? I apologize for that..." Xie Xingfang quickly retrieved her hand with a blushing face when she realized that she had been holding his hands for an extended amount of time.

Her actions caused Senior Zhong to widen his eyes from shock. What on earth is going on in here? Where did all her elegance go? It all seemed to have disappeared the moment she saw Su Yang.

"Ahem." Xie Xingfang cleared her throat.

"Senior brother Xiao, if you don't mind me asking, where are you from?" she then asked.

Ignoring the way she addressed him with intimacy, Su Yang casually lifted his arm into the air to show her the blossom arts on his sleeves.

"I am from the Profound Blossom Sect," he said.

"The Profound Blossom Sect...?" Xie Xingfang showed a puzzled expression behind her veil. She has never heard of such a place before.

Senior Zhong also showed a questioning expression. Not even he has heard of such a place. However, for them to have such a profound swordmaster within their ranks, how could he not have heard of them before?

"We are not from around here, so I do not know of such a place... unfortunately..." said Xie Xingfang in a regrettable tone. "However, for them to have someone as powerful as you, it must surely be a special place."

Su Yang smiled and shook his head. "It really isn't as impressive as you'd think. In fact, if I could leave, I would."

Senior Zhong's eyes shone with a bright and sharp light when he heard Su Yang's words, and he said: "Then how about joining my Divine Sword Sect? We would greatly appreciate a talented swordmaster such as yourself to join our ranks. I am sure that the disciples there would also appreciate having a new master who could teach them about sword intents."

"I appreciate the offer, but there are still things I have to do there. Once I am done, perhaps I could travel to this Divine Sword Sect." Su Yang kindly refused his offer without refusing it entirely.

Senior Zhong was a bit surprised. For someone to refuse the Divine Sword Sect so quickly, this was a first even for him. Could this Profound Blossom Sect really be this profound?

However, he wasn't entirely disheartened because Su Yang did not entirely refuse his offer, even hinting that he might join them in the future.

"Then until you finish your business there, we will wait patiently. Just know that our Divine Sword Sect will always have our doors open for anyone talented in the sword," he said a moment later.

"Senior brother Xiao, you seem very young, even younger than me... How old are you, exactly?" Although it was hidden from sight, Xie Xingfang's eyes flashed with an anticipating light.

Su Yang only smiled at her question and did not give her a proper reply. They seemed to be really interested in his age. However, he wasn't willing to reveal that at the moment as it might be too shocking for them. After all, what kind of 16-year-old could use sword intent that was superior to even a Heavenly Spirit Realm expert's sword intent? Not even prodigies could possibly manage such a feat.

Seeing how Su Yang didn't want to reveal his age, Xie Xingfang was disappointed in her heart.

"What about you, senior brother Xiao? Surely you have a lot of questions to ask, especially after experiencing that unfortunate event." Xie Xingfang decided to treat her previous question as though it never happened, as she didn't want the atmosphere to turn awkward.

Senior Zhong felt that it was extremely rude for Su Yang to ignore her question, as it would be considered blasphemy if he knew of her background. But seeing how Xie Xingfang decided to ignore it, he also decided to do the same.

"There has been something on my mind after that minor event..." Su Yang narrowed his eyes at Xie Xingfang's alluring figure, and he continued: "Your Heavenly Constitution, the Hundred Poisons Body—"

"?!?!"

Before Su Yang could even finish his question, Senior Zhong's eyes widened with alert, and his aura radiated with killing intent as his hands instinctively reached for Su Yang's open neck with a clawing gesture, like an eagle grabbing its prey.

However, just before he could touch Su Yang, Xie Xingfang's thundering voice resounded: "Halt!"

Senior Zhong's movements instantly froze, his clawed-hand mere millimeters away from choking Su Yang's pale neck, who didn't even flinch the slightest from his sudden attack.

"..." Su Yang sat there silently, his expression still as calm as ever, looking as though he was not even a bit concerned about the situation.

He suddenly closed his eyes and said in a calm voice: "As rare as your Heavenly Constitution may be in this world, I do not have the slightest interest in your royal-grade Hundred Poisons Body. Even if it grants the person absolute resistance to all poison, its ability is, unfortunately, limited to mortal-grade poisons. It'd be useless once you encounter a spirit-grade poison."

Su Yang's words dumbfounded both Senior Zhong, who was still prepared to continue his attack and Xie Xingfang, who was an expert in the art of poisons.