

Eternal Heart 13

Chapter 13: Heavenly Martial Pavilion

"Six thousand?"

Chen Yu was overjoyed, but he couldn't believe his ears.

The two law enforcers exchanged a subtle glance and smiled.

"Chen Yu, take this token. You can go to the Sect Affairs Hall to exchange them for the corresponding contribution points."

The plump law enforcer handed two small tokens to Chen Yu.

"Thank you, Law Enforcement Lord."

Chen Yu finally came to his senses and quickly expressed his gratitude.

The two law enforcers did not linger and left Chen Yu's residence in a hurry.

Swish! Swish!

The two law enforcers leaped dozens of yards away and stopped in a corner.

"Brother Zhu, here are your ten genuine yuan stones."

The plump law enforcer took out ten genuine yuan stones and handed them to the young law enforcer with a smile.

These ten genuine yuan stones were lustrous and of far better quality than the inferior stones Chen Yu had obtained.

"Ha ha, thank you."

The young law enforcer said knowingly.

"As it should be. By taking these twenty genuine yuan stones, we're indirectly protecting that kid."

The plump law enforcer waved his hand.

At this moment, if Chen Yu were present, he might have felt the urge to curse loudly.

So, the sect's reward wasn't just contribution points. It also included twenty genuine yuan stones.

"Indeed. Twenty genuine yuan stones can exchange for at least two thousand inferior ones. For an Outer Disciple, that's a significant amount. If mishandled, it could truly lead to deadly troubles."

The young law enforcer nodded.

The two took part of Chen Yu's reward and even found a righteous excuse.

"Heh heh, the batch of meteorite iron the sect acquired this time is said to be of excellent quality. Otherwise, they wouldn't be so generous, rewarding even a few Outer Disciples."

The plump law enforcer laughed.

"However, this batch of meteorite iron has attracted the attention of several nearby sects, including some renowned rogue cultivators. Especially the rival sect, 'Iron Sword Sect,' which outright demanded our sect trade half of the meteorite iron with them..."

The young law enforcer sighed.

"Iron Sword Sect?"

The plump law enforcer sneered, "Most of the martial arts in that sect are inclined toward sword weapons. If they were to obtain a large amount of meteorite iron and produce some sword dao treasures, that would be unacceptable!"

...

The next morning.

Chen Yu woke up early, feeling refreshed.

He had already gone to the Sect Affairs Hall yesterday with the two tokens and exchanged them for six thousand contribution points.

Adding the three thousand seven hundred from tasks and the over one hundred he usually accumulated, Chen Yu's total contribution points were now nearing ten thousand!

"With nearly ten thousand contribution points, exchanging for several mid-level martial arts is more than enough."

Chen Yu's goal changed.

With nearly ten thousand contribution points on hand, mid-level martial arts could no longer satisfy him.

Soon.

Chen Yu arrived at the sect's important place, the Heavenly Martial Pavilion.

The Heavenly Martial Pavilion was the critical place within the Yunyue Sect for exchanging martial arts and cultivation techniques. Here, the only way to exchange for techniques was with contribution points.

The pavilion before him was ancient and unassuming, divided into four levels.

In front of the pavilion, there were stationed guards; from Chen Yu's perception, the aura each guard emitted surpassed that of the previously slain Iron Brown Bear King.

"These guards' cultivation levels are probably at least at the 'Organ Refining Stage.'"

Chen Yu thought with awe.

Martial Arts initiation was divided into three stages, the Body Refining Stage, the Meridian Passage Stage, and the Organ Refining Stage.

The first stage, the "Body Refining Stage," as the name suggests, is about strengthening the body and flesh, the most superficial level.

At this stage, like Chen Yu and Feng De, their physical quality surpassed that of ordinary people, capable of killing tigers and leopards.

The second stage, the "Meridian Passage Stage," focused on refining the "inner breath" from the powerful body and blood and starting to explore the meridians, stimulating the body's potential.

People at this stage had mastered considerable martial strength, far exceeding ordinary people, capable of fighting fierce beasts.

The third stage, the "Organ Refining Stage," involved further strengthening the internal organs based on opening up the meridians, allowing the body to undergo transformation, resulting in a significant leap in physical quality!

It could be said that once one reached the Organ Refining Stage, it marked the beginning of the body's transformation, as well as a leap in strength.

It was said that experts at the Organ Refining Stage had refined their inner breath to the extent it could injure others from a distance, reaching levels where they could shatter iron and stone.

"These guards, with just a flick of their inner qi, could kill those at the Body Refining Stage."

Naturally, Chen Yu was full of veneration, not daring to act unusually.

He took a deep breath and stepped into the first floor of the Heavenly Martial Pavilion.

On the first floor, he had come once before when he had just entered the sect and chosen the low-level martial art "Iron Plow Fist" for free.

However, the martial arts on the first floor were limited to low and mid-level.

Chen Yu cast a glance at some mid-level martial arts; among them, a few even tempted him.

"Tiger Evil Fist," fierceness and might like a tiger, cultivating to the extreme, the fist power could manifest the image of evil tiger qi; this martial arts included the Tiger Evil Heart Method, refining inner qi with the might of the evil tiger, capable of shaking the enemy's spirit.

Exchange Contribution Points: One thousand eight.

Generally, mid-level martial arts were valued at just over a thousand, but this "Tiger Evil Fist" was as high as one thousand eight.

This martial art had a main mental method for cultivation. If trained on the foundation of Chen Yu's original "Iron Plow Fist," with similar style and essence, it would be a suitable upgrade in cultivation techniques.

In the past, this was the mid-level martial arts Chen Yu had dreamed of.

However, having now acquired many contribution points, Chen Yu's perspective and requirements had changed, and he was not ready to make a decision.

Where his gaze landed, he saw the finest, even top-tier, of mid-level martial arts.

"Seven Star Steps," a marvelous movement technique that steals the mystery of the seven stars; cultivated to Great Success, one could easily contend with two or three of the same tier and remain undefeated. This martial art has a corresponding movement mental method, with a longer breath when using the Light Body Skill to travel.

Exchange Contribution Points: One thousand five.

This was a movement martial art, but in terms of intricacy, it could not surpass the "Cloud Stepping" Chen Yu had obtained.

The "Cloud Stepping" obtained from Le Feng, in terms of its intricacy, was close to high-level martial arts and should even be slightly superior to the "Seven Star Steps" here.

Chen Yu found that the low-level martial arts on the first floor generally required over a hundred contribution points, rarely exceeding three hundred.

Meanwhile, mid-level martial arts generally required over a thousand, and the higher ones did not exceed two thousand, with two thousand or so already considered top-tier in the same tier.

"Better go to the second floor to see high-level martial arts."

Chen Yu anticipated silently.

Many of the mid-level martial arts on the first floor tempted him, and some used to be what he had longed for.

"Youngster."

Just as he stepped onto the stairs, a voice sounded in Chen Yu's ears.

At some point, an old, red-faced man appeared beside him, with a large black mole on his forehead.

This person's appearance was not grotesque, but just enough to be a bit comical, and his sudden emergence indeed startled Chen Yu.

"Senior, what advice do you have?"

Chen Yu asked respectfully. The person appeared beside him without any sign, a level of skill even experts at the Organ Refining Stage might not achieve.

This person might belong to the higher-ups in the sect.

"You don't know that as an Outer Disciple, you are not allowed to enter the second floor."

The red-faced elder squinted and said.

What?

Chen Yu was a bit surprised since he didn't know this.

However, with such a rule, he wasn't too surprised. The sect felt to him like a strict pyramidal hierarchy.

Each level had its corresponding permissions that were difficult to bypass.

"According to the rules, Outer Disciples wishing to enter the second floor must first pay one thousand contribution points and are limited to two hours. If exceeded, additional contribution points are required."

The red-faced elder stated expressionlessly.

"One thousand contribution points, I can pay, Senior."

Chen Yu let out a sigh of relief.

Now, with almost ten thousand contribution points to his name, he felt confident.

"Oh?"

The red-faced elder was a bit surprised. One thousand contribution points to enter the second floor was just an "entry fee," not something an ordinary Outer Disciple could afford.

He could not help but squint, giving Chen Yu another glance.

However.

With that look, a gleam flashed in the red-faced elder's eyes.

Swish!

Chen Yu only felt his vision blur, and the next moment found his body lifted into the air; then, his joints were pinched a few times by the red-faced elder.

Finally.

Chen Yu even felt a strange force permeating his body; at that moment, his whole body, blood and qi, were momentarily halted.

"What a pity."

The red-faced elder let go of Chen Yu and sighed, "Your physique is good, and your strength should be very strong; in fact, the stability of your foundation is even better than some Inner Sect Disciples."

What was going on?

Chen Yu was confused; this senior was sighing yet praising him at the same time.

"It's just that your aptitude for martial arts is rather ordinary. Judging by aptitude levels, it should be between ordinary body and Spiritual Body, more appropriately termed 'Half Spirit Body.'"

The red-faced elder explained.

Half Spirit Body?

Chen Yu couldn't help recall the examination when he had first joined the sect.

At that time, the elder examining his aptitude had a very indifferent expression; however, when examining Mu Xueqing, he showed clear delight.

"Of course, you need not be discouraged. The full extent of a person's aptitude can best be seen after the 'Meridian Passage Stage.' Many special physiques reveal themselves only later on."

The red-faced elder's expression softened.

"Thank you, Senior, for the guidance."

Chen Yu felt enlightened; the scene during the "entry assessment" he initially didn't understand now made sense.

Mu Xueqing's early admission to the Inner Sect was probably due to an exceptional aptitude.

The reason that some low-aptitude individuals were not excluded upon entry might be to avoid missing out on those with special physiques. After all, genuinely potential-rich or specially-physiqued individuals would not find passing the Meridian Passage Stage difficult.

Soon, Chen Yu took out his Identity Token, paying the red-faced elder a thousand contribution points.

This Identity Token was specially crafted, containing some simple information.

"Oh! This kid's net worth isn't small indeed."

The red-faced elder's eyes showed more interest, watching Chen Yu step onto the second floor.

The information on the Identity Token was generally obscure, such that even mid-level stewards in the sect couldn't see the exact numbers.

But this red-faced elder's status in the sect was evidently exceptional.

As Chen Yu stepped onto the second floor, a man and woman walked into the Heavenly Martial Pavilion's entrance.

The pair was a handsome man and a beautiful woman.

The man was in his twenties, clad in a silk robe with golden patterns, exuding an invisible air of nobility and arrogance.

His attire did not follow the uniform of the Outer Disciples. According to sect rules, even standard Inner Sect Disciples had to wear the appropriate uniform.

"Xueqing, you truly have no time to accompany this prince to the 'Hidden Lake Conference'? This time, there will be many rare treasures up for auction at the conference."

The man's clear voice carried a hint of firmness.

"Seventh Prince, Xueqing plans to choose a movement martial art at the 'Heavenly Martial Pavilion,' truly no time."

The young woman's voice was sweet, and her waterfall-like hair, even just the soft curves on her side, resembled a bright scenic view.