

Eternal Heart 3

Chapter 3: Rapid Progress

"How could this be! The Iron Plow Fist not only broke through to Minor Accomplishment but also seemed to be very stable..."

Chen Yu paused in place, incredulous.

Previously, his Iron Plow Fist had just reached Initial Accomplishment, and he expected it would take months to reach Minor Accomplishment.

Not only that.

After practicing for an hour, Chen Yu felt the energy and blood within growing stronger, as if it were endless.

Usually,

When Chen Yu practiced for just half an hour, his body would be drenched in sweat and he would feel exhausted; but now, after an hour of continuous practice, he felt remarkably at ease.

This transformed body seemed tireless, with astonishing recovery in stamina.

An hour... two hours... three hours.

Huff! Bang! Bang, bang, bang...

Chen Yu's martial arts, full of powerful and fierce movements, did not lose their momentum, and he himself felt exhilarated.

Unconsciously, an entire night passed.

Throughout the night, Chen Yu was almost entirely focused on intensely practicing Iron Plow Fist, stopping only to search for food when he felt hungry.

After a night,

His Iron Plow Fist had a sensation of following his heart's desires, as if Great Success was not far away.

Even more surprising!

Having long been stuck in the Late Stage Body Refining, after this night of arduous cultivation, his martial arts prowess was faintly nearing the upper limit of the Body Refining Realm!

"Incredible..."

Chen Yu took a deep breath, spreading his slightly trembling hands.

At this moment, he clearly felt his progress, with his heart calmly and powerfully beating, bringing him immense confidence.

That integrated "crystal heart" had not only transformed Chen Yu's physique, but also mysteriously altered his martial arts talent.

Moreover, having lingered at this stage for a long time, he was now progressing a thousand miles in a day with the practice of the low-level martial arts, Iron Plow Fist!

...

A sliver of light appeared on the horizon.

Chen Yu stopped practicing and returned to the Outer Disciple residence in triumph, his face beaming with excitement and joy.

Judging by today's progress, advancing to the Meridian Passage Stage within two months seemed to be no difficulty.

As long as he broke through the Meridian Passage Stage within the time limit, Chen Yu would establish himself in the sect.

He even felt that after transforming his body, his martial arts talent was definitely not inferior to some of the rumored geniuses in the sect.

Just then,

Chen Yu's stomach growled again.

He couldn't help but smile bitterly, as if since integrating with that mysterious crystal stone, his appetite had increased tenfold.

Fortunately, the Outer Disciples of the Yunyue Sect had a communal "canteen" for dining.

In the early morning,

There were already some figures in the cafeteria.

Chen Yu didn't care and grabbed a large steamed bun in his left hand and a piece of pork knuckle in his right, devouring them greedily.

His ravenous eating attracted glances from nearby Outer Disciples.

"When did this guy turn into such a glutton..."

"I think he's been oppressed by Wang Lingyun for too long and needs to blow off some steam."

A few disciples in the cafeteria made some mocking comments.

In Yunyue Sect, the number of Outer Disciples was generally controlled at around three hundred.

Due to the rules of elimination, those who did not break through the Meridian Passage Stage within three years or were still under sixteen and had not broken through would be expelled from the sect.

Therefore, most of these Outer Disciples knew Chen Yu and were aware of his grudge with Wang Lingyun.

"Hmph, I don't know why Mu Xueqing has taken a liking to this glutton."

A horse-faced teenager with a displeased look approached.

Chen Yu glanced at him sidelong, then shifted his gaze back to the greasy pork knuckle in his hand, finding it more enticing and didn't bother to respond.

This disregard aroused the nameless anger in the horse-faced teenager.

He was incredulous: Normally, Chen Yu would be somewhat wary of him and not dare to easily provoke him.

"Tsk tsk, this Feng De has only been in the sect for a little over a year and has already cultivated to the Peak of Body Refining. Didn't expect he's also one of 'Mu Xueqing's' admirers."

The laughter from some nearby Outer Disciples with a playful tone made the horse-faced teenager even angrier.

The horse-faced teenager, named Feng De, was considered a promising newcomer among the Outer Disciples.

Wham!

A large piece of pork knuckle crashed onto Chen Yu's table, scattering meat bits and interrupting his meal.

Chen Yu frowned, looking at the provocative horse-faced teenager in front of him.

"Feng De, what is the meaning of this?"

Being interrupted while eating, Chen Yu was a bit displeased.

However, he was also somewhat helpless against such provocative behavior, knowing that reasoning was out of the question.

Because Yunyue Sect encouraged competition among the disciples, as long as it didn't result in death or severe disability, it was not considered a significant issue.

Such provocations were very common. In the past, Chen Yu mostly chose to tolerate them.

"I am here to admire Brother Chen's heroic appearance. Being favored by 'Mu Xueqing' is truly unique; even eating is so bold..."

Feng De crossed his arms with a mocking expression.

"Hahaha..."

There was a burst of laughter from the surrounding disciples.

Chen Yu frowned slightly but remained still, continuing to chew on the food in his hands.

Nevertheless, Feng De did not plan to let Chen Yu off. The previous disrespect from the other party had displeased him greatly.

He intended to take this opportunity to teach Chen Yu a lesson, hoping to make the "dreamlike fairy" Mu Xueqing remember his name.

As Mu Xueqing's admirer, Feng De had once tried to make small talk but hadn't expected that she couldn't even remember his name.

That incident had greatly humiliated Feng De, making him hold a grudge for a long time.

Now running into Chen Yu, his mood was even worse; the irony was that Chen Yu actually dared to confront him.

"Mu Xueqing..."

Chen Yu suddenly paused, sighing inwardly.

In the sect, many believed he was favored by Mu Xueqing and was with her.

However, the reality was not quite so.

Did Chen Yu pursue Mu Xueqing? Indeed, he did!

Was Mu Xueqing his dream lover? That was true too!

After all, for a pure, graceful, talented beauty like her, which young man could remain unmoved?

But in truth,

Chen Yu hadn't won over Mu Xueqing; they were just a bit closer.

This was because both hailed from Xiangyang City, being from prominent families, and had known each other since childhood, barely qualifying as childhood sweethearts.

In the past, the little beauty Mu Xueqing was quite dependent on him, and their relationship was rather intimate.

However,

Since joining Yunyue Sect, Mu Xueqing began to play hot and cold with his pursuits, neither close nor rejecting.

Nevertheless, compared to other disciples, the relationship between Chen Yu and Mu Xueqing could be described as "close," sparking envy among many.

"Come on, Brother Chen, this pork knuckle is on me..."

Feng De picked up a pork knuckle and thrust it toward Chen Yu's face, interrupting the latter's momentary recollection.

Such a flippant gesture was a barefaced insult!

And the nearby disciples watching the drama all cheered loudly, not wanting to miss the "rival lovers' battle."

"Feng De has already reached the Peak of Body Refining, nearing Meridian Passage, with even better martial arts talent..."

"This Chen Yu has long been at the bottom among the Outer Disciples. He's likely to suffer again."

The nearby people shook their heads, not holding much hope for Chen Yu.

"Get lost!"

Chen Yu dodged the pork knuckle and instinctively countered with a punch.

Whoosh!

That punch held a faint sound of thunder, naturally exhibiting the power of the Iron Plow Fist.

"Dare to fight back?"

Feng De sneered. He had intended to provoke Chen Yu into striking. Unexpectedly, the other party reacted so swiftly.

Faceless Palm!

Feng De spun his palm and bent his knees slightly, blocking the blow from Chen Yu with intricate skill.

This move contained a force of counter-spin, followed by a combination move: first buffering the opponent's strike, then rebounding like a bowstring with lightning speed.

However, Feng De's calculations failed.

"Bang!"

As the fist and palm collided, a low booming sound like that of thunder echoed, stunning the onlookers.

Ah!

Feng De screamed, feeling a piercing pain and numbness racing down his entire arm.

Boom!

The next moment, Feng De's body was flung back, crashing into a table.

What!

Some of the Outer Disciples present looked bewildered, mouths agape.

Under everyone's gaze,

This Feng De... was sent flying by a single punch from Chen Yu?

Instantly, the entire cafeteria fell into an oppressive silence, broken only by the clatter of dishes dropping to the floor.

After a long moment,

"Ah? This is unbelievable!"

"Feng De's martial arts level and talent clearly excel, even the techniques used in Faceless Palm are more profound..."

A commotion broke out among the Outer Disciples, many expressing disbelief.

After all, in their subconsciousness, they all placed their bets on Feng De.

"What?"

Knocking Feng De away with one punch, Chen Yu looked slightly dazed, examining his own fist.

He found it hard to believe that this punch came from him.

Thump, thump! Thump, thump!

With each heartbeat, the abundant vitality and energy gave him unprecedented reality and intense mental clarity.

"Just now, I only used sixty to seventy percent of my strength in that punch. The proficiency and power of Iron Plow Fist seem not far from Great Success..."

Chen Yu immediately understood.

In just one day, not only had his physique transformed and strength dramatically increased, but the technique and power of his martial arts fists had also improved significantly.

Combined, these brought about a surge in combat prowess!

"How can this be! My Faceless Palm just recently broke through to Minor Accomplishment."

Feng De climbed up from the ground, unable to accept this reality, muttering, "It must be because he struck first; I didn't exert my full strength."

The spectators also acknowledged this point.

Chen Yu's sudden attack inherently had the advantage of striking first.

"Again!"

Feng De shouted in fury, veins bulging across his body as he twisted his palms masterfully, targeting Chen Yu's shoulders.

Iron Plow Fist!

Chen Yu responded with a cold smile, his fists whistling like iron balls, bursting with an even more astonishing momentum compared to before, meeting Feng De head-on.

Bang! Bang! Bang!...

In a flash, their fists and palms clashed three times, each sound echoing loudly.

With the first punch,

Feng De staggered back three steps, not being flung away this time, but a hint of red brushed past his face.

With the second punch,

Wow!

Feng De's face turned pale, spitting out a mouthful of blood, shock written all over his face.

With the third punch,

With a "boom,"

Feng De's body was again flung backward, crashing into two dining tables.

The surrounding disciples' expressions of amusement gradually solidified.

As Chen Yu took a step closer,

Feng De's arm had lost all feeling, unable to raise it, his face filled with fear, "I concede! I concede..."

After the series of confrontations, he developed a fear of Chen Yu.

The opponent's power was terrifying, and the momentum even more ferocious, each punch stronger than the last, truly a monster!