

Eternal Heart 33

Chapter 33: A Strong Rise

"Chen Yu, you... what do you want to do?"

Wang Lingyun's face turned grim.

A few days ago, the brutal scene of Chen Yu defeating the Five Great Meridian Passage Period was still swirling in his mind.

At this moment, seeing Chen Yu approaching with a menacing demeanor, Wang Lingyun even had the thought of fleeing.

However.

In front of so many people, Wang Lingyun couldn't bring himself to run away. If he did, how could he maintain his face in this circle?

Importantly, he had a powerful backup beside him.

Hmm?

The "short-haired youth" beside Wang Lingyun was surprised to see Chen Yu approaching Wang Lingyun directly.

He vaguely felt that Chen Yu looked very familiar.

"Chen Yu, do you want

Chen Yu's actions startled Ding Jiuhui.

Wang Lingyun was one thing, but he was about on the same level as Ding Jiuhui. However, the "short-haired youth" beside Wang Lingyun was certainly not an ordinary person.

"Senior Brother Wang, last time during the 'sparring' in the wild, it wasn't thrilling enough. Today, I came to seek your guidance again."

Chen Yu laughed indifferently.

He cryptically referred to the previous wilderness ambush, and now he openly proposed sparring.

"Junior Brother Chen, you're joking. We're so familiar with each other, there are plenty of opportunities to spar. Let's skip it today

Wang Lingyun forced a smile, his body instinctively shrinking back.

This scene surprised nearby senior disciples.

Everyone knew Wang Lingyun, who was relatively well-regarded in the circle and had decent strength.

It seemed that Wang Lingyun was quite apprehensive of Chen Yu and didn't even dare to face him in a match.

"Is that so! But I want to get more 'intimate' with Senior Brother Wang. Senior Brother, just take three moves from me."

Chen Yu grinned mischievously and suddenly made his move.

Whoosh!

From less than ten feet away, Chen Yu, in the blink of an eye, was upon Wang Lingyun, pressing on him with a punch that boomed like iron thunder.

Wang Lingyun felt a heavy, wild force from the punch, making it hard for him to breathe.

Even though he was prepared, he still couldn't escape Chen Yu's incredibly fast movement technique.

Iron Cloud Claw!

Wang Lingyun had no choice but to grit his teeth, exerting all his strength, and struck out with a vigorous claw attack.

With a “puff bang,” the fist and palm clashed in mid-air, producing a heart-jarring thud.

Instantly, most of the people in the courtyard were drawn to the two of them.

Gasp!

Wang Lingyun groaned, feeling his arm go numb, nearly losing all feeling, as he staggered back a few steps.

Bronze Fist!

Chen Yu’s second punch. The entire fist emitted a layer of deep bronze luster, slightly swelling with one punch, its power and speed reaching a new level.

Wow!

Wang Lingyun found it even harder to resist, immediately spitting a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying by that fierce, inhuman punch.

Bang!

Wang Lingyun's body crashed against the courtyard wall, his face pale with fright.

Only after personally clashing with Chen Yu did he realize how terrifying the opponent was, stronger by more than just a level compared to their last encounter.

"When did Chen Yu become

Ding Jiuhui's face showed an array of complex expressions.

From the last battle with the Bear King, he had recognized Chen Yu's extraordinary abilities and slightly overestimated him.

But he didn't expect Chen Yu to become this strong.

Just two punches, and he had sent Wang Lingyun, someone of the same level, flying and vomiting blood.

Not far away, the two Outer Disciples guarding the gate were filled with dread on their faces.

Thinking back, they had even mocked Chen Yu as a pretty boy living off women.

"One move left."

Chen Yu blew on his fist playfully, slowly advancing on Wang Lingyun.

Two punches had already made Wang Lingyun spit blood. Another punch, he estimated, could put the opponent down for ten days or half a month.

Whoosh!

A sharp glint flashed in his eyes as the third punch brewed, becoming one or two degrees stronger than the second.

"Kid! Seems you really don't consider me present."

Suddenly, a deep, powerful voice came from the other side.

Chen Yu felt a domineering force, mixed with an icy, invisible sharpness, coming straight towards him.

He turned his head slightly to see.

The “short-haired youth” accompanying Wang Lingyun swung a silver spear, with cold and fierce energy swirling around its body.

"Junior Brother Chen, this is ‘Yang Fan,’ a senior brother who ranked ninth in the last competition. There’s no grudge between you two, so there’s no need for such a big fight.”

Ding Jiuhui chuckled awkwardly, hastening over to mediate.

In the Yunyue Sect, making it into the top ten of the Outer Sect was no small feat. Each was an elite of the same level.

"Haha, there’s no need for a major fight, surely. But, Junior Brother Chen needs to take three moves from me, no, just two.”

The short-haired youth “Yang Fan” flashed a cold smile.

Ding Jiuhui’s face immediately became uncomfortable.

This Yang Fan wasn't recognizing his authority at all and was determined to stand up for Wang Lingyun.

"Hmph, just as I expected."

In another corner, Wang Lingyun's eyes flashed with a trace of malice, "Yang Fan was originally Mu Xueqing's suitor. Recently, I've been speaking ill of this kid Chen Yu in front of him."

Yang Fan was indeed one of his backers.

But Chen Yu wasn't intimidated by the title of "top ten in the Outer Sect."

"Alright, I've been wanting to see the strength of the Outer Sect's top ten."

A battling spirit surged within Chen Yu.

His goal was to become an Inner Sect Disciple!

If he couldn't even cross the lowest threshold of the Outer Sect's top ten, how could he aim for the top three, or even first place?

"First, take my first spear."

Yang Fan coldly chuckled, the silver spear in his hand trembling, tracing a cold and indistinct spear shadow, stabbing straight at Chen Yu.

Whoosh!

The fierce, icy wind from the spear body already enveloped Chen Yu.

Such a powerful spear strike gave Chen Yu a sense of facing the "Great Evil" Chu Lifeng again.

"Break!"

Chen Yu let out a shout, his fist expanding, radiating a deep bronze metallic luster, as a dark and domineering inner force erupted within him.

Those nearby felt as if a fierce beast was roaring at their ears.

From the air of that punch came an invisible aura of terror that even caused Yang Fan, opposite him, to feel a slight pressure on his spirit and life force.

"Eh?"

In the corner, Nangong Li, who had been paying no mind, revealed a hint of surprise.

Clang!

Two domineering forces collided in mid-air, creating a strange buzzing sound, as if a copper bell had suddenly rung.

"So strong!"

Nearby disciples with cultivation lower than the late-stage Meridian Passage felt their eardrums ache and their blood churn.

Whoosh!

Dust rose around the combat zone of the two.

In their fields of vision, the spear and fist froze in mid-air, the two seeming like statues, forming a single entity.

"This guy, such a powerful force!"

A trace of surprise appeared on Yang Fan's stern face.

The opponent's formidable power gave him a sense of facing Fatty Huang, who was ranked seventh.

Not just that.

Within Chen Yu's fist force was a peculiar aura, subtly capable of exerting some suppression on his spirit and blood.

Clang!

A surge of tremendous force from Chen Yu's bronze hand shook off Yang Fan's spear.

Immediately, he spun gracefully, delivering a series of punches in a counterattack against Yang Fan.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

In an instant, Chen Yu's storm-like punches engaged in over ten exchanges with Yang Fan.

If it had been an ordinary late-stage Meridian Passage practitioner, they might have been forced to retreat by Chen Yu's overwhelming power.

Whoosh!

But that Yang Fan, with his silver spear flying up and down, produced spear shadows accompanied by fierce gales, demonstrating forceful dominance without losing agility, expertly balancing offense and defense.

"How could this be

Wang Lingyun on the ground was nearly shattered.

When had Chen Yu become so formidable that he could draw even with Yang Fan, one of the "top ten in the Outer Sect"?

In the courtyard.

Other senior disciples gazed at Chen Yu with changed eyes.

This strong?

Ding Jiuhui's face held a look of astonishment and uncertainty.

Yang Fan, among the top ten of the Outer Sect, was a powerful figure he couldn't possibly defeat, someone he respected daily.

"So this is the guy who snagged Mu Xueqing? He's not as weak as I thought."

Ranked seventh, "Huang Yuan," showed a playful smile on his round face.

"Both of you, stop."

A gentle teenage voice came from another side.

At some point.

A handsome, long-haired youth appeared between the two, serenely walking through the gap between their attacks.

Such a movement technique left everyone in the courtyard in awe.

Chen Yu felt this voice was very familiar, quickly guessing its identity.

"Le Feng?"

Yang Fan's silver spear paused and stopped attacking.

It was indeed Le Feng.

At this moment, he stood calmly, his demeanor more graceful than before.

Just observing how leisurely he navigated through their attacks revealed his remarkable progress.

"Cloud Stepping Great Success?"

With a glance, Chen Yu confirmed that Le Feng's movement technique was slightly superior to his own.

Additionally, after acquiring the “Bear King’s Gallbladder,” Le Feng’s cultivation had reached the late-stage Meridian Passage, making up for his only shortcoming.

"Junior Brother Le, you came just in time."

Ding Jiuhui slightly exhaled in relief, his tightly strung nerves finally relaxed.

"Le Feng, you like sticking your nose into others’ business. Let’s see the outcome in the next Outer Sect competition."

Yang Fan snorted lightly, sheathing his spear and walking away.

This surprised Chen Yu.

It seemed that Yang Fan was quite wary of Le Feng.

"Heh heh, Junior Brother Chen, you may not know. After Junior Brother Le advanced to the late-stage Meridian Passage, his martial arts have improved too. Recently, even those ranked ninth and seventh, like Yang Fan and Huang Yuan, fell to him."

Ding Jiuhui came closer with a smile.

Chen Yu suddenly understood.

During the time Chen Yu returned to his family, Le Feng had risen strongly within the Outer Sect!

Now.

Le Feng in the Outer Sect had become a star talent, even one of the favorites for the top three.

"Senior Brother Chen's progress is truly astonishing, I am ashamed."

Le Feng smiled slightly, casting a slightly meaningful glance at Chen Yu.

At first, Chen Yu was merely at the peak of body refining, an edge character in the Outer Sect. Meeting again today, Chen Yu could now compete with the elite of the Outer Sect's top ten.

The few exchanged pleasantries before entering the pavilion.

The Outer Sect exchange meeting, apart from sparring and communication, also involved some trading activities.

At this moment, one or two dozen people had already gathered inside the pavilion, all with the cultivation level of the Meridian Passage, mostly mid-level and above.

Because the “Outer Sect competition” was approaching, everyone at this exchange meeting was eager for resources.

Several Outer Sect disciples even began the transaction phase.

"Senior Brother Chen, at this exchange meeting, you must also be looking to trade for something, right?"

Le Feng said with a smile.

Inside the pavilion, groups formed, divided among familiar individuals, forming clusters of three to five or six people.

On Chen Yu's side, centered around Le Feng and joined by Ding Jiuhui, there were five or six people in total.

"I'm looking for 'Tough Ox Marrow' and 'Primordial Grass'.

Chen Yu did not hide his intentions. This was his primary purpose for coming to the exchange meeting.

Tough Ox Marrow’?”

A delicate-looking female disciple beside Le Feng reacted.