

Eternal Heart 41

Chapter 41: The Competition Begins

Yunyue Sect, a secluded small courtyard.

Ding! Ding! Clang! ...

Two young men, wielding a saber and a sword, clashed continuously in the night.

Among them.

One of the men wielded a sword, with which he created a fierce slash of air, interweaving sword shadows and a gust of wind. On the ground nearby, “puff puff chh” left a series of sword marks.

If there were any ordinary experts present, they would be astounded.

This young man’s inner breath, through his weapon, reached a level of external release, capable of injuring at a distance.

The sword shadows and slashes could cut through iron and gold; even multiple Late-stage Meridian Passage fighters teaming up couldn’t get close.

Evidently.

The sword-wielding man's cultivation had reached the Organ Refining Stage!

His opponent was a "handsome man" with thick eyebrows and tiger-like eyes, wielding an ancient, simple saber.

"Break!"

The handsome man's eyes were like cold lightning, and with a single sweep of the ancient saber in his hand, a wave of blade lights engulfed the surrounding area.

Puff puff chh!

In an instant, it was unclear how many times he slashed, an almost frenzied look in his eyes.

Eventually.

A multitude of blade shadows merged into a huge blade flash, like the edge of thunder, accompanied by a fierce roaring wind and a series of crackling sounds, causing shock and awe.

Chh—

That lightning-like slash forcefully broke through the defense of the sword-wielding man at the Organ Refining Stage.

The sword-wielding man turned pale, his inner breath surging wildly as he slashed out several external sword shadows in quick succession, retreating a few steps before barely managing to withstand that thunderous blow.

"I'm done fighting," the sword-wielding man said with a bitter smile, shaking his head.

In the earlier exchange, his cultivation at the Organ Refining Stage was suppressed by his opponent, which was indeed frustrating.

"Senior Brother Duan, who would have imagined that even after entering the Inner Sect and breaking through to the Organ Refining Stage, I would barely hold my own against you?"

The sword-wielding man sighed.

Being at the Organ Refining Stage and being beaten down by someone at the Meridian Passage Stage was rare even within the sect.

However, there was not much shame or surprise on his face.

Because his opponent was the "Duan Xiaolong," the Outer Sect's number one combatant.

Duan Xiaolong was a legend in the Outer Sect!

If he had wanted, he could have claimed first place in the Grand Competition two years ago.

"This time, the reward for first place is very tempting. Not claiming first place would be ridiculous."

Duan Xiaolong shrugged.

"The Outer Sect Grand Competition? With your strength, isn't it too unfair?"

The sword-wielding man was at a loss for words.

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Yunyue Sect, in the courtyard in front of an ancient pavilion.

Roar! Roar!

Two massive purple-green tigers let out deafening roars, with gusts of ominous winds swirling, encircling a graceful young man.

Swipe! Swoosh!

The graceful young man held a folding fan in his hand, trailing a series of phantom shadows. With elegance, he sparred with the two massive tigers.

These two tigers were comparable in size to the Iron Brown Bear King but were faster and more powerful.

"Impressive, impressive. These two 'Purple Cloud Tigers' I raised are almost as strong as those at the Organ Refining Stage, yet you can maneuver with them undefeated."

A white-bearded elder, with a face full of appreciation, remarked.

This graceful young man was the Outer Sect's top genius, "Nangong Li."

"With my talent and your status in the sect, Grandfather, entering the Inner Sect would be a breeze. But I want to use my own strength to rightfully claim the title of 'Outer Sect First,' earning glory and shutting other people's mouths."

Nangong Li said with a faint smile.

From birth, he had an extraordinary family background, and his grandfather was a sect elder.

However, Nangong Li wanted to rely on his own prowess to climb to the pinnacle step by step and obtain his own honors.

Not... the Young Master relying on the Family Head and Grandfather in others' eyes.

"Your ambition is commendable," the elder stroked his beard with a smile, "And coincidentally, with the descent of 'Sky Iron,' the sect is experiencing a bountiful harvest and intends to nurture promising talents. Under the influence of me and others, the reward for first place in this Grand Competition has been greatly increased."

"Rest assured, Grandfather, having mastered those two secret techniques, securing first place this time shouldn't be a problem."

Nangong Li spoke with confidence.

He knew.

The influence exerted by his grandfather had significantly upped the reward for first place, which to a certain degree, was somewhat self-serving.

Therefore, he was even more determined to claim first place.

Pa, pa, pa!

Nangong Li swung a barrage of fan-like air gusts, hitting the two giant tigers, causing them to howl in outrage and pain.

...

At the same moment.

At Yunyue Sect's Outer Sect, several powerful disciples were preparing, secretly gathering strength.

The reward for this year's "Outer Sect Grand Competition" was overwhelmingly generous!

Whoever received the reward would inevitably create a group of elites within Yunyue Sect.

This was arguably the greatest opportunity in twenty years for the Outer Sect!

The next morning.

Chen Yu sat in meditation, his eyes slightly closed, adjusting his state, gathering all his energy, essence, and spirit.

His condition was steadily rising.

"The Outer Sect Grand Competition takes place once a year. This time is an opportunity due to the sky iron; such a generous reward is unlikely to reappear the next time."

Chen Yu felt an unprecedented strong desire.

This Grand Competition... he must become an Inner Sect Disciple!

Top three, at the very least.

Due to his average qualifications, even the top three did not guarantee that Chen Yu could enter the Inner Sect.

Therefore.

Claiming first place in the Grand Competition was imperative!

The lavish reward for first place was a significant opportunity for any Outer Sect Disciple, including Chen Yu.

If he succeeded, he could soar like a carp leaping over the dragon gate!

If not.

With Chen Yu's qualifications, he might remain dormant for a year or two or live an uneventful life, never reaching the true pinnacle of the sect world.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Three consecutive reverberating bell tolls echoed throughout Yunyue Sect.

"The Grand Competition is starting!"

Chen Yu took a deep breath and slowly stood up.

Those bells came from Yunyue Sect's treasured item, the "Shaking Cloud Bell," often struck only for major events.

The more frequent the ringing, the more critical the situation.

If sounded nine consecutive times, it would signal a catastrophic crisis for the entire sect.

"It's starting!"

"The Outer Sect Grand Competition, here I come

One by one, disciples heard the bells and immediately got up.

The outer sect's Grand Competition would be held at the "Cloud Sky Peak" on the eastern side of Yunyue Sect.

Clouds surrounded Cloud Sky Peak; though autumn's chill was present, some remnants of snow lingered along the mountain's edges.

Atop the mountain, there were two sparring platforms.

Both sparring platforms were elliptical, not more than twenty feet long and ten feet wide, slightly larger than a basketball court.

For experts, this might seem small.

In the past two years, Chen Yu had observed the Outer Sect Grand Competition.

He was relatively clear that these not-too-large sparring platforms were designed to prevent some disciples from delaying time or using petty means for guerrilla warfare.

If knocked off the sparring platform, it would count as a loss.

Therefore, each Grand Competition, with over a hundred participants, proceeded rather quickly.

This year's Grand Competition had a registration number reaching a hundred seventy to eighty!

This was the highest number in ten years.

Essentially, every disciple who met the Grand Competition requirements had signed up.

An hour later.

The area around the sparring platforms was filled with people.

"The Grand Competition begins! In the first round, the 'elimination test' will select the top twenty."

An aged, authoritative voice echoed throughout the venue.

Upon seeing.

To the north of the sparring platforms, there stood three pavilions. In each pavilion sat some mid-to-high-ranking figures of the Yunyue Sect.

These figures included Hall Masters, Elders, and even some senior sect figures.

This Grand Competition attracted three significant figures.

All three sat in the pavilion at the center.

In the center pavilion, there were two men and one woman, a white-bearded elder, a blue-robed middle-aged man, and a woman in palace attire.

The earlier voice came from the white-bearded elder.

He was the grandfather of Nangong Li and an Elder of the sect.

The “Blue-robed Middle-aged” man in the center was recognized by Chen Yu as the Yunyue Sect Master, who had appeared in previous Grand Competitions.

The palace-attired woman looked about twenty, with delicate features, graceful and elegant, her skin as white as snow. She had a noble and serene presence, exuding an untouchable aura.

"It's Elder Nangong and the Sect Master!"

"Huh! Who is that great beauty, I wonder?"

"That is Grandmaster Xia, the youngest elder in the sect. In the Chu Country Sect, she is known as 'Fairy Xia Yu.'"

Some disciples whispered in low voices.

Yunyue Sect Master, Elder Nangong, Grandmaster Xia.

These three elder-level figures present each had cultivation realms certainly above the Qi Transformation Realm.

At this moment.

Two black-robed law enforcers stepped onto the stage.

"The first round 'elimination test' begins. Let's briefly discuss the rules of the Grand Competition

One of the law enforcers began to explain the rules.

The Grand Competition rules remained the same as in previous years. [noovel.com](https://www.noovel.com)

It begins with randomly drawn matches, and each contestant must participate in about ten rounds of competitions.

Your record is determined by the number of victories.

Win a match, earn a point; draw a match, no points; lose a match, lose a point.

The rules were simple.

After approximately ten rounds, rankings are determined by scores, selecting the top twenty.

Those ranked beyond the top twenty are all eliminated!

Only the top twenty can compete for the top ten, top three, and eventually the first place.

...

After the rules were explained.

Two law enforcers each took charge of a sparring platform.

The two sparring platforms were called "Platform A" and "Platform B," with one law enforcer each responsible for ruling.

Platform A.

"Number 9 versus Number 56."

A law enforcer waved a flag.

Upon registering, every participant received a numbered tag.

Chen Yu's tag bore his number: 99.

Soon, the competition on Platform A began.

Clang! Clang!

Two youths leapt onto the stage and quickly started exchanging blows.

One youth wielded a saber, at Mid-stage Meridian Passage; the other, a spear-wielding youth, was only at Early-stage Meridian Passage.

Typically, such a fight held little suspense.

Ding ding clang!

The saber and spear clashed for over a dozen moves before the saber-wielding youth, with his greater inner breath, forced the spear-wielding youth off the sparring platform.

"Number 9 wins, earning one point. Number 56 loses, losing one point."

The law enforcer waved the flag impassively.

The saber-wielding youth beamed with joy, while the defeated youth looked dejected.

At that moment.

Raucous sounds erupted from Platform B.

"Lay down for me!"

A rotund youth thrust his arm, generating a whistling inner breath, slamming another Mid-stage Meridian Passage youth to the ground.

Thud!

The Meridian Passage Stage youth fell, bloodied, to the ground.

"It's Huang Yuan!"

Some disciples present looked on with fear.

With a single move, his opponent was slammed to the ground. This was the signature style of last year's seventh-place finisher, "Huang Yuan."

Jump!

Huang Yuan, wearing a victorious smile, flew off the platform.

"Brother Huang, that move was mighty indeed."

Wang Lingyun, with a smile, approached, speaking in a flattering tone.

Beside the two stood a menacing man with a yin-yang hairstyle, exuding a terrifying aura that made nearby disciples keep their distance.

"Hu Yiba, you haven't even started fighting, and your presence is intimidating enough."

Huang Yuan said with a laugh.

"Hmph! Don't let me face that kid."

Hu Yiba's gaze, sharp as a blade, swept across the crowd to the other end where Chen Yu stood.