

## Eternal Heart 42

### Chapter 42: Toss

Chen Yu stood in place, suddenly feeling a cold and hostile gaze.

At first glance, he saw the fierce man with a yin-yang hairstyle, precisely last tournament's fourth-place winner, "Hu Yiba."

At this moment.

Hu Yiba, Huang Yuan, Yang Fan, and others in the "villain's circle" intimidated many disciples, deterring them from approaching.

Wang Lingyun was a member of this circle.

Seeing Wang Lingyun fawning, mingling within the villain's circle, Chen Yu knew he had no good intentions.

Sure enough.

Several people from the villain's circle swept their unfriendly gazes over Chen Yu.

Chen Yu remained indifferent, holding his number plate, casually watching the fights on the martial arts stage.

At his current level, he needed at least a top twenty outer sect battle to find something worth watching.

After over a dozen battles.

An elegant young man with flowing long hair ascended the martial arts stage, causing some female disciples' eyes to light up.

"It's Le Feng!"

"The charismatic figure of this competition!"

Le Feng's handsome appearance and gentle demeanor attracted numerous gazes.

Especially from certain female disciples.

"This Le Feng truly is the 'perfect prince' of the outer sect."

"Hehe, yes, he's handsome, approachable, and highly skilled. I've heard he's the Young Master of a great family."

In the eyes of many female disciples, Le Feng was perfect without flaw.

On the martial arts stage.

Le Feng's opponent was a dark-faced young man in the late-stage Meridian Passage, a formidable contender ranked within the top twenty.

This battle promised to be interesting.

"Begin."

The Law Enforcer waved a hand, signaling the start of the match.

"I must see the true strength of you, the genius of the outer sect."

The dark-faced young man was unimpressed.

Both being in the late-stage Meridian Passage, why was the other person the charismatic figure of the outer sect, receiving so much favor from female disciples?

Wave-breaking Blade!

The dark-faced young man swung his large saber, a wave of astonishing inner breath surging along the blade's edge, creating layer upon layer of saber waves and gusts of wind, fierce and imposing.

Swish!

But before his eyes, an afterimage flickered, and the saber waves and gusts of wind completely missed their target.

The dark-faced young man knew something was amiss.

The next moment.

Le Feng's figure shifted to his side, spinning and leaving flickering afterimages.

Slash! Slash! Slice!

All the dark-faced young man's successive blows hit nothing but air, and his expression grew increasingly unsightly.

Only after the true confrontation did he realize how suppressive his opponent's movement technique was.

Whoosh-boom!

Within Le Feng's graceful footwork, a sudden palm strike landed in front of him, a surge of wondrous inner breath palm force rushing forth.

Clang!

The dark-faced young man barely managed to parry with a saber, yet his body stumbled, and the opponent's extraordinary palm force dissipated all the power of his strike.

"Stand down."

Le Feng suddenly smiled, his other hand cutting in.

With a clattering sound.

The dark-faced young man's hands numbed, and the large saber fell to the ground.

"Bravo, bravo!"

"Disarming someone barehanded, truly remarkable!"

Cheers erupted from below the stage, and some female disciples even squealed in excitement.

Le Feng's move was too dazzling!

Even in the central pavilion, three major figures of the sect took notice.

"This young one still has some potential."

The Yunyue Sect Master commented with a smile.

The white-haired elder and Grandmaster Xia also nodded slightly.

This was the first time since the competition began that someone received recognition from the three major figures.

"You

The dark-faced young man was utterly embarrassed, wanting the ground to swallow him.

"Thanks for letting me win! Senior brother, while your Inner Breath Saber Technique is fierce, your inner breath manipulation could use some work."

Le Feng smiled and cupped his fist.

He picked up the large saber from the ground and handed it back to the dark-faced young man.

"Thank you for your guidance. I admit defeat wholeheartedly."

The dark-faced young man was taken aback by the kindness.

Le Feng's modesty in victory and personable nature earned unanimous approval from the senior sect members present.

"Tch, hypocrite

An abrasive voice came from the “villain’s circle.”

The voice’s owner was Huang Yuan.

He couldn’t stand Le Feng, especially after losing to him not long ago.

But he was soon drowned out by a chorus of protests from the women.

"This Le Feng is certainly a formidable rival. I hear he’s at his best with a sword, and he didn’t even unsheathe it just now.”

Hu Yiba remarked gravely.

In this competition, Hu Yiba aimed for at least the top three.

Thus, Le Feng would be his formidable opponent!

In the outer sect tournament, on stages A and B, rounds continued one by one.

"Duan Xiaolong is up.”



Stage A stirred with excitement.

A gallant young man stepped onto the stage.

"Duan Xiaolong!"

Chen Yu took notice. He had often heard of this legendary outer sect figure.

Duan Xiaolong was over twenty years old, yet his face carried a hint of world-weariness, his deep eyes exuding a mature aura.

His appearance drew reverent looks from the disciples.

"Senior Brother Duan, I should admit defeat, but it's an honor to face you."

Opposite stood a nervous mid-stage Meridian Passage youth.

Iron Plow Fist!

With that, the youth unleashed his full power, his punch roaring like a storm.

Ah?

Chen Yu noticed the youth was using the “Iron Plow Fist,” a style he was familiar with, approaching Great Success.

The punch’s might was substantial.

Chen Yu instinctively placed himself in the youth’s position.

Iron Plow Fist!

A powerful punch aimed directly at Duan Xiaolong’s face.

Duan Xiaolong remained unmoved, his expression indifferent, waiting until the punch was fully extended and beyond retraction... then he acted!

Smack!

A rough hand caught the youth's wrist.

The youth's body trembled, frozen stiff.

Simultaneously.

Below the stage, Chen Yu felt a jolt. At that instant, he had placed himself "in" the youth's position.

Duan Xiaolong's grip felt like it had clamped onto a snake's vital point.

Chen Yu's face turned solemn.

Although he had greater strength and superior fists, if his wrist were to be caught in such a grip, how could he exert his power?

Duan Xiaolong's attack exuded an immensely seasoned simplicity, transforming complexity into straightforwardness.

"I concede."

The youth's face flushed red, his wrist seeming trapped by iron pincers, unable to move.

Duan Xiaolong's first appearance was so simple and unadorned.

Below the stage, disciples aiming for the top spot or top three wore grim expressions.

"Impressive indeed."

A soft chuckle came from an elegant youth with a folding fan in hand.

At this moment, only the top outer sect prodigy, "Nangong Li," could evaluate with such ease.

As fate would have it.

Shortly after Duan Xiaolong appeared, Nangong Li took the stage.

Stage B.

Nangong Li wielded his folding fan, facing a stern youth wielding a long spear.

"Nangong Li versus Yang Fan."

Many eager gazes converged on Stage B.

Yang Fan, gripping his silver spear, appeared grim. He knew Nangong Li was strong, but even in losing his first match, he couldn't afford to lose too drastically.

Furious Wind Spear!

Yang Fan shook his silver spear, unleashing a frenzied storm of spear shadows and flashes like a furious dragon toward Nangong Li.

Among the outer sect's top ten, regardless of power, speed, or timing, there was no room for criticism.

"This Yang Fan's strength is even greater than the day he faced me."

Chen Yu thought to himself.

At the outer sect exchange meeting, he had fought Yang Fan to an even match.

"Haha, not too bad indeed."

Nangong Li, holding his folding fan, neither dodged nor evaded but spun directly.

Thwack!

The fan carried a strong rotational force, striking Yang Fan's silver spear.

What?

Yang Fan's face changed dramatically, feeling his silver spear was being pushed uncontrollably toward the ground.

"No way! Sweep

Yang Fan reacted well, using the force to vibrate inner breath through the silver spear, sweeping a chilling arc toward Nangong Li's lower body.

Bravo!

The onlookers couldn't help but cheer. The top ten in the outer sect were no pushovers.

Hehe.

A playful laugh suddenly echoed from mid-air.

Swish!

Leaving an afterimage behind, Nangong Li leapt into the air, stepping forward with a foot.

That foot landed on Yang Fan's silver spear.

Not good!

Yang Fan felt an odd, sticky soft force on his spear shaft, yet incredibly heavy, pressing upon him.

Thump!

The next moment, Nangong Li leapt along the silver spear, delivering a kick to Yang Fan's shoulder.

Boom!

Yang Fan was struck by a tremendous inner breath, sent flying with a trickle of blood at his lips, his silver spear falling to the ground.

Nangong Li won!

In playful banter, Nangong Li's prowess as the top prodigy was undeniable.

"This Nangong Li, his movement speed is even beyond Le Feng, and he was merely toying just now."

Chen Yu observed astutely.

Among the opponents who had appeared so far, only Nangong Li and Duan Xiaolong remained elusive to him.

At a certain moment.



"Number 99 versus Number 106."

Stage B, the Law Enforcer called out loudly.

99?

Chen Yu's heart skipped a beat. It was his turn to appear!

Stage B.

Chen Yu stepped onto the stage, facing a thin opponent.

The thin youth, like him, was at the mid-stage Meridian Passage, channeling inner breath and preparing to attack.

"Chen Yu!"

"Isn't he the guy who snagged 'Mu Xueqing' by going soft?"

A commotion suddenly arose from the crowd.

Amidst them were jealous, disdainful, and hostile glances.

"Xueqing?"

In the central pavilion, Grandmaster Xia uttered softly.

"Junior Sister Xia, it seems Mu Xueqing is your recent disciple that they mentioned?"

The Yunyue Sect Master chuckled.

"Hmm."

Grandmaster Xia nodded. Mu Xueqing was indeed her disciple.

At this moment, her eyebrows furrowed slightly as she watched the youth on stage, seemingly having some entanglement with her female disciple.

On stage, the battle began!

Three-inch Fist!

The thin youth struck with incredible speed, inner breath howling from his fists, almost instantly reaching Chen Yu's face.

Chen Yu initially intended to strike back with a fist.

But he suddenly recalled how he had kicked the short youth from the Iron Sword Sect into an internal injury with a single strike.

And now, a mid-stage Meridian Passage thin youth might not withstand his strength.

Hmm... after all, they were fellow sect members, there was no need to be too harsh.

Thinking thus.

He switched from a fist to a grab.

Smack!

Chen Yu's hand caught the opponent's fist.

The thin youth's face changed, feeling as if the opponent's hand were an immovable hand of Buddha.

"Up you go."

Chen Yu swung his arm, tossing the youth off the martial arts stage, almost like throwing a ball.

Because.

He remembered a rule, once off the stage, the opponent lost.

Thud! Boom! Boom!

Like a sandbag, the youth was thrown off the stage, crashing into a few disciples.

An uproar erupted below the stage.

"Ugh!" Someone got knocked down, becoming a human cushion.

"Wow! A flying person."

"What's with throwing people in this match?"

Stage B.

Two Law Enforcers stood in shock for a moment, casting a strange look at Chen Yu, then declared him the winner.