

Eternal Heart 43

Chapter 43: Continue Throwing

In the midst of an uproar and shouting, Chen Yu won the first round.

"Hmph! That kid stole the spotlight; if he meets me or Senior Brother Hu, we'll make him crawl off the stage himself," Huang Yuan said maliciously.

He was increasingly displeased with Chen Yu! Previously, it was because of his failed pursuit of Mu Xueqing and Wang Lingyun fanning the flames.

Later, he discovered that Chen Yu and Le Feng were getting closer, which made his hatred grow.

"His skills aren't bad. Sooner or later, we'll meet," Hu Yiba said sinisterly.

The first round of eliminations would consist of about ten matches, gradually eliminating some opponents during the competition.

There was one strict rule.

If someone lost three points, they would be eliminated.

Judging by Chen Yu's performance, it was unlikely he'd be eliminated, so they'd eventually meet.

Not long after, Hu Yiba mounted the martial stage.

With his fierce gaze and the style of his yin-yang haircut, as the overlord of the outer sect, he made the arena fall silent.

His opponent was a short-haired boy at the Mid-stage Meridian Passage level.

"Hu Yiba the short-haired boy shivered in fear, ready to admit defeat.

"Get out!"

A gust of wind swept over. Hu Yiba, like a fierce panther, exploded with terrifying speed and landed a massive punch on the boy's face.

Crack!

The short-haired boy screamed, blood streaming down his face, his nasal bone broken.

Hu Yiba wasn't finished yet; he raised his foot to stomp down.

If this stomp landed, the boy would likely be bedridden for half a month.

"Stop!"

A blurred figure flashed over, reaching out to block Hu Yiba's foot.

The one who intervened was the law enforcer referee.

As a referee, the enforcer's cultivation was at least at the Peak of Refining and excelled in speed.

Hu Yiba laughed heartily and swaggered off.

Some disciples in the audience looked fearful and instinctively distanced from him.

"This Hu Yiba just now didn't use his specialty, the 'Overlord Halberd Technique, Le Feng muttered.

Hu Yiba was a formidable rival he must face in his pursuit of the top three!

In the afternoon, the second round of random matches began.

This time, Chen Yu took the stage relatively early and was quickly drawn at random.

Opposite Chen Yu stood a big boy with a burly build.

"Ha... it's you! Dude, I've admired you for a long time! Could you teach me how you won over Mu Xueqing? How's the taste of living off a woman

The big boy turned out to be a chatterbox.

Chen Yu:

The big boy stared at Chen Yu with admiration, incessantly expressing his admiration.

"In the match, no idle talk allowed! Otherwise, you'll be disqualified the referee's face twitched.

The audience erupted in laughter.

Chen Yu's figure flickered, and he directly reached out to grab the big boy.

"Dude, you want to toss me? That's not gonna happen. I'm not like that skinny fellow earlier. Back in the village

The big boy wasn't stupid either; he saw through Chen Yu's intention.

With great confidence, he stood his ground, surprisingly not dodging.

"Down you go!"

Chen Yu grabbed his arm and gave it a shake.

Even though this big boy was nearly twice as heavy as the skinny fellow before, to someone like Chen Yu, the human-shaped beast, it made little difference.

"Ah! No

The big boy exclaimed as his body lifted off the ground.

"Swoosh-thud."

In the next instant, he was hurled off the martial stage like a sandbag.

Thud, thud.

Below the martial stage, a few who reacted slowly became human cushions.

"Damn it! Not again!"

"To hell with it, why does it keep landing on me?"

The crowd erupted into chaos, cursing and swearing all around.

This time, the big boy's toss affected a larger area, hitting over a dozen people.

"Number 99 wins."

The referee, with a peculiar expression, waved his flag.

Chen Yu, with a smile, walked off the stage amidst the cursing and complaints.

At this time, he had won two consecutive matches, earning two points, which was a decent start.

As the sun set, the third round of random matches had already begun.

Duan Xiaolong, Nangong Li, Hu Yiba, and other strong disciples secured their third consecutive wins.

In fact, the opponents of these few people admitted defeat right from the start.

Especially Hu Yiba; his opponent was so frightened he surrendered before the referee even announced the start.

As night fell, Chen Yu's third match began.

When he took the stage, "boo" sounds came from below, along with some dissatisfied curses.

"This time, be careful, and don't get hit!"

Some disciples, who had been hit before, were on high alert.

"Begin."

The referee glanced at Chen Yu, remembering him.

This time, opposite stood a handsome and elegant young man.

"Chen Yu, right?"

The handsome man tidied his hair, flashing a charming smile. "Perhaps I may not be your match, but using those previous tricks on me won't work."

This man was confident and self-absorbed.

"Hey! Last year's competition's top twenty 'Yun Xi'!"

"Isn't this guy always calling himself the most handsome man in Yunyue?"

The appearance of the handsome man drew some sidelong glances and discussions.

Apparently, he was a notable figure.

"Make your move."

Chen Yu, expressionless, approached Yun Xi with incredible speed.

He still reached out to grab.

"Haha, I told you, it's not working!"

Yun Xi smoothly brushed his forehead, sliding sideways more than ten feet.

Hmm!

Chen Yu's grab missed. This Yun Xi's movement technique was nearly on par with Le Feng's level.

However, Chen Yu reacted extremely fast.

His feet launched 'Cloud Stepping,' making a bizarre pivot to intercept Yun Xi.

Yun Xi was surprised; he hadn't expected Chen Yu to be so fast.

"That footwork... looks a bit like Le Feng's 'Cloud Stepping,' not much worse than Le Feng's."

A low whisper rose from the audience.

Even Le Feng himself was surprised.

Clearly, he hadn't expected Chen Yu's 'Cloud Stepping' to reach such a level of mastery.

On the stage, Yun Xi was intercepted by Chen Yu, unable to avoid a frontal clash.

Whoosh, pop!

He swung a palm, accompanied by a sinister internal breath, directing a gale at Chen Yu's face.

Simultaneously, Yun Xi was cautious not to let Chen Yu grab hold of him.

Being thrown off the stage and embarrassing himself was unacceptable to him.

Thump!

Chen Yu met his sinister palm with a punch.

Instantly, a huge force made Yun Xi's arm numb, forcing him back, off-balance.

"Hehe."

Chen Yu reached out, grabbing Yun Xi's shoulder.

"No

Yun Xi's body lifted, already caught in mid-air.

No matter whether he wished or not, his body flew off the stage with a "whoosh."

Chen Yu's throw was quite strong, ensuring Yun Xi couldn't flip back in mid-air.

"Ah! Someone, catch me

Yun Xi's body soared into the crowd.

Get out of the way!

This time, everyone was prepared, quickly clearing a space.

"Thud," a cloud of dust rose.

Yun Xi landed face first, sprawled out, holding his head and sobbing, "My face, my face...."

Chen Yu shrugged and descended from the stage.

This time, the disciples below looked at him with a different gaze.

Once could be luck; twice, coincidence.

But the third time, with his opponent Yun Xi's impressive movement technique, being able to crack the top twenty...

Yet he still couldn't escape Chen Yu's "throw move."

...

Cloud Sky Peak.

After three rounds of random fights, it was late, and the disciples went back to rest for the night.

The next morning.

The disciples regrouped at Cloud Sky Peak.

Today.

In front of the two martial stages, appeared a rectangular board, engraved with some array patterns.

"Activate!"

A Black Robed Elder flicked his finger in the air, a visible pale blue energy chain merged into the “Array Board.”

Buzz!

On the Array Board, some numbers and names illuminated, displaying results:

Number 12, Nangong Li, 3 points

Number 49, Le Feng, 3 points

Number 58, Duan Xiaolong, 3 points

...

Number 78, Hu Yiba, 3 points

Number 99, Chen Yu, 3 points.

...

In front of the Array Board, the names shone brightly, recording those ranked at the top with more points.

The back of the Array Board bore dim names:

Number 2, Zhang Fenglin, -3 points

Number 7, Wei Yun, -3 points

Number 16, Li Xian, -3 points

...

"Sigh, bad luck, eliminated so soon

The dim names represented the eliminated disciples.

In the elimination round, a score of -3 would kick one out.

Yesterday's three rounds had dismissed a batch of Early-stage Meridian Passage disciples scraping the bottom.

A new day.

The fourth round of random matches quickly commenced.

"Number 99 against Number 80."

The referee's voice rang out.

Chen Yu was taken aback; he hadn't expected to be first.

Below.

Some disciples looked wary, "That guy's up again; everyone be careful."

This time.

Chen Yu's opponent was a charming and attractive young lady, with a beautiful face and eyes like autumn water, invoking pity.

"My name is Jiang Yun'er," she said with a sweet smile that could melt hearts. "I hope Senior Brother will show mercy and not throw me."

Jiang Yun'er!

Some male disciples below instinctively licked their lips; her charming femininity made hearts race.

"This Jiang Yun'er almost made it into the top twenty in last year's competition."

"Hey! Maybe Chen Yu will trip if he falls for her beauty trap."

Some disciples commented with interest.

"Sure, sure," Chen Yu said, softening slightly at her tender voice.

Tap!

With a delightful fragrance, Jiang Yun'er leaped into the air, delivering a series of graceful flying kicks.

Cloud Soft Leg!

The girl's figure spun mid-air, seemingly gentle taps.

At the first encounter, Chen Yu's face changed slightly.

Boom, snap!

Fist clashing, a malicious internal force surged from her slender leg, piercing his vitals.

"Rise!"

Chen Yu's hand subtly swelled, a copper sheen emerging, as he grabbed the girl's slender leg.

A muted groan escaped Jiang Yun'er in mid-air, her delicate leg numb.

"Hmm! This feels different."

Grabbing her, Chen Yu sensed a softness and elasticity, much unlike the ones before.

Perhaps by instinct.

Without much thought, he flung her out.

"Ah

With a scream, Jiang Yun'er unbalanced, sent flying off the stage by an overwhelming force.

"Wow! It's a beauty!"

"Quick, quick

Some disciples below rushed to catch Jiang Yun'er.

This was a golden opportunity to play hero and save the damsel!

At worst, they could take advantage of the situation and cop a feel.

In an instant, chaos broke out below, with even some trampling.

Thump, boom! Ahh, ahh...

Some disciples ended with head injuries, those trampled let out pig-slaughtering screams.

A few disciples, vying for the chance to “hold the beauty,” started fighting on the spot, punches and kicks flying.