

Eternal Heart 44

Chapter 44: The Rise of the Dark Horse

Cloud Sky Peak.

A small chaos below the stage stirred the entire crowd.

The charming girl “Jiang Yun’er” descended from the sky, causing the male disciples to “scramble” madly.

Each of these people wanted to be the hero who saves the beauty and wins her heart. At the very least, they wanted to take advantage of the situation.

The number of participants reached as many as twenty, with dozens more getting caught in the crossfire.

"Ah! I got here first!"

"Everyone get out of my way...the beauty is mine!"

In the crowd, some disciples collided with one another, heads bleeding.

At least five or six people were trampled and hurt, letting out miserable wails.

Long-Arm Fist!

Willow Leaf Thirteen Slashes!

Amidst the chaotic grabbing, it was not uncommon for fights to break out, the sound of clashing and banging echoing without cease.

The final result.

In the melee and hindrance, none managed to hold on to the beauty.

"Ah!"

A shrill scream was heard as Jiang Yun'er's graceful body crashed into the crowd, her face turning red in an instant.

Several male disciples who were struck scrambled to embrace and pull at the young girl.

"Get lost, all of you!"

Jiang Yun'er erupted in anger, sending several male disciples trying to take advantage of the situation flying with a kick.

"Thud!"

Dust flew up as a few more were knocked over in the crowd.

"Silence!"

A dignified voice, bearing a powerful aura of authority, descended from the air.

Instantly.

The disciples below felt as if struck by a heavy hammer, their breath and blood flow coming to a halt.

The entire scene quieted down.

The voice filled with pressure came from the pavilion in the center.

The Yunyue Sect Master's indifferent gaze swept over the disciples below, bringing the scene under control.

However.

The earlier spectacle left the mid-level and high-level leaders of the sect exchanging glances, expressions strange.

In the central pavilion.

"Is this the barbaric boy entangled emotionally with Junior Sister Xia's female disciple?"

The White-bearded Elder squinted his eyes, examining Chen Yu.

Suddenly, he found that the youth seemed somewhat familiar.

Oh...he remembered, at the Heavenly Martial Pavilion, this boy had obtained the "Copper Statue Technique" from "Old Man Mao." He wondered how the progress was going.

The White-bearded Elder, who was also Nangong Li's grandfather, had a glint in his eyes.

"Hmph! Such a coarse and unruly child disrupting the competition's order, Sect Master Senior Brother, don't you think his qualification for the competition should be revoked?"

Grandmaster Xia slightly furrowed her eyebrows, her elegant and beautiful face showing a hint of displeasure.

Evidently.

The renowned "Fairy Xia Yu," Grandmaster Xia, was discontent with Chen Yu's behavior.

Chen Yu's ungentlemanly manner of not cherishing women was enough to make most women dislike him.

Moreover.

There were some emotional entanglements between Chen Yu and Grandmaster Xia's female disciple, Mu Xueqing.

"Revoking his competition qualification?"

The Yunyue Sect Master shook his head and said, "That might be making a mountain out of a molehill. This boy hasn't violated the competition rules; as long as he makes his opponent leave the martial stage, it counts as a win for him, no room for criticism. Besides, he has not maliciously injured any disciple."

He secretly muttered to himself, that boy really didn't know how to cherish tender beauties. Such a delicate girl, directly thrown off the stage.

Xia Xian was speechless, indeed unable to fault Chen Yu for any fundamental error.

"Chen Yu! This disgrace today, I, Jiang Yun'er, will not let slide! Just you wait

Jiang Yun'er, feeling humiliated and angry, glared at Chen Yu with a face of hostility.

Chen Yu touched his nose, the hand that grabbed the girl's slender leg still had a faint fragrance. He took a deep breath of it.

Had he known there would be retaliation, he would have pinched more.

Alas.

Chen Yu shook his head, showing some regret. His expression and actions drove Jiang Yun'er to the point where her face turned blood red, nearly causing her to lose control on the spot.

After this battle, Chen Yu won four consecutive matches!

Swoosh!

On the array board, Chen Yu's name suddenly rose to first place.

Number 99, Chen Yu, 4 points.

Because he was the first to enter the fourth round's random battle, he temporarily held the top spot.

"What the hell! Is this fair?"

"This guy casually throws people around and ranks first."

Below the stage, the crowd of disciples was speechless, especially those who were "thrown, being smashed."

On the other side.

In the circle of villains, Hu Yiba, Huang Yuan, Wang Lingyun, and others had extremely somber expressions.

"Winning four consecutive matches, temporarily first! Could this kid be the 'dark horse' of this year's competition?"

Yang Fan murmured softly.

If it were him and with decent luck, he might win four matches in a row, but he feared he couldn't achieve Chen Yu's level of casually throwing people to win.

"Don't worry. This kid is only strong."

Wang Lingyun said grimly.

The term dark horse weighed heavily on his heart.

It was what he worried about most, yet it was about to happen.

"Strong?"

Huang Yuan and Hu Yiba grinned at this.

Speaking of strength.

Among the top ten from the external sect, several were exceedingly powerful.

Just at the moment.

Huang Yuan had been practicing his family's horizontal training of external skills since childhood, overpowering peers and could casually stomp ordinary Meridian Passage Stage cultivators.

Hu Yiba practiced his family's "Overlord Halberd Technique." The word "Overlord" alone suggested how formidable his strength was.

Only the two did not know, Wang Lingyun's appraisal of Chen Yu was reserved. The biggest trait of Chen Yu's "Copper Statue Technique" wasn't just great strength.

Time passed.

The fourth round's random battle swiftly went by.

This round saw the elimination of some not so strong disciples.

Of course, some were quite capable but had terribly bad luck, like encountering top ten or top twenty disciples consecutively.

At the moment on the array board.

There were only two to three dozen people who managed to maintain an unbeaten record.

Even top ten disciples from the previous year couldn't guarantee a winning streak.

For example, Yang Fan faced Nangong Li in the first round and lost one match, resulting in three wins and one loss.

The elimination round, the fifth round, began.

Before long.

Chen Yu appeared again, drawing a round of boos and vigilance from the disciples below.

"Chen Yu, you'd better not throw people around again. Some big figures above think you're suspected of disrupting the order."

A voice sounded in Chen Yu's ear.

Chen Yu glanced sideways, seeing it was the enforcing judge beside him whispering.

Transmitting sound secretly required at least the Organ Refining Stage to perform.

No more throwing people?

Chen Yu muttered to himself, wondering which big shot he might have offended.

"Alright! No more throwing if that's the case."

Chen Yu didn't mind, looking at a boy across from him.

"Don't throw me...I surrender!"

The boy on the opposite side, only at the Mid-stage Meridian Passage, knew he was no match for Chen Yu, so he quickly surrendered.

Losing was a minor issue, but being thrown off the stage was highly embarrassing.

He surrendered immediately!

This was the first time Chen Yu encountered such a situation since the competition began.

It seemed his reputation was gradually being established in the minds of the disciples.

Five consecutive wins!

Chen Yu grinned and stepped off the martial stage.

The fifth round of the competition ended even quicker.

On one hand, some contestants were eliminated, reducing the number.

Moreover, strong figures like Duan Xiaolong, Hu Yiba, and Nangong Li, their opponents would all decisively surrender.

After the fifth round ended.

A glance at the ranking on the array board.

"Five consecutive wins, only twenty-three left

The ranking on the array board attracted numerous gazes.

Of course, several dim names appeared, indicating more disciples had been eliminated.

The sixth round began!

In the ensuing battles, strong disciples frequently faced off, fighting fiercely and intensely.

Among them.

A particular match caused an uproar.

"Iron Sand Palm!"

A slightly dark-faced youth raised a surge of fiery internal energy in his palm, like a clump of hot iron sand, exuding an astonishing aura.

His opponent was a square-faced man.

"Bang!"

The youth, with a palm as hot as molten iron, forced the square-faced man to retreat continuously.

"How can that be! Who is that youth, who even forces the eleventh place 'Zheng Dong' from the previous session to struggle in defense."

"Iron Sand Palm? Isn't this a low-level martial art?"

The disciples below couldn't help but exclaim.

A low-level boxing technique managed to suppress Zheng Dong, who ranked eleventh.

"Boxing pinnacle!"

Chen Yu saw the peculiarity.

Outside the arena, some mid-level and high-level sect members were somewhat surprised.

Mastering a martial art to its culmination and comprehending its essence was no easy feat.

Even a low-level martial art that reached its pinnacle had astounding power.

Moreover, that youth had a cultivation at the Late-stage Meridian Passage.

After several rounds.

Boom!

The square-faced man “Zheng Dong” was knocked off the martial stage.

"Inferior to you."

The youth's voice was calm, not arrogant or impatient.

Swoosh!

On the array board, the youth “Cao Lei’s” name suddenly leapt to the forefront.

On closer inspection.

The youth Cao Lei’s record was actually six consecutive wins!

"A dark horse! Another dark horse!"

"I’ve seen this kid; he was always practicing hard with his head down. I didn’t expect him to surprise everyone today."

Some disciples were whispering privately.

Cao Lei’s combat performance, breaking into the top ten was not too difficult.

"Number 99 versus number 33."

The judge's voice sounded, and it was Chen Yu's turn to be on stage again.

On the martial stage.

"Wang Lingyun!"

Chen Yu looked at the familiar Green-clothed Youth opposite him, unable to refrain from being surprised.

Number 33 was Wang Lingyun.

Chen Yu's lips curled into a playful smile.

The competition had reached the sixth round, and he finally encountered Wang Lingyun.

"Darn it!"

Wang Lingyun realized the trouble. But to immediately surrender in front of Chen Yu, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

Even if he was going to lose, he wanted to lose with dignity.

Wang Lingyun made plans in his mind, remaining vigilant; he couldn't afford to be thrown off the stage.

Iron Cloud Claw!

Wang Lingyun stepped forward steadily, his single claw slicing through with fierce internal energy, the whistling energy sharp and ear-piercing, sending a chill down one's spine.

Compared to last time, Wang Lingyun's martial skill proficiency had clearly improved.

"Break!"

Chen Yu struck with a fist, the immense force and overwhelming internal energy directly making Wang Lingyun stagger.

Poof!

Blood oozed from the corner of Wang Lingyun's mouth, and he looked horrified; he never imagined he couldn't even withstand a punch.

Immediately, the figure of the youth opposite him blurred.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind came, and Wang Lingyun inwardly cursed, fearing that Chen Yu was going to throw him out.

However.

The ensuing sensation was not that of being grabbed.

Bam!

A heavy foot kicked Wang Lingyun's behind.

"Ah-hiss

Wang Lingyun felt a piercing pain from his nether region, letting out a mournful howl.

Thud!

In the next moment, a powerful kick sent him flying off the martial stage.

Crash!

A few disciples below were on guard and moved aside, causing Wang Lingyun to fall face-first into the ground.

However.

What surprised everyone this time was, Chen Yu didn't throw anyone; instead, he used his foot.

"Ah! My butt

Wang Lingyun struggled to get up, sweat pouring from his forehead. He pressed a hand on his bottom, walking lamely like an old cripple.

The judge was utterly dumbfounded, giving Chen Yu a look.

"I didn't throw anyone this time. Is kicking off not allowed either?"

Chen Yu whispered.

The judge's face twitched, waving the flag to declare Chen Yu's sixth consecutive victory!