

Eternal Heart 45

Chapter 45: The Ambush Begins

The tragic fate of Wang Lingyun sent a chill through the hearts of many disciples watching.

In comparison, Chen Yu's previous act of "throwing people" still seemed like a "gentle" gesture.

"Chen Yu! I will repay today's humiliation tenfold!"

Wang Lingyun gritted his teeth, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes showed unprecedented malice.

He had come to understand.

In the Yunyue Sect, only one between him and Chen Yu could remain.

Chen Yu walked down from the stage, naturally sensing Wang Lingyun's venomous gaze; he resolved to eliminate this man if given a good opportunity!

Though he had surpassed Wang Lingyun, he didn't want to constantly guard against this hidden viper.

The sixth round of competition proceeded in an orderly manner.

Up to now, only over seventy disciples remained uneliminated on the field.

In other words,

By this stage of the elimination match, nearly two-thirds of the disciples had been eliminated.

Duan Xiaolong, Nangong Li, Hu Yiba, and others remained as strong as ever; their opponents basically conceded.

Toward the end of the sixth round, a battle piqued attention.

"Get lost!"

A man with slanted eyebrows shouted harshly, wielding in his hand a black iron rod that whistled with a dull roar, bolstered by thick internal energy, making it astoundingly powerful.

"It's Fang Xing!"

"This guy was eighth in last year's competition; he's made great advances in skill this year."

Many disciples recognized Fang Xing.

Fang Xing's opponent was a graceful woman wielding a soft sword, executing a flurry of agile sword shadows.

"Tong Yuling."

Chen Yu recognized this woman at a glance; she was Senior Sister Tong, who had once helped him kill Blood-Handed Bald.

What surprised Chen Yu was that Tong Yuling could calmly contend with Fang Xing.

In his memory,

Tong Yuling's strength probably ranked within the top fifteen of the Outer Disciples, somewhat below Fang Xing and Yang Fan in the top ten.

"Sweep the world with my rod!"

The man with slanted eyebrows, Fang Xing, had internal energy roaring explosively on his iron rod, suddenly swinging out a column-like rod shadow, with a momentum to split mountains and sweep away legions with a single strike.

The power and force of that swing were undoubtedly an almost ultimate strike of the Meridian Passage Stage level.

"Spirit Snake Sword Dance!"

Tong Yuling retreated not in the slightest, her soft sword vibrating, seemingly transforming into a lively sword-snake, bursting with an astounding cold rainbow of internal energy, with a faint blood sheen glinting across its surface.

That sword was not only strangely agile; the internal energy erupting from the sword surpassed Fang Xing's.

Rip!

The snake-like sword struck the iron rod, causing Fang Xing's body to tremble, showing an expression of disbelief.

In the next moment,

Tong Yuling followed up, the cold light and blood gleam intertwined on her soft sword, twining around the iron rod, and giving it a fierce twist.

"No!"

Fang Xing shouted in shock, as the iron rod flew out of his hand.

With a clang,

The iron rod fell to the ground from midair, leaving Fang Xing looking disoriented and incredulous.

"How could it be... My cultivation has reached the peak of the Meridian Passage; I could contend for the top five."

Fang Xing couldn't accept reality.

In the previous competition, he was the tenth of the Outer Disciples, but losing to the seventh Huang Yuan was just an oversight.

In this competition, he had made considerable progress, aiming for the top five. With slightly improved performance, he might catch the attention of a prominent figure in the sect, or even enter the Inner Sect.

In the earlier fights, he won several matches straight, without meeting too strong opponents, and his luck was decent.

Unexpectedly,

In this sixth match, he lost to a previous underling.

Before the array board,

A Black Robed Elder pointed a finger, and a faint blue chain of energy visible to the naked eye struck the array board.

Swish!

On the array board, Tong Yuling's ranking jumped upward.

It was seen that Tong Yuling's record was also six wins in a row, tying with Nangong Li, Le Feng, Chen Yu, and others.

"Another dark horse!"

"Tong Yuling has improved greatly; judging from her previous strength, she could contend for the top five."

The audience buzzed with discussion.

Chen Yu and Le Feng showed surprise on their faces.

Tong Yuling, however, walked down with a smiling face, displaying a natural demeanor for her victory.

"Last time when Blood-Handed Bald was killed, Tong Yuling did not have this strength. Could it be that she recently had some chance encounter?"

Chen Yu pondered.

If Tong Yuling had such strength, she could have killed Blood-Handed Bald alone last time.

However, Chen Yu quickly figured it out.

The sect world was mysterious and fantastical, with not only him gaining opportunities, but potentially many others like him.

Not long after,

The sixth round's random match concluded.

After six battles, only nineteen people still maintained a winning streak!

"That guy actually made it to the top twenty."

Wang Lingyun was begrudging and unwilling.

Given this trend, Chen Yu would face no pressure to enter the "ranking match" of the next round, as long as his luck wasn't too bad.

"Don't worry! He just had a bit of good luck without facing any disciples in the top ten."

Huang Yuan spoke in a cold voice.

"The remaining number of disciples is getting fewer, so the chance of meeting a top disciple is already quite high."

Hu Yiba's mouth curled into a cruel smile.

Indeed,

After rounds of elimination, the remaining disciples were increasingly fewer.

"Ladies and gentlemen."

Wang Lingyun gritted his teeth suddenly, "If any of you can defeat Chen Yu and block his winning streak, I, Wang Lingyun, offer a fifty-year-old Spirit Worm Grass, along with five hundred Grade Essence Stones."

On hearing this,

Several people within the "villain circle" glanced at Wang Lingyun in surprise.

A fifty-year-old Spirit Worm Grass, plus five hundred Grade Essence Stones, was already a significant sum for an Outer Disciple.

Even for someone like Wang Lingyun, a Young Master from a family, it was a rare resource.

"And me, adding another thousand Grade Essence Stones. Whoever can teach Chen Yu a lesson on stage will get these thousand Essence Stones."

A soft girl's voice chimed in.

The crowd turned to look and saw a charming young girl, none other than Jiang Yun'er.

Jiang Yun'er, as a hugely popular beauty, being thrown off the stage by Chen Yu in public, had experienced a rare sense of humiliation and resentment.

"Deal."

Hu Yiba and Huang Yuan exchanged a glance, both revealing smiles.

In total, one thousand five hundred Grade Essence Stones, plus a fifty-year-old Spirit Worm Grass—this was very tempting.

Moreover,

Accomplishing this might also earn Jiang Yun'er's favor.

"Haha! Such a great deal, can we join in too?"

Several figures, overhearing, approached the area.

The bounty offered by Wang Lingyun and Jiang Yun'er was enough to rouse any Outer Disciple's interest.

"Of course."

Wang Lingyun was overjoyed.

If relying on his personal power alone, he wouldn't have such a high appeal, but with the addition of Jiang Yun'er, the effect multiplied.

In an instant,

A total of five or six Outer Disciples were gearing up, eager for the battle against Chen Yu.

A "blockade operation" officially began!

Those participating in this operation had at least the strength of the top fifteen or top ten among the Outer Disciples.

Including fifth-ranked Hu Yiba, seventh-ranked Huang Yuan, and ninth-ranked Yang Fan, also joining were sixth-ranked Cheng Jun and tenth-ranked Xu Jing.

"Tsk tsk, it seems Chen Yu has aroused the public's indignation among the Outer Disciples."

"Who can resist the allure of beauty and Essence Stones? If only my strength were formidable, sigh

Some nearby disciples couldn't help but sympathetically gaze at Chen Yu.

"Block my winning streak?"

Chen Yu soon received the news, since the action over there wasn't exactly concealed.

Upon learning of the rich rewards, Chen Yu shook his head and sighed, "It's enough to make even me tempted

He almost wished he could knock himself out with a punch and fall into the embrace of beauty and Essence Stones.

The elimination match quickly reached the seventh round.

Finally, those involved in the “blockade storm” had their chance.

"Number 99 versus Number 132."

As the referee’s voice sounded, a figure in the crowd excitedly leaped onto the stage.

"Hahaha! I got it

A rustic youth carrying an axe surged onto the stage with joy.

The other participants in the blockade showed looks of regret.

Chen Yu stood on the stage, looking in amazement at the eager rustic youth, as if seeing a mountain of gold and silver and a stunning beauty on his body.

He remembered this person—he was “Xu Jing,” the tenth-ranked in the previous year’s competition.

"Begin!"

As soon as the referee's voice fell, the rustic youth, "Xu Jing," swung up his axe, charging forward.

Whoosh!

The axe tore through the air with the sound of cloth ripping. With immense force and roaring internal energy bolstering it, the axe seemed to transform into a frenzied iron ox.

Confronted with such momentum, Chen Yu wouldn't willingly meet it head-on if he wasn't operating the Copper Statue Technique.

After all, the opponent was utilizing a heavy weapon.

Swish!

As the axe swung down, Chen Yu's body suddenly shattered and vanished.

Missed!

However, the rustic youth Xu Jing reacted quite fast, swinging the axe horizontally again toward where Chen Yu appeared beside him.

But this time,

Chen Yu's movement and steps suddenly shifted, cutting in with an uncanny twist.

Rip!

The axe missed again, and Chen Yu suddenly closed in.

"Such speed—it looks familiar."

"Isn't that the Cloud Stepping technique? It appears as effective as Le Feng's own."

The crowd stirred in astonishment.

Not good!

When Xu Jing missed with his axe, he felt something was amiss. Though his axe was heavy and powerful, it was easily countered by powerful movement techniques.

"Open!"

The moment Chen Yu cut in, he punched, unleashing an overbearing and sinister breath within the hefty punch.

In a scramble, Xu Jing barely retrieved his axe to block the powerful punch.

Thud!

The domineering internal energy and violent force from the punch directly sent Xu Jing stumbling back several steps, his blood surging.

Before he could steady himself, the Chen Yu in front of him vanished once more.

"Damn it!"

Just as Xu Jing steadied, a fierce wind came from behind, but it was too late to react.

Next, intense pain shot from his butt,

A thud was heard.

A foot from behind kicked Xu Jing, sent him flying mid-air covering his rear, letting out a heart-wrenching howl.

Thump!

Following Wang Lingyun, another person was kicked off the stage by Chen Yu.

A momentary dead silence fell over the crowd before another storm of astonishment surged.

"This was top ten from last year, lost so miserably."

"Did you notice that Chen Yu's movement technique is exactly the same as Le Feng's, without lacking in precision?"

The disciples below, some amazed, some thoughtful.

The astute ones noticed something peculiar about Chen Yu's movement technique.

Without it, he could not have won so easily. The entire process was basically dominated by movement over last year's tenth-ranked Xu Jing.

"How could it be! His Cloud Stepping technique has reached the same level of Great Success as mine!"

Le Feng's face shifted unpredictably.