

Eternal Heart 46

Chapter 46: Spiritual Secret Technique

Chen Yu's victory was undoubtedly a significant blow to Wang Lingyun, who had proposed the "interception action."

Defeating Xu Jing from the top ten last year cemented Chen Yu's position as a strong dark horse.

This year's outer sect tournament produced three major dark horses, namely, Tong Yuling, Chen Yu, and Cao Lei.

In the past, these three did not stand out.

But this time, all three defeated opponents from the top ten and achieved six consecutive victories!

Among those who felt most complicated about Chen Yu's victory was Le Feng!

Three months ago.

"Cloud Stepping" fell into Chen Yu's hands, which was not his original wish, this was already an accident.

To prevent "Cloud Stepping" from being leaked by Chen Yu, Le Feng specially stepped out and offered a plant of "Primordial Pearl Grass" to win him over.

But unexpectedly.

Chen Yu, a disciple once on the edge, managed to cultivate the “Cloud Stepping” to the realm of Great Achievement.

One could say this was an accident within an accident.

"Interesting."

In a corner below the stage, Nangong Li, holding a folding fan, glanced with interest at Chen Yu and Le Feng.

As early as the “Outer Sect Exchange Meeting,” Nangong Li had noticed that Chen Yu was not simple.

Of course.

He was merely a little interested in Chen Yu and couldn’t consider him an opponent yet.

Nangong Li’s only opponent was Duan Xiaolong!

So far in the tournament.

Neither Nangong Li nor Duan Xiaolong had met an opponent yet, and their true power was unfathomable.

At the same moment.

Duan Xiaolong happened to glance at Nangong Li, this arch-rival of his.

Suddenly.

The eyes of the two met in mid-air.

Bang!

An invisible spiritual power clashed once in the air.

Whoosh~

Their robes fluttered wildly, the powerful invisible airwave forcing the nearby disciples back.

After a brief probe.

Duan Xiaolong's face tightened, his figure slightly shook, while Nangong Li's face showed a hint of mystery.

Apart from the sect elders present, no one could see what kind of confrontation the two had just had.

However.

The powerful invisible aura around them was already no less than the Organ Refining Stage. The mysterious and unfathomable probing and confrontation were thrilling.

"Double Dragon Battle!"

Many disciples were thrilled and expectant.

This year's tournament was a grand event that hadn't been seen in ten years.

With the Double Dragon Battle and the three dark horses, no one knew what kind of sparks would eventually fly.

...

The elimination rounds entered the eighth round!

By this stage, the disciples who were left had no weaklings.

The upcoming battles were worth watching, sometimes fought fiercely, with various clever tactics emerging.

The three dark horses continued to achieve consecutive victories.

Tong Yuling, with unfathomable inner strength and agile swordsmanship, easily defeated an opponent ranked in the top twelve.

Cao Lei surprisingly defeated last year's ninth place, Yang Fan, within fifty moves, using the astonishing proficiency of "Iron Sand Palm."

"I lost! I actually lost to low-level martial arts."

Yang Fan, holding a silver spear, with a few tears in his clothes, unwillingly walked off the stage.

Cao Lei's "Iron Sand Palm," cultivated to the peak perfection, comprehended a unique true meaning, and its power exceeded imagination.

Chen Yu's opponent in the eighth round held just the top twenty strength and admitted defeat directly.

As of now.

Chen Yu had a significant reputation in the tournament. If one didn't want to be kicked off the stage, it'd be best to admit defeat.

When night fell, the eighth round concluded.

Nangong Li and Duan Xiaolong, as the "Double Dragon Battle," still maintained consecutive victories.

The three dark horses also achieved eight consecutive victories.

At this moment, only twelve or thirteen people on the field remained unbeaten.

Apart from the Double Dragon Battle and the three dark horses, they included last year's fourth place, Hu Yiba, fifth place Yuan Beiting, sixth place Cheng Yun, seventh place Huang Yuan, and others.

...

On the third day, the ninth round of eliminations began.

At this time, there were only thirty to forty disciples left who had not been eliminated. Disciples with two losses in their records were extremely nervous.

In the ninth round, the chance of the strong facing each other greatly increased.

"Sister Jiang, rest assured! Going forward, the chance that Chen Yu meets us is getting higher and higher."

Huang Yuan confidently made a bold statement in front of the beauty.

"Of course, I trust you."

Jiang Yun'er giggled sweetly, her smile like a blooming flower, making several outer sect elite disciples enchanted.

For Primordial Stones and beauty, Hu Yiba, ranked fourth, Cheng Yun, ranked sixth, and Huang Yuan, ranked seventh, were all willing to stand up for her.

"Chen Yu, let's see how many more matches you can win consecutively."

Wang Lingyun sneered coldly in his heart.

Yet, in the ninth round, these three powerhouses still did not encounter Chen Yu.

However, sixth-ranked Cheng Yun faced off with Le Feng, an outer sect talent.

"Le Feng vs. Cheng Yun!"

Spotlights converged on the stage.

Cheng Yun was a young man with a sallow complexion, appearing somewhat mature.

He joined the "interception action" against Chen Yu mainly because he was somewhat infatuated with Jiang Yun'er.

Cheng Yun did not expect to meet Le Feng, the storm talent, without even getting to Chen Yu.

"Brother Cheng, shall we begin?"

Le Feng cupped his fists.

He was aiming to break into the top five, top three, and Cheng Yun was quite a hindrance.

"Junior Brother Yue hasn't drawn his sword? Could it be that you think mere movement technique will be enough to win?"

Cheng Yun smiled indifferently.

Clang!

Le Feng drew a broken sword with a terrifying aura from his hand, like a cold arc arching across the night sky.

Cheng Yun also drew out an exquisitely crafted mortal world famous sword.

"Wind-cutting Sword!"

The famous sword in Cheng Yun's hand slashed like a rapid gust, a transparent cold glow shimmering on the blade, entwined with a harsh qi force and wind.

The "Wind-cutting Sword" he practiced was a renowned sword technique in the outer sect.

Including Chen Yu, he had also practiced this sword technique.

Whoosh!

As the sword slashed, air tore apart, surrounding wind and qi force sealing Le Feng's escape route.

Against an opponent of this caliber, Le Feng found it hard to rely on movement technique to suppress them.

"Soul Chasing Sword!"

Le Feng's figure and the treasure sword transformed into a whole, afterimages and sword light interwoven, the sword taking a surprising turn, adrenaline-pumping.

Ding ding ding...

In the blink of an eye, the two exchanged over a dozen strikes amid an intersection.

People below the stage held their breath, as the naked eye could barely catch the specifics of the engagement, only seeing a blur of sword shadows and sword lights.

Swish!

Suddenly, a figure swiftly retreated several steps, appearing somewhat embarrassed.

Cheng Yun's face showed astonishment, and there was a fine crimson scratch on his cheek.

Le Feng held his sword on his back, smiling.

"Cheng Yun lost?"

"I didn't even see the details, too fast!"

The crowd below was in uproar.

In the fight just now, they witnessed the strength of the outer sect storm talent, Le Feng, and the seasoned veteran Cheng Yun.

"Number 49 wins."

The referee waved the flag, announcing Le Feng's victory.

...

"Brother Cheng improved quite a bit, how could he lose so quickly?"

Huang Yuan exclaimed.

"In a duel between swordsmen, victory or defeat is determined in moments. Moreover, Le Feng's movement technique slightly prevails, and in his hand is the treasure sword."

Hu Yiba asserted matter-of-factly.

His gaze swept over Le Feng, an opponent not to be underestimated.

A superior movement technique and a stronger weapon, both were advantages!

Cheng Yun's loss wasn't unjust.

After this battle, Le Feng's popularity soared, earning the admiration and love of many female disciples. Some male disciples also admired his strength and demeanor.

Apart from Le Feng's battle.

The ninth round also featured another much-anticipated fight.

"Nangong Li vs. Yuan Beiting!"

There was a commotion in the crowd; its attention level even surpassed that of Le Feng's match.

On stage.

Nangong Li stood with a folding fan, looking at a strong, tower-like man opposite him, resembling a fierce tiger.

The man stood half a head taller than regular people; before the fight, his fists collided like iron hammers emitting a “bang-bang” sound, the savage aura was unnerving.

"Is this Yuan Beiting, the first mighty force of the outer sect?"

Chen Yu was very interested.

Yuan Beiting, fifth in last year's great competition, had his greatest advantage being his Innate Divine Strength.

His “Innate Divine Strength” was natural, unlike Chen Yu who gained it postnatally through fusing a mysterious heart.

Mountain Opening Fist!

Yuan Beiting snarled in a low voice, his profound inner energy vibrating with a low hum, his arms moving like grinding discs cutting through the air, any punch could pulverize ox and tiger.

Thud! Thud!

Every punch thrown, the ground faintly trembled, and the terrifying power kicked up a gusty airflow.

"Snap" sound.

Nangong Li's folding fan suddenly struck Yuan Beiting's arm, the latter withdrawing a few steps amid a loud roar.

Nangong Li flickered a half a yard backward.

"Such raw power, profound inner energy, and not slow to react. As expected of the fifth last year, he can fight head-on with me."

Nangong Li smiled.

Of course.

His behavior was somewhat provocative. After all, the opponent had Innate Divine Strength, and yet he engaged head-on.

"But, it's over now."

A remnant of Nangong Li lingered, and the folding fan in his hand slapped toward Yuan Beiting.

This time, it was still a frontal attack.

Meow~

Just as the crowd was puzzled, Nangong Li emitted a quirky catcall-like sound from his mouth.

The bizarre sound made people feel dizzy and their spirits trembled.

Everyone below the stage, including Chen Yu and others, felt a jolt in their minds and blood.

"What kind of attack is this?"

Chen Yu was shocked; the impact they felt was just a ripple.

"Ah!"

Yuan Beiting on the platform suddenly staggered, clasping his head, an annoyed and pained expression on his face.

He bore the full force of the strange sound, the whole world spinning as a buzzing sound resonated in his mind.

Bang thud!

In Yuan Beiting's stiff moment, a fan swept across his body.

Thud!

Yuan Beiting's massive body rolled off the stage.

Upon regaining clarity, he shouted loudly, "What kind of sorcery is that, how could I lose

Below, the disciples exchanged glances, their looks at Nangong Li filled with deep reverence.

"So it was a spiritual secret technique."

"No wonder he is the Young Master of the Nangong family, mastering spiritual secret techniques at such a young age."

Some seasoned sect elders present could discern the mystery.

Spiritual secret technique?

Chen Yu had a feeling that this kind of intangible and formless attack posed a threat to him.

The ninth round soon concluded.

In this round, Chen Yu's opponent wasn't in the top ten, and he won very easily.

"The tenth round!"

Chen Yu was excited in his heart; in previous years, elimination rounds generally concluded by the tenth round.

At this moment.

On the array board, only thirty to forty names remained lit.

The elimination rounds were nearing their end!

In the tenth round, the chance of encountering strong opponents increased, even meeting someone like Duan Xiaolong or Hu Yiba was considered normal.

The tenth round quickly reached Chen Yu.

This time, he finally encountered a strong opponent.

"Hahaha... Chen Yu! Finally, your Grandpa Huang has met you."

A plump round-faced youth laughed heartily, leaping onto the stage with great pride.

"Huang Yuan!"

Seeing the plump youth, some disciples turned pale.

In the villain circle, Hu Yiba and Cheng Yun showed some regret.

Could it be that Fatty Huang Yuan was going to seize the Primordial Stones and take the beauty? This was a scene too hard to accept.