

Eternal Heart 50

Chapter 50: Paving the Way for You

The clash between Chen Yu and Cheng Yun was incredibly fast. In just a few breaths, the victor had been decided.

"How can this be?"

Hu Yiba and Le Feng were astonished.

Earlier, Chen Yu had exchanged over a hundred moves with Yuan Beiting, all head-on clashes, which seemed to have consumed a great deal of energy.

Unexpectedly.

As soon as Cheng Yun stepped onto the stage, before he could steady himself, Chen Yu defeated him with lightning speed.

"Too strong, I couldn't defend at all."

Cheng Yun walked off the stage with a bitter smile. He was completely convinced by his defeat.

"This guy must have held back during the fight with Yuan Beiting. If we weren't rivals, I would be somewhat in awe of his strength and spirit."

For the first time, Hu Yiba's fierce face showed a hint of solemnity, even respect.

Although he was domineering in the sect, he also respected strong individuals.

"Hu Yiba, Junior Brother Yue. Who among you is next? To break into the top three, you have to get through me first."

Chen Yu still stood on the stage.

Another fight?

The disciples below were dumbfounded and incredulous.

"Brother Chen, I'll go."

A handsome young man with flowing long hair gracefully landed on the stage.

Chen Yu versus Le Feng!

The duel between the two instantly drew everyone's interest.

One was a newly emerged outer sect genius, the other a dark horse shining like a comet.

Le Feng stood on the stage, gazing at the unstoppable Chen Yu opposite him, feeling incredibly conflicted.

"Junior Brother Yue, before we fight, I want to thank you for the opportunities you gave me, the Iron Brown Bear battle, the outer sect trade meeting, and the Primordial Pearl Grass you gave me

Chen Yu said sincerely.

Even though at this moment they were competitors, and Le Feng had used some tactics,

Chen Yu did not harbor resentment toward Le Feng.

Reaching the top three not only came with rich rewards but also an opportunity akin to a carp leaping over the dragon gate.

If one had the capability, who wouldn't vie for it?

Le Feng had initiated a wheel battle against Chen Yu within the rules, which was a struggle for destiny.

"Thanks?"

Le Feng murmured, contemplating those words.

In his heart, Chen Yu silently said, "Thank you for the Iron Brown Bear mission, for bringing me generous contribution points and Primordial Stones; thank you for the Bear King battle, and that manual Cloud Stepping, that improved my movement technique; also thanks for that piece of Primordial Pearl Grass, that hastened my Copper Skin Great Success advancement."

Each of these steps could have been crucial to Chen Yu achieving his current strength.

The nuances in these details were not something outsiders could comprehend.

Given Le Feng's intelligence, he could probably deduce what Chen Yu meant from the word of thanks.

"In the past, I admired your talent and strength, Junior Brother Yue. Today, I am honored for this 'destined battle.

After speaking, Chen Yu silently channeled his inner energy through his fist technique.

"Cloud Stepping!"

As their gazes crossed, the two swiftly moved.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two graceful, swift figures passed each other on the martial stage.

Both of their attacks missed!

"An identical movement technique!"

"They both are using Cloud Stepping, at similar proficiency levels."

The disciples below were bewildered, watching this peculiar battle.

On the stage.

Two figures with nearly identical footwork crossed paths as if someone was dancing with their reflection in the mirror.

In several exchanges, neither had landed a hit.

Cloud Evil Fist!

Chen Yu broke the stalemate first, channeling the power of the mysterious heart, increasing his speed abruptly.

Whoosh!

He suddenly charged forward, throwing a punch enveloped in an eerie cloud of evil qi, the airflow burst with a loud noise. The invisible force of the evil qi momentarily stagnated Le Feng's blood and inner energy.

Using the evil qi to augment himself and suppress the opponent.

— This was the advantage of the Cloud Evil Fist as a branch of the sect's supreme cultivation technique.

"Soul Chasing Sword!"

Le Feng wielded his remnant treasure sword, carving a long arc of cold light, leaving a trail of blurred sword shadows.

At the same time, his movement technique combined uniquely with his sword technique.

Clash! Boom!

The sword and fist crossed paths in mid-air.

In this, Le Feng's body drifted back a few steps.

Hmm!

Chen Yu was slightly surprised, that previous strike hadn't suppressed the opponent.

After pondering briefly, he quickly realized that through clever coordination of swordsmanship and footwork, Le Feng had not directly clashed and even tried to counterattack.

However,

Chen Yu's punch carried menacing evil power, too strong. Le Feng's finesse wasn't smoothly executed.

On the other side, Le Feng felt a numbness in his arm, his heart shivered. Even without a direct clash, he was at a disadvantage.

Tingting! Boom!

The two continuously exchanged dozens of blows on the martial stage, leaving the onlookers dazzled.

In terms of movement technique, both had achieved Great Success in Cloud Stepping.

However, Le Feng had practiced it longer, grasping its essence, making his movements more graceful and seamlessly coordinating with his swordsmanship.

Chen Yu, in terms of grace and precision, was slightly inferior, but his physical advantage allowed him to surpass Le Feng in absolute speed.

Copper Statue Technique! Cloud Evil Fist!

Chen Yu's arm developed an antique copper pattern, reaching the copper muscle tier, elevating his fist technique and strength further.

Clang Clang!

In successive strikes, Chen Yu forced a confrontation, pushing Le Feng into retreat, his blood boiling.

After fifty exchanges.

Le Feng's hand holding the sword went numb, and with a clang, the remnant treasure sword fell to the ground.

"Junior Brother Chen, I lost."

Le Feng admitted his defeat with a face tinged with shame, gracefully stepping off the stage.

He suddenly regretted having initiated a wheel battle strategy against Chen Yu.

"Hu Yiba!"

Chen Yu looked at the fierce man with an alternating yin-yang hairstyle below the stage with a smile.

Hu Yiba, an overlord in the outer sect and the fourth in the previous ranking, just missed entering the inner sect.

"Chen Yu!"

Hu Yiba took a deep breath and solemnly said, "Your strength and spirit impress me. If I am not wrong, your goal is no longer the top three."

"Indeed, the first is my goal."

Chen Yu didn't deny it.

Wow!

The crowd erupted, and the disciples turned to Chen Yu with astonishment and excitement.

Competing for the first place!

This was perhaps the first time in this major competition that someone outside the Double Dragon Contention dared to openly aim for the top spot.

If it were during the elimination rounds, everyone would have thought Chen Yu was overestimating himself.

But now,

Chen Yu had defeated Yuan Beiting, Cheng Yun, and Le Feng, three strong opponents, all with ease.

If he smoothly defeated Hu Yiba next, it wouldn't be a challenge.

Such power was terrifying.

"Haha, this is getting more interesting. This guy indeed has the qualification to challenge us."

Nangong Li snapped his folding fan.

Duan Xiaolong looked serious, nodded at Chen Yu, and said, "First place, another opponent."

The Double Dragon Contention acknowledged Chen Yu's strength.

At this moment,

The crowd erupted in excitement, all eyes fixed on the dark horse of the outer sect.

He had passed challenge after challenge and was now in the top three; could he reach the first place?

If he could, it would be a great miracle for the outer sect!

"You must succeed

Mu Xueqing clenched her petite fists, seemingly returning to her childhood, remembering the brave boy who stood beside her, facing challenges.

"Brother Yu, if you succeed, perhaps I can persuade my parents to support us!"

A hint of moisture appeared in Mu Xueqing's bright eyes.

In her heart, hope ignited.

Previously, she had made a significant decision to sever ties with Chen Yu, largely due to family and parental pressure.

"Chen Yu."

Hu Yiba laughed at himself and said, "You are indeed aiming for the top. Our previous actions were indeed unworthy, falling short. I am deeply ashamed and have no intention to fight against you—instead, I will pave the way for you!"

Pave the way?

Chen Yu was taken aback.

"I challenge the first place, Duan Xiaolong!"

Hu Yiba took a deep breath and pointed his Overlord Halberd at the first name on the array board.

Challenging Duan Xiaolong!

The scene buzzed again, as everyone looked at Hu Yiba in utter surprise.

Chen Yu was also astonished.

Paving the way for you?

Hu Yiba, the tyrant of the outer sect, actually decided to do this.

"Good."

Duan Xiaolong's expression remained calm, and with a flicker, he landed on the martial stage.

Chen Yu, looking peculiar, had to step down from the stage.

On the stage.

Duan Xiaolong and Hu Yiba were about to engage in a battle.

"Overlord's Returnless!"

Hu Yiba swung his Overlord Halberd, sweeping forth with tremendous force and thick inner energy, his moves exuding an air of boldness and heroism.

Below the stage,

Chen Yu, Le Feng, and others were moved.

In terms of strength and thick inner energy, Hu Yiba was even above Le Feng, and the Overlord Halberd in his hand was a half-precious artifact.

"You are worthy of my blade."

Duan Xiaolong's ancient saber in his hand vibrated slightly, its blade gleaming with light, faint electric sounds intermingling.

Before the blade even struck, everyone present felt the oppressive force of a great tidal wave descending.

"This oppressive feeling is akin to the Organ Refining Stage

The disciples were speechless in astonishment.

This was the first time Duan Xiaolong had drawn his blade since entering the competition.

As the blade cleaved through, dragging a shadow of blade light, one could vaguely see a dazzling blade gleam in the violent airflow, flashing in an instant.

A faint rumble resounded in the air.

Clang~

The enormous weight of the Overlord Halberd clashed head-on with the thunderous blade in mid-air. The disciples only felt their blood surge and their minds shaken.

"That blade!"

Hu Yiba was shocked, retreating several steps, his arm numb.

Duan Xiaolong held his ancient saber steady; however, Hu Yiba's clothing was somewhat torn and ripped.

"Overlord's Wild Dance!"

A hint of madness appeared in Hu Yiba's eyes as his Overlord Halberd roared furiously, swirling a cyclone of halberd shadows, almost creating a small whirlwind.

Clang Clang Clang!

In an instant, the Overlord Halberd and the ancient saber collided several times mid-air.

Zzzzz!

In the final blow, the saber in Duan Xiaolong's hand gleamed like lightning, crackling with a supernatural power.

Clang Chhh—

The terrifying blade slashed the Overlord Halberd, sparks flying, cutting a half-inch gap.

Ah!

Hu Yiba spat blood, his body retreating several yards, leaving blood traces and burned marks on his shoulder.

"That blade seemed to carry thunder and lightning, beyond ordinary martial arts

Chen Yu's face grew serious.

Duan Xiaolong's fearsome reputation as the top combatant of the outer sect was even more terrifying than expected.

It's likely that even some lesser Organ Refining Stages might not be his match!

"Thunder Blade!"

"This lad has almost perfected the Thunder Blade technique, such understanding, even in the inner sect, is rare."

On the stage, some high-ranking sect members expressed their surprise.

"Chen Yu, I can only do this much." Hu Yiba staggered off the stage.

Chen Yu felt his battle intent surge within, sensing the mysterious heart within him eagerly thumping faster.

He was about to step onto the stage for a challenge when,

"Hold on." a familiar voice called out.

Chen Yu turned to see Le Feng speaking.

"I still have one challenge opportunity, I challenge the first rank, Nangong Li!"

Le Feng ascended the stage.

Huh?

Nangong Li was taken aback, his body revolving in the air, landing gently on the stage.

"What is Le Feng up to

Chen Yu was startled, a bit surprised.

"Brother Chen, had I known you had the strength to strive for first, I wouldn't have used such methods. Please consider this my compensation."

Le Feng silently took the stage, his long hair flowing, facing Nangong Li, the genius of the outer sect, in the wind.