

Eternal Heart 51

Chapter 51: Battle Nangong Li

Le Feng and Hu Yiba shared the same thought. Since they couldn't contend for the top three, they might as well do Chen Yu a favor or alleviate some guilt in their hearts.

Onstage.

Nangong Li casually said, "You're Le Feng? In terms of overall strength, you're indeed not bad. I also understand your intention, trying to probe my capabilities?"

Le Feng was taken aback. Nangong Li was so direct, unmasking his intent.

Precisely.

He thought the same as Hu Yiba, intending to gauge the top outsider disciple's capabilities. Hu Yiba seemed to have succeeded, and now it was his turn.

"Then as you wish."

Nangong Li's lips curled up, looking generous.

Cloud Stepping!

Le Feng held his treasure weapon, a broken sword, which melded with his steps, like a residual arc in the night sky, swooping straight at Nangong Li.

Swish!

Nangong Li's figure flickered, trailing a few afterimages, as he crossed paths with Le Feng several times.

"What an exquisite movement technique!"

"This Nangong Li, even while moving leisurely, has a movement technique slightly superior to Le Feng."

The group of disciples had their eyes wide open.

Le Feng's Cloud Stepping met a superior movement technique for the first time.

Of course, Nangong Li's movement technique only surpassed his by a bit. If steady and meticulous, it wouldn't be a fatal gap.

Primordial Gang Fan!

The folding fan in Nangong Li's hand suddenly swept up a gust of fan shadows with a peculiar force, condensing the winds into a single mass, devoid of any noise except a deep howl.

Clang! Snap!

The fierce and wondrous power on that folding fan deflected Le Feng's sword, instantly putting him at a disadvantage.

Le Feng gritted his teeth, pushing his movement and sword techniques to their limits, using all his lifelong skills, striving not for victory but for balance.

In an instant.

Le Feng was suppressed by more than a dozen moves, his breathing rapid, fully at a disadvantage.

Offstage.

Chen Yu watched the battle intently, frowning slightly. So far, Nangong Li's attacks were casual, obviously not exerting his full strength.

"Brother Yu."

A soft, familiar voice sounded in his ear.

Hmm?

Chen Yu's heart skipped a beat when he saw a bright young girl akin to the morning dew, standing before him. Her waterfall-like black hair, her pure and delicate face, bright as fresh snow, was enough to amaze any peer for a brief moment.

"Xueqing? You are

Chen Yu was greatly surprised.

"Brother Yu, you've been in continuous battles earlier, with considerable exertion. I'm afraid Le Feng can't hold for a moment. Quickly take this superior 'Replenishing Qi Pill.

The girl held out her delicate hand, producing a crystalline pill, with a bit of hope in her eyes.

"What is this all about

Chen Yu felt a bit strange, not understanding the situation.

In his mind, the emotional traces belonging to Mu Xueqing had long been fading little by little.

The path of martial arts, reaching the peak of the sect, was what he aspired to most now.

"Even if we're mere friends, can't I help you?"

The girl smiled radiantly, as if reminiscing about Chen Yu's past wooden nature.

"Alright."

Chen Yu's thoughts raced, and he accepted the precious superior Replenishing Qi Pill.

He suddenly thought that it was best to avoid exposing his terrifying recovery ability to prevent arousing more suspicion.

This Replenishing Qi Pill could just appropriately conceal that.

If it were just increased strength, he could claim it was due to consuming some kind of Spirit Fruit, transforming his physique and greatly enhancing his power.

Similar opportunities weren't unheard of in the sect's world.

If the multitude of peculiarities, like immense strength, amazing recovery, monstrous self-healing, and body technique talent were all exposed, it could spell trouble.

At least, until he became powerful, it was best not to reveal them.

"Brother Yu, you should strive to become an Inner Sect Disciple

Mu Xueqing clenched her small fists, seemingly caring more than Chen Yu himself.

"Mm."

Chen Yu nodded, taking the superior Replenishing Qi Pill.

As soon as the pill hit his stomach, Chen Yu felt a heart tremor. A bizarre suction drew the pill's force immediately.

In a flash.

An overwhelming sense of fulfillment spread throughout Chen Yu's body.

Almost instantly, under the mysterious heart's impetus, Chen Yu's body absorbed the entire medicinal power of the spiritual medicine.

Chen Yu felt his essence, spirit, and especially his inner energy reach an unprecedented peak.

"Thank you. I'll return the favor when I can."

Chen Yu took another look at Mu Xueqing, and the girl's face blushed instantly, adding a hint of bright charm.

This scene, however, made not far away Wang Lingyun gnash his teeth in jealousy.

He never would have imagined that not only could Chen Yu secure a place in the top three, but he might even contend for the first.

Le Feng and Hu Yiba were willing to pave the way for him.

The so-called top beauty among the outsider disciples, Mu Xueqing, personally delivered a precious Replenishing Qi Pill to him.

If!

If he could seize the first place, wouldn't that mean rewards, beauty, status... everything at his fingertips?

In the mountain's corner.

"Why is my heart filled with such sour unwillingness? Could it be I've truly grown fond of this girl?"

The Seventh Prince murmured in his heart.

He stared at the lovely, modest girl who was like a budding peony, feeling an urge to hold her and fulfill all wishes at that moment.

But!

The girl's charming shyness and care were directed at another.

Suddenly.

The Seventh Prince's face turned serious. His nonchalant expression vanished, as if deciding something.

Just then.

A change occurred in the battle onstage.

"Heh, heh... warm-up over. Since the start of this competition, you are the first who can engage me to this extent."

Nangong Li's form paused.

Opposite him, Le Feng was already heavily breathing, sweat seeping from his forehead.

The crowd was shocked. How could so little time have passed and yet Nangong Li, lightly, forced Le Feng to this state?

This was still a warm-up? Just stretching?

"Are you ready?"

Nangong Li stepped forward, leisurely walking toward Le Feng.

Le Feng realized something.

Yet, as soon as he moved, a strange, urgent, and lengthy sound struck his brain.

In an instant.

Le Feng's form shuddered, almost unable to stand.

"Mental secret technique—Soul Capturing."

Nangong Li's lips moved oddly, producing waves of long and urgent sounds.

And the force of those sound waves, reaching the ears of the nearby disciples, left them feeling restless and their blood in turmoil.

"This sound

Chen Yu suddenly recalled the past encounter with the Honghu Three Killers.

Among them, one of the killers used a peculiar flute to produce strange sound waves, but it was no simple sonic attack.

It involved the mental domain.

And now, Nangong Li, without relying on any tool, had unleashed the Soul Capturing Sound, its power far exceeding that of the past Three Killers.

Le Feng felt his mind quake, his senses chaotic, as a buzzing engulfed his mind.

Pomph! Snap!

Nangong Li waved his folding fan, the fan wind fiercely blowing, thrusting him one yard away. With a clang, his treasured sword fell to the ground.

Le Feng lost the match!

The audience fell into a silent stillness, their faces filled with shock.

Nangong Li's mental secret technique was indeed eerie, hard to defend against!

"Your strength could only make my mental secret skill half effective."

Nangong Li shook his head and said.

The disciples below were shocked beyond disbelief.

"Brother Chen, I've done my best to this point."

Le Feng smiled bitterly.

Against Nangong Li, the top genius of the outer sect, his talent fell short.

Of course, it wasn't just talent; Nangong Li's background was more illustrious, with a Sect Elder supporting him.

"Come on, Chen Yu. Let's see if you have the capability to make me use my full power."

Nangong Li won a match, composed and relaxed.

"Alright!"

Chen Yu soared with astonishing speed, leaping to the stage.

"Be careful, Brother Yu. Dealing with mental secret techniques, it's crucial to stay steadfast and counter with your own will."

Mu Xueqing advised.

Onstage.

Chen Yu accumulated his inner energy. His heart beat slowly and powerfully, as if waiting for something.

"You're not going to attack? If my full mental secret technique is unleashed, you might not get the chance

Nangong Li slowly said.

"Wait until you recover your energy, winning fair and square. I don't want to leave room for talk of a relay battle."

Chen Yu said calmly.

Nangong Li:

This was the first time since the start of the competition someone dared to act so proud in front of him.

"While Le Feng and Hu Yiba kindly help me strive for first, I prefer to rely on my own true strength, without any external forces."

Chen Yu said blandly.

Upon hearing this, some disciples present showed their respect. Some high-ranking sect members displayed approval.

Chen Yu's cultivation journey had always been step by step, solid and unwavering.

To take first place, he wished to do it that way as well.

"Well said! However, you just fought three matches. It's even between us."

Nangong Li played slyly, suddenly striking.

Swish! Thud! Snap!

His form moved toward Chen Yu with a speed far surpassing what he used against Le Feng, the folding fan unleashed a flurry of condensed fan shadows, the wind gathering intensely.

So fast!

The disciples below could not discern his movement's trajectory.

"Nangong Li, when sparring with me, retained speed."

Le Feng was stupefied for a moment.

Nangong Li was truly profound and unpredictable, completely unsure of how much strength he still hid.

Cloud Stepping!

Another figure leaped like a sudden flying leopard, evading Nangong Li's strike.

Huh!

Nangong Li's fan strike missed, catching him by surprise.

"What! This guy also conserved speed, a bit faster than before."

Cheng Yun looked depressed, feeling quite devastated.

Everyone watching was greatly excited, seriously examining the duel on stage between the two.

Swish! Swish!

The two figures on stage crossed paths several times in an instant, surprisingly even.

Thump! Thump!

Chen Yu's heart raced, and his body's speed truly exploded.

"What kind of monster is he? In absolute speed, he slightly surpasses me. If not for my superior movement technique

Nangong Li was secretly shocked.

He practiced a high-level movement technique, superior to Cloud Stepping.

Cloud Evil Fist!

Suddenly, Chen Yu took a deep breath, swinging out a punch with surging Cloud Evil inner energy. As the fierce wind roared, a shadowy evil cloud faintly appeared.

Bronze Hand!

His arm was coated with a layer of metallic bronze sheen, displaying ancient bronze patterns, resembling a strike from a Buddha.

Primordial Gang Fan!

Nangong Li swung the fan, the condensed fan wind shadows clashing with the evil cloud shadows.

Boom! Blast!

At the collision site, a shallow pit several feet wide was blown open on the tough martial stage, which was harder than steel.

In the strong gust of wind, the two figures parted.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Among them, Nangong Li, holding the folding fan, coughed a few times, retreating a few steps in a slightly disheveled state.

Chen Yu retreated one step, his face slightly flushed.

The many onlookers below held their breath, keeping their eyes on the two.

"Very well. You're the first to slightly suppress me in direct combat."

Nangong Li's face darkened.

"However, you will next face the full force of my mental secret technique."

As soon as he finished speaking, Nangong Li stepped toward Chen Yu.

"Mental secret technique—Soul Capturing!"

A long, piercing sound resonated in Chen Yu's mind, the buzzing sound vibrating, causing a tremor in his mind.