

## Eternal Heart 66

### Chapter 66: Two Battles

"Good!"

The Yunyue Sect Master waved his hand, and several fist-sized meteoric iron from outer space appeared out of thin air.

From the Iron Sword Sect, an ancient elder stepped forward, grabbed the meteorite, and checked it. "That's correct, and the quality is also passable."

"Heh."

Elder Mao walked to the opposite side, weighed the Brass Crystal from the Iron Sword Sect, and smiled. "The color is still decent."

Chen Yu was astonished. It seemed Elder Mao was quite experienced, responsible for the appraisal of materials.

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At the same time,

He noticed a detail: both the Yunyue Sect Master and the Iron Sword Sect's bearded middle-aged man had conjured the precious Spiritual Ore from thin air.

Could it be the legendary storage artifacts?

Chen Yu didn't ponder further; the world of the sects was vast and mysterious, with too many things he had never encountered.

"If there's no problem with the bet, then let's begin. The rules of the fight are the same as the previous days. Only disciples under the age of twenty may participate in the bet

The bearded middle-aged man reiterated the rules.

Soon,

A youth clad in light purple soft armor, wielding a sword and shield, stepped out from the Iron Sword Sect.

His face was stoic, and his body was tightly wrapped.

"Who will take the stage?"

The Yunyue Sect Master's gaze swept over the three main force disciples.

Qiu Yue'er, Wan Dong, and Shi Chuan, the three main force disciples, were all eager to move.

"According to the Sect Master's promise, whoever wins a fight will receive 3,000 Grade Essence Stones and one catty of meteorite."

Especially Qiu Yue'er, her face full of expectation, looked utterly confident.

However,

This girl was considered a trump card disciple, not only powerful in her cultivation technique but also in possession of custom-made treasures, naturally would not be sent to fight immediately.

"I'll go."

Shi Chuan, holding a golden ring saber, had a calm and composed face.

Several elders nodded in agreement.

Swoosh!

Shi Chuan, gripping the golden saber, stepped onto the test platform.

"Yunyue Sect's Shi Chuan, may I ask who you are, please state your name?"

Shi Chuan gave a cold gaze to the stoic youth.

However,

The opposite stoic youth seemed not to notice, staring straight at Shi Chuan.

"You... are you a mute?"

Shi Chuan, feeling ignored, his face slightly reddened, became somewhat angry.

The youth's expression remained blank and still did not speak.

This scene caused the assembled spectators to be greatly surprised.

The Golden Wave Saber!

Shi Chuan became infuriated, sweeping his golden saber as his inner breath roared, with only the naked eye seeing streaks of golden saber lights sweeping toward the stoic youth like waves.

"The Golden Wave Saber! That's a high-ranking saber technique famous in the Yunyue Sect."

Many disciples spoke out.

Chen Yu also had heard of this saber technique. When he first chose his main cultivation technique, he compared it between the "Golden Wave Saber" and the "Cloud Evil Fist."

Clang! Sizzle~

The ringing of metal clashing resounded from the test platform.

The stoic youth's shield emitted a layer of dark cyan patterns, with Qi Force flashing violently, shaking Shi Chuan's saber away.

What!

Shi Chuan staggered back several steps, his hand going numb, his face a picture of shock.

Meanwhile, that stoic youth, holding sword and shield, steadily advanced toward him step by step.

Clang! Clang!

On the test platform, sparks flew, and Shi Chuan's golden saber created a series of frightening golden patterned saber lights. But every attack was steadily blocked by the stoic youth.

"The 'Golden Wave Saber' at Great Success, approaching its peak. Its power isn't much different than my Cloud Evil Fist

Chen Yu was secretly astonished.

In terms of power and presence, Shi Chuan's saber technique was almost comparable to Duan Xiaolong's, and it had more sustainability.

"That youth's shield is a Half-precious Artifact. However, in his hands, it's displaying quite a remarkable defensive effect."

"This child is undistracted and firm in his steps; his defense is flawless."

Some of the older masters made their assessments.

In terms of mentality and defense, the stoic youth was impeccable.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Shi Chuan intensified his offensive, his golden saber whipping up a whirlpool of golden patterned saber waves with Vortex Blade Wave.

This offensive was sufficient to make the disciples in the Early Stage of Refining Internal Organs feel ashamed.

But the stoic youth, expressionless, with his shield blocked each attack time again, and occasionally burst out a clump of Qi Force, shaking Shi Chuan's golden saber off.

One hundred moves later.

Sweat began to appear on Shi Chuan's forehead; the stoic youth, however, remained as calm as ever.

The Yunyue Sect Master and several elders frowned.

"Turtle with its head pulled in!"

Shi Chuan couldn't help but curse, and the stoic youth raised the corners of his mouth in a sneer.

"Shi Chuan's saber is also a Half-precious Artifact. But this stoic youth seems to have strong stamina and an excellent mindset."

Chen Yu saw the unfavorable situation.

He suspected that the stoic youth might have practiced some special cultivation technique or the Cross Training Method, making his stamina and strength extremely strong.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The exchange of blows on the platform continued incessantly.

Gradually, the stoic youth was not just defending; sometimes, holding the shield, he actively pressed towards Shi Chuan.

You don't attack; I'll pressure you with my shield.

The test platform was only so large; if you were pushed off, you would lose.

"Not good!"

Shi Chuan felt his inner breath gradually failing; his previous wild attacks had cost him more.

And the youth, strong and enduring, with each collision made Shi Chuan's saber-holding hand go numb, the palm splitting open.

15 minutes later.

Shi Chuan was gasping for breath, and the youth's shield, sometimes violently pressing in, forced the former to retreat step by step.

At a certain moment.

Clang! Sizzle! [novel.com](http://novel.com)

The youth's other hand gripping the sword suddenly swung out a dazzling blade of light, which skimmed Shi Chuan's saber-holding arm when he was exhausted and careless.

"So fast!" the onlookers murmured in a low voice.

Ah!

Shi Chuan cried out, the saber fell from his hand with a clang to the ground.

A new cut appeared on his arm.

Clearly, the stoic youth had held back with that sword; otherwise, it would have been a severed arm instead.

The first match, Yunyue Sect lost.

...

"Haha! Although Atong is a mute, he has a natural sense of focus and determination. Every day, he practices wielding his sword and shield tens of thousands of times, undeterred by wind or rain

The bearded middle-aged man from the Iron Sword Sect said with a smile and praise.

A mute?

The crowd was shocked and looked at the silent young man “Atong.”

"Dummy? Focused?"

Chen Yu muttered to himself as if he had an epiphany.

After a crushing defeat,

The Yunyue Sect Master and the elders turned their attention to the remaining two of the three main forces: Qiu Yue'er and Wan Dong.

"Sect Master, I can definitely win against him."

Qiu Yue'er clenched her tiny fist.

However, the Sect Master and the elders did not choose her.

"I'll go."

Wan Dong was equally confident; he had seen through Atong's strategy and was confident of victory.

Several elders nodded slightly.

After all, Qiu Yue'er was the final contestant, and it would not be advantageous for her to appear too early.

On the other hand, Wan Dong, with his rich combat experience, practiced the "Cloud Evil Fist" with profound skill, second only to Qiu Yue'er in strength.

"Remember, don't waste energy fighting him; you need to strike a deadly blow."

Yunyue Sect Master reminded.

"The disciple understands."

Wan Dong's figure flashed, landing on the testing platform.

Shing!

A surge of Evil Qi emanated from Wan Dong, like a leopard full of explosive power circling around the silent young man, moving swiftly.

His “Cloud Evil Fist,” having reached Great Success, naturally involved much bloodshed.

Amidst his shuffling steps, Wan Dong’s eyes were cold and unyielding, constantly searching for the silent young man’s flaws.

"Break!"

A residual image shimmered; Wan Dong closed in on the silent young man at an astonishing speed.

Whoosh!

He threw a punch, and the Evil Qi howled like a gusting wind, the powerful Qi Force forming a murky shadow.

That terrible Evil Qi made the silent young man’s blood and breath sink.

The Cloud Evil Fist, as it progressed, grew stronger in Evil Qi, not only boosting the user's punch but also suppressing and weakening the opponent.

Bang!

The silent young man countered stillness with motion, his shield blocking Wan Dong's punch. A force surged towards the shield, propelling towards Wan Dong.

Unexpectedly,

Wan Dong gave a sly smile, pulling back in the instant he struck.

He even seemed to use the rebound force from the shield to enhance the speed of his movements.

Whisk!

In a single turn, Wan Dong moved to the young man's other side and threw a punch filled with dense Evil Qi, aiming at the silent young man's shoulder.

"Not good!"

The Iron Sword Sect's crowd couldn't help exclaiming.

Wan Dong was indeed cunning; the first strike seemed overwhelmingly powerful, but it was a feint.

Holding a sword and shield, the silent young man was at a disadvantage in agility once truly close-quarter combat ensued.

There seemed to be no way to dodge this punch.

There wasn't a single ripple on the silent young man's face, his mental state surprisingly steady.

If he couldn't dodge... then he wouldn't!

Clang!

He tossed away the shield, like a stubborn bull, his body slamming hard into Wan Dong.

What!

Wan Dong was taken aback.

The crowd gasped in unison; the young man had actually discarded his shield, his body colliding with Wan Dong.

At the same time,

The silent young man's sword drew a dazzling streak, slashing fiercely at Wan Dong's attacking arm.

That strike was like the one that had defeated Shi Chuan, not frequent but thunderous upon its release.

Indistinctly,

In Chen Yu's mind, emerged the numbness of the silent young man swinging his sword tens of thousands of times a day.

"Darn it!"

Wan Dong's punch could not be retracted. The silent young man was charging head-on—how could he dodge?

Perhaps,

He could strike his opponent, but his own arm would undoubtedly be slashed off.

Boom!

Wan Dong struck the silent young man, a faint purple pattern shimmering on the latter's soft armor, dampening some of the punch's strength.

Half-precious Soft Armor!

Wan Dong's face paled, his formidable punch's power partly neutralized.

Moreover, the silent young man came prepared, having concentrated his Qi into the soft armor's shoulder region to strengthen the defense.

Wan Dong tasted bitterness.

He was going to lose; his palm strike might wound his opponent, but it would not be fatal.

He was about to lose an arm!

At this critical juncture,

Sss!

A sound like electric buzzing rang out next to his ear.

In the next instant,

A pale-blue spinning palm force, like a gentle wall of Qi, separated Wan Dong and the silent young man.

A tingling sensation spread throughout their bodies.

Wow!

The silent young man, having received a punch, spat blood from the injury.

Wan Dong, however, was saved by that palm strike, preserving his arm.

"Sect Master."

Wan Dong looked on, ashamed, at the blue-robed figure that appeared next to him.

The person who had intervened was the Yunyue Sect Master himself.

"This match, we'll concede as your victory."

Yunyue Sect Master took a deep breath, his expression grim.

At that moment, Wan Dong was destined to lose, and he had no choice but to step in and save his disciple's arm.

"Ha ha, much obliged, much obliged!"

The middle-aged man from the Iron Sword Sect with the eight-character mustache smiled broadly, filled with surprise and delight.

To be honest,

Under Wan Dong's cunning, lethal strike, the middle-aged man thought the silent young man would lose.

But unexpectedly, the silent young man was so fierce, directly risking his life.

Of course, the Half-precious Soft Armor and the young man's sound mental state were also key to his victory.

In terms of strength, he had no advantage over Wan Dong.

"Yunyue Sect has lost two matches in a row!"

An uproar spread across the field.

The Iron Sword Sect cheered, while whispers from the women of the Water Moon Sect echoed.

"Sect master brother, we can still send out two more people; we're not without chances of winning. How about we let my disciple, Chen Yu, give it a try?"

Elder Mao suggested.