

Eternal Heart 68

Chapter 68: Heavy Sword Overwhelming

On the testing platform.

Chen Yu's smile was smug, creating a stark contrast with Gao Feng's surging anger.

The disciples were bewildered and doubtful.

Yunyue Sect Master and several elders revealed hints of surprise, their hearts filled with expectation.

"It's impossible! He must be bluffing!"

After her moment of doubt, Qiu Yue'er couldn't help but sneer.

...

She suddenly found it funny, questioning why she would believe such a childish joke.

At that moment, the clash on the field escalated abruptly.

Hiss!

Gao Feng's face was filled with fury as his treasured sword split into five or six sword light phantasms, which enveloped Chen Yu, making it difficult to distinguish between the real and the fake.

"Bring it on!"

Chen Yu exclaimed, gripping a heavy, thick sword.

Buzz!

The surface of the deep silver greatsword gathered a solid layer of dark silver luster, and the entire Xuan Heavy Sword vibrated, creating a ring of dark silver airflow. It seemed to instantly grow heavier and even slightly larger.

"Vanish!"

A massive column-like dark silver sword rainbow, carrying a haunting, muffled roar and a fierce wind, swept across the area.

This is bad!

Gao Feng's heart skipped a beat. The immense pressure and terrifying evil power made his blood slow and his breathing difficult.

Puff!

Where the massive dark silver sword rainbow and evil wind passed, those uncertain sword light phantasms instantly shattered to pieces!

"Clang

At the moment the two swords clashed, a deafening metallic symphony rang out.

Thump! Thump!

Gao Feng staggered back several steps, nearly dropping his treasured sword. His face alternated between pale and flushed.

The horrifying force caused his hand to split open, bleeding.

Drip, drop!

A trickle of blood fell from Gao Feng's palm.

"This is

Many people gasped.

One sword.

Just one sword strike had injured Gao Feng!

Qiu Yue'er, who had just sneered coldly, stiffened her face, her mouth agape.

"A defeated fighter. No matter how many real or illusionary sword shadows you conjure, with one stroke, I can sweep them all away."

Chen Yu weighed the heavy sword in his hand.

His Xuan Heavy Sword was heavy and large, using its force to overcome opponents, sweeping across an area.

With Chen Yu's current strength, even without using the Xuan Heavy Sword, merely relying on the Copper Statue Technique, his pair of copper fists could compete with someone in the Organ Refining Stage.

"Heh heh, this is using strength to overpower intelligence. My disciple is also adept at utilizing advantages."

Elder Mao, beaming, deliberately raised his voice so others would notice,

Chen Yu's strike had indeed made him quite proud.

The Yunyue Sect Master and others revealed expressions of pleasant surprise.

"Kid, you

Gao Feng was a mix of shock and rage. Since his initial mastery of the Sky Shadow Sword Technique, he had never faced such humiliation.

Chen Yu's vile smile made him realize.

He had been tricked!

Had he known earlier about Chen Yu's tremendous strength, he would have never engaged directly, resulting in his arm being injured right at the start.

And just at the start, he had been infuriated by Chen Yu's "defeated fighter" talk.

Sky Shadow Sword Technique! Residual Wind Steps!

Gao Feng's expression turned fierce, his treasured sword trembled, and he unfurled several more overlapping sword light phantasms toward Chen Yu.

This time,

He fully activated his movement technique, leaving intermingling afterimages on the spot, the sound of the wind whistling as he pushed the advantages of the Sky Shadow Sword Technique to the limit.

Destroy!

Chen Yu swung his sword, and the sword light phantasms in front of him instantly dissipated.

However, Gao Feng had learned his lesson and avoided clashing directly with Chen Yu's heavy sword, at most, crossing it from the side.

Hmm?

Chen Yu stood his ground, facing the continuous onslaught of sword light phantasms and step afterimages, his eyebrows furrowing.

Gao Feng was adopting a hit-and-run tactic, avoiding direct confrontation altogether.

"Well done! The kid is using a heavy-grade artifact, which consumes a lot."

A middle-aged man with a mustache spoke approvingly.

The Yunyue Sect elders slightly frowned. At this rate, Chen Yu would be at a disadvantage.

"Hit-and-run, huh?"

Chen Yu chuckled, then suddenly flickered with astonishing speed and disappeared from his spot.

This is bad!

Gao Feng's several sword light phantasms suddenly hit empty air.

The opponent's movement technique was on par with his own, and even faster in terms of explosive speed.

Just in the blink of an eye.

Chen Yu had moved to his side, turning the situation from passive to active.

Heavy Sword Formation!

Chen Yu's Xuan Heavy Sword flashed with a layer of dark silver energy waves, lifting a silver brilliant fan-shaped sword formation.

Whoosh!

The radiant fan-shaped sword formation, carrying the weight of ten thousand jun, swept across an area.

Gao Feng's breath stalled, his body feeling an immense pressure, facing such a localized attack with nowhere to hide.

How to dodge? The opponent's absolute speed was even faster than his.

Sword Shadows turn into illusion!

Gao Feng, with determination, dragged a series of sword light phantasms, but beneath that fan-shaped sword formation, they were all obliterated.

However.

The instant all sword shadows vanished, a chilling flash of light grazed past from the side of the Xuan Heavy Sword!

That flash of sword light pressed close to Chen Yu.

What a stunning sword!

Members from the three sects exclaimed in astonishment.

"What is this?"

Chen Yu was taken aback. The opponent's Sky Shadow Sword Technique could execute such an illusion-like maneuver.

From solid to illusion, then from illusion to sword.

That one sword, under the cover of all other sword shadows, appeared before Chen Yu in an inconceivable manner.

Nowhere to dodge!

After all, Chen Yu was wielding a heavy sword and was so close.

Huh!

With this successful strike, Gao Feng felt immensely satisfied, his face slightly pale, clearly indicating that the sword had taken a toll on him.

"Hmph!"

Faced with an unavoidable sword strike, Chen Yu's lips curled into a mocking smile, filling Gao Feng with an inexplicable unease.

"Break!"

Chen Yu's other arm, swollen like a copper hand, swirling with howling evil Qi, struck down!

Clang!

The Copper Statue hand directly collided with Gao Feng's treasured sword, and an indescribable domineering inner breath and tremendous force pressed down.

"No

Gao Feng's body, unstoppable, was sent flying backward.

With a clatter, the treasured sword fell to the ground.

Gao Feng's sword-holding arm could no longer be lifted, his complexion pale.

"In Ancient Times, there was a saying: 'Never get close to a body cultivator, it would be a nightmare!'"

Elder Mao murmured softly.

When Gao Feng's final strike deviated, and he moved close in, he knew the outcome.

"You lost again."

Chen Yu blinked at Gao Feng.

Actually,

He had to thank Gao Feng. Sparring with such a sword technique master allowed his swordsmanship to evolve and deepen.

After all, in terms of sword technique mastery, Gao Feng was much stronger than him.

During the brief exchange, Chen Yu's "Iron Gang Sword" had surpassed days of arduous practice and nearly stepped into the Great Achievement Realm.

"Next time, I'll still learn from you

Gao Feng took a deep breath, his fighting spirit unabated.

"Don't be disheartened. It seems your opponent has also mastered an ancient body cultivation technique and used a heavy weapon, which is much stronger than Qiu Yue'er. Such an opponent is not suitable for close combat. Once you advance to the Organ Refining Stage, you will have methods to restrain him."

The middle-aged man with a goatee spoke lightly.

"Disciple understands."

Gao Feng had a moment of clarity.

He resolved that once he reached the Organ Refining Stage and his cultivation and techniques improved further, he would definitely come back and challenge Chen Yu.

"Haha, Chen Yu! Well done!"

Sect Master Yunyue and the others, with smiles on their faces, praised him.

The three principal competitors, including Qiu Yue'er, had extremely awkward expressions, showing disbelief.

Chen Yu, the original "reserve," had outshone all three principal competitors.

"Damn it! If it weren't for my carelessness that time

Wan Dong, who also practiced "Cloud Evil Fist," displayed a look of deep regret.

This "three-sect gambling battle," not only offered rich rewards but also a chance to make a name for oneself.

"This... Sect Master Uncle, the bout I just won. Is the reward still valid?"

Chen Yu confirmed from the stage.

According to the standards of the principal competitors, winning one bout would secure him three thousand Grade Essence Stones and a kilogram of meteoric iron.

Such rewards were enticing wealth for Inner Sect Disciples.

Especially that meteoric iron, which was priceless.

If the meteoric iron was sufficient in quantity and integrated into Chen Yu's "Xuan Heavy Sword," it might enhance the sword's quality.

"Of course!"

Sect Master Yunyue smiled genially, "Would I, as the Sect Master, jest about such matters! If you can win another bout, not only will you receive another reward, but our sect will also meet one of your requests if conditions allow."

The other elders found it amusing.

The bet battle involved one hundred and fifty kilograms of meteoric iron and two hundred brass crystals, enormously valuable.

Not just valuable but also a matter of Yunyue Sect's reputation.

Three against four, if they lost, where would Yunyue Sect place their face?

Therefore,

The high-ranking members of Yunyue Sect took the upcoming battle very seriously.

"I want Clearing Qi Pills!"

The youth on the stage declared resolutely.

"Clearing Qi Pills?"

Sect Master Yunyue and a few elders were taken aback.

"It's like this

Elder Mao explained the reason and glared fiercely at Chen Yu.

"So it is."

Sect Master Yunyue and the others seemed to understand. It seemed that the "Clearing Qi Pills" were indeed crucial for Chen Yu.

If they didn't agree,

Chen Yu's next match might be listless and dejected, possibly impacting his performance.

"As long as you can win! One Clearing Qi Pill, no problem!"

Sect Master Yunyue agreed.

"Hehe, kiddo! You don't stand a chance in the next match."

A leisurely laugh came from behind.

Unknown when,

A sloppy young man with bedraggled hair had appeared on the stage.

Hmm!

Chen Yu's heart chilled; he hadn't sensed the young man's sudden appearance.

"Fei Letian!"

Beside Elder Mao, Chang Xuan blurted out.

"Fei Letian! A True Disciple of the Iron Sword Sect!"

"What's going on? Isn't Fei Letian a True Disciple in the Organ Refining Stage?"

The crowd below stirred up.

"Sect Master Qian! What is this about? How can your sect's True Disciple participate in the Meridian Passage Stage gambling battle?"

Sect Master Yunyue's expression darkened.

"Hmph! Is your sect trying to cheat?"

Elder Mao scoffed coldly.

"Hehe, this isn't cheating!"

The middle-aged man with a goatee smiled, "Fei Letian has been practicing a lost secret technique. After the Organ Refining Stage, with every minor realm he reaches, he will drop his cultivation level in a manner similar to dispelling his skills. Then, he will rapidly return to the original realm, making his cultivation techniques and inner breath even purer and stronger."

"There's such a technique? Why haven't we heard of it?"

Sect Master Yunyue and others wore faces of disbelief.

"Haha, that's something we have to keep secret. But you can be sure that we aren't cheating; you're welcome to inspect it."

The goatee-bearded middle-aged man smiled mysteriously.

It seems, that lost secret technique involved some taboo secrets, not to be disclosed to outsiders.

For a moment,

The faces of Yunyue Sect's high-ranking members darkened.

That Fei Letian, a renownedly famous True Disciple of the Iron Sword Sect, even if his cultivation level fell to the Meridian Passage, the intensity of his inner breath and other aspects would definitely overpower those of the same stage.

More importantly, his realm of cultivation techniques as a True Disciple was all retained.

"Sect Master Uncle."

Fei Letian said languidly, "Actually, letting me fight earlier, one against their four, might have been more fun."