

Eternal Heart 69

Chapter 69: Thank You for Your Noble Sect

"One against four?"

The appearance of the powerful trump card, Fei Letian, caused the hearts of everyone from the Yunyue Sect to sink.

No wonder.

Iron Sword Sect had the audacity to send out three to face four from Yunyue Sect.

It turned out this sect had so many trump cards up their sleeve, with each of the three disciples who took the stage being stronger than the last.

Hearing Fei Letian's tone, fighting one against four seemed like no big deal to him.

...

"One against four? Great! Junior Sister Qiu, Senior Brother Wan... let's all go on stage together."

Chen Yu smiled shamelessly and called out to Qiu Yue'er and the other two main forces.

Holy crap!

The elders and disciples of the three sects present nearly dropped their jaws.

He actually wanted to fight four against one, how utterly shameless.

Fei Letian was thunderstruck, his forehead sprouting black lines, his face twitching momentarily.

He almost wanted to curse out loud, "Go to hell! When I said one against four, it wasn't about starting a brawl. It's one match after another!"

Moreover.

When he spoke those words, he was just trying to bluff; he hadn't expected to run into someone even more shameless.

"Haha... Letian was just joking! Don't take it seriously! Besides, the previous three who were defeated and eliminated can't fight again."

The middle-aged man with the mustache hastily let out a laugh.

He wiped a cold sweat. Facing such a thick-skinned and shameless person, Fei Letian's bluff was nearly caught with no room to backtrack.

You want to show off?

Chen Yu sneered inwardly, sizing up Iron Sword Sect's biggest trump card.

"Little brat! Don't be careless. The level of Fei Letian's cultivation technique is far beyond your level," warned Elder Mao through voice transmission.

On the other side.

Fei Letian's lazy demeanor turned grim and cold. Just now, he had nearly become a laughingstock because of that shameless youngster.

He had to win.

And he had to win easily, to wipe away the opponent's face.

At the same time, the voice of Sect Master Qian with the mustache transmitted to his ear, "Nephew Letian, do not take this lightly. If you clash head-on with this youngster, even you will find it tough and unprofitable."

This battle was critical for deciding the outcome of the wager fight.

The middle-aged man with the mustache could not restrain himself from cautioning.

"Hmm."

Fei Letian's expression became serious; having watched the previous battles, he was of course aware of Chen Yu's advantages.

Clang!

A saber-light-like sword glow flashed through the air; a sharp, cold sword wind, swept in front of Chen Yu.

So fast!

A chill struck him, and Chen Yu almost didn't see the trajectory of his opponent's swordsmanship.

Clang!

Chen Yu's Xuan Heavy Sword, almost instinctively flashed, tracing a silver-black cold rainbow, parrying the opponent's sword.

Thump thump! Thump thump!

His heartbeat suddenly accelerated.

In that moment, Chen Yu's reaction and speed had increased significantly.

Clang chi!

Fei Letian's treasured sword emitted a few faint cyan patterns and crossed with the Xuan Heavy Sword, sparking a burst of sparks.

"A treasured weapon! His swordsmanship is quite peculiar, it touched my heavy sword, yet it feels light as a feather."

Chen Yu's expression turned solemn.

Whether it was speed, skill, or realm, Fei Letian had reached a level that someone at the Meridian Passage Stage could only look up to.

"Not a bad reaction! I even used a technique to divert force, and my hand is still a bit numb."

Fei Letian was surprised.

He had thought that this strike would, at the very least, put Chen Yu in an embarrassing position, but it didn't gain him any advantage.

Chen Yu's strength was indeed too great.

Especially when paired with the Xuan Heavy Sword, this sword was not just heavy but could also condense qi, enhancing the attack potency.

And besides. He not only had great strength, but his reactions were also remarkably quick.

"Very interesting, I can have a good fight now," Fei Letian said with excitement.

Whoosh!

With terrifying speed, an afterimage flashed, and Fei Letian, along with his sword, rapidly swept past Chen Yu back and forth.

Swoosh! Hiss!

With the naked eye, only a shadow and a light from the sword could be seen flitting around and weaving through Chen Yu's surroundings.

"What kind of swordsmanship is this!"

"Such mysterious movement techniques, it's impossible to distinguish between the sword and the person when the swordsmanship is executed."

The disciples from the three sects watching the battle held their breath.

At this moment.

Chen Yu faced tremendous pressure, only seeing the flashing of sword light and afterimages, unable to discern the figure.

Clang chi!

Suddenly, that sword light afterimage crossed with his heavy sword once again, scattering sparks.

This time.

After the sword light swept past, it didn't leave, but split into two.

Ss-lash!

One of the sword light afterimages slashed in front of Chen Yu, while the other figure had already fled far away.

Chen Yu couldn't dodge in time, struggling even to catch a glimpse of the figure.

"What's going on!"

"The attack and the figure split simultaneously."

The watching disciples shouted in astonishment, as if they were witnessing a magic trick.

"Ghostly Sword Step!"

Some high-ranking members from the three sects exclaimed in admiration.

Ghostly Sword Step: It was both swordsmanship and footwork. The perfect union of movement technique and swordsmanship, extremely difficult to master martial arts.

Chi ting~

The wisp of sword light afterimage landed on Chen Yu, sparks flying. Fei Letian's figure had already flashed to another side.

"What!"

The smile curling on Fei Letian's lips froze.

Chen Yu's chest, revealed muscles etched with fine golden copper lines from the torn clothes, leaving a small green mark on the body surface.

At that moment.

Not only was Fei Letian stunned, most members present from the three sects were shocked into silence.

"A very clever sword technique. Using a high realm to release sword qi from a distance, and splitting the sword and body in an instant."

Chen Yu muttered softly.

But that sword was not the physical treasured weapon; it was weaker than a direct attack and had nearly failed to break through the defense of the Copper Statue Technique.

"Heavy Sword Gang!"

Chen Yu's heart powered up, and with a "swoosh," his figure blurred.

Instantly.

A dazzling silvery sword gang swept over in a fan shape, sweeping across the area where Fei Letian was standing.

Ghostly Sword Step!

Fei Letian felt a jolt of alarm as a sword light afterimage skittered past him at his original position, forcefully breaking free from the raging sword force.

Despite his quick response, a tear still appeared on his clothes.

After all, Chen Yu's "Iron Gang Sword" had formed an attack that affected a small area.

"He was actually holding back his strength!"

At the other end, Fei Letian stood rooted, disbelieving.

Meanwhile,

Down below, Gao Feng couldn't help but exclaim, "This kid didn't have such speed and power when he fought with me just now."

Clang! Ting ting tss!

On the trial platform, two figures interweaved; sparks occasionally flashed.

Very quickly,

Chen Yu once again found himself on the defensive, as the opponent's "Ghostly Sword Step," was simply too fast and too odd.

He could only occasionally build up power in his heart and accelerate explosively to force the opponent back for a moment.

"Chen Yu! You're using a heavy sword artifact; you'll deplete your energy way faster than me. Not to mention that my cultivation level is deeper, I can definitely outlast you."

Fei Letian, swaying in motion, wore a smile on his face.

Both wielded treasures.

But while Chen Yu's was a heavy sword, Fei Letian's was an ordinary treasure sword, much nimbler, consuming far less energy.

Ding dang! Ting ting tss!

The two exchanged blows rapidly, and in a blink of an eye, they had gone through a couple of hundred moves.

However,

To the shock of Fei Letian and the Iron Sword Sect, Chen Yu, wielding a heavy sword artifact, showed no signs of exhaustion.

Face not flushing, heart not racing.

On the contrary, Fei Letian was breathing a bit heavily, with traces of sweat faintly visible on his forehead.

"How is this possible!"

Fei Letian was astounded and found it hard to accept.

His usual attacks couldn't injure Chen Yu, and he couldn't directly clash with the opponent's heavy sword.

Heavy Sword Becomes Gang! Sword Net Heaven and Earth!

Chen Yu's heavy sword techniques suddenly intensified, and that area of sword force expanded, splitting into raging sword winds.

This is bad... area sword technique!

Fei Letian's expression changed as he retreated to get out of the range of the sword net.

Pfft!

Still, a strand of sword force cut through the air and left a faint bloodstain on his body.

Although it was a superficial wound, he had truly been injured!

"Ha ha... The Iron Sword Sect has exquisite swordsmanship, but I, a person of limited ability, have struggled to comprehend just a fraction of it."

Chen Yu burst out laughing.

It turned out that,

After crossing swords with such swordsmanship geniuses as Gao Feng and Fei Letian, his “Iron Gang Sword” had completely stabilized at Great Success.

With “Iron Gang Sword” at Great Success, the sword force could form an area attack!

Fei Letian’s movement technique was clever, but it was hard to dodge indiscriminate area attacks. After all, the gap between his and Chen Yu’s movement techniques wasn’t exceptionally vast.

As the fight went on,

Chen Yu completely turned the tables, remaining still to control the fight while occasionally countering with “Sword Force Becomes Net.”

Of course,

Such area techniques consumed a lot of energy, and Chen Yu couldn’t sustain them if used in quick succession.

But even the occasional strike proved remarkably effective, making Fei Letian wary.

"Damn! I also trained the ‘Iron Gang Sword’ to Great Success when I was at the Meridian Passage Stage, but it wasn’t nearly half as powerful as this.”

A Yunyue Sect Inner Sect Disciple spoke discontentedly.

Someone nearby asked with a laugh, "Do you have half his strength?"

Another laughed, "Is your weapon half as heavy as his?"

"Is your speed, your explosive power, half as strong as his?"

The disciple was at a loss for words.

As the battle continued, Chen Yu grew steadier, his movement technique ever more ethereal and agile.

His body technique talent shined once again.

In exchanging blows with Fei Letian's "Ghostly Sword Step," Chen Yu's "Cloud Stepping" rapidly improved, subtly reaching its peak level.

"Junior Brother Chen's movement technique has clearly surpassed mine," Le Feng said with a sigh.

Initially, Chen Yu's movement technique was at best on par with his, except for the explosive speed.

But now,

Chen Yu's "Cloud Stepping" had completely overtaken him.

Such progress was not only due to Chen Yu's talent in body techniques but also because Fei Letian's "Ghostly Sword Step" was more than a level above.

Under the pressure of this clash, Chen Yu improved even faster.

"Elder Mao, your disciple truly is a freak of nature," the Yunyue Sect Master and others commented in amazement.

"Heh! This is a once-in-a-millennium body technique talent. It's a pity that the era of body cultivation has waned," Elder Mao said with a mix of pride and regret.

After 15 minutes,

With a clang,

Fei Letian's heavy sword, having slipped in his grip, clashed hard against Chen Yu's and flew out of his hand.

"I have lost."

Fei Letian was drenched in sweat, his breathing rough, his sword-holding hand numb.

His defeat was not from a lack of skill but from physical exhaustion.

Though he tried not to clash head-on with Chen Yu, they still crossed paths occasionally. Even if he could disperse the force, the repeated clashes took their toll.

"Ha ha! Much appreciated," Chen Yu said with a broad smile, expressing his gratitude from the heart.

Winning this fight, he had gained a great deal.

Moreover, through back-to-back battles with Gao Feng and Fei Letian, both his swordsmanship and movement technique had greatly improved, leading to numerous insights.

The Iron Sword Sect members, including Sect Master Qian with the eight-character mustache, however, looked quite displeased.

"You lucky brat! Acting all cute after snagging a bargain," Elder Mao teased with a laugh.

At this time,

The Yunyue Sect Master was negotiating with the Water Moon Sect.

"Your sect's disciple has gone through consecutive fights today and must be quite tired. Why don't we postpone our contest until the day after tomorrow?" The Water Moon Sect Master, a beautiful woman in palace attire, offered with a smile.

"Hmph! Tired? Clearly, seeing us in a position of strength, you want to delay for more time," some of the older generation of the Yunyue Sect expressed discontent.

"Giggle! Your Sect's Nephew Chen is indeed formidable. Naturally, our sect's female disciples need to think of some strategies," the Water Moon Sect Master said with a charming laugh, exuding a mature allure.

This Sect Master openly admitted to being wary of Chen Yu, seeking to delay with an upfront approach.