

## Crazy Wife 77

### Chapter 77: Who Said We're Forfeiting?

After the start of the second round, Ye Chen, who was the first to go on stage, was like a shining beacon, attracting everyone's attention and stealing the limelight.

Feeling the craziness of the love-struck women, Leng Ruoxue couldn't help being a little speechless. There were clearly 20 people competing in the ten arenas, but the others were all blatantly ignored.

"Congratulations. Everyone from the Sacred Hall has entered the next round," Fu Mingyuan said in a friendly manner as he walked over, displaying his gentlemanly demeanor.

"What's there to congratulate? It's just the first round. If they can't even pass this, they don't deserve to stay in the Sacred Hall," Leng Ruoxue, who was sitting on the side watching the competition attentively, said disapprovingly.

"Hey, why are you so rude? Senior Brother Fu came to congratulate you out of goodwill. What's with your attitude?" a female fan of Senior Brother Fu immediately complained, feeling outraged.

"Did I ask him to come?" Leng Ruoxue said with a sneer. She would never be friends with the Fu family. In that case, why bother wasting her time and effort entertaining an irrelevant person?

"How can a simpleton know any manners? Why bother with her?" Chen Fang said mockingly while walking over.

"Well said. Not only do I, a simpleton, not know any manners, but I also like to hit people when I'm mad!" Leng Ruoxue said with a smile that was not a smile. After the match just now, there seemed to be more women looking for trouble with her.

"You... I won't hold it against a barbaric woman," Chen Fang said angrily and walked away unwillingly. She knew that Fu Mingzhu was beaten up by Leng Ruoxue and had her face scratched by her spirit beast, so she was really a little scared.

"What's the matter?" Ye Chen, who had finished his second round, got off the stage and walked to Leng Ruoxue's side.

"It's okay. Just a few clowns. It's my turn."

Leng Ruoxue walked onto the arena calmly. Her opponent was actually Sun Ting from the Supreme Hall. Leng Ruoxue couldn't help laughing softly when she saw Sun Ting staring at her with jealousy and hatred. She heard that Sun Ting was injured after the freak threw her out of the window. She didn't expect her to recover so quickly.

"You simpleton, what are you laughing at?" Sun Ting said in anger.

"What? Are the people from the Supreme Hall so overbearing that they don't allow others to laugh?"

"Moreover, you keep saying that I'm a simpleton. Then what are you, who is about to be defeated by a simpleton?" Leng Ruoxue deliberately provoked.

"I won't lose!" Sun Ting said confidently. For this selection competition, she had a secret weapon that she didn't want to take out so early. But she didn't mind exposing it in advance to teach this simpleton a lesson.

A long black whip appeared in Sun Ting's hand. The body of the whip was pitch-black, and it faintly carried a fierce aura, as though a black dragon was roving around. Her whip immediately attracted everyone's attention.

"It's a sacred artifact!" someone shouted as soon as the whip appeared.

"This is the Dragon Roar Whip!" Lin Liang exclaimed in surprise. He didn't expect Sun Ting to take out her family heirloom. *It seems Sun Ting is determined to win this match. The Sun family has really put in a lot of effort. I wonder if Ruoxue can handle it?*

*A sacred artifact? The Sun family is only a medium-sized family, but they actually have a sacred artifact in their possession. Why has no one snatched it??* Leng Ruoxue thought in her mind some evil intentions.

What she didn't know was that many people had designs on this whip in the past. But the genius ancestor of the Sun family who refined this whip had integrated the bloodline of the Sun family into it. Except for those who had the blood of the Sun family, no one else could use it, so this whip had been handed down generation after generation.

"Leng Ruoxue, you're dead meat!" Sun Ting said through gritted teeth. She infused her spiritual power into the whip and swung it fiercely at Leng Ruoxue.

Leng Ruoxue turned her body slightly, and the whip brushed past her. She looked at Sun Ting provocatively. "It's my turn now!"

A sword appeared in Leng Ruoxue's hand. The blade was thin and transparent like crystal and was constantly releasing fierce cold air.

Lin Liang's pupils constricted. *This girl also has a sacred artifact in her hands, and its grade is clearly higher than the Dragon Roar Whip.* He could already feel the Dragon Roar Whip trembling slightly. It seemed like his worries were in vain.

"Behold my Flame Feather!" Leng Ruoxue infused fire-attribute spiritual power into the sword, raised her wrist, and released the Flame Feather along the tip of her sword. It shot at Sun Ting like a burning feather.

Sun Ting dodged the exquisite and cute flame feather shooting at her easily with a few slick moves.

"Is this all that your Flame Feather can do?" Sun Ting mocked.

"You'll know when you try," Leng Ruoxue said indifferently. This was the first time she was using the improved Flame Feather. Although it was only an advanced spiritual skill, its might was not inferior to a heavenly spiritual skill. Whoever dared to look down on this small feather would be dead for sure.

"Ah! How is this possible?" Not long after Sun Ting gloated, she saw the small feather she dodged turn back toward her and splitting into two. Then two became four, four became eight, multiplying endlessly. She wanted to dodge but couldn't, and numerous small feathers even burned her body. Although the

sparks were small, they were very painful. The small and cute feathers also entangled her whip. Before long, the whip actually burned into ashes, and Sun Ting fainted from the pain...

*Everyone watched this scene with their mouths agape. W-when did this Flame Feather become so powerful? Even a sacred artifact was burned to ashes. Heavens, it's really too terrifying. That was a sacred artifact! If all these flames had burned her body, Sun Ting probably wouldn't have just simply fainted!*

Lin Liang looked at Leng Ruoxue speechlessly. *Lass, can you not cause such a stir? Can't you keep a low profile?*

"Did I win?" Leng Ruoxue looked at the dumbfounded referee.

"You... you won," the referee said hurriedly after recovering from the shock. His forehead was covered in cold sweat because he had personally felt the power of the small flames just now. It was really too terrifying, and he still had lingering fears!