

Little Sweet 1671

Chapter 1671: You're ruthless!

Typically speaking, only mercenary students B-rank or higher participated in Scarlet Flames Academy's martial competition.

Of course, D-rank mercenaries weren't restricted from participating, but most of them wouldn't bring contempt upon themselves.

There were throngs of mercenaries around the stage.

Some of the mercenaries widened their eyes in shock when they saw Ye Wanwan entering the stage.

Several days ago, many mercenaries personally witnessed Ye Wanwan reporting the completion of two A-rank missions, but Scarlet Flames Academy was home to too many mercenaries, so the majority of them didn't know about this matter and thought this D-rank mercenary only dared to participate in this kind of martial competition out of excessive ignorance.

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In the honored guest seating area, Ji Xiuran was sitting next to Elder Gong, occasionally chatting with him, while Lord Asura unwaveringly watched Ye Wanwan walking toward the stage.

Soon, Ye Wanwan arrived on the stage.

"Number 11, Li He, C-rank mercenary."

The man glanced at Ye Wanwan, his lips curling into a smirk.

Isn't my luck too good? This is probably the only D-rank mercenary in the entire Scarlet Flames Academy who joined the martial competition this time and I ran into her. Isn't this purely a free point for me...?

"Number eight, Ye Wanwan, D-rank mercenary," Ye Wanwan greeted in return.

"Haha, your courage is truly commendable for having the guts to participate in this martial competition as a D-rank mercenary... Don't worry though, I'll be merciful."

The man snickered before stepping forward and swiftly dashing toward Ye Wanwan.

C-rank mercenaries like him were naturally stronger than D-rank mercenaries, but there weren't any substantial differences since they were only a rank apart.

Ye Wanwan took a deep breath and instantly gathered her thoughts.

Everything in her surroundings slowed down in her field of view.

She had possessed this ability since her time with the Si family in China. Back then, she thought she was a martial arts genius, but it appeared that her skills were probably the abilities she possessed as Worriless Nie before her memory was masked.

To other people, Ye Wanwan looked like a statue silently standing in a corner of the stage without a single movement. In contrast, #11 Li He was swiftly attacking her.

“That D-rank mercenary isn’t stupefied, right?”

A mercenary’s off-handed remark evoked rounds of laughter from the people around him.

BOOM!

A giant noise reverberated through the air.

Li He swung his fist upon reaching Ye Wanwan, but before anyone realized what had happened, the unmoving Ye Wanwan swiftly caught his extended arm and briskly tossed him from the stage.

“#11 Li He fell off the stage; #8 Ye Wanwan is the winner!”

The referee stood up at once and made the announcement to everyone.

“F*ck me!”

Li He rubbed his butt and looked like he ate shit as he stared at Ye Wanwan. A full-grown man like him was actually chucked off stage by a female D-rank mercenary?

Are my 180lbs of flesh pure decoration?!

“Fine, you’re ruthless! You purposefully stood there without moving and made me lower my guard...” Li He grievously pointed at Ye Wanwan. He toppled his boat in the sewer today...

This detestable D-rank mercenary! I shouldn’t have been so careless!

Chapter 1672: Don’t be ungrateful for the face I’m giving you

The martial competition had just begun, and he was the first to be defeated... and he lost so... humiliatingly...

“Thank you for letting me win,” Ye Wanwan said while cupping her fists and looking at the forlorn Li He.

“Who let you win... Hmph!” Li He harrumphed.

“...”? *Should a grown man act so haughty...?*

After the match ended, Ye Wanwan left the stage to rest and the referee continued to draw lots, picking a B-rank and an A-rank mercenary.

The B-rank mercenary looked in despair. He originally wanted to test his luck but didn’t expect to face an A-rank mercenary so quickly.

Without any surprise, the B-rank was howling in pain a few minutes later; he was no match for the A-rank mercenary.

...

Ye Wanwan observed the stage.

The stage was a perfect size.

As long as she didn't have to take the initiative to attack, she could passively wait to be attacked before suppressing her opponent. Moreover, due to the size of the stage, she could easily toss her opponent off the stage and win using that method.

Even if she encountered an extremely formidable opponent... she could just admit defeat. If she really had to, she still had her liquor gourd.

Ye Wanwan wanted to avoid using alcohol as much as she could. After all, she did gain Worriless Nie's martial strength when she was drunk but she also couldn't control it. Who knew what she would do in her drunken state...? What if she jumped off the stage and beat up the referee...? Then she would become the laughing stock of Scarlet Flames Academy.

As she watched, she lost interest in other people's matches.

Most of these mercenaries were weaker than Big Dipper and Seven Star, and Ye Wanwan had already gotten bored of watching Big Dipper and Seven Star fight since they had scuffles every three days and a bigger fight every five days.

So how could Ye Wanwan be interested in contestants weaker than Big Dipper and Seven Star?

"#165 Hong Yun and #8 Ye Wanwan," the referee announced.

A woman in a yellow uniform immediately walked onto the stage.

Hearing her name called, Ye Wanwan also quickly walked up.

"These two mercenaries... One is a D-rank and the other is a C-rank. Heh, they're both quite lucky."

"I think Ye Wanwan is luckier, running into two C-rank mercenaries in a row."

"D-rank and C-rank... Such a boring match..."

The majority of the mercenaries shook their heads in dismay upon seeing the two newest contestants, wishing nothing more than to leave immediately. There was nothing to watch.

"#165 Hong Yun, C-rank mercenary," the woman expressionlessly said with a glance at Ye Wanwan.

"#8 Ye Wanwan, D-rank mercenary," Ye Wanwan also said.

"I'm unwilling to attack a D-rank mercenary, so would you prefer to leave yourself or should I toss you off myself?" Hong Yun coldly asked her.

"Attack." Ye Wanwan met her eyes.

The woman frowned slightly. "Ye Wanwan, don't be ungrateful for the face I'm giving you. You're a D-rank mercenary—did you really think you could win two matches in a row after winning one match?"

A chilly glint flashed through Hong Yun's eyes, and she immediately reached for Ye Wanwan.

However, as soon as Hong Yun attacked, Ye Wanwan grabbed her arm.

Hong Yun's expression shifted and before she could react, a mystical force shot out of Ye Wanwan's hand.

A second later, Hong Yun lost her balance and she was sent flying back like a snipped kite by that mystical force.

Chapter 1673: Here comes the legend

Bang!

A heavy crash sounded as Hong Yun dropped onto the ground.

"Thank you for letting me win."

Ye glanced at Hong Yun before looking away, disinclined to engage her any further.

"You..."

Hong Yun looked up at the indifferent Ye Wanwan, fuming with rage. A mere D-rank mercenary...!!!

"Hahaha, satisfying!" Li Xin clapped joyfully. "Those bullsh*t C-rank mercenaries—try looking down on us D-rank mercenaries now! Bleh!"

Standing next to Li Xin, the D-rank mercenaries from the same dorm as them all nodded in agreement.

"After completing two A-rank missions, Boss Wanwan's honor points should be enough for her to be promoted to a B-rank mercenary, right?"

"Of course! She's at least a peak B-rank, maybe even an A-rank mercenary! I'm guessing my Sis Wan doesn't know how to be promoted or the purpose of honor points. She's truly my Sis Wan, my real sister... Truly willful!" Li Xin replied with a nod.

Several D-rank mercenaries glanced at Li Xin.

They had seen shameless before but had never seen someone this shameless... Even claiming she was his real sister...

...

Dozens of matches later, it was noon, and the martial competition came to a break.

Ye Wanwan was only called up for two matches the entire morning and won both matches.

Elder Gong turned to Ye Wanwan and said, "After this, you won't be so lucky anymore. All the C-rank mercenaries have been defeated, and you're the only D-rank mercenary left in the entire competition. The rest are B-rank or above."

In other words, Elder Gong was telling Ye Wanwan to quit while she was ahead and not be recklessly headstrong.

"I understand, Master," Ye Wanwan replied with a nod.

What a joke—I still haven't used the secret technique Elder Gong passed on to me... I mastered every twist to it already, so it'll be a piece of cake to take on a B-rank mercenary!

It would be interesting to know how Elder Gong would feel if he learned that the disciple before him had mastered his secret technique already.

"Quick, look!" someone exclaimed in shock.

Everyone looked ahead of them.

A woman with an apathetic mannerism was leisurely walking toward the VIP seats next to Elder Lei He.

"D*mn... F*ck me... That woman is... Nie... Nie Linglong?!"

"Sh*t, Scarlet Flames Academy's legend who created unbreakable records, Nie Linglong—Senior Sister Nie!!!"

"I didn't expect Senior Sister Nie Linglong to also come!"

"Are you kidding me? Senior Sister Nie Linglong was once Elder Lei He's disciple and a student at Scarlet Flames Academy, so of course she would attend such a formal competition!"

"Back then, the first time Senior Sister Nie Linglong participated in a martial competition, she won 28 rounds in a row without a single defeat! It wasn't until she met Duan Feiyang in her 29th match that she admitted defeat of her own accord and obtained second place!"

"Senior Sister Nie hadn't grown enough yet, so she wasn't a match for Duan Feiyang. Now though, Duan Feiyang isn't a match for Senior Sister Nie!"

Everyone was over the moon about Nie Linglong's appearance and they looked at her with immense reverence.

Only Elder Gong retained his icy expression and didn't even spare her a glance.

...

"#329 Yun Feng and #8 Ye Wanwan."

Soon, the short break ended and the referee made an announcement again.

A shadow flitted through the air, and a man appeared on the stage.

Ye Wanwan also quickly walked up.

"Yun Feng, A-rank mercenary," the man said to Ye Wanwan.

"Ye Wanwan, D-rank mercenary," Ye Wanwan responded.

Aren't I too unlucky? I didn't encounter a single B-rank and I'm slammed with an A-rank immediately?!

Chapter 1674: Enemies inevitably clashed

"Haha, that D-rank mercenary has used up all her luck!"

“Encountering the A-ranked Yun Feng, tsk tsk, this luck is...”

Numerous mercenaries burst into laughter beneath the stage.

Swish!

As expected of an A-rank mercenary, Yun Feng didn't waste any words and launched an attack.

Ye Wanwan instantly entered a subconscious state and Yun Feng's lightning-fast move slowed down in her vision.

Swish!

Ye Wanwan gathered all her strength into her palm and struck him with the weight of mountains.

“Elder Gong's Merciful Palm?!”

Upon sensing the power behind Ye Wanwan's palm, Yun Feng couldn't avoid being stunned despite being an A-rank mercenary.

Merciful Palm was a secret technique created by Elder Gong and was never passed on to outsiders!

BOOM!

A giant noise rang as their hands clashed together.

In the next second, Yun Feng couldn't keep his balance and retreated several steps with a deep frown.

The audience was stunned.

The higher-ups turned to Ye Wanwan especially.

The mercenaries who thought Ye Wanwan used up all her luck felt their smiles freezing on their faces.

The A-rank mercenary, Yun Feng, was repelled by that D-rank mercenary?!

Next to Lei He, Meng Ke's lips curled up. “No wonder she had the guts to participate—it turns out she knows Elder Gong's Merciful Palm. Now it makes sense why Elder Gong accepted a D-rank mercenary as a disciple. He probably came into contact with her a long time ago and taught her his Merciful Palm years ago.”

This was good though. If Ye Wanwan was defeated, how would she torment and kill Ye Wanwan on the stage?

Nie Linglong kept her eyes closed the whole time, as though she was completely uninterested in the ongoing match.

...

“What...?”

On the other end of the VIP seats, Elder Gong abruptly stood up and stared at Ye Wanwan, astonished.

“Master, your Merciful Palm... It's only been two days...” Second Senior Brother Jian Hu exclaimed in surprise.

Ji Xiuran smiled but didn't say anything.

It appeared his decision to send Ye Wanwan to Scarlet Flames Academy was correct... He wanted Worriless Nie's memories to slowly recover and awaken.

"How's this possible...?" Elder Gong was incredulous.

A mere two days, yet Ye Wanwan mastered his Merciful Palm in its original form. Meanwhile, Elder Gong originally designated three whole years for her to learn it...

Even Worriless Nie back then took an entire year to completely master the Merciful Palm.

Worriless Nie took a year, but this disciple of his, Ye Wanwan... she took two days...

Elder Gong was stupefied.

...

Bang!

Another loud bang rang on the stage, and sweat drenched Yun Feng's forehead.

The Merciful Palm utilized both offense and defense, so he couldn't get close to her at all.

Alas, Yun Feng gritted his teeth. He couldn't unravel the Merciful Palm at all, so he was forced to cup his fist and announce, "Junior Sister Ye is fearsome; I admit defeat."

A commotion erupted in the audience following his words.

An A-rank mercenary actually conceded to a D-rank mercenary...

After the referee announced the results, he drew Ye Wanwan again before she could leave. Her opponent was a B-rank mercenary.

"D*mn..."

The B-rank mercenary looked at Ye Wanwan, embarrassed. "Why am I so unlucky... Even Yun Feng admitted defeat... how could I win?!"

He didn't give Ye Wanwan a chance to respond before vehemently shaking his head. "You're awesome—I concede!"

After saying that, he left the stage without looking back.

...

"#4 Jian Hu and #10 Meng Tian."

Jian Hu—Elder Gong's second disciple.

Meng Tian—Elder Lei He's second disciple.

Chapter 1675: Win all 27 matches

The referee announced Second Senior Brother and Lei He's second disciple's names.

"Jian Hu, be careful," Elder Gong warned.

"Master, don't worry!" Jian Hu nodded and swiftly went on to the stage.

The competition finally welcomed the clash of two S-rank mercenaries. Furthermore, one was Elder Gong's second disciple while the other was Elder Lei He's second disciple.

Several years ago, it was on this same stage that one of Elder Gong's more favored disciples was forcefully beaten to death by Elder Lei He's eldest disciple.

This was going to be a dramatic match.

"Heh, Jian Hu, I'm in a good mood today, so how about I cripple one of your legs?" Meng Tian glanced at him.

"F*ck off!" Jian Hu shouted angrily and swung his fist toward Meng Tian.

However, Meng Tian was extremely fast, and Jian Hu's fist didn't meet its target.

Jian Hu possessed immense strength, and any S-rank mercenary would be seriously injured for certain if they got punched by Jian Hu; Meng Tian was no exception.

However, Meng Tian was very clever and didn't give Jian Hu any chance to approach him. Instead, he put distance between them and madly exhausted Jian Hu's strength.

In the VIP seats, Ye Wanwan frowned deeply.

Second Senior Brother Jian Hu had a straightforward personality and couldn't withstand provocation. Meng Tian started leading him by his nose easily...

Elder Gong previously mentioned that Second Senior Brother hadn't graduated yet precisely because of this flaw in his personality. He got hot-headed easily, so he kept failing Scarlet Flames' graduation examination.

From the looks of it, it was exactly as Elder Gong said. Otherwise, Meng Tian wouldn't be a match for Jian Hu.

Jian Hu and Meng Tian's match lasted dozens of rounds. While Meng Tian didn't exhaust much of his stamina, Jian Hu was breathing heavily already and drained too much stamina.

BANG!

Suddenly, Meng Tian found an opening and viciously kicked Jian Hu in his left kneecap.

Sweat drenched Jian Hu's forehead and the color drained from his face. He roared and used his elbow to slam into Meng Tian's face.

Ye Wanwan didn't doubt that Meng Tian's head would crack if Jian Hu's attack landed on its mark.

This kind of frightening strength was truly astonishing. Ye Wanwan had never seen anyone possessing strength as great as Jian Hu!

Unfortunately, Meng Ke was incredibly nimble, and his martial strength was a level higher than Jian Hu's!

"Hahaha, are Elder Gong's disciples all a heap of trash?" Meng Tian snorted and dodged Jian Hu's fatal blow. At the same time, he heavily struck at Jian Hu's kneecap again.

Jian Hu's left leg sustained serious damage, causing him to stagger backward.

"Where are you running?" Meng Tian smirked and unleashed his full power upon seeing Jian Hu's stamina drained.

Within a few breaths, Jian Hu was knocked to the ground.

Meng Tian instantly stepped on Jian Hu's stomach and remarked, "Tsk tsk, how pitiful."

"Meng Tian wins!"

The referee immediately made the announcement when the winner was evident.

Although Jian Hu was reluctant, he had no choice but to allow himself to be carried to the infirmary.

"Master... I..."

On the stretcher, Jian Hu looked at Elder Gong with his fists clenched, wanting to say something.

"Get treated first!" Elder Gong ordered with a frown.

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"There's still a wide distance between Elder Gong's disciple and Elder Lei He's disciple..."

"It's not unreasonable that Elder Lei He has been suppressing Elder Gong all these years."

Many higher-ups and mercenaries chimed in with their thoughts.

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Soon, it was Ye Wanwan's turn again.

At the end of the day, Ye Wanwan fought 27 matches and won them all, successfully entering the finals.

Chapter 1676: Attack me together

When the sun was descending in the west, only the top 10 mercenaries remained.

Nine were S-rank while one was D-rank.

"Holy h*ll... A D-rank mercenary won 27 matches in a row!"

"Back then, the first record that Senior Sister Nie Linglong established was only 28 rounds..."

"This is the end, though. That Ye Wanwan hasn't encountered a single S-rank mercenary yet."

“Hmph, a lot of strong veteran S-rank mercenaries didn’t participate in this year’s competition. Mercenaries from Senior Brother Grim Reaper’s year didn’t even come... Otherwise, how could she have entered the Top 10?!”

“#8 Ye Wanwan and #2 Meng Ke!” the referee shortly announced.

Silence descended on the venue; it was so quiet the drop of a needle could be heard.

Meng Ke coldly walked onto the stage.

“Junior Sister Meng Ke, remember to be merciful,” Meng Tian mocked from the seats for the Top 10.

“Senior Brother, I’ll try,” Meng Ke replied aloofly.

On the stage, Ye Wanwan looked at Meng Ke before turning to Meng Tian sitting with the other Top 10.

“Hold on!” Ye Wanwan called out suddenly.

Everyone turned to her.

Was she about to concede defeat?!

That would be understandable since Ye Wanwan was Elder Gong’s disciple, so Elder Lei He’s disciples wouldn’t be merciful when they ran into her.

Elder Gong nodded with satisfaction. Being able to enter the Top 10 was quite nice already. Even if Ye Wanwan knew Merciful Palm, she still wasn’t a match for Meng Ke, so conceding defeat was logical. It was also a type of tactic.

Meng Ke glanced at Ye Wanwan.

She couldn’t stop Ye Wanwan if she wanted to concede defeat. This woman wasn’t dim-witted, after all.

Lord Asura’s expressionless gaze landed on Ye Wanwan.

“Contestant #8, what do you want?” the referee inquired as he quickly walked onto the stage.

“I feel like this type of match is meaningless,” Ye Wanwan said to the referee.

Meaningless?

Everyone looked bewildered.

What did she mean by meaningless...?

“She’s probably unhappy about having to surrender, so she’s probably trying to gain the upper hand verbally first... There’s no helping it. This junior sister is really strong already though. She’s the first D-rank mercenary in the history of Scarlet Flames Academy’s martial competition to enter the Top 10!”

“Surrendering is the smart choice since she encountered an S-rank mercenary like Meng Ke, who’s also Elder Lei He’s disciple. Enemies have to clash inevitably; I heard Ye Wanwan is Elder Gong’s disciple in-name.”

...

On the stage, the referee frowned and asked, “What do you want?”

“On top of Meng Ke” —Ye Wanwan turned to the Top 10 and raised her right arm, pointing at Meng Tian with her pointer finger—“I want to challenge him too.”

“What?!”

The referee was astonished. She wanted to challenge Meng Tian on top of Meng Ke?!

“Are you saying you want to compete with Meng Tian afterward if you win your match against Meng Ke?” the referee asked with uncertainty.

“I’m saying...” Ye Wanwan shook her head. “I want Meng Ke and Meng Tian to attack me together!”

An uproar reverberated throughout the venue.

Elder Gong was surprised himself. Did his disciple go insane?!

“D*mn... Where did Ye Wanwan get this confidence?!”

“She must’ve gone mad, right?!”

“She wants to challenge two S-rank mercenaries, Meng Tian and Meng Ke, at the same time?! Like 1v2?”

“What kind of joke is this? Meng Tian is a whole level stronger than Meng Ke, alright? But she wants to challenge the two of them by herself?!”

Chapter 1677: End the match at any time

Everyone at the rear mountain turned to look at Ye Wanwan with surprise and incomprehension written all over their faces.

It had to be said that it was already unfathomable that Ye Wanwan participated in this year’s martial competition, managed to make it to this point and won 27 matches in a row. Furthermore, the number of A-rank mercenaries defeated by her was almost a miracle.

To other people, Ye Wanwan’s strength probably reached middle-tier A-rank mercenary level, but it was rather improbable for her to beat these top-tier A-rank mercenaries.

After encountering Elder Lei He’s disciple, Meng Ke, Ye Wanwan’s smartest choice would’ve been to concede defeat immediately.

No one found anything wrong with conceding defeat. What they couldn’t understand was Ye Wanwan’s extremely illogical desire to proceed with the match *and* challenge Meng Tian along with Meng Ke, engaging in a one versus two match. This had never happened before in the history of Scarlet Flames Academy’s martial competition.

At that moment, Elder Gong had a deep frown on his face. He couldn’t understand Ye Wanwan’s actions. Did she want to avenge her second senior brother, Jian Hu?

Even if she wanted to seek revenge, she should do what was within her capabilities instead of barging on ahead despite knowing she couldn't. That would make her look rather foolish.

Moreover, Meng Ke was brimming with hostility toward Ye Wanwan, so she definitely wouldn't be merciful.

"Wanwan, don't be reckless!" Elder Gong suddenly stood up and shouted at Ye Wanwan.

Even if it meant losing face, Elder Gong didn't want to see anything bad happening to his disciple on the stage.

Emperor Ji stared at Ye Wanwan pensively.

With Ye Wanwan's strength, dismantling every move as it came was her strong point, and she could use Merciful Palm to ingeniously win when she encountered normal A-rank mercenaries, but... when she encountered S-rank mercenaries and chose to engage in a 1v2...

Based on his knowledge of Ye Wanwan, she wasn't a rash person and most likely wouldn't do something like this unless she was confident.

Nearby, Lord Asura glanced at Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan understood and walked to his side.

Lord Asura whispered something to him.

"What...?" Jiang Yan looked surprised and baffled.

His master actually wanted him to be ready to interfere with this match at any time...?

What did this mean...?

However, since his master made the command, it wasn't appropriate for him to question it, so he could only nod and agree.

Only then did Nie Linglong, who had been resting her eyes, finally open her eyes and coldly examine Ye Wanwan.

...

On the stage, Ye Wanwan ignored Elder Gong's advice and aloofly looked at Meng Tian.

"Hahahaha..." Meng Tian acted like he'd heard the funniest joke. "You don't have the right to challenge me."

Ye Wanwan merely turned to the referee. "The Top 10 seats were intended to be challenged to begin with, so can Meng Tian decline a challenge, referee?"

The referee considered it for a moment before promptly shaking his head. "According to the competition's rules, Meng Ke doesn't have the power to decline a challenge. However, contestant #8 Ye Wanwan, I have to remind you that Meng Tian is ranked fifth in the Top 10 while Meng Ke is eighth, and you're in tenth place. Even if you challenge Meng Ke and Meng Tian at the same time and win, you can only replace Meng Tian at most and replace him at fifth place."

“That’s enough.” Ye Wanwan nodded. She didn’t value the rankings too much.

Chapter 1678: Can’t use force

However, if she drank alcohol only to have a match with Meng Ke, it seemed too wasteful. It would be better to wipe them all out at once.

“Alright.” The referee nodded and turned to Meng Tian. “Meng Tian, come down and accept the challenge. You aren’t permitted to reject contestant #8.”

“Heh... interesting...” Meng Tian’s lips turned up in a bone-chilling smirk.

A second later, Meng Tian jumped down from his seat in the Top 10 and leaped onto the stage.

“I would like to remind everyone that the match will end when a winner is clear. If anything happens against the rules, you’re responsible for the consequences.” The referee then left the stage.

Only three people remained standing on the enormous stage.

“Junior Sister Meng Ke, how about I stay on the side and watch the fight?” Meng Tian suggested to her with a smile.

“That’s exactly as I intended. Don’t attack, Senior Brother Meng Tian—allow me.” Meng Ke proceeded to march toward Ye Wanwan with a frosty expression.

...

Ye Wanwan gently placed her right hand on the gourd hanging from her waist.

However, she released it after a moment of thought. There was no hurry to drink alcohol. She could test the distance between herself and these supposed S-rank mercenaries first.

Swish!

In the blink of an eye, Meng Ke struck with her palm, her hand slashing through the air like the arc of a sunray, soft but vicious.

There was enormous strength behind this strike. Normal mercenaries would be seriously injured at the very least if they were hit and escaped the fate of dying.

“How fast...”

Ye Wanwan was slightly surprised. Meng Ke was worthy of being an S-rank mercenary. Whether it was her strength or speed, they were both nearly perfect.

However, Ye Wanwan didn’t move from her position on the stage. In her eyes, Meng Ke’s speed was slowed down infinitely, and the tracks of her movements became clear.

In the VIP seats, Lord Asura’s icy gaze remained glued to the girl’s figure. The second Meng Ke attacked, Lord Asura stood up imperceptibly, as though he was prepared to stop this match at any time. His actions happened to be caught by Ji Xiuran.

...

Boom!

An ear-shattering explosion blasted from the stage.

Ye Wanwan instinctively retaliated with the Merciful Palm move.

Currently speaking, Ye Wanwan's strongest offense was remaining passive and waiting for an attack. Despite knowing the magnificent technique Merciful Palm, it wouldn't have much power if she attacked of her own accord.

A second later, Ye Wanwan and Meng Ke's palms clashed, and a mystical energy shot from Ye Wanwan's palm, dissipating a portion of Meng Ke's strength.

"Heh. You?" Meng Ke snorted and fiercely pushed her right arm forward.

An immense force enveloped Ye Wanwan.

Everyone watched as Ye Wanwan's figure swiftly retreated backward.

The superior one was evident.

After steadying herself, Ye Wanwan gathered her thoughts. She could make do with handling an A-rank mercenary on her own, but it was completely unrealistic to defeat a true S-rank mercenary without drinking alcohol.

Jiang Yan was a bit confused by this scene. He didn't mistake that ugly woman, right... She should be that vixen, the president of the Fearless Alliance, no...? Yet Bro Flattop couldn't defeat Meng Ke???

"Hahaha, what's Ye Wanwan thinking?! She can't even defeat Meng Ke but wants to fight both Meng Ke and Meng Tian together? I seriously can't understand her logic."

Chapter 1679: Drink a gulp of good ol' alcohol

"I get it... Ye Wanwan probably knew she would lose without any doubt, but it wouldn't be good to surrender as Elder Gong's disciple upon encountering Elder Lei He's disciple. Hence, since she was going to lose anyway, it would be better to have a one versus two so that she could claim Elder Lei He's disciples fought against her in a pair if she really lost. This way, not only would she not humiliate herself if the fight was publicized, but she would also look good!"

"That's reasonable. However, Ye Wanwan's a D-rank mercenary anyway, so it's reasonable for her to lose to an S-rank mercenary, no...?"

As the audience conversed, Meng Ke derisively glanced at Ye Wanwan. "With this tiny strength, who gave you the courage to act so insolently in front of me? Every single one of Elder Gong's disciples is truly a disappointment... Woriless Nie's records were all broken by Senior Sister Linglong. As for the remaining disciples, they're either beaten to death or seriously injured... Heh, how pitiful."

“Is that so?” Ye Wanwan stared at Meng Ke, a chilly glint flashing through her eyes. Then she picked up her gourd in front of everyone.

Everyone was bewildered by her strange move.

“Contestant #8, I would like to remind you that you can’t use concealed weapons in this martial competition; that includes poison, sulfuric acid, and poisonous powder!” the referee harshly yelled at her from beneath the stage.

The referee believed Ye Wanwan’s gourd might be some hidden mechanism. What if it was a poisonous powder or sulfuric acid...

“...”? *What a wild imagination...*

Ye Wanwan ignored the referee and placed the gourd by her mouth. In a breath, she finished half of the high-alcohol-content cocktail.

“What’s she doing...? Is she drinking? What’s she planning?”

“Hahaha, is she about to use the Drunken Fists...?”

“The saying is right—alcohol emboldens the cowardly!”

Lord Asura involuntarily locked his brows together upon seeing Ye Wanwan drink the alcohol...

...

“Wanwan, why are you suddenly drinking on the stage?!” Elder Gong shouted at her.

Earlier, Ye Wanwan had asked him for strong liquor but was sternly rejected by him. He also warned her to always keep a clear mind as a mercenary and that alcohol could fog the mind.

However, Elder Gong didn’t expect Ye Wanwan’s alcohol addiction to be this severe. She was even in the mood to drink at a time like this!

Soon, everyone watched as Ye Wanwan sat down on the stage with slightly flushed cheeks. She propped her chin up with her right hand and revealed a bewitching smile every now and then.

She is... drunk?!

“Referee, end the match,” Elder Gong shouted at the referee.

“We can’t. The martial competition’s rules don’t clearly state that drinking alcohol isn’t permitted. There also isn’t a rule that states an intoxicated person can’t compete unless contestant #8 admits defeat herself.” The referee shook his head.

This type of large-scale competition had to strictly follow the rules, so the audience couldn’t forcefully surrender on a contestant’s behalf.

“Heh... a performative clown.”

Meng Tian mocked with his arms crossed after a glance at Ye Wanwan, who was sitting on the stage after getting drunk.

“How boring.”

Meng Ke strode toward Ye Wanwan.

The referee clearly stated earlier that the match would end when the winner was evident, so she had to kill Ye Wanwan with one blow if she wanted to make Ye Wanwan die on the stage.

“Goodbye, clown.”

Meng Ke stopped next to Ye Wanwan and snorted before putting all her strength behind her palm and slapping Ye Wanwan’s fatal point.

Chapter 1680: Sweep across everyone unrivaled

If this hit landed, it would be enough to shatter the head of a drunk person.

“Not good...”

The expressions of Li Xin and many other D-rank mercenaries from the same dorm as Ye Wanwan dove at this sight.

However, they only heard a loud “bang” ringing out.

Everyone was stupefied.

Ye Wanwan was still sitting with her left hand supporting her chin, but her right hand had grasped Meng Ke’s hand before the fatal blow landed.

Meng Ke furrowed her brows and wanted to fling Ye Wanwan’s right hand off, but no matter how hard she tried, Ye Wanwan’s hand was as unshakable as the jaw of a tiger.

Ye Wanwan released Meng Ke on her own, the momentum causing Meng Ke to stagger a few steps back.

“You’re dead!”

Meng Ke stepped forward and her hand shot forward like a rainstorm.

Bang!

Slap!

Despite the torrential storm of moves from Meng Ke, Ye Wanwan remained seated in her spot and casually waved her right hand as needed.

Meng Ke’s every move was easily dissembled by Ye Wanwan.

It was useless whether you were nimble as a butterfly or ferocious as a tiger.

“What...?”

Meng Ke’s expression shifted. *What happened?!*

Nobody else could understand the current situation.

“Hey... Are you done yet?” Ye Wanwan stared at Meng Ke mockingly.

“You’re dead!” Meng Ke shouted harshly and gathered all of her strength in her palm before striking Ye Wanwan as fast as lightning.

Swish!

Everyone watched as Ye Wanwan nonchalantly raised her right arm and stuck her finger out.

Swish!

This finger slashed across the air, the sound of the wind heard faintly.

Kaboom!

A second later, Meng Ke’s face turned ashen as an anguished howl ripped out of her mouth, and she was flung back with a finger like a snapped kite.

The nearby Meng Tian agilely stepped forward and caught Meng Ke.

The boisterous crowd turned silent—a deadly silence.

Ye Wanwan managed to beat back Elder Lei He’s disciple, Meng Ke, with merely a finger...

“Drunken... Drunken Fist!” someone cried.

“D*mn... What kind of fist is Drunken Fist?! Could it really be Drunken Fist? How’s that possible...?”

An uproar suddenly swept through the crowd.

In the VIP seats, Elder Gong shot up and stared at Ye Wanwan incredulously.

She learned his Merciful Palm in two days and also managed to fend off Meng Ke with a finger...

...

“You two...” Ye Wanwan remained seated on the floor but hooked her middle finger toward Meng Ke and Meng Tian. “Attack me together.”

“Heh... You’re seriously in a hurry to reincarnate!”

Meng Tian’s lips curled up, and he twisted his neck before marching toward Ye Wanwan. Meanwhile, Meng Ke chose to use a different angle of approach, blocking all possible retreat routes.

Upon reaching Ye Wanwan, Meng Tian derisively snorted and was about to say something.

Swish!

A shadow flickered, and the clueless Meng Tian was already spitting out a curtain of blood from his mouth before flying backward.

Ye Wanwan’s lips turned up, and she grabbed Meng Tian by his right leg, forcefully pulling him down.

Kaboom!

Meng Tian crashed to the stage floor harshly.

“AH!!!”

The howl of a dying pig broke out of Meng Tian’s mouth.

Under everyone’s stunned eyes, Ye Wanwan stepped onto Meng Tian’s left arm and the sound of shattering bones rang out.