

Crazy Wife 75

Chapter 75: Bringing the Team to the Illusionary Forest

After Quill advanced, Leng Ruoxue and he returned to their campsite.

"You're back," Ye Chen welcomed Xue'er and Quill.

"Um, is everything okay?" Leng Ruoxue asked worriedly. These students were inexperienced.

"No issues. I got Qiao Hua to bring them hunting," Ye Chen explained.

"Leader."

As they spoke, they saw Qiao Hua leading a group of people back with a lot of game in their hands.

"Seems like your harvest was good!" Leng Ruoxue looked at them appreciatively. This should be the safest place in the Illusionary Forest. As long as they didn't venture farther, they wouldn't encounter any danger.

"Hehe, it's okay," Qiao Hua said modestly, but his face was full of pride.

"After dinner, have an early rest. We start the devil training tomorrow," Leng Ruoxue said seriously.

"Leader, what is devil training?" Qiao Hua asked curiously. The others also looked at Leng Ruoxue in confusion, their eyes obviously yearning to know.

"You'll know then." Leng Ruoxue smiled mysteriously, not planning to tell them now.

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At the camp of Feng Moran's team...

"Elder Brother, I can't take it anymore. Let's rest for a while!" Feng Aoran pleaded while panting. The others were also so tired that they directly collapsed on the ground.

"You can't take it anymore? The training I received back then was twice as much what you've received!" Feng Moran looked at the students lying on the ground, unwilling to get up with some contempt. The training intensity of his team was not very high. He believed that the training in Xue'er's team would definitely be similar to theirs.

"No way. How can Ruoxue be so terrifying? Where did she come up with these methods?" Feng Aoran asked fearfully. He was a spiritualist, not a martial artist. Why did he wake up early every morning to run and train his stamina?! He could run in normal circumstances, but he had to run while carrying dozens of kilograms of weights on his legs every day. No, to be precise, it was a dozen kilograms on the first day, and it increased every day. It was already the third day, and the weight on his legs added up to nearly 50 kilograms. *Boohoo...*

"Xue'er said that you have poor stamina, so you have to get up early to train your stamina first. There will be actual combat later," Feng Moran reminded very kindly. *If you can't take this bit of physical training, what about actual combat?*

“Actual combat? Ah! Kill me!” Feng Aoran lay on the grass like a dead fish. He had been training his physical strength almost every day for the past three days. His whole body was aching every day, so how could he have the strength to fight?!

“What is that sound?” Feng Aoran pricked up his ears cautiously. He seemed to have heard some rumbling.

“Is there a sound? Why didn’t I hear it?” Feng Moran pretended to be confused.

“I’ll go take a look.” A boy volunteered.

“Leader, it’s a group of spirit beasts!” The boy ran back in panic, his face pale, obviously scared out of his wits.

“Elder Brother, what should we do?” Feng Aoran asked anxiously. The spirit beasts in the Illusionary Forest weren’t easy to deal with!

“What can we do? Fight, of course. You’re all Spiritual Monarchs, so surely you won’t be so cowardly?” Feng Moran deliberately provoked them. *Xue’er is right. True powerhouses are tempered through battles.*

“Fine, I’ll fight!” Feng Aoran was unwilling to admit defeat. He was already much weaker than his brother in terms of strength, so he couldn’t lose in terms of his imposing manner.

As soon as Feng Aoran finished speaking, the spirit beasts appeared in front of them. Feng Aoran and the others quickly dragged their aching bodies to get up and fight.

“Elder Brother, why aren’t you helping?” Feng Aoran happened to see his brother leisurely eating grilled meat while he was fighting two spirit beasts. His brother didn’t seem to have any intention of helping. Moreover, the spirit beasts, which bullied the weak and feared the strong, didn’t dare to attack his brother at all. Feng Aoran was so angry! He attacked even more ruthlessly, taking one down and then another. But as he finished off the two spirit beasts, two more spirit beasts came to surround him...

“If you can’t even deal with these spirit beasts, do you still want to participate in the Academy Competition?” Feng Moran said disdainfully. This was only the beginning. Let them adapt first. There would be more spirit beasts in the future.

Feng Moran’s words greatly agitated these hot-blooded youths and aroused their fighting spirit as well. Soon, they wiped out this group of spirit beasts.

But before they could even catch their breath, they heard another series of rumbles. *Heavens, is it another group of spirit beasts?*

Their guess was right. Another group of spirit beasts arrived after the previous group. And this time, the level of these spirit beasts was obviously much higher than the previous one...

“Kill!” Feng Aoran roared and charged forward as the vanguard...

Days passed with constant fighting...

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In General Leng's mansion...

"Old Man Lin, why are you here?" Leng Qingtian looked at his old friend in surprise. This old man hadn't been here for several days.

"Do you know where Ruoxue went?" Lin Liang asked directly. Tomorrow was the selection competition, but Ruoxue and the others weren't back yet.

"Didn't Ruoxue bring those students out for training? I heard that the academy doesn't have a place for them to train," Leng Qingtian said slightly teasingly. In fact, if it weren't for the sake of his old friend, he really wanted to say that he was too useless as the principal!

"Erm..." Lin Liang didn't expect the students of the Supreme Hall to be so overbearing. But he also didn't expect Ruoxue to leave the school with the students from the Sacred Hall either. He originally thought that Xue'er didn't take the people from the Supreme Hall seriously.

In fact, his guess was right. Leng Ruoxue really didn't take the clowns from the Supreme Hall seriously. The reason she brought the Sacred Hall students out to train was mainly that she felt they were too weak. Moreover, going to the forest to experience tests of life and death was much better than simulating training in the academy's training room.

"There's no rush. They will be back when it's time." Leng Qingtian comforted his old friend.

"..." Lin Liang sighed. He could only wait!

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Ten days later, at night.