

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 461 -

Play

Chapter 461

The man's name was Jeramie O'Conner, and he was upset.

His father was Lacles O'Conner, the secret boss of the Grand Ocean Hotel.

If Jeramie did not bully or oppress anyone, there would be peace, but now that a few juniors from another family bumped into him and raised their voices at him as a sign of disrespect, no one could tolerate it, especially someone like Jeramie.

"Why are you guys standing there? Beat the sh*t out of them!" Jeramie glared at the juniors. with a vicious grin and said, "If you guys don't beat the sh*t out of these little sh*ts, I will beat the sh*t out of you people!"

As soon as his voice subsided, several bodyguards went up and beat the juniors up.

The Crestfall juniors were simply riding on Zenith's coattails. They were incapable of defending themselves whatsoever, so the bodyguards beat them up well.

They bled, their faces swelled, and some even wet their pants.

The bodyguards then retreated behind Jeramie after beating the juniors up.

"F*ck!"

"How dare you hit me!? You are f*cked!"

"You are dead! I said it!"

"Even if Jesus is here, he won't be able to save you!"

The juniors glared at the bodyguards viciously as they retreated back to Zenith's side.

"Young Master Mangold!"

“They beat us up in front of you! You must teach them a lesson!”

“Yeah! They disrespected you! They beat us up and actually insulted you!”

The juniors voiced their grievances to Zenith.

Zenith had no intention of being involved.

He could do whatever he wanted back at the capital, but he was neither on his own turf nor on a territory that his family controlled. He had just arrived in Sumeria and had not rooted himself properly in the city. The only advantage he had was a little extra money, but the locals might not respect him for that.

On top of that, the Millers, the Crestfalls, and Dean Mitchell hit a snag here in Sumeria, and his father, Langley, had warned him not to cause any trouble.

Zenith held his arrogance back since Luna was just beside him as well.

However, the juniors were asking him for help, and they had flattered him earlier. If he did not do something for them, it would seem inappropriate.

“Hey, punk!” Zenith bit the bullet and stepped up to Jeramie. “They are with me, and you beat them without telling me? This isn’t right. You’re making me look bad.”

He did not raise his voice or sound offensive as he simply stated the facts in a calm voice.

To his surprise, when Zenith stepped forward, Jeramie saw Andrius behind him.

The Wolf King?!

Jeramie was about to punch Zenith in the face, but when he saw Andrius, he froze as his heart pounded wildly. He rubbed his eyes for a better look.

It was Andrius, **the** Wolf King of Florence!

The O’Connors were invited to the Crestfalls’ event a while back, and Jeramie had been at the back of the audience then. He had seen Andrius and what he was capable of.

The Wolf King's aura was domineering and shocking. It astonished him for life and would probably be one of the most memorable presences until the end of time. He could never forget the Wolf King's face as it was branded into the deepest part of his soul.

Splat!

A drop of sweat trickled down his cheek and fell off his chin.

Dangerous!

He almost punched someone who was with the Wolf King!

Even though the Wolf King had resigned from his title, once he was the Wolf King, he would always be the Wolf King.

Jeramie was not foolish enough to believe that without the title of Wolf King, he would be influential enough to offend Andrius.

Therefore, the only way out was to surrender.

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"I'm sorry!" Jeramie's heart was pounding as he bowed and apologized. "I was reckless! I made a mistake! I was wrong! I'm so sorry about this!"

He might be bowing at Zenith, but he was actually apologizing to Andrius.

He maintained his bowing posture and shouted at his bodyguards behind him, "Stop f*cking standing there! Apologize!"

He was afraid! He was afraid that the Wolf King would level his hotel to the ground!

"I'm sorry!"

"We were reckless!"

"Young Master Mangold, we were blinded!"

The bodyguards had no idea what happened, but when they saw the fear on Jeramie's face and the veins that popped up on his forehead when he shouted, they knew they were looking at someone powerful.

Zenith was stunned. Since when did his name become so well-known?

Nevertheless, it was a good thing.

Since Jeramie surrendered, Zenith did not hold him responsible. He simply said, "Open your eyes wider next time. Not everyone is as well-mannered as me."

"Yes! Yes! Yes, sir!" Jeramie nodded and bowed repeatedly. He was mortified as he secretly glanced at Andrius.

"Get the hell out!"

"Young Master Mangold is in a good mood today! He doesn't want to be calculative with a piece of sh*t like you! Get out of his sight!"

"If you continue to be this arrogant, I will beat your d*ck!"

"What nonsense? How dare he raise his voice at Young Master Mangold?!"

The Crestfalls grew arrogant when they learned that Zenith was more influential than they thought. They continued to ride on Zenith's coattails and berated Jeramie.

Jeramie dared not even move.

Andrius realized what happened, and he nodded at Jeramie.

Jeramie quickly escaped after being spared by the Wolf King.

When he escaped to a safe spot, he noticed his shirt was drenched by his sweat as if he had jumped into a pool.

"Phew..." He breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, he called his father, Lacles.

"Father, the Wolf King is at our hotel!"

The men behind Lacles were unconvinced at first, but when they heard the name, their legs.

turned **weak** and almost fell to the ground. They had to help each other up to maintain their balance.

“What did you say? Jeramie, are you sure?” Lacles was shocked.

The Wolf King!

That name alone could shock everyone in the country.

“Yes!” Jeramie then told his father what happened.

“You did well, but it’s not enough,” Lacles said heavily.

“Huh?” Jeramie was surprised. “Father, what should I do now?”

“You don’t need to do anything now. I will go back right away and welcome the Wolf King myself. Just stay put and don’t make any more mistakes,” Lacles said.

“I understand.”

After the call, Lacles got up on his feet and wanted to leave.

“Mr. O’Conner, where are you going? This is a three-billion deal!”

“Mr. O’Conner! Aren’t you being disrespectful? Shouldn’t you tell us what happened?”

“Mr. O’Conner.....”

Lacles was in the middle of an important meeting to discuss a deal that was worth three billion. He would earn a huge profit from the deal.

However, he glanced at the others and said, “I am sorry everyone. If I perform well this time, don’t talk about three billion. I can get 30 billion with just a single word from him!”

Then, Lacles left without turning back.

30 billion? With a single word?

The attendees of the meeting were left in a confused state. They looked at each other, wondering what happened. They knew Lacles as a careful and meticulous man, yet he left in the middle of such an important meeting.

What he said sounded strange, so it must hold a great secret to it. "Maybe... We should work more closely with Mr. O'Conner."

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When Lacles returned to the Grand Ocean Hotel, he went to his safebox immediately.

"Jeramie, are you sure the Wolf King is in Room 402?"

"I am. I saw him go in myself!" Jeramie said with utmost confidence.

"Alright." Lacles nodded. He clenched his teeth and took the bottle of wine that he had kept for 20 years before heading to Room 402 himself.

The atmosphere in Room 402 was lively and warm.

"Young Master Mangold, you are the G.O.A.T.! You simply introduce your name and that stupid guy was so terrified he almost peed his pants! It's hilarious!"

"Of course! Young Master Mangold's name is so powerful that even the government officers of Sumeria are afraid of him. They all came and helped us to solve the problem. It's a waste of his talent just to frighten off some stupid guy like that!"

"Young Master Mangold, you are the G.O.A.T.! Cheers!"

Everyone in the family surrounded Zenith and flattered him with every word they could think of. They tried their best to make him remember them. From there, they could probably reach the pinnacle of their life and career.

Zenith enjoyed being worshiped like a god.

Harry was pleased with Zenith's attitude and handsome looks as well. This should be the

power

of a young master from a wealthy family. This was how his son-in-law should look like!

As for Andrius...

Harry looked at him and realized that he was sitting beside Zenith.

Andrius was gobbling down the food on the table as if he had not eaten for decades.

A strong sense of disgust rose from Harry's heart.

From the first meeting, Harry viewed Andrius as an uneducated caveman.

A few months had passed now, and he still did not change a bit. It was time to kick him away

from Luna.

"Zenith." Harry poured himself a glass of wine and said with a smile, "I have to give it to you. You are really amazing. Compared to you, Andrius has nothing! No background, no manners, and he's not a gentleman. He's nothing but a piece of trash! You are a lot better than him!"

"If not for you, we Crestfalls might be gone. That guy can't even fart in front of those who try to hurt us. He always pretends to be useful by saying he will settle it and then disappears, hiding in some corner and waiting for everything to settle down. Disgusting.

"Whatever. Let's forget about him!"

Harry shook his head after he mocked Andrius with every word he could think of. It seemed like talking about Andrius was an insult to him.

"Here, a toast!"

"Uncle Harry."

The **glasses** clinked clearly.

Zenith glanced at Andrius beside him and noticed his silence. It fueled his delight. It seemed like he had won Harry's approval. It was only a matter of time before he could win Luna's heart.

Andrius was not concerned about what Harry said and did not have the mood to argue.

He did not even care about Zenith, yet Zenith kept annoying him.

"Uncle Harry." Zenith looked at Andrius and mocked, "We should not disregard him because he's having a difficult time now. He might be a little miserable, but at least, he has an appetite. that rivals all of us here at the table. Look at him eating!"

He was trying to say Andrius was good for nothing except eating.

The others cackled.

"If he spent his effort working, maybe he can catch up to me in 30 years," Zenith continued to mock him.

The others echoed immediately.

"Andrius? 30 years won't be enough. He might not even catch up to Young Master Mangold in 300 years!"

"People's difficult times might be temporary, but Andrius' is forever!"

"Hahah!"

The others continued to cackle and insult Andrius.

Luna wanted to speak up, but she was aware of Andrius' nonchalance, so she decided to keep her mouth shut.

Knock, knock.

As the door opened, Lacles came in with a tray. On the tray were two bottles of wine that looked expensive

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"My valued guests..." Lacles looked at Andrius with a sincere and eager smile. "I, Lacles. O'Conner, am deeply grateful for your visit to the Grand Ocean Hotel. I am flattered.

"To celebrate your precious arrival, I want to present this precious alcohol collection of mine. I hope everyone will like it."

Lacles then put the two bottles of limited-edition crown-shaped vodka in front of Andrius. and Zenith.

Then, the man secretly looked at Andrius.

Andrius knew the man was presenting the vodkas to him, so he nodded to express his gratitude.

Lacles was thrilled. He bowed and then said, "Please enjoy."

He then left the room in relief.

Andrius might have resigned from the title of Wolf King, but his connections and background remained strong.

What happened to Timothy Kerr was the best proof. A word from the Wolf King could determine one person's life and death.

After Lacles left, everyone in the room was excited.

"Damn!"

"Young Master Mangold, you are freaking awesome!"

"Even the owner of the Grand Ocean Hotel came himself to present you with these expensive bottles of vodkas! I have never heard of this before!"

"I checked online and these seem to be the Crown Vodka, a limited-edition alcohol. It's probably expensive."

“Following Young Master Mangold around and enjoying the privilege is the bomb!”

Lacles put the two bottles of vodkas in between Andrius and Zenith.

To them, it was for Zenith, not Andrius. After all, why would the owner of the Grand Ocean Hotel present limited–edition vodka to a caveman?

“Hahaha!”

Zenith was over the moon after a series of events. He was carried away by the privilege and pleasure. He laughed and waved his hands at them. “Come, since the owner presented these to us, we must enjoy it! But...”

Then, Zenith looked at Andrius beside him and sneered at him, “Andrius, you might not know how to enjoy such expensive vodka. I won’t be pouring it for you I’m afraid that you might spoil your tummy because of this. I won’t want to be responsible for that, hahaha.

Zenith cackled arrogantly.

“Andrius has never drunk something so expensive before! Giving it to him will be a waste!”

“Young Master Mangold, you don’t need to care about him. He can drink the cheap liquor himself.”

“**The** owner said the vodkas are for his precious guests. Andrius is everything but precious, so giving it to him is a waste of the owner’s goodwill.”

“It makes sense.”

The others echoed Zenith’s insults and sprinkled salt on the wound.

Andrius was not in the mood to argue with them. He was crowned the Wolf King because of his unrivaled power and massive influence. Therefore, all the businesses and factions across the world tried to win his favor, and some of them were alcohol distilleries.

This included famous alcohol distilleries like Molson Coors, Bacardi, Pernod Ricard, Diageo, etc., all of which were influential companies in the beverage industry that had decisive power over the alcohol distribution of the world.

All of them offered to produce a one-of-a-kind alcoholic beverage for the Wolf King which only he could enjoy.

Andrius had declined all the offers. He had never liked the alcohol the big companies produced, and he did not care about the brands.

He liked the liquor provided by the military. Spicy, the taste lingered longer than most and it would stir up a fiery storm in the stomach when consumed.

He loved a fierce liquor. He did not care about the Crown Vodka.

The others enjoyed the beverage. Fueled by the alcohol, the lively atmosphere reached a new level.

“Uncle Harry!” Zenith got up and proposed a toast to Harry. He then asked, “Based on what I know, the Grand Medicinal Competition is happening soon. I believe New Moon Corporation has gotten the project from the Medical Society and that you will participate in the competition, right?”

He was not that familiar with the Grand Medicinal Competition

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However, the capital was his territory, and in order to make himself look better, he picked this topic.

“Yes.”

Harry was surprised before realization struck his mind.

The Mangolds were a wealthy family in the capital, thus Zenith must know a lot of famous doctors. If they could get Zenith to introduce one to them, they might be able to secure a good ranking in the Grand Medicinal Competition.

They were not aiming for first place, but the forefront ranking would be enough to help the company boost its reputation and image in the medical field. They would also earn a massive profit from it.

Harry then looked at Zenith eagerly and said, “Zenith, New Moon Corporation is confident about this, but we are a little late. We are not as well–resourced as other companies, so I’m afraid we might not secure a good ranking. I wonder....

“Zenith, you must know a lot of people from the capital, don’t you? I wonder if you can introduce a couple of famous traditional doctors to us and guide us through the competition.”

Harry struck Zenith at his sweet spot. It was the best opportunity for Zenith to present himself again.

“Uncle Harry,” Zenith said with a hint of arrogance. “You are not thinking big enough.”

“Zenith, are you saying...” Harry looked at him, confused.

Zenith grinned and said loudly, “Traditional methods are not the right way and can only achieve so much. You’ve already lost half the battle by choosing this path.

“Plus, my family will also enter the competition. My father invited specialists from famous medical institutes from abroad, like Sephora Medical, Barnaby Clinic, Tether Link Hospital, etc. All of them have won awards, and each one of them can easily beat all the doctors in our country.”

Andrius disagreed with what Zenith said. It was the 21st century, yet there were still people who blindly believed modern medicine was the best.

way.

Were foreign medicines and doctors that much better?

“Hmph.” Andrius scoffed. He was not loud, but his disdain struck Zenith’s heart.

He was startled like a cat’s tail being stepped on.

He grinned and asked, “What are you laughing at, Andrius? If you have any opinion at all, just say it. Don’t keep it to yourself.”

He was looking for a chance to flaunt more, and Andrius just gave it to him.

“I am laughing at you for being short-sighted and ignorant,” Andrius said.

“Alright...” Andrius’ words amused Zenith. He turned his chair around and looked at Andrius with disdain. He ridiculed, “Go ahead. I want to see what you have inside that mind of yours.

Do tell.”

To Zenith, Andrius was just a caveman. He did not believe Andrius could speak anything informative.

If Andrius wanted to brag, he could go ahead. Zenith could just strike him down later and further insult him.

“You said traditional methods are not the way? That they can only achieve so much?” Andrius narrowed his

eyes and grinned. “I bet you forgot who your ancestors are. Traditional medicine in Florence has existed for thousands of years. It is already a complete, functioning system since the very beginning and has been practiced by skilled traditional doctors until now.

“Traditional medical has saved countless lives and there are many famous doctors across history. All of them have contributed a lot and have written many books about traditional medicines. Their knowledge is being circulated around the world to save more lives. One of them is known as the Bible of Traditional Medicine which is sought after by many for its informative knowledge.

“Modern medicine can be effective quickly, but it won’t solve the problem from the roots. You are saying that it can achieve more? You don’t know anything about medicine or acupoints, or the shift of Yin and Yang, and you disgrace the knowledge left behind by our ancestors. You shame traditional medicine and you even sound proud for doing so.

“If I were you, I would have knocked my head onto the wall and died.”

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Andrius sounded confident as he spewed out informative points one after another.

The words struck Zenith at his weak spot.

With each word that Andrius said, Zenith's face got redder.

In the end, his face was as red as an apple. He was deeply embarrassed.

His lips opened and tried to argue, but no words came out. He stuttered but could not form a complete sentence.

Then, the other family members of the Crestfalls stepped in, trying to defend Zenith. They could not allow Andrius to embarrass the person they worshiped and admired.

“Andrius! What is a caveman like you talking about? You know nothing about traditional medicine!”

“Andrius, do you really think you are so good? You are just good at bragging! Stop barking!”

“Andrius, if you are that good, why didn't you start your own clinic? You can't, right? Then, shut up!”

All of them criticized Andrius harshly without bothering to find out the truth.

Andrius looked at them with a discouraged look. He got up and said, “I don't know about traditional medical skills or whatever theory, but I did cure Grandfather's condition.”

Then, he walked out of the room.

The Crestfalls were left speechless.

Belarus had had a serious health problem a few months back, and it was Andrius who had cured him. No matter how much they disliked him or wanted to discredit him, it was a solid fact that none of them could deny.

“Damn it! He's being such a pain!”

“Andrius is a stubborn donkey! He doesn't understand anything!”

“With that temper of his, he won't achieve anything in life. He's narrow-sighted and hot-tempered.”

“A caveman...”

Since the Crestfalls failed to defeat Andrius from the medical aspect, they started to target his attitude and personality. They insulted and berated Andrius just so they could feel good about themselves.

Luna reacted poorly to her family's attitude. She glanced at them coldly before she got up and went after Andrius.

"Luna?"

Harry got nervous when Luna went after Andrius. He wanted to chase after his daughter.

"Why are you going after a caveman like Andrius..."

"Uncle Harry!" Zenith suddenly held Harry back.

To Zenith, Andrius might have spoken a lot about traditional medicine and medical skills, but he believed that Andrius left because he was embarrassed and felt inferior.

Zenith believed he won the battle beautifully since Luna saw what he could do as well. He strongly believed that Luna went after Andrius to continue the scolding and probably divorce him on the spot. It was a good thing for him.

"Luna must be angry at Andrius. That's why she went after him to scold him. I think we should stay out of this for now."

"You're right!" Harry's eyes lit up when he heard Zenith.

It would be great if Luna took the initiative to divorce Andrius. Harry could then bring the matter to his father and cancel the marriage.

At the entrance of the hotel, Luna called out, "Andrius!"

Luna saw Andrius walking out of the hotel and noticed that he seemed slightly depressed. Surprisingly, she did not say anything hurtful to him.

"Zenith is our company's savior. Even if you don't like him, you should at least be courteous."

"Hmmm..." Andrius simply hummed a reply.

Luna was rendered speechless by Andrius' frivolous and nonchalant attitude. She lost the mood to persuade him.

"Get in the car." Luna tossed her keys to him. "I drank some vodka just now, I can't drive. You take the wheel."

Huh?

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Andrius looked at her in surprise. Curious, he asked, “Why? Aren’t you going back there?”

“Why should I go back there?” Luna flipped her hair. The blush she got from drinking made her look charming. “All they do is flatter Zenith and brag. It’s boring.”

“Alright.”

Andrius nodded and got into the driver’s seat; Luna got into the passenger’s seat.

He asked, “Where to?”

Luna said without a second thought, “Lunen Mountain.”

Vroom!

The car blasted off and soon disappeared at the end of the street.

Lunen Mountain was located in the western suburbs of the city, almost 20 kilometers away from the city center. It was an hour’s journey by car.

“We’re here.”

Andrius stopped the car by the road and wound down the window. What he saw lit up his eyes.

Lush trees were everywhere. The air was filled with an unknown fragrance of some flower that tasted sweet. The comfortable breeze was like the music that the flowers and leaves danced along to. It was refreshing and relaxing.

Creak!

Luna laid her chair back. She grabbed the pillow from the rear seat, adjusted her posture, and lay down.

The comfortable breeze blew away her depression and anxiety, allowing her to relax.

“I always come here to enjoy the sun and the night breeze whenever I feel exhausted. With a short rest, I feel refreshed. It’s like the breeze carries my problems away.”

Luna leaned back lazily, her eyes half-closed.

Her dress slightly lifted due to her posture, revealing her fair and long legs. It was a scene to die for in that romantic and comfortable environment.

Andrius had fought on the battlefield for ten years. He had seen blood and dead bodies most of the time and barely had free time to relax like this. He enjoyed the breeze and found himself infatuated by the comfortable environment as well.

He turned to Luna, trying to start a conversation, but she had closed her eyes. She breathed softly as her chest moved up and down rhythmically.

The sunset's glory shed its brilliance on her beautiful face, painting a layer of gold on her pronounced features. It highlighted her flawless skin, making her look ethereal. Her beauty was indescribable by words. She looked like Sleeping Beauty with her eyes closed.

Andrius' heart raced. His impulse started to take over, and he suddenly had the urge to take a nip of her skin.

Gulp!

The moment the thought rushed into his mind, Andrius took a deep breath to extinguish it.

Women were dangerous and unreasonable. **If** he took a bite, things would get worse.

After he shook his head to discard the thought, he pushed his seat back and leaned back as well. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the rare moment of peace and quiet.

Back at the Grand Ocean Hotel, dinner continued.

All the Crestfall juniors filled their glasses with the vodka from the crown-shaped bottle.

Until the very last drop was poured, one of them said regretfully, "Too bad we only have two bottles of such good vodka."

"Yeah."

Harry did not have enough as well. He said, "This Crown Vodka is the best I had."

What did he mean?

Zenith smiled and asked, “Uncle Harry, do you want more?”

The Crown Vodka was considered a limited–
edition collector’s cache. Everyone would want
more.

“Ahem...” Harry cleared his throat and gulped. He said, “Zenith, I know you are influential. Maybe you can ask the owner to give us two more bottles?”

‘Yeah! Young Master Mangold!’

“For you,
it’s easy!”

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“Young Master Mangold, judging from the owner’s reaction, if you just say the word, he will send more in!”

“Young Master Mangold...”

The juniors started to flatter him again.

Zenith lost himself in the flattery. He raised his hand and said, “Alright. If you guys like the vodka so much, I will ask the owner to send us two more bottles. I believe when he hears my name, he won’t dare to ignore us!”

He sounded strong and confident.

After a series of events, Zenith somehow believed he had gained power in Sumeria.

“Young Master Mangold! You’re awesome!”

“Young Master Mangold, you are the best!”

“Young Master Mangold, only with you can we enjoy all these privileges. We wouldn’t even dare to imagine this before meeting you!”

The Crestfalls flooded Zenith with flattery again.

Zenith was energized. He said loudly, “Waiter!”

“Sir, what do you need?”

When Lacles left, he told the manager to stay at the door to answer any calls. The manager entered the room when he heard Zenith calling for the waiter.

“The vodka is excellent. I like it.” Zenith pointed at the crown-shaped bottles, which were empty. He said proudly, “Tell your owner to bring us two more bottles.”

“Alright, sir. Please hold on.”

The manager went out and informed Lacles about the request.

“Huh?”

Lacles felt an instant heartache when he heard the request.

The Crown Vodka had been in his collection for 20 years. It was considered the best of the best back then and was no longer on sale in the market now. One bottle would be worth tens of thousands.

He only had a total of four bottles. He already presented two bottles earlier and now they were requesting for two more.

Lacles felt like he was being robbed, but the Wolf King liked it. Since the Wolf King asked for it, no matter how much his heart ached, Lacles was forced to obey the request.

He brought two more bottles of Crown Vodka to the room.

When he entered the room, he looked around but no longer saw the Wolf King. His brows furrowed.

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What happened?

“Sir, you are really generous.” Zenith was happy and satisfied when Lacles came in with two more bottles. He felt extremely proud of himself

.

“Don’t worry.” Zenith tapped his chest and said loudly, “No matter what kind of problems you have in the future, just tell people my name—Zenith Mangold from the capital—and everyone will be afraid of you.

Zenith Mangold from the capital?! What nonsense?!

Lacles had no respect for the name, but he maintained his patience and pointed at the empty seat, where Andrius was sitting a while ago.

“I wonder where this sir went.”

“Him?”

Before Zenith could say a word, Harry said scornfully, “He’s just a piece of trash. We shooed him out. Don’t worry, good sir. We didn’t let him drink a drop of your vodka. It’s only for VIP guests, isn’t it?”

What?!

Lacles felt a bolt of lightning strike him when he heard Harry. He was stunned.

Did the man just call the Wolf King a piece of trash?

The Wolf King did not even have a drop of his precious vodka?

Not only did he lose his precious collection, but he did not get to impress the Wolf King either.

Lacles was furious. He rolled his sleeves up and slapped Harry on the face without holding

back

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Lacles was furious. **He** slapped Harry without holding back, exerting all his strength through all five of his fingers and palm.

Harry was sent flying to the ground with the chair. His forehead bumped against the edge, swollen and bleeding.

Everyone else in the room was stunned.

What the hell just happened?

A moment ago, the owner called them VIP guests, but now, he slapped Harry?

“Sir, what are you doing...

As the main character for the day, Zenith did not understand Lacles' sudden violence. He stood up and asked, “Is there a misunderstanding here?”

“Misunderstanding?” Lacles glared at Zenith and shouted loudly, “I misunderstood your little

a*s!”

He grabbed his two remaining Crown Vodka bottles and wanted to leave.

“Sir!” Zenith could not let the man take the vodka away just to embarrass him. He pointed at the Crown Vodka, asking, “What are we going to drink if you take them away?”

“Drink your own piss!” Lacles looked at Zenith as if he was looking at a fool. He continued shouting, “Go take a piss, look at yourself in it, and see who the hell you are! You want to drink my vodka?! Otherwise, take a look at what you are wearing! Do you think you are worthy of drinking my vodka!? F*ck off!”

Ptooeey!

Lacles spat on Zenith's face before he left.

Fortunately, Zenith reacted quickly and dodged the disgusting spittle.

Everyone in the room was left stunned and confused. The atmosphere plunged into silence. They did not expect this to happen.

Nevertheless, Harry was persistent. He pointed at Lacles walking out the door and bellowed, Zenith, you saw that! The owner didn't respect you! I think you have to teach him a lesson! Let him know who he is messing with!"

Zenith was furious. No one would be okay after being spat at, but he had a feeling something was not right.

On top of that, Zenith barely knew the owner, much less have a grudge against the man. He had to carry out the assignment from his father after this, and it was unwise to start making enemies in the city.

Zenith said, "Uncle Harry, today is a good day. Don't let him ruin our mood. The owner disrespected me, but I will make him pay for what he did in the future."

Harry was not satisfied with the answer, but since Zenith had spoken, he could not do anything either.

"Ahem..." Lacles felt slightly ashamed after what happened, but it did not affect them much. He looked at everyone and said, "It's just a little misunderstanding. Everyone, the dishes are still hot and we still have a lot to drink. Let's just continue."

His assurance brought the atmosphere back to its lively state.

"Young Master Mangold, a toast!"

"Young Master Mangold, it's because of you that we can enjoy ourselves at the Grand Ocean Hotel. Let's drink!"

"Uncle, don't be mad. Here, have a drink."

They mingled, ate, and drank.

Three hours had passed by the time everyone had enough. Everyone was bloated and burping ceaselessly.

“Everyone satisfied?” Zenith got up on his feet when he saw everyone stopped eating. “Uncle Harry, did you have enough?”

“I’m so full!” Harry tapped on his bloated stomach as if he was six months pregnant. This was probably the best meal he had in his life.

“Great.”

Zenith got up and wanted to leave the room.

The Crestfalls might have eaten a lot, but they continued to take pictures of the place before reluctantly exited the room.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Play

Chapter 470

When they passed by the front desk, the cashier stopped them and said, “Sir, you haven’t paid the bill.”

The bill?

Zenith was displeased with the cashier’s question. “Are you blind? Your owner gave us his expensive vodka, and you are asking me to pay the bill?”

The others reacted immediately.

“Yeah! How short-sighted.”

“You are a really stupid cashier.”

“Young Master Mangold is the owner’s VIP guest. Even if he pays, can you even take the money?”

“Yeah.”

The Crestfalls did not hold back their criticism of the cashier.

The cashier held back his urge to scold them and said politely, “The owner didn’t say that all of you can eat for free, so...”

“Enough!” Zenith had enough of being pretentious for the day and did not want to look bad at the end of it. He said generously, “Room 402. How much is the bill? I’ll pay.”

“Sir, your bill is...” The cashier looked at the bill and said with a polite smile, “5,538,088.”

“How much?!” Zenith’s eyes almost popped out of his eye sockets.

One meal cost him five million?

He might be the young master of a wealthy family from the capital, but his money did not grow on trees, and he did not own a money-printing factory.

“Five million for a meal? Are you freaking serious? Is the food made of gold?”

“Why don’t you go rob the bank?”

“Nonsense!”

“You are trying to blackmail us!”

The Crestfalls were furious.

“Give it to me!” Zenith angrily snatched the bill.

At the last part of the bill, the Crown Vodka, both limited edition and collector’s edition, cost 2,680,000 each.

In short, two bottles of Crown Vodka cost them 5,317,000!

The dishes were only a little over ten thousand!

Zenith was furious. He pointed at the bill and roared, “What is the meaning of this? Those two bottles of vodka are a present from your owner, and you are charging me!?”

The rest of the Crestfalls were similarly furious.

“Yeah! Why are they counted in the bill?”

“Your boss brought it over himself!”

“Is this a scam hotel?”

The Crestfalls started to cause a scene, and it attracted much attention. The other customers looked at them curiously.

Zenith could not tolerate being insulted. He shouted, “I want your owner to give me a satisfactory explanation!”

“Explanation? What explanation do you want?”

Then, a cold voice came from the stairs. The man looked angry and stern. It was Lacles, the owner of the Grand Ocean Hotel. He glared at the bunch of fools coldly.

“You’re finally here!” Zenith said loudly, “You said the two bottles of vodkas are for your VIP guests, so why are you charging us? This won’t be over if you insist on charging us!”

Harry looked at Lacles. He also felt embarrassed and insulted, hence he yelled, “How are you running this place? Are you stupid?”

“Open your damn eyes and see who this is! This is Zenith Mangold, the young master of the Mangolds from the capital! It’s your hotel’s honor to have him! Yet you try to scam his money? Is this how the Grand Ocean Hotel does business?”

He somehow made the shameless words sound righteous.

The juniors backed them up.

“Yeah! Stupid!”

“Short-sighted!”

“Cheap!”

“Waive the bill!”

Lacles was so angry that he started to laugh. He went up to Zenith and looked him in

the eye. He said sternly, "I said it was for my VIP guest, so who are you? Why do you think you are worthy of drinking from my vodka collection?"