

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 641 -

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“One dollar? Do you think **we’re** beggars?” Adam was immediately furious and slapped the **table**. “Teach him a lesson, boys!”

He had been looking for a reason to deal with Andrius.

Swoosh...

A group of Gerlandians rushed in and instantly surrounded Andrius. They cracked their knuckles and bared their **teeth** as they approached him.

Andrius remained calm and fearless. “I came here in peace wanting to trade fairly with you. Why do you have to make things difficult for me?”

“Cut the crap!” A vicious look flashed on Adam’s face. “Get him! Beat him up until he’s an inch from death!”

The men charged at Andrius.

Bam!

Crash!

Smack!

Unexpectedly, those people were no match for Andrius at all. He punched, kicked, and slapped them away before they could even touch him.

In less than ten seconds, all the Gerlandians were lying on the ground.

Andrius walked step by step toward Adam with a vague smile on his **face**. “Can you sell me those herbs

now?”

“Y—
yes...” Adam had pissed his pants in fright and quickly surrendered. “Florence

has always been a nation of courtesy Let's talk things out. I'll get the herbs now. Please wait for a moment!"

Now, they understood what courtesy and talking things out meant. These Gerlandians really were in need of a beating.

Andrius said expressionlessly, "Go."

Adam hurriedly rushed outside as if he was granted amnesty.

Just as he reached the door, Andrius said coldly, "Remember, don't try to play any tricks, or the consequences will be severe."

The chilling words made Adam shudder, and he nodded rapidly. "Yes, I understand!"

Then, he ran away as fast as he could to somewhere Andrius could not hear him rant, "Damn it! That son of a b*tch beat my people up and still wants to buy our herbs? My ass!"

Resentment flashed in Adam's eyes as he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Hobsky. someone wants to rob me of the medicinal ingredients I possess. He even beat our people up. Please come and help me!"

"What? Who dares to act so audaciously in the capital? Just wait. I'll bring our people over now! Five minutes! I'll be there in **five** minutes."

The call **ended**.

Adam smiled **sinisterly**.. "**Fake Wolf King, since you dare to pretend to be the Wolf King and have the guts to beat my people up, I'll throw you behind bars this time!**"

Then, he **confidently returned** to the room.

"Where **are the** ingredients?" Andrius's expression turned cold instantly when he saw Adam return empty

handed.

“Ingredients?” Adam laughed and said in contempt, “Is there something off with your brain? Or did the poison from the competition mess up your head? Did you really think that I’d sell those herbs to you for just a dollar?”

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“Hahaha...”

Adam laughed without restraint.

A dangerous light glinted in Andrius’ narrowed eyes, and his voice was like ice. “In other words, you plan on walking this path to the end?”

Adam assumed that Sieg was already on his way and was not afraid of the fake Wolf King.

“Don’t be so arrogant, kid! My path has no end in sight! However... Your path will end right now!”

Andrius smiled meaningfully. “It seems you called for reinforcements when you went out earlier. Sure. In that case, I’ll wait. I hope that your reinforcements don’t disappoint me.”

Adam never thought that the fake Wolf King would see through his moves. However, he did not care. This fake Wolf King would be dead when Sieg arrived anyway.

“Hmph.”

He snorted coldly and did not speak.

Rumble...

Just then, a flurry of footsteps sounded.

Then, a group of burly men stormed in in an imposing manner. They scanned the place and immediately surrounded Andrius.

After that, the group split apart, and a middle-aged man walked over. He had thick eyebrows, a square face, and a severe expression. It was clear he was an influential official

Andrius looked at the man and raised his brows.

That man was Sieg Hobsky, the Strategic and Development minister whom he encountered briefly at an event in the Grand Aurelia Hotel **with Dax!**

Thus, Andrius silently took off his mask.

Sieg was just about to yell, but when he saw that it was Andrius, his legs weakened in fright, and he almost knelt on the ground.

It... It was the Wolf King!

The Wolf King was not dead and had actually caught him!

A chill surged through Sieg's body like a lightning bolt, causing his heart to tremble. In just a split instant, cold sweat drenched his body until he dripped with it. He felt completely numb.

If this idiot wanted to die, he could have chosen a simpler method like lying on the road, jumping into the river, or eating poison. Why did he have to provoke the Wolf King?

Furthermore, he even dragged Sieg into this mess...

Adam did not know that Sieg was already terrified of Adam.

When he saw Sieg appear, he thought that the latter was here to support him and immediately became fueled with invincibility. "Weren't you very arrogant just now, kid? Try being arrogant again in front of Mr Hobsky!"

He raised his chin proudly as he said that.

"He's **your backup?**" **Andrius** looked at the trembling Sieg with a vague smile.

Adam thought he had **the upper hand and** was **just** about to humiliate **Andrius** as revenge.

"Kneel down and beg **for...**"

However, before he could finish speaking, Sieg rushed up **and** kicked him in **the knee**, causing him to kneel before Andrius.

Then...

Smack!

Smack!

Smack, smack, smack...

After a series of slaps, Adam's handsome face was swollen, and he was left dazed.

Sieg grabbed Adam's head and looked at Andrius, saying, "You little shit, open your eyes and take a good

look! The person in front of you is the soul of Florence – the Wolf **King!**"

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The... **the Wolf King!**

Sieg's words were **like** a bomb, instantly causing the Gerlandians to feel like the world had turned upside down.

Everyone thought **that** the Wolf King was dead and that this person was just wearing a mask and

pretending to be him while participating in the competition.

Unexpectedly, he was the real Wolf King!

Furthermore, they had made all sorts of taunts and provocations, crowing that they would deal with the Wolf King... It was really a refreshing way of seeking death.

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

The Gerlandians could not hold it in anymore. They all knelt on the ground in unison.

“Wolf King, we were wrong!”

“Wolf King, please spare us...”

“Wolf King, we Gerlandians are the real pigs. Please think nothing of us...”

“Wolf King...”

The Gerlandians who were usually arrogant and domineering groveled and begged for mercy.

A look of disdain flickered on Andrius' face as he glanced at the Gerlandians. “You're begging for mercy now? When medicine flourished in Florence, you Gerlandians were still wearing animal skin skirts and lived like cavemen.

“Later, when Florence prospered, we generously educated you barbarians from other nations about morality and virtue. It's thanks to us that you can live such a civilized life.

“Science, culture, philosophy, medicine... All of them were imparted to you selflessly by Florence. We taught you like you were our own children, resulting in the **prosperity** of Gerland and the development of Gerlandian medicine now.

“Even animals can understand human kindness, but not only did you guys not acknowledge your roots. you even dare to fabricate stories about the Florentine forefathers and attempted to replace them after they fed and clothed you!

“You're truly ungrateful descendants! How dare despicable scoundrels like you dare to howl arrogantly on the land of Florence? You're asking for death!”

His words were justified and powerful, leaving the Gerlandians speechless. As Andrius spoke, his presence became imposing, and combined with the aura of the Wolf King, the Gerlandians were completely overwhelmed.

Smack!

“**Say no** more, Wolf King. **We** were indeed ungrateful...”

Smack!

“Say no more, Wolf **King**. **We’re** despicable scoundrels...”

Smack!

“Say no more, Wolf King. **We** did **indeed** howl arrogantly...”

Smack!

Smack, smack, smack!

The Gerlandians were ashamed and awestruck, constantly slapping their own faces and sobbing as they

did so.

In just a moment, their mouths and cheeks were crooked. Some even lost their false teeth. They were afraid that the Wolf King would kill them in a fit of anger.

“Wolf King!” Adam slapped himself to the point where he did not resemble a human, and he sobbed, “We were wrong. We will apologize to the vast medical community and the people of Florence on the news soon! Please forgive us this time!”

The other Gerlandians also spoke with fear, “Please forgive us this time, Wolf King!”

Andrius glanced over the Gerlandians and said expressionlessly, “Remember! If I don’t see your apologies before the start of the fourth round of the Grand Medicinal Competition tomorrow...”

“Then, you’ll all stay in Florence forever!”

As Andrius spoke, a chilling killing intent suddenly emanated from him, making the Gerlandians shiver

with fear.

“Yes, yes, yes! We got it, Wolf King!”

“We’ll make the preparations at once, Wolf King!”

“Wolf King...”

The Gerlandians did not dare to oppose and eagerly expressed their attitude.

Andrius did not comment and glanced at Adam.

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Adam instantly understood and said, “I’ll get the medicinal ingredients right away, Wolf **King**.”

Ten minutes **later**, Andrius returned to the resting room.

First, he used the herbs to refine three different detoxification pills.

From today’s competition, he could tell that the doctors in the Heavenly Ranking truly lived up to their reputations. Their medical skills and techniques were the best he had ever seen and were only slightly **inferior** to Old Hagstorm’s. It would be difficult for him to win without giving his all.

The three detoxification pills were a precautionary measure and were enough for him to handle the majority of situations.

“Old Hagstorm... You once warned me not to use this unless absolutely necessary, and to deal with all situations using my own strength as much as possible. However, I don’t have complete confidence this time, so I’ll be using it.”

He took out a bag.

A pair of ducks were embroidered on the bag. He **did** not know if there was significance to them. He turned the bag over while looking at it, falling into thought.

Old Hagstorm had given him this item when he left the mountain. It had the effect of refreshing the mind and clearing the spirit and was useful for preventing some hallucinatory poisons and other tricks.

Old Hagstorm told him that although it was useful, it was an external aid and should not be used frequently. This was to prevent him from becoming dependent on it and hindering his own progress. He was only to use it in desperate situations.

Andrius had always listened to his advice.

However, the Grand Medicinal Competition was of great importance and involved the mystery of his identity and the corpses of his clansmen. He had to go all out. There was no room for error.

Thus, he **decided** to take this item out.

Now that everything was ready, he closed his eyes to **rest** and quietly waited for tomorrow's competition.

Meanwhile, at the Grand Aurelia Hotel, the Second War God hosted a dinner and invited the doctors in the Heavenly Ranking.

Elmer, Frederic, Patrick, and Fergus were all present.

After eating and drinking, the Second War God raised his wine glass and said with a smile, "Dear doctors,

I invited you here today because there's something important to discuss."

"Please speak, Second War God."

"Second War God, I won't decline if it's about healing and saving lives."

"Second War God, get to the point. I am dedicated to the medical path and dislike beating around the bush."

"Second War God..."

The doctors spoke bluntly.

"Very well!" The Second **War** God exchanged a look with Patrick and said in a low voice, "This matter is about the competition tomorrow! I hope that you can all join forces to deal with the masked man."

After saying that, **the** Second **War** God **downed** the wine in his glass

“I agree!” Patrick was the first to respond **and** also downed his glass

The remaining three doctors looked at each other but did not agree

Fergus sneered “He’s just a kid I can defeat him **on** my own Why do we **need** to join forces?”

Frederic snorted “There is no one in this world who can make us **join** forces?”

Elmer did not think much of it either “Second War God, is this the reason **you invited** un here **tonight**?”

The Second War God’s expression changed slightly at the doctors attitudes Then he smiled and said mysteriously. “Perhaps you don’t know that **person’s** identity yet in that case let me tell you!

“He is the real Wolf King His name is Andrius Moonshade

“He is also the disciple of “Hades Pin Old Hagstorm, the person **who won the championship** in the previous Grand Medicinal Competition!”

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As soon as those **words** were spoken, the three doctors were instantly stunned, **and their** expressions **changed**.

Fergus looked suspicious.

Elmer looked wary

Frederic gritted his teeth

They might not have believed those words if they came from someone else’s mouth However, the Second War God must be much more informed about the Wolf King, so it must be true

The masked man was the real Wolf King, as well as Old Hagstorm’s disciple

Although 20 years had passed. Old Hagstorm's strength was still vivid in their memories

Even now, after 20 years of continuous research and progress in **their respective** fields they still had no confidence when facing him

The Second War God saw their expressions and smiled triumphantly "So, do you still have **absolute** confidence in winning the competition this time? Andrius strength is **unfathomable Only** by **joining** forces to eliminate him will you have a greater chance of winning

"Shall we discuss a collusion now?" The Second War God slowly poured **himself** another glass. He believed that these doctors would make a wise choice.

However, Fergus stood up and said firmly, "Thank you for the important news, Second War **God, but the** Grand Medicinal Competition is about making connections using medicine **and proving** one's medical skills!

"If I don't win the championship, that will be because of my inadequacy Please don't bring up this matter again Goodbye!"

Then, he left the luxurious private room.

Elmer also stood up and said. "Second War God, **the** Grand Medicinal Competition is a grand **event** in **the** medical community Where we reach depends solely on our own abilities I don't wish to tarnish such a grand event because of momentary greed Goodbye

The Second War **God's** expression instantly soured **when** the two doctors left

However the Witch Doctor Frederic, was still present He tamped down **his** anger **and** looked at Fredenc "What do you think. Dr. Hopkins

"Second War God, do you mean Andrius from **New** Moon Corporation? An inexplicable light glistened in Frederic's eyes

in the past. Dick **and** Collin **had** bought a prescription from him. However, it was defeated by Andrius prescription. It was said that there **were** some **flaws pointed out** in his prescription, which made him unhappy

“Yes” The Second War God **looked at** Frederic in surprise and asked. “So you mean.

Swoosh

Frederic poured himself a glass of wine and raised **it**

”

The Second **War God** instantly understood **and clinked** glasses with **him, saying** look forward to working with you”

“**Cheers.**”

“Cheers.”

The three men clinked glasses **together, joining** forces **to deal with Andrius.**

Seeing Elmer and **Fergus** who **were** about to leave **downstairs**, **Patrick’s eyes** flashed sinisterly, and he asked, “However, Second War God, are you **letting them** go just like that? Why not...”

Patrick was not a kind **person**. Otherwise, he would not have been associated with insects. He naturally had other thoughts now **that** the two doctors had learned about their plot and were unwilling to

cooperate.

“Now is not the right time **yet.**” The Second War God sneered.

“Wait until the fourth round of the competition tomorrow. You can deal with them at the same time as Andrius.”

Patrick’s eyes narrowed, and he gave a wicked smile.

The Second War God looked at Frederic.

“Dr. Hopkins, I already know about Dr. Mendez’s skills, but I still don’t know much about you. How about showing me some of your **skills** so I can arrange tomorrow’s affairs properly?”

Frederic smiled proudly and said loudly, "I'll show you a little trick. Please lend me your assistant for a moment, Second War God."

Before the Second War God could understand what **he** meant, Frederic threw out a silver needle that pierced the assistant. The silver **needle**, had a groove at its head that held a drop of the assistant's blood on it when **it** was retrieved.

Then...