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Marcus sweat nervously. He said, “Ms. **Crestfall**, you really **don't have to**. I am just doing my job.”

Regardless of what **Marcus** said, **Luna** dragged Andrius over and urged him, “Hurry up and thank the mayor! He **helped you** solve the problem and you **don't** even want to thank him?”

Her lecturing **tone** frightened Marcus.

“**Thank you**.” Andrius was **forced** to **say** thank you since the woman had dragged him up to Marcus.

Marcus was overwhelmed but dared not reveal it on his face.

“I—
it's nothing,” He stammered due to nervousness. Then, he added, “I am just doing what a mayor should do. Now then, I should really be going.”

Marcus **called** his men back before he hopped into the car and left.

After Marcus' car left, Luna turned to Andrius, looking upset. She said, “Andrius
Moonshade! You! Where are your manners? Is this how you behave when the mayor helps you? He came all the way here, and you don't even want to thank him. I have no words...”

Luna really wanted to lecture Andrius more, but the thought of him running out, saving her and Halle earlier, calmed her anger.

“Mm—hmm...” Andrius hummed a reply.

Luna rolled her eyes at him. His nonchalance somehow made **her** feel like she wasted too much of her

kindness on him.

Then, she went into the room to talk to Halle.

Andrius returned to his room as well.

“Huh?”

As soon as he opened the door, he saw a masked figure standing on his balcony.

The masked figure looked at him and did a provocative gesture with his finger.

Swoosh!

The masked figure then jumped off the balcony, disappearing into the night after a few jumps.

Andrius knew the masked figure came for him, so he pursued it. He chased the masked figure into a **valley near** the Phoenix Manor.

Fwoosh!

With a few rapid hops, Andrius jumped in front of the masked figure, stopping him.

The masked figure was not frightened at all. He said, “As expected of the Wolf King, the commander of a million Lycantroops of the Western Frontline, your speed alone easily surpasses the other Warzone Masters by a **mile**.”

“You’re not **bad yourself**, Cyclops.” Andrius knew the masked figure’s identity as soon **as** he spoke. **He** added coldly, “You have **the** nerve to infiltrate Florence alone.”

“**If** I didn’t, how **could** I hunt the wolf down?” Cyclops grunted coldly **before he turned into a shadow form, darting towards Andrius**.

In **the blink** of an eye, **the** distance between **them** was **shortened to** less than three meters.

“Hunt? **I like your use of words. However, you should know that you are the prey and that I am the predator.**”

A cold glint flashed **in Andrius’ eyes before** he dashed **forward like** a bolt of lightning.

Thunk!

Their punches clashed before they were both pushed back.

Cyclops' arm felt slightly **numbed**. His eyes narrowed viciously.

Andrius looked at him expressionlessly.

Swoosh!

Cyclops clawed **at** Andrius' **face**.

Andrius tilted his head to dodge it and used the momentum to throw a punch as a counterattack. His punch was as fast as a comet.

Although Cyclops was slightly frightened, it did not slow down his movements. He lifted his right hand to grab Andrius' wrist.

To his surprise, Andrius slipped off by twisting his wrist before he punched Cyclops' chest.

If the powerful punch landed, Cyclops would be heavily injured. In response to the powerful punch, Cyclops had no choice but to retract his hands into a cross in front of his chest to block the blow.

Bang!

The two of them were pushed back again.

In the blink of an eye, Cyclops was able to withstand and negate the attack and adapted to the situation perfectly. His techniques proved that he was a skilled veteran.

However, the Wolf King of Florence was **his** target after all.

Swoosh!

Andrius attacked this time. His punches were as fast as lightning.

Cyclops knew how fast and powerful his punches were, so taking a full hit would be unwise. He retreated and tried his best to defend against the barrage of punches. He was soon pushed into a disadvantageous position.

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“Hmph!”

Andrius grunted **and** performed a roundhouse **kick**.

Cyclops **was on the** defensive side **and did** not expect Andrius to suddenly change his blows **into** a kick. The sudden shift **forced him** to take the kick's full force.

Bang!

The powerful kick sent him sliding backward. He slid for seven to eight steps before he regained his

balance.

While Cyclops was sliding back, Andrius landed his feet on a tree by the side and launched himself forward, throwing a punch at the invader.

The power of the punch was unmatched. It caught Cyclops off guard and managed to land on his chest.

The overwhelming power sent Cyclops flying away like a ragdoll.

Splat!

A bloody arch was drawn in the air, adding a sense of horror to the **dark night**.

“Any idea how you'd like to die yet?” Andrius walked over to Cyclops calmly.

“Die?” Cyclops wiped the blood off his lips and glared at Andrius. He grinned and said, “Wolf King. O' Wolf King. You really think I came here alone?”

Following his words, hurried footsteps came from all over the place.

Swoosh!

Andrius looked around and spotted more than a dozen assassins in the area. Each of them looked buff and tall, seeming to be **veterans** of the martial arts world. All of them had a mask on to veil their true identity, and they were all armed.

Dagger, knives, and sickle.

To normal people, guns were usually more effective and deadly than knives and daggers, but to martial art experts, knives could be deadlier.

“Them? You expect them *to* hunt me down?” Andrius looked at Cyclops scornfully and contemptuously as if he was some caveman. He did not feel threatened at all.

Back in the Western Frontline, he had faced all kinds of life-threatening scenarios, yet he overcame all of them to ascend *to* the title of Wolf King.

“How dare you?!”

“Wolf King, today will be your last!”

“**Wolf** King, your legend ends today!”

“Kill him!”

Before Cyclops even gave **the** order, the other assassins were infuriated by Andrius’ **arrogance**. **They all** dashed towards him angrily.

Swoosh!

Glares **from** the knives **and** daggers lit up the nameless valley.

The eerie **place** was **instantly** flooded with a **murderous and solemn** atmosphere. **Even** the **crescent moon** glared ominously, making everything look bleak.

“You guys have a **death** wish,” Andrius grunted before he **threw** himself **at** the bunch of assassins.

His first punch landed on the wrist of the first assassin, disarming his dagger. His second punch landed on the assassin's leg before he reached out to the disarmed dagger in the air.

With the dagger in hand, Andrius became a specter that reaped lives silently. The blade of the dagger flashed **red** whenever it took a life.

The **assassins** fell to the ground one after another, losing not only their capabilities to continue to fight but also their lives.

In just **a** few rounds, most of them were killed. Those who survived were crippled for life as well.

Cyclops was hoping to deliver the fatal blow when his men lowered Andrius' defense, but Andrius' viciousness had surpassed his imagination.

Andrius single-handedly defeated a bunch of murderous assassins without even giving Cyclops the chance to seize the moment.

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If **this continued**, **all** the assassins would die **in** less than three minutes and Cyclops would no longer **have the** chance to ambush Andrius.

With that, he glared at Andrius before he left the valley silently

Andrius was still busy **dealing** with the rest of the assassins **and** did not have time for Cyclops. When he **was** done, Cyclops was already gone.

The remaining **assassins** noticed Cyclops' absence as well. They no longer wanted to fight the Grim Reaper that was Andrius, so they all tried to escape.

However, Andrius, with his extreme speed, swiftly stopped and immobilized all of them.

He squatted down before one of the surviving assassins and bellowed, "Tell me, Cyclops is the enemy of the country with the blood of my people on his hand. He's killed many good men of the country, yet you all are working for him. Why?"

Andrius was truly infuriated. He could tolerate his own people trying to take his life but not when his own people helped foreign invaders to destroy him.

"Hmph!" The assassin looked away contemptuously and refused to speak a word.

"A tough guy, huh?" Andrius grinned wickedly and said, "Sure, I hope you can keep this up."

There was a specific set of interrogation methods when it came to murderous assassins, and Andrius had many professionals under his command.

Those professionals mastered terrible interrogation techniques and must have a way of prying information from these assassins. One of them would be Noir.

Andrius called Noir. "Noir, send men to the valley to the southwest of Phoenix Manor. There are... around 30 assassins for you."

"Hold on. I'll be right there!" Noir was excited when he heard the call.

The assassins reacted bitterly when they heard the name Noir. They had heard of the Wolf King's right hand man. Since they could no longer escape, they were forced to face their fate.

A moment later, several military helicopters arrived.

Noir jumped off the helicopter, looking excited.

"Andy!" Noir looked at the assassins on the ground eagerly.

"Two days. Can you get **something** useful from them?" Andrius asked as he pointed at the assassins.

"Two days?" Noir's expression turned serious. Upset, he grumbled, "Andy, you can question my taste but **please** do not question my professionalism. Give me till before dawn. If I cannot get anything useful from these little twerps, I'll be ruining my own reputation."

Andrius saw **the eagerness** on Noir's face. He nodded and said, "They are all yours."

"**Alright!**" Noir rubbed his hands eagerly and ordered his men to bring the surviving assassins **into** the helicopter. He then flew off with his prize happily.

Andrius also left **the scene**.

Further **away**, Cyclops continued **to observe** from the dark **and** sighed, seemingly frightened. "**The** Wolf King, eh? **It** seems **like** I have to use my **original** plan."

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"**Cough!**"

Cyclops shook his head **as he talked** to **himself** but **then blood** gushed from his mouth. Andrius' **final** blow was so **heavy** that **it had** severely injured him.

After resting for a **while**, he **called Dick**. "**How's** the preparation?"

"Sir, everything is ready."

"**Very** well. When the time is right tomorrow, I will let you know what you should do."

The phone call ended.

Cyclops looked into **the** distant night sky coldly. "Wolf King, I hope you like the surprise I've prepared for **you** tomorrow. Hehehehe..."

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On the **next day**, Andrius received **Noir's** call early in the morning.

“**Andy**, the Second War **God** sent the assassins to kill you and **stop** you from attending the **Grand Medicinal Competition**.”

The Second War God?

A cold glint flashed in Andrius' eyes.

The Second War God would never give such an order on his own, even if he had the nerve to, so the person who made him give that order must be the Emperor, Registus.

Why would the Emperor want Andrius to stay away from the competition?

Was the Emperor afraid of something?

Was the Emperor afraid that Andrius might find out about the truth?

Andrius highly suspected that the skeleton that was listed as the first prize of the Grand Medicinal Competition contained answers to many unanswered questions.

“It seems like we must win the first prize this time.”

With **that**, Andrius headed to Phoenix Manor, where the East River State Medical Society called their headquarters for now. Maybe the people there had a clue about the secrets of the skeleton from the

Kleins.

When he arrived at Phoenix Manor, the Medical Society's base, the security guards stopped him.

“Hold on right there. This is the HQ of the East River State Medical Society. If you do not have an appointment, please leave immediately.”

Andrius frowned. Before he could say a word, he spotted Angus coming out.

“Who are you? What are you doing here?” Angus asked after he spotted Andrius at the entrance.

Andrius revealed the token that proved his identity.

The token of the Wolf King!

“Wo-...”

Angus was startled when he saw the token. He wanted to bow but Andrius stopped him with a glare

“T-this way sir!”

Angus tacitly knew what the glare meant and invited Andrius inside without asking questions. He already noticed it when Noir registered for the Grand Medical Competition on behalf of the Wolf King.

The Wolf King would always be under the spotlight wherever he went.

Angus had been thinking about meeting the Wolf King for a while. Meeting the Wolf King would not only honor himself but also make his family proud. Unfortunately, his attempts had been fruitless until now.

If he **had** known **that the** Wolf King had been less than a hundred meters away from him when he helped the **dignitaries** recover **from the** sleeping gas last night, he would probably lose his mind.

Andrius nodded and followed Angus **into the** hall.

“Wolf King, please have a seat.”

There was no one in the room, so **Angus** bowed **respectfully**. **He made tea and brought it over himself**.

“**Wolf King**, I **wonder** what I can **do** for **you?**”

“**I am** here for answers,” Andrius said straightforwardly.

Angus raised a **brow**. “Wolf King, you can tell me about it. If I know anything about **what** you are looking for, I will speak my mind.”

“I’m **here about** the **first** prize of the competition: the skeleton or the body,” Andrius said as he looked at Angus. “I want **to** know its secret. Why are there so many people trying to get their hands on a body?”

"I..." Angus **looked** troubled. He said, "Wolf King, to be honest, I don't know the secrets to the body, but I've heard rumors about **it** before."

"Rumors?" Andrius raised a brow. "What rumors?"

"I heard that...." Angus lowered his voice mysteriously and continued, "When the Kleins from Kiyoto were wiped out back then, one of the children survived. That child holds the ultimate secret to the family's tragedy."

"But 20 years have passed, and there are no more clues regarding that poor child. Even if the master of the Kleins comes back to life, he might not be able to identify the child now. It's like searching for a needle in a haystack!"

Andrius nodded.

20 years was more than enough for things **to** change drastically.

Searching for the child was not an easy task.

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"So..." Angus continued, "**Before** the **Kleins** died, **they actually tattooed** a **strange** map fragment on each **of** their family member's bodies. If you can piece all the fragments **together**, **you** might be **able** to get a clue to locate **that child.**"

It was no wonder **that** many people were after that body.

Andrius' expression turned bitter. An instant realization struck him and allowed him to connect more dots.

Old Hagstorm must have known about this as well because he was the one who had saved Andrius back then. The man must have heard of the rumor as well and was worried that his identity **would** be exposed.

Therefore, when the Emperor, Registus, **used** the body as bait to lure out the killer, Old Hagstorm wanted to verify it himself but got careless in the process, hence the Emperor hunted him down.

That was how it happened.

Angus then shook his head. “But the Society has studied the body over and over again and did research on it with all possible methods. Alas, no one was able to find any clues. That’s why it is listed as the first prize in the competition.”

All possible methods over and over again?

The words alone were proof of how many times the body was desecrated.

Bang!

Andrius slammed the table, **breaking** the table in half.

Angus’ tea spilled on the floor, wetting the place.

The body was his family! He could not forgive those who disrespected the dead.

“Studying a dead person’s body over and over again. Such desecration...” Andrius’ eyes glinted coldly and asked, “Is this what the Society is all about? If the Society disregards human rights and morality, they are not fit to serve the people of this country.”

As the Wolf King, Andrius’ aura was so strong that it outshone the Emperor.

Angus quivered and immediately knelt on the ground. “Wolf King, please calm down! I actually tried to dissuade them to stop the study. The dead should be respected and allowed to rest in peace, but I am *too* weak and they keep ignoring me.”

The man looked bitter when he spoke of his attempt.

Andrius’ expression smoothed over. He knew that the Emperor was behind all this.

Angus was just the president of the East River State Medical Society, and it was considered rare for him to step up against injustice. He tried to stop it but was not powerful enough.

Andrius waved. “It’s not your fault. Stand up.”

“Thank you, Wolf King.” Angus **finally** stood up. Then, he suggested, **“The only way is to get first place in the competition and get the body so that it can be buried.”**

Andrius **sighed**. **“It seems like that’s the only way.”**

Since there was no additional information available, Andrius left.

Angus then informed his assistant, “Gary, I need you to arrange today’s dinner seating and the labels.”

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“The seating?” Gary was confused. “Sir, today’s dinner is in respect of Ms. Luna Crestfall from New Moon Corporation, so she should be in the main seat. Why do you want to rearrange it?”

Angus **looked at his** assistant and **grunted**. **“What do you know? The Wolf King is coming! With him present, of course, he should be seated at the main seat!**

“New Moon Corporation would have been crushed by the powerful families from the capital if not for the Wolf King’s support.”

Angus was smart. **In fact, New Moon Corporation** caught his attention when the nameless company was **able** to come up with an excellent prescription. He continued to pay attention *to* the incident with Timothy **Kerr as well.**

Until the event last night, Timothy Kerr acknowledged that it was the Wolf King who forced him to

surrender.

Only

then Angus realized that the Wolf King had been supporting New Moon Corporation and Luna. He believed it was the right choice to hold the dinner in Sumera!

“The Wolf King?” Gary gasped before he nodded repeatedly. “I’ll go arrange the seating right away!”

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Half an hour later, the celebratory dinner started.

All the dignitaries and influential people of Sumeria were invited.

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As the star of the evening, Luna was in the spotlight, surrounded by all the dignitaries.

“Ms. Crestfall, congratulations!”

“Ms. Crestfall, from today onwards, New Moon Corporation will be the pillar of the medical field in Sumeria. Please look after all of us.”

“Ms. Crestfall, I’m Liam Hemsworth, the CEO of Sky Pharmaceuticals. This is my name card. I look forward to working with you in the medical field.”

The dignitaries were enthusiastic about meeting her. All of them tried to flatter her and gain her attention, which overwhelmed her.

Halle tried to share the burden, but the dignitaries did not care about her and continued swarming toward Luna.

Therefore, Halle gave up and let her friend drown. From time to time, however, she glanced at Andrius in the corner.

Andrius had been thinking about the Grand Medicinal Competition ever since he came back from the meeting with Angus.

There was no doubt that Old Hagstorm won first place with his skills in the previous competition. After all, the man’s medical skills impressed and surprised even Andrius. However, he had to be prepared if he wants to follow in his master’s footsteps.

“Young man!”

“Mr. Doctor!”

Then, two surprised and familiar voices sounded beside him, interrupting his thought.

It was Dr. Artemis and Lyra.

Lyra wore a white shirt that revealed her fair arms. She even had an adorable bowtie around her neck, complimenting her cute features. She had a pleated skirt and a pair of white high-knee stockings on, exposing only a small area of her thighs. Her shoes complimented her entire look perfectly. Her look screamed of youth and innocence.

“Dr. Artemis, Lyra.” Andrius smiled at them.

“Young man, I knew you wouldn’t miss this big event.” Dr. Artemis looked confident.

Andrius simply said, “I’m just here to look around.”

Curious, Lyra tilted her head and asked, “You are good with medicine, so why aren’t you joining **the** competition?”

Dr. **Artemis** echoed, **“Yeah. Young man, you have achieved great accomplishments in medicine and will surely win. Why don’t I ask the Society to get you a spot?”**

The man’s eyes glinted.

The Grand Medicinal Competition was a big **event** in the medical **field**. The scene of Andrius saving **Belarus** remained a fresh **memory to Dr. Artemis**. Andrius’ magical hands and acupuncture technique left

him speechless. **He could never** forget **about** that and **wished that he** could **see** it **again**.

He then **added**, “Young man, **don’t worry**. I am known **in the medical field**. If I **ask for the spot**, **they will let you join the competition**.”

Andrius actually joined the competition with his Wolf King identity, so it would not work. He smiled and **diverted the topic**. “Dr. Artemis, **I heard** you are jo

ining the competition as well. I have something for you. It's a set **of** acupuncture techniques."

Andrius then gave Dr. Artemis a piece of folded paper.

"**Acupuncture** techniques?" Dr.

Artemis opened it and was shocked by the contents. "The Thirteen Ghost **Gates?!"**

The Thirteen Ghost **Gate** was a famous acupuncture technique. It was much more magical than the one Andrius performed on Belarus. It was said that the technique was the bane of the Grim Reaper, hence the

name

It might be difficult cultivating the technique but once one succeeded, one would become an influential figure in the medical field. Many doctors viewed it as a treasure and would never simply share it with

others.

Still, Andrius simply gave the technique to him

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Lyra's eyes fluttered. "Grandpa, this acupuncture technique, the **Thirteen Ghost Gates**, is it **really** that powerful?"

"Of course, **it's powerful!**" Dr. Artemis explained **with** a serious look, "The Thirteen Ghost **Gates** is **a** legendary acupuncture technique. As long as the patient is still alive, the technique can bring the patient **back** from passing through the **gates** to hell. This technique is sought after by almost all the doctors in Florence."

Dr. Artemis then bowed at Andrius solemnly. "Young man, thank you!"

Andrius helped the man up. "Dr. Artemis, you really don't need to. I have been searching for someone to pass the **Thirteen** Ghost Gates down to, and your

skills are widely recognized in Sumeria. I believe you **can** put **it** to good use and save more people.”

Dr. Artemis was grateful. “Young man, don’t worry. I will practice hard and master this skill as soon as possible. Then, I can help our people and free them from sickness.”

Andrius nodded. He then pointed at the stage and said, “Dr. Artemis, the dinner is starting. You guys should be prepared.”

“Oh right! We have to move now!” Dr. Artemis was struck by a realization.

Lyra looked at Andrius with a hint of jealousy. She said in a heavy tone, “Mr. Doctor, when are you free? I learned to make some new dishes. When are you coming to try them?”

Andrius simply came up with an excuse and said, “I’m busy lately. I’ll drop by if I have the time.”

“For sure?”

“For sure.”

“Alright. I’ll be waiting.” Lyra then happily hopped away, chasing after her grandfather.

“**Mr. Doctor...**”

A voice sounded behind Andrius after Lyra left, giving him chills.

Andrius turned around and saw Halle. He rolled his eyes. “Are you okay?”

Halle bit her lower lip and said timidly, “Mr. Doctor, I can cook as well, especially spicy dishes. You’ve had them before! When are you coming to my house?”

Andrius knew Halle was jealous of Lyra. Speechless, he turned away. “Quit joking.”

“Joking?” Halle was aggrieved.

Andrius joked with Lyra but gave Halle the cold shoulder.

Double standards!

“So...” Halle looked **at** Lyra disappearing into the crowd and said coquettishly. “You like young little girls like her? **I knew** it. Men are all the same. They all like young, cute things.”

She then stepped in **front** of Andrius and said timidly, “I can also wear the same outfit as her. Do you want to see me **in** it?”

Halle in Lyra’s **style**?

The woman was **ready to go the extra mile** just to win **his heart**.

Andrius instinctively took a step back.

“Hehe... Andrius Moonshade...” **Halle licked her** lips and grinned. She walked closer **to** Andrius. “**I believe** you are **curious** about how I look in a cute outfit.”

Andrius blushed.

The furious Wolf King who killed invaders without even inching was being coerced by a woman just **because** the woman wanted to sleep with him.

How **did** it turn out like this?

“Hold **on!**” **Andrius** put his hands in front of his chest, stopping Halle. He threatened Halle, “If you keep **this up**, I’ll tell Luna.”

“Tsk...”

Halle clicked her tongue contemptuously but she instinctively looked at Luna. She saw Luna being swarmed by the dignitaries, unable to free herself.

Then, she grunted and lifted her chest. She stepped forward, shortening the distance between herself and Andrius. “You think that’s enough to deter **me**?”

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Halle was closer than ever, **and** she showed no signs **of stopping**.

Andrius got nervous. **Right** before the **critical** moment, Andrius spotted Angus **going up on stage** to start the event.

“The dinner is starting! You should go back to your seat!” Andrius said hurriedly to Halle. He then quickly **snuck** away to his seat in the corner.

“Tsk. **Coward.**”

Halle blushed as she watched Andrius scuttle away like a rat being chased by a cat. She was also surprised at how bold she was.

She might have dated men, but none of them had ever touched her. She shook her head to discard the strange thoughts.

Halle went back to Luna and sat down beside her friend.

“Halle, where were you?” Luna looked at her and said, “I was surrounded by the dignitaries and you didn’t help me! Are we even still BFFs?”

“Of course, we are. I did what I could, but everyone ignores me. What else can I do?” Halle explained while consoling her friend. “I think you are the most beautiful flower in the garden. That’s why the bees swarmed over to you.”

Luna felt much better after listening to her friend’s flattery. “Fine. I’ll let you slip this time!”

Luna spared Halle for not helping her, but Halle did not plan to spare her.

“Luna...” Halle went closer to Luna and whispered in her ear, “What do you think if I dressed a little younger like a schoolgirl in a uniform?”

“School uniform?” Luna was confused. Why would Halle ask about that all of a sudden?

Despite the strange question, Luna sized up Halle from top to bottom and then shook her head seriously. “You won’t fit in a school uniform.”

“Huh? Why not?”

“Because...” Luna stared at Halle’s chest and grinned. “It’s because of your massive boobs. Your humongous boobs will burst the buttons in no time. You’re ridiculously huge.”

“What the...” Halle was upset. She stretched her claws at Luna and tried to grab her chest. “Look who’s talking! Yours are as big as mine!”

“No!” Luna struggled to free herself from her perverted friend and then pointed at the stage. “The dinner is starting. Stop kidding around!”

“You **are** off the hook for now. I’ll continue to ravage you later!” Halle stopped and grunted unwillingly.

“Ladies and gentlemen...” Angus smiled brightly on stage and looked at the floor. “I am Angus Cline, the president of **the** East River State Medical Society. With this, the celebratory dinner officially begins!”

As soon as his voice subsided, thunderous applause came from the floor.

“**Now, we will invite the** guests up on **stage.**”

Angus glanced at the list **and read the** names out loud.

“**First, we have** Duke **Throttle**, a professor **from** Sumeria **Medical University!**”

“**Renowned** medical specialist of Sumeria, **Jackey Zelen!**”

“**Chief** pharmacist at Honor **Pharmaceuticals**, Hector Brown!”

The names summoned well-dressed and influential figures on stage. Their appearance brought **the atmosphere** to the next level as all of them were **well-known** figures in the medical field.

Each and every one of them was **professional and** elite in their own field and was highly sought **after by** many pharmaceutical companies.

Thunderous applause sounded whenever they stepped up on stage.

The first batch **of** guests were seated.

“Next, we have Trevor Greg, principal of Sumeria Medical University!”

“Adam Warlock, president of the Sumerian Medical Society Branch!”

“Richard Branson, chairman of Phormon Pharmaceuticals.”

The second batch of guests attracted even louder applause from the floor because they were even more powerful than the first batch.

Adam Warlock alone was responsible for all the major medical research projects in Sumeria, and he was the one who granted approval. Without his permission, no medical research could be conducted in the city. It stated just how powerful he was in the medical field.

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“**The third** batch...”

Angus continued calling names **on** the **stage**.

“The Health and **Safety** Minister of Sumeria, Jack Huley.”

“Chief of the Medicine Supervision Department, John Walker.”

“**President of the Traditional** Medicine Society, Scott Lang.”

The names continued to **surprise** the guests.

The heads of the Health and Safety Ministry and the Medicine Supervision Department, plus the president of the Traditional Medicine Society.

All of them were the most powerful people in the medical field of Sumeria as each one of them could shift the entire field with just one word. They were also important figures that all the pharmaceutical companies and dignitaries wished to flatter.

The applause grew louder, but it was not the end.

There were still three more seats empty, all located in the center. The dignitaries knew that the three seats belonged to the stars of the event.

Then, someone noticed something strange.

Based on the information they got, one of the seats was for Luna, the CEO of New Moon Corporation who had won the project from the Medical Society and joined the Grand Medicinal Competition.

The other one was for Dr. Artemis, the most famous doctor in Sumeria.

There was **one** more seat in the center.

Could there be someone more prestigious than those two?

“Ladies and gentlemen...”

While confusion lingered in everyone’s head, Angus continued, “Now, **let** us invite our three important

guests up on **stage.**”

The dignitaries sat up straight and concentrated.

“The No. 1 Doctor of Sumeria, Dr. Frank Artemis!”

As his voice subsided, Dr. Artemis walked up the stairs. His hair was white but he looked energetic and **lively**.

“Thank you, Mr. President, for inviting me.”

Dr. Artemis shook Angus’ hand before he nodded at the other guests. He sat down on the right side of the **three** main seats in the **center**.

The applause continued.

“**Now, let** us invite **the** winner of the **medicine** project. She contributed an excellent prescription that was **rated** as one of the best prescriptions and this prescription will be mass-**produced** to help **the people of** our **country**. **The CEO** of New Moon Corporation, Ms. Luna Crestfall!”

Luna got up on stage.

“**Thank you**, Mr. Cline. **Thank you**, everyone.”

Luna **nodded at everyone before** she went **to** her seat **on the left**.

The applause **continued**.

Then, the million–

dollar question arrived: who would **be sitting in the center**?

Everyone speculated and **guessed** but without further information, no one knew who **the** main seat was for.

The **guests** started **to** whisper their answers.

“I believe...”

Angus saw the reaction on everyone’s faces. He mysteriously said, “Everyone is curious why there is one more empty seat in the center.”

Before he revealed the answer, the floor became chaotic.

Angus had to raise his voice to counter the noise. “As a matter of fact, I met the Wolf King before the dinner, so this seat is for the Wolf King!”

The name sparked a huge reaction from the floor and the stage.

A sudden realization struck everyone. No wonder there was an empty seat beside Dr. Artemis and Luna.

The Wolf King was present!

Everyone was aware of the Wolf King’s reputation.

Be it his matchless strength or his unrivaled power, or even his magical medicinal skills, each aspect of him conquered the hearts of many.

Even though the Emperor had announced his resignation, his contribution to the country remained. He was still respected by all.

Angus said with utmost respect and passion, “Now, let us invite the Wolf King on stage!”

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Chapter 510

“Wolf King!”

“Wolf King!”

“Wolf King!”

The dignitaries were overwhelmed with joy!

The venue exploded in cheers and excitement.

All of them looked around, hoping to see the Wolf King and wondering if he was standing beside them. If he was, then the lucky bunch would have something to brag to his friends and families for life.

Even Dr. Artemis could not help but look around. He too wanted to see the Wolf King himself.

As a fellow doctor, he knew that the Wolf King was great in medical skills as well, and he secretly compared Andrius to him, trying to find out who was better.

However, he had never seen the Wolf King's medical skills with his own eyes before, so he was unable to come to a conclusion.

Luna was thrilled as well. Her face blushed.

After the meeting with the Wolf King at Celestial Enterprise, the Wolf King was relieved of his duty by the Emperor. She tried calling Sonia, but there was no news from her either.

If Timothy had not confessed that **it** was the Wolf King who forced him to surrender and dealt with the

prescription problem, she would have been worried to death.

She finally got an update on the Wolf King.

This time, the Wolf King was invited as a guest by the East River State Medical Society and was seated beside her.

What an honor!

Luna was over the moon. Her fists clenched and trembled while her joints paled due to the excessive exertion of strength.

However, despite the loud cheers, no one went up on stage. Time went by and the Wolf King did not show

1. up.

As the passion decreased, the dignitaries looked at Angus, hoping for an explanation.

Angus' smile froze.

Could it be that the Wolf King refused to be in public?

Had he done something terribly wrong?

Bang!

Suddenly,
a shadowy figure flew on stage and rolled on the floor several times.

Everyone widened **their eyes** at the figure **and** realized that it was the security guard **from** outside the **venue**. **They** were **shocked**.

The security guard **was knocked out** cold.

Everyone then looked around, trying **to** find out who could **have done that**.

Chapter 510

Swoosh!

Another shadowy figure appeared. The figure shuttled across the dignitaries **as** it headed **towards** the

center seat **on stage**.

Then, the figure **sat** down brazenly and proudly in front of the audience. The man was ridiculously buff. He **had a mask on** to shield his true **identity**, but everyone knew he was not the Wolf King.

There was no need for the Wolf **King** to **be this suspicious**.

“Who **are you?!**” Angus **stared at** the uninvited guest who ruined his celebration dinner **angrily**. He bellowed, “**How** dare **you** disrupt the event! Do you not have respect for the **East River State Medical Society?**”

“The **East River State** Medical Society?” The man looked **at** Andrus and said contemptuously, “Old man, it’s not just you. I show no respect for everyone in this room as you are all trash.”

Everyone was infuriated by his words.

There were well-known specialists, famous doctors, and chairmen of listed companies, yet they were being looked down on by this mysterious figure. They could not tolerate the disrespect!

“Arrogant fool!”

“Show yourself!”

“I want to see what face is hiding under that mask, you coward, who speaks so loudly!”

“You hide your **own face** yet you provoke us all?”

Angus’ expression turned grim. He bellowed, “Who are you? What do you want?”

The masked man looked at everyone and said, “All the elites in the medical field are here today. So, I am here to test you all. I want to see if you all live up to your name or if you are just a bluff.”

As the president of the East River State Medical Society, Angus was a skilled doctor himself. He glared at the masked man and growled, “What are you trying to do?”

“It’s simple.” The masked man narrowed his eyes and said, “I have poisoned the beverage all of you drank with.”

th the Hundred Breath Reaper. As its name suggested, your life will be taken away within a hundred breaths. Not even God can save you from the Grim Reaper's clutches then. And... those who are poisoned will die a horrible death!"