

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 626 -

Chapter 626

“**That’s** right, Luna. **Just focus** on preparing **for** the competition!”

“**This time...**”

Everyone was in high **spirits**, looking forward to Luna achieving a good ranking in the next round.

As for Luna herself, she was not paying attention to the conversation. She had her eyes fixed on the masked man in the corner. She was wondering who this man impersonating the Wolf King was.

She compared them.

This impersonator was strong, but compared to the Wolf King, who would be stronger?

On the other hand, Andrius was eating in the corner, minding his own business. Today’s competition was child’s play to him, so he did not feel the need to be over the moon.

However, Luna impressed him.

Most doctors started learning medicine and pharmacology from a young age. **They** gradually became proficient and displayed their exceptional skills through years of learning. There were not many geniuses in the world. Most were just ordinary people who worked harder than others.

However, Luna managed to achieve this level of results after only cramming for a short period, which truly caught his attention.

Andrius could not help but glance at her.

Luna also happened to look over.

Their **eyes** met, but Andrius remained composed.

It was Luna who looked away first. She had a familiar feeling as if she had seen **that** gaze somewhere before.

The Wolf King!

Yes, it was the Wolf King.

Only **the Wolf King** gave her **such** a feeling.

A thought emerged in Luna's **mind**. '**Could** it be that the Wolf King isn't dead and was just declared dead for some **reason?**'

What was the truth?

While she **was** thinking, Andrius finished eating and left.

As he left **the** cafeteria a large group of people came toward him.

The leader was **composed and** had a profound gaze that gave off **a strange feeling**. Although he was looking straight **ahead**, Andrius' figure seemed to be reflected **in** his eyes.

It **was** the **Insect Doctor**, Patrick Mendez!

Thud...

The two of them bumped into each other.

In that instant, a blood-red insect flew out **of Patrick's** sleeve **and** landed **on Andrius' body in the blink of** an eye.

Patrick did that on purpose. His purpose was **to test** how **capable Andrius** really was.

However, his expression changed **the next** moment.

Before the insect could make a move on Andrius, it was intimidated by his aura and fearfully retreated.

At the same time, Andrius' cold voice sounded in Patrick's **ear**.

“**Don’t try** to challenge me, or you’ll reap what you sow.”

Andrius paused his icy gaze on Patrick’s **face** for a moment and left.

Patrick turned pale.

Sure enough, Andrius was the Wolf King. Even the insect was fearful of his presence. He was truly difficult.

to deal **with**.

However...

Patrick looked at Andrius’ departing figure, and a cold light flashed in his eyes as he muttered, “Wolf King... This is no longer your era! Dead men should not be walking around. They should be buried six feet in the ground.”

In the lounge, Andrius had just **sat** down **when a** figure approached him.

It was Harpy from the Hawkeye Group.

“Wolf **King**, I just received important information. The third round of the Grand Medicinal Competition tomorrow, which is the poison-testing round, has been manipulated!”

Andrius raised his brows and gestured. “Go on.”

Harpy said in a low voice, “The poison that was to be **used in the** competition has been replaced with a terrible poison. If this goes on, there’s a high possibility that there might be fatalities in this competition!”

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A terrible poison?

Andrius was **not** afraid of that.

Over the years, he had been through life—and-death situations and encountered all sorts of **traps** and

poisons.

However, Luna....

She **had** just **entered** this **field**, so making her participate in testing out poisons was a bit difficult for her.

If she died, he would not be able to explain it to Belarus.

Andrius sighed.

It seemed **like** the third round of the competition tomorrow would be challenging.

He not only had to **test** the poison but also ensure Luna's safety while keeping his true identity hidden from everyone.

What a hard life!

Zachery always thought highly of himself and refused to stay at the accommodation provided by the **organizers**. Thus, he booked an **entire** floor of a five-star hotel for his group.

"Damn it... That f*cker was actually faster than me! How can a stupid pig like him be faster than me?!"

Crash...

Zachery **cussed** while smashing everything in the hotel room. The place became a mess **in** just a few minutes. However, he was still furious and continued to kick the fallen chair.

"Dr. Ramsey..."

After he took out his **anger**, a subordinate came **up** and whispered, "Actually, I have **a way** to help you secure the first **place**."

First place!

The temptation was irresistible!

Zachery's **eyes** narrowed, and he immediately yelled, "What is it?"

“Your **main** opponent in the Grand **Medicinal** Competition **is** that bogus **Wolf King**. **The others** aren’t worth worrying about. As long as we kill him, the rest of the competition will be **smooth** sailing for you! The championship will be yours!

“**Besides, he’s** just an imposter. Even if he’s discovered later, you’d have won the championship by that **time**, and **no** one will dare to do anything **to** you!”

Zachery became **very** interested after hearing about the plan.

That was right! If the **problem** could not **be** dealt with, **then they** would deal with **the person who caused the** problem.

If that fake **Wolf King** died, **the rest of the competitors** would be easily **crushed like bugs!**

“**It’s settled!**” Zachery **grinned, murderous** intent flashing across **his** face. “That fake **Wolf King** challenging

me is **the same as** him **challenging Gerland**. **We’ll** just **kill him directly!**”

As long as they **achieved** their **goal**, killing **someone was** nothing to them.

“Understood!”

The subordinate immediately began contacting the assassins who had come **with** them from their nation **and** started to plan.

Night gradually deepened, and the moonlight was dim. Occasionally, the cold wind blew, bringing along gloomy clouds.

A masked assassin **approached** Andrius’ room and sprayed several canisters of sleeping gas inside through the gaps of the door and windows.

The assassin counted the seconds, then **kicked** open the door and rushed in boldly.

Swish!

Whoosh!

Swoosh!

He stabbed **the** bed ruthlessly several times.

“Wait...”

The assassins suddenly frowned and lifted the bed sheet. Unlike what he imagined, there was no blood flowing like a river or Andrius stabbed to death.

It was empty!

“Oh, crap!”

The assassin paled and immediately turned around to escape.

However, at some point **in** time, Andrius had already appeared behind him. His expression was straight as he looked at **the** assassin **with a** vague smile.

“**Since** you’ve found me, then go to hell!” A cold light flashed in the masked assassin’s eyes, and he **attacked** boldly.

Swoosh...

The cold reflection of the blade swung in an arc in **mid-air** and **appeared** in front of the **fake** Wolf King’s **throat** in the **blink** of an **eye**!

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He was going **after** the throat!

Andrius pursed his lips lightly when he **felt** the chilly aura from above.

With a light flick of his hand, the dagger was flicked away with a crisp sound and landed on the ground **with a metallic** clang.

Then, he grabbed the assassin’s wrist before the latter could react.

Crack...

A crisp sound followed, and the assassin’s wrist was snapped.

With another grab and push, a surge of force rushed forward, sending the assassin back several steps. He crashed heavily into the wall and spewed a mouthful of blood.

Swoosh...

The assassin knew he was no match for Andrius and immediately, jumped out of a window. With a few leaps, he gradually disappeared from sight.

“Heh,.. Trying to run? Not that easy!” Andrius snorted coldly and gave chase.

Soon, they left the urban area and arrived at a cliff.

The assassin suddenly stopped and turned to look at Andrius, smirking sinisterly. “You **fell** into a trap, fake Wolf King! This is where you meet your end!”

Then, he clapped **his** hands.

Whoosh...

Rustle...

Swish...

A series of **sounds** came from behind.

Andrius looked over and saw around 20 to 30 assassins.

He grinned **and** said, “Really? Do you **really think** a bunch of Gerlandian idiots like you can kill me?”

The Gerlandians **were** furious at the insult.

“**F*ck!**”

“**Get him!**”

“You’re **seeking death!**”

“Go to hell...”

The assassins roared and rushed toward him recklessly.

Andrius rolled **his eyes**.

These assassins could not **even** control **their tempers**. **They were just** rubbish.

With **that** thought, **he did not** hesitate **to make** his **move**.

In the blink of an eye, he **grabbed the** collars of two **assassins who charged** at him **and** slammed **the m** together. **Their** heads caved in, **and they** died on **the** spot.

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The remaining **ones either fell** flat **with a** punch or **were** kicked **away**.

Andrius **dealt with half of** them in less than ten seconds.

“Ah!”

At that moment, a scream sounded.

At some point, a girl appeared and let out a frightened shriek when she saw t he battle.

Whoosh!

Swish...

Swoosh!

The assassins were stunned but immediately rushed toward the girl, intending to use her as a hostage to

threaten Andrius.

“Die!” Andrius snorted coldly and immediately swung both hands.

Flashes of silver lights streaked in the air, accurately piercing every assassin's body.

Thud...

However, before the last assassin died, he pulled out a pistol from his pocket and fired **at** the girl without hesitation.

Although Andrius' silver needles were fast enough to deflect the bullet, it hit the ground a foot away from the girl.

“Ah!”

The girl was frightened and instinctively stepped back. The next second, she slipped and fell off the cliff.

Whoosh-

Andrius swiftly shot to the edge of **the** cliff and jumped down with the girl.

He **had** to save her!

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In the distance, an assassin, who had been watching **in** the shadows, witnessed this **scene** and could not help but **freeze**. **He** did not understand and was greatly shocked.

Then, he slowly walked to the edge of the cliff.

However, **before** he could get close to the edge, he withdrew because of the chilly wind.

“He's **dead**. **He** must be dead.”

The **assassin** sneered and turned away.

Whoosh...

The bone-piercing cold wind was like knives against Andrius' **face**, stinging him badly.

However, this wind was nothing compared to what he had experienced on the western border. It was not enough to make him **retreat**.

“S—
save **me**...” The girl had lost all her composure and instinctively called Andrius for help.

“Stay calm and don’t panic! Grab onto my hand tightly, quick!”

Andrius took advantage of the downward momentum and swiftly grabbed the girl’s outstretched arm, pulling her toward him.

Whoosh...

The wind kept blowing, and the girl was freezing. Half of it was due to fear, and the other half was from

the wind.

As they continued **to** fall, Andrius held the girl with one hand and grabbed the side of the cliff with the

other.

Crumble...

The speed **of their** fall gradually slowed **down**.

However, it came **at** a cost. Andrius’ hand which was tough as steel was now covered in blood.

“Ah!”

The girl **trembled** when **she** saw the **blood and** squirmed in Andrius’ arms.

Andrius was **speechless** and held **onto** her tightly. **Otherwise**, they would fall to their **deaths**.

“Stop moving! I’ll shift the **weight**!”

His **yell made the** girl **freeze**, and **then** he **continued to use his hand to slow down** their fall.

The

two **of them** kept **dropping**, but it was at a controlled **speed**. However, Andrius’ hand was completely **mangled, covered in blood** from **the** cliff.

The girl took a **glance** and **did not dare** to **open her** eyes again.

Finally, Andrius saw **the bottom**.

“**Hup!**”

The moment **they landed**, he twisted **his body** so that **the girl** was on **top of him**, and he **braced himself to**

cushion the impact.

Thud...

The next moment, **they** slammed **heavily onto** the ground.

“**Gah!**”

Andrius spat out a mouthful of **blood**.

The cliff was too high. Despite his efforts to slow down and cushion the impact, he was still injured.

As for the girl, she landed on **top** of Andrius **with** her mouth on his **face**. **However, she** was completely frozen with fear, so she continued to cling to Andrius. Her alluring lips were also still pressed on his face.

Andrius **felt** two large mounds pressing on him.

“Uh...” He pushed her away **and** sat up with difficulty. “You can get up now.”

“Huh? Oh...”

The girl mechanically climbed up from Andrius' body. It was clear that she was still in shock. Her pupils were still dilated.

When Andrius got up and started to check his own injuries, the girl gradually calmed down.

“**M-Mister...**”

She took a **deep** breath, her chest heaving as she rode the adrenaline and joy **of surviving** a disaster. Her heart gradually calmed down.

Then, she said sincerely, “Thank you. Thank you for saving me!”

Mister?

Andrius almost spat **out** blood again.

Was he **really that** old?

Was he at an age where he looked like a mister?

“Mister, you **don’t** look too good...” The girl’s **clear** eyes flickered with **deep** concern for Andrius.

Well, surviving **a** fall from that **height** was **already** a stroke of luck. How could he still look good?

Andrius ignored her and focused **on** tending to his **injuries**. **The** girl asked, “**Mister**, I’m **Emmy Gaines**. What’s your name?”

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Andrius **ignored** her.

The girl continued **to say**, “**Mister**, you’re amazing. We fell from such a high place, and **yet we’re** still...”

“**Mister**, are you one of those legendary martial experts who can walk on water and fly?”

“Mister...”

Andrius could **not** stand it and asked, “It’s the middle of the night. What are you doing out here in the wilderness instead of sleeping at home?”

“I...” Emmy’s eyes flickered for a moment, then she giggled, “Mister, I thought you became mute from the fall, but you can still **speak!**”

Andrius was speechless. He finished tending to his wounds and simply turned around and walked away.

“Hey, Mister! Are you that petty? Wait for me!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll tell you! I was just bored **at** home, so I came out for a walk!”

Emmy chased after Andrius, her small mouth chattering **non**–stop.

Andrius felt like his ears were about to fall off, and he could not help but quicken his pace.

“Hey! Mister, don’t walk so fast. I can’t keep **up!**”

“Mister, wait for me! You haven’t told me your name. How am I supposed to repay you for saving my life?”

“Mister, **don’t do** this. I’m scared…”

“**Ouch…**”

As Andrius walked **ahead**, the voice behind him became smaller.

Then, with a cry, Emmy suddenly fell silent.

Andrius paused and subconsciously turned around.

Emmy had twisted her foot and was **squatting on** the ground, rubbing **it**.

“Mister…” Emmy saw Andrius turn **back and** said with a sob, “I twisted my foot. **You’re** a good person, so

you **won’t leave** me **here**, right?”

“You wouldn’t want to leave a little girl like me here, right?”

“Mister, **you have** to help **me…**”

Damn it.

Andrius **could not resist** her **soft pleading and could only** turn back.

“**Here…**”

Emmy pursed her small, **attractive** mouth and extended her ankle to Andrius. A part **of** her fair and slender **ankle** was **red and** swollen. It was obviously injured.

Andrius rubbed it for her.

“**Ah...**”

Emmy **could** not **help** but cry out. **Then**, she **found** the **sound inappropriate**, **and her pretty face** instantly **blushed**.

“Alright, **get up and** walk!”

Andrius **was** just about to leave again.

Unexpectedly, Emmy was prepared **this time** and held onto his arm.

“Mister, **my** foot still hurts a **lot**. Can you carry me?” Her clear eyes were still misty as she looked at **Andrius pitifully**.

“Come on.”

Andrius was defeated by her and crouched down to carry her.

This little girl seemed to be pampered and had never experienced any hardships. If he left her alone in the wilderness, she might get eaten by wild beasts.

Thus, he decided to help her all the way.

“Hehe...” Emmy lay on Andrius’ back, hugging his neck, and said sweetly, “You’re so kind, Mister!”

“I’m not kind at all!” Andrius snapped, “According to the plan, I should be sleeping soundly in bed right now, but...”

He did not continue.

Emmy did not mind and smiled. “**Mister**, don’t you think it’s fate for us to meet in the wilderness? Meeting you is my destiny!”

Emmy’s thought process was quite unique.

Andrius was **speechless**. “**Meeting you** was my misfortune. Alright, stop talking. I’m going to speed up.”

Then, without waiting for her reaction, he carried her on his back and ran.

They were still quite far away from the urban area. **If** they continued to dawdle, they might not make it back even after dawn.

“Ah! Mister, slow down... **Mister,** I’m tired. Can you slow down? Ah...”

Emmy was frightened. The cold mountain air **at** night made her feel short of breath, and she clung to Andrius’ neck.

Coincidentally, she panted **heavily into** his ear.

This was undoubtedly a great challenge to Andrius.