

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 631 -

Chapter 631

Fortunately, **Andrius** was **focused** on returning as **soon** as possible. He **ran** with all his strength and did not encounter any problems.

After more than two hours of traveling, they finally returned to the city area.

However, it **was** almost dawn.

“Okay, **you** can get down and return on your own now.”

Andrius put Emmy down and did not bother with her anymore. He turned to leave without looking back.

“**Hey...**”

Emmy **stretched** her numb arms out and saw that Andrius was almost out of sight. She hurriedly caught **up** with him.

“You can't leave, Mister! You haven't told me your name yet. How am I supposed to repay you?”

Andrius thought, ‘Repay? I'd be happy if you don't try **to** get revenge.

He waved his hand and said in exasperation, “No need.”

“That won't do! At the very least, you **have** to tell me your name and phone number! Don't worry, Mister!! won't bother you all the time!”

Andrius walked faster.

Emmy harrumphed and decisively ran in front of Andrius, blocking his way. “Mister, you can't go!”

Swoosh-

Andrius could not be bothered **to** argue **with** her and threw several silver needles at her.

“**Ah...**”

Emmy felt several cold sensations entering her body, and she could not move at all. Only her eyeballs and mouth could shift slightly.

“**Mister**, what did you do to me?” Emmy was so frightened **that** she almost cried. She shouted, “Mister, did you pierce **me with** something? Take them out quickly. I’m scared ...”

Take them out? That **was just** causing trouble for himself. Andrius did not bot her **with** this troublesome girl **anymore**.

“**You’ll** regain **your mobility** after **three** minutes.”

He left after **saying that**.

Three **minutes** soon **passed**.

“**Hmph!** I’m **so angry!**” Emmy looked **in the direction** Andrius left and stomped **her foot** in anger. “You can’t run, Mister! I’ll **catch you one day!**”

At the same time, in a hotel, a group of assassins responsible for surveillance **reported to Zachery, “Mr. Ramsey, the fake Wolf King jumped off the cliff. We saw it with our own eyes.”**

“**He** jumped off **the cliff?**” Zachery **was instantly overjoyed** upon **hearing the** news. “**Hahaha! He really is** just a stupid **pig!** It’s **good that** he’s **dead. Now, the champions hip will be mine!**”

“The **other so-called** famous **doctors** aren’t **worth fearing** at all. I’ll crush their arrogance to morrow and **show them the might of** our **great Gerland!**”

The next **day, the third** round of **the** Grand Medicinal Competition proceeded as scheduled.

On the **stage**, Angus said loudly, “Ladies and gentlemen, next, we have the th ird round of the Grand Medicinal Competition. First, **please** welcome the top-ranked participants from the previous Grand Medicinal Competition.”

As soon as he spoke, the crowd instantly erupted in applause.

After the applause died down, Angus continued, “Due to some reasons, the top-ranked in the Heavenly Ranking, Dr. Hagstorm, will not be participating. Hence, we will start with the second position.

“In second place in the Heavenly Ranking is Dr. Fergus Bond! He is a master in acupuncture, medicine, and poison. His medical skills are unparalleled and miraculous!

“Third place in the Heavenly Ranking, Frederic Hopkins! He is a witch doctor who is skilled in communicating with the supernatural, as well as healing and curing. He often uses mystical techniques to treat people and possesses unfathomable power.

“Fourth place in the Heavenly Ranking, the Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez! He excels in both medicine and using insects to **treat** diseases, plowing a unique path that is different from tradition. He is also a Grandmaster.

“Fifth place in the Heavenly Ranking, Elmer Deleon. He excels in acupuncture, and it’s rumored that his technique is unparalleled. With a single needle, he can subdue sickness and disease alike. He is truly deserving of his title, the ‘Divine Needle Doctor’!

“Sixth place on the Heavenly Ranking...”

With each introduction by Angus, thunderous applause followed.

These individuals were all pillars **in** the Florencian medical field, not only possessing extraordinary medical skills but also having reputations that were unparalleled. No one dared to underestimate them.

Soon, the introductions for the **Heavenly** Ranking participants were completed.

Nine doctors **appeared** on the stage. Some were white-haired, some still had rosy faces, and some looked vibrant and sharp. It was an imposing scene.

Angus continued, “**Next** up, **let’s welcome** the **qualifying** participants **of the second** round **of** the Grand **Medicinal** Competition.”

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 632 -

Chapter 632

“**Next** up...”

Angus’ introductions to the lower-ranked participants were not very detailed.

After all, the gap in their medical skills was quite significant, and their chances of winning the championship were slim, so introducing them would only be a waste of time.

“**Next**, let’s welcome the fifth-ranked participant, Dr. Willard Atkins. He is skilled in acupuncture and once held the record for the world’s fastest needle user, making him a rare talent!

“In fourth place, we have the Eccentric Doctor, Eric Doherty. He has an unwritten rule when treating patients: he only treats men on odd number dates and women on even number dates, hence the title ‘Eccentric Doctor’. However, his medical skills are exceptional and undeniable.”

“In third place is the Sage Doctor, Denzel Crawford. He excels in refining pills and is well-known among the people. Many people believe that his pills have the effects of ‘immortality’, earning him his title.

“In second place is Dr. Zachery Ramsey from Gerland. He is known as one of the top three doctors in Gerland, but not much else is known about him.”

“Finally...”

A flush appeared on Angus’ face, and he said excitedly, “The first-place winner from yesterday’s second round is the Wolf King! The Wolf King’s medical skills are known far and wide. Yesterday, he displayed an unforeseen performance, crushing Zachery Ramsey. His outstanding brilliance was witnessed by all.”

After saying that, Angus put the name list **away** and sighed **in relief**.

“Wolf King!”

“Wolf King!”

“Wolf King!”

The audience **already** started cheering loudly.

Only Zachery and the others did not look happy. However, they already knew that the Wolf King would not be coming **today**. Thus, while **they** seemed gloomy on the surface, their **eyes** were filled with a sinister and smug light.

The cheers from **the** crowd did not stop.

However, even after ten seconds...

The **Wolf King did** not show up.

Everyone looked **at** each other, wondering what was going on.

When **they were** confused, Zachery slowly stood up and mocked, “**Oh**, your so-called Wolf King is useless! **As soon as he heard** about the reputation of Gerlandian **doctors**, **he** probably pissed himself in fright and **doesn't dare** to **come to** the competition. Hahaha...”

He was incredibly **arrogant**.

The audience below was furious.

“**Who** let this **dog off** its **leash**? **It's barking at people again!**”

“**What** are **you** so smug about, **Gerlandian**? **Did you forget how you lost yesterday?**”

N

“**Did you** eat too **much** shit? **Why** are **you talking** crap so **early in the morning**? Please go back and brush **your teeth!**”

“**Your people are all brainless!**”

“Useless...”

A fierce light flashed in Zachery at the insults, and he snorted coldly. “Host, that so-called Wolf King isn't coming today. Are you going to make us wait forever? That's not appropriate, is it? Time waits for *no* one. Announce the start of the competition!”

Angus' expression was very unpleasant. He never expected the Wolf King to be a no-show.

He gritted his teeth and said in a low voice, "Well, we have never had a rule regarding tardiness before, so let's **wait** for a while!"

He could only try his best to buy time for Andrius.

Zachery sneered. "**Wait?** But we can't wait forever! Three minutes, at most."

"Fine."

Angus had no choice but to agree, "We'll wait for another three minutes. If he doesn't show up by then..."

He wanted to say, 'We'll wait another **three** minutes'.

Unfortunately, that was unrealistic.

The Florencians fell silent. They all craned their necks and looked around, awaiting the Wolf King's return.

After all, the skills the Wolf King displayed yesterday completely conquered them and earned their genuine admiration.

Soon, three minutes passed.

The entrance of the venue was still empty.

"**Okay**, announce the start of the competition," Zachery urged impatiently while sneering in his heart.

The 'Wolf King' was already dead. He would not come even if they **waited** for 300 years.

Angus spoke with some difficulty, "Then..."

Whoosh...

Just then, a figure approached **from** afar and **appeared** on the stage in the blink of an eye. It was a familiar figure and mask.

The 'Wolf King' had returned!

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 633 -

1

Chapter 633

Zachery's mouth twitched uncontrollably.

How could this be possible?

The 'Wolf

King' was supposed to have jumped off the cliff and died on the spot!

How could he **appear** here?

Unlike Zachery's shock, the Florencians below cheered in excitement.

"Wolf King!"

"Wolf King!"

"Wolf King!"

They called Andrius the Wolf King not **because** they believed **that** he was the real Wolf King, but because his exceptional display of skill yesterday in defeating Zachery earned their recognition!

The doctors on stage all looked at Andrius intently when he appeared.

The Wolf King's performance yesterday was simply amazing.

They even felt some pressure, **so** they regarded him as a tough opponent.

This was especially true for Patrick the Insect Doctor. He knew that the so-called fake Wolf King was actually the real Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade. Furthermore, Andrius was the one who had crippled his disciple!

Patrick wished **that** he could see through **Andrius**.

"Alright." Angus took a deep breath, and a smile appeared on his face again. "Now that all the contestants **have** arrived, I will announce the rules for the third round of the competition.

“Firstly, this round is a poison–testing round. If a contestant is not skilled enough and fails to treat themselves in time, it may be life–threatening.

“Therefore, all participants must sign a waiver before the **official** start of the round. If someone dies from poison, it will be due to their own weakness. The organizers of the Grand Medicinal Competition will not be held accountable.

“If anyone is unwilling to sign the waiver, please step forward now and forfeit your participation.”

After saying that, Angus looked at all the doctors.

Some of **the** doctors held **their heads** high, **some were** full of **confidence**, and some were disdainful. They **had** all made preparations before coming, so no one cowered.

Angus nodded and continued the announcement.

“**Next, after** the competition begins, the staff will distribute identical doses of poison to each participant as well **as a thousand** different medicinal ingredients, including all the herbs needed **to** treat the poison.

“**You** only need **to** choose **the** correct **combination of herbs** to form an antidote **and** complete **the detoxification** to successfully advance **to** the next round.

“Of course, all of you present **here are elites** in the Florentian **medical** field, **and every** loss is a great loss to **the medical** community. **Thus, we** will do **our utmost to** ensure **everyone’s** safety **during the** competition.

“If anyone **realizes that they are** incapable of **treating themselves**, they may choose **to press the red button inside** the arena, and **the** organizers will **provide** them **with the antidote**.

“**However, pressing** the **red** button **also** means you voluntarily withdraw **from** the competition and accept defeat. Please be **aware of this.**”

The **doctors** had no objections since the rules were completely reasonable.

Seeing this, Angus continued, “Finally, due to the complexity of this round of the competition, the time limit is **set at** four hours. During this time, you may use tools such as needles and pestles.

“The competition will be recorded by surveillance cameras, and participants are not allowed to communicate or cheat with anyone during this process.

“If discovered, they will be forfeited from the competition and permanently blacklisted from the Florencian medical community.

“Those are **the rules for** the third round of the Grand Medicinal Competition. Does anyone have any questions?”

Angus swept his gaze over all the doctors on the stage.

No one had any questions.

Angus declared loudly, “In that case, I hereby announce **that** the third round of the Grand Medicinal Competition, the poison-testing round, starts now!”

As soon as he spoke, ladies wearing uniforms and short skirts went to each doctor, holding a waiver.

The doctors signed their names.

Then, the ladies distributed sealed, opaque bottles to each doctor which contained the poison for this round of the competition.

After that, a thousand different medicinal ingredients were arranged. However, the ingredients were not labeled with names or their effects, which meant that the doctors had to identify them before they could **use** them.

“Well, then, participants, **please** open the bottle and drink **the** poison. Your **time** starts now!”

With Angus’ words...

Plop!

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 634 -

1

Chapter 634

Thud...

Squeak-

Various sounds rang on the stage.

The doctors opened the bottles using different methods.

In an instant, the arena was filled with green poison. It was clear that this poison was extraordinary.

Swoosh...

Gurgle...

Thump...

After opening the bottles, some doctors observed the color and fragrance, while others directly poured

the poison into their mouths, using their bodies to give the most honest response.

In less than three seconds, various symptoms of poisoning appeared among the doctors.

Some turned red, some frothed at the mouth, some turned pale, and some trembled all over. Their

symptoms varied depending on their individual constitutions.

The only common factor was that after experiencing the impact of the poison on their bodies, the doctors began searching among the thousand medical ingredients for the antidote.

After Andrius drank the poison, he slowly closed his eyes.

Three seconds passed.

Swoosh...

After three seconds, he suddenly opened his eyes. His gaze flashed **with** boundless light.

Then...

Whoosh!

He raised his hand, and countless silver needles flew up like maidens scattering petals, floating in the air.

It seemed to be **without** order or method.

A second later, the needles reached their highest point, paused **briefly**, and fell **like** shooting stars, piercing Andrius' body.

The light shimmering was **like** silver **dragons** dancing.

Thud, thud, thud!

In the **blink** of an **eye**, **the** silver needles accurately hit each acupoint **on** Andrius' body as if **they had** grown **eyes**. **They** all hit **their target** perfectly without a single mistake!

When the last needle fell, it completed **the** formation.

Then, Andrius lightly **flicked one of** the silver needles with his **finger**.

In an **unguided** manner, **the needles** **began** to **rotate** and undulate, causing **them** to **shimmer** in **the light**.

The audience was treated to an **amazing** view!

Black smoke appeared from the top of Andrius' head. He was obviously expelling the toxins from his body.

"That's... **the Supreme Ultimate Needles!**"

A bigwig in the guest area widened **his eyes** when he saw what Andrius was doing. Huge waves stirred in **his** heart.

“What? Supreme Ultimate Needles?”

“It’s said **that the** Supreme Ultimate Needles is a legendary technique that uses the force of the world itself and is capable of dispelling all poisons.”

“**T–this** is... The medical world of Florence hides many talents!”

“That kid is truly extraordinary.”

The many doctors on the jury were shocked, and their eyes glimmered in astonishment. They all held their breaths and widened their eyes, wanting to **see** everything clearly and thoroughly.

Even the audience was dumbstruck.

“Holy crap, what was that?”

“Those needles fell from the sky. That was so cool!”

“Damn, if I could **do** that, I’d be the **king** of the nightclub!”

“If I could perform that in front of my graduation supervisor, at least, I’d be able to pass the exam!”

“You’re too narrow–minded. If I incorporate this into my thesis and promote it, our institute will upgrade to a specialized training institute!”

“You’re all too short–sighted...”

Voices of amazement continued to echo.

Everyone was in admiration of Andrius’ skills.

“Quick, look at the Witch Doctor!” someone suddenly shouted.

Whether it was the guest in the front row seats or the **rear**, all eyes immediately turned to Frederic.

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 635 -

Chapter 635

Hiss-

Everyone could not help but hiss **at** the sight.

On Frederic's side of the arena, he prepared a yellow talisman paper in his left hand and a wolf-hair brush in his right. **He** dipped the brush in the medicinal liquid and began to draw patterns on the talisman paper.

With each stroke of the brush, **the** crowd saw the illusion of fierce creatures, constantly roaring and growling.

As the brush danced, the seemingly ordinary talisman paper was filled with an inexplicable brilliance. Just a glance at it made them quiver.

Then, their minds became clear and perceptive.

"He really is a witch doctor!"

"He uses mysticism and medicine, and his ways are unfathomable to all. Frederic Hopkins really is worthy

of his title!"

"It's impossible to learn that technique!"

"You're saying that **as** if the Wolf King's technique was **learnable**. That's ridiculous."

"They're all amazing!"

Just as everyone was immersed in Frederic's superb techniques, a fragrance began to waft from a certain direction. The fragrance permeated the hall, smelling refreshing and invigorating.

The source was none other than Denzel Crawford, the person who came in third place in the second **round**!

He had prepared a medical cauldron in the arena. He carefully **selected** medicinal ingredients, proportioned **them** accordingly, and tossed them into the cauldron to refine a pill.

Thus, waves of medicinal fragrance spread from **the** cauldron.

As for Denzel himself, his dark complexion improved significantly under the influence of the medicinal fragrance. It was **clear that he** would be able to detoxify the poison after the pill was refined.

“That guy is pretty skilled!”

“Of course, he **is**. **Anyone** who can sit up **there is a** real master!”

“That’s true. They’re all skilled. I **don’t** think these poisons can stump them.”

“Unfortunately, I’m not **well-educated**, so the only thing I can say is ‘damn!’”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk...”

While everyone marveled at Denzel’s skills, a strange sound was suddenly heard.

Hiss...

Hissss...

It **sounded** like snakes **hissing!**

Not only did it give **people** a **creepy feeling**, but it also **made them feel uncomfortable** from **the** bottom of their **hearts**. It was as if **something terrifying** was staring at **them**.

The **audience immediately turned their heads toward the direction of the sound**.

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

At that moment, **Patrick** had **taken** off his shirt, and **two insects** were hanging from his body. One lay against his chest, constantly devouring something. The other insect wriggled in and out of his navel, each time accompanied by **a** trail of black blood.

The scene was **grotesque**. Just one look at it was enough to cause chills to run down people’s spines. **They did** not dare **to** continue watching.

“The Insect Doctor... He really lives up to his title.”

“Damn it. He might be able to detoxify himself, but watching him is too unsettling.”

“Stop mentioning him. I’m starting to feel nauseous. I’m going to puke out yesterday’s dinner...”

Patrick’s methods were undeniably amazing, but the audience felt uncomfortable after watching him and quickly turned their heads to watch the others’ performances, trying to forget their disgust.

Swoosh...

Soon, they noticed Elmer Deleon!

Elmer was also a master in acupuncture. The silver needles in his hand trembled on his acupoints as if they came to life and had their own vitality. They connected and resonated with each other.

Buzz...

The vibrations merged into what seemed like music.

His acupuncture technique was not flashy, but in his hands, they looked pleasing to the eye and

marvelous.

“Damn, I feel like I’m just an extra in this world.”