

# The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea

Chapter 1272-1275

## Chapter 1272

"I don't want to be the queen. I just want to be your sister. I want to be forever..."

Seeing this, Andrius and Noir silently left the room.  
your sister

The Arctic Fox had already sensibly disappeared when they returned to the capital.

"Noir..."

On the balcony, Andrius looked at the bustling fireworks of the capital and said jokingly, "If Katalina becomes the queen of

Flandom, would you stay and be her prince?"

What was that supposed to mean?

Was Andrius asking him to choose between the Lycantroops and Katalina?

Noir could not help but glance at the room, then said solemnly, "Andy, I've belonged to the Lycantroops since the day I joined.

Even when I die, my ghost will also belong to the Lycantroops!

"No matter how much I like Katalina, if I had to choose between the Lycantroops and her, I would leave Flandom without hesitation and return to the

Lycantroops.”

Andrius laughed and asked, “Won’t you regret it? Be honest with me. Katalina should be the first girl you developed feelings for, right? I’ve never seen you care so much about a girl before.”

A flicker of reluctance flashed in Noir’s face, but he still nodded and said firmly, “ I’ll regret it, but I’ll be happy as long as she’s doing well!”

Andrius greatly approved of Noir’s words in his heart. Noir had truly fallen for her.

He patted Noir’s shoulder and did not continue.

As a must-pass area between two cities, the tragic incident in Pineworth County last night was quickly discovered and

immediately caused a huge sensation.

The camp of the Sauro Church was bathed in blood!

The son of the Pontiff, Anton, was disabled!

What was going on?!

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The people who discovered this situation immediately sent Anton back to the church headquarters.

“Ahhhh....”

When the Pontiff of the Sauro Church, St. Dmitri, saw the miserable state of his son, he felt as if his chest would explode from anger. He let out a deafening roar. Killing intent surged like wild gusts of wind, wreaking havoc in the world.

Swoosh...

The glass in the building shattered and fell to the ground, forming a spider weblike crack.

Whoosh, whoosh...

The flora outside was also impacted by the tremendous force and bent at the stem. No plant remained unscathed, and no leaf remained intact.

At that moment, the entire Sauro Church headquarters trembled.

“Who did this? Who did this to my son?!” St. Dmitri roared at the sky, causing waves of shocking sound waves.

Countless people instantly started bleeding from their ears, and some even covered their ears in pain and crouched on the ground.

The scene fell into a dead silence. Dozens of red-robed cardinals from various countries in Obaro did not dare to speak. They all

lowered their heads, wishing they could hide in a hole.

St. Dmitri became even more furious.

His son was crippled and castrated...

However, he did not even know who the other party was. What a humiliation!

“Your Holiness.”

At that moment, a figure strode over and walked into the main hall. It was the ruler of Flandom, Alexander.

“I express my deepest condolences about what happened to your son in Flandom. However...”

At that point, Alexander changed the topic and said with a confident tone, “I know who disabled your son. He’s the Wolf King of Florence who came from the distant east, Andrius Moonshade!”

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The Wolf King!.

He was the enemy who crippled St. Dmitri’s son!

Boom...

The moment Alexander's words fell, St. Dmitri's overwhelming killing intent rose, sweeping through like a hurricane.

At that instant, everyone present felt as if a massive stone was pressing on their chests, making it difficult to breathe.

"The Wolf King... I don't care if he's the Wolf King or the Dog King! Since he dared to hurt my son..."

St. Dmitri's face flashed with a chilling glint like an icy tundra, exuding boundless coldness. He yelled hysterically, "I'll flay him,

tear out his tendons, dig out his organs, cut off his limbs, sever his head, and hang it on the gates of the Sauro Church. I'll have

the crows and bats feast on him. I'll let the millions of believers come here to make a pilgrimage!"

It was hard to believe such malicious and cruel words coming from the mouth of the revered pontiff.

The cardinals present fell silent, not daring to speak.

Only Alexander's eyes flickered with a subtle and almost imperceptible change.

"I hereby order you!" St. Dmitri's burst with a fierce light as he shouted, "Summon all the believers in the headquarters. We head toward Flandom to kill Andrius Moonshade!"

He no longer cared about anything other than avenging Anton.

“No!” Seeing this, Alexander quickly stopped him and advised, “Florence is one of the most powerful countries, and the Wolf King is the military soul of Florence. If you kill him rashly, it’ll provoke the anger and retaliation of Florence, and even lead to a world war!”

Alexander was knowledgeable about Florence. That was also why he and the elder had not personally taken action against Andrius.

Of course, it was also because of the fear of Andrius’ master, Old Hagstorm.

“Heh... What’s the big deal about a world war?” St. Dmitri had lost his reason in his rage. “With the strength and influence of the Sauro Church, will Florence dare to attack me? Move out of my way!”

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Then, St. Dmitri tried to shove Alexander away.

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“No, Your Holiness!” Alexander was anxious and continued to persuade, “Nothing must happen to the Wolf King in Flandom, or Flandom won’t be able to handle the anger of Florence!”

Alexander's repeated attempts to stop St. Dmitri made him angrier.

"You're seeking death!" St. Dmitri shouted furiously, "Alexander, I've never put you in a hard spot because you're the ruler of Flandom.

"You already have an inescapable responsibility for Anton having an accident in your territory, but now you're obstructing me from seeking justice..."

"Do you really think that I fear your family and would not dare to lay hands on you?"

As he spoke, he raised a palm strike toward Alexander.

Alexander was caught off guard and could only hurriedly try to defend, but he was no match.

According to the power level system in Florence, St. Dmitri was already a Martial Saint expert, and Alexander was still a step behind. Soon, St. Dmitri completely suppressed Alexander and was just about to maim him.

"I just want to avenge my son!" St. Dmitri's attacks were like the tide, continuous and uninterrupted. He said coldly, "I'll tell you this, Alexander. I'll kill whoever stands in my way!"

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St. Dmitri's blows became heavier, and Alexander was almost unable to breathe.

He had only been using a third of his strength. Now, when he saw that Alexander was still not stepping aside, his killing intent rose.

Swoosh...

Just as St. Dmitri was about to deal the fatal blow, a dark shadow swiftly approached and blocked the blow.

"It's been a long time, Your Holiness."

The person who spoke was the elder of Alexander's family, Lloyd!

"Get out of my way!"

St. Dmitri's chest was filled with anger and was not in the mood to chat. He directly launched an even fiercer attack. His speed was like lightning, and his moves were like violent gales.

Lloyd frowned slightly but was not fearful, countering each attack skillfully.

After more than a dozen moves, both sides unexpectedly reached a stalemate. Neither was about to defeat the other.

“Your Holiness...” Seeing that St. Dmitri seemed to want to continue, Lloyd could not help but sigh and said in a low voice, “Do you know who the Wolf King is?”

St. Dmitri let out a snort and said furiously, “I don’t care who he is! I only know that I need to take revenge for what he did to my son! If I don’t kill him, then how will I continue to lead in the future?”

Lloyd saw that he had stopped attacking and sighed in relief.

Then, he said, “The Wolf King is the disciple of Old Hagstorm.”

“Old Hagstorm? I don’t care who he is! He harmed my son. Even if he’s the disciple of God, I’ll also...”

St. Dmitri spoke disdainfully, then suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence. The rest of his words caught in his throat, and a solemn expression appeared on his face.

“Wait. Lloyd, did you say that the Wolf King of Florence is Old Hagstorm’s disciple?”

Lloyd nodded. “Yes.”

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St. Dmitri's heart instantly sank at the affirmative answer, and he fell silent.

Old Hagstorm...

He was formidable. His name might not be that explosive in Florence, but in the Obaro continent, it was like a peal of thunder.

There was a ranking of heroes in the Obaro continent, where the strongest and most terrifying Demon-level experts were listed.

The number one Demon-level rank was split between three people—St. Dmitri, Lloyd, and Sir Theodore.

However, over the years, when Old Hagstorm visited the Obaro continent, the three experts joined forces but still could not

defeat him. They could only fight to a draw.

This spread Old Hagstorm's reputation widely among the top experts and forces in the Obaro continent, making St. Dmitri and Lloyd highly wary of him.

When Lloyd saw him fall silent, he sighed and said, "What happened between the Wolf King and Anton is just a fight between

children. However, if you dare to take action against the Wolf King, that'll be a violation of the rules.

"If that old man goes berserk, it won't just be you, but all the experts in Obaro who will face his furious attacks. Can you bear the

consequences?”

At Lloyd’s questioning, St. Dmitri said unwillingly, “Do you want me to stand by and do nothing when the Wolf King has hurt my son? I can’t do it! I really can’t do it!”

St. Dmitri responded through gritted teeth, flames of anger in his eyes.

“I have a plan.” Lloyd suddenly stepped forward.

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“Speak!”

St. Dmitri immediately raised his head.

Lloyd lowered his voice and said, “Flandom is about to host á grand competition in Praxis Island to elect a new king. The Wolf

King, Queen Margerina, and Katalina will surely participate as well.”

Lloyd trailed off because he knew that St. Dmitri was a smart person.

“You mean...

“St. Dmitri’s eyes narrowed. “You want me to take action during the competition and kill the Wolf King openly, so I can avoid accountability from Old Hagstorm?”

“That’s right!” Lloyd nodded. “Although it’ll still be suspicious, doing it in public would make it difficult for Old Hagstorm to find

fault. Furthermore, as long as you do a clean job, I can join you in dealing with Old Hagstorm.

“Although we might not win, if we try to leave, Old Hagstorm won’t be able to stop us.”

Lloyd spoke sincerely, but his true intentions were concealed. His ultimate goal had always been to implement the century–long plan of his family!

St. Dmitri fell into silence again. He was considering the risks involved and how much Lloyd’s words could be trusted.

St. Dmitri had been in Obaro for many years, so he knew Lloyd to some extent. Lloyd was a person of deep concealment and profound scheming!

“Fine!”

After a moment of contemplation, St. Dmitri’s desire for revenge for his son took over, and he agreed.

“Inform me before the Praxis competition. I will be the one who kills the Wolf King!”

Lloyd was overjoyed to see him agree, but he maintained a calm expression on his face. "In that case, I wish us a smooth success!"

Dmitri made a gesture and chanted, "Amen..."  
"Amen..."

After the discussion, Lloyd and Alexander left the church and returned to Flandom.

The convoy had just entered the capital's territory when they were stopped by

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someone. A person clad in black and wearing a cloak with their hands crossed stood there boldly. "Who are you? This is the convoy of Alexander's family. Make way!"

The accompanying knights got out of the car and shouted loudly, trying to drive the cloaked figure away.

Phweet-

Instead of retreating, the cloaked figure unexpectedly whistled an eerie and piercing sound.

Screech...

Swoosh...

Skitter...

At the whistle, the sky suddenly darkened.

Countless insects surged like ocean waves, densely packed and overwhelming. Wherever they went, no vegetation survived!

Grass, flowers, and trees all withered instantly as if all their moisture and nutrients had been sucked away.

“Ahhhh-”

The knights had never seen something like this before. They were terrified and tried to defend, but could not endure for a second before being devoured by the countless insects. After that, all that remained in their place were skeletons completely stripped of their flesh.

It was terrifying and fear-inducing.

Clap, clap, clap-

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