

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea

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This location was perfect for recovering and cultivating.

Andrius walked into the cave and ordered, "Noir, you guys guard the entrance for me. I need to quickly restore my strength to deal with the big battle tomorrow."

"Got it, Wolf King!"

"Leave it to me, Andy!"

Noir and the Arctic Fox responded easily.
eyes

Andrius nodded and sat down with his legs crossed. He slowly closed his and began to cultivate.

"Hm?"

Not even half a minute later, he suddenly opened his eyes.

Just earlier, hot energy entered his body and was quickly absorbed, accelerating the recovery of his strength.

"Phew..."

With this pleasant discovery, Andrius continued to cultivate while carefully sensing. Soon, he realized that the hot energy continuously emerged from deeper within.

This excited Andrius greatly. There was something extraordinary in the depths of the cave!

Thus, he stopped cultivating, followed his senses, and eventually found a rock wall.

When he placed his hand on it, he indeed felt a scorching aura. It flowed into his palm, bringing him an unusually comfortable feeling.

“It’s here!”

A gleam of excitement flashed in Andrius’ eyes.

Then, he punched the rock wall.

Boom...

Stone fell and debris scattered as Andrius created a large hole in the rock wall. He cleared the surrounding rubble to reveal another passage.

However, it was pitch-black inside, making it hard to see clearly.

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“Andy, what happened?”

Noir and the others heard the sound and rushed over.

Andrius looked into the darkness and said with certainty, “I have a feeling that there’s an extraordinary secret here that’s beyond my imagination.”

“A secret?”

Noir, the Arctic Fox, and Katalina were all surprised. Andrius turned to look at him and instructed, "Noir, I'll go down and explore. You guys guard the entrance. Don't go anywhere until I come back."

"That's..." Noir hesitated for a moment and said, "I'll go with you, Andy. It's good to have someone watching your back in case something goes wrong." Andrius smiled. "There won't be any danger inside. Just guard the entrance well." "Okay, we'll guard the entrance." Noir was unable to persuade him and could only go along with Andrius' decision.

Andrius nodded and disappeared into the darkness. The passage descended deep underground. However, the deeper Andrius went, not only did he not feel any chill, but he felt increasingly hot instead. It was the kind of warmth that made him feel refreshed and comfortable!

This amazed Andrius.

'Could there be some kind of treasure with the extreme righteousness and extreme heat attributes?' Andrius gradually went deeper with those thoughts in mind.

After turning a corner, the path suddenly opened up, and Andrius arrived at an underground palace.

Glowing pearls were embedded in the ceiling, and many different lights on the side illuminated the place, making it as bright as daylight.

Andrius quickened his pace and walked deeper inside.

After about five minutes, he arrived at a hall, and at the end of the hall was a throne.

A throne...

Surprisingly, there was a skeleton that had been sitting there for God knows how many years.

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Andrius could not help but be stunned.

Was the only thing in this palace a skeleton?

No, it was not!

Andrius soon noticed there were many strange characters engraved on the wall behind the throne.

What surprised him even more was that the language was in ancient Florencian!

Florence was a nation with a long and rich history, and its writing could be traced back to ancient times. There were various writing systems used in Florence, each with its splendid culture and magnificent history. The words in front of him were one of those writing systems.

“Fortunately, Master forced me to learn ancient Florencian. Otherwise, I’d have to leave empty-handed after reaching the treasure mountain today!”

Andrius had a strong feeling that these words were hiding something. He examined them meticulously. Although the font was small, the words were very delicate. It was obvious that the carver was very careful during the engraving, as if afraid that the future generations would not understand.

Soon, Andrius read what it wrote.

“So, that’s it...”

The words recorded that the person on the throne was called the “Flame Emperor”. He was an Obarean, but his master was from an ancient martial family from Florence. He served diligently by the forebearer’s side without the slightest neglect.

Due to his long-term companionship, loyalty, and sincerity, he eventually moved the Flame forebearer and received the

teachings of all his profound techniques. However, after the forebearer ascended to the ninth Divine Step and successfully transcended, this Obarean took on the heavy responsibility of guarding the family's descendants. He repeatedly repelled the enemies from the forebearer's lifetime, determined not to forget the burden of protecting the family and the teachings of his master. Therefore, he took on the title of "Flame Emperor". However, after the forebearer transcended, the descendants of this ancient martial family were weak, and the family eventually sank into the river of history. The Flame Emperor could not reverse the situation himself. As the new generation's Flame Emperor, many experts in Florence at that time considered him to possess incredible techniques and treasures, leading to him being attacked by many Martial Saint experts. It was hard to deal with multiple enemies when one was alone. In the end, the Flame Emperor left Florence heavily injured and fled back to the Obaro continent. At that time, there was an evil king on the Obaro continent. To further strengthen his power, he continuously slaughtered

powerful individuals and plundered treasures.

When the Flame Emperor returned, he happened to collide with this evil king.

The king took advantage of the Flame Emperor's weakest moment to infiltrate and successfully ambush him. Not only did he take away all of the Flame Emperor's techniques, but he also imprisoned him deep underground on Praxis Island.

After surviving for two hundred years, the Flame Emperor finally felt that his end was near.

He could not bear to see his master's peerless techniques disappear. If that happened, all traces and proof of his master would be completely erased by the river of time.

Thus, he inscribed all the profound arts engraved in his mind onto the wall behind him, hoping that one day, someone destined to inherit and carry them forward would come.

That way, the teachings of his master would be preserved in an alternative manner.

In order to avoid being exploited by the evil king, he deliberately wrote in ancient Florencian.

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Upon seeing this, Andrius could not help but feel a deep sense of respect.

Although this Flame Emperor was an Obarean, he apprenticed under a master from Florence. He did not only learn techniques but also the gratitude and loyalty inherent in Florencians. It was truly admirable.

Andrius continued reading.

The stone wall mentioned that the Flame Emperor had contracted fire poison during his lifetime, but over the long years, he devised a special method to control it. He used the impurities of the fire poison for his attacks while its essence was hidden within his bones.

If a destined person found him, they could burn his bones to obtain the essence for cultivation.

Of course, this came with a condition: the person must find the descendants of that family and protect them for fifty years!

“This is...”

Andrius could not help but feel excited, his sharp eyes glinting.

He just wanted to find a place to restore his inner energy, but unexpectedly, he encountered something that he could cultivate through inheritance. Such a lucky encounter was truly miraculous. It was a pleasant surprise.

“I am Andrius Moonshade from Florence.” Andrius bowed respectfully in front of the Flame Emperor’s remains, solemnly swearing, “After returning, I will definitely find the descendants of that family and protect them for fifty years. If I violate this oath, may I be struck down by the heavens!”

He bowed deeply again before stepping forward to the throne.

After sensing it, he took out the most lustrous bone. Snap...

Andrius used inner energy to crush it and immediately sensed an extremely rich and pure aura. He could not help but be overjoyed.

“Such vigorous aura! If I absorb it all, it’ll undoubtedly greatly enhance my strength!”

He placed the remaining bones aside and held the piece he had crushed to begin cultivation, absorbing its essence.

Hum...

As the essence entered his body, he quickly felt the majestic force and attributes of extreme righteousness and heat. After absorbing and digesting it, the inner energy in his body began to surge.

As the essence continuously dissipated, the bones gradually lost their luster and became fragile.

In the end, when Andrius completely absorbed the essence, the bones turned into a pile of ash and sprinkled on the ground.

It was clear that the inner energy contained in the essence was the core, pure without any impurities. It seemed that the Flame

Emperor deliberately did this so that the destined person could easily absorb it.

Such sacrifice made Andrius admire him even more.

The Flame Emperor was indeed willing to go all out.

As time slowly passed, the bones in front of Andrius turned into white ashes, accumulating into a small pile on the side. The inner

energy in his body also became more and more abundant.

He went from the early-stage of Martial God to breakthrough through to middle-stage, then late-stage, and ultimately stopped

at the peak of the late stage of Martial Emperor...

He was just one step away from the Martial Saint realm!

With this level of strength, he could dominate the battlefield in the upcoming battles!

Even when facing Martial Saint experts, with the Argentum Qilin Spear and the Burden of Nine Skies, he had the strength to fight on equal footing. At the very least, he could ensure his self-preservation!

After reaching the pinnacle of his current stage, he looked at the technique on the wall.

Although inner energy was crucial, martial techniques were also indispensable.

The techniques he currently possessed and could use were only the Hades Axiom and the Burden of Nine Skies. It was far from enough to achieve supremacy on Praxis Island.

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There were two martial techniques on the wall.

The first one was a technique that the Flame Emperor developed by combining medical skills and martial arts.

The Flame Emperor had suffered from fire poison for many years. While the fire poison was conducive to practicing fire-based techniques, the prolonged exposure posed a considerable burden on his body.

Thus, the Flame Emperor comprehended a technique that integrated the control of fire poison and combat skills. It allowed him to both kill enemies in battle and heal during rest, achieving a perfect balance.

Andrius was already well-versed in medicine.

With just a few readings, he grasped the essence of the technique and completely comprehended it after some attempts, reaching a level of proficiency.

After a brief practical test, it displayed remarkable power.

Next, Andrius looked at the second technique.

This was a pure technique called the Fire-breathing Palm! The name was simple and straightforward, but the technique was direct and brutal.

During a battle, the inner energy of extreme heat would concentrate in the palm and suddenly erupt in close combat, infiltrating the opponent's body. The extreme heat inner energy was already robust and was enough to severely damage an opponent.

Combined with the fire poison, it could burn the méridians and internal organs, causing extreme suffering.”

“Fire—breathing Palm...” A gleam flashed in Andrius’ eyes when he finished reading. “This technique is very suitable for me to cultivate. It makes up for my shortcomings.”

Then, he immediately started to cultivate.

Since the Fire—breathing/Palm did not involve the internal circulation of inner energy and was the gathering and striking of inner energy, it was not too difficult.

Andrius soon made some progress.

From now on, with the Fire—breathing Palm for close combat and the combination of the Argentum Qilin Spear and Burden of

Nine Skies for long- ranged battles, coupled with the versatile and profound Hades’ Axiom...

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Andrius’ combat skills no longer had any obvious shortcomings.

As time passed, the sky began to brighten in the east.

Andrius had cultivated for a day and night without stopping.

The morning sun illuminated the earth, radiant and dazzling.

Hum...

Andrius suddenly opened his eyes, a burst of fireworks flashing in his eyes. It was a sign that he had cultivated the Fire—breathing Palm to its pinnacle!

Bam-

Andrius struck out his palm without hesitation.

Rumble...

The scorching inner energy, full of extreme heat, fiercely struck the wall of the hall and instantly created a huge hole.

A burning scent filled the air, and black smoke lingered. Half of the wall was left in a sorry state by the powerful palm strike.

If something this formidable hit a person, Andrius believed that it would be enough to harm even a Martial Saint's body.

"Fire—breathing Palm..." Andrius nodded in satisfaction. "Not bad. Not bad at all."

Rustle...

Just as he was satisfied, footsteps sounded from behind.

"Andy, are you okay?"

It was Noir and the others. Their voices reached him before he saw their figures. "I'm fine." Andrius turned around with a wide grin.

When Noir, the Arctic Fox, and Katalina saw the empty hall and the scorched wall, they froze in amazement,

“What...” Noir gulped, a hint of surprise on his face. His finger trembled as he pointed at the wall. “Andy, did you do this?”

“Haha...” Andrius laughed and said calmly, “It was just a little test.”

A little test...

If he went all out, would he end up destroying everything here?

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Noir felt genuinely happy for Andrius and asked curiously, “Andy, what’s your current strength? How did you recover?”

The Arctic Fox and Katalina also looked at him with eager eyes.