

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 371 -

Chapter 371

"What Ultimate Acupoint Technique? He's just some scammer!"

Alec refused to believe that Andrius was good at medicinal skills because he was forced to kneel down and apologize.

"What do you know?!" Dr. York scolded him contemptuously. He did not even look at Alec, not wanting to miss any detail of Andrius' technique.

He explained, "The Ultimate Acupoint Technique is an amazing technique that can bring one back from the dead. In Florence's medicinal system, a person's qi and blood are the roots of one's life. Death means the excessive loss of blood and qi.

"While one's qi or blood is at a loss, there is a small window of opportunity for the *doctor* to save the person's life. During this special state, the organs in a person's body are messed up, and ordinary methods won't work.

"Not only can the Ultimate Acupoint Technique check one's pulse, but it can also seal specific acupoints to prevent the loss of qi and blood, hence increasing **the** chances of saving the patient's life."

Alec and the others were not doctors. Even with Dr. **York's** explanation, they barely understood what happened.

Rainbow, on the other hand, reacted with excitement and delight. Her eyes were gleaming as she stared at Andrius with admiration.

"Dr. Moonshade is amazing!" Dr. York exclaimed as he continued observing the method. "I saw the introduction of the Ultimate Acupoint Technique in some ancient texts, and I thought it was lost. I didn't think I would get the chance to see it **with** my own eyes today. I am so **lucky!**"

While he was exclaiming, Andrius had stopped using the Ultimate Acupoint Technique. He lifted his right hand and lowered it down again with multiple silver streaks of light poking into Jane's body, or more accurately, her acupoints.

The silver streaks of light were actually silver needles that he precisely poked into specific acupoints.

Nine silver **needles** were pointed **into** Jane's body at once!

Then, Andrius' fingers moved swiftly across the needles. He flicked, stroked, pressed, and pulled the needles with precise strength, causing the needles to **buzz** and resonate with one another.

The needles produced a mystical melody as though it was the song of life. Those who heard it felt energized.

Dr. York was so astonished that he was speechless.

"T—
this..." He looked **at** Andrius in shock. He swallowed nervously and his hands were shaking because of **excitement**. "This is **the** Needle Cauldron Realm!"

Alec had no idea **what** Dr. York was talking about. "Dr. York, what is the Needle Cauldron Realm?"

"**It's** a **peerless needle** technique!" Dr. York's **eyes** were overflowing with admiration and respect. "It is difficult for **one to** start learning traditional acupuncture, but some talented geniuses can master it in **a short time, surpassing other** people's **ten years** of effort overnight!

"**Those** geniuses **can** control multiple **silver needles** at once and **move** them **with extremely precise** technique. **Nine is the** limit of **needles that** one can control at **once**.

"**The Needle** Cauldron Realm requires **the user to control nine silver needles at once and poke them into**

Chap 471

specific acupoints precisely, making the body a **realm** for qi and blood. If one is so adept **with the needles**, one **can** disrupt life and **death** and bring the dead back to life **easily!**"

As soon as Dr. **York** finished explaining, black blood started to ooze from the acupoints with the needles.

Jane's pale and lifeless face slowly recovered to an energetic state.

Cough!

Jane **spat** a mouthful of black blood suddenly, and her face recovered to a healthy state almost instantly.

“I...” Jane slowly opened her eyes.

“**Mother!** You’re awake!”

“Grandmother! You are finally okay!”

“Grandmother! You scared us! How do you feel now?”

“Madam...”

Alec and the others immediately went up to her, surrounding her with care and concern. They looked happy together.

Jane replied to each and every one of them feebly before she had a glance at Andrius beside him.

The moment she saw him, she got angry. She had regular check-ups and had never found anything wrong **with** her body.

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 372 -

Chapter 372

Andrius had cursed her, telling her she had five more minutes to live.

Surprisingly, **it** really happened!

Just when she was about to lash out at Andrius....

“Dr. Moonshade!”

Dr. York recovered his composure and knelt down before Andrius. He looked sincere as he said, “Please take me as your pupil! My name is Manson York, a local here in the capital. I am 54 years old and have been in the medical field for over 40 years...”

Dr. York, or Manson, introduced himself as he kowtowed at Andrius.

The doctor’s reaction shocked everyone in the Conerys.

Manson was a famous doctor in the capital. Throughout the forty years of his career, he had cured thousands, saved millions, and prevented all kinds of strange deaths. His attainments in the medical field were unrivaled.

No matter the condition, as long as the patient was still breathing, he would be able to save the patient from the worst possible outcome. Countless people in the capital respected him and nicknamed him the Grim Reaper's Bane, meaning that even the Grim Reaper was afraid of him.

On top of that, he saved at least **five** generals and politicians in the capital. He was the savior of five important figures of the country!

Now, the famous doctor was kneeling in front of Andrius, begging Andrius to take him as a student.

How outrageous! How unbelievable!

Andrius' reaction further surprised the Conerys.

"Dr. York, please stand." Andrius held the man up and shook his head. "You are almost twice my age. It is inappropriate for me to take you as my student."

"**Why?**" Manson persistently said, "Only the skilled are worthy to be a teacher; age doesn't determine that. Your attainments in medicine are something that I can't achieve. There is no problem for me to call you my guru. Dr. Moonshade, please, please take me as your pupil!"

He looked sincere and **desperate**, and **it** felt authentic. He was not acting.

Alec and the others were stunned.

Andrius was so good that even the famous doctor wanted to be his student?

Jane finally understood the situation. **She** knew it was not Dr. York who saved **her**, but she **refused to accept Andrius** as **her** savior because she looked down at him.

Looking at **the** scene, **the** gears in her mind spun rapidly

Andrius was poor **and had** no reputation, but if he could take Dr. **York** as his student, **he** would be **able to** use Dr. York's reputation **and** social status **to** rise to the **top**.

Manson refused to give up. He looked at Jane on the bed **and asked**, “Made m Montecarlo, please **help me** to persuade **Dr. Moonshade!** If he takes me as his student, the **Conerys** will be my **savior!** **Anyone** who comes **to me in th e** future for any consultation will be free! **And I can provide you** with regular **check-ups to prevent** this from **ever happening.**”

Jane already had **the** idea of **telling Andrius to take Manson** as his student. **Manson’s** plea only strengthened her thought,

She said **to** Andrius, “**Andrius**, why don’t **you** take Dr. York **as** your student? You are new here in the **capital and**

you have nothing. Taking Dr. Manson as your pupil will boost you to fame.”

Alec and **the** others echoed in agreement.

“Andrius, Dr. **York is** a famous doctor in the capital. He’s asking you sincerely , so why don’t you take him as your student?”

“Andrius, you will be respected as well if you take Dr. York as your student. Why are you still hesitating?”

“Andrius, for our sake and our reputation, take Dr. York as your student!”

Andrius found their words amusing. He looked at the Conerys who switched their attitude faster than flipping a page on a book.

With disdain, he said, “**The** Conerys do not deserve my respect.”

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 373 -

Chapter 373

The Conerys **were** stunned.

Andrius was being disrespectful and arrogant!

He trampled **on** their pride in front of Dr. York!

His words infuriated all of them. Their fists clenched, and they wished they could punch him in the face, but he had just saved Jane and was called a genius by Dr. York, so no one had the courage to lay a finger on him.

Andrius captured all the reactions on their faces. "I said I won't take students, and I mean it. No one can change my mind."

With that, Andrius left Kavo Estate.

"Arghhh..." Manson cried frustratedly, beating his chest, and stomping his feet after losing the golden opportunity. "Dammit! It's too bad! I am lucky enough to meet Dr. Moonshade, a skilled doctor, but I missed the chance to become his student and learn from him. This is going to be the biggest regret in my life!"

Manson sighed and then looked **at** Jane. "Madam Montecarlo, when you get a chance, please talk to Dr. Moonshade. **What I** promised you earlier is still valid."

He then packed his stuff and walked out of the hall **with a** disappointed expression.

The Conerys were baffled and confused.

Andrius simply demonstrated his massage technique and acupuncture technique, which looked nothing special, but Dr. York called him a genius and worshipped him like a God. Working in different fields felt like mountains apart.

The Conerys were amateurs in the medical field. They would never understand how highly skilled Andrius was and why Dr. York was so disappointed not to be able to learn from him.

"Luna." Jane refused to give up just yet. She said to Luna, "You and Andrius are husband and wife, go talk to him. Maybe there's a chance that he will change his mind. Dr. York is an influential doctor here in the capital. If Andrius takes him as a student, there might be a chance for our family to restore our former glory. And..."

She switched to a tempting tone and continued, "**With** Dr. York's help, the Crestfalls might just have a chance to come back to the **capital**, and it will be easier for you guys **to** settle down."

“Alright.” Luna **nodded** at her grandmother. “I’ll go talk to him.”

She **agreed with her** grandmother’s **suggestion**. **New** Moon Corporation was venturing into medicine, and **they had an agreement** with **Celestial** Enterprise.

With the boost **of** Dr. York’s name, it would only benefit them even more.

“Go.” Jane **nodded** with an **approving** smile.

Andrius had not gone **far**, so Luna caught up **to** him in a few minutes.

“Andrius...” Luna tried to **appeal** to him by saying, “**Dr.** York is a famous doctor here in **the** capital, **and he has** been saving **lives** for **many** years. Someone as reputable as **him lowered** himself **to beg** you to take him as a student, but why **did** you **reject** him?”

Andrius stopped walking and said, “**He can’t pick up my** medicinal **skills.**”

“**You...**” Luna was annoyed. She believed that Andrius was trying to be arrogant and **a** snob.

She **scolded** Andrius with a stern look,

“Andrius, can you stop being so arrogant? **I** know you **are** good at **medicinal** skills, but Dr. York is **a** famous doctor! He is respected in **the** capital for saving lives, so why do you assume he can’t learn your medicinal skills?”

Andrius failed to make

her understand the situation, thus he simply said, “I’m telling the truth. The Ultimate Acupoint Technique and Needle Cauldron Realm can only be comprehended after having extremely high knowledge and attainments of medicine and medicinal skills. With his current level, if I **say** he won’t understand, then he won’t get it.”

His words fueled Luna’s anger.

Luna was annoyed and infuriated. Her already ample chest heaved strongly, and it looked like it would burst out of her shirt any moment.

“Andrius! If you are that capable, why don’t you fly up to the moon?!”

Luna could not **bear** his arrogance, so she left.

Andrius did not want to argue with her either and decided to go have a walk.

It had been a while since he arrived in **Kiyoto**, the capital of the East River State, yet he did *not* get a chance to explore the city.

Too bad Noir was not around, or else they could have a pint or two.

The sky slowly turned dark at the end of **the** day. The setting sun painted the megacity with its golden

glory.

Andrius returned to Kavo Estate after exploring the city for a day.

Luna was talking to the Conerys in the main **hall**.

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 374 -

Chap

Chapter 374

There used to be an old saying: the mother relies on the son to succeed, and the wife relies *on* the husband to succeed.

The Conerys became aware of Andrius' value after what Dr. York said, and they *no longer* gave Luna the cold shoulder and treated her with more respect.

Luna, however, was still mad at Andrius when she saw him.

She gave him a car key and said with a stern face, "Rainbow went back to her house to take some

luggage in the afternoon, and she's on the way back. She should be at the train station now. Drive Uncle Bernard's car and go pick her up."

Andrius did not want to stay and listen to their nonsense as well, so he took the key and went to the

garage.

Vroom!

The black Mercedes drove off the estate like an arrow let loose.

Andrius arrived at the train station.

He parked the car outside and went to the arrivals lounge.

“Huh?”

Rainbow spotted Andrius from afar. She jumped happily and shouted his name, “Andy!”

“Yo!”

The two chatted as they exited the train station.

“Andy, I’m hungry. Why don’t we go grab a bite before we go back?”

Would it not be better to go back to her grandmother’s house to have dinner?

Andrius found it strange and he did not fall for her trap.

“No. Let’s go back to your grandmother’s place.”

“I don’t want to go back there for dinner...” Rainbow pouted and said, “There are a ton of rules when I eat with them. It’s annoying! I can’t even eat in peace! Let’s eat outside!”

Andrius did not mind. Even if the Conerys continued to **treat** him poorly, he would not be bothered or

affected.

Beep! Beep!

It was then that his phone rang. It was **Noir**.

“Andy, the Southern Warzone Master, Dax Wimbleton, just contacted me. He has arranged for dinner at the Grand Regis Hotel tonight and wants to invite you over.”

The Southern Warzone Master, Dax Wimbleton?

He had **just** killed Dax’s men in the morning, and the man invited him to dinner at night?

Dax obviously wanted **an explanation** for George's death. If he declined, it would **make** the **Wolf King** look **bad**.

Besides, Rainbow did not **want to** go back either, **so** Andrius said **to** Noir, "I'll be there."

After the call, Andrius said to Rainbow, "If you don't want to go back for dinner, I'll bring you to dinner"

Attending a dinner with the Wolf King?! No one could resist it!

Chapter 374

212

Rainbow's eyes shone brightly. "**Yay! Yay!**"

The **two of them** headed **to the** car.

"Rainbow!"

Before they got into the car, a long motorcade parked behind them. The leading car was an Aston Martin with multiple Bentleys behind it, looking grand and extravagant.

A young man came down from the Aston Martin. He was covered in branded items that were worth tens of thousand from head to bottom. He even had a limited edition Rolex strapped to his wrist. He was Malfoy Aston, the young master of the Astons of the capital.

A group of young men came out from the cars behind him and came over in unison. All of them were young masters of wealthy families, and the whole posse of them looked grand.

"What do you want?" Rainbow said coldly as she stared at Malfoy walking over to her.

Malfoy had been trying to ask her out for a long time, but Rainbow preferred a manly soldier, someone as powerful as the Wolf King. The rich young masters were not her cup of tea, and they were nothing. compared to the Wolf King.

"Get in, I'll send you back," Malfoy said with a bright smile.

“**No** thanks,” Rainbow said with a pout before she got into the passenger’s seat of the Mercedes.

Malfoy was irritated. He was the young master of the Astons, a wealthy young man who was the ideal prince to many young girls. There would be a line of girls just waiting to get into his car and spend time with him but not Rainbow.

Malfoy saw Andrius starting **the car**. A hint of grim flashed across his fair and handsome face. He went up to the driver’s seat and said, “Punk, do you know who I am? How dare you...”

Andrius simply pushed Malfoy away from the window and stepped on the pedal.

Vroom!

The car then drove off.

Andrius barely used his strength to push Malfoy away, but the latter almost lost his balance.

Malfoy **had** never been **treated like** this before. He was the one people tried to flatter and ingratiate, not pushed away.

Annoyed **and** furious, he shouted, “Get him! Stop that car and bring Rainbow to me!”

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 375 -

Chapter 375

Chapter 375

1/2

“Don’t **worry**, Malfoy!”

“**That’s** just a Mercedes! We will catch up to him in a matter of minutes!”

“**Malfoy**, we are good at nothing other than racing. No one else in the capital is better at racing than **us!**”

“Just sit and wait! That girl won’t escape us!”

Malfoy’s other rich friends got into their car and stepped on their accelerators.

Vroom!

Vroom!

The roar of expensive engines echoed across the air.

The Mercedes was already a hundred meters away, yet in less than one minute, the other expensive cars caught up to it.

In the front was Malfoy’s Aston Martin and it quickly overtook the Mercedes.

Then, with a sudden steer to the right, the Aston Martin cut into the Mercedes’ lane, attempting to stop it from leaving.

At the same time, through the rearview mirror, Andrius spotted another Bentley chasing after him from the rear left. They were obviously together.

“These jerks!” Rainbow said angrily, “They are doing it on purpose! They are trying to stop us!”

Andrius was not overly bothered. He replied with action instead of words.

Vroom!

He stepped on the accelerator, shaking off the Bentley from the rear left.

Only the Aston Martin was left in his **way**.

Andrius continued to step on the accelerator.

Malfoy moved slightly to the left, trying to stop Andrius again.

“Childish.”

Andrius scoffed and suddenly made a sharp right turn.

The Aston **Martin** was pushed **to** the outer lane while the Mercedes switched to the inner lane to overtake

1. it.

True speed could only be determined through the turns.

If it was a straight road, anyone could just **step** on the pedal.

“Andy, you are so awesome!”

Rainbow was astonished when the Mercedes darted away from **the** other cars . She praised, “You

perfectly read all his moves and drew distance from him!”

Andrius smiled but he **did not** release the accelerator just **yet**.

It was just a little trick. There **was nothing to be** amazed of

“Yo...”

Chapter 375

2/2

Malfoy saw Andrius' car **overtake** him **with ease**. He grinned viciously and **said**, “You want to **play?** I'll play **with** you!”

Andrius' Mercedes was an older business model, it was not for racing.

Malfoy and his friends all drove supercars built for racing.

It was obvious who had the advantages behind the wheel.

“Step on it!” Malfoy shouted as he opened the sunroof.

Vroom!

Vroom!

The roars of the engines sounded in the air again.

All the rich young men felt challenged by Andrius' driving. They were all riled up and determined to chase

after the Mercedes.

However, as soon as Andrius took the lead, he started to steer left and right, shuttling across car after car. He was able to overtake the car in front in the nick of time. When the road was cleared of traffic, he stepped on the pedal once more, sprinting away from the pursuers.

Malfoy and his friends were furious.

They all stepped on the accelerators as well and never took their feet off. There were a few times when they tried to overtake some other car, and since they did not decelerate in time, they almost crashed their

cars.

In the end, the Mercedes completely disappeared from view, leaving them in the dust.

Malfoy and the others were fuming.

"What the f*ck..." **Malfoy** slammed his steering wheel after losing sight of the Mercedes. He roared, "Who the f*ck is that punk? He drives a **Mercedes** sedan like a race car!"

The others were **speechless**.

"He's good."

"Did he do something with his car?"

"Ridiculous!"

Malfoy refused to accept this embarrassing defeat.

"Find him!" He pulled his phone out and shouted, "Find him! Find who the hell drove Rainbow away and where the car is now! The plate number..."

As one of the rich young men in the capital, **Malfoy** had never been embarrassed to this extent. He **had** to get revenge on the driver!

Screech!

The Mercedes screeched **to** a stop in front of the Grand **Regis** Hotel

“Ugh!”

Rainbow **opened the** door **and threw up beside** the car. She felt terribly sick **after** the car chase.

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 376 -

Chapter **376**

Rainbow **threw** up so badly that her **face** turned pale.

“Come **here.**” Andrius took a thin silver needle out. “Let me treat you.

”

Rainbow could no longer say a word due to the nausea,

Andrius poked the needle into her and tapped her on the back twice.

“Andy... Huh?” Rainbow instantly felt relieved. She no longer felt nauseating and felt energized. “This is amazing! That’s it?”

“Come on.”

Andrius walked into the Grand Regis Hotel.

When Rainbow regained her composure, she looked around.

“The Grand Regis?” she cried in shock. “Who is holding dinner here?!”

The Grand Regis Hotel might not be the most expensive and highest-starred hotel in the capital, but it was still a six-star hotel. The interior was decorated grand and majestic, almost as lavish as that of a

seven-star hotel. 1

It was one of the favorite spots for dignitaries to hold an event.

Andrius simply said, “The Southern Warzone Master, Dax Wimbleton.”

“Who?!” Rainbow cried out loudly, unable to believe what she heard.

The Southern Warzone Master?!

Holy sh*t!

On second thought, Rainbow calmed down **because she** remembered that Andrius was the Wolf King. Compared to the Wolf King, the Southern Warzone Master was indeed nothing.

“Wolf King!”

When Andrius walked in, a group of people immediately surrounded him and saluted him.

“Wolf King, I am the governor of the East River State, Sven Ronstine. Welcome!”

“Wolf King. I am the deputy–
military governor of the East River State, Kane English. Welcome!”

“Wolf King, I am from the ground office administration, Obadiah Horn. Welcome!”

“Wolf King...”

All of them were nobles and dignitaries of the capital.

Andrius nodded **at** them and asked, “**Where’s** Dax?”

The dignitaries were startled **and** surprised. Throughout the entire East River State, only the Wolf King **had the** courage **to** call **the** Southern Warzone Master’s first name.

Sven **wiped the** sweat off his forehead **and said**, “The Warzone Master is on his way. Why **don’t** you **have something to** eat first, **Wolf King?**”

In **other words**, **Dax had** yet to arrive.

Andrius rolled his **eyes**. “**Even the Emperor has** to wait for me in **Kiyoto, not the other way around** Dax

Wimbledon...”

He chuckled and **added**, “Is he **trying** to play games with me?”

His smile grew wider **as** he chuckled. The dignitaries were nervous when they saw his smile.

“Please calm down, Wolf King!” Sven explained, “The Warzone Master is coming from a military

demonstration in the south. He freed his schedule to come back here for the dinner, so the timing might be a little tight for him...”

Andrius did not care about the trivialities.

“Let’s go.” Andrius brought Rainbow, who was stunned like a puppet, into the VIP room.

“Huh? Oh?!” Rainbow recovered her composure and followed him into the room.

The two of them sat down at the table.

Without further ado, Andrius started eating. Rainbow, on the other hand, barely moved or ate. She was

scared.

“Come on, no need to be courteous.

P

Andrius found her empty plate amusing. He then put a large piece of meat on her plate and said, “Just eat whatever you want. Make yourself at home.”

Meanwhile, back in the Aston Martin that Malfoy was driving, he received a call.

“The Grand Regis? I got it.

“Come on. He’s at Grand Regis Hotel!” Malfoy bellowed before he drove off.

“Come on!”

“Yeah! We’ll show him who’s boss now!”

“We will teach him a lesson that he will never forget!”

The rich young men hopped into their cars and sprinted **away** on the road. They sped recklessly across the city and soon arrived in front of the Grand Regis Hotel.

“Woohoo!”

“Bring that little punk out!”

“Yeah! Let’s f*ck **him!**”

Malfoy and company wanted to storm into the hotel, but then a group of security guards came out and stopped them.

“Hold it right there!”

There were more than ten security guards who came out. Something big must be going on.

Then, a well-dressed **middle-aged** man came out with a straight face, looking strict and unamused **He** was the owner of the Grand Register Hotel, Dustin Shaw.

“Gentlemen, the entire hotel has been booked for an important event. We are not open **to** the public **today**. **Please leave.**”

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 377 -

”

Chapter 377

Booked?

What nonsense!

Malfoy was infuriated.

Andrius could go in but not him?

He **and** his friends were some of the richest young masters in the capital, yet they were not allowed in.

What did it mean? Were they looking down on them?

Displeased, Malfoy wore a snooty expression and said, "We are looking for so meone inside. I know he just arrived."

Dustin knew he was talking to a bunch of young men with **a** rather notable background. If *he* could avoid conflict, he would. He switched to a softer tone and said, "The Grand Regis is booked for today. The person who booked the hotel is also someone powerful. I don't know who you are looking for, but the important guests have arrived. Why don't you wait outside here?"

Wait?

Malfoy bellowed angrily, "No! I won't wait here! I want to go in!"

Dustin furrowed his brows. He did not want to escalate the situation, so he took a step back and offered his goodwill.

"How about a VIP Diamond card for everyone here? With the VIP Diamond card, you can enjoy 20% off here at our hotel. What do **you** say?"

Dustin had taken a huge step back to avoid any potential conflict.

"I don't need it!" **Malfoy** rejected the offer and somehow felt insulted.

To him, Dustin's words meant that he, the young master of the **Astons**, could not afford to pay full price at the Grand Regis Hotel. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. His expression turned cold. "I don't care what *you* say. **We** are going **in!**"

He insisted on storming into the hotel.

Dustin's **patience was** wearing thin. **He** too showed **a** firm attitude and said, "**A** word of **advice**: young people like you shouldn't **be** so reckless and **arrogant**. The person who booked the hotel is not someone you **want to** mess with."

Malfoy was **angrier** than **before**. **He was rejected by Rainbow at** first and got shaken off by Andrius during the chase. Now, he was being insulted and looked down on by the hotel owner.

Why must the **great** Young Master Aston endure **such grievance**?

"We shouldn't **mess** with **him? Bros, tell** him who **we** are!" Malfoy looked **at** his friends and **scoffed**. "Tell him if **we** can mess with this **guy** who booked the hotel!"

Each **and every** one **of the** rich young men **had a hot temper**. With Malfoy's signal, they **started to declare** their **names** and identities.

"Listen **closely**. I am Jack **Bradstreet**, the son **of Zack** Bradstreet, an **executive** of the **biggest bank** in **the capital**, Quanta **Bank**."

Zack Bradstreet?!

Dustin's brows **raised**. He had heard **of the name before**. **The** man was responsible for clearing loans for big **companies**, **and he** had **met the** man before when he applied for **a** loan for the Grand Regis Hotel.

"I am Daniel Selim, son of **Denzel** Selim. Our family **owns** the biggest supermarket **chain** in the capital, Deli Supermarket!"

Deli Supermarket?

Dustin's pupils shrank.

There were more than a hundred Deli Supermarket outlets in the capital alone, and their combined estimated value was worth more than a billion. They were a force to be reckoned with.

"And I'm Quinn Kansas. My father is Gravik Kansas, the chairman of Terra Corporation!"

Dustin's expression changed when he heard the name Terra Corporation.

Terra Corporation recently got listed in the capital, and its value had **skyrocketed** ever **since**. They were growing into a behemoth in the capital.

“And I...”

The rich young masters named themselves and announced their identities one after another.

With each name announced, Dustin’s expression turned a little bitter.

Until...

“I am Malfoy Aston. I believe you know the Astons.” Malfoy was the last to speak. He spoke arrogantly as he narrowed his eyes at Dustin.

Dustin’s eyelid twitched when he heard the name “Aston”. He had an extra glance at Malfoy. The Astons were **considered** one of **the** top families in **the capital**, rivaling **the old** Crestfalls. He would **not** want to go against the Astons by any **means**.

“Now tell me...” Malfoy captured **every** change of expression on Dustin’s face. **He** then ridiculed, “Can we go in?”

Dustin felt helpless. He wanted to tell them that the person in the hotel and **the** one who booked the hotel were people **that** these bunch **of** spoiled brats **could** not afford to mess **with**.

However...

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The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 378 -

Go

apter 378

th the governor and the others in the hotel, Malfoy and the others would not **dare** to lay **a** finger on

istin.

›**wever, after** the dinner, **if** the group of rich punks held him responsible, he would not get any help from

: VIPs.

would be by himself!

ne,” Dustin compromised. He continued, “I will go ask the VIPS and see what their answers are.”

side the VIP room, Andrius was gobbling down the food on the table.

inbow was also eating, but she seemed a little constrained.

le governor, Sven, the deputy–military governor, Kane, and the others were at the table as well, but **they** did not feast with the Wolf King.

le host, the Southern Warzone Master, Dax Wimbleton, had yet to arrive.

le Wolf King could feast, but they could not.

overnor Rostine, sir...” Dustin knocked on the door. He came in and asked, “There are a bunch of rich

ung masters **trying to** come into the hotel. They **claim** they are looking for someone. What do you think

ooking for someone?” Sven grunted coldly. “The Wolf King and the Southern Warzone Master are **iving** a meeting. What is a bunch of rich punks doing here? **Get the** hell...”

old on.” Andrius immediately thought of Malfoy and the others from earlier. He said, “Let them in.”

es, sir.”

ustin went out to deliver the message.

ndrius continued to **eat as** he said **with** a smile, “The capital city under the rule of **the** Southern War zone is really unsafe. Some young kids from rich families tracked me down here?”

his words startled Sven and **the** others.

he Wolf **King** was **mad!** The consequences would be dire!

Wolf King, sir..." Sven's forehead was covered in sweat. He immediately said, "**After** tonight's dinner, I will **ll** my men to reinforce the security in the **city**. As for those ignorant punks, I will punish them according

the law and no mercy will be shown."

Andrius did not comment on Sven's response. He continued eating and drinking .

Rainbow, on **the** other **hand**, gloated inwardly. She knew Malfoy would suffer soon.

Andrius **Moonshade**, **get** the hell out!" someone shouted loudly outside the VIP room

was **Maltoy and his** group of **rich** friends. He shouted like a madman as soon as he entered the **lobby**. He was trying to **aggrandize his presence** by raising **his** voice.

Right after the Wolf **King** criticize them for their poor **governing**, **someone** was **now shouting** like a madman outside the **room**. Sven, Kane, **and the other government officials were startled**. **They** sweat **ofusely** and **ceaselessly**.

Sven instinctively **glanced** at **Andrius** but did not spot **any** change of expression **on** his face, which frightened him. **He bolted** up **with** a grim look and shouted back at Malfoy and the others outside the **room**.

"**Where are you** little punks from? How dare you raise your voice here?"

"**Whose** kids are these? Where are their manners?"

"How **dare** they cause **a** scene here?"

Kane and the others echoed and berated Malfoy and the others.

“Hmph!” **Malfoy** spotted the group of them at the table. He looked at them contemptuously and said arrogantly, “You old fags, listen closely. I’m about to tell you who I am, and try *not* to be afraid.”

Sven was fuming already, but he maintained a stern look and said, “Do tell, I would like to see where you little punks are from.”

Malfoy looked at Sven and bellowed, “Guys, tell these old fags who we are!”

“Jack Bradstreet, son of Zack Bradstreet, executive of Quanta Bank!”

“Daniel Selim. My family owns Deli Supermarket!”

“Quinn Kansas, the son of Gravik Kansas, chairman of the Terra Corporation!”

They announced their names and identities again. Each was louder than the previous.

In the end, Malfoy glanced at everyone present and said proudly, “I am Malfoy Aston! The young master of the Astons!”

He then arrogantly glared at Sven and the others. “Now **do** you know who we are? **Are** you surprised? Are you afraid?”

Afraid?

Sven and the other government officials looked at Malfoy and his friends as if they were a bunch of stupid **babies**.

“How enlightening.” Sven forced a **grin** on his face and narrowed his eyes dangerously. He then asked, Well then, do **you** know who **we** are?

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 379 -

”

Chapter 379

“**Come** on! Come on!” Malfoy leaned over **with** his ears lifted up and said contemptuously, “I want to know who are you old fags.”

His friends reacted in the same frivolous manner. They did not take the adults seriously since they had been the bullies of the city for a long time. Other than a handful of powerful people who they could not afford to mess with, they feared no one and had never been taught a lesson.

It was their background that nurtured them into the arrogant and reckless young men they were today.

Sven fumed when he heard Malfoy **call** him an old fag. He said coldly, "I am Sven Ronstine!"

Sven Ronstine was the governor of the East River State. He possessed power and authority that only a few in the country could rival. It was not an exaggeration to say that he could control and manipulate many things to his liking.

Under normal circumstances, someone as powerful as him was no stranger to headlines and news, and his name should be known by all the citizens of the East River State.

However, Malfoy and his friends never bothered to read the news or watch TV. They only cared about famous celebrities, beautiful models, and influencers, plus all kinds of branded items. They would never spare their attention to learning names of the government officials.

Malfoy did not recognize Sven, but it did ring a bell in his head. He dug his ear and continued to provoke the man, "Sven? Seven? It does ring a bell. Have you guys heard **of** this man?"

"Nope."

"Who is Sven Ronstine? Is there a family named the Ronstines in the East River State?"

"I never heard of him before. He shouldn't be someone important."

"I never heard of his name **in the underworld** as well."

The rich and ignorant young men continued to tease and ridicule Sven frivolously.

After listening **to his friend's** answers, he looked at Sven's gloomy face and **ceased**, "Old **fag**, your name isn't well-known enough!"

Old **fag**?!

Sven was **mad**!

"Malfoy Aston!" Dustin could not bear **watching** the horrendous **scene anymore**. He shouted, "Don't you dare challenge **their** reputation **with** your ignorance! Sven Ronstine **is the** governor of **the** East River State!"

The g-governor of the East River State?

Malfoy was slightly **stunned**. **He** was prepared to continue his **mockery**, but then a sudden epiphany **hit** him. **No wonder the** name rang a bell in his head. He was the governor that his family always **talked** about, the **most** powerful person in the political field in the East River State!

Alas, **he** just **called the** governor an old **fag**...

Malfoy's legs turned weak and almost **lost his** balance.

His **friends** were similarly **terrified**.

"**Kane English, deputy-military governor of the East River State.**"

"**Obadiah Horn, minister from the ground office administration of the East River State.**"

"**Sieg Hobsky, minister from the Strategic and Development Department of East River State.**"

The other government officials announced their **names** and identities, similar to what Malfoy and his friends **did** earlier. They were veterans **in** the political field. There was no arrogance or delight when they revealed their identities, and **they** spoke softly.

However, their anger at Malfoy was obvious based on their tones and reactions. It was like a large volcano on the brink of eruption.

Malfoy and his friends were mortified when they heard the names and positions and became aware of the anger contained in their voices. Stunned, they were

e at a loss for action. Their legs turned weak. They held against the table and wall to prevent themselves from falling to the *floor*.

Fwoosh!

Then, another group of people entered the hotel.

The leader was a slim but professional-looking man with sharp facial features. He strutted strongly and firmly as he entered. One could see at first glance **that** he was a powerful person, both physically and in terms of influence.

The man was Dax Wimbledon, the Southern Warzone Master.

“Kid, are you here to ruin my meeting?” Dax glanced at Malfoy coldly and continued, “Listen closely. I am Dax Wimbledon, the Southern Warzone Master.”

With that, his followers and aides introduced themselves one after another.

“Drogo Azure, also known as the Eastern Azure Dragon of the Four **Great War Gods** from the Southern Warzone.”

“Tiger White, also known as the Western White Tiger of the Four **Great War Gods** from the Southern Warzone.”

“**Axia** Vermillion, also known as the Southern Vermillion Phoenix of the Four **Great War Gods** from the

Southern Warzone.”

“Ronald Black also known as the Northern Black Tortoise **of** the Four **Great War Gods** from the Southern

Warzone.”

“Amadeus Soran, the strategic commander of the Four **Great War Gods** from the Southern Warzone.”

Every single one of them was a well-known military figure in the Southern Warzone, capable of causing a typhoon with a lift of **their** fingers. They were so powerful **that** one word from them could determine one's life **and death**.

After they introduced themselves, Dax then introduced Andrius **sitting** on the main seat of the table.

“This man here is the Wolf **King.**”

What?!

The W–Wolf King?

Andrius was **the** Wolf **King** **who** commanded a million Lycantroops?

Kapow!

The Wolf’s Bride by Coffee’s Tea Chapter 380 -

Chapter 380

A bolt of lightning struck Malfoy and his friends, shocking them. Their heads buzzed, their hands trembled and they could not recover from the shock.

The Southern Warzone Master and the Wolf King?!

They had just messed with the wrong people!

In fact, some young masters of the wealthy families in the capital, and even some of the richest families across the entire Florence, or even some of the most powerful organizations on the globe, would kneel down before the Wolf King.

No wonder Dustin said the VIP in his hotel was someone that they could not afford to mess with.

Fear and regret drowned them, but it was too late!

Thud! Thump!

Malfoy and friends knelt before Andrius instantly. They were horrified to the point **that** they wet their pants, but none of it mattered.

Each and every one of them anxiously and nervously kowtowed **in** front of Andrius, pleading for their lives.

“Wolf King, Southern Warzone Master, I didn’t mean to offend you two! I’m just ignorant! Please spare me!”

“Wolf King, Southern Warzone Master, I didn’t mean that either. Please don’t mind **my** nonsense and spare me!”

“Wolf King, Southern Warzone Master...”

In less than ten seconds, the bunch of rich young masters had knocked their heads on the ground so many times that their foreheads bled. They looked wretched **and** terrible, absent of the arrogance from before.

The scene reminded Rainbow how powerful the Wolf King was. He did not even say a word or do a thing.

Dax simply introduced him, and it was **enough** for the rich young masters to know fear.

The Wolf **King!**

She **had the honor to** call the Wolf King Andy!

“Wolf King.” Dax looked **at** Andrius and said, “Since they are here for you and it seemed **like they’ve** offended you, **you** can deal with them.”

Andrius showed no **mercy either**. He glanced **at** Malfoy and **the others for two** seconds and said, “You people **made a mistake**, but it’s not punishable by death yet. Donate half **of** your families’ assets to the **Martyrs’** Society. **The** donation must be made by midnight today, **then** I will spare all of you.”

Half of their **total** assets?!

With that **many wealthy** families, **the total** assets would be **more** than a billion!

However, **Malfoy and the others dared not speak** a word to argue with Andrius. **They were grateful for not dying after** what **they did to** the **Wolf King**.

After **being spared** from a death **sentence**, Malfoy kowtowed **repeatedly** and **said**, “**Thank you, Wolf King!** Thank **you**, Southern Warzone Master! **Thank you for sparing** my life! I will inform my **father** and make **the donation by midnight today!**”