

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 571 -

Chapter 571

On the highway heading out of Sumeria, the Rolls Royce MPV drove in front, followed by a group of luxury cars. The motorcade was about to enter the highway intersection to the capital.

“Master Barn...”

Sunny **stopped talking.**

His son was crippled, and not only did he fail to get justice, but he also confronted the Crestfalls just to **get his face** slapped. He was very reticent to accept the circumstances.

However, neither did he know what Simon thought nor did he know what to say.

Simon **was** also full of pent-up anger. He thought today would be a good day to show off his might and gain fame throughout the world.

However, he ended up in a sorry state and left wretchedly.

“I’ll remember this incident!” Simon glanced back in the direction of Dream’s Waterfront, and his eyes **were** full of resentment. “I just need to wait till my master arrives in the capital tonight, and Alan Walker and the Crestfalls shall meet their demise!”

Sunny’s heart pounded when he heard this. He quickly asked, “Master Barn, who is your master?”

“The Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez!” Simon proudly declared.

“The Insect Doctor...” Sunny thought for a moment. His expression suddenly changed, and he asked in surprise, “You mean... The person in fourth place in the Heavenly Ranking of the last Grand Medicinal Competition, the Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez?”

Simon seemed to be revitalized **at** the mention of that name, and he affirmed loudly, “Yes.”

Although it was only a single word, it weighed as heavy as a mountain and seemed to charge one with infinite strength.

At this moment, Sunny smiled radiantly!

The Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez...

He was a renowned master for many years now. He was proficient in using insects, which he used in his medical treatments. He possessed various methods of healing and killing, making him unpredictable and unfathomable.

While he could save lives with a single thread, he also was powerful enough to take lives without a trace!

That was **Patrick** Mendez, the **Insect** Doctor.

What were Andrius and Alan in the face of such a great master? **They** were just insignificant beings who could be easily **suppressed** and destroyed with a wave of his hand.

For a time, Sunny’s mind was filled with excitement and **joy**.

Screech...

At that moment, the Rolls **Royce** braked sharply, **and** Sunny almost **hit** the windshield. He **kicked the** driver’s seat in anger **and** cursed, “**Watch how you’re driving!**”

“**M–Master...** There’s **someone** in front...”

The driver’s trembling hand **pointed in front** as he **stammered**.

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Sunny frowned **and** **looked**. He saw **two figures** standing on the road, **blocking the convoy’s way**.

One **of them** was **old and thin**. It was **none other than Alan**, who had **just displayed his** might **and** beaten

Simon.

As for the other...

Graceful and composed, it was Andrius!

Meanwhile, a person slowly approached them from behind the convoy. He was slim and had dark skin

It was Noir!

The three of them just stood there with their clothes fluttering in the wind, and they exuded a chilling aura **of killing** intent.

“Andrius Moonshade, what are you planning?” Sunny got out of the car, narrowed his eyes slightly, and stared at **Andrius**.

Simon also stood beside him, looking at Alan motionlessly. He was ready to strike at any moment.

“I didn’t say you could go.” Andrius’s tone was very flat. It seemed as if what was about to happen was not a great battle but a small scuffle, at most, and was not worth paying attention to.

Sunny and Simon exchanged a glance and saw the anger in each other’s eyes. They had already admitted defeat.

However, Andrius actually caught up and tried to intercept them halfway. He did not plan to give them a

chance.

“Sunners,

hear my orders!” Since a battle was inevitable, Sunny did not hold back. **“All of you, attack**

Andrius Moonshade and kill him at all costs! Whoever takes his head will be rewarded with a billion in cash and a luxury manor in the capital!”

As for Alan...

Of course, he would be handed over to Simon to deal with.

“Kill!”

“Kill Andrius Moonshade!”

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“Let’s attack together to kill him and claim the reward!”

“Andrius Moonshade, since you’ve appeared before us, prepare to die!”

Everyone glowed with valiance at the prospect of a reward.

That was the power of money!

Of course, the guards all knew how formidable Alan was and deliberately avoided him, focusing their assault on Andrius instead.

“Heh...”

Before the group could reach Andrius, a shadowy figure swooped in. He plunged into the crowd,

delivering punches left and right. As soon as his fist made contact, the person would be sent flying with their arms and legs inevitably broken.

The man was none other than Noir!

Against these small fries, he was like a god among men.

On the other side, Simon made his move. His target was Alan.

“Alan Walker, you’re not that much stronger than me since you just became a Grandmaster. Since you’re determined to go against me, I’ll drag you down with me even if it costs me my life!”

After that, he took out a strange-looking porcelain bottle from his pocket, flicked off the cork, and swallowed a hideous worm.

“Hehe...”

With a scream, the corners of Simon’s eyes burst apart, and blood oozed from the corners of his mouth. His whole body turned a deep and intense red, looking extremely terrifying.

At the same time, a powerful aura emanated from him. It was like a mountain so tall that its peak could not be seen, or an abyss that could not be stared into.

He gained the aura of a Grandmaster in a blink!

Crack...

The next moment, Simon planted both feet on the road, and shot off like a cannonball, heading straight toward **Alan**.

A deep footprint was **left** on the asphalt where Simon previously stood.

Bam!

Four fists **clashed**, and Alan was greatly shocked.

Simon’s strength and **speed** outmatched his own, reaching the level of a true Grandmaster!

“**Alan**

Walker, **since** you’re out to kill me, don’t blame me for not having any mercy!” Simon suppressed **Alan**, his whole **body** radiating a powerful aura. His attacks became increasingly **effective**, **flowing** seamlessly from one to another.

Alan was **forced backward**.

“**A bloodthirsty insect?**” Andrius **observed Simon and sneered**. **With a flick of his finger**, he shot a silver **needle out and pierced** Simon’s **dantian**.

Poof...

A muffled **sound came** from **within**. **It was as if a balloon had** been punctured **and started to deflate**.

Simon's domineering momentum weakened, **and the power that was not** originally his dissipated in an instant. He was **shocked and** furious.

Alan took advantage of the opportunity and immediately began a counterattack.

The tides **turned instantly**.

Seeing that the outcomes for both battles had been decided, Andrius walked toward Sunny.

“Andrius Moonshade, **w**—what do you want?” Sunny trembled with fear as Andrius approached, his mouth quivering uncontrollably.

“Judgment,” Andrius spat out the word expressionlessly.

“J—judgment?” Sunny continued to retreat until he bumped into the railing behind him. He had nowhere else to run. He swallowed and said in a low voice, “I— I haven’t done anything. What judgment are you talking about?”

“You haven’t done anything?” A fierce glint flashed in Andrius’ eyes. “You messed with the Valiant Institute, but you dare say that you haven’t done anything?”

“I— I...” Sunny’s eyes flickered and he stammered, not knowing how to defend himself.

“If you were only targeting me, I could spare your life. “However, you shouldn’t have harbored any evil intentions toward the Valiant Institute’s project. Even if I personally agreed to spare you, the thousands of soldiers with the institute wouldn’t!”

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Play

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Andrius' voice was cold.

In an **instant**, a silver flash **pierced** into Sunny's body causing his body to convulse. Then, his **eyes widened, and** he became a vegetable like Jenson.

Meanwhile, as Alan gradually became familiar with the power of a Grandmaster, he gained the upper hand and suppressed Simon. When Andrius finished dealing with Sunny, Alan also threw a **punch** that knocked Simon **down**.

Simon struggled but was unable to get up again and could only watch Alan walk step by step as resentment and panic built up within him.

"Y— you. Alan Walker, what do you want?" Simon stared at Alan, his tone fierce.

Alan did not answer and merely responded through actions.

Crack!

Crack!

The next moment, Alan stepped on Simon's limbs and severed the meridians all over his body. Then, he slowly got up and said, "Last time, you seriously injured me and poisoned me. This is payback!"

Simon gritted his teeth fiercely, sweat already running down his forehead. However, he endured the severe pain and did not make a sound. His eyes were filled with deep resentment, and his killing intent spread like a force.

Noir's battle was completely one-sided and held no suspense at all.

After the three were done, they left casually. All that remained was a mess on the ground.

The Sunner family, led by Sunny and Simon, all lay there lifelessly..

Crimson blood and severed limbs... It was truly a horrifying and tragic sight.

Only a few people were still moaning in pain.

Sunny had become a vegetable, and Simon had fainted from the pain.

Night fell

In the capital airport, an old man with a graceful demeanor walked out. His expression was extremely gloomy **and** dark.

“Master Mendez!”

“Dr. Mendez!”

A crowd of people **immediately** swarmed to greet him. They regarded him as the center of the world like **stars** surrounding the moon.

“**Go to** the hospital,” the old man sat in the front of the Rolls Royce and gave the order in a cold voice.

In the hospital, looking at Simon, who was lying on the bed and motionless, the **old** man immediately **stepped forward to take** his pulse.

“**My** disciple...”

As **soon** as he touched Simon’s wrist, **his expression changed** drastically.

“**Severed. They’ve all been severed... Not only are** all his limbs **broken**, but there’s **not** a **single meridian in his body** that’s still **intact. What a ruthless person! Ahhh!**”

After the old man **checked** Simon’s condition, he **suddenly** shouted in anger. His chest **rose as he heaved in rage**. It was clear **that his anger** had reached an unprecedented level!

The group **of** attendants **lowered** their heads and were silent. They were afraid of angering Patrick. It would be an injustice **if he** killed them.

Crack...

Crash...

Bam...

With a roar **into** the sky, the fruits, tables, chairs, and every other thing in the VIP ward exploded. Not a single **thing** survived.

It was clear that his strength was many times stronger than Simon's. After all, he was Simon's master, the famous Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez!

"Come, lead the way!" Patrick shouted loudly, his **voice** carrying a killing intent. "I'll go to Sumeria now to avenge my disciple!"

"Yes, sir!" the group immediately responded.

They had just left the hospital with an imposing aura when a middle-aged man suddenly appeared and **blocked** their way.

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The newcomer had an unusually burly **figure**, a pair of eyes as deep as the starry **sky**, and bulging temples. He was clearly a true expert.

"**Get** out of the way!"

The man in a suit who led the way for Patrick became furious when his path was blocked. He shouted angrily and rushed forward, reaching out to push the middle-aged man away.

However, the moment he went near the newcomer, a hint of a smile flashed on the latter's face.

With lightning speed, he grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it slightly. The man's arm was dislocated **with** a crack.

Then, the newcomer kicked his butt.

The man fell in front of Patrick, landing face first and breaking two of his front teeth.

"How dare you!"

Patrick was already angry, but now that his subordinate was stopped and attacked, he could not contain his fury and charged forward.

Bam!

Crack!

Patrick launched two powerful attacks, but the newcomer remained calm. Just as Patrick's attacks were about to land, he unleashed a punch aimed at his chest.

Bam...

Patrick was expressionless and chose to receive the attack. That punch appeared plain and unremarkable, but in reality, it was like a surging river.

The power was immense and surpassed Patrick's expectations, immediately pushing him back. He staggered back seven steps before finally stopping.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk..."

After repelling Patrick, the newcomer did not pursue the advantage. Instead, he spoke leisurely with a hint of teasing, "I heard that the Insect Doctor excels in both medicine and poison and that his martial arts has also reached the pinnacle. But from what I've seen today, it's nothing special!"

As soon as his words came out, Patrick's face instantly became cold, and a cold aura overflowed.

The entourage who came with him also gritted their teeth and clenched their fists, ready to rush up at any time!

Nevertheless, Patrick did not attack immediately. He stared coldly at the middle-aged man in front of him with various thoughts swirling in his mind.

This person knew his identity.

Although this person was extremely powerful, he held **back** in his attack.

However, it did not seem that he was an enemy.

"Who are you?" Patrick calmed down a little and asked in a deep voice, "I don't think you came all the way here just to mock me, right?"

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The newcomer did not answer but took out a token and threw it **to Patrick**.

Patrick took a glance **and** was immediately shocked.

“Y—
you...” The **expression on Patrick’s face changed**. He **immediately** dismissed those around him and said respectfully, “Please follow me, sir.”

The **two soon arrived** in a **secret** room.

“**Second War God**, may I ask why you have come to visit? Do you have any instructions for me?”

The newcomer was the Second War God!

His name was not known to the outside world, but his reputation was extremely prominent throughout Florence. He was revered by everyone.

“I’m here to save you.”

What the Second War God said stunned Patrick slightly

Save him?

He was perfectly fine. Why would he need to be saved?

The Second War God sensed Patrick’s doubt and smiled coldly. “Do you think I’m trying to scare you with baseless threats?”

Patrick snorted coldly and did not answer, but he really thought so in his heart.

“Then, I shall ask you. Do you know who Andrius Moonshade, the man who crippled your disciple Simon, is?”

Hearing this, Patrick was stunned.

Andrius?

He was just the son-in-law of the Crestfall family, wasn’t he?

It was said that he was a bumpkin from the western mountainous region. He was lucky and only escaped unharmed this time thanks to the master of his wife's bodyguard.

"It seems that you don't know. Well, Andrius is the Wolf King." The Second War God spoke calmly, then added, "Of course, I mean the former Wolf King."

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The Wolf King!

As soon as those words came out, Patrick was suddenly **shocked**.

Anyone in **Florence who** had not heard of the Wolf King's name before was definitely not a true Florencian!

"He... Isn't the Wolf King **dead?**"

Patrick's face was filled with confusion. After all, that news came from the emperor himself.

"**That** was just part **of** a plan." The Second War God's face also darkened **at** the mention of Andrius. "In short, just know **that** Andrius Moonshade is the Wolf King. Are you still going to seek revenge on him

now?"

Patrick choked.

Seeking the Wolf King for revenge was the same as seeking death.

Although he was very confident about his strength, the fact that the Second War God could defeat him in

a few moves indicated that the legendary Wolf King would be able to thrash him mercilessly.

However, he could not swallow his anger if he did not take revenge.

For a while, Patrick's face changed constantly. He did not know what to do.

The Second War God saw the change in his expression, reached a conclusion in his heart, and said frankly, "To tell you the truth, I don't have much chance of winning even if I face Andrius.

"Therefore, we should join **forces**. Only by working together do we have a chance to kill Andrius and avenge your beloved disciple!"

Patrick fell into deep thought. He pondered over the credibility of the Second **War God's** words.

First of all, the Second War God was very strong. He was **stronger** than Patrick, so he had no reason to come all the way here to deceive him.

Secondly, although Andrius had stepped down, his strength remained, and the forces he secretly cultivated might still be intact. It would indeed be difficult to succeed if Patrick wanted to deal with him. alone.

Lastly, working together would significantly increase the chances of successfully dealing with Andrius!

"Alright!" Patrick made up his mind and asked in a deep voice, "Second War God, what do you have in mind?"

"Good!" The Second War God poured two **glasses** of wine, toasted Patrick, and said with a smile. "The Grand Medicinal Competition is about to start. I will try my best to use all kinds of means so that Andrius cannot participate in the competition.

"**However**, I can't guarantee absolute success. If Andrius does end up joining **the** competition, then we'll **have** to **rely** on your medical expertise **to** kill him legitimately."

Patrick took a sip of **tea**, his mind constantly spinning.

"**Insect** Doctor, **from what I've** learned, Andrius has been soaking himself **in highly toxic medicinal wine** every **day** for decades. **Thus**, **he's developed** an extremely strong **immunity to toxins**, making **him** virtually immune to all **poisons**.

"Do you have **any** methods to **deal with him**?"

The Second War God's **eyes flashed** with expectation.

"Yes," Patrick spoke confidently.

The Second War God's eyes brightened. "**Oh? What is it?**"

Patrick took out a **white** jade bottle **and** carefully opened **the** cork with **red** silk on it. A cold **and evil** aura suddenly rushed to his face.

The temperature of the room suddenly dropped by more than ten degrees as if it had turned into an ice cellar.

The Second War God hurriedly looked over.

Inside the **jade** bottle was something that the Second War God could not name, but just by glancing at it, he felt dizzy and nauseous.

"This is the 'Calamity Devouring Insect'," Patrick introduced with a sense of satisfaction.

When it came to insects, he believed that no one in Florence could surpass him.

"The Calamity Devouring Insect is cultivated by placing one thousand larvae together in grease from corpses and letting them fight and devour each other. The most ruthless and cruel one that survives will

be selected.

"Then, feeding it with venomous creatures such as centipedes, scorpions, hornets, king cobras, and the flesh of a freshly deceased 18-year-old child is what completes its formation."

The Second War God could not help but be shocked just hearing about the cultivation method.

Oil from corpses, human flesh...

It was truly evil.

However, the Second War God did not care. As long as this thing could kill Andrius, so what if it was evil?

“The Calamity Devouring Insect...” Patrick continued, growing even prouder, “To people without strength. it is just an ordinary worm, but to powerful warriors, it is devastating.”

“Once the Calamity Devouring Insect enters the body, it will immediately enter the person’s dantian.

“Second War God, you should know that martial artists of the Grandmaster level and above have powerful Qi in their dantian. That is also the fundamental reason for the strength of a Grandmaster.

“Moreover, the Calamity Devouring Insect’s favorite food is Qi.

“The more powerful the warrior is, the more Qi they have in their body, and the happier the insect feeds on

1. it.

“Once **the** insect finishes consuming the person’s Qi, it will enter a completely new stage. It starts by gnawing on the person’s internal organs and drinking their blood, gulp by gulp....

“The **process** can be described as the most excruciating pain in the world!”

When the Second War God heard how amazing the insect was, a pleased expression appeared on his

face.

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This creature...

According to **what** Patrick was **saying**, it truly was going **to** be Andrius’ downfall!

However, **to** be safe, the Second War God decided to try it himself. “Insect Doctor, may I give it a **try?**”

Patrick could not help but admire his courage and said solemnly, “Second War God, the Calamity **Devouring** Insect is not to be taken lightly. Even testing it a little could seriously damage your vitality. **Are** you sure?”

“Come on!”

The Second War God reached out his finger without hesitation. He was prepared to go all out in order to deal with Andrius.

“Hiss, hiss...”

The Calamity Devouring Insect instantly became excited and bit the Second War God’s finger.

The Second War God’s expression immediately changed. He felt as if an electric saw was taking his finger off. What was even more terrifying was that his Qi was draining continuously. It decreased by at least ten percent in the blink of an eye.

He panicked as his whole body was paralyzed and unable to move. He could not even pull back his finger. and the process could not be stopped.

“S—save me...”

H

Cold sweat was already pouring down the Second War God’s forehead. He was extremely terrified as he struggled to utter the words.

Thwack!

Patrick quickly took out a pill and flicked it onto the head of the Calamity Devouring Insect. Only then did the insect release its grip.

The Second War God quickly withdrew his finger, his face still filled with lingering fear.

“How was it?” Patrick tried to hold back his smile and said with a hint of pride.

The Second War God had mixed feelings, but he was pleasantly surprised. “With this insect, I’m fully confident that **we’ll** be able to kill Andrius!”

Patrick was not as optimistic and pointed out the key issue. “The problem is that as the Wolf King, Andrius will undoubtedly be very vigilant. It won’t be easy for the Calamity Devouring Insect to bite him.

The Second War God said confidently, “Don’t worry, I have a plan.”

He already had a perfect strategy.

“Good!” Patrick raised his glass and clinked it with the Second War God. “If you fail to stop Andrius from participating in the Grand Medicinal Competition, I’ll take action and kill him at the competition!

“To victory!”

“To victory!”

They clinked their glasses and **celebrated in advance**.

After seeing off the **Second War God**, **Patrick** was in a great **mood**.

“**Old Hagstorm**, your **disciple** will fall in my hands!

“As long as I reach the first place in the **Heavenly Ranking**, I will **obtain the** body of the **Klein family member** and **the** clue **left** behind by the **Kleins!**

“**I’ve been planning** for so many **years**, and **I finally** found a new opportunity **!**”

A **conspiracy** was **brewing**.

However...

Everything happened quietly, unnoticed by anyone.

In Sumeria, news of Alan appearing in the open and his support for the Crestfalls immediately swept through Sumeria like a hurricane.

“The Crestfall family is really lucky...”

“That’s right. They had the Wolf King supporting before them, and now that he’s gone, a martial master has appeared to support them instead. They’re really blessed.”

“Sigh, why doesn’t my family have that kind of luck?”

“It seems... We have to change our strategy when dealing with the Crestfalls. Otherwise, it’ll be difficult for our family to come out unscathed if a Grandmaster sets their sights on us.”

“Yeah, the Crestfall family is really popular. It’s hard to sink our teeth into them.”

For a time, every street and alley was abuzz with discussions.

Some were envious, some were jealous, and others were bitter.

There were also some who were deterred by a Grandmaster’s strength and put away their ill intentions!

The next few days were calm and peaceful.

While Luna studied medicine every day, Andrius waited for news.

However, there was still no valuable information from the Hawkeye Group.

Three days passed swiftly.

While Andrius hung out **with** Noir, he received **a** call from Sonia. “Mr. Moonshade, there’s something I’m not sure if I should tell you about or not.”

“Go ahead.”

“Rainbow hasn’t **shown** up for work for some time now, and her phone is also unreachable. I don’t know if something has happened to her. Could you...”

Rainbow!

Andrius' **heart** trembled. Did something happen?

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"Alright, I got it," Andrius responded and hung up the phone.

Then, he tried to call Rainbow, but sure enough, the prompt said the number was **not** in service.

What was **going on?**

Andrius **was puzzled** and left the **garage**.

In New Moon Corporation, Luna was reading a medical book in her office. It was the same book that Andrius had given her in the name of the Wolf King.

At times, she frowned. **At** times, she had a sudden realization and wrote and **drew** with a pen, very

focused.

Andrius **knocked** on the door and entered. He was stunned for a moment before withdrawing his gaze and asking casually, "Luna, I can't reach Rainbow's phone. Do you know what happened?"

"Rainbow is engaged." Luna closed the medical book and said bluntly, "Grandma didn't want anyone to disturb her, so she changed Rainbow's number to cut ties with her past.

"Good timing. Her engagement ceremony **is** today. If you have time, go on my behalf and attend her engagement party."

Luna was focused on improving her medical skills and striving for a good ranking in the upcoming Grand Medicinal Competition. She did not want to disappoint the Wolf King's expectations.

She was also worried that Andrius would become restless and get into trouble, so she wanted to keep him occupied. Thus, she wanted to send him away.

Andrius did not think much of it and agreed, "Sure."

It was only natural for a man and a woman to get married.

After leaving New Moon Corporation, Andrius bought a ticket and rode a scooter to the high-speed rail

station.

On the way, he received a call from an unfamiliar number. The location showed that it was a call from the

capital.

Andrius raised **his** brows **and** answered it.

“Wolf **King**...”

The voice on the other end was respectful and trembling, and sounded slightly familiar. It was Renault Hill, the boyfriend of **Luna’s cousin, Stella**.

“What is **it**?” **Andrius’** curt **words** made Renault’s **heart thunder**.

At **first**, he was shocked to hear **the** news of the **Wolf King’s death**.

However, **after asking** around, **he** realized that there was no news of Andrius’ **death** from the Crestfalls. He **speculated** that **the Wolf King** had not died but simply announced **his death for** some reason.

Now, hearing Andrius’ voice **confirmed** his doubts.

Renault took a **deep** breath, trying to **calm** himself down as much as **possible, and said**, “Rainbow **is having** her **engagement party today**. Do you know about **it**?”

“**Yes.**”

“Actually, Rainbow **didn’t willingly agree** to the **engagement**. **She likes men** from the army, but **her** grandma forced her **to** marry into a wealthy family **in** the **capital**.

“**She wanted to call you for** help, but her grandma took her phone away **a long** time **ago**. She has **been under house** arrest during this period.”

Renault sighed **at that** point. He remembered Rainbow's advice to him. Rainbow also seemed to have **a** good relationship **with** Andrius, so he decided to inform Andrius.

"I'm on my way."

Andrius' **face** turned colder after hanging up the phone. Since Rainbow trusted him and sought his help, he could not ignore this matter.

At the entrance of the Grand Aurelia Hotel, countless luxury cars lined up endlessly on both sides of the entrance.

At the forefront were Rolls Royces and Aston Martins worth tens of millions. Even the cheapest cars in the rear were worth several million.

The line seemed endless.

A temporary stage was **set** up at the entrance, where a popular girl group was singing and dancing enthusiastically. The music was deafening.

After all, today was the engagement between the richest family in the capital, the Hewitts and the Conerys!

With the grandeur of the Hewitt family, the engagement ceremony naturally had **to** be as grand as possible, as evidenced by the lineup of cars.

Inside the hotel, the large hall on the first floor was **filled** to capacity.

At the most central and prominent table sat Madam Jane Montecarlo, Rainbow, who was the female protagonist of today, and Rainbow's father, Bernard.

There was also the head of the Hewitts, Deacon Hewitt, the male protagonist of the engagement as well as Deacon's eldest son, Jesse Hewitt, and several other distinguished guests.

The remaining dozens of tables were spread out in all directions according to hierarchy and status, like stars surrounding the moon.

They were all relatives **of the** two families.

The Hewitts wanted **to** show off their grandeur, so they invited many people.

On the other hand, the Conery family asked everyone to come out of courtesy . “Master Hewitt...

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Jane looked at Jesse and **Rainbow** with a **smiling face** and held up a cup of tea, saying to **Deacon**, “**Today** is Jesse and **Rainbow’s** engagement. From today onwards, **we’re** family. Please take care of us **in the** future.”

The **Hewitts** were more **prestigious** than the Crestfalls in the past. Rainbow marrying into their family was truly **climbing** the social **ladder**, and there was hope for the Conerys to be revitalized. The most important **thing now** was **to finalize** the engagement as soon as possible.

Thus, Jane was **very eager**.

“Of course.” Deacon nodded slightly. Although there was **a** smile on his face, it was very faint.

The Conerys...

In his eyes, they were just rubbish. He would never have agreed to this marriage if not for his son’s happiness.

“In that case...” Jane’s smile grew even brighter as it almost spread from ear to ear. She said to Rainbow, “Rainbow, quick, serve some tea to Master Hewitt . He’s your future father-in-law, after all.”

Everyone’s eyes fell on Rainbow.

Jesse saw her beautiful face and could not help but **feel** hot, thinking that he would soon have such an amazing fiancée. He said eagerly, “Go on, Rainbow !”

Rainbow did not look happy. She liked men like Andrius who towered over all, invincible in battle and dominating over the world, looking at heroes like they were nothing. He could even defeat the Southern Warzone Master in three moves. He was her dream groom.

As for Jesse...

Although he was born to a wealthy family, he was nothing compared to Andrius. There was nothing to compare.

Thus, she made up her mind, gritted her teeth, and said in a low voice, "Jesse Hewitt, I don't like you, and I don't want to marry you. Let's forget about the engagement."

As soon as she spoke, everyone in the grand hall was stunned.

The smile **on** Jane's face froze instantly.

Deacon's expression also darkened.

Jesse's **face** twisted into one of ugliness.

The other relatives around all widened their eyes, looking at Rainbow incredulously like they were looking at a fool.

Did this woman know what she just said? Did she know what she was refusing?

This was an engagement to the Hewitts, the wealthiest family in the capital!

Her words trampled on the pride of the Hewitts and crushed them into the ground.

"Rainbow Conery!" Before **Deacon** could **react**, Jane screamed like an old hen that **had been kicked** and **had** its **feathers** ruffled. "You little brat, why are you making a fuss at this critical moment?"

"Hurry up and apologize to Master Hewitt and Jesse! Now! Apologize now!"

Jane's face was so ferocious it was as if **she** would eat Rainbow alive **if** the latter did not **comply**.

Rainbow remained firm. "**No!**"

That single word was resolute.

The **relatives in the surroundings were in** an uproar, and the expressions of **the** Hewitts became even **uglier**.

"**Grandma!**"

Renault, who was **sitting at** a nearby table, also stood up and gritted his **teeth**. "**Since Rainbow doesn't** want to **marry** Young Master Hewitt, it **means** they're not meant to be.

"Even if **they** get married like this, they might not be happy in the future! I think it's better to just forget about it."

Renault's **resilience was** obviously much stronger than before if he was able to speak against such

pressure.

Rainbow also gave him a grateful look.

However...

Renault's words completely angered the Hewitts and Deacon.

"Who do you think you are, kid? How dare you spout nonsense here?" Deacon glared **at** Renault as if **spewing** fire from **his** eyes. "It's Rainbow's fortune to be able to marry into the Hewitts.

"If we say **yes**, she has to marry even if she doesn't want to! Even if they don't end up happy, it'll be the Hewitts who kick her away. She doesn't get to refuse the engagement!

"You'd better shut your mouth now, or don't blame me for being impolite today!" Deacon spoke righteously, looking down at Renault from high above.

It was as if in his eyes, the Hewitts letting Rainbow marry into their family was an act of charity. It was as

if Rainbow marrying into the family was her climbing the social ladder. It was as if the Hewitts kicking Rainbow away **was** a matter of course, and Rainbow deserved to die by refusing them.

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The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 579 -

Chapter 579

Everyone in the Conerys seemed to think that this high and mighty attitude was **justified and joined in the scolding.**

Jane stared at Renault coldly and was the first to rebuke him, "Renault, do *you* know **what** you're saying? You're not my grandson—in-law yet, and Rainbow's matters have nothing to *do* with you. Shut your mouth or I'll **have to take** action!"

Alec's expression twisted fiercely **as** he yelled, "Renault, who do you think you are? Don't drag my family down. Shut your mouth or you'll see what I'll do next!"

If Renault **were** still a member of the Spec Ops forces in the Southern Warzone, Alec would definitely not have said such a thing and would treat the former like a deity.

Unfortunately, Renault was not. Furthermore, the Wolf King had already died, so Renault had no chance to return.

Alec was just looking for an opportunity to get rid of him. Thus, he did not hold back.

"Shut my mouth?" Since Renault decided to step up, he naturally had to stand his ground. He looked straight at Deacon and said, "The freedom to marry is stipulated in the laws of Florence. I'm just stating the truth. You can't make me shut my mouth!"

His attitude clearly displayed that he was going against Deacon.

Deacon was instantly furious.

In the capital, even the most prestigious families had to respect him and obey his commands. Who would dare to defy him?

Today, this young man was being so arrogant...

Crack!

Deacon immediately slapped Renault, warping the latter's face and causing a trickle of blood to flow from

the corner of his mouth.

"Listen up, kid. In this society, it's **not** about what the laws of Florence are. It's about fists, family background, and power!

"The strong make the rules, and the weak follow the rules. A weakling like you should be bowing down and begging for **your** life under my feet!

"That was just a small warning. If you dare to utter another word, I'll **tear** your mouth apart on the spot!"

Renault was also furious. However, when faced with the powerful Deacon Hewitt, he did not dare to speak out and could only glare.

"Weakling?"

At that moment, a cold **and** disdainful voice sounded from outside. "You're just a dog. Who are you **calling** a **weakling**?"

The person who spoke **had** an imposing figure and a cold expression.

It was **Andrius**!

"**Andy!**"

A **smile** appeared on **Rainbow's face** for the first **time** when she **saw Andrius**.

Chapter 579

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eract with anyone, so she had no During this period, Jane had lock idea about the news circulating on the Internet t hat the Wolf King had died. She only felt that it was

wonderful **that** Andrius **appeared** at this moment.

“Mm–hm.” Andrius nodded and took a **step** forward.

His cold snort **already made** Deacon furious.

“Who do you think you are, brat? How dare you spout such arrogant words in front of me? I only need to utter one sentence to make it impossible for you to move in the capital!”

After speaking, Deacon looked **at** Jane and said gloomily, **“Madam Montecarlo, who is this person? How dare he utter such arrogant words? It’s truly an eye–opening experience. You Conerys are like a sewer next to a dung heap!”**

Jane’s expression darkened as she paused, unable to retort.

Nonetheless, Andrius ignored him. He walked up to Renault **and** asked indifferently, **“Renault.”**

“Yes?”

“Who hit you?”

Renault pointed at Deacon. **“He did!”**

“Go and give him two slaps. Let him remember this lesson.”

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Chapter 580

Andrius’ words stunned everyone in the hall.

Andrius Moonshade...

He was from a small town like Sumeria. He was **just** the useless son-in-law of the Crestfalls. How dare he order Renault, **a** former member of the Southern Warzone, to slap Deacon Hewitt, the person in charge **of the** most powerful family in the **capital**? Even a sneeze from Deacon could cause a typhoon to sweep through the capital.

It was like sending **a** man to confront a wild tiger. He would only be beaten on the spot!

How **dare** he?

Where did he get the audacity?

How could he be so bold?

Although the Conerys were shocked, they still had some concerns.

After all, since Renault already made one mistake, there might be **a** second or even a third time...

Jane's expression immediately darkened as she rebuked, "Andrius Moonshade, stop talking nonsense here. We won't stop you if you want to die, but go to hell someplace far from us, and don't drag us down with you. Also..."

Jane warned coldly, "Renault, Andrius is a fool from the countryside. He was born with a few screws loose in his brain. Don't listen to his nonsense, or I won't spare you!"

Alec also chimed in, "Renault, Master Hewitt hit you to discipline you. It's because he looks fondly upon you. Don't be ungrateful and hurry up and thank Master Hewitt, then return to your seat."

"Renault Hill!" Stella, who had been silent all this time, also shouted. "Renault, hurry up and come back here. Don't provoke Master Hewitt, or you'll regret it!"

"Renault..."

Everyone warned Renault.

As for Deacon, he burst into laughter upon hearing Andrius' words. Without waiting for the Conerys to finish speaking, he shouted, "Get out of my way. This has nothing to do with you."

Then, he walked up to Renault arrogantly and patted his face with disdain. "Come on, little brat. Hit me! Hit me hard! I'll look down on you if you don't hit me!"

His words were filled with contempt. He was clearly looking down on Renault.

Faced **with** such provocation, Renault clenched his fists tightly until veins bulged. He was clearly

suppressing his anger.

Andrius spoke again, his tone still indifferent, "Renault, if you're a man, then you should **boldly** go up and meet his demand. **Even** I'll look down on you if you don't hit him."

His words **made the** Conerys shake their heads, **thinking** that he was beyond **redemption**.

However, **Rainbow almost** burst into laughter.

The dominance of the **Wolf King** was undeniable. **If her** guess was correct, **someone** was about **to get beaten up**.

Sure enough, the next second, Renault slowly **approached Deacon** step **by** step.

"**Heh...**"

The contempt on **Deacon's face intensified as** he brought **his face closer to** Renault, **pointing** constantly," Come **on**. Hit **here**. Hit **here hard!**

"Go **on! Hit** me, **you** little brat!"

At that moment, Renault **felt extremely** conflicted.

In the past, if he **was** provoked **by a** powerful man like Deacon, he would definitely behave cautiously and **slink away in embarrassment**.

However, today...

Firstly, he took the first step.

Secondly, he had **the** Wolf King to back him up. Maybe this was a test for him. It was a test of his courage.

Thus, he **had to** deliver that slap.

“Come **on!** You little runt, are you still hesitating?”

Deacon saw Renault hesitating and felt even more disdainful. His tone grew even more arrogant.

Smack!

However, the next moment, Renault swung his hand and landed a resounding slap.

The tremendous force sent Deacon flying, and he crashed into a nearby table. The loud smash clearly echoed of ridicule.