

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 791

Chapter 791

Harpy took the address and promised **solemnly**, “Don’t worry, **Wolf King**. As long as **this address exists, even if it’s in outer space**, I will **provide you** with a response **within three days**.”

Andrius nodded. “Go.”

Harpy and the others received their orders and left.

Over the next few days, Andrius tried to study the insect inside his body while organizing the information he received from Registus and waiting for Harpy’s response.

Three days later, Harpy sent a message to Andrius. “Wolf King... There are no clues whatsoever regarding this address. It’s as if it doesn’t exist.”

It did not exist?

Andrius fell into thought upon hearing the news.

Registus could not have given him a non-existent address to deceive him.

In that case, it either meant that they were looking in the wrong place, or the timing was not right.

“Keep monitoring it but don’t neglect the previous tasks,” Andrius instructed Harpy, then called Noir.

“Noir, we’ve lost quite a bit of time. Make arrangements for us to head to the Southern Wilds immediately. Also, find Bradley and ask him for details about the ancient temple within the cordillera.”

“Yes!”

After a while, Noir made all the arrangements.

Andrius could not discern what the fake Registus was thinking at this moment.

Thus, when he left, he brought Noir, Halle, and selected some elite Lycantroops soldiers as bodyguards.

In the Southern Wilds, Conrad's expression was filled with remorse when he saw Andrius again.

"Andrius..."

He did not dare to look at Noir either. The scene of his vow that day was still vivid in his mind, but in the end...

"Conrad, there's no need to bring up those things again." Andrius patted his shoulder and smiled wryly. "We're in the same boat. I know that sometimes, we don't have a choice. I understand your hardships and you understand my problems."

Conrad, the First War God, was rendered speechless. He also patted Andrius' arm.

There were no words needed.

"Let's go."

Then, **he did not** say much and led Andrius to Bradley again.

Andrius went **straight** to the point and said, "I'd like to learn more about **the cordillera and** the lost temple."

"**The temple?**" **Bradley** was **stunned** for a moment **before** looking **nostalgic**. "**The temple...** It's **been** a **legend** for many years. It seems like no one **has** mentioned **it** for a long time. However..."

"The temple is a **sacred place** to the people of Murrfield. **Even if it's in decline** or abandoned, **it's** unlikely to **have completely disappeared**. **There** must still be a successor."

Andrius felt a little better after **finally** hearing **some** good news.

"**However...**" Bradley looked at Andrius directly and said, "Due to historical and cultural **reasons**, the people of Murrfield strongly reject outsiders. If you must go, the fewer people, the better."

Andrius nodded in understanding. Then, he asked about other related questions.

After getting a rough idea, he began to make arrangements.

Noir **would** definitely go.

Furthermore, if lesser people were better, he could only choose the most skilled and brave soldiers to follow him.

As for Halle...

Andrius thought about it and said, "You should go back!"

"You can return to the Western border or back to Sumeria," Andrius looked at Halle and said in an unquestionable tone.

Halle refused, "No!"

Andrius was speechless.

"Don't be stubborn. This trip to Murrfield is extremely dangerous. That place is vastly different from Florence. It's not a place where you can act recklessly."

Halle pouted and agreed.

After making the arrangements, Andrius set off with Noir and the soldiers. They traveled by a helicopter provided by Conrad.

Whir...

Not long after, the helicopter took to the skies.

Andrius was just about to rest his eyes, but the pilot **looked** somewhat familiar, so he took a closer look.

Damn it.

It was Halle!

She actually followed them in this manner!

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“Halle...” Andrius rolled his eyes and said in exasperation, “What are you doing here?”

“Why can’t I be here?” Halle had a smug look on her face, and she said with a grin, “This is a helicopter, and I’m the pilot. Doesn’t it make sense for me to be here? Is there a problem? There’s no problem!”

Andrius was speechless by Halle’s words.

However, he still earnestly advised, “This trip is extremely dangerous, and even I can’t guarantee 100% certainty of returning. You...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Halle interrupted him playfully, “Then, I’ll be buried along with you. At least, we’ll keep each other company.”

Halle’s stubbornness left Andrius helpless and had no choice but to agree. He said, “However, once we arrive in Murrfield, you have to follow my orders. Otherwise, after we land, I’ll have them send you back.”

Halle pouted. “Fine. You don’t have to be so mean about it.”

Mean?

Andrius was confused.

Was he mean?

What nonsense.

In the Southern Wilds, news of Andrius’ arrival in Murrfield in a helicopter quickly reached the fake emperor in Kiyoto.

“Murrfield...” The fake emperor narrowed his eyes and muttered to himself, “Is the Wolf King going there to remove the insect in his body?”

He immediately shouted, “Guards, summon the Second War God to meet me.”

Not long after, the Second War God rushed over.

“What happened, Your Majesty?”

“Andrius went to Murrfield.”

The emperor’s words **caused** the Second War God to frown deeply.

Andrius had an insect in his body, and his strength was greatly reduced. However, **he** left his territory in the Western region and ran off to Murrfield instead. It was as if he was looking for death.

The fake emperor asked, “How is the research with the insect soldiers going?”

The Second War God snapped out of his thoughts and replied, “The 15th batch of insect soldiers have just been successfully researched. They’re currently undergoing further testing.”

Then, he clapped his hands.

With the crisp sound, heavy footsteps were heard outside.

Soon, a muscular man walked **in**.

No, he could not **be** called **a** man!

He **looked** like **an** adult **male** with his bare **upper body** showing off his **muscular physique**. **His limbs**

looked **incredibly strong and** powerful. **However**, **his** eyes were **completely white and devoid of pupils**, and his **face** was **deathly pale**.

His movements were quick but stiff. He was one of the insect **soldiers** that **the** fake emperor mentioned.

“That thing...”

The **fake** emperor looked **at** the insect soldier and felt like it was quite ordinary. He **did** not understand what was remarkable **about** it. “What is its real combat power like?”

The Second War God said with a confident grin, “You’ll know once you give it a try, Your Majesty!”

The **fake** emperor nodded and immediately had the guards bring ten death row prisoners in. He looked at the prisoners and pointed at the insect soldier, saying, "Listen up. All of you have one chance to fight him. Whoever survives will be pardoned."

The death row prisoners were overjoyed. They were all ruthless criminals who had enough blood on their hands to fill the sea.

Now, all they had to do was survive against this creature to be pardoned for all their crimes. How could they not be excited?

"I'll go first!" a burly man with a bald head stepped forward and spoke in a booming voice. He was none other than the top-ranked murderer in the prison who could crush a locomotive with his bare hands. It had taken a lot of effort to capture him in the past.

The fake emperor instructed, "Remove his shackles."

With the Second War God present, he was not afraid of anything going wrong.

The Second War God immediately removed the restraints.

Click!

Snap!

Clack, clack, clack!

The prisoner stretched, then grinned as he approached, throwing a punch directly at the insect soldier's head.

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However, the insect warrior **did** not dodge. Instead, **he accurately** grabbed the prisoner's fist and crushed **it** with a crisp crack!

Then, another punch struck **the** prisoner's face and blew his head into pieces.

It was incredibly violent and bloody.

All the other death row prisoners could help but exchange glances in fear.

The fake emperor was very pleased.

This thing was indeed incredibly strong!

Then, the other death row inmates fought the insect soldier, but none of them were a match. They were

all defeated within three moves and had their blood drained.

The lifeless corpses lay in the hall, creating a bloody scene.

Whoosh..

Suddenly, something unexpected happened.

After the insect soldier drained the last drop of blood from a prisoner, he charged toward **the** fake emperor.

The wind carried the scent of blood and a sharp killing intent.

The fake emperor retreated in fear.

Buzz, buzz...

The Second War God quickly summoned the mother insect and finally managed to control the insect soldier.

“Your Majesty!”

The Second War God knelt before the fake emperor, cold sweat dripping. “Please forgive me, Your Majesty. This batch of insect soldiers was recently developed, and we aren’t able to fully control them...”

The fake *emperor* tidied up his disheveled hair and snorted coldly. “Rise!

“The strength of this batch of insect soldiers is indeed impressive, but without proper control, there’s a risk of rebellion on the battlefield. We can’t use them in the war against the Lycantroops yet.

“It seems we’ll have *to* wait for some time before launching a full-scale war against the Lycantroops.”

The Second War God bowed his head and said, “Yes!”

The fake emperor did *not* blame him too much. Instead, he looked at the insect soldier and said, “Hurry and develop insect soldiers that are stronger and more controllable. Only then can we settle everything in one fell swoop.”

“**Yes, Your Majesty!** I understand.” **The** Second War God nodded.

The fake emperor looked in the direction of Murrfield, and his eyes were filled **with killing** intent. “Also, depart **immediately and take the insect** soldiers to Murrfield. This time, **you** must ensure that **Andrius remains there** forever.”

The Second War God **immediately said**, “**Yes, Your Majesty!**”

Meanwhile, outside **the** Southern **Wilds** Prison, Conrad **came** out from inside **and** immediately spotted a suspicious **agent**. His **instincts told** him that something was off with that person.

“What are you doing?”

The cold words entered the agent’s ears and made him shiver.

“F—

First **War** God...” The agent looked around and stammered, “I was just about to take a leak.”

Whoosh!

As soon as he spoke, Conrad appeared in a flash and grabbed his neck, saying coldly, “I advise you to tell the truth right away. I’m sure you know my methods.”

Then, his hand began to apply pressure gradually. A suffocating feeling overwhelmed the agent, whose face turned red. He could not help but kick his legs, but could not alleviate the pressure.

‘I, cough... I’ll talk, cough, cough...’

The agent spoke with difficulty, and Conrad finally loosened his grip.

The agent said honestly, “First War God, I’m a spy that the emperor placed here...”

His voice grew quieter, and he did not dare to continue.

When he lifted his head and saw that Conrad was looking at him coldly without any further action, he continued, “I passed on the news that the Wolf King was heading to Murrfield...”

Bam!

As soon as the spy finished speaking, Conrad threw him to the ground, and he immediately lost

consciousness.

Conrad did not kill him right away.

Killing a spy like this would be pointless. The fake emperor would just send another one as soon as they realized this one was dead.

Instead, he told Bradley to use his insect techniques to control the spy.

Then, he immediately gathered his personal guards.

The emperor had always wanted to kill Andrius. Andrius heading to Murrfield now was a rare opportunity

that the emperor would not miss.

Conrad already let Andrius down once. He did not want to do it a second time.

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“First **War** God...” The captain of his personal guard hesitated.

“What is **it?**”

“If **we’re** all **headed** to **Murrfield?** What about the lady?”

Conrad **froze**.

The emperor had already used his daughter to threaten him once. If the emperor found out **that** he was going to save Andrius, it might lead to a second time. That was indeed a problem.

Conrad sighed. "Go make the preparations first. I'll talk to her personally."

Then, he went to his daughter's door.

Knock, knock, knock.

Knock, knock, knock.

Knock, knock, knock.

After three series of knocks, there was still no response.

A sad look flashed on Conrad's face. She was still upset at him.

"Vivi, I know you're inside." Conrad said bitterly, "I let your mother down, and I haven't been there for you enough over the years.

"However, what I'm about to do now is related to Florence and millions of its people.

"The Wolf King is the leader of the Lycantroops and is replaceable. As long as he's around, Florence will never fall.

"If he dies in Murrfield, the Lycantroops will likely go berserk. They might even march on Kiyoto in a fit of rage. If that happens, there'll be chaos, mass slaughter, and rivers of blood.

"As a War God of Florence, I can't just stand by and watch such a catastrophe deeply.

After a while, **he** said, "Actually, I'm also doing this to protect you. I hope you won't misunderstand me."

After saying that, he stood outside the door for a long time.

However, from the beginning to the end, Vivian never opened the door. There was no sound from inside at all.

Conrad smiled wryly and left part of his personal guards before he left.

A moment later, **the** bedroom door finally opened.

A young girl appeared at **the** doorway. She wore plain clothes, but her **beauty** was **exceptional**. Her clear **eyes** flickered with a **hint** of sadness, making people want **to** protect her for a lifetime.

She was none **other** than Conrad's daughter, Vivian Gibbs.

She held a string **of** **prayer** beads **in** her hand and was **constantly** fiddling **with** it. **Ever since her mother's death, these prayer beads had been** her **solace**.

Vivian looked **at** **Conrad's** back and **muttered** a prayer under her breath.

However, in the next moment...

Snap!

The prayer **beads** in her hand snapped, and the **beads** fell to the ground like pearls.

She **felt** a sense of foreboding...

The main geographical feature of Murrfield was its karsts, accompanied by unique water scenes, lush primeval forests, and countless rare species of flora and fauna. It was undoubtedly a paradise *for* geographers because the scenery here was truly breathtaking.

After Andrius and the others arrived, they were quickly captivated by the beauty before them, and the lingering sense of dejection was swept away.

They soon arrived at Leach Clinic.

This was the most famous insect clinic that operated on an appointment basis. On duty inside was Dr. Kelvin Leach, a renowned local insect doctor.

This was information that Andrius confirmed when they were on the way here. Their goal was to find a local like Kelvin to gather information about the “temple”.

However, Andrius’ group arrived at an inconvenient time.

Kelvin had just finished all his appointments. He only held sessions once every three days, so missing this opportunity would mean waiting another three days.

“Dr. Leach...” Noir approached and pleaded, “We’re from central Florence and have come from afar...”

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Kelvin **glanced at** Noir **and said** bluntly, “So? Should I **give you** an award?”

Noir choked for a moment before continuing, “**We’ve** come from afar and are **exhausted** from our journey, but **we’re filled** with sincerity. Do you think our journey was simple?”

Kelvin said, “How hard could **it** have been?”

Noir choked again.

The doctor’s words were even more biting than the old Lycantroops’ graveyard caretaker.

“Dr. Leach...” Noir’s expression darkened, but he persisted, “We can pay more if necessary. The fees can always be negotiated.”

“*Are you insulting me?*”

Kelvin’s spit almost landed on Noir’s face.

Noir had no choice but to return dejectedly.

Andrius watched the whole scene and was also exasperated. “It seems it won’t be easy to persuade Dr. Leach. Let’s think of another way.”

The others nodded in agreement.

“I have an idea.” Halle suddenly lit up and pointed at the Murrfield people waiting in line. “Why don’t we try bribing the patients in front? They can’t all be immune to money, right?”

That was true!

They would not believe that everyone in Murrfield treated money like dirt.

If money did not work, then double or triple it!

Andrius agreed to the method helplessly. “Go ahead.”

When the soldiers were halfway there, Andrius added, “Buy all the consultation tickets for the people who are waiting. My matter is a bit complicated, so it might take some time.”

“Yessir!” the soldiers agreed.

This method was not Andrius’ choice. However, to his surprise, all the soldiers returned not long after that.

They were all empty-handed and dejected. Andrius could tell by their experiences that they had been completely **defeated**.

“Wolf King, they told me to get lost.”

“Wolf King, they told me to get out of their sight.”

“Wolf **King**...

Andrius interrupted their **words**. “**Okay**, no need **to report**. I can **tell**.”

Noir and Halle were **getting** anxious.

“What now, **Andy**?”

“**Yeah**, we can’t **keep waiting like this**...”

Andrius looked at the Murrfield **people** waiting in line **and suddenly came up with** an **idea**.

As a skilled doctor, he could tell at a glance that these people only had minor ailments. Compared to a **big** whale **like him**, **their** problems were insignificant.

He immediately told Noir, "Go and call those people over. I'll treat them."

Noir was struck by a realization and quickly went forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen, come and take a look here. We're offering free consultations here. If we can't treat you, then you don't need to pay."

With Noir's shout, several curious and frugal Murrfield people who did not have serious illnesses approached him.

"We won't have to pay if you can't treat us? Is that true?"

"You lot are from Florence, right? Are you just here to con us?"

"Young man, will you keep your promise?"

It was clear that they were not very confident in Andrius. Those that came were mainly due to the offer of not having to pay if they were not treated.

Andrius looked at the people and grinned. "Of course."

The Murrfield people exchanged glances, but no one stepped forward.

After several dozen seconds, a tanned man walked up and said, "I'll give it a try! What do you need me to do, young man?"