

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Novel Online

1/2

Chapter 946

Like a terrifying bird of prey soaring through the sky, he appeared in front of Norvin in the

blink of an eye.

Swoosh!

Whoosh!

Bam!

Each move, while appearing simple, was extremely sharp and carried immense power. He showed no mercy as he attacked Norvin.

Norvin did not dare to be careless. He exerted his full strength and dealt with each move in

turn.

After a round of attacks, Duncan suddenly stopped and stood in front of Norvin calmly with his hands behind his back.

On the other hand, Norvin was gasping for breath and sweating profusely.

“Not bad.” Duncan appraised Norvin, his eyes showing approval. “You just entered the realm of a Martial God, but you were able to withstand three of my attacks at full force. You should be proud of yourself.”

He had just been testing Norvin's strength and did not go all out. After all, he had already broken through to the end stage of Martial God many years ago.

Although he spent several decades striving to break through to Martial Sage stage to no avail, his strength was still unbelievably formidable. Even just a fraction of his power was enough to cause Martial Emperors to despair.

“Thank you for the guidance!” Norvin did not dare to show any signs of disrespect in front of such a remarkable figure and quickly replied.

Duncan asked slowly, “Go ahead. Why did you come to find me?”

He had instructed many years ago not to disturb him unless absolutely necessary. Norvin’s arrival today indicated a severe situation.

Norvin immediately began by reporting the recent events related to the Kleins’ treasure and discussed the current state of the martial world, as well as the Ancient Martial Assembly.

Then, he continued, “During the treasure expedition, I was forced to reveal my true strength, which caused the others to be on guard against me.

“Although I appear to be the most powerful force in the ancient martial world now, it has also led to wariness and vigilance from all sides. The Anders, the Sheppards, and the Fullers... all have their own forebearers.”

At that point, Norvin’s expression appeared fearful.

“Those old farts have already reached the Martial God stage many years ago. They’re definitely not opponents I can handle. The Medicine Sect has also been concealing its true strength for many years and is hard to predict.

1

Chapter 946

“If their forebearers take action behind the scenes, even if the entire Swallow family, including myself, fights to the death, it might not be enough for a favorable outcome.

“Thus...” Norvin looked up at Duncan and said sincerely, “I hope that if necessary, you can provide some assistance so that the Swallows will achieve dominance. That way, we can rule the world without fear.”

Duncan did not answer immediately. He observed Norvin from head to bottom, the flames in his eyes gleaming.

“The Swallow family is blessed to have you as its successor!” Duncan praised without hesitation, “I’m very pleased with your thoughts. You are the right person to lead the Swallows! As for your request...”

Duncan looked into the distance, his tone carrying a hint of nostalgia. “You don’t need to worry about the forebearers of the three great families.

“We’ve already established a pact amongst ourselves. We won’t easily take action unless it’s a matter of life and death for the family. Thus, those old fellows won’t intervene at the Ancient Martial Assembly. Breaking that rule will only lead to chaos.”

Norvin was struck with realization and felt relieved.

As long as the older generation did not interfere, he had confidence in winning against all others.

“As for the Medicine Sect... they indeed have a powerful guardian.” Duncan’s expression became solemn. “That person possesses profound strength and is indeed a formidable enemy.

“I had a battle with him many decades ago before I entered seclusion. Back then, he was already in the late stage of Martial God. He was truly unparalleled in history.

“By my calculations... If he’s still alive, he has undoubtedly broken through to the Martial Sage stage.”

SAL

Chapter 948

s given him a deep sense of mystery, like an unscalable abyss, preventing him from thinking of him as an enemy.

Whenever Old Hagstorm made a slight effort, it would be enough to push Andrius to his limit, not knowing how to fight back.

Now, Andrius went from being a Great Grandmaster to a Martial Emperor...

He was indeed much more confident than he was before.

Even if he could not win, he should be able to hold his ground, right?

“Hehe...” Old Hagstorm could not help but laugh when he saw Andrius’ enthusiasm. “Andrius, if you can pluck a hair from my beard within three moves, I’ll reveal everything to you.”

Andrius suddenly had a bad feeling when he heard those words.

Old Hagstorm’s beard was his life!

Andrius took a deep breath and said seriously, “Very well, Master.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he pounced at Old Hagstorm. He would not have an opening if he let Old Hagstorm attack first.

“Good.”

Old Hagstorm smiled and did not move much. His white robe fluttered in the wind. It was wind stirred up by invisible inner energy.

Andrius’ expression turned grim, and his movements became faster.

Whoosh!

His right fist swooped down at Old Hagstorm’s face like a dragon’s claw.

Old Hagstorm tilted his head slightly and effortlessly avoided the attack. However, his left leg was already pressing against Andrius’ chest, preventing him from moving forward.

Andrius pushed forward and was rebounded back.

Regardless of whether he used feints or pretended to be weak, Andrius tried various techniques but could not get within a few meters of Old Hagstorm, let alone pluck a beard hair. “Three moves are over.” Old Hagstorm asked with a grin, “Andrius, do you surrender?”

Andrius pursed his lips and said with frustration, “My meridians are already at the level of a Martial Emperor. It’s just that I didn’t have enough time to fully replenish my inner energy. Once I fully restore it...”

“Stop!” Old Hagstorm interrupted him before he could finish and smiled. “You don’t have the strength of a Martial Emperor yet, so you’re not considered a Martial Emperor. Thus, I can’t tell you anything yet.”

Andrius instantly slumped like a deflated balloon.

Chapter 949

“Don’t worry, practice slowly.” Old Hagstorm seemed to comfort him, but there seemed to be a laugh in his tone.

“Okay, I’ll practice.” Andrius looked at him and suddenly laughed as well. “Master, I remember you had a medicinal garden with some rare and precious herbs. If I gather those herbs and refine them into pills, I can definitely reach my peak in a short time.”

Andrius thought that he could either force Old Hagstorm to give up the medicinal herbs to let his strength reach its peak, or the latter would refuse and just tell him the truth now.

However, Andrius was still too young.

Old Hagstorm was not surprised at his words at all and instead said, “Are you talking about the garden behind Mount Dragon Tiger? That garden has been destroyed long ago, so feel free to take what you

want!”

Andrius did not expect the garden to be destroyed and was instantly stunned.

Then, he said in indignation, “Master, no matter what, I’ll find a way to refine my inner energy to its peak. At that time, I hope that you’ll answer my questions.”

After saying that, Andrius strode out of the Forbidden Palace.

“Master.”

After Andrius left, Registus walked over from the side. Old Hagstorm nodded slightly in response.

His eyes stared at Andrius’ retreating figure, and he sighed. “Andrius has been smart from a young age. He already figured out the clues so early. It seems I have to lay low for a while and avoid drawing attention.”

Registus looked at Old Hagstorm in confusion and asked, “Master, do you mean that Andrius has already broken through to Martial Emperor? That’s impossible! Even if he has extraordinary talent, he was just at the early stage of Martial Lord half a month ago. Furthermore, Norvin shattered his meridians.”

Old Hagstorm looked at him and said meaningfully, “What Andrius said earlier was true. He has already reached the realm of Martial Emperor. His inner energy is lacking, but once he replenishes it, his strength will be an actual Martial Emperor’s.”

Registus was stunned at the words. His mouth subconsciously fell open as he stared in the direction Andrius left. 2

It had barely been a month.

Chapter 947

Norvin's expression instantly changed at the words, and he muttered, "Martial Sage..."

Duncan, who was just a late-stage Martial God, only needed three moves with just one-tenth of his strength to make him struggle.

How terrifying would a Martial Sage be?

Norvin did not dare to think or imagine it. He used countless rare ingredients and spent more than half his life to reach the Martial God realm. Martial Sage was beyond his comprehension.

"Don't worry." Duncan snorted and assured him, "When I fought him that year, I sensed a hint of death in his inner energy. It was a sign of spiritual exhaustion and the decline of his life force.

"You know that despite the immense strength of martial realm experts, who have the power to move mountains and split rocks, we're still bound by our mortality. We're vulnerable to the limitations of our birth, aging, sickness, and death.

"There's a high possibility that that man is already dead, so you don't need to worry about it."

Duncan's voice was firm.

However, Norvin was still fearful and stammered, "What if he broke through to the Martial Sage realm not long after?"

In the ancient martial realm, each breakthrough represented a leap in physical abilities. If that guardian broke through from Martial God to Martial Saint, it would mean a significant improvement in his vitality and lifespan.

That was what Norvin was worried about.

“That’s...” Duncan hesitated for a moment and shook his head. “Impossible. It won’t happen.

“The Martial Sage realm is much more different than the first four realms. Breaking through that barrier is as difficult as crossing a great chasm. That man couldn’t have broken through that easily. Otherwise...”

A hint of mockery seeped into Duncan’s tone, along with some desolation. “I wouldn’t have been stuck at this stage for decades without any progress.”

Norvin breathed a sigh of relief at those words.

A Martial Sage was indeed formidable.

However, there was no need to worry if he was dead.

“Norvin, don’t worry and carry out your plans boldly.” Duncan sighed and said with an excited voice, “The ancient martial realm now is like a stagnant pool. The Swallow family has been biding its time for many years. It’s time to stir up some waves.”

Norvin nodded and said with confidence, “Don’t worry. As long as the Martial God experts behind them don’t interfere, I’m confident that I’ll dominate the Ancient Martial Assembly and surpass everyone there.

“As long as we take the championship and secure the position of the Ancient Martial Alliance

Chapter

Chief, the world will belong to the Swallow family.

“If the forebearers disregard their reputation and intervene, I can still ask for your assistance then.”

The Swallow family had been scheming for many years, and it was finally time to close the net.

Norvin was cautious.

“Of course.” Duncan nodded immediately and waved his hand. “I understand the situation now. You may leave! I will always be the Swallow family’s strongest support.”

“Yes!” Norvin acknowledged and turned to leave.

Rumble...

As the stone door shifted, everything returned to calm as if nothing had ever happened.

Andrius went straight to the Forbidden Palace in Kiyoto.

“Andrius, you’re back.” When Registus saw Andrius, he immediately said, “Come, Master has been waiting for you for a long time.”

Old Hagstorm!

s given him a deep sense of mystery, like an unscalable abyss, preventing him from thinking of him as an enemy.

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“Don't worry, practice slowly.” Old Hagstorm seemed to comfort him, but there seemed to be a laugh in his tone.

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herbs. If I gather those herbs and refine them into pills, I can definitely reach my peak in a short time.”

Andrius thought that he could either force Old Hagstorm to give up the medicinal herbs to let his strength reach its peak, or the latter would refuse and just tell him the truth now.

However, Andrius was still too young.

Old Hagstorm was not surprised at his words at all and instead said, “Are you talking about the garden behind Mount Dragon Tiger? That garden has been destroyed long ago, so feel free to take what you want!”

Andrius did not expect the garden to be destroyed and was instantly stunned.

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After saying that, Andrius strode out of the Forbidden Palace.

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Registus looked at Old Hagstorm in confusion and asked, “Master, do you mean that Andrius has already broken through to Martial Emperor? That’s impossible! Even if he has extraordinary talent, he was just at the early stage of Martial Lord half a month ago. Furthermore, Norvin shattered his meridians.”

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Chapter 950

Chapter 949

Andrius was also eager to try.

After all, Old Hagstorm had always given him a deep sense of mystery, like an unscalable abyss, preventing him from thinking of him as an enemy.

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Chapter 950

1/3

Chapter 950

He went from Martial Lord, skipped past Martial King, and broke through to Martial Emperor?

What kind of freak was he?

It was unheard of!

It was unbelievable!

“Andrius truly is a genius.” Registus sighed in admiration and asked, “Master, what do we do next? Are you going to wait until he absorbs inner energy to his peak before telling him the truth? I’m afraid... It’ll be hard for him to accept.”

Registus’ worries were not without reason.

This twenty-year-long plan was not as simple as it seemed. What Andrius encountered was just the tip of the iceberg.

“The truth?” Old Hagstorm’s expression instantly turned serious, and he said slowly, “The truth will remain buried with the sands of time. Only the dead can completely keep this secret.”

Registus was taken aback and began to think about many things.

Andrius walked into the Lycantroops’ headquarters in Kiyoto.

Whoosh-

A dark figure suddenly appeared behind him. He was swift as a cheetah and raised his hand to throw a punch to the back of Andrius’ head.

Andrius smiled and raised his hand slightly, catching the fist.

Bam-

The immense force sent the shadow flying, landing on the ground after retreating eight steps to stabilize himself.

“Having fun, Noir?”

Andrius turned around and looked at the figure. It was none other than Noir.

“Hehe...” Noir scratched his head and said innocently, “You’re still the strongest, Andy.”

Whoosh –

Swoosh-

Swish-

At that moment, Andrius sensed multiple powerful auras coming from three directions— left, right, and behind him.

They were all martial realm experts.

“Rah!”

“Hyah!”

“Hup!”

The battle cries echoed, and one figure even leaped into the air as they surrounded Andrius, leaving him no room to evade.

Boom!

When these people came within a few meters of Andrius, he calmly turned around and thrust both palms forward. The energy in his palms surged like a mighty river.

The next moment, all the figures were blasted away and landed heavily on the ground.

“Hiss...”

“The Wolf King is still the Wolf King.”

“We were beaten before we could even get close. How embarrassing...”

“What’s embarrassing about losing to the Wolf King?”

“Hahaha, you’re right...”

The group’s comments ranged from amazement to self-deprecation to teasing as they slowly stood up.

They were the Black Hawk, Fenrir, Elmer, Fenrir, and the other Lycantroops elites. Now, they had cultivated their inner energy and become true martial realm experts.

“Not bad.” Andrius looked at them with approval. “It only took you such a short time to step into the martial realm. I underestimated you by giving you a half-month deadline.”

The group said, “Thank you for your guidance, Wolf King. We shall serve you with unwavering loyalty!”

Andrius nodded and looked at Noir. “Noir, make preparations to establish the Lycan Manor. It’ll be dedicated to handling martial realm experts in Florence.”

Then, he glanced at the Black Hawk and the others. “All of you will be Lycan Manor’s first batch of members, but it’s still far from enough.

“Noir, you need to establish a complete training system within the Lycantroops for experts advancing from Pseudo-Grandmaster to Grandmaster, Great Grandmaster, and finally the martial realm.

“That way, the outstanding soldiers in the Lycan Manor can receive significant training and be quickly integrated into the Lycan Manor.”

Noir’s eyes lit up at the words.

Yes, the Lycantroops were composed of elite soldiers. With some training, many of them could reach higher levels of achievement. This system would provide a steady flow of fresh blood to the Lycan Manor, creating a positive cycle.

“Yes, sir!” the group all agreed.

Noir patted his chest. “Leave it to me, Andy. The Lycan Manor will shock the world in less than half a year!”

Ring-

Before he could finish, his phone rang. Noir listened to the report, and his expression suddenly changed.

“What happened, Noir?” Andrius asked with a frown.

Noir hung up the phone and said grimly, “Andy, Halle is in trouble!”