

The Wolf King of the Western Frontline!

The fiercest commander that commanded a million elite soldiers, the Lycantroops!

Many years ago, the Emperor's driver accidentally offended the Wolf King, and he beat the man up in front of the Emperor's ten elite bodyguards.

Not a single one of them dared to stop him.

If even the Emperor's top ten elite bodyguards did not dare to offend the Wolf King, his former subordinate would not either.

Andrius looked at Roy indifferently and said, "Roy, your little brother called me powerless and poor and insisted that I shouldn't be having dinner here. What do you think? Am I qualified to have dinner here?"

Roy shuddered when he heard Andrius. "Sir, my brother was foolish to have offended you. I'll bring him in and make him apologize to you."

Roy then signaled his men outside the restaurant.

Dick then strutted into the restaurant. He had no idea what happened and simply believed that his brother had solved the little conflict.

When he went up to Andrius, he roared, "You punk..."

Roy stopped his brother with a slap on his face. He boomed, "You little piece of sh*t! Shut the hell up!"

"Roy..."

Dick covered his swollen face and looked at his brother in grief.

Since they were young, his brother had never hit him before, yet the first time he was slapped was in front of a crowd.

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Roy then kicked Dick in the knees and forced him to kneel in front of Andrius. He added, "You little piece of sh*t, if you don't get Sir's

forgiveness, I'm going to skin you alive today."

After scolding his brother, Roy looked at Andrius and bowed, "Sir, I take half of the responsibility for not teaching my brother properly. Please allow me to offer a toast to apologize, and my brother will also kowtow for what he has done."

Roy then looked at Venus.

Venus told her men to bring three glasses of strong liquor over and put them in front of Roy. He grabbed one of the glasses and gulped it down without hesitation.

The liquor was so high in alcohol percentage that even a soldier could not handle the spiciness.

When Dick saw his brother drink the liquor without hesitation, he knew given that his brother was someone with power, the man before him was someone so formidable that not even his brother could

afford to offend.

With that, he kowtowed as hard as he could.

Each time his forehead hit the floor, his mind would remind him of his arrogance from earlier, and it gave him chills.

The sudden turn of events shocked everyone. They had imagined all kinds of outcomes but definitely not this.

Opposite Andrius, Halle was astonished. She dared not believe her eyes. She even pinched her arm to see if she was dreaming, but the pain confirmed that she was awake.

She was not dreaming! Everything that she saw before her eyes were really happening.

Who exactly was Andrius Moonshade? Why would the military

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governor, Roy Holland, be so afraid of him?

The million-dollar question was stuck in Halle's, and also every guest's head.

A while later, Roy finished all three glasses of strong liquor, and Dick's forehead was swollen and bleeding after kowtowing multiple times.

Roy looked at Andrius cautiously and asked, "Sir, is this alright?"

"No more next time." Andrius waved his hand and added, "Roy, teach your brother properly. If something like this happens again, don't blame me for making things rough."

"Yes, sir. Thank you. I will do as told, sir."

Roy dared not linger for another second. He quickly grabbed Dick and ran out of the restaurant.

Until Roy and his men had left the restaurant, Dick then asked in a small voice, "Roy, who is that man?"

"He is...the Wolf King!"

“The Wolf King?”

“Mm-hmm.” Roy added in reverence, “The Wolf King who commands a million Lycantroops!”