

Chapter 846

The place was quite spacious. It was the meeting place that the fake emperor had chosen.

The sun was nearly overhead, and its rays were beautiful. A gentle breeze carried the unique fragrance of riverside flowers, gentle and intoxicating like a lover's touch on the face.

A table was placed in the middle with someone sitting leisurely behind it.

The person faced the sunlight, enjoying the gentle breeze while drinking. It was none other than the fake emperor.

Today, he was dressed in exquisite attire, exuding an air of nobility. With every gesture, he emanated the grace of an emperor.

"Andrius, you're finally here."

The fake emperor stood up when he saw Andrius, a warm smile on his face as if he were meeting a long-lost friend. "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Andrius silently pulled out a chair and sat down without a word, observing the fake emperor's performance.

Fenrir stood behind Andrius like a statue, standing tall with a straight back. He looked majestic, domineering, and incredibly loyal.

The fake emperor saw Andrius' reaction and smiled silently, then lifted the wine and poured a full glass for Andrius.

"Come, Andrius!"

He pushed the cup in front of Andrius and raised his own, saying loudly, "Let this toast mark the beginning of today's peace talks."

With that, he raised the glass and downed it.

Andrius only took a sip and did not pay much attention to the fake emperor, waiting to see what nonsense he would spout.

"Andrius, I heard earlier that you were infected with an insect poison. I was truly distressed and even privately sought out many experts in the field to develop a cure for you.

"Unfortunately, you went into Murrfield on your own before they could produce any results.

"On the day of your return, I hadn't even had the chance to express my concern and care when you suddenly rebelled. Were you enticed by some influence in Murrfield?"

At that point, the fake emperor said with righteous indignation, "Who was the scoundrel who incited discord between us? They're truly damnable..."

He said the words with so much emotion that it felt genuine. If Andrius did not know his true face, he might have been fooled.

“Heh.” He suddenly sneered and said faintly, “Get to the point. You’re just a fake emperor. You’re a puppet. Why bother rallying the troops so earnestly?”

At those words, the fake emperor’s smile instantly froze. His eyes turned cold in an instant he stared at Andrius, chills emanating from him in waves. It was grim and full of hatred.

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The atmosphere at the scene suddenly became oppressive, making it feel as if a mountain was pressing on their chests. It was almost suffocating.

A moment later, the fake emperor discarded his mask and looked at Andrius, saying in a low voice, “Andrius Moonshade! Even though you’re the Wolf King, I have an army of five million. I’m not afraid of you.

“I just don’t want to start a war in Florence lightly. I hope that you won’t underestimate me.” Andrius raised his brows and asked indifferently, “What do you want?”

Registus said, “We’ll split the land and rule together.”

“Hahaha...” Andrius could not help but laugh at those words, his laughter filled with disdain and contempt. “Split the land? I can’t believe you said that. You want to separate Florence into two and become a sinner condemned by history! I can’t afford to be that.”

At those words, Andrius glared at the fake emperor and said coldly, “Ever since you massacred the Lycantroops officials, there’s no possibility of negotiation between us. Today, I will avenge the countless souls who died unjustly!”

After saying that, Andrius suddenly stood up. A powerful aura instantly spread out from him.

Boom!

With Andrius as the center, the aura spread out in all directions, radiating over hundreds of meters. The winds swept across the fields, shaking the heavens.

The fake emperor’s expression darkened completely, no longer holding any hope.

Swish...

He waved his hand and said expressionlessly, “Andrius, since you’re determined to seek death, I’ll fulfill your wish!”