

# The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea

## Chapter 756

“What?”

“The Wolf King The Wolf King is...”

“Impossible That's impossible!”

“Heaven wants to destroy the Lycantroops and Florence...”

The commanders were at a loss, full of despair. Then, they burst into loud wails.

It was a scene of sorrow.

After an unknown amount of time, Noir glanced at the commanders, his expression heavy with grief and determination “Commanders, the unfinished tasks of the Wolf King have now fallen to us. We must move forward and carry on the legacy of the Wolf King in this hopeless situation!”

“Move forward and carry on the legacy of the Wolf King in this hopeless situation!”

“Move forward and...”

The commanders stacked their hands together.

The next day, a piece of news swept in from the Western border like a hurricane, spreading across the world in an instant and creating shockwaves.

Andrius Moonshade, the Wolf King, the pillar of Florence and the unchanging compass....

He once drove the Western Nations to scurry like rats, earning the title the ‘Whip of Heaven’!

He was the dream idol of countless women and the role model of countless men.

However, he was dead!

He died due to a scheme from Kabreh, the marshal of the Western Allied Forces.

When this news emerged, the world was in shock.

There was confusion everywhere, especially in Florence where the people had placed high hopes on the Wolf King.

They expected him to expel the invaders and restore Florence to its former glory.

However, he was killed in action before victory was even achieved!

Andrius Moonshade, the Wolf King of the Lycantroops, was gone just like that.

In Kiyoto, Registus looked incredulous when he heard the news. **He** stared at the subordinate reporting to

him. "Andrius is dead?"

"Yes!" The subordinate reported truthfully, "The Lycantroops are currently holding a funeral procession."

Flickers of light **kept flashing in** Registus' eyes as his thoughts drifted far **away**.

Andrius had always been **a** thorn in his side.

Now, news of his death suddenly **came**, but was **it** true or **false**?

"You may leave now." Registus dismissed the subordinate **and immediately summoned** the Second War God. "You've heard about Andrius' **death, haven't** you?"

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+ was clear that he shared Registus' concerns Andrius had always been a crafty person and **had** congress schemes **even** he **could** deceive not only his enemies **but even** his allies in Florence

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After a moment of contemplation, legatus ordered. Let's do this. Dress up in mourning attire **and** lead a delegation to the Lyn aros mediately **find out** whether his death is real or fake

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The **Second War God nodded while hiding a hint of excitement**. "I have, but..."

it was **clear that he shared** Registus' concerns. **Andrius had always** been a **crafty** person **and had countless schemes** up his **sleeve**. He could **deceive** not only his **enemies** but even **his allies in Florence**.

Thus, **the Second War God could not** be too **sure at a** time like this.

**After** a moment **of contemplation**, Registus ordered, "**Let's** do this. Dress **u p** in **mourning attire and** lead a **delegation** to **the** Lycantroops immediately. Find out whether his death **is** real or **fake**."

**A sharp glint** flashed in **Registus' eyes**.

News of Andrius' death...

If it was fake, he hoped that it was real.

If it was real, then that was great news.

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

The Second War God immediately left to make arrangements.

In the afternoon, the Second War God and the delegation dispatched by the emperor arrived in Yatburg by private jet.

The Second War God did not waste any time.

## Chapter 757

After the jet landed, he immediately led the delegation to the Lycantroops' HQ.

The **soldiers were** all silent **and were** all dressed in mourning garb. Some **had** swollen **red** eyes, some **appeared** heavy-hearted, and some had empty gazes. It was clear that they had undergone immense

**sorrow.**

The Second War God was not **deceived** by these appearances **and** walked straight **into** the main hall.

“Black Wolf, Eight Commanders...”

Although the Second War God felt eager inside, he did not dare to show any signs of joy. He pretended to be deeply saddened and said, “The emperor has heard of the Wolf King's passing and has tasked me with offering his condolences.”

Noir nodded expressionlessly.

The Eight Commanders all had grim expressions too.

Seeing their reaction, the Second War God grew even more certain. However, he would not **be** truly convinced until he saw Andrius' corpse.

Without hesitation, he walked step by step toward the coffin placed in the center of the hall.

When he saw what was inside, his heart was instantly overjoyed.

Andrius lay peacefully inside, having passed away for some time.

However, the Second War God was not completely at ease and specifically glanced at Andrius' left arm. He had noticed a bullet wound scar there before when they had exchanged blows in the past.

He wanted to confirm if it was truly Andrius inside.

Sure enough, the scar was there.

Furthermore, since Andrius had been dead for some time, his skin had stiffened, making the mark particularly distinct.

The Second War God was now certain that Andrius had truly died. He almost burst into laughter.

"Andrius..." He shed a few crocodile tears. "You're the soul of Florence. How could you leave like **this**?"

"Now that you're gone, what about the Lycantroops? What about Florence? The sky will fall upon Florence!"

His words sounded incredibly emotional and sincere.

Anyone **who was unaware** might **think** that they were close friends and that he was mourning a loyal subject of Florence. In **reality, it** was just an impromptu **act**.

After a **while, he wiped his** tears and snorted coldly. "Black Wolf and **the** Eight Commanders, **Andrius** was **the emperor's** right-hand man **and** a pillar **of** Florence.

"Just **news of** his life **and** death holds immeasurable **value**. It'll attract countless spies **from other nations**. How could **you be careless enough** to **let the news** leak?"

He was **reprimanding them**.

Noir **stared straight at him and said coldly, “This was the Wolf King’s orders before his body was infected with the insect. He foresaw this day and made a series of arrangements.**

“Now, **there’s only one final step left in the Wolf King’s plan.**

“**The leaders** of the Western Nations are suspicious and will be uncertain even after they hear **news of the Wolf King’s death. They won’t act** rashly until **they confirm the truth.**

“**That’s the final chance for the Lycantroops to execute** the plan. Once the plan is **complete, we’ll** effortlessly bring down the Western Nations Alliance.”

Noir’s words were confident. He had absolute trust in the Wolf King.

The Second War God’s eyes flickered upon hearing this, and he asked, “What is the Wolf King’s plan?”

“No comment,” Noir refused expressionlessly.

The Second War God’s expression froze, and he said awkwardly, “My apologies. I was being nosy. Since the Wolf King has everything planned, I’m not worried. Farewell, gentlemen...”

Then, the Second War God left the hall.

In Yatburg airport, he looked in the direction of the Lycantroops’ HQ, and his expression flashed with mockery as he took out a recording pen from his pocket.

He had recorded their conversation earlier.

He instructed the subordinate beside him, “Go. Take this and deliver it to the leaders of the Western

Nations. Make sure it ends up in King Canchilla’s hands.”

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

## Chapter 758

In Griffin **Pass, Canchilla and** the others had **learned about** Andrius' death and were gathered **together to discuss** the matter.

“Andrius **is** cunning and **wily**. We must be cautious.”

“Andrius is sly and treacherous, constantly devising plots and schemes. I **believe the news** of his **death** is just another smokescreen meant to lure our army.”

“Andrius is ruthless and will employ any means necessary to win battles. Faking his **death** must be **part** of the plan!”

Almost all the leaders unanimously believed that Andrius' death was staged to deceive the enemy. They were sure that it was just his scheme.

Just then, a general rushed in excitedly. “Your Majesty, the Second War God from Florence has sent something and insisted that I deliver it to you.”

The Second War God?

Canchilla and the other leaders were puzzled.

The general handed over a recording pen.

Canchilla's eyes widened slightly, and he immediately played the recording.

Soon, everyone heard Noir's words.

The general continued, “The Second War God also said that he has confirmed the Wolf

King's death and has seen the body with his own eyes. This conversation took place right in front of the Wolf King's coffin.”

At those words, the conference room burst into discussion.

“Great!”

“This is great news! The Wolf King is truly dead!”

“Hahaha, the Wolf King probably never imagined that the Second War God would leak the plans he painstakingly **made!**”

“**We** must act quickly **before** the Wolf King’s plan has the chance of being completed!”

The leaders rejoiced as they **discussed** their next moves.

Canchilla’s **eyes** gleamed as he glanced at everyone **present**. “I’ve decided. We shall launch a full–scale attack on the **five** main passes. This time, we’ll pull the rug under their **feet**. **What do** you all think?”

Words of agreement immediately sounded **at** his words.

“Exactly!”

“The Wolf **King’s death** is a golden opportunity!”

“**The Wolf** King fell at this critical juncture of the war. It seems that **the heavens** themselves want to **bring** ruin to Florence. **We** must reorganize our **forces** and seize **the western border!**”

“I concur...”

“**Me** too!”

**All** the **leaders believed** that this was a godsent **opportunity**.

“Good!”

**Canchilla’s face** flushed with excitement as he **ordered**, “I hereby order **that** all the armies **of the Western Nations launch** a full–**scale** attack. **We** will **capture** all five passes in one stroke and converge **within Yatburg’s walls!**”

On that day, it was **as if** the **Western Allied** Forces had gone mad. They divided their **forces** into five groups and launched a **frenzied** attack on the remaining five passes of the Western **border**.

However, their progress was not as smooth as they had imagined.



Although the Lycantroops had lost the Wolf King, their astonishing willpower still proved to be a headache for Canchilla and the other leaders.

The **Western Nations' Allied Forces** not only failed to break through but also suffered heavy losses.

On **the** other hand, the Lycantroops relied on favorable terrain to engage in battle and achieved the best

results with minimal cost!

Three days passed, but none of the five passes were breached.

Instead, the Allied Forces lost hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

In the Forbidden Palace in Kiyoto, when Registus heard about the situation on the Western border, he could not help but snap, "Useless! They're all incompetent!"

"Andrius is already dead, and we've already given them the news. Their soldiers outnumber the Lycantroops three to one, but they're still losing. They're truly useless!"

"They might as well feed what's on their necks to the dogs!"

Then, the hall was filled with a cacophony of noise.

## Chapter 759

**Registus** smashed **everything** he **laid** his **eyes on**. It was **as if** his anger had completely changed him.

"Your Majesty..."

The Second War **God waited** for him to finish venting and approached with a sinister look.

"**The passes on** the Western border are indeed crucial, but the Lycantroops have the advantage **of the** terrain. It's difficult for the Allied Forces to attack.

"However, I have a plan that can wipe out the Lycantroops in an instant."

As he spoke, his eyes narrowed slightly with a grim light.

“What is it?” Registus urged impatiently.

The Second War

God said, “Your Majesty, you only need to draft an edict, ordering the Lycantroops to open the gates to engage the enemy head-on and seek revenge for the Wolf King.”

Registus’ eyes instantly brightened.

Yes!

The Lycantroops’ only advantage was the terrain and defensive structures which made it hard for the

Allied Forces to breach.

However, if they abandoned these strategic positions and chose to engage in open battle outside the passes, they would have no advantage whatsoever.

Their disadvantage in numbers would be heavily exploited by the Allied Forces.

“Convey my orders!” Registus roared, “The Wolf King sacrificed himself for the nation, causing me great grief. I hereby order the Lycantroops to open the gates and engage the forces of **the** Western Nations in a decisive battle.

“Seek vengeance for the Wolf King at any cost!”

An envoy soon arrived at Yatburg to deliver the imperial edict.

“What? We’re to engage the enemy outside the passes?”

“**That’s**... That will disrupt the Wolf King’s strategy entirely.”

“How will we make up for our numerical disadvantage? We won’t have any advantage **if we fight** in the open against **the Allied Forces!**”

“Did the emperor make a **mistake?**”

“This is...”

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The **Eight** Commanders, Noir, and other high-ranking **officials** of the Lycantroops questioned **the edict** immediately.

**The envoy's** face was **arrogant**. "What? **Are** you planning to **defy** the imperial **edict**? That's a **capital** offense!"

"**You all had better think carefully!**"

**Noir, Fenrir, and the others** fell **silent and stopped speaking**. Then, they returned to their camps to start **deploying** their troops.

**Seeing this, the envoy** returned to Kiyoto **triumphantly**.

**Over the** next **few days, the tide of the battle** gradually turned.

**The Lycantroops** seemed **to have gone mad**. They **opened all** the gates **and confronted the Western Nations Allied Forces** head-on in the **vast** wilderness.

Each battle was **incredibly** intense and swift.

Due to the disparity in numbers, the Lycantroops often found themselves surrounded even before **the fight** had truly begun, putting them at a disadvantage.

Perhaps it was due to the death of the Wolf King, or perhaps it was due to the imperial edict, but the Lycantroops lost their rationality, toughness, **and** fierceness. They fought **viciously** if they could **win and** surrendered if **they** could not.

After five days, not only had all the passes fallen, but the morale of the Lycantroops crumbled. Countless soldiers surrendered.

The soldiers who surrendered were naturally welcomed **with** open arms by Canchilla and the leaders of

the Western Nations.

They all knew that each and every Lycantroop was skilled, and their combined strength led to the Lycantroops being unrivaled worldwide. They were the cream of the crop.

However, they surrendered.

It was Registus' pressure that forced them to surrender.

Furthermore, Canchilla had a bold idea..

After the battle on the Western border concluded, he planned to reorganize all the Lycantroops, who would serve as the vanguard to attack Florence and engage with Registus' forces.

In his view, sending the Lycantroops to face Registus served two purposes. It would fulfill the wishes of the surrendered Lycantroops soldiers and deal a significant blow to Florence's forces.

It was a flawless strategy.

## Chapter 760

**A week later, all** five major passes were lost.

**Over a** third of the Lycantroops had surrendered.

The Allied Forces assembled around Yatburg, forming a siege and pressuring **the border**.

**As** that news spread, panic and turmoil swept across Florence.

**"It's** over. We're **done** for..."

"Yatburg is the last fortress in Western Florence. If it falls to the Allied Forces, they'll have an **elevated** vantage point on the **rest** of Florence. They could bring in reinforcements or split their **forces**. Florence is in crisis!"

"If the Wolf King were here, things wouldn't have come to this point!"

"It's too late to say that now..."

Various negative comments flooded the internet.

No one knew if it was intentional or not.

In Kiyoto, Registus immediately summoned the War Gods and Warzone Master upon receiving this news.

He looked around and said in high spirits, “The Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade, has perished, the Lycantroops are on the brink of destruction, and Yatburg is about to fall into the hands of the Western Nations. It’s time for us to take action.”

The people below also smiled with joy.

Andrius and the Lycantroops...

That obstacle that had stood in their way for years was finally collapsing. Florence was about to step into

a new era.

“I hereby order...”

Registus looked at **the** War Gods and ordered, “The Second, Sixth, and Seventh War Gods will form one group, and **the** Third, Fourth, and Fifth War Gods will form another.

“Lead the Northern and Central Warzone armies to **march** into the Western territory.

“The Eastern Warzone will be responsible for defense from the direction of the Eastern Sea and the north.

“Once **the** Allied Forces breach Yatburg, they’ll undoubtedly become arrogant. They might even turn on each other due to territorial disputes.

“As the saying goes, **pride goes** before a fall. Letting the Allied **Forces take Yatburg is the** first step toward a comprehensive **victory** for Florence.

“At that **time, our** warriors will be **motivated** and **determined**. **They’ll surely unleash** astonishing **strength with righteous** indignation.”

**Registus pointed** and gestured, his resounding **voice** echoing throughout the **hall**.

The **War** Gods and **Warzone** masters also looked **excited and eager** to **act**.

“Under **these** circumstances...**this battle** will determine our fate. **We will achieve a level of prestige** surpassing **that of the Wolf King!**”

**Registus’ voice grew louder.**

This was his strategy. **Not** only would **he obliterate Andrius** and the **Lycantr oops**, but he would also permanently resolve the issue of **the Western Nation s** and maintain his own rule...

It was killing three birds **with** one stone!

“**Yes, Your Majesty!**” the War **Gods** and Warzone **Masters** below responded loudly. They **returned to** their **respective** camps and **prepared** to deploy their **troops to face** the impending **battle**.

Unbeknownst to the outside world, a conspiracy was silently brewing...

**At** the same time, outside Yatburg on the Western border...

The Second Marshal led an army and surrounded the area, giving the remaining Lycantroops no breathing space and preventing reinforcements from coming.

Since the passes needed forces to stay behind to defend them, the Allied Forces had to allocate troops to each pass, resulting in a significant dispersion of their forces.

Rumble...

Suddenly, the sound of artillery fire came from a checkpoint. It was **like** the fuse of firecrackers being lit.

Boom!

Boom!

At that moment, the mountains trembled, and the land seemed to change.

The explosions continued one after another, unceasing.

The surrendered Lycantroops had already organized themselves and launched a frenzied encirclement against these passes.

With the combat prowess of the Lycantroops **and** their strategy, the battle seemed completely one-sided.

In just a short time, the Allied Forces guarding those passes suffered heavy casualties. Some weaker units even perished on the spot.

Enval Peak was the highest **mountain** on the Western border.

Andrius stood **at the** peak alone as he looked at the land below. He witnessed the flashes of light that **accompanied** the sounds of artillery fire.