

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea

Chapter 766

“**First**, issue a **joint declaration** and sign **the** surrender **agreement** and peace **treaty**.”

“**Second**, each of your **nations** must cede a third of your territory to be incorporated into **Florence's Western border**.”

“Third, from now on, all your military forces must remain within the prescribed range of my Lycantroops' control, and you **are strictly** forbidden from developing any heavy weaponry.”

“Fourth, deliver the first three princes of your countries as hostages to the Lycantroops, and then you may **leave**.”

Conceding territory, reparations, and hostages...

Andrius used **every** means available to him.

For the heads of state like Canchilla, it was unquestionably a humiliating surrender. However, for the sake of survival, they had no choice.

“Agreed.”

“Wolf King, we all agree to the terms.”

“Wolf King, please draft the clauses quickly!”

“Wolf King...”

One by one, the leaders gritted their teeth and accepted.

Half a day later, all reparations were settled, and all territorial changes were finalized. The hostages were

also delivered.

After signing the treaty, Canchilla and the other leaders left one by one, dispirited. They arrived with high spirits and departed like miserable dogs. This was the fate of those who went against the Lycantroops

“Noir, spread this to the news outlets. Not only did we win this battle, but we achieved a great victory, an unprecedented one.”

It was not just a victory.

The Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade, took up the whip of the heavens once again, annihilating five million troops from the Western Nations who had countless firearms, tanks, aircraft, and other weapons.

The Western Nations would take at least several decades to recover. With the constraints of the treaty, they would remain under the control of the Lycantroops from now on. There was no possibility of them turning the tide.

Furthermore, Andrius had expanded Florence’s territory by millions of square kilometers.

This was undoubtedly an achievement that was comparable to the deeds of ancient heroes in the past.

In the current international situation, his accomplishments were as great as they could be.

The news spread quickly.

The whole nation **rejoiced, filled with** jubilation.

“**Hahaha, I knew the Wolf King couldn’t have died!**”

“**The Wolf King is truly a gift from God to Florence. With his strength alone, he led the Lycantroops and defeated five million enemy soldiers, and even expanded our territory. What a remarkable achievement!**”

“**He’s the modern-day God of War!**”

“**His fake death was such a smart move. It’s astonishing.**”

“After **this war, the Western Nations won’t recover for decades. The Wolf King has brought us an era of peace and prosperity.**”

The **netizens were generous with their praise and admiration.**

Between the lines, there **was a deep** sense of **pride** in being born in Florence. **They felt proud** of a divine figure like **the Wolf King**

The treaties allowed the citizens of Florence to feel like they were reliving the proud and glorious eras **of** the past.

On that day, the whole nation celebrated.

As the Wolf King, Andrius’ prestige had reached a new peak.

In Kiyoto, in the Hall of Serenity of the Forbidden Palace.

Crash...

Clatter...

Bam

Noises merged into a cacophony that echoed for a long time.

Andrius was not only alive but also decisively defeated the Western Nations and dealt a heavy blow with just his strength. Furthermore, they signed a peace treaty which resulted in the Western Nations ceding territory and paying reparations. When Registus heard news about this, he erupted in fury.

He was furious at the Western Nations for being so useless that they could not defeat the Lycantroops even with five million troops.

He was furious at Andrius for taking matters into his own hands and accepting territorial concessions without approval from the crown.

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Now...

The reputation gained, **the territories** held, **and the resources obtained** by the **Lycantroops would elevate** them further **and** make it **even** more **difficult** to keep them in check.

“Useless! **They’re** all useless!”

It had been half an hour, but Registus continued to smash everything.

Almost nothing remained intact in the **hall**. Everything was destroyed by Registus’ fury, turning into a pile

of debris.

Outside the hall, the Second War God and the others rushed back from the west. When they heard the commotion, their dark expression became even more ominous.

However, due to the situation, they had to steel themselves and enter.

“Your Majesty...” the Second War God reported respectfully when he saw the emperor still smashing stuff.

“Speak.”

Registus did not look back, but his clipped word caused the temperature in the hall to drop by several degrees. Even the Second War God and the others could not help but feel a slight chill.

However, he said truthfully, “Andrius Moonshade asked me to deliver a message to you.”

Registus suddenly turned around and stared at the Second War God. His eyes narrowed to slits, and his voice was suppressed. “What message?”

“He said that there were traitors working with the Western Nations in this war and that he won’t **let** them

off if he finds evidence.”

As soon as the Second **War** God spoke...

Bam!

Clatter...

Registus exploded again, smashing everything he laid his eyes on. He roared, "Andrius Moonshade, you've gone too far!"

"You've gone too far!"

He **screamed** so loudly that his shoulders shook with each shout, and he even **started** hiccupping from **the anger**.

The Second War God **exchanged** glances with **the** Sixth and Seventh War Gods, then gritted his teeth and continued, "**Your Majesty**..."

"**Andrius** has also **captured the** leaders of the Western **Nations**. Those spineless individuals **agreed to terms** like territorial concessions. It's certain they won't keep it a secret.

"**Once Andrius** finds **out the** truth, he won't spare us. It might **be better** for us **to take the** initiative now **and get rid of** Andrius **before** he **strikes**.

"**Otherwise, if** we wait for him **to come knocking, he'll be fully prepared and won't leave us any room to** escape. **By then,** it'll be too **late** for regrets!"

Registus' **eye twitched** fiercely at those **words**.

Yes, **he** knew Andrius too **well**.

He was a **madman** who **could do anything**.

"I also want to get rid of him." Registus' expression was dark as he snorted, "But he has just achieved **a great victory**. He not **only** crushed the arrogance of the Western Nations but also made them concede territory and hand over hostages. His popularity among the people is at an all-time high.

"**If we take** action now, it's bound to arouse public outrage and trigger a series of events."

That was what Registus was concerned about.

Killing those who contributed after they fought such a splendid battle...

Not even a tyrant would dare to do that without a justifiable reason.

“Your Majesty, we could do it like this.” The Second War God’s eyes gleamed with a sinister light as he offered a plan. “We can host a victory celebration in Kiyoto and invite the commanders of the Lycantroops **to** attend.

“Then, we’ll capture the commanders during the celebration.

“We’ll charge them with treason and execute them while also administering poison to their families.

“Andrius loves his soldiers dearly. Once he hears this news, he’ll undoubtedly come to the capital. At that time, we can frame him with some unfounded charges and force him to confess!”

It was a ruthless and vicious plan. It actually involved killing the commanders of the Lycantroops **after** they had just won a victorious battle.

Registus fell into thought, considering the feasibility of this plan.

“Your Majesty, showing mercy now will be cruel to ourselves in the future!”

“Your Majesty, indecision will lead to chaos!”

The Sixth and Seventh War Gods exchanged glances and stepped forward to persuade him.

“Very well!”

A glint flashed in Registus’ eyes as he agreed to the Second War God’s plan. “This matter should not be delayed. Go and make preparations now!”

“Yes, Your **Majesty!**”

The Second War God immediately left to carry out the orders.

The **scheme** was like a **silent** shadow, looming over the heads of the **Lycantroops’** commanders.

In Yatburg, Andrius **was administering acupuncture** to himself.

The fake death he had staged before only temporarily suppressed the insect.

After using **that** unique method of suppression, the insect rebounded even more intensely. **Andrius'** body **was** growing increasingly weak.

“Andrius...”

Like **a young wife**, Halle held a towel to wipe the sweat from Andrius' forehead.

When she saw his weakened state, she felt so distressed that she wished the insect was in her body **instead**. **That** way, it would spare him from this situation.

Ding...

Just then, Andrius' phone rang.

Halle immediately picked it up and handed it to him, making sure not to look at the screen.

It was a message from the First War God, Conrad Gibbs. “Andrius, I heard that you're infected by an insect. There happens to be a skilled insect master in the prison I oversee who might be able to help.”

An insect master!

If that person was captured by the First War God and imprisoned in the Southern Wilds Prison, they must be extraordinary.

“I'll go there now,” Andrius replied to Conrad.

Then, he packed his belongings and headed to Yatburg Airport while accompanied by Noir and Halle. From there, they departed straight to the **Southern Wilds**.

Just as their **private** jet took off, **an aircraft** from Kiyoto landed at the airport.

A man disembarked from the plane. He was none other than Marvin Kramer. He led the imperial envoy and arrived outside the Lycantroops' headquarters.

“The emperor has issued an edict. All commanders of the Lycantroops are to receive the edict!”

The commanders exchanged glances, not knowing what scheme Registus was up to.

However, the emperor’s edict held significant weight, so they quickly gathered

Marvin presented the edict and **read** it aloud, “The Western Nations wish for our harm and invaded our territory with overwhelming force.

“Fortunately, the Lycantroops’ unity has thwarted the schemes of the Western Nations with minimal cost. It is truly an extraordinary achievement. Such a momentous achievement that stabilizes and supports the **nation should** be celebrated grandly

“Thus, on the night of the upcoming full moon, I invite all commanders to join the imperial envoy to Serenity Garden for a grand celebration to express my joy.”

The Eight Commanders exchanged glances, bewildered **by** the situation. They **already** knew that Registus and the **Second War God** were up to **no good during this war, causing them much trouble. Now, they were** publicly announcing **a victory celebration...**

Something felt off. It was very **strange**.

Fenrir **stepped** forward and **said**, “Mr. **Kramer**, the Western **border has just settled down after the war. We need** to guard the borders and **can’t** afford to be complacent.

“Furthermore, there are **a series of policies** that **we need to push** due to the territorial concessions from **the Western Nations**. We really **can’t** leave.

“I think it’s better to **call** off this celebration.”

He could not figure out Registus’ intentions, and the Wolf King was absent, so he decided to reject it. It **was** a prudent choice.

“Yes, Mr. Kramer, we still need to guard the borders. There’s no need for a banquet.”

“Mr. Kramer, **it’s** easier to win territory than to keep it. We mustn’t let our guard down.”

“Mr. Kramer, forget about the banquet. Please return.”

Marvin anticipated this situation and smiled, advising, “Gentlemen, it’s customary to celebrate after **a** victory. This will uplift the people’s spirits and reward the soldiers *too*.”

“If you don’t attend, the citizens of Florence might think that **the** emperor is neglecting those who contributed. That would be bad.”

“We wouldn’t want our citizens to feel a gap in their hearts toward Florence, right?”

Fenrir could not refute that. The Wolf King had always taught them to protect and serve the people. He exchanged a look with the other commanders and realized that everyone was also helpless.

Thus, he agreed

“How about this? Mr. Kramer, I’ll have the commanders who contributed the most in this battle attend.”

Then, he called over the high-ranking generals under their command.

On one hand, it was because they truly could not leave their posts. Second, showcasing their subordinates would increase their prestige, so it was a good move.

Merit and fame did not mean much to them.

The Lycantroops were simple and unpretentious in that manner.

Afterward, a general under Fenrir, Callan Gills, led the high-ranking officers who made significant contributions in this battle and followed Marvin to Kiyoto.

In Serenity Garden, Registus had already arranged the timing for the grand banquet.

“The Lycantroops officers have arrived...”

A loud shout from the guards outside could be heard.

Registus smiled brightly. “Enter!”

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“**Let** the Lycantroops officers enter.”

As soon as **he spoke, Callan and** the other high-ranking officers of the Lycantroops walked into Serenity **Garden.**

“Generals, you’ve worked hard.”

Registus stood above the common crowd, his voice sounding regal. He waved his hand to signal the generals.

As high-ranking members of the Lycantroops, Callan and the others were well aware of Registus’ true nature. **They** were not bought by his behavior and only responded politely.

“We fight for Florence and its people.”

“It’s our duty as generals of the Lycantroops.”

“The Western Nations invaded Florence like wild beasts. It’s something every person of Florence should avenge!”

These were their heartfelt thoughts.

“Regardless, this battle has proved the might of Florence, ushering in an era of peace.” Registus raised his glass and said loudly, “Generals, please drink with me to celebrate this extraordinary achievement!”

Then, he lifted his glass and downed it in one gulp.

The commanders glanced at Callan who raised his glass. Then, the others also finished their drinks.

However...

Bam!

The next moment, Registus slammed his glass to the ground, shouting angrily, “Callan Gills, how dare you!

“I invited you all to celebrate, but you harbor arrogant schemes and actually want to assassinate me during the banquet. Do *you* think I won’t dare to take you down?”

His voice **was** very loud and echoed far across the spacious garden.

Assassinate?

Callan and the others exchanged glasses. **All** they did was have a drink. How did it turn into an assassination?

“Your **Majesty!**” Callan knew that he had sinister intentions and stood up immediately to defend himself loudly. “We came here at Mr. Kramer’s earnest request and were merely drinking peacefully. What do you mean by assassination?”

All the officers stood up, looking **at** Registus warily

“Heh...”

Registus looked at the officers. They were the pillars of the Lycantroops, so he **immediately steeled** his **determination to** kill them.

“If I **say you were** plotting assassination, then you were plotting assassination **!**”

Callan **and the others** paled.

If a person **wanted** to accuse **someone**, **they** would **always find a way!**

Registus deceived **them into** coming so **that he** could capture them!

“Who is attempting assassination?”

“Quick, protect the **emperor!**”

Just then, a strong **voice came** from outside. The voice was seemingly filled with anger but actually concealed a cold delight.

The
Second War God personally led his troops and surrounded Serenity Garden.

Whoosh!

Clack!

Click!

The fully armed soldiers burst out and surrounded Callan and the other Lycantroops officers in the **blink** of an eye. They were all armed with guns specially made to deal with experts!

“Your Majesty, Second War God, you...”

Callan realized what was going on, and his expression darkened. “At this moment of celebration, you intend to act against the Lycantroops who achieved such merits? Aren’t you afraid of divine retribution?”

The other officers also understood. This banquet was a trap from the beginning. It was a trap for the Lycantroops

Unfortunately, they were caught now, and all their communication devices were confiscated when they entered. They had no way of sending out a message.

“Divine retribution?” Registus laughed, proud and arrogant.

“I am the emperor. The vast heavens above only exist for me. What divine retribution?”

Callan and the other officers remained composed, expressionless as they thought of their next move.

“I’ll give you a chance to live.” Registus narrowed his eyes slightly, a fierce glint flashing within.

“As long as you’re willing to submit a report detailing Andrius’ crimes, I can spare you...”

“Impossible!” Callan interrupted him coldly before he could finish. “The Wolf King is upstanding and honorable. He is the glory of the Lycantroops and the

pride of Florence. We won't tarnish his reputation.... We will never defame him!"

Callan's words were as firm as iron.

The other officers also stared at Registus with anger in their eyes.

Defaming **the** Wolf King was more unbearable than being killed.

"Insolence!" Registus erupted in anger and ordered, "I'll issue an imperial edict today!"

"**The** officers of **the** Lycantroops conspired to assassinate me and other officials while attending the banquet, plotting to seize power!"

"**Execute them!**"

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Clack!

Swoosh!

The sounds of bullets being loaded into chambers and safeties being clicked off echoed all **around**.

The Lycantroops officers were furious.

Registus truly intended to execute them!

Swoosh...

Swish...

They all sprung up, rushing toward the Second War God's forces to fight.

Bang!

As the Second War God took action, his soldiers did not hesitate either and pulled the triggers, unleashing gunfire upon the Lycantroops officers.

“Argh...”

“Ugh...”

“...”

One by one, the officers of the Lycantroops fell. However, not a single one surrendered or pleaded for

mercy.

When there was only one left standing, Registus ordered expressionlessly, “Guards, behead him and make an announcement that the Lycantroops officers conspired treason at the banquet, attempting to assassinate the emperor. Their crimes deserve death.”

The soldiers under the Second War God’s command immediately followed the order.

Crackle...

Just then, lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating the area with dazzling brightness.

For an instant, the tragic state of the Lycantroops officers was illuminated.

Rumble...

Then, the sound of thunder roared through the heavens. It was like the furious cries of aggrieved souls. It was like the wrath of a thunder god.

Whoosh...

The cold **wind** sobbed endlessly, carrying a bone-chilling coldness **that** lingered **with** boundless grief.

The famed generals and loyal souls did not die on the battlefield or at the hands of the enemy. Instead, **they met** their end in the internal struggles and deceptions of Florence, executed by the emperor **they** were sworn to protect.

It was **tragic and** lamentable.

In the Southern Wilds Prison, Andrius rushed over immediately after disembarking from the plane.

“This way, Andrius.”

Conrad had been waiting for a long time and led Andrius inside.

“This person’s name is Bradley Mendez. He’s the Insect Doctor, Patrick Mendez’s junior. He was notorious for his wicked deeds in the Southern Wilds and committed heinous crimes until I captured him.”

Conrad introduced as they walked, “Now, he has been conquered by me and serves me. You can rest assured, Andrius.”

Andrius nodded. His body was extremely weak, and he needed support from Noir and Halle on his flanks

to walk.

Soon, they arrived at a room where a man in his forties or fifties sat. Perhaps *due* to years of dealing with insects, the man’s skin appeared dry and tanned, and he had deeply sunken eye sockets.

“Bradley, this is the friend I mentioned. Help me examine him.”

Conrad brought Andrius in front of Bradley.

Bradley looked up at Andrius, frowned deeply, and asked, “Have you been feeling weak all over, with your limbs gradually stiffening and experiencing pain in the Quchi, Sanyin, Neiguan, and Yongquan acupuncture points around midnight?”

Andrius nodded. “Yes.”

Bradley sighed deeply.

With his experience, he did not need many words. A single glance would be enough for him to understand the patient’s symptoms.

“It’s the Spirit–

Devouring Insect. This insect consumes a person’s vitality as its food, constantly nibbling away their life force. This results in symptoms like limb stiffness, organ failure, and a series of other problems.

“Moreover, the Spirit–

Devouring Insect is extremely cunning and will go into hiding once it senses anything amiss. It’s even more difficult to deal with than the Insect King.

“Forgive my lack of knowledge and ability...”

Bradley shook his head sorrowfully.

Conrad’s expression changed slightly, and Andrius frowned.

Click!

Noir, who was next to them, heard Bradley’s words and thought he was unwilling to help **the** Wolf King because of **Patrick**. He immediately pulled out his gun and aimed it at Bradley’s forehead.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!