

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 781

Chapter 781

“We’ll save him at the public trial tomorrow. What do you all think?” Noir glanced at the various commanders.

Fenrir frowned and said, “Wouldn’t that implicate the Lycantroops and confirm the rumors of the Wolf King’s rebellion? It’ll give Registus the opportunity he’s looking for.”

Noir said coldly, “That’s why those participating must leave the Lycantroops and join this operation as individuals.

“I will personally take charge of this operation. You all just need to command the Lycantroops well and select the ones you trust absolutely to accompany me to Kiyoto.”

The Eight Commanders looked at each other and said, “I think this plan is feasible. Let’s do that.”

“There’s no time to lose. Hurry up and prepare.”

After a while, a group of absolutely loyal individuals were selected to carry out the mission to rescue Andrius.

Everything was ready.

Now, all they had to do was wait for the public trial the next day!

Early the next morning, the rain had been falling incessantly. The streets of Kiyoto had been thoroughly cleansed by the heavy rain, and the gloomy sky formed a stark contrast with the earth.

In the morning, the Second War God and the others brought Andrius to the public trial platform. Despite his deteriorating condition due to the insect, he was still in handcuffs and shackles.

People had already crowded around the platform. There were local Kiyoto officials, righteous individuals from across the nation, and other onlookers who seemed “uninformed”.

In addition to that, Noir and the other elite Lycantroops had disguised themselves as civilians and hidden in inconspicuous corners among the crowd.

“The Wolf King is here.”

“Is the trial starting?”

“I never thought this would be the Wolf King’s end. How regrettable...”

“Sigh, you’re right.”

The crowd immediately began to murmur as soon as Andrius appeared.

Crack, crack, crack...

The moment Andrius appeared, Noir and the others’ **eyes** reddened, and their knuckles cracked as they clenched their fists. They wanted to rush out and rescue the Wolf King right away.

However, they knew **that** it was not the right time **yet**, so they had to suppress their anger and stay calm.

Even so, they panted like angry bulls as if a raging fire was burning in their chests

“**Everyone, on standby.**” Noir **whispered** through the hidden microphone, “**After I give the signal, don’t hesitate.** Follow **the** plan and rush **forward to** rescue **the Wolf King.**”

He had made ample preparations to rescue **Andrius**, including **planting special electronic** mines in the

area. The area **within** a few kilometers **of** the trial platform would turn into ruins with just **the** press of a

button.

Of course, **that was meant** as a last resort to take the enemy down along with him. He would not activate it **until the final** moment.

Other than that, four teams were on standby near the platform, ready to escape in an instant once they successfully rescued the Wolf King.

Countless reporters were on site, broadcasting the trial live.

Several guards dragged Andrius onto the platform.

Registus sat on the platform and announced loudly, "I hereby declare the start of the trial of the Wolf King of Florence, Andrius Moonshade."

The venue immediately fell silent.

"Andrius Moonshade, I've always regarded you as a pillar of Florence and held the highest trust and expectations for you. I never expected you to commit an unforgivable act such as treason. You truly sadden me."

After Registus acted out his lament, he turned to the Second War God and said, "Read Andrius

Moonshade's crimes out loud!"

Then, he closed his eyes as if he were deeply distressed.

The Second War God heard the order and immediately announced, "Andrius Moonshade, as the Wolf King of Florence and the emperor's trusted aide, you disregarded the law and acted wantonly.

"Toward the common people, you abused your power, engaged in plunder, and showed no regard for human life. You used forceful means to amass wealth, even at the cost of taking lives.

"In regard to national affairs, you ignored the emperor's orders, and after leading the Lycantroops to exterminate the Western Nations, you unilaterally signed a treaty without consultation, aiming to establish an independent state and revealing your disloyalty.

"Such actions are unforgivable. Today is the day you will face the consequences of your wickedness and admit your guilt!"

With each sentence, the Second War God's mood became increasingly cheerful. It was as if he had

released several years of frustration.

Andrius remained expressionless.

The Second War God did not care and continued, “Next, please have the witnesses come forward to testify for Andrius Moonshade’s crimes.”

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At that moment, someone stepped on the platform.

It **was** none other than Anthony Henderson, **the** former richest man in Sumeria!

Anthony stared **at** Andrius and gritted his **teeth**, saying, “Andrius Moonshade, as **the** Wolf King, you used your power to oppress and plunder my Henderson family’s wealth of up *to* a billion! I never thought **that** you would end up like to day!”

The second person was none other than the head of the Crestfalls of the capital, Idris Crestfall.

Idris glared at Andrius, his eyes filled with satisfaction. “Andrius Moonshade, *you* used your status as the Wolf King and the absolute authority you hold to lay hands on my Crestfalls.

“Not only did you cripple my grandson, leaving him in a state of neither living nor dead, but you also plundered all the wealth of my family. Furthermore, you used extremely cruel methods to slaughter the top four fighters of my family and even forced us to move to the remote and frigid border.

“The wheel of karma turns. The eye of God sees all, and He spares no one! Today is the day you pay for your heinous crimes!”

The third person was the former governor of Sumeria, Roy Holland. A hint of hesitation flashed in his eyes as he looked at Andrius, but when he thought of his family members who were being controlled, he clenched his teeth and spoke.

“Andrius Moonshade, you were arrogant and domineering during your stay in Sumeria, using your power to force us to obey your every command.

“Anyone who showed the slightest sign of resistance was taken away by your men and brutally killed in front of everyone. You used methods like ripping their hearts out and other gruesome acts as a warning.

“All things must come to an end. Today is the day you pay for your crimes!”

After saying that, Roy lowered his head in shame.

The group spoke with conviction and anger, evoking strong emotions among the audience.

“Andrius’ crimes are unforgivable. He deserves to die!”

“Andrius’ crimes are too numerous to list. He should be put to death for the betterment of Florence.”

“**Death!**”

“Death!”

Shouts echoed from the crowd.

Noir and the others were infuriated. However, it was not the right time to act. Reckless action would only alert the enemy, so they had to grit their teeth and put up with it.

“Andrius Moonshade ” The Second War God looked at Andrius and asked smugly. “Do you plead guilty?”

Andrius slowly raised his head and uttered a single word, “Yes.”

“**Good!**” Registus said **sinisterly**, “Next, we’ll discuss the case of his treason.”

Then, he **made a** gesture, and **the imperial** guards **immediately brought** forward **a** wooden box. **The faint scent** of blood could **be** detected from inside.

The **guards** placed the box in **front of Andrius** and **opened** it.

The moment he saw what was **inside**, **his** blood **surged** like a tide, causing his **eyes to** become bloodshot instantly.

Inside the **box were** the **severed** heads of the high-ranking Lycantroops **officers that Registus** mercilessly **killed!**

Andrius' heart bled.

On the platform, Registus asked coldly, "Do you recognize them?"

"Yes." Andrius clenched his fist tightly, his eyes filled with a look of nostalgia. "Brogan Pratt, the victorious general of the Lycantroops.

"He fought on the battlefield all his life and never lost a single battle. He infiltrated the enemy's headquarters seven times, killing their commanders each time, and was known as the Hercules of the Lycantroops.

"He was always at the frontlines, a true hero of the Lycantroops. He earned first-class merits eight times and special-class merits twice, yet he always attributed his accomplishments to others.

"John Smith. He had a plain and unremarkable name, but he had outstanding achievements.

"Ten years ago, during the battle of Brine Pass, he led a few thousand troops and defeated an elite force of 80,000. He fought for three days and nights without rest, until he ran out of ammo and supplies and only he remained.

"He suffered 18 gunshot wounds and five shrapnel wounds, but he persisted with his own strength until Lycantroops reinforcements arrived, securing precious time for the main battlefield."

"Nelson Wyatt. His standing was right below the Eight Commanders.

"Eight years ago, during the battle of Bedrock Gorge, he led 5,000 troops and decisively routed an enemy force of 80,000, forcing them to flee in disarray. From then on, just the mention of Nelson's name would terrify them, and they never dared to engage him.

“Five years ago, when Western Nations besieged Griffin Pass with a million troops, Nelson proposed a brilliant strategy which I adopted.

“He led 30,000 Lycantroops, bypassed the main battlefield, and appeared behind enemy ranks. He terrified the enemy forces, leaving them in chaos like a pack of stray dogs.

“Whether it was *on* the battlefield or strategic planning, he was unparalleled. He was truly an emerging star of Florence.”

With each word Andrius spoke, his anger grew more intense.

Chapter 783

These were all individuals who fought fearlessly on the battlefield and **risked** their **lives** for **the** glory of Florence. They contributed significantly to their nation.

However, they were slaughtered by Registus on false charges and were now subjected to this kind of humiliation, all to manipulate the person they thought of as their absolute leader.

How could Andrius not feel angry and in pain?

His words were powerful and resonating, sparking whispers among the people below.

Registus noticed that things were getting out of control and immediately let out a cold snort to interrupt him from continuing. “Cease your drivel, Andrius Moonshade

“Even if you have a hundred mouths and tongues, neither can you reverse right and wrong here, nor can you absolve yourself of guilt. Your sophistry is meaningless.

“Andrius Moonshade, let me ask you this. You commanded the Lycantroops to rebel with the intent of assassinating

me during the victory celebration here in Kiyoto. You planned to use your army to coerce and usurp my position as the emperor.

“Do you plead guilty to the charge of treason?”

The venue fell into silence. All eyes were on the trial platform, looking at the lonely figure that stood with despair and rage.

His answer would determine the crucial scene that followed.

Andrius did not reply.

Registus narrowed his eyes slightly, then approached Andrius and leaned down with the Second War God.

“Andrius, have you forgotten about their families?”

Crack!

Crack, crack!

At Registus' words, Andrius gritted his teeth so hard that his molars were almost crushed. His forehead bulged with veins, looking as terrifying as winding snakes.

Registus' expression was cold as he stared at Andrius,

“Yes! I plead guilty!” Andrius' eyes were bloodshot as he roared at the sky.

At that moment, his extreme anger and his resentful scream pierced the heavens, causing the clouds in the sky to disperse.

Then, it suddenly began to snow heavily, as if the heavens themselves were lamenting this injustice. In the blink of an eye, the ground **was** covered in a thick layer of snow.

“W—why is it suddenly snowing?”

“The ancients often said that unexplained snowfall is a sign of injustice. Could it be that...”

“**Do you really believe in that nonsense?** Snowfall is due to scientific reasons. Please believe in science!”

“That’s right, believe **in science!**”

The **crowd below began to murmur and whisper.**

“Pfft-”

After Andrius roared, he suddenly **spat** out a **mouthful** of bright red blood. **It** contrasted sharply against the white **snow,** painting a horrifying sight.

His body could no longer hold up, and **he** collapsed onto one knee. However, he **struggled with** all his might to stand back up.

He was the indomitable Wolf King!

Even if it meant his death, he would not bow before Registus!

What he yielded to were the countless souls of the Lycantroops who fell unjustly, and the hundreds of innocent family members who should have received the highest honors but had become sacrificial **pawns.**

He would never yield to scum like the Second War God and Registus.

“Death!”

“Andrius Moonshade’s crimes are heinous. He deceived both his superiors and subordinates, and he even planned to commit treason. He must be sentenced to death. The execution should be carried out immediately!”

“Not sentencing him to death would be going against the natural order!”

“Andrius deserves the death sentence!”

Under the guidance of certain people, the people in the crowd began to shout loudly, forming a massive wave of sound that flooded the platform.

Registus looked around, seemingly composed but with a hint of a smile hidden in his eyes. He was just about to announce Andrius’ verdict.

Seeing this, Noir and the others exchanged glances.

It was time to draw their weapons and act!

Chapter 784

Swoosh...

At that moment, **several figures** silently appeared next to each Lycantroops soldier, pressing **their** guns down.

“Please stay calm, Captain Black Wolf. My master will rescue the Wolf King.”

Noir was stunned and was just about to ask a few questions when a sudden change occurred on the platform

.

Whoosh-

Clang!

With a sharp sound, a long sword flew through the air and landed on the table in front of Registus

The hilt of the sword was still vibrating.

If Registus had moved forward by another foot, it would have pierced his heart.

Rustle...

Registus was so frightened that he collapsed onto the chair, cold sweat dripping from his forehead.

Then, he instinctively looked at the direction from which the sword had come from.

The sword appeared plain and unremarkable, but it had a serene quality. Near the hilt was the letter ‘O’ engraved in cursive font.

It was that man!

He had returned!

Registus' expression suddenly changed as he looked in the direction of the sword.

There, a figure walked slowly with measured steps. Although he wore a mask that covered most of his face and only revealed his eyes and mouth, his peerless elegance could not be concealed.

The masked figure walked in front of Andrius, helped him up, and pressed several acupoints on his body to stabilize his vital energy and protect his heart.

Andrius could not help but look at the masked man curiously. There were no distinctive features on the man from head to toe, but he gave Andrius a familiar feeling.

"Your Majesty."

After doing this, the masked man looked at Registus and said, "Although Andrius Moonshade is suspected of treason, he has made significant contributions to Florence. He risked his life for the nation and has played a pivotal role in critical moments. He is a true savior of Florence.

"Therefore, **his** crimes do not warrant death I suggest amending his verdict to strip him of his position as **the** Wolf King and demoting him to a commoner What do you think?"

Registus' **expression changed** slightly.

Before he could **speak**, the Second War God beside him **erupted in anger and shouted** loudly. "Who are **you**? How dare you disrupt His **Majesty's trial**? This is absurd. Guards! Seize this **arrogant person immediately**."

As soon as he spoke, he rushed toward the masked man.

Behind him, **the** other **War Gods** and **Warzone Masters** also approached from all **directions** to support him.

The masked **person** did not **move and simply stared** at **Registus** calmly.

Whoosh...

Just **as** the Second War God was about to reach the masked person, a figure in black robes appeared before him like a ghost.

The black-robed man only made a slight move, but it sent the Second War God fleeing, unsure of *how* to fight back.

The Second War God was furious and shouted, "What are you all waiting for?"

At this yell, Baron and the others behind him started to act, preparing for a full-scale assault.

"Stop!"

At that critical moment, Registus ordered everyone to stop.

The Second War God looked discontent but did not dare to disobey.

The others also suppressed their anger and withdrew.

Registus stood up and said with a smile, "That's true. Andrius charged into battle fearlessly for Florence without regard for his life. Even if he has committed some minor wrongs, they don't warrant death. I was foolish.

"Heed my decree. Although Andrius Moonshade is suspected of treason, he has made significant contributions to Florence. For the sake of his past merits, I am willing to forgo his death sentence and simply strip him of his position.

"From now on, he will be an ordinary citizen among the humble people of Florence.

"I hope that from this day forward, he will turn over a new leaf and start anew, not letting down my sincerity."

Those words were quite pretty.

He agreed with the masked person and showed off his magnanimity, while also firmly establishing

Andrius' guilt, leaving him forever labeled as a traitor. It even placed Registus on the moral high ground "Your Majesty, no!"

Chapter 785

“**Your Majesty, Andrius’** crimes **are** heinous. How can you...”

“**Your Majesty, releasing** Andrius **now** would be like releasing **a** tiger back in to the mountains. It’ll be nurturing **a future** disaster!”

“Your **Majesty...**”

The Second War God and the others were greatly shocked.

“Silence!” Registus snorted coldly. “My mind is made up. The trial of Andrius Moonshade’s treason ends. here. Do not speak further and displease me.”

The Second War God and the others were stunned, but they did not dare to openly defy Registus. They exchanged glances and had no choice but to relent.

Seeing this, Noir and the others felt relieved.

The masked man signaled to the person in the black robes, who stepped forward to assist Andrius in leaving.

However, Andrius struggled and walked toward the wooden box containing the heads of the Lycantroops officers. He closed the lid and bowed his head in respect.

Then, he said to Registus, “Your Majesty, considering their past sacrifices for Florence where they risked their lives and devoted their all to the nation, please give me their bodies so I may lay them to rest!”

Registus smiled and said, “Very well.”

Then, he gestured to the Second War God who immediately ordered the bodies to be brought out.

The headless corpses were haphazardly thrown into a large wooden box with flies buzzing around.

Andrius’ heart clenched. He had to match the bodies with the heads.

The masked person felt moved and signaled to the person in black robes to help.

The robed man immediately went forward, but Andrius pushed him away.

He looked at the masked man who just sighed and shook his head.

The man in black robes stepped away.

After ten minutes, Andrius finally matched all the bodies **with** their **heads** and arranged them neatly.

Then, **with** his frail body and heavy **steps**, he dragged the **bodies** of the **officers** down from the platform.

Each step felt like **moving** a mountain. His **pace** was slow, and **his heart** was **filled** with anguish. The few hundred steps **felt** as long as **a century**. It was agonizing and tragic.

He did this all silently, but it was as if he was roaring at the skies.

At that moment, the entire area fell into **deathly** silence as they watched the fall yet **resolute former Wolf King**.

Finally, with extraordinary determination, **Andrius** brought all the bodies **down the platform, far away from Registus' sight and from the conflicts and conspiracies**.

Then, he collapsed from exhaustion and fell to **the** ground.

The Wolf King's trial **which** rocked **the** nation **and shocked the world came to an end**.

The Wolf King pleaded guilty to his crimes, but considering his past merits, the emperor **of** Florence **decided** not to sentence him to death. **Instead**, he was merely stripped of his position.

From now on, there would be no more Wolf King.

Then, the masked person escorted Andrius away, and Noir and the others followed.

The many spectators also left while discussing the matter.

“**Your Majesty!**”

“Your Majesty, why...”

“Your Majesty, if Andrius isn’t dead, we...”

“Your Majesty...”

The Second War God and the others tried to approach to ask questions.

However, a cold glance from Registus immediately silenced them.

Then, he pulled out the long sword and observed it for a moment, then left the platform silently.

Deep within the imperial palace’s secret chamber, Registus arrived at the door of a stone chamber. He held the long sword and bowed, saying, “Seventh Elder, the person from back then has returned.”