

The Wolf's Bride Novel

Chapter 787

Andrius looked over.

As he expected, it was Halle.

When she saw him wake up, she immediately approached and held his hand tightly with trembling hands.

"How long was I out?" Andrius felt groggy and asked.

"Three days." Halle smiled bitterly. "In these three days, you've either had a high or low-grade fever. I've never seen such a weak Wolf King before."

Andrius did not comment and asked, "Have the bodies of the Lycantroops officers been taken care of?"

Halle sighed internally. In her understanding, Andrius cared about his soldiers more than anything else.

However, she replied, "The Black Wolf has taken care of them and buried them in a beautiful place in the Western region."

"Help me up." Andrius tried to sit up, but his limbs were extremely weak, so he had to let Halle help him. "They're loyal heroes of Florence. They're valiant and honorable men. I must send them off on their final journey."

Halle tried to help him stand up.

Noir heard the movement and rushed in from outside.

Seeing this, he immediately found a wheelchair and helped Andrius into it, then began pushing him.

A moment later, Noir, Halle, and Andrius appeared on a barren hill.

Although the place was surrounded by a clear environment with mountains and water, it was not where the other Lycantroops' martyrs were buried. There were only a few fresh traces suggesting that this was the first time anyone had appeared here.

Andrius could not help but fall silent.

Noir explained, "Since they were labeled as rebels, they couldn't be buried in the Lycantroops' martyrs cemetery."

When he said those words, even Halle could hear the suppressed anger.

To warriors like them who had been loyal and risked their lives on the battlefield without a second thought, it was a great humiliation to be branded as a rebel. It was something hard to bear.

Andrius did not say anything. He signaled for Noir to push him around each grave, deeply imprinting their names and appearances in his memory.

Then, he returned to the front.

“Dear warriors, it’s all my fault. If not for me, you wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

Andrius’ voice was low and hoarse. It sounded calm, but it was filled with sorrow and self-blame that anyone could hear.

Noir and Halle did not speak.

A heavy sorrow hung over the place.

Andrius glanced at the graves again before saying in a low voice, “Let’s go!”

Noir then turned the wheelchair in another direction and pushed Andrius back.

Along the way, he hesitated several times before asking, “Andy, everything that Registus said on the judgment platform was baseless. Why did you confess?”

“Registus used insects to control the families of the fallen officers. If I didn’t confess, over a hundred innocent people would’ve died because of me.”

After saying this, Andrius slowly closed his eyes.

Halle could not help but frown and complain, “How could the emperor be so wicked?”

Bam!

Noir's eyes were bloodshot as he punched a nearby tree, causing leaves to fall and leaving a deep dent in the trunk. He muttered, "That guy is so heartless..."

Andrius sighed and asked, "How is the situation in the Western region now?"

"Everything is relatively quiet." Noir calmed down, but he was still panting. "Registus hasn't sent anyone to control the Lycantroops and allowed them to govern the Western border region on their own.

Andrius frowned slightly upon hearing this. Rationally, now was the best time to take control of the Lycantroops. However, Registus' actions were completely opposite to what he expected. He must have some deeper motives.

Andrius smiled bitterly. He was struggling to stay alive, yet he was still worrying about such matters...

Back at the hospital, as soon as Andrius returned to his bed, the masked person and the black-robed man entered.

"The Wolf King once kept more than 30 countries in the West awake at night, and the leaders of countries around the world couldn't sleep in peace. He was unparalleled and extraordinary.

"However, he has now ended up in this state..."

The corner of the masked man's mouth curled in

disdain. "It seems your reputation was all for show. People gave you too much credit!"

Andrius frowned slightly.

Noir had already been holding back his anger. He did not care that the masked man had saved Andrius and charged straight at him to give him a lesson, teaching him that the Wolf King was not to be insulted.

However, as soon as he stepped forward, the black-robed person beside the masked man forced him back with punches and kicks.

"Noir, stand down!"

When Andrius saw Noir about to get serious, he quickly shouted and stopped Noir. Then, he stared at the masked man and asked in a low voice, "Who are you? Why did Registus obey you?"

The masked man did not answer.

Instead, he slowly raised his right hand and removed the mask from his face, revealing a face that was incredibly handsome and also incredibly familiar. It was the exact same face as Registus'!