

## The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Novel Online Free -

### 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!"

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As soon as the words fell, a group of experts immediately rushed in from all directions.

Fenrir was about to make a move, but Andrius had already disappeared from his original position, leaving a fading afterimage.

"Ah!"

"Oof!"

"Gah!"

The screams continued one after another.

With Andrius' current strength, he did not even need to use inner energy to easily defeat the highly skilled individuals secretly nurtured by the fake emperor.

Half a minute later, dozens of people lay on the ground, clutching their chests and waists and groaning in pain.

"Andrius, you've indeed improved."

A hint of jealousy and envy flashed in the depths of the fake emperor's eyes, but it quickly faded and was replaced with an endless killing intent. "But even if you've entered the Martial Realm, today will still be the day of your death!"

After he said that, at the far end of the horizon behind him, an army came charging in.

Leading the way were brand-new tanks, followed by countless soldiers. Helicopters circled overhead. Wherever the army passed, they kicked up sand and dust, extending for thousands of kilometers.

Dust covered the field and blocked the sky.

Just the overwhelming momentum of their march made countless people feel intimidated before the battle even began.

This was the army of several million led by the three Warzone Masters and five War Gods!

This was the source of the fake emperor's confidence.

However...

"Kill, kill, kill!"

At that moment, there was also a thunderous war cry from behind Andrius.

The Lycantroops soldiers, led by seven commanders, had come as reinforcements. Their steps rumbled in awe and terror.

Wherever the Lycantroops went, an aura of battle spread. Even the clouds in the sky formed a huge dark cloud that covered the land.

The great battle was about to begin.

The fake emperor glanced at Andrius who had returned to the Lycantroops' formation. A resolute glint flashed in his eyes as he looked at the army ahead.

"Attack!"

He waved his hand, and the millions of soldiers surged forward like a tide.

The Lycantroops advanced boldly, and the two sides battled. As they fought in close quarters, the difference in power between both sides could be seen instantly.

A single Lycantroop could suppress a group of the fake emperor's troops, making them unable to focus on anything else. For a while, the situation was not one-sided at all but looked evenly matched.

The fake emperor watched in silent shock. If not for the difference in numbers, he might not have been able to gain an advantage in this battle.

Of course, there were no ifs.

The battle gradually heated up.

When the fake emperor saw that the time was right, he immediately called the remaining War Gods to prepare for a full-scale attack to annihilate the Lycantroops.

"Your Majesty!"

Suddenly, a military officer rushed up in a panic, his shoes falling off one foot because of his anxiousness. However, he did not care and reported, "Your Majesty, an army suddenly appeared from the North and cut off our retreat!"

What? An army from the North?

The fake emperor and the War Gods exchanged glances.

That was Caestus' territory!

"Oh, no!"

The emperor suddenly realized that he had previously ordered the Northern army to destroy the Lycantroops' headquarters, but there had been no news of success. It meant that something must have gone wrong!

The Northern Warzone might have already fallen!

"Your Majesty, we're surrounded on all sides. A prolonged battle is not in our favor!"

"Your Majesty, we're being attacked from front and rear. What should we do?"

"Your Majesty, the Northern Warzone might already be lost. We must make plans quickly!"

The War Gods instantly panicked when they heard the news.

Furthermore, the Lycantroops on the battlefield were incredibly valiant. One Lycantroop could easily suppress ten enemy troops. If the fighting continued and the rear forces formed a blockade, then it would really be over!

"Retreat!"

The fake emperor looked at the battlefield and gritted his teeth as he gave the order, "Full retreat. We must preserve our forces as much as possible!"

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He could only mourn the armies in his heart.

"Good!"

"That's great!"

"We'll convey the orders now!"

Several War Gods responded, and someone said, "Quickly inform the Northern and Central Warzone Masters!"

"No!" The fake emperor stopped that person and said in a low voice, "If they both come back, it'll be a complete defeat and none of us will be able to escape."

The War Gods were stunned.

What did that mean?

“Let them hold off the Lycantroops while we escape!”

The fake emperor’s words sent a chill down the War Gods’ spines. He was willing to sacrifice the Northern and Central Warzone Masters to secure his own escape.

“What are you still standing there for? Retreat now!” The fake emperor snorted coldly when he saw the War Gods still in a daze.

The War Gods immediately snapped back to their senses. They looked at the center of the battlefield from a distance, mourned silently for a few seconds for Caestus and Baron, and then immediately led their respective forces to retreat.

At the center of the battlefield...

“Warzone Master Rembrandt, the fake emperor and his forces are retreating!”

“Eastern Warzone Master, the War Gods and their forces are fleeing as well!”

Caestus and Baron were dumbfounded when they heard the reports. They were still fighting, but the others were abandoning them?

Damn it!

That was despicable!

However, they had no time to lament because Noir had just arrived from the North, leading tens of thousands of surrendered troops to join forces with the Lycantroops, encircling Caestus and Baron!

They were trapped with no way out!

“This is...”

“Alas...”

The two exchanged bitter smiles, not knowing what to do.

“Caestus and Baron.”

Just as they were at a loss, the Lycantroops surrounding them parted, and a figure walked

slowly toward them.

It was Andrius.

He looked at them with a calm gaze and said, “You’ve already been surrounded by my army. Drop your weapons and surrender now. It’s your only chance at living.”

Surrender?

Caestus snorted coldly. “Don’t be too smug, Andrius. I’ve already sent Miles Flores as the vanguard general to lead 800,000 troops to destroy your headquarters in the west!

“That’s right!” Baron also said coldly, “Andrius, even if you win on the front lines, we have occupied the West. Your Lycantroops will have no place to go. They’re like lost souls!” “Heh...” Andrius sneered when he saw them still trying to act tough at this point. “Do you know why the fake emperor ran away?”

Caestus and Baron exchanged a glance and remained silent. They were indeed confused. Andrius’ lips curled up with a hint of mockery. “It’s because the Northern army’s forces have already been defeated by Noir! The Northern Warzone is now under the control of the Lycantroops!

“Noir personally led tens of thousands of surrendered troops from the Northern army, cutting off the fake emperor’s retreat, so he panicked and fled the battlefield. You two are just cannon fodder to help him buy time.

“The fake emperor never cared about the life or death of your armies from the beginning!”

At those words, Caestus and Barons’ expressions changed slightly. The impact on them was great.

The Northern Warzone had been captured by the Lycantroops?

“That’s impossible!” Caestus snorted coldly. “Don’t be ridiculous, Andrius. My Northern Warzone is as solid as a rock. Even if you have a million troops, they won’t be able to break through easily. Your words are nothing more than fearmongering, wanting to sow discord among our troops!”

Andrius laughed when he heard this.

“With the current morale of your army, is there a need for me to sow discord?”

Crash!

Thud!

Swish!

At Andrius’ words, Noir appeared behind him and threw out several round objects that landed in front of Caestus and Baron, bouncing before finally stopping.

The two instinctively took a step back and looked closely.

The moment they did, they instantly paled.

What Noir had just thrown out were the heads of the Northern army’s commanding generals. They were all Caestus’ loyal followers, but Noir had killed them.

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“Do you believe it now?”

Noir clapped his hands and grinned.

Caestus and Baron’s expressions instantly turned dark. They finally understood.

The Northern Warzone had indeed fallen under the control of the Lycantroops. They were completely unaware that the situation had changed dramatically.

“I... I...” Caestus looked at Andrius and eventually spit the words with difficulty. “I surrender.”

“I surrender as well.” Baron also had nothing left to hold on to.

Thus, the Northern and Central Warzone Masters surrendered, and their combined millions of soldiers also surrendered, falling under the control of the Lycantroops.

“Eight Commanders,” Andrius called out.

“Here!”

“Select soldiers from the surrendered troops and integrate them into your respective armies according to the original proportions as soon as possible. Next...” Andrius looked to the East and said loudly, “We will advance into central Florence for the deciding battle!”

“Yes, sir!”

Their magnificent momentum pierced the skies.

As the Lycantroops advanced in Kiyoto, the troops under the fake emperor’s command were unable to withstand even a single blow. Their front lines crumbled again and again, and a true defeat was imminent.

The fake emperor panicked. He immediately went to find the Seventh Elder.

“Seventh Elder... This is what’s happening...”

After reporting, the fake emperor’s head was practically buried in the ground. He did not dare to look at the Seventh Elder’s face at all.

“Useless! Good-for-nothing! Incompetent !” The Seventh Elder was furious and launched a barrage of insults. “If that thing on your neck is useless, you might as well lop it off and throw it into the dog’s bowl. At least, it’ll still make a sound.

“You had five million troops, but you actually got routed by a million soldiers. What are you doing?!”

“Even if I raised five million pigs, they wouldn’t get defeated so miserably. It wouldn’t have come to this if you had a brain!”

The fake emperor did not dare to speak

The Seventh Elder scolded him for a while and finally calmed down.

The fake emperor quickly pleaded, "Seventh Elder, the only troublemaker in the Lycantroops is Andrius Moonshade. As long as you deal with him, the Lycantroops will fall into chaos

without their leader. I'm confident that we'll annihilate the Lycantroops in an instant."

"Annihilate, my ass!" The Seventh Elder spat on the fake emperor's face and snapped, "Andrius is the exception to the rules. If I were to deal with him, someone would deal with me in turn. You're really such a fool!"

The fake emperor felt embarrassed and did not dare to speak again.

The Seventh Elder had a dark expression and was silent for a moment before he suddenly clapped his hands.

"Seventh Elder!"

Four people immediately appeared in the stone chamber.

One of them had a hunched figure, one stood tall, one remained motionless like a mountain, and one was as fierce as thunder. They formed an imposing presence, causing anyone who looked at them to shudder involuntarily. Their eyes in particular were particularly sharp and gleamed like knives.

The fake emperor was instantly overjoyed when he saw these four.

"What you said makes sense." The Seventh Elder said coldly, "Andrius has condensed his inner energy, so ordinary people are no match for him. He will be a big threat in the future if we let him continue developing.

"Andrius Moonshade must die!

"These four individuals have never been under my name and are not registered in the records, so they won't be bound by the rules. Leave Andrius to them while you deal with the Lycantroops under him."

The fake emperor was ecstatic to get the help of these four experts. He quickly said, "Rest assured, Seventh Elder. With these four dealing with Andrius, I promise that the Lycantroops won't last long."

"Good."

The Seventh Elder snorted coldly and waved his hand, and the stone door slowly closed.

The fake emperor immediately led the four experts away.

In the Hall of Serenity, the fake emperor asked the Witch King, "Witch King, how far have you progressed with the poison you mentioned last time? I can't wait any longer."

The Witch King immediately bowed his head and said, "Your Majesty, the poison has already been developed. It can now be put into use. I only need 5,000 elite soldiers to create an invincible army of insect soldiers!"

"Good!" The fake emperor brightened with joy and slapped the armrest, saying, "I will select 5,000 elite soldiers from the army for you to command!"

Then, he immediately gave the order.

In the evening, 5,000 elite soldiers were selected and gathered outside the Forbidden Palace.

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The fake emperor looked at the strong warriors, imagining them being infected by the poison and becoming an invincible army of insect soldiers, and could not help but feel excited.

"You all are the most elite warriors of Florence. In previous battles, you have felled countless enemies and earned prestigious merits.

"I have a very important task for you all, so I have prepared a feast to share a drink with you tonight. I hope you won't disappoint my high expectations."

The warriors did not doubt him at all and responded enthusiastically, “Relieving the emperor’s worries is our duty!”

“Good!”

The fake emperor clapped his hands thrice, and palace maids immediately approached each warrior, carrying wine cups filled with the latest insect poison.

“Gentlemen, I raise a toast to you all!”

The fake emperor lifted his cup first and emptied it in one gulp.

The soldiers raised their cups and did the same.

“Argh...”

“Grah...”

“Ugh...”

As the poisoned wine entered their throats, the soldiers’ faces changed drastically.

However, before they could speak, they underwent a profound transformation with blood- curdling screams. Their skins began to crack, and their blood vessels expanded.

Their strength and appearance changed until they finally turned into loyal insect soldiers.

The Witch King walked out from the crowd and said sinisterly, “Your Majesty, do you see any difference in this batch of insect soldiers compared to the previous ones?”

His words were filled with pride.

The fake emperor looked closely.

Sure enough, the 5,000 insect soldiers before him did not look dull or rigid, and their eyes sparkled with a glimmer. They had retained some of their intelligence!

The Witch King saw the corners of the fake emperor's lips curl up and boasted, "Your Majesty, this batch of insect soldiers have perfectly inherited the combat skills, but they retain their original intelligence. Their strength is several times higher than before!"

"Good!" The fake emperor grinned wildly, and his eyes narrowed with killing intent. "This time, we will definitely annihilate Andrius and the Lycantroops!"

In the Lycantroops' main camp, after the Eight Commanders distributed the soldiers from the Northern and Central Warzones, the army continued to expand and now numbered over two

million!

Meanwhile, following the devastating defeat, the enemy forces from Kiyoto were reduced to just over three million soldiers. In terms of numbers, the gap between the two sides was significantly reduced. The Lycantroops were no longer at a disadvantage in numbers.

"Everyone..." Andrius looked at the Eight Commanders and announced, "Issue my orders. We shall march toward Kiyoto!"

"Yes, sir!"

The army moved forward like a mighty force.

Andrius and the various commanders gathered to discuss the final battle. It would happen in Keren Pass, a dangerous and unique pass located more than a hundred kilometers from Kiyoto.

Keren Pass was located strategically and formed an insurmountable barrier from North to South, protecting Kiyoto behind it. There was no chance of advancing to Kiyoto if it was not conquered.

Once the pass was breached, the army could march straight through, leaving Kiyoto unprotected and exposed to the Lycantroops' fangs.

However, taking Keren Pass required thorough preparation.

Therefore, Andrius gathered the Lycantroops commanders to make the final preparations for

this battle.

Soon, the war began.

Keren Pass lived up to its reputation as the number one pass in central Florence. Even the Lycantroops could not find a way to overcome this obstacle.

After heavy losses, they still made no progress. Their offensive came to a halt.

Rumble...

Just then, what surprised Andrius and the Lycantroops was that the general in charge of guarding the pass chose to open the gates and meet the enemy head-on.

“Roar!”

“Grrr...”

“Hiss...”

However, what surprised them even more was that the people who charged out of Keren Pass were not flesh-and-blood soldiers but an army of insect soldiers controlled by the latest insect poison!

Even top experts like Noir were no match for a single insect soldier and could only retreat as they fought.

The army of 5,000 insect soldiers descended like gods of war, rampaging on the battlefield like demons in the mortal world. They were unstoppable and invincible.

For a moment, the Lycantroops could not resist.

The insect soldier tore a hole in their defenses like a sharp sword and plunged deeply into the Lycantroops' throats.