

# The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 761

## Chapter 761

His eyes glimmered.

**“It’s time for this war to come to an end,”** Andrius muttered to himself.

When Kabreh made him drink the p-  
3 serum, a thought had already subtly formed in Andrius’ head—  
faking his **death!**

By doing so, he could lower  
the guard of the Western Nations and make them complacent and careless.

Coincidentally, the Second War God provided his timely assistance. Everythin  
g wove together seamlessly and fell into place.

Now, it was time to pull up the net.

“Wolf King, the Allied Forces outside Bina Pass have been completely wiped o  
ut. The enemy casualties stand at 300,000!”

“Wolf King, the Allied Forces outside Griffin Pass have been completely wiped  
out. The enemy casualties stand at 380,000!”

“Wolf King!”

The Eight Commanders arrived to report. Their faces were flushed, and their e  
yes sparkled.

As long as the Wolf King was still around, Florence would be safe!

The people had faith and hope, and the country had strength.

Noir summarized, “Wolf King, the Allied Forces only has its headquarters and  
two encircling forces near Yatburg left. Furthermore, I’ve already severed their  
communications. Please guide our next move, Wolf King!”

The other commanders said eagerly, “Please guide us, Wolf King!”

These recent days had been extremely frustrating. Now, with victory in reach, no one could contain their excitement.

—

Andrius gazed in the direction of the Allied Forces' headquarters for a moment and said calmly, "The Eight Commanders will proceed according to the original plan. Noir, you will accompany me to their headquarters. Let's give those pests a huge surprise."

All the commanders saluted in unison. "Yessir!"

In the Allied Forces' headquarters, the grand meeting hall was currently shrouded in a gloomy atmosphere.

Upon hearing the reports from their subordinates, the leaders' faces turned grim as they received a series of bad news

**"What** the hell is going on?" Canchilla could not help but flare up, his voice filled with anger.

"Several hundred **thousand** Lycantroops that surrendered have unexpectedly betrayed us and **aimed** their most **advanced** weapons at **our** passes....

**"This** shouldn't be **happening!**

**"The Wolf King** is **already** dead, and that fool **Registus** has **driven** the **Lycantroops** into a **corner**. **Why** are **they** still standing up to **fight** for **the Western border?**

**"This is outrageous. The Lycantroops** are like **groundhogs**. **They're completely unpredictable**. I **can't** figure

**out what they're thinking!**

**"What are the Lycantroops trying to achieve?"**

**The leaders** could **not understand** why the Lycantroops were acting this way.

"There's a possibility that the Wolf King hasn't actually died, and his **call** led **the** Lycantroops **to** rally."

Just then, an attendant entered the meeting room, speaking nonchalantly while holding a pot of hot tea.

“Impossible. That’s impossible!”

“The Wolf King’s death is **a** confirmed fact. It can’t be false.”

“If the Wolf King hasn’t died, what you said might be true, but the death of the Wolf King is an absolute fact. There’s no ‘if.’”

“It’s been so long already, and the Wolf King’s body has even started to decompose to fertilize the grass above his grave. How could he still be alive?”

“It’s ridiculous...”

The leaders spoke out one after another, refuting the words and scoffing.

Suddenly, they realized something and paled.

Canchilla stood up and glared at the attendant coldly, his expression dark. “You’re not an attendant. Who **are** you?”

In the past, the attendants would hand the tea to the generals, who would then carry it into the meeting room. However, this server entered the core of the Western Nations Allied Forces’ meeting.

“Speak!”

“Who are you, kid?”

“The attendants of the Allied Forces will never talk nonsense!”

“Tell **us** the truth...”

The leaders paled **as** they stared at the attendant

“You all caught on pretty quickly.” The ‘attendant’s’ voice took on a mocking tone as **he** tore off the realistic skin mask on his face. “I’m the dead man that you’ve been talking about.

“The Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade!”

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter 762

“Y–y–you...”

**Canchilla** felt like his **soul** had **been** taken **away** in an instant. He **pointed at** Andrius **with** trembling fingers and stumbled back into his chair **in** panic.

“W–W–**Wolf** King... Aren’t you already d–d–dead?”

The other leaders’ reactions were not much different from Canchilla’s. Some **were** so overwhelmed that they even pissed themselves.

Their shock and suspicion eventually turned into fear!

“Guards! Guards!”

“Guards, where are my guards?”

“Guards, quick! Capture the Wolf King. There’ll be a huge reward!”

“Guards, where are my guards...”

They all **yelled** desperately, trembling with each word because the Wolf King’s might was unparalleled. Just his mere presence made them all feel chills.

“Stop screaming.”

Just then, an unfamiliar voice tinged with laziness came from outside.

“There’s no one left who can fight. Are all the people in the Allied Forces this weak?”

Following the voice was a lean and dark–skinned man.

It was Noir.

He glanced at the group of leaders and grinned brilliantly, revealing a row of white teeth.

“Y–you...”

“No! D–don’t come any closer!”

“W–we’re not afraid of you!”

As the two figures approached, the leaders **retreated** in fear. However, they soon found themselves backed against the wall with no way out.

“We have over 30 people on our side. Why **are we afraid** of just the two of them?” Amidst the chaos, Canchilla yelled defiantly.

“**What are you barking** at?” Noir snorted disdainfully.

Clang...

The next moment, a **white** object flew over, hitting Canchilla’s mouth. It was the tea kettle that Andrius **brought in**.

**The** massive tea **kettle** smashed Canchilla’s front teeth, and scalding tea splashed onto his **face**.

“**Argh...**”

**As the king of Arbral, Canchilla had enjoyed unparalleled respect** all his life. He **had never** experienced such treatment **before** and screamed **in agony** from **the pain and** burns.

**Several other leaders tried** to launch a surprise attack **on** Noir in the chaos, but **they** were **immediately**

**subdued** by the **latter**

**in the** blink of an eye, Noir’s **overwhelming strength took control of the situation**.

“Wolf **King!** We’re **heads** of states. You can’t treat **us like** this!”

“Exactly’ Wolf King, we demand adherence **to the Geneva** Convention. You must **treat us with** respect!”

Wolf **King,** we ask for nothing more, but you must take into consideration our prestige and dignity as heads of states!”

Wolf King...

The leaders were in a state of panic.

All beings were equal in the face of death. Despite their usual high status, their behavior was even more undignified than commoners when confronted with death.

That was especially true for those who had enjoyed wealth and glory and were used to the heights of power. They were greedy and enamored with it.

Now, they were frantic and would forsake everything.

What was dignity worth?

They would not give up their lives for the sake of dignity!

“Relax, I won’t kill you.” Andrius glanced at them and grinned.

To him, killing these people would just add to his list of military achievements. They were meaningless to

him.

However, when they were alive, they held enormous potential as heads of states and were capable of turning the tide in battles if used correctly.

“Noir, round them up.”

## Chapter 763

### Round them up?

**What** a strange choice of words.

In Florence, the phrase **was** usually **used** for livestock.

“Sure thing!”

**Noir** grinned and produced an extremely long rope to tie the leaders together, then followed **Andrius**.

At this point, the Allied Forces' headquarters was **completely** empty.

Not long **after**, the officers, who had not gained any advantage on the battlefield, returned **to** headquarters, ready to inquire about the next course of action from the leaders and how to **proceed**.

However, when they entered, they found that their headquarters had been infiltrated at some point!

"This is..."

"Oh no!"

"All 30-over leaders were all captured..."

"We can't continue fighting anymore!"

"It's over..."

The officers looked at each other in dismay when they viewed the surveillance footage.

With the leaders of the Western Nations apprehended, there was no **more** suspense left in the upcoming battles.

The **Allied Forces** were in complete disarray. Millions of troops were routed by the formidable Lycantroops, leaving them unsure how to retaliate.

A few dozen Lycantroops chased hundreds of Allied Forces, shouting, "You bastards not only refused to surrender but also **dared** to fight back!"

Hundreds of Lycantroops surrounded thousands **of Allied Forces**, calling out, "You're surrounded. Lay down your weapons and surrender, or we'll shoot!"

One after another, miraculous scenes unfolded on the battlefield.

In just **a** few short hours, countless Allied Forces were annihilated by the Lycantroops.

It was **to** the point that whether in small groups or larger ones, whenever the Allied **Forces** heard the slightest **movement**, **they thought** the **Lycantroops were** attacking **and** scrambled to **flee**.

Some **soldiers** who **were** peeing when they heard the Lycantroops were **coming quickly hid** their tools inside **their pants** and ran while urinating.

**Some gathered in groups to avoid** being picked **off by the Lycantroops and ended up** trampling **each other in a panic** when they heard **the** Lycantroops were approaching.

**Some** saw **figures** and **opened** fire **wildly after** mistaking **them for enemies**, **resulting in friendly fire.**

**They** feared **their** own shadows **and** overreacted **to every sound.**

Half **a day** later, all **the** lost territory **had** been reclaimed.

The **mighty Western Nations Allied Forces** army **of five million, with its** imposing **momentum**, was **reduced to** nothing **more** than a **pile of** flesh on the **battlefield** and **prisoners** in the camps.

**Occasionally** there **were** a few lucky enough to **escape the Western border.**

**However, their** numbers **were** inconsequential.

The Second War God was stationed 50 kilometers outside of Yatburg.

**He** estimated that the Allied Forces and the Lycantroops must be fairly evenly matched now and immediately ordered, "**All** troops, listen up!

"We'll march into the Western territories, vanquish the enemies, reclaim the lost land, and establish our achievements."

With the Second War God's command, the army set out.

A few hundred meters later, a scout rushed to the front of the Second War God's tank and exclaimed, "Sir, there's someone blocking the way ahead. He also said that if we take one step further, the consequences will be orrus."

What was that?

A hint of coldness flashed in the Second War God's face, and he immediately followed the scout to the front lines.



A figure stood facing away from him, looking vaguely familiar.

The Second War God frowned and was just about to ask.

However, the other party spoke first.

“Gentlemen, it’s been a while.”

The figure turned slowly. He was none other than the Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade.

## Chapter 764

“You...”

The Second War

**God’s face was filled** with shock, and he subconsciously **took a** step back.

**The Sixth and** Seventh War Gods also looked in disbelief, their pupils shrinking **sharply**.

“You... Andrius Moonshade?”

“Impossible. That’s impossible!”

They shook their **heads** repeatedly, refusing to believe what was in front of their eyes.

“He’s a **fake!**” **The Second** War God’s expression darkened as he sneered. “Andrius has been **dead for a** long time. I saw it with my own eyes. You must be an imposter! Guards!”

He shouted, “The Wolf King has already given his life for the country. He is a heroic figure deserving of Florence’s respect. However, this person is defiling the Wolf King by impersonating him.

“Seize him! If he dares to resist, then kill him!”

Whether it was real or fake, the Second War God was determined to kill the Andrius in front of him!

Swoosh...

Clatter...

Rumble...

Just then, countless Lycantroops appeared from all directions.

Tanks led the way, followed by armored vehicles and artillery, all on standby.

In just a minute, they had completely surrounded the Second War God's force from all sides, leaving no gaps.

"Wolf King!"

"Wolf King!"

"Wolf King!"

Meanwhile, the Lycantroops shouted Andrius' title in unison. **Their** cries and momentum were the same as before, and their overwhelming killing intent soared to the **sky**.

An immense **sense** of **awe surged** forward. They were still an iron-blooded force and an invincible army!

**The** Second War God **was completely** dumbfounded.

**Damn** it.

**What** the hell was going **on**?

Andrius was **supposed** to be lying in a coffin.

Furthermore, **even if** he were still alive, how could **he** withstand **the** hundreds **of thousands** of Allied

**Forces**?

**The Lycantroops** should **have been** crushed **into** minced meat **by now**.

"W-Wolf **King**..."

The Second War God's thoughts came to a halt, and he could **only reluctantly accept the reality** that

**Andrius** was **alive**. He had to **accept** Andrius' **identity** as the Wolf King.

**“What are you** planning, bringing so many **people here?”** **Andrius** glanced askance at the **Second War God** and asked **with a vague** smile, **“It’s a time of peace now, but you’re** mobilizing such a **large** force. **Are** you planning a rebellion?”

The Second War **God’s** expression **froze** at the words ‘time of **peace**’, and he could *not help* but say, **“Wolf King, now isn’t** a time of peace.

“The Western Nations Allied Forces are advancing aggressively, killing everyone in their path and capturing cities. Don’t make such jokes when we’re facing such a formidable enemy.

“I brought my forces here to lend you a hand to defeat the Allied Forces and restore Florence’s territory and honor.”

Andrius felt amused by the Second War God’s grand words.

Then, he said icily, “Your information is outdated. The war has ended. You can go home and play with mud now.”

Play with mud...

The three words instantly broke through the Second War God’s guard.

Andrius clapped his hands softly.

At the same time, someone from a distance led a flock of sheep over.

The Second, Sixth, and Seventh War Gods exchanged glances and frowned, not understanding what Andrius was up to.

However, as the flock of sheep drew closer, they instantly saw what was happening.

Their eyes widened, and their mouths fell open.

Those were not sheep!

There were over 30 leaders of the Western Nations, all tied together by Andrius with a single rope. They were stripped of their clothing and draped in sheepskin.

It was humiliating.

It was an unprecedented humiliation for the leaders.

However, when faced with death, they had no choice but to lower their proud heads.

Then...

“Baa...”

“Baaa..

“Baa... Baa...”

The dozens of leaders crawled on the ground, bleating like sheep.

**They were** really acting like sheep!

## Chapter 765

**The legendary act of leading sheep was unexpectedly witnessed today!**

The Second War God and the others **were** dumbfounded.

**Half** a day ago, the Lycantroops had been trapped in a dire situation and surrounded by all sides. Their situation could be said to be desperate.

Half a day later, Andrius was alive, the allied forces were defeated, and over 30 leaders from the Western Nations had been captured alive for this inhumane sheep ceremony...

What had happened in this half a day?

It was incomprehensible: They could not understand it.

Noir led Canchilla and the others around the battlefield before returning. The Second War God had not snapped out of his daze yet, but Andrius did not plan to drag it out any longer.

“Go back.” His face was expressionless. “Also, deliver a message for me.”

The Second War God was stunned by the words, then snapped back to his senses and asked in a low voice, “What message do you want me to deliver?”

Andrius looked straight at him and said calmly, “Someone was betraying the nation during this war.”

As he said this, Noir, the Eight Commanders, and the others standing behind him all clenched their fists tightly, cracking their knuckles. They fought with their lives, yet someone among them was betraying the nation and siding with the enemy....

That action undoubtedly filled the Lycantroops with anger and a chilly feeling. They were unwilling to believe it and could not stand it.

The Second War God’s eyes widened.

Although **he** disguised it well, the sudden change in his complexion proved that he did not feel as calm as he appeared on the surface.

“Once I find out who it is...” Andrius continued, speaking calmly but with an oppressive weight like a mountain pressing on his chest and making it hard for him to breathe. “Even if it’s the emperor himself, I absolutely won’t let them off.”

As he spoke, **a** cold killing intent **spread** like **wildfire**. It lasted only a moment, but it was enough to startle crows and make them take flight.

A wave of cold swept over the Second War God and the others, who shuddered in unison.

Then, they led **their** troops away with gloomy faces.

Andrius looked in **the direction they** departed for a long time until they disappeared from sight.

“**You** att...”

Then, he went up to the leaders of the Western Nations.

“Wolf King!”

“Wolf King, don’t kill us!”

“Wolf King, we’ll talk! **We’ll tell you everything...**”

“Wolf King...”

F

Not a **single** leader **remained firm**. **Some** even began to **perform a magic trick called** ‘living pieces of shit’.

“It was the **Second War God!**”

**As** the most prominent figure among them, Canchilla **spilled** the beans about everything.

“**Last time**, when Marcus **Freely** was kidnapped, it **was** he who secretly came to Landon that led to this. **His** real purpose was to **deal** with **you**.”

“The war **this time was** also incited by the Second War God. He promised us rewards and **said** that he would **cede** the Western border to us after we succeeded...”

He **became** too **excited** as he spoke, and the sheepskin covering him fell off. He quickly draped it over himself again.

Crack!

Crack, crack, crack...

To the side, Noir clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles almost shattered, and his teeth nearly

chipped. He looked at the Second War God’s troops’ departure with an icy expression.

So many comrades and so many lives were gone forever because of that guy.

Andrius remained calm. He had already reached a conclusion in his heart and was just seeking confirmation.

Furthermore, after this major battle, the Lycantroops needed time to replenish and recover their morale, manpower, and equipment. It was not wise to provoke another conflict.

“I won’t kill you.”

Andrius looked down at the flock of “sheep” and spoke, making Canchilla and the others light up. They were so humble and humiliated all for the **sake** of their lives!

As long as they could return alive, they would still be the heads of state of their nations.

At most, whoever dared to mention this incident would be executed.

“However...” Andrius looked at their reaction and smiled coldly. “Countless Lycantroops died because of you, so you must pay the price.”