

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea

Chapter 776

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With just a few simple sentences, he managed to distance himself from his guilt and give people the

illusion of a clean and faultless leader.

He seemed innocent, pitiful, and righteous. He was like the embodiment of a perfect monarch without any flaws.

The news report was not long.

However, in those brief minutes, it immediately caused a massive uproar within Florence and even globally like a Category 5 hurricane.

The Wolf King, Andrius Moonshade...

After just achieving a major victory, everyone thought that the Wolf King's reputation would reach a new peak, and he might even become a "divine figure" of Florence. After all, he had accomplished magnificent feats of god with the body of a mortal.

Unfortunately...

As soon as the news broke, since it was broadcast nationwide simultaneously, it pushed Andrius into the eye of the storm.

"I didn't know he was that kind of Wolf **King!**"

"He's a traitor to the country. It doesn't matter even if he's the Wolf King!"

"Since he committed treason, there's nothing to say. If the evidence is solid, then he should be executed mercilessly!"

“I was wondering how the Wolf King was able to agree to a peace treaty so quickly and even demand one third of the Western Nations’ territories as compensation. It turns out he had ambitions of rebellion all along.”

“The Wolf King should be punished for his crimes, and the trial be broadcast worldwide. Bring him into the light!”

Half a minute later, a barrage of negative comments about the Wolf King flooded in, occupying all the comment sections and targeting the Wolf King. It would not be hard for someone attentive to realize that the narrative was being steered in a certain direction deliberately.

Unfortunately, there were few who remained calm and thinking independently among the masses. Most just followed the herd mentality.

Nevertheless, amidst the storm of criticism, the opposite narrative also emerged.

Many citizens who believed in the Wolf King, particularly those in the Western region or those who enjoyed peace near the borders, started to defend him.

“The Wolf King couldn’t have rebelled. It’s like how the Florence football team will never lose to top-tier opponents in the World Cup because they’ll never have the opportunity to play against them.”

“If **the Wolf King** rebelled, I will swear to my singlehood this year. I’ll be willing to stay **single forever**.”

“Slander. It’s blatant **slander**. Anyone who has interacted with the Wolf **King before** knows that **he** treats enemies ruthlessly but **his fellow Florencians** with utmost kindness.”

“I’m willing to sign a petition declaring the Wolf **King’s innocence!**”

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Both sides of the argument were vocal, and a tug-of-war ensued.

In Sumeria, Belarus gathered everyone together as soon as possible.

“What do you all think about this matter?” Belarus’ expression was dark as ink as he looked over the crowd below.

“Andrius couldn’t have committed treason.”

Luna’s simple statement immediately revealed her stance. She believed in Andrius unconditionally.

Andrius risked his life and drank poison to save her. He gave up a promising situation on the battlefield and put himself in danger just to protect her.

How could someone like that possibly be a traitor?

“I feel the same.” Belarus nodded. He had no reason other than that he trusted his own judgment and intuition. Andrius would never rebel. He loved the land beneath his feet and the people of Florence.

His love was ardent and profound.

After those two spoke, even if Harry and the others had different opinions, they had no choice but to suppress them.

“Since this is a public trial, the emperor must consider the overall situation. They will find reasons for Andrius’ rebellion and use them as arguments.”

Belarus narrowed his eyes and said, “Thus, let’s contact Andrius’ former comrades and gather a petition of 10,000 signatures to prove his innocence and support him. What do you all think?”

“Sure.”

“I think it’s a good idea.”

“No problem...”

The crowd chimed in one after another.

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“I believe you all have heard the news.” Noir looked at the commanders, his eyes bloodshot with fury and rage. “First, Registus framed Callan and the other officers with baseless charges and slaughtered them.

“Now, he intends to do the same with the Wolf King. We can’t just stand idly by.”

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Registus... We risked our lives to defend the country for him, but this is how he’s treating the Lycantroops. Damn him!”

“If it weren’t **for the** Lycantroops **shedding** our blood on the battlefield, how could **Registus** continue to sit comfortably on his throne?”

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Chapter 779

Conrad thought of his daughter, Vivian.

Back then, **he**

had rushed home immediately upon hearing the news, but when **he returned** what he **saw** was his **wife’s corpse** and his daughter’s eyes full of hatred.

For the **next** half year, she never spoke a word to him.

Conrad's heart clenched as if someone were squeezing it tightly, causing him intense pain.

"Conrad..." Registus saw his expression and knew that his words had struck a nerve, and he continued, "Have you thought about it?"

Conrad struggled for a moment and lifted his head. "Your Majesty, Andrius is the Wolf King. Every one of the Lycantroops is a seasoned warrior and has made unparalleled contributions to Florence.

"I hope that you will consider carefully when making a decision and not act too recklessly."

Those words undoubtedly conveyed Conrad's stance.

Registus was very satisfied and said with a grin, "Don't worry, Conrad. I know what I'm doing. You don't have to worry about that."

"In that case, I shall take my leave." Conrad left the Hall of Serenity and looked toward the direction of the dungeon. He muttered to himself guiltily, "I'm sorry, Andrius..."

With another problem resolved, Registus was undoubtedly in high spirits. He waved his hand and said, "Come, accompany me to **visit** the former Wolf King."

Then, Registus, along with the Second War God and others arrived at the dungeon where Andrius was being held.

Andrius was the Wolf King, so Registus **did** not subject him to excessive torture.

However, due to the insect infestation and the passage of time, Andrius was weakened to the point of being unrecognizable. He was deathly pale.

Registus looked at him and said faintly, "Andrius, actually, if you were to admit your guilt and confess to rebelling, many things can still be negotiated. I could even grant you a dignified death and allow you to receive a state funeral in Florence and be buried in the imperial mausoleum."

Andrius ignored him.

Registus smiled and clapped his hands thrice.

Rustle

The sound of bustling footsteps came from outside.

After a while, a large group of people were carried in. All of them lay unconscious on wooden boards, breathing weakly.

A bad premonition immediately filled Andrius' heart. Most of them were strangers, but as he focused, he realized there were a few that he recognized. They were the family members of the deceased Lycantroops' **officers**.

All the **others** present should **also be** family members of those **officers**.

Andrius hurried **forward** to check **their state**. They **were** all infected **by** insects.

Andrius' eyes filled with **rage**. "Registus, **how** could **you...**"

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 780

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Chapter 780

The night was pitch black.

Crackle...

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the land with its cold light. The booming sound shattered the silence of the **deep** night, ringing in people's ears.

Large raindrops suddenly poured from the sky, unexpectedly and violently.

In just a brief moment, the water falling from the eaves formed a curtain of water, and the droplets turned into streams.

Thunder roared incessantly, and rain poured like a deluge.

The whole of Kiyoto was enveloped in the wind and rain.

At the same time, in Crestfall Manor in Sumeria, the place was brightly lit.

Belarus and Luna were coordinating with numerous like-minded individuals, preparing to draft a petition signed by ten thousand people.

By chance, they both picked up the tea beside them to quench their thirst.

Crash!

Thud!

Shortly after drinking, they both collapsed.

Harry, who had been waiting outside, heard the commotion and immediately rushed in with the other Crestfalls.

“Quick, help them to their rooms to rest,” Harry instructed the younger members of the family and helped the two to their respective rooms to **rest**.

“Dad and Luna... I’m sorry! I just want you both to rest for a day.”

In truth, Harry did not approve of the Crestfalls stepping forward at this time to stand up for Andrius. Anyone keen would be able to tell that this incident was the emperor targeting Andrius.

If the Crestfalls stepped forward at this time, whether or not they ultimately succeeded, they would offend the emperor to the point of facing annihilation.

Given the Crestfalls’ current status and power, they could thrive and dominate the entire East River State even without the Wolf King. They did not have to get involved in this matter.

However, he was unable to convince Belarus and Luna during the family meeting, so he had to resort to this extreme course of action after discussing it with the younger members of the family.

Just then, Roxy ran over and said excitedly, “Uncle Harry, we just received news that the petitions from various **places** have all **disappeared** mysteriously. It’s as if they were intervened by some unknown force.”

“Great!” **Harry could not help** but clap and laugh.

“In that case, the Crestfalls can completely distance ourselves from **this** matter.”

“That’s great!” **the other** members echoed **with** smiles.

“Master **Crestfall’s mind** has grown **muddled**. **The Crestfalls are strong now**, but he wants us to **oppose** the emperor for a Wolf **King** who’s doomed **to die...**”

“**That’s** right. **Even** without the Wolf **King**, our **family is** still **the top** family in the **East River State.**”

“I really **don’t** understand what **those** two were thinking.”

On **the** Western border, the lights were lit **in the** central camp of the army where Noir, Fenrir, and the other Lycantroops commanders were gathered.

Some were restless, some paced back and forth, and some had furrowed brows. They were all waiting for news from the First War God.

“The First War God should have reached Kiyoto long ago and met with the emperor.” Noir stood up from his chair and said to the commanders with a grave tone, “However, he still hasn’t responded yet. I’m afraid **that...**”

He did not finish his sentence.

“Black Wolf, what should we do? We’ll support your decision unconditionally!”

“We wouldn’t be where we are today if not for the Wolf King. Now that the Wolf King is in trouble, how can we stand idly by?”

“Black Wolf, give us your orders! We must rescue the Wolf King even if it means facing hellfire and being thrown into a vat of boiling oil!

“Black Wolf...”

All the commanders were filled with righteous indignation.

“I’ve decided...”

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