

## The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 811

### Chapter 811

He was **invincible and** immortal!

However, Noir was telling them now **that** the **Second War God had killed** the Wolf King....

Their hearts clenched and burned with anger.

That legendary figure, a myth of his time, did not die **on** the battlefield he loved or **in** a glorious fight. Instead, he was killed by the people of Florence, the very same ones he loved and protected. It was not only **a** humiliation but also a tragedy.

How tragic and ironic!

The Lycantroops headquarters fell into mourning.

"That's not all..."

With reddened eyes, Noir dropped another bombshell, "In fact, the emperor in Kiyoto isn't the real emperor of Florence. He's just a puppet being manipulated by someone. That's why he's been constantly targeting the Lycantroops and the Wolf King"

All the commanders were stunned at the news. They stood there for a moment, unable to believe whether it was true or false

Seeing this, Noir revealed everything the masked man said in the hospital, except for Andrius' family background

"In other words, everything the fake emperor did was him deliberately aiming to destroy the Lycantroops?"

"The fake emperor is so ruthless!"

"Since the fake emperor, the Second War God, and the others want to wipe out the Lycantroops and even killed the Wolf King, we might as well take the initiative and march our army straight to Kiyoto!"

“Yes, we’ll avenge the Wolf King and fulfill his final wish!”

The leaders of the Lycantroops were filled with anger and immediately reached a consensus. They would march to Kiyoto and seek revenge for the Wolf King!

Next, they began to make detailed plans on how to proceed.

At the same time, in Sumeria, Halle returned to the Royal Gardens after coming back from Murrfield.

Andrius was gone, leaving nothing behind, not even a portrait. **The** only thing he left her **was the** Royal Gardens. This place was what Andrius gave her and had their memories together. Halle intended to spend the rest of her life here with the memory of her beloved.

Knock, knock, **knock!**

“Halle, **open the door!**”

**Halle** had not **returned** for long **when** there was an urgent knocking on **the** door.

It **was** Luna, **who** had **been monitoring the** situation here. When she heard **that Halle had returned, she** thought **that Andrius had returned with** her and rushed over **immediately**.

“**What are you doing here?**” Halle **opened the door and looked** at Luna **coldly**, not **showing any cordiality**.

“...” Luna was **stunned by** her **cold** tone, then **pleaded pitifully**, “**Halle, can you let me see Andrius?**”

**During Andrius’ trial, her grandfather and** she had passed **out and** could **not participate**. She **had** blamed

herself immensely after **waking up**. **This** time, **after learning that** Halle was back, she **did not** want to miss **the** chance **again**.

“Meet him?” Halle’s nose stung, and her **eyes** reddened with tears. She said in a trembling voice, “Andrius is gone. **You can’t see him** anymore.”

Impossible!”

Luna immediately raised her head upon hearing this. Looking at Halle's face in disbelief, she said, "Andrius is the Wolf King. He is tougher than the stars in the sky. How could he be gone?"

"It's you! It must be you! You're lying to me that he's dead because you don't want me to see him!"

**At** those words, Luna gradually became frantic. She grabbed Halle's collar. "Isn't that right? It's you who don't want me to see Andrius!"

Halle was already in grief. Now that she was being doubted by Luna...

To her, Andrius was dead because of Luna!

Smack!

In her anger, Halle delivered a hard slap across Luna's face, producing a loud and crisp sound.

Luna was stunned by the slap and momentarily forgot how to react.

## Chapter 812

"Enough!" Halle glared **at** her hatefully and said **tearfully**, "Luna Crestfall, it's all because of you. You **killed**

Andrius!

"If not for you going to the Western border, there wouldn't have been the slightest flaw in Andrius' plan!

"If not for you being a fool and falling into Kabreh's hands, why would Andrius have risked his life to save you?"

"If not for you, Andrius wouldn't have been forced to ingest the p-3 serum containing the insect, leading

to a fatal infection!

“If not for you, he wouldn’t have needed to go to the Murrfield cordillera and find the cure for the insect!

“If not for you, he wouldn’t have been ambushed by that despicable Second War God and ultimately met

his end...”

Each sentence was increasingly frenzied.

Halle’s clear eyes had turned bloodshot, accompanied by boundless anger and endless resentment. She went up to Luna and grabbed her collar, shaking and shoving her repeatedly.

“It was you! It’s your fault! All of this is because of you! Luna Crestfall! You’re the one who killed the Wolf King! You’re the one who killed Andrius...”

**At** that point, Halle pushed Luna hard, then slumped to the ground weakly and burst into tears.

Luna was pushed several steps back and also fell to the ground. However, she was oblivious to her surroundings.

Halle’s words echoed in her mind.

It was she who killed Andrius!

It was she who ruined his plan. Then, he risked his life to save her, only to be forced to consume the serum that Kabreh had prepared, eventually leading to the insect infection. Andrius then had no choice

but to look for a sure, and in the end, the Second War God killed him...

“It was me... I killed Andrius...”

“Haha, it was me. Andrius is **dead** because **of** me, haha...”

Luna laughed and cried as if going mad.

After an unknown amount of time, she staggered to her feet and ran back in the direction she came from.

“It was me... I killed Andrius! I killed him, I killed him...” Luna kept muttering, her heart like ashes.

Luna returned to Crestfall Manor and locked herself in her room.

Harry immediately noticed something wrong and brought people to knock on her door. “Luna, what happened?”

“It was me... I killed Andrius...” Luna kept repeating that sentence in the room.

Harry frowned.

The Crestfall family was now at the height of its power. **They** no longer **needed the Wolf King** as a supporting figure. **To** him, **the** Wolf King would **just add some** luster **to** the Crestfalls, **at most, and a very** dangerous luster at that.

**After all, it had not** been long **since the** emperor held the trial for **Andrius**.

“**Luna...**” Harry signed and **advised**, “Your connection with Andrius should have ended long ago. **Now** that **he’s** gone, let him leave **peacefully**.”

“**Your** life has to continue. In my opinion, you should forget him as soon as possible and **start** your life anew. That’s what you should do.”

**After** saying this, Harry shot a look at Roxy and the others.

“Luna, the past is in the past. You’re the pillar of the Crestfalls now. *You* need to pick yourself up.”

“Luna, with your current status and looks, you can find an outstanding man easily. Forget about him and find someone new.”

“That’s right, Luna. There are plenty of fish in the sea. You really don’t have to be so fixated on Andrius

alone...”

“Luna...”

Luna was already heartbroken. Hearing their words only made her feel worse.

“Stop talking!” Luna could not help but snort coldly, “If anyone brings this up again, don’t blame me for being rude!”

Harry and the others were rebuffed but did not give up. They left Luna’s door.

“Uncle, what if we find a few outstanding men and let Luna choose one for herself? As long as she’s happy, there won’t be any other problems.”

“That’s right. Luna is sad now, but that’s normal. As long as she finds someone new that she likes, she’ll forget about Andrius quickly.”

“Uncle, weren’t there quite a few young men from top affluent families who wanted to marry Luna before? You can invite them all here and let her choose.”

The group offered suggestions, trying to help Harry plan.

Harry felt that the suggestions made sense and nodded. “Okay, I’ll call them over now.”

Then, he started to make phone calls.

Not long after, a dozen or so handsome, powerful, and influential young men from affluent families arrived

“Well...”

## Chapter 813

Harry **pointed** to Luna’s room and said, “Luna is in a bad mood now. **Anyone** of **you who** can make her happy and get her approval will become the son-in-law of the Crestfalls!”

With the current status of the Crestfalls in East River State, even if they openly announced that they were recruiting a son-in-law, there would be plenty of suitors.

Although it might not be enough to fill an island, the line would certainly be long enough to encircle Sumeria twice.

Thus, the young men did not get angry. Instead, they were full of confidence and eager to try.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Crestfall!”

“Mr. Crestfall, watch me. I’m the best at charming girls.”

“**Mr.** Crestfall, rest assured and leave it to me. Nothing will go wrong!”

“Mr. Crestfall, give me a chance and I’ll give you a grandson!”

“Mr. Crestfall...”

The young men rained promises, then went to knock on Luna’s door.

“Luna, I’m from the Lewis family...”

“Ms. Crestfall, I’m from the Zimmers...”

“Ms. Crestfall, I’m from the Cruz family...”

“Ms. Crestfall...”

The young men knocked on Luna’s door one by one and began to showcase their knowledge and gentlemanliness like peacocks spreading their tails.

Luna was already overwhelmed with guilt and grief. When she heard the commotion outside, she became

furiously.

“Get out! All of you! Do any of you think you’re worthy of being my man?”

After scolding the people at the door, she went to the rooftop and glared at Harry and the others, saying resolutely, “Dad, if you keep sending people to pressure me, I’ll jump from here right now!”

Harry was startled, and Belarus was infuriated.

“You blockhead! Are you trying to force Luna to death?!” He struck Harry with his cane, who covered his head and scurried away.

“Luna is already feeling terrible about Andrius’ departure, yet you’re provoking her like this. Is your brain filled with shit?”

“Even a pig wouldn’t have made such a foolish decision. You’re absolutely out ragedous!”

Harry lowered his head, not daring to answer.

After

scolding him, Belarus went to the rooftop and said, “Luna, calm down. As long as I’m around, I won’t let such a thing **happen again.**”

“**Grandpa...**”

Luna remembered **how her grandfather always protected Andrius and arranged her marriage with him, but** now...

**Tears welled up in her** eyes uncontrollably.

Belarus sighed, looking much older. Andrius’ **death** had been a heavy blow to this old man.

“Luna...” He went up to pull Luna down and **asked**, “What are your plans for the future?”

“The **future...**” Luna looked in the direction of the western border and said in determination, “Andrius died because of me. I won’t remarry in my **life!**”

Belarus fell silent and did not speak.

“What he loved most in his life was this land and its soldiers. Now that he’s gone, I’ll continue his legacy. I’ll take care of those soldiers, martyrs, and their families for the rest of my life.”

As she spoke, she could not hold back her tears once again.

In a secluded place in the cordillera, far away from Florence, the blue sky was interspersed with white clouds, the song of birds, and the fragrance of flowers.



A small wooden cottage bathed in sunlight looked like a painting from a landscape.

When Andrius woke up and saw the scene outside, he could not help but be stunned.

Where was this place?

“Hm?”

After several days of weakness, Andrius was used to slowly getting out of bed while being helped.

However, this time, he realized that his wounds had been bandaged, and he had regained a considerable amount of strength—at least thirty to forty percent!

He got out of bed and planned to go out to see what was happening.

“Where are you going? Master said that you can’t leave.”

Just as he reached the door, a maid blocked his way.

Andrius thought that she must be from the family that saved him, and said in a low voice, “I just want to

have a look outside.”

“No.”

The maid’s tone was very firm.

Andrius frowned slightly and tried to force his way out.

Bam!

**The** next moment, the maid struck out her palm without hesitation.

Andrius instinctively met her palm with his own.

However, he **was** shocked. The immense force from the palm strike made him retreat uncontrollably.

He stared **at** the **maid** in front of him in disbelief. At that moment, it was as if **his** heart was **overwhelmed**

by massive **waves**.

What in the world was this place?

**He was the Wolf King**, undefeated on **the battlefield**.

**Even though he was infected and his strength had** been **reduced to** less than **half**, it should not **have**

weakened him **to this extent**. **What** was going **on**?

Chapter 814

“Phew...”

Andrius could not figure it out at **all** and took a deep breath, calming his heart.

**Then**, he looked **at** the maid **and** nodded at her. “Please guide me!”

The maid glanced at him indifferently, but there was a faint hint of disdain.

Andrius felt displeased and unleashed a flurry of moves at the maid’s face. His attack was fast as lightning and full of power!

However, the maid did not take it seriously at all and only suddenly unleashed a strong force when Andrius was right in front of her.

Not only did she perfectly defend against his attack, but she also forced him back.

Andrius’ expression changed dramatically.

What the hell?

How could a mere maid possess such terrifying strength and power? It was simply astonishing.

“Young man...”

Just as Andrius was in shock, an old man with an elegant aura walked over. He wore strange clothing that was vastly different from what was usually worn in central Florence, but he exuded a sense of profound vicissitudes.

What surprised Andrius even more was that as soon as the old man called out to him and gained his attention, he immediately made a move.

His punches were as fast as lightning.

Andrius was caught off guard and could not block in time. He was continuously pushed back by the old man's attacks, looking extremely wretched.

After just a few moves, Andrius was overwhelmed and fell to the ground, coughing up blood. Although he was knocked down, he was not defeated.

He persevered and got up from the ground.

Then, he stared at the old man and asked in confusion, “What is this place? Who are you people?”

Whoosh...

The old man waved his hand, revealing something in his palm. It was that stone box that Andrius grabbed

before he fell!

“Didn't you come here with the token of the temple because you were seeking the temple's successor?”

The old **man's** words struck Andrius with realization.

This place was **the true** place of the temple's legacy, and the old man and the maid in front of him **were** the successors of **the** temple!

“So, **you're** the successor of **the** temple...”

Andrius quickly made his **greetings**. “**My** name is **Andrius Moonshade**. I **apologize** for **disturbing your peace** by coming from afar. **Please don’t** hold any offense!”

The old man’s **expression improved slightly** when he saw Andrius’ **attitude**. **He waved** his hand **and** said, “**Forget** it. Since **you’re here**, there’s no need to dwell on such matters.

“Just **now, my moves were to** help **you** open the 72 meridians in your body, allowing **you to** survive for **three** more **days**.”

Andrius hurriedly thanked him. “Thank you for helping me, sir. May I know your name?”

“**My** name is Otto Price.” The old man replied casually, “I just didn’t want *you to* die here and pollute this peaceful **place**.”

Although his words were harsh, Andrius knew that this old man was reserved on the outside but warm-hearted inside. Otherwise, he would have been dead by now.

Thus, he bowed and said, “Elder Price, to be honest, I came here under unavoidable circumstances. I mustn’t die now. Please help me remove the insect from my body. I will definitely *repay* you in the future!”

He did not know how long he had been unconscious and what the situation outside was like now. He needed to remove the insect in his body and return to the Lycantroops as soon as possible.

Otherwise, something unexpected might occur.

“The insect inside you is called the Spirit–Devouring Insect.” Otto looked at Andrius and shook his head, saying, “To completely remove this insect, you can only rely on yourself.”

Andrius was stunned.

“Follow me.”

Otto did not say much and led Andrius toward the back of the mountain.

Soon, they arrived at a cave that appeared very deep.

At a glance, it was impossible to see what was inside the cave. However, a cold aura emanated from the entrance, sending shivers down his spine.

“The method to remove the Spirit–Devouring Insect is inside this cave.” Otto pointed at the entrance and said with a smile. “Go in. Whether you can remove the insect or not depends on yourself.”

Andrius stepped forward.

Just as he did, he saw a phrase carved along the cave wall: ‘To create, you must first break.’

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## Chapter 815

### To create, you must first break?

Construction would only come after destruction?

Andrius stared at the words and thought for a while but could not figure out **what** it meant. He continued

to **walk deeper** into the **cave**.

He took **step** after **step** into the dark and silent cave. His footsteps echoed and emphasized his solitude.

“Andrius!”

Just when he thought **he** would be wandering in this cave alone, a figure suddenly appeared in front of

him.

It was the First War God, Conrad Gibbs!

He was overjoyed upon seeing Andrius. “Were you saved by the temple successors too?”

The word 'too' instantly cleared Andrius' confusion. It seemed that Conrad had also been saved by Otto, and the two of them coincidentally met here.

What a stroke of luck!

"Yes, Conrad. I never expected that we would fight side by side again!" Andrius could not help but exclaim as he approached.

"Let's go." Conrad pointed deeper into the cave and said, "Let's explore together and see what mysteries lie inside."

"Let's go!"

The two of them ventured deeper into the cave.

Roar...

After just a few steps, a leopard pounced out, opening its mouth to bite Andrius mercilessly. The pungent smell of blood wafted over as it moved like lightning.

"Die!"

Conrad snorted coldly and threw a punch at the leopard's head.

The leopard was struck and fought back against Conrad, but it was no match for him. After a few moves, it whimpered and fell to the ground.

The two continued forward, encountering one fierce beast **after** another.

However, they were all killed barehanded by Andrius and Conrad.

The two laughed and worked together as if **they** had returned **to the** days on the **battlefield, where they** competed **over** how many enemies they took down. It was an unrestrained **and enjoyable feeling**.

"**How refreshing!**" Andrius could not help but exclaim as he fought.

"Hm? Andrius, you're injured." Conrad noticed the **blood** on Andrius' arm **and said, "Let me bandage that for you."**

Andrius **nodded and extended** his arm.

**Conrad immediately began to bandage it** carefully.

**Andrius** glanced at Conrad **and noticed** something strange. He remembered that there **used to** be **a scar** on Conrad's **right** wrist—  
Conrad had been injured by shrapnel during a **fierce battle** on the Western border.

**Such a scar** could not be removed unless the entire layer **of** skin was peeled off.

Andrius suddenly realized **that the** person in front of him was not Conrad. **He was** an imposter.

**However, he did** not show any reaction or say anything. He continued on as before.

After bandaging the wound, they continued forward, fighting side by side.

After a while, they reached a fork in the path.

The left path seemed to be dangerous, with occasional bursts of flames and spikes jutting from the ground. It seemed like a death sentence.

The right path seemed calm, with clear indications of the way forward and no traps.

“Hm...”

Conrad glanced at the paths and walked toward the right path.

The path was indeed smooth and had no hidden traps!

“Over here, Andrius!” Conrad urged, “This path should be the one leading to the final destination. The other path is a dead end.”

Andrius looked at him and slowly stopped his pace.