

War Song 85

Chapter 85

Barrett pulled on Aurora's hand as he addressed Rafael, "Marshal, please calm down. General Yates was just momentarily impulsive. She didn't mean to challenge your authority."

"If you cannot accept military orders, leave the Southern Frontier immediately. I need generals who are absolutely obedient," Rafael replied coldly.

Though Aurora was still unwilling to accept it, she dared not speak further and resigned herself to merely giving Carissa a cold glare.

As a noble lady from a prestigious family, Carissa was naturally held in high regard. Her inherent wealth and status were far beyond that of a humble general's daughter. Yet, Aurora had earned her position through sheer effort and sacrifice, unlike Carlssa, who seemed to have her achievements handed to her.

As Aurbra reluctantly followed Barrett, she said, "My military rank is low and my background is humble, so I have no right to argue. I will, of course, obey your orders, Marshal."

Her statement was clearly a jab at Carissa.

Aurora was even hoping that Carissa would come forward to argue. However, Carissa simply stood silently, tears welling up in her eyes. She looked pitiful and didn't offer a word in her own defense.

To Aurora, it was clear that Carissa was in the wrong here. The former vowed that she would one day expose the latter's true nature. She would reveal Carissa's scheming nature to the world.

When that time came, the fact that her achievements had been gained through the influence of her father's old allies would earn her disdain from true warriors!

After Barrett and Aurora left the command tent, Timothy knelt and wiped tears from his face.

Hector and his six sons were gone. Even Melanie and her grandson were no longer around. Carissa was the only living member of the Duke of Northwatch's family.

Timothy wasn't the only one crying. Several other generals couldn't help but secretly wipe away their tears, mourning the loss of their comrades and the fall of the Sinclair family. Even Rafael's eyes were slightly red.

Tears swirled in Carissa's eyes, but she quickly fought them back. She had cried too many times, and would collapse every time she did. She needed to hold herself together.

With a voice thick with emotion, she slowly began, "Eight months ago, when I was still Barrett's wife, I was caring for my sick mother-in-law at Valor Estate when received news that my entire family had been slaughtered overnight.

"I raced back to Northwatch Estate, and was met with scenes of bloodshed upon entering. My mother, sister-in-law, nephews and nieces, guards, and all the household servants had been massacred-none escaped.

"My mother and sister-in-law had been hacked to pieces, while some bodies' heads were severed. My second brother's son, Ryan, had his head cut off..."

She took a deep breath, choking on her sobs. She couldn't speak further, the pain crashing over her like a landslide. The memory of that night was seared into her mind.

"Who did it?" Rafael asked.

Carissa took a moment to control her emotions before she managed to utter a reply, "Westhaven spies."

Rafael's eyes flashed with fury. Everything made sense now.

Eight months ago, Aurora had slaughtered civilians and captured Westhaven's prince. So, the massacre of Carissa's family was intimately connected to Aurora's actions at Victory Pass and Fawnrun City. "Generals, please step outside. I need to speak with General Sinclair alone," Rafael said softly.

Wiping his tears, Timothy glanced back at Carissa with a look of deep sorrow and sympathy. He seemed to be about to say something but ultimately remained silent as tears slid down his cheeks.

He and the others turned and left.

Rafael poured a glass of wine and handed it to Carissa. Sit down and have a drink."

After taking over Ilyrian City, wine was no longer a rarity.

Carissa took the glass and drank deeply. The sharp, spicy liquor slid from her mouth down her throat, igniting a fiery trail that burned all the way to her stomach.

Rafael reached out and gently touched her forehead. He had no idea she had experienced so much tragedy. He had thought that the loss of her father and brothers was the source of her greatest sorrow. To his surprise, she even had to face the massacre of her entire household, as well as her husband's betrayal.

How had she managed to endure all this?

As Rafael reflected on it, he felt a tightness in his chest. The sensation of suffocation slowly passed, leaving behind a lingering ache in his heart.

It was no wonder she was no longer the vibrant young woman from the Pathfinders Guild that he remembered. He had previously wondered why her eyes always seemed shrouded in a hint of melancholy, but had assumed it was due to the death of her father and brothers.