


Chapter 1589

During my years at Victory Pass, I had been promoted twice. I now held the rank of general, commanding over a thousand soldiers.

I never returned to the capital. I was stationed at Victory Pass, and was not allowed to leave unless I was summoned back.

I still remained single and had not remarried.

The wind and sand of Victory Pass had marked my face over the years, making me look older than other men of my age. I also suffered from insomnia for many years, and had to rely on calming medicines to sleep.

Sometimes, I wondered—if I hadn't had that foolish affair with Aurora, how different would my life be now? 

Would Carissa and I have become the admired, loving couple everyone envied?

Perhaps we would have had adorable children. I would have kept fighting in the army, while Carissa took care of the house, my parents, and the children. Even if I didn't rise much higher or stayed just a low-ranking general, she probably wouldn't have left me.

Back then, I hadn't known.

I never knew she was like an eagle soaring through the skies, yet had been willing to break her wings for me. She was willing to care for my sick mother, as well as manage all the daily tasks at Valor Estate.

By the time I realized, could I even regret it?

It was too late. I already had Aurora, whom I kept insisting I loved. I was

so angry and ashamed that I threw out harsh words, telling Carissa not to regret leaving me.

But why would she regret anything? She broke her wings for me, and when the divorce papers were signed, her wings were healed. She flew off to the battlefield, where she easily earned fame and respect.


Aurora had said Carissa came from a noble family, with a father and brothers who paved the way for her success. Without that, how could she have achieved so much?

But I knew the truth—Carissa's success was because of her own strength. Her noble background may have helped, but it was not the main reason.

In the Pathfinders Guild, her martial arts skills were among the best. That showed how much effort she had put in compared to others.

I admired her deeply.

But did I love her?

I kept asking myself that question: Did I ever truly love her? 

I never found the answer, but I knew for certain that I had been drawn to her back then. She was like the moon in the sky—beautiful and graceful.

I had reached for the moon, and on the night of our wedding, I was filled with both excitement and fear. I couldn't believe my luck. Had it not been for the campaign that took me away that very night, my life would have turned out differently.

That was when I met Aurora.

She was the only woman in our group, and during the fight against the

bandits, her bravery earned praise from the queen dowager herself.

Aurora was not as beautiful as Carissa, but she was bright, always smiling, warm, courageous, and full of life. I had never met a woman like her before. In the face of her boldness, beauty seemed almost unimportant.

Looking back, I realize I must have loved Aurora at the time. But our love was built on lies, and it faded too quickly. Perhaps, it wasn't really her I loved, but the image she created. The Aurora I loved never truly existed.

Later, I married the third daughter of the Earl of Silverstone's family. As Thomas' widow, Viola had returned to her family after he died in battle. She came from a noble family and carried herself with an air of importance, even though she had been married once before.

Sometimes, when I looked at her, I couldn't help but wonder: If family background could grant such power, why was Carissa so different?

Although I hadn't spent much time with Carissa, I later learned from Aunt Charlotte and Amelia how hard she had worked to manage the household while I was away, giving both money and effort.

It was truly a shame. She had been so devoted to my family, yet I had let her down so terribly.

In the end, Viola and I didn't last. She had too many complaints, and was always comparing herself to others. When my future seemed bright, she treated me kindly. However, it was never enough for her. 1

When I lost everything and fell into disgrace, she abandoned me.

I couldn't blame her. Everyone had their own ambitions. The truth was, I wasn't the man she needed. I couldn't give her everything she wanted.

Chapter 1590

At General Sullivan's 80th birthday celebration, I saw Carissa again. Before that, I had seen her a few times when she visited Victory Pass on occasion.

We were like strangers now. We never spoke, but I would secretly see her off every time she left. I didn't know why I did that, or what I hoped to accomplish.

I always carried a sense of guilt toward her.

As for Aurora and Viola, I also felt I owed them something. But with them, it was a constant cycle of mutual exhaustion and arguments. They hurt me in the past, but I had also hurt them.

But when it came to Carissa, it was my family and I who had wronged her. She never did anything to deserve it. Even after our divorce, she could have ignored my mother's illness. Instead, she helped Amelia learn how to obtain the Snowdrop Pills.

When I saw Carissa at General Sullivan's birthday celebration, she was the regent's princess consort. The political affairs of the court were of little concern to us soldiers on the frontier. What mattered to us was having plenty of supplies, top-notch weapons, and even a raise in our salaries. Those were tangible benefits.

The regent had once been a general himself. He knew that only when the soldiers were well-fed would they have the strength to defend the borders.

Carissa was standing with Prince Rafael, both of them offering birthday wishes to General Sullivan. The way the general looked at her was filled

with the same warmth and pride as always.

I watched them from across the room, thoughts stirring in my mind. If I hadn't been so foolish all those years ago, perhaps it would have been me standing there with her and offering well wishes to General Sullivan.

After all these years, I still found myself thinking that way. It seemed that I was the one who had stayed stuck in the same place all along.

I thought I wouldn't speak to her this time, that we would simply pass each other by. But to my surprise, she sought me out after the celebration. We stood in a small side room, just the two of us—no servants or attendants.

I wondered if Prince Rafael truly trusted her enough to allow this. Wasn't he afraid of rumors spreading?

I felt uneasy and was unsure how to behave. I couldn't look her directly in the eye as I waited for her to speak first.

And she did just that. Her voice was calm, without a hint of sharpness in it.

"Before I left for Victory Pass, Viola came to see me. She said she had written you a letter and intended to ask me to give it to you. But she hesitated for a long time, not knowing if it was right to send it. When she learned I was leaving, she rushed to the city gates to stop me. She forgot the letter at home, so she asked me to tell you what it said. Would you like to hear it, General Warren?"

Carissa shifted in her seat and folded her hands neatly before her.

I was taken aback. I hadn't expected to hear that Viola had written to me.

But when I saw Carissa sitting like that, I suddenly remembered—she had looked exactly like that the day I returned from Victory Pass and told her I wanted to take Aurora as my second wife.

As I didn't respond for a while, she asked again, "Would you like to hear it, General Warren?"

I paused for a moment, then nodded. "Please go ahead, Commander Sinclair."

She nodded and said, "Viola said that after everything you two have been through as husband and wife, she sees now that she made mistakes, and so did you. The marriage felt like a messy account—one too tangled to sort out. So, she figured it best to just wipe it clean.

"Now, she's changed a lot, and knows you've changed too. Since neither of you has anyone by your side, she wants to know if you might consider being together again. If you're willing, she'll come to Victory Pass to join you. If not, she asks that you forget she ever said anything."

I was stunned.

I always thought Viola held a grudge against me. After all, things had ended pretty badly between us. However, she wasn't wrong. We both had faults. And after all these years, I truly wished her well.

Still, getting back together?

Would that mean throwing ourselves into another round of those bitter, exhausting fights? I already had more than enough of that kind of madness.

At my silence, Carissa continued, "She said she'd be honest with you. So many years have passed, and there is little point in speaking of affection

now. Even if it once existed, it has long since faded. She simply doesn't want to burden her family or force her nieces and nephews to care for her in her old age."

I didn't know how to respond. I opened my mouth but closed it again, unsure of what to say.

Carissa stood to leave. "You may take your time to think. I'm not leaving right away."

Before she walked out, I asked, "Does her family not treat her well?"



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