

Her Graceful War Song

#Chapter 1661 - Read Her Graceful War Song Chapter 1661

Aurora's wounds were far too grave. Carrying her on his back, Travis could

already feel how faint her breathing was. Though she could barely complete a sentence, she managed to whisper something.

"Help... me, I don't want to die..."

When they arrived at the abandoned house they had previously stayed at, the first thing they did was stop Barrett's bleeding. There was still hope for him to live.

However, Aurora was in much worse condition. She had lost too much blood, and was likely suffering from internal injuries as well. It was a miracle she had survived this long.

There was a look of despair in her eyes, yet one hand still clutched Carissa's sleeve with all her remaining strength. Her lips moved as though she wanted to plead for help, but no words came. When she opened her mouth, only blood poured out.

Her gaze was unfocused, but she kept trying to find someone. Most assumed she was searching for Barrett, but he was being tended to. Travis was pressing down on his wound, trying to stop the bleeding, and sealing the pressure point at his left shoulder to prevent further blood loss.

Carissa checked Aurora's injuries and tried using hemostatic powder to stop the bleeding, but it was of no use. At last, Aurora's eyes seemed to clear. She stared straight at Violet, her expression full of hatred and bitterness. However, she was too weak to speak.

Carissa understood her and softly said, "I told you that no one was coming to help us. We are the only ones carrying out the mission. You shouldn't have come back."

A mocking smile crossed Aurora's pale face. It was hard to say whether she was mocking Carissa or herself.

"Is earning merits worth more than your life?" Violet asked sharply, unable to hold back.

The words struck a nerve in Aurora. As she shut her eyes, a single tear slid down her face. Earning merit was important, but not more important than staying alive. Unfortunately, she couldn't speak her thoughts out loud.

Barrett's wound had been dealt with, but he couldn't move. He lay on the floor, gritting through the pain of his lost arm, his face pale with shock. He couldn't accept what had happened. In his

heart, he blamed Aurora. If not for her insistence on going back, they would have already escaped safely. So, though he could have crawled over to see her one last time, he didn't.

Aurora soon drew her last breath. She died with her eyes wide open, unable to rest in peace.

Everyone knew they couldn't stay where they were for long. Since Aurora had died, they would at least bring her body home.

Carissa thought of the young officer, certain he was Arthur, Westhaven's crown prince. In this life, he had not been thoroughly humiliated, and thus wouldn't be driven to take his own life. But with Westhaven's court so deeply divided, who could say what his final fate would be?

With one dead and another wounded, the air among the group was heavy with gloom.

People had a poor impression of Aurora, but she was a female general of Starhaven and a comrade-in-arms. No matter what one thought of her, it was still

a bitter thing that she had lost her life here.

However, Carissa felt a deep sense of relief. Aurora's death meant that no matter what else happened, the terrible events of their previous life could no longer come to pass.

With the sky beginning to lighten, they had to leave before daylight fully broke. Bun carried Barrett on his back, while Travis bore the weight of Aurora's body. Once they climbed the mountain path, the tightness in their chests eased a little. Given how quickly they were moving, the Westhaven soldiers wouldn't be able to catch up to them.

Soon, they found a flat stretch of land and stopped for a brief rest. By then, the sun had risen completely and was glowing gently above the ridge. Its light was gentle, the morning glow spreading across the sky. It looked like it was going to be a fair day.

Barrett had fainted from the pain of his lost arm while Bun carried him. Now that they had stopped to rest he was slowly waking up, but the pain was dreadful. Even when Bun held water to his lips, Barrett could only manage half a sip before

turning his face away, brow

furrowed in discomfort.

The others took a few bites of their dry rations and sipped what little water they

had, then set off again.

The battle had taken much out of

had

them, and none had truly rested. They all chose to preserve their strength rather than spend their inner force for speed. Better to walk quickly than waste their energy by using their Lightfoot Skill. If they did that and were attacked again, they might not even have the strength to defend themselves.

Besides, Barrett's wounds were severe, so too much movement could easily cost him his life. He endured the pain without complaint, but Carissa and the others dared not push too hard.

Carissa was eager to return not just to Victory Pass, but to the capital as well. She wanted to make sure her family was safe.

In this life, Arthur had not been disgraced, and there was no massacre of civilians.

So, in theory, the tragedy from before shouldn't repeat itself. However, nothing was ever certain.

Carissa had done everything she could to stop the bloodshed. In the end, all she really wanted was to keep her family safe.

Her Graceful War Song #Chapter 1662 - Read Her Graceful War Song Chapter 1662

By the time they returned to Victory Pass, Barrett was running a high fever. Even on the road, he had barely been holding on. The pain gnawed at him endlessly, and in a rare moment of clarity, he had even begged Bun to finish him off, just to put an end to the torment.

Once back, the army physician took over Barrett's care. The wound was cleaned, the rotting flesh scraped away. It was a process that brought fresh waves of agony.

The days that followed passed in a haze. Barely able to keep anything down, Barrett grew thinner by the day.

Meanwhile, Aurora's body was not sent back to the capital, but buried there at Victory Pass. As for her deeds-both good and bad-Dominic would report everything to Salvador in due time.

Ultimately, Westhaven's army withdrew. Without supplies, Leroy's men couldn't keep up the fight even if they wanted to.

According to Starhaven's scouts, Liam had returned to Westhaven's camp. It seemed he had set out to find Arthur at the border but fell into an ambush and was injured. That gave Leroy the opening he needed.

It was all part of Leroy's plan. If he and his men hadn't had a solid strategy, they wouldn't have sent so many troops to Victory Pass or secretly transported supplies. And because Leroy had

launched a full-scale assault and invaded Starhaven's territory, Starhaven had the upper hand in the peace talks.

Carissa didn't take part in the negotiations. Instead, she went to pick up Lulu and returned to the capital with Violet and the others.

She soon arrived home, weary from the journey. Seeing Northwatch Estate still standing tall in the morning sun, and the old gatekeeper stepping out with a warm smile, a wave of relief washed over her. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she fought hard to hold them back.

Someone went inside to tell her family she was back, and Ryan came running out first. His face lit up with delight as he grabbed her hands and chattered excitedly.

"Aunt Carissa! Where did you go? Why were you gone for so long?"

Carissa gently patted his head and smiled. "I went to visit your great-grandfather, and stayed there for quite a while."

"Was it fun? Can I go with you next time?" Ryan asked eagerly.

"It was really fun. If you want, I'll take you next time." Carissa nudged him forward. "Come on, let's go inside."

She first told the servants to prepare some guest rooms so Violet and the others could rest comfortably. Then, she went to see her mother.

Carissa had a bad feeling she was about to get scolded. Her sisters-in-law stood in the hallway, giving her looks that said everything without a word. She greeted them first, then entered the main hall. Melanie was sitting on a wooden chair, her eyes slightly red but her expression cold and fierce.

"Kneel," Melanie said slowly, her eyes fixed on her daughter.

Carissa was momentarily stunned, then her face lit up with joy. "Mom, can you see again?"

"Kneel!" Melanie repeated, her eyes locked onto Carissa's face.

After a careful glance to make sure her daughter wasn't hurt, her voice grew even sterner as she said, "You're completely out of control. You used your grandfather as an excuse to go to Victory Pass then snuck off to the battlefield behind his back. If it weren't for Wade's letter, were you planning to keep this from me forever?"

So, Wade had sold Carissa out.

She dropped to her knees without protest, her voice sincere as she apologized, "I

was wrong, Mom. Please punish me. I won't dare do such a thing again."

When Melanie had first received the letter, anger had not been her foremost emotion-it was fear. She had spent sleepless nights worrying. Now, Seeing Carissa safe and sound before her, that worry had eased, but she still had to scold her.

"If you ever dare do such a thing again, I'll send you straight back to Meadow Ridge and have Sage Everett watch over you himself. You won't be allowed to take a single step beyond its gates."

"Yes, I understand," said Carissa softly.

"Go kneel in front of your father's memorial plaque for three days," Melanie said calmly as she took a cup of tea from a maid.

She turned to Lulu, who stood hesitantly at the doorway, not daring to come in. "And you. You knew and said nothing. You'll be punished as well."

Lulu's heart sank, and she dropped to her knees. "Yes, ma'am!"

Before going to the family chapel where Hector's memorial plaque was, Carissa shuffled forward and wrapped her arms around Melanie. She rested her head on her mother's lap as she choked back a sob.

"Mom, I missed you so much."

Melanie sighed, her heart already softening beyond reason. "Go and kneel for two hours. No less."

She knew Carissa had rushed all the

way home and was exhausted from

the journey. Even asking her to kneel for two hours felt cruel. But if

Melanie didn't punish her at all, what would her nieces and nephews think? That there were no consequences for disobedience?

In the days that followed, Carissa was on her best behavior. If Melanie told her to

go east, she wouldn't dare take a single step west. If Melanie told her to eat

bread, she wouldn't even think about asking for something else.

Her Graceful War Song #Chapter 1663 - Read Her Graceful War Song Chapter 1663

As Violet and her companions were still guests at the estate, Melanie chose not to embarrass her daughter too much. She allowed Carissa to accompany her friends and show them the sights and wonders of the capital.

As the New Year approached, the streets were bustling with people stocking up for the celebrations. Suddenly, a galloping horse charged through the city gates, racing straight toward the palace.

The rider shouted at the top of his lungs, "Great news! The Hell Monarch has reclaimed the Southern Frontier! The Southern Frontier is ours again!"

Standing in the doorway of a silk shop, holding two bolts of fine satin in her arms, Carissa heard the cry with her own ears.

She remembered how Rafael had swept through the Southern Frontier like wildfire after heading to the battlefield, reclaiming more than a dozen cities in quick succession. It wasn't until he reached Ilyrian City and Simonton City that the fighting had dragged on. And when Westhaven forces lent their aid to Sandoria, the battle had stalled even longer.

But according to the timeline, the two armies should still be locked in a stalemate. How had victory come so soon?

Still, Carissa never doubted Rafael would win. She had simply not expected it to happen this quickly. As it turned out, without Westhaven meddling, the campaign to reclaim the Southern Frontier went smoothly.

When she got home, she shared the news with her mother. Then, she prepared food and wine to honor her late father and brothers. They deserved some of the credit for reclaiming the Southern Frontier too. After all, they had passed down their hard-earned experience of fighting Sandorian soldiers to Rafael.

In February, the Hell Monarch Army returned in triumph.

Carissa had wanted to go to the city gates to greet Rafael, but Melanie had been sick with a cold since the start of the new year and still hadn't recovered. Carissa had to stay by her side to care for her, so she couldn't join the crowds in celebration.

Still, she missed Rafael terribly and wanted nothing more than to see him.

Carissa decided that once her mother had recovered, she would visit Hell Monarch Estate herself. He surely wouldn't remember the life they had once lived together, but she did. And she knew that before he departed for war, he had come to Northwatch Estate to ask for her hand.

In this lifetime, she was willing to take the first step. It didn't matter if she had to pursue him instead of the other way around.

But early the next morning, Carissa was caught completely off guard. Lily came rushing in to report that the Hell Monarch had arrived with Natalie to deliver a formal proposal of marriage. Melanie was already in the main hall to receive them.

The previous night, Carissa hadn't returned to her room until after midnight, having stayed up late caring for her mother. Once she finally lay down, she had tossed and turned, torn on whether she should seek out Rafael.

She wanted to see him so badly, but she knew better. After the long journey back from the front lines, he must be exhausted. What mattered most was that he got some rest. She never imagined he would come to her first.

Without a second thought, she hurried toward the main hall. She stood shakily at the doorway,

struggling to steady her breath net

she watched his proud figure kneel before her mother. He was saying something, but she couldn't hear the words. Her heart was caught up in the moment, desperate to take in every detail of the man who haunted her thoughts.

Melanie caught sight of her daughter and smiled softly. There was no need to ask what Carissa thought about the proposal. Her longing to be by Rafael's side was written all over her face, and she looked ready to throw herself into his arms.

Snow fell gently, the flakes drifting softly through the air. The trees in the yard were bare, except for one orchid in full bloom.

Rafael took off his cloak and gently draped it around Carissa's shoulders, making her heart race. Though they had been married for years previously, seeing him now as the young man he once was left her unable to look away.

"That campaign of yours..." she managed to say, clearing her throat as she tore her gaze from him. "You won so quickly. It was quite the victory."

Rafael looked at her steadily. "I couldn't wait to win. Every day, I thought about coming back to marry you once the war was over. I feared that if I was even a step too slow, someone else might take you away."

Carissa's eyes widened. "What?"

Rafael gently held her shoulders, his voice soft and tender as he said, "Carissa, when I said I'd lie down with you for a while that day, I didn't mean to fall asleep. But I did. And when I woke up, I found myself back on the Southern Frontier battlefield.

"It felt impossible, like a dream... yet I was glad. Because it meant we'd been given another lifetime together. The thought that we have decades ahead of us fills me with joy."

Carissa intertwined her fingers with his, holding his hand tightly. Wiping away the tears in her eyes, she smiled, bright and beautiful.

"This time, we'll be in love before we marry," she said.

Rafael pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead.

Though the wind was cold, Carissa's heart was warm.

Things set in motion long ago were

stirring again, and the future was moving forward beyond anyone's

control. Trouble brewed at court, but

Carissa and Rafael were ready Victory would come easily, and they would live happily ever after once more.

The End

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