

War Song 49

Chapter 49

The gates of the Northwatch Estate closed, leaving Amelia outside. Lily refused to comment on anything about the Warrens.

Seeing Frederick looking troubled, she asked, "Mr. Carter, what's the matter?"

Frederick handed the reins to the stableman and stretched his left leg, which had started to ache from all the riding.

"Lady Heather refused the gift our lady sent to the princess," he said quietly, not wanting others to overhear.

Lily was shocked. "Princess Leona and our lady's mother were sisters and very close. Why would she... I understand."

Even though the king had granted the title of Duke, Carissa's return to her family after the divorce, along with all the nasty rumors, had severed their kinship.

With Carissa's mother gone, her familial ties weakened,

In the eyes of the noble families, they believed Carissa was merely living under the protection of her father and brothers and had received special treatment from the king.

Consequently, no one respected her.

"I left the gift in the villa's annex. My lady shouldn't notice it when she goes there tonight to get her horse. Let's not tell her about this," Frederick said.

"Yes, we should keep it from her. No need to upset her, Lily agreed.

Lily didn't mention Amelia's visit to Carissa, not wanting the Warrens' issues to affect her before her departure tonight.

Frederick brought Sebastian's medicines to the Exquisite Pavilion and handed them to Carissa. Opening the package, she saw various medicines, including a bottle of Snowdrop Pills, which were very valuable and excellent for treating heart conditions. 1

"How much did these cost? Did you pay him?" Carissa asked.

"He didn't accept any payment. He just told me to take them."

Carissa nodded. "Alright, I'll hold onto these for now and pay him back when I return."

She opened another bundle, which contained some pastries and travel provisions.

"It looks like it's going to snow. If you get caught in a snowstorm and can't find an inn, these will come in handy," Frederick said.

"Thank you," Carissa said softly.

Frederick turned away slightly. "Have you finished packing?"

"I've packed everything," Carissa said, placing all the items into her bulging bundle. She smiled, but her eyes glistened with emotion. "Frederick, I'll be relying on you and the maids to take care of everything while I'm gone."

"Don't worry about anything here. Just come back safely," Frederick replied.

He didn't know where Carissa was going, but he was deeply concerned, especially seeing the amount of medical supplies Sebastian had given Carissa.

Carissa looked at him with slightly reddened eyes. "Frederick, what weapon did my father favor?"

"A guisarme!" Frederick's eyes lit up as he remembered Hector practicing with the glaive in the snow. His movements were swift and powerful, and they left an unforgettable impression. "When you went to the Pathfinders Guild, the Duke of Northwatch gave you a spear with a red ribbon, right? You could barely hold it back then," he added, reminiscing.

Carissa went to the weapons room, and retrieved the gleaming silver spear with its striking red ribbon. The silver spearhead and the red ropes tied at the junction of the spearhead and shaft were dazzling.

Her father had named it the Rose Spear because it was both sharp and beautifully adorned with rose carvings. Hidden within the roses were mechanisms that released small arrows when pressed. The red ribbon swayed with the spear's movements, making it a weapon that struck fear into her enemies' hearts. With a single thrust, the Rose Spear produced a resonating hum in the air. Carissa leaped into the air, caught the spear, and spun it around. The fallen leaves on the ground were swept into a corner.

With another thrust, the piled leaves scattered like they were blown by a northern wind. As she moved through the whirling leaves, her spear stirred up dust wherever it went.

One sweep, and the ground was covered in leaves.

Two sweeps, and pebbles flew into the air.

Three sweeps, and a fierce wind followed her movements.

Dressed in her white robes, Carissa moved as fast as lightning. If not for the red ribbon on her spear, I would have been impossible to track her movements.

Even if one could, the unpredictable nature of her spear made it impossible to anticipate where the spearhead would strike next!