

War Song 50

Chapter 50

Carissa practiced for half an hour, her legs extending gracefully in the air as she nimbly spun several times. Using her inner force, she struck with her spear, and a stone shattered into dust.

Frederick was amazed, and he stepped forward to inspect the scene. Every fallen leaf on the ground had a hole pierced through it, without exception.

Frederick was overjoyed. "My lady, your spear skills are even better than those of the young generals. You're almost as good as the duke."

Carissa held the spear in her hand, feeling it fit perfectly. Her forehead was dotted with sweat, and her face was flushed. After a month of intense practice, she had finally regained the level she had when she first left the mountain.

"I'll take the Rose Spear with me on this journey."

Reinforcements would come, but they might be too late. She needed to gather the Pathfinders Guild and some old friends to head to the battlefield, and help the Hell Monarch hold the line until the reinforcements arrived..

The Hell Monarch was currently fighting Sandoria at the Southern Frontier. He would know Sandoria's movements, but Starhaven spies couldn't penetrate deep into Sandoria. That made it hard for the Hell Monarch to adjust his tactics quickly with his limited forces.

Snow began to fall, the light flakes resting on the branches. It was already past noon, and the sky was a blanket of white.

The beautiful snowfall went unnoticed by Carissa, who was busy planning how to reach the Southern Frontier as quickly as possible. Her chestnut hors

could travel a thousand miles a day, but realistically, five hundred miles a day was more accurate.

She couldn't travel nonstop, and had to allow her horse time to rest. She estimated it would take five days to reach the Southern Frontier, but that was a conservative estimate. If her horse was fast, she could make it in four days.

Carissa held the Rose Spear, and went inside. Snow brought her hot tea, which she sipped on before instructing, "Tell Lulu to bring in my pigeon cage and prepare the writing materials."

During her eight years at the Pathfinders Guild, she had been reckless at first. She had run around the mountains every day until she was pinned down and beaten, unable to fight back. That was when she started practicing diligently.

By the time she was thirteen, she had exceptional talent and almost no rivals in the guild except for her master and the elders.

The Pathfinders Guild was in Meadow Ridge, and many other guilds surrounded it within a hundred miles. After challenging her seniors, she felt invincible and started challenging other guilds, making many enemies. But in her youthful arrogance and loyalty, many of those she had offended eventually became

her friends.

Carissa wrote a few letters, each with the same message: [Urgent! Head to the Southern Frontier battlefield!]

She tied the notes to the pigeons' legs, and released them all.

With that task done, she planned to bathe and rest before setting off that night. Just as she was about to lie down, Lily came in for a report.

"My lady, Madam Charlotte is here with Madam Amella. Madam Amelia already came earlier today, but I turned her away. I didn't expect her to return with Madam Charlotte."

If it were anyone else, Lily wouldn't have bothered to report it. However, Charlotte had always stood up for Carissa and even spoke out against Rebecca's actions. When the people in Northwatch Estate were massacred six months ago, Charlotte helped arrange the funeral.

Lily felt it was appropriate to inform Carissa, and let her decide whether to meet them.

"Invite them in and lead them to the sunroom. I'll be there shortly," Carissa said.

The Northwatch Estate sunroom was in the front courtyard's side hall. Besides the rear courtyard, this was the only place where the floors were warm.

In the sunroom, Amelia looked anxious. She frequently glanced around and muttered, "Why isn't she here yet?"

Charlotte, meanwhile, was sitting calmly on a chair. She had removed her white fox fur scarf and set aside her hand warmer due to the room's warmth.

Hearing Amelia's incessant muttering, Charlotte frowned. "This is Northwatch Estate. The front and back courtyards are far apart. Do you think it's like the Valor Estate, where a few steps take you everywhere?" Amelia was embarrassed. "I'm just worried. Mom has been in pain all day."

Charlotte snorted. "I can't believe she's shameless enough to send you here."

"But Aunt Charlotte, aren't you also here? Aren't we the same?" Amelia retorted.

"The same? How so?" Charlotte said coldly.

In her case, she was using this as an excuse to check on Carissa. She had been worried about how Carissa had been faring this past month.

She wouldn't be at ease until she saw Carissa.