

## War Song 59

### Chapter 59

Calling the food prepared for dinner a meal seemed quite noble. In reality, there were only two pieces of hard flatbread and dried meat-typical battlefield rations.

These were the kinds of supplies commonly sent to the front lines.

Now that the troops were stationed here, they could have prepared some hot stew or oatmeal. However, it was already late, and starting a big pot of stew just for Carissa would have been unreasonable. Still, they were thoughtful enough to provide a pot of hot water, which was at least something warm to drink and could heat up her body.

The small, temporary tent was filled with thick, heavy blankets that were dirty and hardened with grime. Carissa could tell from a touch that the stains on the blankets were dried blood.

A tall, young soldier with thick eyebrows and a scruffy beard led her in. He scratched his head and asked, "Is this okay? If not, I can get some hot soup made for you."

"No need, this is fine," Carissa said with a grateful smile, biting into the hard flatbread. The cold made it even tougher, and chewing it made her teeth ache.

"Alright then. I'm Dylan Ziegler, and I've been with the prince since I was young. If you need anything, just call for me. There aren't any maids or servants around to attend to you." "No need to attend to me. I can manage. I" Carissa wanted to say she wasn't so delicate, but it felt unnecessary. Instead, she just smiled and said, "Thank you." "Then I'll leave you to it. Eat and get some rest." Dylan turned to leave.

"Okay." Carissa didn't say much more, as she was indeed hungry. After finishing the flatbread and dried meat, she drank a few sips of hot water. The rations filled her stomach up.

She lifted the tent flap, and glanced outside. The campfire had mostly gone out, with only the main command tent still illuminated. She yawned, feeling utterly exhausted, and decided not to worry about anything else. Let them handle their discussions-she needed to sleep.

Due to her fatigue and the fact that Rafael trusted her words, she fell into a deep sleep. She had experienced rough outdoor conditions during her time in the Pathfinders Guild, so she wasn't afraid

of hardship. What puzzled her was how well Rafael seemed to know about the Pathfinders Guild and his apparent concern for her, despite their limited interactions when they were younger.

Over the next few days, Carissa didn't see Rafael or her father's old subordinates. She wasn't restricted, and could still come and go. According to Dylan, Rafael had issued orders to start recruiting new soldiers after that night's meeting.

The people of the Southern Frontier harbored intense hatred towards Sandoria. Sandoria had occupied their land, killed their people, stolen their possessions, and abducted their women. This enmity was deep and personal.

When the front-line commander announced the need for soldiers to attack Ilyrian and Simonton and reclaim the Southern Frontier, many fiery-hearted young men rushed to enlist.

Though trained in martial arts from a young age and having heard many battlefield stories from her father

and brothers, Carissa had never participated in a battle herself. Despite reading numerous military texts and being familiar with documented major battles, her experience remained theoretical. She asked Dylan, "Has His Highness requested reinforcements from the court?"

"Yes, but we don't know when the reinforcements or supplies will arrive. His Highness said we must first focus on recruiting soldiers."

"How many have been recruited so far?" Carissa Inquired further.

"Four thousand," Dylan answered without hesitation. As the daughter of the Duke of Northwatch, Carissa was clearly trusted. Her journey from the capital to the Southern Frontier in just five days was impressive, and not just anyone could attempt such a feat.

Carissa was stunned. In just three or four days, four thousand recruits had been gathered? At this rate, it seemed possible to recruit tens of thousands before the Westhaven reinforcement arrived. However, new recruits lacked battlefield experience, which could lead to heavy casualties.

As if sensing her concern, Dylan added, "The new soldiers have already started training, so all the officers are currently occupied."

"Is there anything I can help with?" Carissa asked.

Dylan nodded quickly. "Yes, there is! A few people arrived early this morning, claiming to be looking for you. The marshal is still verifying their identities. You should go and see if they're your friends."