

War Song 68

Chapter 68

"I lost count after thirty," Carissa said, raising her arm. The Rose Spear felt incredibly heavy.

War was truly exhausting.

"I counted-I killed fifty!" Bun tried to jump up with a fancy flip, but ended up face-planting to the ground instead. Because there were too many people on the battlefield, Bun's sword had been knocked away. He ended

up using his fists to fight before finally retrieving his weapon after the enemy forces had

retreated.

"I killed sixty-three," Violet reported.

Rafael's deputy, Dylan, approached them, covered in blood and grime.

Carissa sat up first, then used the Rose Spear to help herself stand. "Deputy Ziegler!"

"Carissa!" Dylan's eyes sparkled with surprise and excitement. "Do you know how many enemies you've killed?"

"No, I lost count," Carissa replied.

Dylan clapped his hands in delight.

"The marshal personally counted the enemies you killed. You used your spear to pierce their throats-just counting those, there were over three hundred! That doesn't even include those you didn't stab in the throat. You're amazing! Is this really your first battle? All the generals say you're just like your father, General Sinclair!"

"Did I really kill that many? I didn't keep track, but I'm so exhausted," Carissa said, struggling to stay on her feet. She was unsure if it was cold or fatigue making her legs tremble.

Carissa seemed about to sit down again, so Dylan urged, "Come quickly! The marshal wants to see you!"

Bun sprang up energetically. "The marshal wants to see us? We should go then."

Earlier, they'd been told that killing thirty enemies would earn them a promotion. Bun had definitely killed fifty, and Carissa had done exceptionally well, proving herself as the best fighter among them. They helped each other into the command tent, only to find several generals already seated inside, including Timothy.

Bun stopped in his tracks, realizing there was no room left. The sudden halt caused everyone behind him to stumble and fall. There was now a chaotic heap of live valiant youths on the ground, eliciting laughter from everyone.

Violet, annoyed by the spectacle, kicked Bun sharply.

Rafael also laughed. His gaze fell on Carissa, and his eyes were particularly bright. "Carissa, you were outstanding!"

Carissa was too exhausted to be modest, so she simply smiled wearily.

"Carissa, you have General Sinclair's spirit!" Timothy said happily.

He was also thrilled, and clapped Carissa's shoulder with such force that she nearly fell to her knees. She steadied herself, determined not to embarrass her father. "Carissa, hear my decree!" Rafael rose and walked up to Carissa, his imposing figure almost overshadowing her.

His gravelly voice carried a weight of authority.

our command,

"I hereby appoint you as a regiment commander! You'll have a thousand soldiers under your

and

you have full control over them. As for the others, they are appointed battalion commanders with a hundred troops assigned to them, and they'll all be under your command."

The newcomers were unfamiliar with military ranks, so they began counting. A battalion commander commanded one hundred soldiers, while a regiment commander commanded one thousand soldiers. With that logic, it was clear that Carissa had just been promoted to a very high rank and was now their superior.

However, it didn't change anything. After all, Carissa had already been their boss back in Meadow Ridge.

Carissa's eyes widened in astonishment. Had she really been promoted so quickly, and to such a high position at that?

Rafael was clearly pleased. After praising Carissa in front of the other generals, he dismissed them, wanting to speak with her alone.

In the command tent, only Rafael and Carissa remained.

Despite her exhaustion, Carissa had been newly promoted to regiment commander. As such, she tried to maintain her composure and stood straight to face Rafael. "Marshal, do you have any orders?" "Have a seat, and let's talk."

Rafael took a seat first. His face was still smeared with blood, and his beard was clotted. His appearance was a mess, though his eyes remained sharp and bright

Carissa carefully lowered herself into a seat.

Rafael pulled out a confidential letter from his desk, and handed it to her. "This is the reason Westhaven has allied with Sandoria."

Carissa's eyes widened. She knew it-the alliance between Westhaven and Sandoria was likely connected to the destruction of her entire family!