

War Song 70

Chapter 70

Back in the camp, Carissa managed to compose herself.

Despite her promotion to regiment commander, she still had to share a small tent with Cynthia and the others. The only difference was the addition of two new blankets sent from Tower City.

Since Bun and Travis were men, a curtain was drawn in the middle of the tent for privacy while they undressed to tend to their wounds.

Everyone had suffered minor injuries, though nothing serious. The cold weather made the pain more intense than usual.

Carissa handed out medicine for their injuries, but no one needed it. After all, everyone going to battle brought their own supplies, and each guild had its own healing remedies.

Carissa took back the medicine. "Never mind."

"Carissa, I heard your ex-husband and his new wife are coming to support us. Won't that be awkward when you meet them?" Cynthia asked while dressing and cleaning up the powdered medicine on the floor. "Awkward? Not at all," Violet snorted, her face as cold as frost. "Just treat them like the pigs and dogs they are! We don't need to waste our time on such scum."

Bun lifted the curtain, and asked, "By the way, why did your mother marry you off to that scoundrel?"

"He promised never to take a concubine," Carissa lay down, feeling as if she'd been run over by a cart. Her body ached all over. "Mom probably thought that after all these years in the Pathfinders Guild, I was least suited for domestic disputes and worried I'd be at a disadvantage in the fight over wives and concubines."

Cynthia, whose once delicate face was now smeared with dried blood, said, "I don't understand domestic affairs well, but your mother was right. Unfortunately, you ended up with an ungrateful bastard."

Bun lowered the curtain again, and wrapped his wound with more bandages. "I guess your mother must be regretting her decision, huh? If it were me, I'd have brought servants and caused a ruckus at the Valor Estate. You were so fierce in the Pathfinders Guild. Why didn't you give him a few lashes yourself?"

Carissa closed her eyes. "The noble circles in the capital are different from the martial world. After my divorce, people already look down on me. If I beat my ex-husband, people will criticize my family even if he's no longer my husband. It'd also bring trouble to my unmarried relatives."

"How could it affect your relatives? It's your own business," Bun said, baffled.

Violet said flatly, "No, she's right. If someone finds out that a divorced woman from your family is beating her ex-husband, who would dare to marry into your family? It would be even worse if you have younger relatives who are still unmarried."

Violet came from a prestigious family in the southern region, and had heard many such stories. For instance, her own family had a distant aunt who caused trouble for their family and affected their reputation. Despite an arranged engagement, Violet's aunt eloped with a scholar and became a concubine. This led to difficulties for other family members seeking marriages, as high-status families looked down upon such scandals, and lower-status families were also deterred.

Anyway, the bottom line was that there were a lot of rules.

Violet grimaced, thinking about how such matters always caused her headaches.

"That's not a problem. After we win the battle and return, you don't need to deal with him. We'll handle it for you," Cynthia said.

Carissa opened her eyes, and smiled at Cynthia. "No need to wait for victory. They'll be coming to the Southern Frontier soon. He's the main general of the reinforcements. I'm thinking whether I should inform the marshal about my past with him."

Violet pulled out a leather wine pouch from her bag, and took a swig. "You haven't done anything wrong, so there's no need to explain. They can come and handle it themselves."

"Vivi, you have wine? That's unfair! Why didn't you share it?" Catching the scent of alcohol, Travis yanked aside the curtain and tried to grab the wine pouch from Violet's hand. Violet tossed the pouch to Carissa, who grabbed it and leaped out of the tent.

With a loud thud, Carissa hit the ground outside, dropping the wine pouch. She clutched her nose with both hands, wincing in pain.

"Ouch... That hurt!"

What did she bump into, a wall made of iron and copper? Her nose was about to break!