

War Song 71

Chapter 71

A large hand picked up the fallen wine pouch.

The man twisted it open and sniffed the contents, and his eyes shone with delight. However, his words. were filled with anger.

"How dare you hoard fine wine in the military camp? This will be confiscated!"

With that, he turned and stormed off.

Carissa sat on the ground, rubbing her nose and blinked away tears. She could only vaguely see a tall figure darting back toward the command tent. "The marshal confiscated it," Bun said, stunned. Then, he sighed deeply. "Even a sip would have been fine. Why make such a fuss? Now it's gone."

Violet didn't expect Rafael to come by either, and chuckled. "Do you really think I just had one pouch when my bag is so huge?"

Bun and Travis hurried inside, singing Violet's praises. Then, they quickly drank another pouch of wine that Violet had stashed away.

-It was refreshing!

The call to arms for the second battle sounded, and the ground shook with the pounding of iron hooves, as if the earth itself were being torn apart.

Rafael ordered that the focus of this battle be on injuring the enemy rather than killing.

Bun was puzzled. "If we can kill the enemy, why not? Injured enemies will just come back to fight once they recover."

Carissa held the Rose Spear, and replied, "I got it."

"What is it?" Bun asked.

Carissa explained, "On the battlefield, we follow the marshal's orders, and mine as well. Injure the enemy's limbs and tendons, or cut off their arms and legs. Only kill if absolutely necessary!" There was no time for more discussion; the fighting had begun!

With her distinctive Rose Spear, Carissa quickly became a target. Over a hundred enemy soldiers surrounded her.

Twenty-five long spears thrust at her simultaneously, but Carissa leapt into the air and vanished. The enemies, unable to adjust in time, ended up hitting their own comrades with their spears. Carissa shouted, "Vivi, Snake Bind!"

Violet flew in over the circle of soldiers, her long whip moving like a swift serpent to snatch away all the long spears.

Then, she shouted, "Carissa, Goddess's Petals!"

Carissa soared through the air with her spear in hand. She swung the Rose Spear with powerful, fluid motions, sending the spearheads flying into the enemy ranks. Each strike found its mark, piercing through enemy soldiers.

Carissa and Violet looked at each other. Their teamwork was perfect!

Surrounded by enemies targeting each of the five of them, they decided to consolidate their efforts, moving as one to disrupt the enemy's strategy.

They fought back to back with seamless coordination-Bun with his knife, Travis with his sword, Cynthia with her hammer, and Violet with her whip. None of their strikes missed!

Carissa was relentless; each strike of her Rose Spear drew blood. Her attacks either severed tendons or shattered leg muscles, often ending with a final, fatal wound.

The sounds of battle filled the air around Ilyrian City-horns of attack, cries of agony, and the clash of swords echoed throughout the surrounding wilderness. The sky was thick with a red haze of blood, and the only things visible were weapons and gore.

Rafael kept adjusting tactics, advancing step by step. He joined the fight himself, wielding his golden blade with precision and effortlessly slicing through enemy limbs.

The objective of today's battle was to inflict injuries rather than to kill. He didn't use lethal force, not out of mercy, but because he knew that many wounded opponents would slow the enemy's progress. With the limited number of medics, some soldiers needed to stay behind to care for the injured. No commander would ignore the welfare of his wounded, as it affects the troops' morale.

The battle continued until dusk before the signal to ceasefire was finally given.

Rafael gave Carissa a thumbs-up. "You've earned another achievement!"

The cold had caused the enemy's blood to congeal on Carissa's face, forming a grim, bloody crust.

She wasn't overly concerned with personal glory. Her sole focus was reclaiming the Southern Frontier and fulfilling her father's wishes. With the fall of her family, she vowed to recover the Southern Frontier, even if she was the only one left.

Looking at her now, with her face stained and battered, Rafael remembered how she had looked when she first arrived.

Although her face was red and her skin had cracked from the cold wind, she looked strikingly beautiful.

Now, it was hard to say if she still resembled a woman.