

## War Song 73

### Chapter 73

That night, Carissa couldn't sleep.

Despite being at the front line for days, she usually slept soundly even when half-starved, except for the first and the current day when she was full.

But tonight, even after a satisfying meal, she couldn't get any rest.

The hardships of the front-lines were terrible, and she admired her father and brothers for enduring it for so many years. She herself could endure, but she hadn't explained her situation with Barrett to Rafael and the other generals, and it felt wrong.

How could she explain?

That her mother had chosen a man who, after gaining some achievements, threw her to the side and wanted to marry a female general like Aurora?

People might think she came to the Southern Frontier to prove she was better than Aurora

She didn't care about the gossip in the capital, but on this battlefield where her father and brothers had sacrificed so much, she didn't want her loyalty and dedication to her father's legacy to be mistaken for jealousy.

But eventually, Barrett and Aurora would arrive, and the truth would come out.

Carissa sat up, and the snoring around her stopped. Even though everyone was deeply asleep, they were alert enough that they woke up when she moved.

Through the curtain, Travis noticed the silence and asked, "Carissa, can't you sleep?"

"There's something on my mind," Carissa said, hugging her knees and feeling frustrated.

Everyone sat up. Cynthia leaned against her shoulder with her eyes closed, and asked, "What's troubling you?"

Carissa replied, "I'm thinking about telling the marshal about Barrett... Do you think if I say it directly, the marshal might think I came here to compete with Aurora?"

"Aren't you here to outshine her? I thought you wanted to surpass her and step over her," Travis said.

Carissa rolled her eyes. "If even you think that, then everyone else definitely will."

Violet scratched her head, feeling an itch like bugs crawling on her scalp.

"What's wrong with competing with her? Aren't you better than Aurora? You're now a regiment commander. Do you know what that means? In official terms, you'd be a fifth-ranked major if it were a formal appointment. The Ministry of Defense hasn't updated your rank yet."

Carissa lay down, placing her hands behind her head, "I'm not here to compete with her. My father and brothers sacrificed themselves on the Southern Frontier. I want to help the marshal reclaim it and fulfill their wishes.

That's right. I remember her saying she wanted to be an outstanding general like her father and brothers. She's not here to compete with Aurora," Travis said.

"We believe that, but who else will? People will think that if she wants to be the best warrior, why did she

choose to marry and manage the household? Why only come to the battlefield after being abandoned?" Violet said bluntly.

"It doesn't matter what others think. What's crucial is whether the king and the marshal believe in her. They are the ones who decide her future and promotion," Bun said. Everyone fell silent.

It didn't matter what gossip was spread; the real issue was whether the king and the Hell Monarch would view her battlefield efforts as just a means to compete in a domestic rivalry.

Cynthia's eyes widened. "So what? Carissa has proven herself with real achievements. In the first and second battles, claiming she's the top performer among all the soldiers is no exaggeration."

Travis pounded the bedding in frustration. "Yeah, Carissa. Don't worry about what others say. It's not your fault! It's the fault of that worthless man and woman. We don't need to explain anything. When those two come, everything will be clear. If they try to pin any blame on you, even if he's a general, I'll deal with him personally."

Carissa sniffled. "They'll probably say my mother has poor judgment."

"Madam Sinclair's judgment isn't the best. I'll talk to her when we get back to the capital," Violet offered.