

War Song 78

Chapter 78

"Carissa, take a bath and change into clean clothes. I'll take you somewhere," Rafael said.

Carissa looked up, and asked, "Where are we going?"

"You'll find out when we get there. Everyone else, please leave. I need to bathe and change clothes as well, Rafael said.

Carissa and the generals complied, and exited the tent

In such cold weather, taking a bath required a lot of hot water. Fortunately, Ilyrian had an ample supply of firewood. It had been challenging to get a hot drink, even in the camp outside Tower City. Taking a bath was a luxury.

Since Garissa held an official position now, Rafael had sent a criminal slave to attend to her.

The criminal slave, who was about forty years old and smelled terrible, was called Thirteen. She used to run a small business in Heartshire City.

Due to a business dispute, she smashed a vase on a competitor's head. The competitor didn't die, but ended up becoming mentally challenged. She was sentenced to be exiled to the military camp as a slave for twelve years. Now, eleven years have passed, and she had only one year left before her sentence was completed and she was released.

Thirteen prepared hot water for Carissa and brought a bucket. She brought out her stash of soap pods to wash Carissa's hair, as she needed someone's help to clean it properly.

Thirteen spent a long time washing Carissa's hair to remove the blood, though the soap pods made it a bit frizzy. Carissa's face was also cleaned, revealing her delicate features, though her skin had lost some of its previous smoothness. Her cheeks were red from scrubbing, almost breaking the skin as she tried to remove the scabs and blood stains.

Carissa changed back into her original clothes, draped a black cloak over them, and tied her damp hair into a high ponytail. People in the martial world usually preferred high ponytails over intricate hairstyles for practicality in combat.

After bathing, Carissa wiped down her Rose Spear, removing all the blood stains and carefully straightening the red ribbons.

As she traced the rose patterns on the spear, her heart was heavy with sorrow.

Carissa had a sinking feeling about where Rafael was taking her. She feared it might be where her father and brothers had died in Ilyrian. She had only known her father died on the Southern Frontier battlefield, but not the exact location,

When she returned home from the Pathfinders Guild and asked her mother about the place where her family had died, her mother had been too distressed to speak and broke down into tears. After a while, Dylan came to fetch her on Rafael's orders. Carissa took her Rose Spear and stepped outside. There she saw a young, handsome man in a black cloak standing in the snowy courtyard.

He was tall and imposing, with a refined appearance. His skin was fair and slightly rosy, though the skin around his eyes and nose was rougher. His eyes were bright, and his features bore some resemblance to the current king Salvador, though he carried a fierce aura from his battles that the king didn't.

Carissa could hardly believe this was Rafael, the Hell Monarch. She recognized him by his eyes, as his previous beard had hidden the weathered look of his face and protected his skin.

No wonder they said he was the most handsome man of the kingdom!

Even though Carissa had little interest in romance, her breath caught slightly when their eyes met.

Dylan led two horses over, one of which was her own, Lightning.

Carissa quickly approached Rafael, and bowed. "Hello, Marshal."

Rafael glanced at her. "This is good."

"Yes, it's quite good," Carissa replied.

Not wearing wooden armor and not being on the battlefield meant that a temporary peace was indeed pleasant.

walked over to Lightning and stroked its head. Despite the harsh conditions, Lightning was still in robust condition, its powerful muscles a testament to its strength.

"Let's go. I'll take you somewhere," Rafael said, mounting his horse. His saddle had a bag attached to it, the contents of which were unknown.

Carissa mounted her horse as well, and they rode off together.