

War Song 791

Chapter 791

Kylie's voice cut through the tension, "How did you investigate this? If you can share it with His Majesty, then you can share it with me. I refuse to believe my dad could be that kind of man."

Carissa met her gaze firmly. "Your Majesty, perhaps you should ask your dad directly. This involves a treason case. While I can share the outcome with you because it directly concerns your dad, revealing the details of our investigation to you might not be wise, as this is a matter of state."

Kylie was stunned.

Carissa was right—Kylie shouldn't pry into the investigation. It was forbidden for the women of the royal harem to interfere in political affairs. Given that the Quinton family was at the height of its power and she was the queen, whose actions were closely watched and scrutinized, any mistake could be magnified.

Lionel furrowed his brow. How was he supposed to approach his dad about this? He didn't even know whether the claim was true. So, even if his dad dismissed it as a lie, a nagging doubt would remain in his

heart.

"Commander Sinclair, if you can't tell Her Majesty, you can at least confide in me. I have no intention of interfering with your investigation. But since this concerns my family, I want to know the source of your information. That seems reasonable enough."

Carissa thought about it for a while, but Kylie stood up before she could respond.

"I'll take my leave for now. You two continue your discussion."

Having said that, Kylie waved for Lydia to follow her, and they both retreated into the inner hall.

As she took a sip of coffee to soothe her throat, Carissa looked into Lionel's eyes, which held a mix of earnestness and fear.

“The concubines’ daughters from Eleanor’s household were placed with various families and kept under supervision. If the biological mothers of the women who had been placed years ago died, Eleanor ignored them because she knew she wouldn’t be able to control them anymore. For them, we found information through other means, as many of Eleanor’s people had been replaced over the years.

“But for the women placed in recent years, the people responsible for supervising them are still around. After questioning them, we discovered how your dad’s mistress came to be involved with him, how she was accepted, where she was settled, and who was overseeing her. They confessed and we verified the details, which led us to our conclusion.”

She paused, gauging Lionel’s reaction before continuing, “But I still recommend that you go back and speak with Lord Malcolm. Whether or not he’s aware of this situation is something he must address himself. We only want to ensure he isn’t left in the dark. We still need to liaise with him regarding whether this mistress will remain under his care or if the Capital Guard will manage her. Both options are viable—it ultimately depends on Lord Malcolm’s choice.”

As Lionel listened, a chill settled deep in his heart.

This wasn’t mere gossip. Once the case reached the Supreme Court for questioning, every testimony would be scrutinized and presented for Salvador’s review. Unless the informant had ulterior motives and intended to frame the Quinton family, the validity of this information was beyond doubt.

However, if the Informant did aim to frame the Quinton family, it wouldn’t be an easy task. Once the testimony was given, the Supreme Court would certainly launch an investigation. As Carissa had mentioned, they had indeed conducted an inquiry, confirming that Malcolm was keeping a mistress.

Lionel took a deep breath, forcing himself to keep his emotions in check. “Can you tell me where this mistress is now?”

Carissa shook her head. “I’m sorry, but I can’t disclose that Information.”

Lionel stood and bowed his head in gratitude. “Understood. Thank you for your insights, Commander Sinclair,”

Carissa finished her coffee, leaving not a drop behind. I have other matters to attend to and can't stay any longer. Given that I'm currently Investigating a treason case, it's best to limit my contact with Her Majesty. Please extend my apologies to her."

With a slight bow, she left the room without waiting for Kylie to emerge.

every word exchange

As soon as Carissa stepped out, Kylie appeared from the inner hall. She had heard Her steps faltered and she leaned on Lydia for support, tears brimming in her eyes. Why? Why would Dad do this? It's not as if there aren't concubines in our household. If he has someone he likes, why keep her outside? Does he know that woman's identity?"

Chapter 792

Lionel sighed heavily. "A second-rank official is allowed up to four concubines. Since Dad already has four, taking another would exceed the limit. While many officials bend the rules, His Majesty expects his ministers to set a proper example. Since Dad is a model civil servant, he wouldn't want to tarnish his reputation.

Kylie's expression darkened, her voice trembling slightly as she exclaimed, "It's foolish! If he takes a liking to someone and brings her in as a maid, wouldn't that leave him free to do as he pleases? With how things are now, the love between our parents will become a laughingstock, and Dad's reputation will be ruined!"

She gripped the armrest tightly, fury shining in her eyes "And the Hell Monarch! Why did he have to announce it publicly?"

Lionel felt a knot of confusion in his chest. He was unsure of how to face his dad. However, he felt compelled to explain further, given Kylie's distress.

"His Highness already sent word that he would be coming last night, but Dad didn't wait and left directly. The Hell Monarch grew impatient after an hour and simply tossed that remark before he left."

Lionel smiled bitterly. "We were too arrogant. We thought we could dismiss Carissa as insignificant, so we deliberately made things difficult for her. Ultimately, we ended up hurting ourselves. It's our own fault."

Kylie shook her head. “But that doesn’t mean he has the right to expose others’ secrets. Why should Dad have to wait for him at home just because he decided to drop by?”

“Your Majesty, don’t hold a grudge against the Hell Monarch or Commander Sinclair,” Lionel said sternly. If we stir up more trouble now, it could really turn into a feud between families. The Hell Monarch is well-loved by the people, and Commander Sinclair is a role model for women...”

“What kind of role model? The true role model for women is me, the queen!” Kylie snapped.

She disliked hearing that phrase the most. It made her genuinely unhappy.

Lionel pressed on, “You are the queen, the mother of all citizens. That’s beyond dispute. Is it worth it to compare yourself to a mere subject? Your Majesty, don’t lose sight of this.”

With only Lydia present in the hall, Lionel adopted a more authoritative tone as an elder brother. “Remember this—His Majesty has never fully trusted neither the Hell Monarch nor our family. As the queen, you should align yourself with His Majesty’s sentiments. At the very least, you must present a united front on the surface. Show respect for those he promotes. Don’t engage in petty schemes, or you’ll only bring harm to yourself and others.”

Kylie had always held a deep respect for her dad and elder brother, so she didn’t argue back. Instead, she simply said, “I understand. Don’t worry too much, Lionel. But your wife used to enjoy attending Eleanor’s gatherings, so we should be cautious. The Supreme Court might use that against us.

pital Guard has “It won’t come to that. If they wanted to act, they would have done so already. The visited many residences, most of them tied closely to Eleanor. This time, the Hell Monarch only mentioned the issue of the mistress and didn’t bring up my wife. Clearly, they don’t see that connection as significant,” Lionel replied.

He didn’t say much more. By now, Malcolm had probably returned. Since the situation had already happened, they could only discuss how to respond. Lionel wondered how their grandfather and mom would react to this news.

Meanwhile, Malcolm and his wife, Marjorie, had returned to the Quinton family’s residence. Once inside, Herbert pulled Malcolm into the study and bronched the subject.

ur name.”

“Malcolm, is this true or not? If it’s false, I’ll risk my life to clear your

Malcolm took a seat at the head of the table. Though He was more than capable, the news was staggering enough to leave him momentarily stunned.

“Please say something, Malcolm!” Herbert urged, panic creeping into his voice. “Everyone is worried sick. Lionel even went to confront Carissa for clarity on the situation. Just tell us what you know!”

“What is there to say?” Malcolm replied hollowly, lifting his gaze to meet his brother’s. “If you believe it, then it’s true. If you don’t, it’s false.”

Herbert froze, confusion etched on his face. “What do you mean by that?”

Malcolm slowly regained his composure, explaining, “There is indeed a woman, but she isn’t my mistress. I placed her outside. I don’t know her identity, but I know she’s been lying to me. I sensed something was off, but had no way to investigate further. So, I thought it best to keep her outside while trying to uncover her intentions.”

Chapter 793

Herbert stared at Malcolm, momentarily speechless.

Malcolm shut his eyes, his mind racing as he spoke methodically. “After I settled her, I looked into her background but didn’t find anything suspicious. Gradually, I forgot about her. I only instructed the servants to keep an eye on her. I never laid a hand on her, which the servants there can testify to it was my oversight. I’ve been too busy and let her slip my mind. I had no idea she was actually Lord Henry’s concubine’s daughter.”

Joy flickered across Herbert’s face, but it quickly faded as he realized this was merely a facade—a crafted by his brother to placate him.

He knew Malcolm well. If there was a suspicious individual nearby, he would have ordered an investigation. No matter the results, that person would never be allowed to stay. They would definitely be chased away or kept at a distance, never allowed to get close.

Herbert's heart grew heavy, and disbelief crept into his voice as he asked, "Why would you do this?"

Malcolm pressed his lips together, keeping his eyes closed, his face a mask of anger and disappointment. He had made a grave error, one he found hard to accept. Even worse was the realization that she was the daughter of one of Henry's concubines, sent to him by Eleanor.

"Why would you do this? You and Marjorie have been affectionate for years. She is virtuous and devoted. and she even arranged early on for you to have concubines to extend your lineage..

"Arranged early on," Malcolm echoed, rubbing his brow as he slowly opened his eyes. The loneliness in his gaze seemed to swell, dark and overwhelming. "The youngest of my concubines is nearly forty this year, and the others are in their early forties. Meanwhile, this girl is just nineteen."

The reality of the situation struck him hard. Though he felt ashamed to speak of it, his younger brother's. relentless questioning forced him to continue.

"In recent years, I've felt overwhelmed, yet the king has relied on our family. I had to push through. It was a moment of folly. I wanted to recapture my youth and didn't thoroughly investigate her background," he added.

Outside the study, Lionel listened to his dad's conversation with his uncle, his emotions a tangled mess. After a long moment, he steeled himself and knocked before entering.

The instant their eyes met, Lionel felt a wave of awkwardness wash over him. He was unsure how to face the complexity swirling in his dad's gaze. But he had formulated a plan.

"Dad, let me take two maids to verify that woman's purity. If she's proven to be chaste, you can stand tall in front of Grandfather and Mom."

At his age of well past fifty, Malcolm felt a lingering awkwardness at the idea of his son handling such personal matters. Yet, if Lionel was suggesting it, he must be certain that the result would be that the woman was pure. Regardless of the truth, once it reached Malcolm's father and wife, it would be reported that she was untouched.

That same argument would also be acceptable to Salvador.

He instinctively avoided his son's gaze. "She has a daughter, and I've already instructed that she be taken

away. Go ahead."

With a slight bow, Lionel excused himself and stepped out into the crisp early winter sun. He had felt an overwhelming sense of suffocation whilst inside.

He brought along two elderly maids who had served his grandmother and were well-respected in the household. Their words carried weight. However, as they rode in the carriage, Lionel felt compelled to clarify the situation with them. No matter what they discovered, there could only be one answer—the woman was still a virgin.

Upon arriving at their destination, Lionel found that it was a three-courtyard estate. He felt a pang of sorrow in his heart at the sight. His father must genuinely care for that woman if he had provided her with such a grand home.

As Lionel knocked and stepped inside, the first sight of the woman left him momentarily stunned.

He recognized her.

It was about three or four years ago that she had collided with his carriage. It had been raining heavily that day and she was soaked to the bone, her figure graceful and captivating amidst the downpour. She had fainted as she was speaking, so he had instructed the coachman to take her to a physician. He had also left behind some money before departing.

Since then, Lionel hadn't seen her again, nor had he even known her name. It seemed that while she had been unable to connect with him, she had successfully made her way into their family through his father.

Chapter 794

Lionel commanded everyone to step outside. Instantly, the entire house erupted in chaos as people hurried out. Some even nervously Identified themselves.

The woman knelt before him, a lilac cloak draped over a crimson dress that accentuated her delicate features, giving her an alluring charm. She had known something was amiss when her daughter was taken away today. Perhaps she had even anticipated her fate before that moment.

With Eleanor's downfall, it was only a matter of time before they were discovered.

"What's your name?" Lionel asked, his voice laced with barely contained anger.

"Casey Kingsley," she replied, her voice slightly husky yet undeniably enticing.

Lionel fixed his gaze on her. "When was the last time you saw my dad?"

"Yesterday afternoon," she answered. "He rested here for about two hours."

Lionel stared at her in disbelief, feeling as if he had been struck.

Yesterday? His dad had been here just yesterday?

He was the Civil Minister and had likely spent his lunch break at the ministry's rear courtyard, which meant

"He came at noon?"

*Yes."

How often does he come?" Lionel asked through gritted teeth.

With calm eyes, Casey responded, "Once every two days."

"That's impossible!" Lionel roared.

She looked up at him, unflinching. "If you don't believe me, ask anyone here. He comes to visit his daughter."

Lionel swept his gaze across the room, noting that everyone had knelt before him. They had just introduced themselves. There were eight maids, three young servants, two wet nurses, two guards, two coachmen, one head gardener, and four cooks. All of them were there to serve just this woman and her daughter.

Lionel exchanged glances with the two elderly maids he had brought along. They nodded, understanding the silent command, and began to escort Casey inside. Remarkably, she didn't resist and moved with an unsettling calmness.

Lionel wandered through the estate, taking in the exquisite floral decorations and fine furnishings. Even the low table was intricately carved with beautiful designs. While it may not have been luxurious in the grandest sense, the attention to detail was undeniable.

In the garden at the back, a swing set adorned with vines and flowers stood, crafted with remarkable

elegance. Scattered around the yard were children's toys, and he spotted some little girl's clothes hanging out to dry. By estimation, he guessed that the child was probably about a year old.

He explored every room except the master bedroom, and with each inch he covered, his heart sank deeper.

As the two elderly maids emerged, Lionel firmly instructed the servants in the estate to keep a close watch on Casey, ensuring she didn't step outside the house.

Once they were in the carriage, one of the maids spoke candidly, "She's not pure, Lord Lionel. But when we return, I know how to handle it."

Lionel felt a tightening sensation in his chest and his eyes prickled harshly. "Thank you for your hard work, both of you."

"It's only human to make mistakes, my lord. Men who do so are countless," one of the maids said.

Lionel placed his hands on his knees and stared at the ground. Yes, anyone could make mistakes, but he had always believed his dad wouldn't. Now, the majestic image of his dad was crumbling in his mind.

He knew he would never forget this day.

Marjorie was nearly unconscious from crying. Her manage, once a source of pride that garnered envious glances over the years, had become a bitter joke. She had thought her husband loved her deeply, only to discover it was all a facade.

She had gone to the study, hoping for an explanation, but her husband had locked himself inside, refusing to see anyone. By the time Lionel returned, her eyes were swollen from tears.

“Why are you crying, Mom?” he asked, forcing a smile. “It’s all a misunderstanding. I just took the two maids to see that woman, and she is indeed untouched. Dad knew someone had been deliberately getting close to him, so he had her placed under watch to uncover whoever is behind this.”

“Really?” Marjorie suddenly looked up, her gaze darting between her son and the two maids. “Is that true? Did you verify it?”

“Madam Marjorie, we did check. The woman is still pure, and I saw that many people were present in her house, all tasked with keeping an eye on her,” one maid confirmed.

Marjorie trusted her son and the two maids, their words finally easing the weight in her heart.

“But why has your dad locked himself away in the study? Why won’t he explain anything to me?” she pressed, worry creasing her brow

Lionel suppressed his sorrow and smiled. “Dad is probably frustrated. He has been investigating for so long and couldn’t uncover her identity, while a mere woman like Carissa managed to do so. You know Dad dislikes her, Mom, I’m sure he resents the fact that she found out first.”

Chapter 795

Marjorie’s tears stopped as her expression turned to worry. “Yes, your dad has never liked that so-called first female official. Now that she’s discovered things he couldn’t, he must be feeling quite miserable.”

you But then a thought struck her, and she asked, “Didn’t they say the woman already had a daughter? Did see her when you went?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. There’s no child at all, just her and a house full of people watching her,” Lionel replied.

“Then, that’s good.” Marjorie sighed in relief.

Seeing that he had managed to calm his mom, Lionel felt a bit more at ease himself. However, he knew it wouldn’t be so easy to smooth things over with his grandfather.

Malcolm had gone to explain the situation to Gerald himself. While he had accepted his son’s explanation, he had also slapped him and told him to get out.

Malcolm felt a whirlwind of explosions as he stumbled out of his dad’s room. He knew he couldn’t blame

had the Hell Monarch for this mess. He had always adhered to benevolence and humility in court, made a fatal error with Carissa just because she was a female official, having been too arrogant and dismissive of her.

Regardless of what had happened, he still had to visit the Supreme Court and report what needed to be reported. Otherwise, he wouldn’t know how to explain things to those at home if the officials came knocking again.

The Supreme Court was investigating Eleanor’s case again today. This time, under Salvador’s orders, they resorted to torture.

Eleanor’s fingers were broken, each crack sending her body into spasms. Her body trembled in pain she was sweating profusely. Even so, she didn’t utter a single cry. She was indeed a tough one.

She lost consciousness once from the agony..

and

But when she woke up, she spoke in a weak but fiercely defiant tone, “If you have any other tricks up your sleeve, go ahead and use them.”

Naturally, Matthew showed no mercy since she had said that. He put her through every basic form of torture, working to break her stubbornness, but she endured in silence. She didn't reveal a single thing, keeping her lips sealed tight.

Everyone had anticipated this outcome. After all, the severe punishments had been abolished during the reign of the late king. If they truly resorted to extreme torture, perhaps they could pry something out of her.

Salvador wouldn't resort to the brutal punishments that Sigmund had abolished. He wouldn't act against the late king's wishes, at least not now. With most of the court filled with Sigmund's old officials, Salvador didn't want to place himself under public scrutiny.

As Matthew finished reporting, Malcolm arrived.

Carissa, who had been working on the current case files over the past two days, looked up at Rafael and asked, "Should I excuse myself?"

When she returned from the palace, she had talked to Rafael, discovering that he had tossed out the

remark without a care because he had waited an hour for Malcolm to show up. If Malcolm hadn't been informed in advance of the visit, Rafael wouldn't have been so furious. But the fact that Malcolm went missing after being told clearly showed his dismissive attitude toward Carissa, which had provoked Rafael's ire.

The prince's gaze was cold. "He's likely here about his mistress. This matter was yours to investigate, so no need to step aside."

"Understood," Carissa replied, returning to the case files.

Henry hadn't been tortured yet, but it was likely he would claim ignorance. If he admitted to knowing anything, his entire family would pay with their heads. Most likely, he would stubbornly hold his ground. Malcolm entered, his usual straight posture slumped. He typically walked with a certain dignity, embodying the spirit of a scholar. But today, he entered with his head down, his back slightly hunched.

Rafael had never seen Malcolm in such disarray. It was clear that dealing with affairs at home had been challenging enough. However, he felt no sympathy for him, knowing the man's arrogance had led him to this point.

With a wave, Rafael dismissed Matthew and the others, preserving Malcolm a little dignity in the process. Once inside, Malcolm stood awkwardly. He didn't utter a word or even address anyone and simply stood there in a daze. Rafael ignored him entirely, and it was Carissa who broke the silence first.

"Lord Malcolm, please take a seat."

Slowly, Malcolm bowed his head, acknowledging Rafael with a respectful "Your Highness", before nodding at Carissa. "Thank you, Commander Sinclair."

He sat down, having mentally prepared himself for the encounter. But upon arriving at the Supreme Court, all that preparation seemed futile. He would have preferred to be here for corruption than to face this shameful situation.

Chapter 796

Malcolm shifted uncomfortably, as if sitting on pins and needles, but he still managed to ask, "Your Highness, what will His Majesty do with these women?"

Rafael replied, "You should ask Commander Sinclair. She's in charge of this matter."

Malcolm awkwardly turned to Carissa, his gaze evasive "If I may ask, Commander Sinclair..."

Carissa cut him off, answering directly, "Lord Lionel has already spoken to me. I've informed him that the families can either keep the women or send them to the Capital Guard for centralized supervision. It's up to you, Lord Malcolm. If you choose to keep them yourself, they cannot leave the capital or have contact with anyone else since the mastermind behind the treason case hasn't been identified yet."

Upon hearing this, Malcolm let out a small sigh of relief and inquired, "If we hand them over to the Capital Guard, where will they be taken?"

"We're currently reaching out to various convents in the capital to find one large enough to accommodate them. The funds seized from the Marquis of Grovehill's family and Eleanor will cover the expenses."

“A convent?” Malcolm rubbed his knees with both hands, a thoughtful expression on his face. “That means the conditions won’t be very good.”

“Basic needs will be met, but if you’re expecting luxury, you’ll be disappointed,” Carissa stated.

After a pause, she added, “But this is only temporary. Once the treason case is resolved, they will be free to leave.”

“So, as long as the case remains unresolved, they’ll have to stay in the convent.”

“Exactly. However, if you’re reluctant to part with her, you could keep her under your care, but any issues that arise will be your responsibility.”

Malcolm shook his head. “I won’t keep her.”

“If that’s your decision, we will take her away. But I remember you have a daughter with Casey. Do you plan to bring her home or have her follow Casey to the convent?”

With a look of determination, Malcolm replied, “Neither. I will make separate arrangements for her.” Carissa said, “Actually, if Casey takes the child to the convent, life won’t be too harsh. Having a child around means she’ll be given extra care. At that age, being away from both parents isn’t necessarily a good thing.”

Malcolm firmly disagreed. “That’s not something you need to worry about, Commander Sinclair. She can’t take the child to the convent. There can’t be any children around her.”

Carissa nodded. “Alright, we won’t force the issue. His Majesty has classified the women as victims. If the noble families they lived with don’t arrange anything for them, we will. As for the child, she is your flesh and blood, so I trust you will take good care of her.”

“That is my responsibility and mine alone. You don’t need to concern yourself with it.” Malcolm clearly disliked Carissa’s continued mention of the child. “Is there anything else I need to address? These matters must be reported to His Majesty, right?”

Carissa replied matter-of-factly, “Yes, they must be reported. His Majesty is keeping a close eye on this case, and he already has the list of the women. Therefore, we must account for everyone’s whereabouts.” “Your Highness!” Malcolm looked at Rafael earnestly. ask a favor of you. Please handle this matter. discreetly. It should not be common knowledge.”

Noting the irritation in Malcolm’s tone, Rafael responded with equal bluntness, “I’ll say it again- Commander Sinclair is in charge of this matter. You’re asking the wrong person.”

Malcolm sighed deeply. “Is it possible to handle this discreetly, Commander Sinclair?”

“This is already the most discreet handling possible. If hadn’t kept it low-key, I would have given the case straight to the Supreme Court to inquire. You should understand that this matter shouldn’t have been known by anyone in the Quinton family, Lord Malcolm. It was your oversight. The Supreme Court has plenty of cases to handle, and their officials can’t wait around for your family. We reached out to the Quinton family last, which allowed you to prepare in advance. Strangely, it seems you didn’t take the necessary steps.”

“I wasn’t aware who she was.” Malcolm waved his hand, his expression weary. “As for my household, we already have an explanation. We just need to keep this from spreading outside.”

Carissa replied calmly, “To protect those women, we won’t casually spread any information. You should focus on keeping a close watch on the people in your household, Lord Malcolm.”

Malcolm pressed his lips together, his entire demeanor tense.

Carissa didn’t care how he felt about it, but his unwillingness to cooperate showed his inherent arrogance. Since he had chosen to keep a mistress and enjoy fleeting pleasures, he had to face the consequences alone.

Chapter 797

The torture during Henry’s interrogation was relentless, but the spineless man suddenly found his courage and insisted that he knew nothing. He claimed he was just a pawn being used by others.

As the pain intensified, he cried out, “I’ve suffered greally! Eleanor has wronged me the most. My women, my children—they’ve either been killed or sent away because of her. She’s truly insane! But now, she’s been caught and I can finally free myself from her graspr

The Royal Citadel's governor, Anthony Klein, personally came to interrogate him. Their methods of questioning and torture were harsher than those of the Supreme Court, yet Henry remained adamant and refused to divulge anything.

The case was reported during the morning court session, and all the officials listened intently. Unlike before, when everyone felt on edge, their hearts had now settled into a steadier rhythm.

Even Yuvan, who hadn't attended court, was aware that Eleanor and Henry had not implicated anyone. Servants had mentioned that Yuvan and Harvey had visited Harmony Palace, but besides them, other princes had also visited, and Hayden had made one visit as well.

However, this couldn't be counted as evidence unless they could be heard plotting. After all, as siblings, it was completely normal for them to visit their sister or brother. Furthermore, after Yuvan returned to the capital, he only went to Harmony Palace once. There was no way he could be dragged into this.

At last, the case reached a temporary halt. Salvador issued an edict during the morning court session, placing Eleanor under house arrest at the Heritage Bureau, with the Capital Guard responsible for her transfer. The Supreme Court would continue investigating the treason, and the case would remain open until the masterminds behind it were revealed.

To provide some measure of justice for the victimized women, Henry was given a death sentence on the spot. As for the Marquis of Grovehill's family, they were deemed accomplices and had their titles revoked. They were demoted to commoners.

However, Salvador did not confiscate their family estate. The wealth accumulated over the years through Eleanor was not seized, but they were ordered to pay out 100,000 silver coins to care for those women. The concubines could return to their hometowns, but all their daughters were to remain in the convent, their expenses covered entirely by the Kingsley family. Once the case concluded, the Royal Management Department would allocate funds to ensure their proper care.

Naturally, the funds from the Royal Management Department came from the assets confiscated from Eleanor.

The case had reached its first resolution, but there was still much work to be done. The Royal Citadel and the Capital Guard needed to collaborate with the Supreme Court to wrap things up.

Without delving into specifics, just addressing the personnel at Harmony Palace required due diligence. Those who deserved punishment had to be punished, and those who warranted exile would face that fate. Yet, sentencing had to follow the law to the letter—there was no room for carelessness.

What sounded like a simple matter could easily keep the Supreme Court busy for seven or eight long nights.

The next day, Eleanor was to be sent to the Heritage Bureau for detention, and Carissa was tasked with

organizing the escort.

“Send more people, just in case someone tries to rescue her or attempts an assassination,” Rafael advised.

“If it were an assassination, it might force Eleanor to speak up,” Carissa replied.

Rafael shook his head. “He’s not that foolish. If he wanted to assassinate her, he’d use the guise of a rescue. He wouldn’t risk someone taking a long-range shot—there’s too much uncertainty. If he fails to kill her, he’ll be exposed. He knows Eleanor too well. She might protect him, but she would never accept betrayal.”

“True.” Carissa nodded in agreement.

“But such a good opportunity? I doubt he’d let it slip away. He might send some skilled fighters to stage a rescue while aiming to kill for real.”

With her hands on her hips, Carissa sighed. She had been so busy lately that she hardly found time to eat, making her waist feel a size smaller.

“He’s kept a group of loyal suicide soldiers. The last attempt on Valor Estate involved them, but I doubt he’ll bring all of them to the capital. This time, it’s probably more of a gamble. He won’t mobilize too many. Those suicide soldiers are his safety net here in the capital,” she said.

“Do you want me to accompany you during the escort? Rafael asked.

Carissa chuckled. “That won’t be necessary. The Capital Guard isn’t just for show, right?”

She playfully raised a fist, then lifted her chin and grinned at him.

*And besides, I’m here!”

Chapter 798

Yuvan also discussed the matter with Wayne.

Wayne disagreed with sending anyone out, but Yuvan felt that Eleanor’s very existence was a lingering

threat.

She hadn’t exposed him yet, but what about in the future?

“That dim-witted king is truly cunning.” Yuvan said, frustration seeping into his voice. “He discovered so many weapons and armor that should warrant immediate execution as a warning, yet he ordered her confinement in the Heritage Bureau. This case remains unresolved, and as long as it drags on, Rafael will hound me like a rabid dog. Eleanor’s survival is a direct threat to me.”

Wayne frowned. “While she is a threat, a failed attempt to deal with her could lead to severe consequences. Eleanor might just turn you in. She’s a lunatic.”

“That’s why I plan to disguise my intent as a rescue. We’ll make her believe we’re there to save her, then seize the opportunity to eliminate her.”

Wayne remained opposed. “That’s far too risky. You really don’t need to take such a chance. Just focus on attending to the ailing Lady Ruth daily and leave everything else alone. That’s the best course of action.

“Regardless, it’s still a risk. Until she’s dead, I can’t find peace. It’s tormenting.” A cold glint flashed in Yuvan’s eyes. “She has to die.”

Seeing Yuvan's determination, Wayne relented slightly.

"If you're going to go through with this, then I suggest using suicide soldiers disguised as martial artists to rescue her. At least the king will suspect that Eleanor has raised a faction in the martial world. However, since Carissa is personally escorting her, it won't be easy to kill or rescue her under her watch."

"It's still worth a try," Yuvan replied, fatigue etched into his features.

He hadn't been sleeping well lately, and his exhaustion showed. Outsiders assumed he was simply worried about his mom, compounded by the fatigue of attending to her.

He added, "Find out when the escort is scheduled and arrange for ten people. With Eleanor's people unavailable, let's use Harvey's people for reconnaissance."

Wayne nodded. "Alright, I'll take care of it."

The following evening, the Supreme Court had arranged everything. Initially, they planned to use a prison cart. But after discussion, they decided to send Eleanor in a horse-drawn carriage to keep her from being

seen.

Carissa led the group personally, with thirty capital guards escorting them and Michael clearing the path ahead.

At dusk, the cold wind wasn't biting. However, it was much chillier than during the day, signaling the onset

of winter.

The carriage set off from the Supreme Court building, with Michael riding ahead to pave the way, Carissa rode beside the carriage on Lightning, wielding her Rose Spear, her presence exuding both elegance and

authority.

Capital guards were strategically placed around the carriage, forming a tight and disciplined escort.

The sound of hooves echoed loudly on the cobblestone road, drawing the attention of shopkeepers and townsfolk alike, who stepped outside to see what was happening.

Since it wasn't a prison cart, the civilians had no idea what all the fuss was about. However, the hottest topic among them lately, aside from Eleanor's alleged treason, was the fact that the Hell Monarch's princess consort, Carissa, had taken on the role of commander of the Mystic Army.

When someone finally recognized her, they exclaimed, That's Commander Sinclair! I've seen her before!"

"Is it really her? She looks so impressive!"

"I've never seen a woman in a position of power before

"If women can fight on the battlefield, why can't they be an official?"

"But she's really... How do I even describe it? I can't find the words! She's both beautiful and commanding I've never seen a government official this striking."

"Who's in the carriage? Why such a grand escort?"

Their chatter rose above the gusts of wind and reached Carissa's ears, but she paid them no mind.

One of her hands gripped the reins while the other held her spear. Her gaze was sharp and alert, listening for any unusual sounds..

Once they passed Swallowstone Street, it was just 1.5 more miles to the Heritage Bureau, where Eleanor would be imprisoned.

If an attack were to happen, it would most likely occur after they crossed Swallowstone Street.

Chapter 799

As soon as they crossed Swallowstone Street, Carissa felt an oppressive murderous air surround them.

The killing intent was palpable, accompanied by a scent of blood that only someone attuned to such darkness could detect. Carissa recognized it all too well—from that fateful night at Valor Estate, when those suicide soldiers had descended like shadows.

Her mentor had once spoken of the brutal process of training these killers. Those who survived emerged from the corpses of beasts and men alike, forged in a sea of blood and death.

And no matter how skilled they became, they always carried with them a heavy aura of slaughter and a lingering stench of blood.

“Everyone, stay alert!”

Her voice cut through the wind, reaching every ear in the group.

Eyes narrowed in focus as they gripped their weapons tightly, sensing the slightest rustle in the air. After they crossed the intersection, a faint yet sharp tremor filled the atmosphere. It was the unmistakable sound of swords being drawn, carried by the northern wind.

“Stop!” Michael raised a hand, halting the formation.

“Assassins! It’s dangerous!” he shouted, dispersing the nearby civilians.

The few townsfolk—mostly merchants heading home—paused in confusion at Michael’s warning before turning and running in fear.

Suddenly, a sword sliced through the air, hurtling toward Carissa.

Swiftly leaping from her horse, she deflected the blade with her spear and sent it flying to the ground. In an instant, about ten figures descended from both sides, clad in tight-fitting clothes and

masked, weapons drawn and aimed directly at Carissa. Their intent seemed singular—to take her down. Carissa’s expression hardened as she sprang into action, her spear slicing through the air. She leaped over the flurry of blades, bringing her weapon down with a force that shook the ground beneath her. “Kill them!” Michael shouted and rushed forward, his sword clashing against an incoming blade. Ten capital guards remained behind to guard the carriage while the rest charged into the fray. With her spear in hand, Carissa pressed the attack, forcing the assassins to retreat step by step. Each strike sent sparks flying as her spear met steel, the sounds of clashing metal ringing out relentlessly in the

air.

Carissa moved with the speed of a fierce wind sweeping away autumn leaves. The five assassins who faced her struggled to keep up. If even one of them had faltered, it wouldn’t take more than a few exchanges before Carissa would have sent them sprawling.

But for now, the five were enough to keep her occupied, while Michael found himself unable to hold off a single assassin on his own—he needed at least two people to assist him.

The remaining capital guards went after the other four assassins. Eighteen against four might seem

daunting, yet the numbers and the chosen elite still provided an edge. Despite the assassins’ vicious techniques, no one from the Capital Guard had been injured.

While handling her five attackers, After some time, it became clear that the battle was at a stalemate Carissa began to feel the strain, but she still wouldn’t let them gain the upper hand or inch closer to the carriage.

Michael glanced back, surprised by what he saw. He had witnessed Carissa’s martial prowess before. Although these assassins were formidable, battling five at once with her skills shouldn’t have pushed her to such a point.

Yet, he had no time to help her as his own fight demanded his full attention. The capital guards faced the four remaining assassins with increasing difficulty. They almost sustained injuries several times, but the capital guards stationed by the carriage managed to intervene just in time.

However, this meant that more capital guards were drawn into the skirmish, leaving only five to guard the carriage. Michael sensed something was off, especially with the way these assassins

fought—either they employed brutal moves or leaped high into the air, as if looking for an opportunity or preparing to escape at any moment.

Meanwhile, it seemed Carissa remained oblivious to the danger and was still struggling against her opponents.

He couldn't help but shout, "Commander Sinclair, they don't seem to be here to rescue anyone—they're here to kill!"

No sooner had Michael finished speaking than one of the assassins hurtled through the air, his sword aimed straight at the carriage.

Michael watched in horror as the blade sliced through the curtain of the carriage. He was too late to intervene, and he heard a woman's piercing scream come from inside.

Then, everything seemed to come to a sudden halt.

Chapter 800

As the scream pierced the air, the remaining nine assassins sprang into action and scattered quickly. Michael felt a sinking certainty. They had not come to rescue Eleanor, but to kill her.

But when he turned to the carriage, he froze in disbelief. The assassin that had attacked the carriage had been yanked inside. His legs were dangling outside, clearly unable to move.

Carissa smiled as she stepped forward and lifted the curtain of the carriage. Michael leaned closer to see inside, and his jaw dropped.

Rafael?

Rafael's presence aside, Eleanor was bound to one side of the carriage. The scream he had heard had come from her, and now she glared at the incapacitated assassin with fierce intensity.

Rafael yanked the assassin down from the carriage and handed him over to Michael.

"Take him back to the Supreme Court. I've immobilized him and extracted the poison capsule from his mouth, but we can't let our guard down. Once he's there, feed him muscle-relaxing powder.

Apart from having poison on them, these suicide soldiers can also kill themselves with their inner force.”

Michael motioned for some men to grab the assassin, casting a puzzled glance at Rafael.

When had he gotten into the carriage? When they started the journey, the carriage had clearly been empty. Also, the Capital Guard had been surrounding the carriage all the way out of the Supreme Court.

“What’s going on, Commander Sinclair?” Michael asked.

“Let’s get her to the Heritage Bureau first,” Carissa replied. She looked at Rafael and made a triumphant fist pump, smiling. “You ride Lightning back. I’ll stay in the carriage.”

“Alright, the rest is up to you,” Rafael said, glancing at Eleanor as he led the horse away.

Eleanor shot him a cold stare. “Do you think I’ll talk now?”

Rafael chuckled softly, leaning in. “Whether you talk or not doesn’t matter. Our goal is to capture the assassin and instill more fear in someone. I know exactly who that someone is.”

Eleanor wasn’t surprised. She merely scoffed, then smirked and said, “And what of it? Go tell the king. Bring out the evidence.”

“You’ll see it soon,” Rafael replied with a grin, swinging onto the horse and urging it forward.

Carissa climbed into the carriage and urged, “Let’s go!”

Michael lowered the curtain and rode ahead to clear the way. Inside the carriage, Eleanor fixed her eyes on Carissa. This was the first time she had been alone with Carissa since being captured.

Every time Eleanor was interrogated, it was always someone from the Supreme Court. Carissa had appeared a few times too, but only to listen in before leaving.

“You bitch!” Eleanor spat.

Her face was swollen and she could barely lift her arms. Despite enduring torture, she still managed to sit

upright. She was indeed a tough woman.

“Are you disappointed you didn’t die? Carissa asked, glancing at Eleanor’s shredded sleeve with a cool

smile.

When the assassin lunged at Eleanor, his sword was aimed directly at the center of the carriage, while she sat on the right side. The fact that her sleeve was shredded meant she had moved toward the sword’s tip before Rafael had shoved her back, causing her head to hit the edge and resulting in her

scream.

Eleanor knew she was going to die anyway. Even if she somehow survived, she certainly wouldn’t want to suffer in the Heritage Bureau after a lifetime of being coddled. That was why she had tried to meet the assassin’s sword head-on, hoping for a swift end.

Carissa had read her thoughts like an open book, and Eleanor’s face turned ashen. “You think dying is any easier than living? What’s there to be disappointed about?”

Carissa replied, “Living is hard, and dying isn’t easy either.”

Eleanor seethed with hatred, venom dripping from her words, “If it’s so hard, how did your entire family die? Look how easily they met their end! Their bodies were chopped into pieces and there wasn’t a single corpse that was whole. Doesn’t that seem easy?”

She aimed straight for the deepest pain in Carissa’s heart, smirking with a satisfaction that made her eyes gleam like a viper’s. She thought this taunt would be enough to shatter Carissa and unleash her fury.

But Eleanor was disappointed as Carissa's expression didn't change at all. Her gaze remained icy as she retorted, "Even as ghosts, they are still together. But you will always be alone, whether in life or death."

"Do you think I care?" Eleanor laughed, the sound harsh as she tugged at the small lacerations on her face and mouth, blood seeping from them. Her entire face was bruised and battered, yet she glared at Carissa with an intensity that could freeze hell. "I don't care at all."

"You'd better not care about anything at all. Otherwise, you won't survive the Heritage Bureau. You know I don't want you to die too easily," Carissa replied with a blank expression.