

War Song 841

Chapter 841

Carissa's expression brightened. "You found Amelia? Where is she?"

Michael bent over, hands on his knees, gasping for breath. "At... at the Parting Souls Bridge. Hurry, she's about to jump! We can't just rush in to save her! She's shouting that she'll only talk to you. But you need to hurry—it's too windy, and she can barely stand!"

"What?" Barrett exclaimed, shocked. "Why is she trying to jump off the bridge?"

Carissa dashed out, yelling, "Get my horse!"

The Parting Souls Bridge lay to the northwest of the capital, spanning over the turbulent Unity River. The river's flow intensified around the bridge because it was wider at the top and narrower at the bottom.

It had a steep slope, which made the water churn violently. Anyone who fell from the bridge wouldn't likely survive. Although the bridge was originally called the Unity River's second bridge, locals had dubbed it the Parting Souls Bridge due to its perilous reputation.

After a brief pause, Barrett asked Michael to send someone to Valor Estate to inform his brother. Then, he mounted his horse and galloped towards the Parting Souls Bridge.

Violet had already reached the site. She had run into Michael on the way, and he informed her that Amelia was at the bridge, threatening to jump.

When Violet arrived at the Parting Souls Bridge, the sun had just dipped below the horizon, leaving a streak of orange along the sky. The bridge looked especially beautiful at sunset, standing alone against the cold wind, while the river rushed beneath.

But if someone were teetering on the edge, it turned from beautiful to terrifying.

Violet's heart dropped when she saw Amelia standing on the bridge's railing. There was barely enough space for her feet, and the fierce wind made her sway. Her cloak billowed behind her, making it seem as if she might tumble off at any moment.

Though the crowd had dispersed from the sides of the bridge, many still gathered at a distance, watching anxiously. Several members of the Capital Guard were shouting at Amelia to come down but dared not approach. Their voices were hoarse, clearly worn from yelling for some time.

"Don't come any closer!" Amelia shouted, spotting Violet and seeing the look on her face, which hinted that she wanted to run over.

Amelia yelled for everyone to stay back, but her body swayed dangerously as she did so.

Violet halted in her tracks. "I'm not coming there! I'm not! Just don't get agitated!"

They were about 18 to 20 meters apart, and Violet couldn't guarantee that she could reach her in time, even with her Lightfoot Skill.

If Amelia stumbled, there was no telling what would happen—she could fall to her death! "Back away! Stay back!" Amelia cried out frantically, her frail body teetering in the wind like a lone leaf clinging to a branch during a storm. "Everyone, step back! Don't come near me! I don't want you to see me!"

"Okay, we'll back away! We're moving back!" Violet's heart raced as she watched Amelia sway perilously.

It looked like she could slip at any moment!

Violet urged the capital guards to retreat further, desperate to avoid startling Amelia.

One of the capital guards whispered, "She said she only wants to see Commander Sinclair. Clearly, she doesn't want to be recognized, but how could she not be?"

"Who spotted her? Was she already standing there when they found her?" Violet asked, feeling a chill creep down her spine.

“I saw her. At first, she was sitting by the edge of the bridge. I wasn’t sure it was her, but she suddenly bolted up and climbed onto the railing when I approached her. It scared me half to death,” a long-faced capital guard replied.

Violet gazed at Amelia, pressing a hand to her chest. “Oh my God, with the wind so strong, she’s going to fall! I can see she’s unsteady on her feet!”

“Right? She can’t hold on much longer. With this wind, if she sways even a little more, she’ll lose her

balance.”

“Quick, get some torches ready! Once it gets completely dark, we won’t be able to see her at all,” Violet implored, the urgency in her voice evident.

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One of the capital guards immediately dashed off to find a torch.

Violet noticed Amelia had closed her eyes. She looked utterly exhausted and freezing, her whole body

shaking.

“Amelia, don’t fall asleep! You wanted to see Cari, right? She’s on her way! Please, stay awake!” Violet

shouted.

Amelia opened her eyes, gazing at the raging river below. She had always been timid, and fear gripped her now, but standing there felt somehow better than being at Valor Estate.

All she had to do was jump, and it would all be over.

She couldn't even remember why she had come here. Her mind felt numb, void of any sensation other than the cold. She still clutched the pawn ticket in her hand, which she intended to give to Carissa. She wanted to apologize and thank her.

The apology was for the time when Barrett had wanted to divorce Carissa, and Amelia had been too much of a coward to say a word. Then, she wanted to thank Carissa for the genuine kindness she had shown her while she was still part of the Warren family!

Amelia would never be able to redeem the jewelry she had pawned off, but perhaps Carissa could get it back. It was originally Carissa's, but sadly, Amelia had spent all the money from pawning it off. She hoped her former sister-in-law wouldn't hold it against her.

The sound of hooves broke through the howling wind as horses charged towards the bridge.

Carissa arrived first. Violet stepped out to block her path, and Carissa quickly pulled on the reins, stopping her horse before jumping down.

It was already dark. Two capital guards held torches, but the flames couldn't reach Amelia's position. They called for more torches to be brought.

In the dim light, Carissa could barely make out Amelia's figure. In the darkness, she looked even more fragile, as if she were just a pole standing upright. Her cloak billowed in the cold wind like a flag hanging from a post.

"Amelia, it's me, Carissa,"

Facing her former sister-in-law, especially now that she was contemplating suicide, Carissa found it hard to call her "Madam Amelia" or "Mrs. Warren". Perhaps those terms of address felt too distant to her now. Amelia pulled tightly on her fluttering cloak. She didn't say anything but just cried loudly. She hadn't cried until Carissa arrived—that was when the dam broke.

Barrett arrived as well. He dismounted quickly and rushed towards her. "Amelia, what are you doing?" "Don't come any closer!" Amelia shrieked, one foot slipping dangerously as she almost lost her balance. A gasp went through the crowd, and everyone's hearts raced in panic.

Barrett halted in his tracks, realizing the gravity of the situation. He stood there and frantically shouted, Amelia, please come down! Don't do this. You'll scare everyone! I've sent someone to fetch my brother.

You need to come down—Mom will be furious if she finds out!”

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“I don't want to see him! I don't want to go back!” Amelia's voice was a mournful roar in the darkness. Leave! I don't want to see you either!”

“Amelia, let's talk this out. If I've upset you, I apologize.

Before Barrett could finish, Violet stepped in front of him, anger flashing in her eyes. “Don't get too close! Step back a bit! You'll scare her!”

Barrett took a few steps back, his gaze fixed anxiously on Amelia's feet. He was terrified she might slip in her distress

“Didn't you want to see me? I'm coming to you, so you can say whatever you want to me!” Carissa shouted against the wind.

Amelia just cried, her sobs growing more subdued. She remained silent for a long time, ignoring Carissa's words.

Standing at the bridge's edge, Carissa felt the cold seeping through her cloak. Amelia was only wearing a nightgown underneath her cloak, which meant she had truly ventured out in the middle of the night.

Just as Carissa thought she might not respond, Amelia spoke up, “Carissa, I'm sorry.”

The quivering voice was wrapped in wind, making it hard to hear, but both Carissa and Violet caught every word

“Why are you apologizing? You haven’t done anything to me,” Carissa replied, carefully inching forward. With a distance of 18 to 20 meters between them, she moved slowly, wary of making any movements that might draw attention. As she continued to advance, she kept talking to distract Amelia,

sudden

“I understand your grievances. Believe me, I know better than anyone. You took care of Rebecca when she was sick, just as I did for half a year. You stayed by her side daily, just as I did. I know how difficult her temperament can be, and she often lashes out...”

“She hit me!” Amelia’s voice cracked with exhaustion and rage as she jumped up and waved her arms. “I served her day and night, sleeping only two or three hours each day, and they still hit me!”

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd as they watched Amelia sway precariously, almost toppling over the edge.

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Carissa’s heart leaped into her throat.

Barrett lunged forward, only to be kicked in the knee by Violet, who snapped, “Don’t provoke her!”

As Barrett dropped to one knee, Violet pressed his head down, then shouted at Amelia, “He’s kneeling! He’s begging for your forgiveness! If you have anything to say, just let it out—scream at him if you want!”

“It’s useless!” Amelia wailed, tears streaming down her face as she continued her lament. “It’s pointless. They’ll still kick me out. I have nowhere to go, and I have no money left. All my dowry items and jewelry have been sold off. If they get my husband to divorce me, I’ll starve to death. It’s better to die now!”

“Don’t be so foolish! Think of your children!” Carissa shot Violet a look, signaling for her to keep Barrett quiet. “You said they hit you—why did they do that? Tell me, and I’ll help you!”

As Carissa spoke, she subtly took a step forward. At the current pace, if she flew over, it wouldn’t be faster than Amelia jumping down. If Amelia leaped, there was no guarantee Carissa could pull her back from the raging waters.

“There’s no money!” Amelia cried, her voice filled with despair. “Everything I do is wrong. It’s my fault that

can’t buy Snowdrop Pills. It’s my fault that I don’t have money to buy Evergreen Pills. I need money to support the household, but Viola only gives me 30 percent of Barrett’s salary. She has so many servants. and maids to be paid, and there’s Aurora too!

“I suggested selling off some servants, but they said we have to maintain our dignity. They say we can’t tarnish the family’s reputation! But who’s going to take care of things? They sold off everything just to bring Aurora into the family. Then, they pooled together what was left to bring Viola into the family. After that, they spent so much on Serena’s dowry! They asked me to manage the household, but what’s there to manage? There’s no money! How can I do anything?!”

Just then, three more horses galloped up, bringing Jonathan, Benjamin, and Bryan.

Benjamin leaped off his horse and shouted, “What crazy act are you putting on now? If you’re so brave, then jump! Don’t make a fool of yourself here!”

Carissa shot a glance at Violet, who responded with a swift slap that sent Benjamin crashing to the ground.

As he lay there, he continued to shout, “Are you even ashamed? What gives you the right to cause such a scene? If you really wanted to die, you would’ve jumped by now! What are you trying to threaten me with? Has my family ever treated you poorly?”

“Shut up!” Carissa barked, trembling with rage. “Guards, drag him away!”

“Never treated me poorly?” Amelia echoed, her voice dripping with irony. “You really think so? Benjamin Warren, you make me feel like everything I’ve done has been in vain.”

Carissa raised her voice, saying, “Don’t listen to him! If you can’t stand it at Valor Estate…”

*Enough!”

Amelia lifted herself onto her toes. She faced Carissa, her figure shrouded in darkness. No light touched her, and only her outline was visible, along with the despair radiating from her.

“Carissa, thank you for once being kind to me. I’ve been weak and ungrateful. I never helped you and just let them bully you. I’m a sinner.”

She tossed the pawn ticket in her hand. It fluttered down to the bridge, carried by the wind.

“You should redeem it, but it’s all jewelry I’ve worn. If you think it’s bad luck to wear something touched by a dead person, then forget it. Don’t bother redeeming it.”

Suddenly, Amelia turned to face the dark river, spreading her arms wide as she leaped decisively into the abyss.

As the crowd gasped in shock, Carissa surged forward, leaping into the air. Despite her speed, the distance proved too great, and she grasped at nothing but empty air.

Amelia hit the water, creating a tremendous splash, but the roaring current quickly engulfed her and swept her away. The riverbed sloped sharply, pulling her down into its depths.

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Carissa turned and leaped to the opposite side of the bridge before running on the water’s surface with her Lightfoot Skill, desperately searching for Amelia. However, the dark surface of the river offered no sign of the woman.

The onlookers were stunned, especially the four members of the Warren family. They couldn’t believe that Amelia had actually jumped. Benjamin, in particular, knew his wife’s character all too well. She was incredibly timid—she wouldn’t even dare to wet her feet, let alone leap into a river.

When he arrived, he only focused on the crowd, how alarmed Carissa was, and how the Capital Guard was also present. He felt embarrassed, which was why he had shouted at Amelia. He had never considered the possibility that she would actually jump.

He knew she was a timid woman—so, why was she brave now?

All she had to do was care for Rebecca and manage the household. What made her think she was so unfortunate compared to other women?

Despite being consumed by shock, Carissa followed the current downstream while Violet ran along the riverbank. With how dangerous the water was, timing was crucial for a rescue.

Barrett snapped back to reality a

little too late. He jumped down to the riverbank and chased after Violet, but she was already far ahead. At that moment, he finally understood the difference between himself and Carissa and Violet. They acted without hesitation when a person's life was on the line and could respond in the quickest way possible.

Just then, Carissa spotted Amelia.

Her head was bobbing up and down in the water, and the current was pulling her under. Using the flow to her advantage, Carissa kicked off a few times to gain speed and landed in front of Amelia. The icy water crashed against her, but she managed to wrap her arms around the other woman.

However, holding on to Amelia meant Carissa couldn't use her Lightfoot Skill to lift them both out of the water. The current was too strong, and Carissa needed to steady herself first.

Violet quickly tore strips from her cloak as she ran. She tied them together, then picked up a small stone to secure the end and tossed it towards her friend. The current pushed the cloak strips down, but Carissa held Amelia with one arm and grabbed the strips with the other, finally finding her balance.

She called out to Violet, "Hold tight!"

Violet immediately tightened her grip on the other end Carissa used the leverage to push herself out of the raging current, her toes skimming the water's surface. With a quick flip, they landed safely on the riverbank.

Carissa set her former sister-in-law down as Violet rushed forward to them. She struck a few places along Amelia's chest, but the latter remained unresponsive.

Sitting cross-legged, Carissa asked Violet to support her as she focused on pushing her inner force into Amelia. At the same time, Violet continued to strike the places on Amelia's chest. After a long moment, they finally heard a cough from Amelia, who then expelled a considerable amount of water.

Both women breathed a sigh of relief. Although they were exhausted, they held Amelia tightly, ensuring

she wouldn't do anything reckless again.

Amelia trembled with cold, her teeth chattering. Looking at Carissa and Violet, who had risked their lives to save her, tears streamed down her face, leaving her speechless.

Barrett sprinted over. Upon seeing that his sister-in-law had been saved, he collapsed to the ground, his heart struggling to calm down.

He crawled toward them, shadows making it difficult to discern faces, and hoarsely asked Carissa, "Do you realize you could have died doing this?"

"Violet, can you carry her?" Carissa ignored Barrett, focusing solely on Violet.

Soaked to the bone, Carissa shivered as the cold wind hit her and sneezed repeatedly.

Great. When they got back to Hell Monarch Estate tonight, her junior guild member would definitely have something to say about this.

Violet lifted Amelia in her arms and headed back to the bridge.

Benjamin had his hands covering his face, and he sobbed quietly before crawling over to grasp his wife's hand, tears streaming down his cheeks

"Why did you do something so foolish? Couldn't we have talked things through?"

Amelia's jaw trembled as she pulled her hand away, curling up in Violet's embrace and crying loudly.

Why did she have to resort to this desperate act to be seen?

Amelia knew all too well that surviving only meant returning to an even more torturous existence. Whether it was divorce or death from illness, the Warren family would surely blame her for bringing shame upon them.

Benjamin's tears were false. Once they returned to Valor Estate, all their faces would change entirely. "Let's go to Arcane Sanctum!" Carissa said, hugging herself to keep warm against the cold. "She inhaled a lot of water, and I don't know if it will leave any lasting effects. She should stay at Arcane Sanctum for a couple of days for observation."

Carissa wouldn't allow Amelia to return to Valor Estate now. If she did, Amelia likely wouldn't survive. Even if Benjamin felt guilty now, Rebecca would never forgive a daughter-in-law who had tried to take her own life.

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After taking Amelia to Arcane Sanctum, Carissa requested the sanctum's staff to block the Warren family members from entering. Without Amelia's consent, they were not allowed to visit.

The Warren family men had followed closely, but the guards at Arcane Sanctum turned them away. They stated that the physicians were in the middle of treating a patient and that no one was allowed to barge in at night, instructing the family to go back.

However, Benjamin insisted on seeing his wife.

When persuasion failed, the four guardians of Arcane Sanctum intervened, pushing and shoving the Warren family members away. Barrett dared not Intervene, and the others didn't have the authority to act. As head of the family, Jonathan ordered, "Let's go back. She's safe inside Arcane Sanctum." Jonathan had always kept a low profile at home, often retreating during crises and never taking charge. But in this situation, he had to assert himself, and Benjamin had no choice but to comply, especially since they couldn't gain entry

Clutching the pawn ticket, Benjamin walked away in a daze. Besides feeling lost, he also simmered with anger. With his younger brother having just received a promotion, Amelia's actions threatened to ruin their family's future, along with his brother's prospects.

Why couldn't she show some understanding? Was it only acceptable to share in the riches, not in hardships? Rebecca was sick, and as a daughter-in-law, couldn't she endure a little more? And Viola was pregnant. Was her spending a bit more silver really unbearable?

Why was Amelia so petty?

Benjamin couldn't shake the thought that maybe it was his slap and how she was forced to apologize to Rebecca that had driven his wife to such desperation.

Although Amelia was conscious now, she continued to cough after inhaling water. Since Carissa had saved her and Violet had brought her in, Sebastian personally treated her to prevent any lingering effects that might complicate her life further down the line.

Ivy lent her clothes to Carissa and Violet, then took their wet garments to dry by the fire.

After examining Amelia and prescribing some medicine, Sebastian noticed she seemed much better, yet the shock had left her in a daze. He called her name several times, but she didn't snap back to reality.

Sebastian could heal physical ailments but not emotional wounds, so he stepped out and asked Carissa to talk to her.

"You saved her, so it's up to you to reach her." Sebastian sighed, walking away with his hands behind his back. "Life is precious. Why would she want to throw it away?"

Carissa entered the room, uncertain about how to encourage someone to be strong—she wasn't sure she could do that herself.

Carissa sat on the edge of the bed, watching Amelia. "Are you feeling any better?"

Tears trickled down Amelia's cheeks. "I'm sorry for causing you trouble.

"Let's not dwell on that. We know each other well, don't we?" Carissa replied gently.

Amelia wiped her tears with the back of her hand. “I didn’t mean to sit outside Northwatch Estate. I just had nowhere to go and wandered there aimlessly. I know you weren’t inside, and I never meant to drag you into this. Honestly, it’s a blessing I didn’t die this time. If I had, it would’ve truly burdened you. Believe me, the last person I want to trouble is you.”

“I believe you,” Carissa said as she nodded.

She hesitated, unsure of how to persuade the other woman. Words often felt empty, especially to someone who was lost and desperate. Practical help was what mattered most.

But could she really tell her former sister-in-law to divorce Benjamin and leave the Warren family? If it were someone else, she might speak freely—but this was Amelia.

“If you encounter any difficulties in the future, go to Ivy. Don’t lose hope again,” Carissa encouraged.

She wanted to ask Amelia to think of her children, but she remembered how distant the kids had always been, always favoring their grandmother. It had been like that even during Carissa’s time with the Warren family.

“Thank you,” Amelia said sincerely, though she understood that temporary help couldn’t solve everything.

She looked at Carissa, forcing back her tears. “I’ll always remember your kindness. I’m just a useless person, and this is how my life will be. I have no talents, I even dislike myself.”

“If you can’t appreciate yourself, how can you expect others to?” Carissa replied gently. “You need to learn to take care of and love yourself.”

Carissa’s words felt hollow, and they were unable to dissolve the deep sorrow reflected in Amelia’s eyes.

Amelia knew that this time, she had sealed her fate by Jumping into the river. Even if she returned to Valor Estate, there would only be one path left for her.

At Valor Estate, nearly everyone from the main household gathered in Rebecca's room. The only exception was Charlotte's side of the family and Aurora.

Rebecca trembled with fury.

"She jumped into the river? And Carissa saved her? If she wanted to die, why couldn't she just go quietly? Why did she have to make such a fuss? Clearly, she knew someone would save her! What is she resentful about? When has our family ever mistreated her?

"She has no skills, no ability to manage a household, and no family to rely on. All I asked was for her to care for me while I was ill, and she acts like she's suffered some great injustice! She even went out seeking death as if that would solve anything!

"If this gets out, people will think I'm a cruel mother-in-law! This isn't a request for death—it's a desire to see me dead! Does someone truly wanting to die need to disturb so many people? If she were serious, she would've jumped long ago!"

Benjamin still hadn't come to terms with what had happened. He was genuinely terrified. The moment he saw Amelia jump, it was nothing like Rebecca described. It wasn't an act. The river was dark downstream, and he couldn't see how Amelia had been rescued. He doubted he could bring her back even if he jumped

in to save her.

Rebecca continued to curse Amelia.

"Now, we owe Carissa a favor! Amelia's turned against us, and she'll hardly be missed if she were dead. Barrett is already lower in rank than Carissa, and now we owe that woman a life! It's like Amelia's intentionally trying to harm her brother-in-law! I must've been blind to choose her as my eldest daughter-in

-law!"

"Mom, please don't say that," Barrett interjected, frowning. "To be honest, Amelia has been under a lot of pressure lately. I heard everything—there's no money in the

accounts, and Benjamin slapped her. Then, she was dragged here like a criminal to plead for forgiveness. Plus, Viola told her to buy Evergreen Pills and said she would only get 30 percent of my salary moving forward...”

Heavily pregnant, Viola stood up and interrupted, “Are you implying that I pushed her into jumping to her death? Didn’t I speak the truth? I asked her to buy eight Evergreen Pills, but she only brought back two! She whined and said she had no money, putting on a pitiful act. How is it possible that a prestigious family can’t even afford a few pills?

“Besides, she’s not the only one caring for Mother. There are so many people around her, she doesn’t need to lift a finger! Isn’t she just staying by Mother’s side to earn a reputation for being a devoted daughter-in-law? What more does she want? Her problems have nothing to do with me! Don’t think you can drag me into this mess.”

Seeing the fierce look on his wife’s face, Barrett couldn’t hide his irritation.

“For all that’s happened since your pregnancy, Amelia has taken care of you countless times. How can you say such things? She isn’t playing the victim or acting poor. As the one managing the accounts, you should know whether there’s money in the house. I’ve said it before—30 percent of my salary isn’t enough to cover expenses. Didn’t you notice Amelia has been pawning her jewelry?”

Viola shot back angrily, “That’s because you men are useless! What’s that got to do with me? Who would’ve thought your prestigious family would be so poor? Your family was once so prominent, and now you’ve ended up in this state. Don’t you bear some responsibility? I heard you had shops once, but you sold them just to marry another wife. Who took your money? Go get it back from them! I didn’t even spend that much of your money since I married into your family!”

Her words left Barrett momentarily speechless.

Rebecca couldn’t stand Viola’s insults toward her son.

“How can you speak like that about your husband? Isn’t he working hard enough? He’s still the Crown Guard’s commander! What have you done to help him other than stir up trouble and throw tantrums to run back to your parents? What right do you have to criticize him?

“You claim you didn’t spend our family’s money, but those royal jelly supplements didn’t appear out of thin air. Did you buy all those beautiful clothes and jewelry with your own money? In that

regard, you don't hold a candle to Carissa! I may resent her, but she's the only one who has ever managed things properly around here. As for you? You're nothing!"

Viola's face darkened with anger at the comparison. "If you miss Carissa so much, why don't you get her back? But good luck with that! She's on to bigger and better things now—do you think she'll even bother with you?"

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Barrett's shoulders slumped slightly.

Here they went again!

With all this bickering, peace was nowhere to be found in the household. For a brief moment, he truly understood how Amelia felt—he didn't want to stay here either.

He looked up and saw that his father had quietly slipped out. It was always like this. Whenever there was a dispute Jonathan couldn't handle, he would sneak away.

Barrett glanced at his older and younger brothers. Benjamin wore a helpless expression, clearly at a loss.

for what to do, while Bryan was just waiting for a chance to speak up for Rebecca.

"Enough!" Barrett shouted, his voice cutting through the tension. "Stop arguing! When Amelia returns, she will still be in charge of the household. My salary will go to the family fund, and how it gets spent will be up to her."

Viola's face was resolute and icy. "I won't agree to that. There's no way I'll allow it! Why should you be the only one responsible for their expenses?"

Barrett felt a surge of anger and shame. "Because we're the ones spending more, and because I owe this family the most."

"That's your debt, not mine."

"So, I'll pay it off with my salary," Barrett shot back.

The image of Amelia jumping off the bridge was still fresh in his mind, filling him with dread. He couldn't help but feel a surge of determination.

"In any case, you'll receive your monthly allowance. Amelia will arrange everything you eat and wear. The allowances for your servants will also come from the family fund. If you want to eat well and dress nicely, you'll have to take it from our allowances. Amelia will only shortchange herself, not you."

"That's absurd!" Viola laughed coldly. "I'm a lady of the Earl of Silverstone's family! Did I marry into the Warren family for a few silver coins each month? If I have to suffer alongside you, that's one thing, but my child shouldn't have to. You must hand over two hundred silver coins a year to me, or I won't have this child!"

"Everyone shut up!" Rebecca yelled, pounding the bed with her fist, her brows furrowed in fury. "Get out! Benjamin, you're going to Arcane Sanctum tomorrow to bring Amelia back. This is unacceptable!"

Hearing Viola's threat to not have the child sent a wave of both anger and panic through Rebecca. Were there not enough scandals already? If Viola stirred up more trouble and returned to her family, would Barrett still keep his position as the Crown Guard's commander?

Though Rebecca wanted to teach Viola another lesson, she bit her tongue and forced herself to send everyone out instead. Still, the flames of her fury burned bright within her.

Everything was because of her eldest daughter-in-law—making a scene and dragging their family's reputation further into the mud! Tomorrow, the entire capital would likely know of this affair. If it drew the attention of the Oversight Department's officials, the momentum they had just begun to build would be

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stifled.

Rebecca rubbed her temples, feeling a headache brewing. She had Tara stay behind to care for her.

“What is wrong with all of them? My life is truly one of suffering.”

Fuming, Rebecca thought of the injustices she had endured.

“The Warren family was once so illustrious! When I negotiated my marriage with my husband, his father was still alive. Who didn’t tread carefully around him? Now, we’ve fallen so low that even a stray dog

dares to bark at us!

Who does Viola think she is? She’s just some washed-up woman who was already married once, yet she has the audacity to look down on us? If it weren’t for the current king appointing her brother as the Southern Frontier Marshal, what does the Earl of Silverstone’s family have to boast about? They’re just as fallen as we are!”

Tara tried to console her, “At least the Earl of Silverstone’s family has a madam to hold it together. Otherwise, they would surely have fallen apart. But with Madam Viola pregnant, perhaps it’s best not to engage her in conflict. You’re unwell yourself, after all. Once Madam Amelia returns, you can have a proper talk with her. Harmony at home leads to prosperity.”

Rebecca narrowed her eyes. “Talk? Just wait and see how I’ll deal with her!”

Tara quickly interjected, “You mustn’t add more oil to the fire. Harmony at home leads to prosperity! Madam Amelia must be feeling wronged to have acted like that. Luckily, she was saved. What would have happened if she hadn’t been saved?”

Rebecca scoffed. “If she truly wanted to die, she would have done it already. I know exactly what she’s thinking. She’s treacherous, lazy, and petty–narrow–minded to the core! That’s precisely why I didn’t want her to manage things when I was unwell. Enough of your chatter! I have my ways of dealing with her.”

Chapter 848

The next day, Benjamin went to Arcane Sanctum to pick up Amelia. However, the guards wouldn’t let him inside, so he ended up waiting outside for two hours.

In the back courtyard of Arcane Sanctum, Amelia quietly enjoyed a meal, slowly sipping a cup of coffee. She looked up at Ivy and said, “I haven’t had such a leisurely meal in a long time.”

Ivy replied, "If you want, you can have a leisurely meal tonight, or anytime in the future. No one here will

chase you away."

Amelia stared at the dark liquid for a while before finally standing up and saying, "I'm going back with him.

Ivy furrowed her brow. "Have you thought this through? You need to be sure. If you go back now, they might not treat you well."

"I have to return eventually," Amelia said, her eyes slightly red but still managing a small smile. "Thank you, Ivy."

"Why are you so polite? He's waiting outside. Let me prepare some medicine for you to take home. Just wait a moment."

"No need. I don't need any medicine. I'm perfectly fine. Amelia walked toward the archway, but turned back to Ivy and flashed a smile. "My full name is Amelia Skye Morgan."

Ivy paused for a moment. "Oh, Skye is a lovely name."

"It is, but no one has called me that in a long time."

"Why not? Doesn't your husband call you that?"

Amelia's smile took on a hint of bitterness. "He used to, but then he started calling me 'hey'."

"Hey? What?" Ivy furrowed her brow. "Is that really how he calls you?"

"It's fine," Amelia said, bowing slightly to Ivy. She gazed at her a little longer before adding, "I'm leaving now. Please pass on my thanks to Carissa. I truly appreciate it."

Ivy sensed something was off. “What’s wrong with you? You keep saying thank you.”

“It’s nothing. I just feel that since someone risked their life to save me, I have no regrets in this life.”

Amelia smiled brightly before striding out confidently.

Ivy followed her outside, only to see her already standing beside Benjamin. He was speaking to her in low tones, and she nodded before stepping into the carriage.

Benjamin hesitated for a moment before reaching out to help her. As the carriage curtain fell, Amelia let out a soft sigh. In the past, she would sit quietly inside when she rode in a carriage, never lifting the curtain to look outside.

But today was different. She felt curious and pulled back the curtain, taking in the bustling crowds of people going about their day. She watched their faces, noting their joy and sorrow, absorbing it all.

As they passed by shops displaying a dazzling array of goods, she realized she had never truly explored

the streets before. So many things were beautifully arranged, and she found herself captivated by them.

Her gaze landed on a very thin woman bent under the weight of a child on her back, her body slightly hunched over. The woman’s eyes were dull, and her sunken features were dry and chapped. She pushed a cart with great effort, her struggle apparent.

Amelia caught sight of a bony wrist peeking from the woman’s sleeve. The skin was stretched tightly over the bone. Amelia instinctively rolled up her sleeve, revealing her similarly gaunt wrist. A sudden urge to laugh flickered through her, but it was quickly overwhelmed by tears that fell in heavy droplets.

Upon returning to Valor Estate, Tara was waiting at the entrance.

“It’s good to have you back, Madam Amelia. Madam Rebecca wants to see you. You should go visit her,” she said gently

Sensing his mother’s lingering anger, Benjamin replied, “She just got back. Let her rest for a bit before she goes to apologize.”

Tara sighed. “If she doesn’t go, Madam Rebecca will only get angrier.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Benjamin turned to Amelia. “Then, I’ll go with you. We’ll greet her and apologize to her, then we can head back inside.”

He still felt a chill at the thought of last night’s events.

“Mr. Benjamin, Madam Rebecca said you can’t follow,” Tara added.

*Is Mom still very upset?” Benjamin asked.

“She is angry, yes. But if Madam Amelia admits her mistakes, Madam Rebecca will calm down and everything will be fine,” Tara reassured.

After another moment of indecision, Benjamin said to Amelia, “Just go ahead. Remember to be polite.” Amelia had anticipated this outcome. Wordlessly, she followed Tara into the house.

Chapter 849

Rebecca lounged on a luxurious chaise, her eyes like icy daggers.

“Kneel!” she commanded, her voice sharp and cold..

Amelia dropped to her knees without hesitation. In an instant, a slap landed on her cheek, accompanied by a vicious curse.

“Why didn’t you die out there? What are

got some nerve!” Rebecca shrieked.

you doing back here? Threatening to take your own life? You've

Tara tried to intervene, "Madam Rebecca, please calm down! Madam Amelia knows she was wrong. Let's not make things worse for your health."

Without a word, Rebecca picked up a cup from the nearby table and hurled it at Amelia's head.

"Now she knows she's wrong? When she was causing all this chaos, did she even think about her mistakes? She's brought disgrace to our family! Get out of my sight! Kneel at the courtyard gate until tomorrow! You don't stand up until I say so!"

The cup shattered on the floor, Warm liquid mixed with the blood dripping from Amelia's forehead.

At this sight of the blood. Tara sighed. "Quickly, Madam Amelia, go kneel outside. Don't let Madam Rebecca see you here."

Tara meant well, hoping to get Amelia out of the room to prevent further punishment.

Amelia remained silent, rising and walking outside to kneel at the gate of the courtyard.

Rebecca was stunned with anger. "Look at her attitude Just look at her!"

After a few attempts to calm Rebecca down, Tara hurried outside to Amelia with a soft cushion, hoping to make her more comfortable. It was a cold day, so Rebecca wouldn't come out to check on her.

"What are you waiting for? Come here and tend to Madam Amelia's wounds," Tara instructed a maid.

Throughout it all, Amelia didn't move. She remained like a marionette, allowing them to fuss over her. With her head lowered, her eyes were dull, feeling neither cold nor pain.

"Stay kneeling for now, Madam Amelia," Tara said gently. "After dinner, I'll plead your case with Madam Rebecca, so you can go back and rest."

Noticing Amelia's silence and understanding her distress, Tara observed something about her clothes. The fabric was decent, but not new. It struck Tara then that ever since Carissa left the Warren family, Amelia hadn't bought any new clothes for herself and only wore old ones.

"It will all get better," Tara said with a sigh before rising to head inside and tend to other matters.

Charlotte had learned of Amelia's bridge incident the night before, and had cried the entire night

When she got out of bed that morning, her head was heavy, causing her to nearly fall. A maid rushed over to support her back to bed and called for a physician, who diagnosed Charlotte with a chill and said her sadness had strained her liver. She needed to rest properly.

Throughout the day, Charlotte asked several times if Amelia had returned. The maid confirmed that she

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had but didn't dare tell the whole truth, simply saying she was unwell and was resting.

Charlotte sighed. "The river water is so cold. How could she not get sick? Such foolishness! How could she be so reckless? If Carissa hadn't gone after her, she might have died!"

Her voice was heavy with congestion and her nose was blocked, making it hard to breathe. The servants prepared some hot water to help clear her sinuses.

"Let her rest. Once I feel better tomorrow, I'll go see her," Charlotte said, lying back down.

After the steam cleared her nose, her mind felt less foggy. Yet, she couldn't shake a lingering unease. Thoughts of what happened last night sent shivers down her spine.

When Gregory returned, Charlotte grasped her husband's hand, her tone serious as she spoke, "Even though we don't usually involve ourselves in the first branch of the family's affairs, someone nearly died this time. As his uncle, you should speak to Benjamin and remind him to treat his wife better. He shouldn't keep throwing her at his mom's mercy."

Gregory valued his wife's opinions. After dinner, he made a trip over to talk to Benjamin. The men typically discussed matters in the outer courtyard, so he was unaware that Amelia was kneeling in Rebecca's courtyard.

Benjamin assured his uncle that once his mom calmed down, he would treat his wife well.

Gregory wasn't satisfied with that answer. "Your devotion to your parents is commendable, but it shouldn't come at the cost of right and wrong. What do you mean you'll treat your wife better after your mom calms down? Why can't you treat her well now?"

Benjamin smiled bitterly. "I know I was wrong, but you also understand how important reputation is in court. If word about my devotion gets out and reaches the king's ears, my prospects for promotion will be bright.

Gregory furrowed his brow. "Stop thinking of these twisted ideas. What does your dad say?"

"My dad doesn't interfere. As long as the household is peaceful, he is content," Benjamin replied. Since his brother wasn't taking action, Gregory felt he was meddling.

Still, he couldn't help adding, "Since you're a husband, you must take responsibility for your wife."

Chapter 850

Benjamin agreed with Gregory, but stubbornly believed that Amelia first needed Rebecca's forgiveness. He understood now that his mom's reaction wasn't entirely unjustified. If Amelia kept threatening to end her life, the same situation would just keep repeating.

To put a stop to it, he decided to harden his heart and ignore her.

As the temperature dropped sharply that night, the cold crept into the bones of the kneeling Amelia. She had been frozen in place for most of the day, resembling a statue, utterly still.

Tara draped a cloak over Amelia's shoulders before going inside to persuade Rebecca. The old woman refused to budge, insisting her daughter-in-law must remain kneeling until the next day

"If I don't punish her severely, how will she ever realize her mistake?" Rebecca said coldly.

“But it’s so cold, and Madam Amelia has already caught a chill from the water. She might end up worse off,” Tara urged.

“No more talking! Close the door. If anyone else begs for her again, she’ll kneel again tomorrow!” Rebecca snapped, her voice low and filled with menace.

Tara dared not argue further. Instead, she snuck out again to add another layer to Amelia’s clothing, then dismissed the other maids. She returned to sit with Rebecca, who had been known to wake several times a night.

Previously, Amelia had been tending to her, but it had resulted in Amelia not getting proper rest.

In the middle of the night, Rebecca got up to use the chamber pot as usual. Tara stepped outside to fetch the spittoon. Just as she reached the door, she saw a shadow illuminated by the dim lanterns of the corridor, hanging from a tree directly facing Rebecca’s room.

Tara slipped, letting out a terrified scream.

“Help! Madam Amelia has hanged herself!”

Hearing Tara’s cry, Rebecca rushed out to see. Her heart plummeted at the sight of a woman hanging from the apple tree. The woman’s eyes seemed still alive, staring blankly in her direction.

Rebecca fainted from shock.

Before long, the lights at Valor Estate blazed to life and everyone rushed over.

Amelia’s body had already stiffened.

She had used a frayed rope she found discarded in a corner of the yard, hanging it from the apple tree. There was nothing to stand on below, making it clear she had climbed the tree, then slipped the noose around her neck and let herself drop. The apple tree’s branches weren’t thick, but Amelia was too slender, so it bore her weight without snapping

She didn’t perish in the rushing river. Instead, she hanged herself in front of Rebecca’s door.

As Barrett carefully lowered Amelia's lifeless body to the ground, Benjamin was trembling all over, sobbing uncontrollably. He wanted to rush forward to hold her one last time, but he hesitated. Just last night, he had promised to treat Amelia better. She had been alive then.

Now, she was just a corpse, and death always brought a sense of dread.

Amelia died on a cold, bitter night, leaving no words for the Warren family. Everything she needed to say had already been spoken at Arcane Sanctum.

Charlotte heard the commotion. When she heard what had happened, she felt her heart nearly shatter. Ignoring her illness, she hurriedly climbed out of the bed with the help of her maids and rushed over.

Upon seeing Amelia's lifeless body, Charlotte's tears flowed freely.

"Oh, what a tragedy!"

She took off her cloak and draped it over Amelia's body, then turned to glare at Benjamin, raising her hand to slap him. But what good would hitting him do now? With Amelia gone, Charlotte couldn't bring herself to care about the first branch of the family's affairs now.

Through his tears, Benjamin cried out, "I didn't know it would come to this! I thought she wouldn't really take her own life. Why did this happen? She already almost died once! I even went to bring her back! Didn't she just have to apologize to Mom? Why did she have to resort to this?"

His future lay in ruins. With his wife committing suicide, people would surely say that he had mistreated her. His prospects were irrevocably shattered.

Barrett also felt deeply saddened. After quarreling with Viola, he hadn't come to check on his mom that evening. He had returned only when the palace gates closed and gone straight into bed, unaware that his sister-in-law had been kneeling outside his mom's courtyard.