

War Song 91

Chapter 91

Carissa frowned upon hearing those words. She didn't care about rumors, but deliberately creating division and unfairness within the army, as well as disrupting morale before a decisive battle, was a grave mistake.

Aurora had been on battlefields and should have known this. She was likely trying to use public opinion to pressure Rafael into sidelining Carissa to stabilize the army's morale.

"It's only spreading among the reinforcements, right?" Carissa asked.

Violet was still seething with anger, her face growing increasingly red. She replied, "Yes, the reinforcements are camped separately from the Hell Monarch Army-the soldiers who were on the Southern Frontier since the start with the marshal. So, they don't know about the rumors. If they did, some of them would surely confront the reinforcement troops."

Carissa's frown deepened. After the numerous battles they fought together, many soldiers now respected her. If they found out she was being slandered like this, it wouldn't just be arguments-fights could break out.

That would completely shatter morale and cohesion. With the situation like this, how could they come together to fight the enemy? They might as well hand over the Southern Frontier to Sandoria. "They've already started inciting and are trying to get some of the generals among the reinforcements to see the marshal," Bun added.

Carissa thought for a moment and said, "Let them go for now. I believe the marshal can handle them. With the possibility of war with Westhaven and Sandoria looming, the marshal won't tolerate any disruption of morale at this critical time."

"Are we just going to ignore this?" Violet's face was full of frustration. "Can't I at least go give Aurora a good thrashing to vent my anger?"

Violet couldn't tolerate even the slightest injustice. Given her noble status, the thought of being labeled as Carissa's maid was infuriating.

Carissa kept her gaze steady as she said, "If you want to, you can. But remember, she's a higher-ranking officer. Assaulting a general will earn you a severe punishment. If you don't want to be in that situation, I'd advise against it."

Violet snorted. "If I weren't in the military and holding the position of battalion commander, I'd beat her up without hesitation. I'm telling you, once we've recaptured the Southern Frontier, I'm done with the military. Even if they offer me the position of general, I won't care."

All these restrictions were driving her crazy.

That evening, it was indeed reported that Aurora's cousin, Zeke Yates, had led a group to stir up trouble in front of Rafael.

In a fit of rage, Rafael had the ringleaders dragged away and given thirty lashes each.

He also issued a military order-anyone dissatisfied with Carissa could challenge her, If they could exchange ten blows with her and survive, their previous disturbances would be forgiven. If they chose not to challenge her, they were expected to focus on training and drills, or, face military disciplinary action.

With this order issued, some soldiers in the Mystic Army who were discontented but had previously kept silent began to make their voices heard.

One of them was Michael Brown, a lieutenant in the Mystic Army with notable martial prowess. When Carissa took the troops out for field drills and tactical training once more, he stepped forward. "General Sinclair, the marshal has stated that anyone dissatisfied with his arrangement can challenge you. If the challenger can exchange ten blows with you and survive, they will be absolved of any guilt. However, I do not seek pardon. If you defeat me, I will no longer speak a word against you, regardless of how you achieve your victory, General Sinclair!" Michael declared.

Michael was known for his arrogance and self-assuredness. He had practiced martial arts since the age of seven and joined the army at fifteen. He was now thirty, and had never slacked in his training.

To him, the marshal's words were a grave insult.

Ten blows? It was laughable!

Even if her father was Hector Sinclair, it didn't mean Carissa had the skills to match. She shouldn't be leading the Mystic Army; it was the greatest disgrace to them!

After Michael made his declaration, the remaining Mystic Army soldiers erupted in applause and loudly shouted, "Lieutenant Brown, we support you!"

Holding her Rose Spear, Carissa watched the man in his thirties. He had a dark complexion and stood with an air of pride and aloofness, clearly expecting to be taken seriously. Seeing her remain silent, Michael sneered, "Are you afraid to face me, General Sinclair?"