

## War Song 92

### Chapter 92

Carissa planted the Rose Spear firmly into the ground and tied up her hair. The biting northern wind whipped her garments around, making a fierce sound.

She lifted her chin slightly, her gaze as cold as the snow. "It's fine as long as I win?"

"That's right!" Michael called out loudly. "If you defeat me, I swear to follow you to the death and never go back on my word."

"Good luck, Lieutenant Brown!"

"Defeat her! She's using the military achievements of her father and brothers to rise above us!"

"How can she, a mere woman, command the Mystic Army with false merits? Lieutenant Brown, we're all unhappy with this arrangement. Show her who's better!"

Michael's voice was cold as he said, "General Sinclair, did you hear that?"

Carissa glanced at the roaring Mystic Army before gripping the Rose Spear once more. "Alright, let's get started!"

Michael's eyes were filled with disdain. "Don't accuse me of bullying a woman, General Sinclair. I'll let you make the first move!"

"Thank you!" Carissa smiled, her lips curling and the beauty mark under her eye standing out strikingly.

In the distance, Barrett, Aurora, and several soldiers watched from the city walls, observing the commotion.

Aurora's gaze was indifferent. "It seems someone is challenging Carissa."

Though they were some distance away, Barrett could clearly see Michael stepping forward to challenge. Carissa. He furrowed his brows, knowing that Michael would be no match for her. "Michael is considered one of the strongest in the Mystic Army. I wonder how many blows Carissa can endure against him," Aurora remarked with interest.

Barrett shook his head slowly. "Michael can't win."

Aurora laughed heartily. "Barrett, you seem quite protective of Carissa. Let's just watch."

She squinted her eyes, wishing fervently that Michael would force Carissa to her knees and have her begging for mercy. People like Carissa would only further tarnish the reputation of all women.

In the open field, Carissa raised the Rose Spear and thrust it directly at Michael's right arm. He laughed maniacally, seeing her move as a ridiculous display.

How did such a delicate woman even make her way to the battlefield to embarrass herself? It was utterly laughable!

Michael wasn't the only one laughing-the remaining Mystic Army soldiers also erupted into laughter. Carissa looked like she couldn't even hold her spear properly! She was soft and gentle. She didn't have any strength at all!

Just as Michael reached out to grab the spear's head, he felt a buzzing vibration coming from the Rose

Spear. He immediately realized it was infused with inner force. If he were to grab the spear, and if her inner force was substantial, his arm could be shattered by the shock!

He instinctively pulled back, but it was too late to evade. The spearhead pierced his left shoulder, going straight through his iron armor, causing a wound on his shoulder blade and drawing blood. Michael was horrified. What seemed like a soft and weak attack was actually a concealed, powerful

strike!

"Thank you for your kindness!" said Carissa as she withdrew the Rose Spear and held it firmly upright.

The ground within a two-yard radius of the spearhead had cracked, creating several fissures that stretched straight to Michael's feet and beyond before ending abruptly. There were five cracks on the ground in total, winding and jagged like long centipedes. At close range, the cracks were clearly visible. The Mystic Army soldiers who were standing behind Michael in formation could all see the fissures on the ground created by the spear's impact. The soldiers in front could even see the blood dripping from Michael's shoulder!

Michael's face turned ashen.

Why bother continuing the fight? He had lost.

With such powerful inner force, even if he used all his strength, it was impossible to last ten blows against her. Defeating her was absolutely out of the question.

The scene was deathly silent. Only the cold northern wind howled.

Michael knelt on one knee, holding his sword and raising it up to Carissa. His voice trembled from shock as he said, "I, Michael Brown, am willing to obey your orders, General Sinclair!"

From the distant city walls, Aurora laughed heartily. "Is that it? That was pathetic. The marshal must have arranged for Michael to do that, right?"

"He just stood there and let her stab him once, and that's considered a victory for her? Winning with just one move? She's truly invincible, isn't she?"