

War Song 94

Chapter 94

Carissa returned to the city after midnight, only to find Aurora waiting for her at the city gate. The distant glow of a campfire illuminated Aurora's face, which was twisted in anger and disdain.

"Can't you at least put in a bit more effort to save your dignity? You've tarnished the reputation of the Duke of Northwatch's family beyond repair," Aurora taunted.

Carissa looked up and icily replied, "What does my family's reputation have to do with you?"

"Can you stop pretending to be above it all? I saw everything today. It only took a word from the marshal to put you in command of the Mystic Army. So, why the charade with Michael? Do you think that will win over the other soldiers? Do you think everyone is blind?" Aurora snapped back.

Carissa stared at her with a cold glint in her eyes. "You're right. Not everyone is blind. Some things can be hidden for a time, but not forever."

Aurora's eyes narrowed, her resolve clearly wavering. "What are you implying?"

"Nothing much."

Carissa tried to move past her, but Aurora grabbed her arm.

Her voice dropped to a low tone as she warned, "Carissa, I don't care what you mean, but this is a battlefield. The Mystic Army is a force of elite troops and should not be used for your personal gain. Stop causing trouble here and return to the capital immediately"

Carissa wrenched her arm free and strode away without saying anything.

Furious, Aurora shouted after her, "You just want to prove you're better than me, but is this really your own skill? No one in the army will respect you; they'll only see you as a joke!"

Without looking back, Carissa said over her shoulder, "If I've become a joke, isn't it largely because of your rumors and disdain for the truth?"

Aurora scoffed. "Disdain for the truth? What truth? Do you think you became a general based on your own merits? Have you heard so much flattery that you actually believe you're an invincible female general?"

Out of respect for Hector, Rafael had given Carissa command of the Mystic Army without considering the dangers of the battles to come. The Mystic Army was supposed to be a vanguard force, not a personal guard or a means to rack up enemy kills.

This couldn't go on-if Carissa continued in this way, defeat in the Southern Frontier battle would be inevitable.

The next morning, Aurora went to the command tent to request an audience with Rafael.

Rafael had risen at the crack of dawn and was already in discussion with the other generals about the plan to breach the city.

The battle couldn't drag on too long. The enemy had retreated to Simonton City, where they had supplies. However, it was limited. They needed time to resupply and for their wounded to recover

Thus, the enemy wouldn't be opening the gates. Starhaven's forces couldn't launch a direct assault and would instead have to breach the city walls.

When Aurora requested an audience, Rafael raised his hand. "Let her in."

Dylan stepped out to inform Aurora, "The marshal asks you to enter, General Yates,"

She entered briskly and noticed the ten or so generals present, realizing they were deliberating war strategy.

Feeling slighted, she bowed formally, and before Rafael could speak, asked, "Marshal, since you've gathered the generals to discuss military affairs, why weren't my husband and I summoned to discuss it together?"

Sitting on his chair, Rafael's sharp eyes were fixed on her. "Didn't I already say? You've traveled a long way to provide support, and many of you are injured. Rest for two days before resuming training. You don't need to be involved in strategy discussions at the moment."

Aurora hesitated.

Had he said such a thing? Even if he had, she felt it was unjust.

"Marshal, we came here on orders as reinforcements. Although the journey was difficult, a night's rest was enough to recover. We can begin training today. I simply have one matter I'm unclear about and came to seek your guidance."

"Speak," Rafael said, leaning back in his chair with one hand resting on the armrest, watching her with a slight tilt of his head.

"The Mystic Army, being elite troops, should rightfully serve as the vanguard in breaking through the enemy's lines. Yet, you have assigned them to be under General Sinclair's command."

"What about it?" Rafael's tone was calm but carried an authoritative edge.

Aurora raised her voice, "I believe your decision to use the most elite troops to protect a woman who only seeks to gain military merit on the battlefield is unwise, Marshal."