

War Song 97

Chapter 97

Aurora's words moved Barrett deeply. Hearing such a statement from anyone else wouldn't have touched him as much as it did coming from Aurora.

She wasn't just an ordinary woman confined to the household; she was a formidable general on the battlefield, a hero who had forced their enemy to sign a peace treaty.

For such an extraordinary woman to say she didn't mind washing her hands and cooking for him, it warmed Barrett's heart. Any previous disappointment he had felt towards her vanished instantly. The challenge was set for sunset.

Rafael sent Dylan to notify Carissa. He found her still drilling her troops in the open field, and informed her of Rafael's order.

She simply nodded. "Got it."

Since the entire army knew about this, Violet and the others came looking for Carissa after their training. Each gave her a pat on the shoulder and said tersely, "Beat her." Carissa smiled at them. Beating Aurora would indeed be challenging, not because it was a fight to the death, but because it was a measured contest requiring great restraint.

The setting sun didn't dispel the chill of the frontier. In the open field, the fifteen thousand-strong Mystic Army stood in formation on the east side.

Soldiers, having heard of the event, crowded every available space. The area was densely packed with people, their chatter filling the air.

In addition to the reinforcements, the original Hell Monarch Army soldiers who were in the Sou Frontier from the start also came to watch. The Hell Monarch Army had the utmost confidence in Carissa's abilities.

However, the reinforcements, stirred up by Aurora, believed Carissa had risen to her rank through connections. To them, she was just a housewife who had stayed comfortably at home—a divorced woman, at that.

How could she be capable of leading on the battlefield?

Most of the reinforcement troops supported Aurora, except for the Mystic Army. The Mystic Army had already acknowledged Carissa's leadership, especially after witnessing her single-handedly injure Michael in one move. Those who were closer during the fight could even feel the intensity of Carissa's inner force.

They knew how strong Carissa was, but the other reinforcement troops didn't.

The reinforcement troops only acknowledged Barrett and Aurora, who had led them to the Southern Frontier. Rumors among the reinforcement troops about Carissa had fueled their disdain for her. They believed Rafael and the other generals had elevated her standing. They hoped Aurora would shatter Carissa's facade of invincibility, and expose her supposed charade.

Timothy was appointed to ensure fairness in the challenge, with other generals watching nearby. Rafael stood at the front of the Mystic Army, clad in his armor. The setting sun cast a glow on his dull gold armor, highlighting its dried bloodstains. His recently shaved beard had begun to grow back, and the harsh cold had chapped his skin. Although his once-handsome features were somewhat marred, his imposing presence remained undiminished.

Addressing the gathered soldiers and generals, Rafael explained the consequences for the loser of the challenge. Once both Aurora and Carissa accepted the terms, he fell silent.

Aurora stood with a long sword in hand, her battle outfit yet unstained by blood. She held the sword upright, her posture straight. With her thick eyebrows and confident demeanor, she exuded the aura of a true warrior.

She gazed coldly at Carissa, who stood before her with the Rose Spear. If not for the fact that Carissa's exquisite features remained the same, Aurora would never have been able to connect her with the same lady of the Warren household in the past, who was dressed in fine clothes and behaved in a dignified

manner.

Except for her facial features, Carissa's appearance and outfit were completely different from before. Her hair was now messy and greasy, her face roughened by sand and cold. It was a stark contrast to the formerly smooth skin that had once seemed almost flawless and soft.

Aurora had never felt an ounce of jealousy or admiration for such beauty. In the secluded inner parts of a household, women could afford to show their most stunning side.

She despised such fragile prettiness, which seemed as breakable as glass.

The wind howled, carrying Aurora's voice to Carissa.

"Carissa," Aurora said, "do you really think you can surpass me, just because you're on the battlefield? Calling you stupid might be inaccurate, because you're not. You're actually cunning to the extreme. You used your father's connections to push yourself to a position you could have never reached on your own!!