

## War Song 98

### Chapter 98

Aurora's voice was loud enough for all the generals and the Mystic Army to hear.

Aurora prided herself on being straightforward, and spoke without reservation. However, her words only deepened the disdain of those who already looked down on Carissa. The murmurs of discontent turned into a torrent of insults, overwhelming Carissa.

Violet and the others were livid, their faces turning ashen with anger. If not for the military rules, they would have rushed forward to teach Aurora a lesson right then and there. Their anger grew even more when they saw Carissa's calm demeanor.

Despite Aurora's blatant provocation, Carissa showed no signs of anger. She simply watched Aurora in silence, like a mute. She didn't respond, and her expression remained unchanged. Only her eyes grew darker.

"Carissa!" Rafael took a wooden staff from Dylan, and tossed it to her. "Don't use the Rose Spear. Use this.

Carissa caught the staff with one hand and tossed the Rose Spear back to Rafael, giving him meaningful look. "Understood, sir,"

She knew what he meant. Blades and spears were dangerous. If she couldn't control her rage, the Rose Spear might end up taking off Aurora's head.

Aurora felt humiliated, and sneered, "Using a staff? Fine! Since you are so confident, don't blame me for not holding back."

One with any sense of honor might have discarded their sword in favor of a staff upon seeing Carissa do so, but Aurora couldn't afford to take any chances. The stakes were too high for her to risk failure. This difference underscored the inherent unfairness between them, one based on their status and family background. Given the existing inequity, using a sword against a wooden staff was not an issue for Aurora.

The lonely desert smoke and the setting sun created a stark backdrop. Bonfires were lit, their flames casting a glow on the battlefield and making it easy to see the two figures standing in the center. Many expected a high-quality duel, filled with rapid exchanges and dazzling moves.

Many were eager to see Aurora thoroughly defeat Carissa. They hoped to see Carissa kneeling and begging for mercy, while offering Aurora the command over the Mystic Army.

Barrett appeared tense as he recalled the two moves Carissa had shown him before leaving the manor and the feints she had used against Michael. He knew Aurora couldn't afford to lose; if she did, all her efforts on the Southern Frontier would be for naught. Worse, she would face fifty lashes.

With that thought, he shouted to Aurora, "Stay calm and fight smart!"

Violet, overhearing him, picked up a small stone and hurled it at him. Hearing the whistling wind, he blocked it with his sword, sending the stone flying. He looked towards Violet, who glared at him with eyes full of contempt. Although annoyed, he chose to ignore her.

As Timothy shouted for the match to begin, all eyes focused on the two combatants.

Many soldiers started cheering.

"General Yates! Beat her to the ground! Don't hold back

"General Yates, show your might!"

Aurora leaped into the air, gripping her sword with both hands and swinging it down towards Carissa. Her combat skills were entirely practical, this strike had no finesse, only sheer and overwhelming power. As she descended rapidly, it seemed unavoidable that Carissa would be struck, whether she dodged to the left, right, front, or back. The speed was incredible—no fast that the watching soldiers felt they couldn't evade such a blow.

However, Carissa didn't dodge. She held the wooden staff horizontally, and blocked the sword before her.

The sharp sword, descending with immense speed and force, should have split the wooden staff. However, at that instant, the staff seemed to be made of iron and showed no signs of damage. Instead, a loud ching resonated through the air.

The blow sent a painful shock through Aurora's wrists and hands, nearly causing her to lose her grip on the sword.