

## War Song 99

### Chapter 99

Aurora's heart raced; she glanced at Carissa's dark eyes, then at the unmarked wooden staff in her hands. She was astonished.

Could this be no ordinary wooden staff?

Of course! Rafael would go out of his way to protect Carissa. How could he give her an ordinary wooden stick?

With that thought in mind, Aurora sneered. "This staff must be more than just a wooden stick, right? It seems the marshal picked the sturdiest weapon for you."

The wooden staff was as long as the Rose Spear. It was actually just a wooden post meant for building camp structures.

If Aurora had paid close attention, she would have realized it was an ordinary stick. Convinced of Rafael's favoritism towards Carissa, however, she refused to believe he would give her anything ordinary in this challenge.

Many soldiers were unable to see clearly from a distance. They, too, believed Aurora's accusation, thinking Carissa's staff was a superior weapon. Immediately, cries of unfairness erupted.

"How can an ordinary wooden staff compete with a superior weapon?"

"If that's the case, let her use the spear. This is a sham!"

"Yeah, it's not fair!"

The overwhelming outcry surged again. At this, Carissa simply chopped the staff in half with a swift strike. She deliberately left the cut uneven to show it was merely wood.

She then kicked the broken piece towards the soldiers, where one picked it up and confirmed it was indeed just a wooden stick.

Aurora's face paled; she hadn't expected it to truly be just a wooden staff. Gritting her teeth, she swung her sword at Carissa once more. Her movements were still swift and powerful.

Carissa blocked with the remaining part of the wooden staff. As Aurora pulled back her sword for another strike, Carissa pushed the head of the staff with one hand, sending it flying to hit Aurora in her stomach.

The wooden staff fell to the ground. With a swift motion, Carissa summoned it back to her hand from a

distance.

"Wow!" gasped the crowd, astonished by the feat.

What kind of martial art was this?

"This must be witchcraft!"

"How can she retrieve the staff from the ground like that? It must be witchcraft!"

"It's called inner force manipulation. Do you even understand? Only a warrior with superior inner force can achieve it," Violet explained coldly.

Aurora staggered back several steps, feeling the impact disturb her core energy. The bitter taste of blood rose in her throat, but she swallowed it down. Though she struggled to maintain composure, her mind was in complete chaos.

She had inner force too, but it was shallow. She had never believed in its utility. Since childhood, she had trained for practical combat, where strength was everything. Carissa twirled the staff gracefully, a confident smile on her lips. "General Yates, do you wish to continue or concede?"

The word "concede" was a provocation to Aurora.

"A warrior never concedes!" she roared, furious.

She charged forward, swinging her sword again. Her strikes were powerful yet straightforward. Such strikes were meant to effectively kill enemies on a battlefield.

Carissa deftly dodged a few attacks, noting the increasing fury in Aurora's eyes. She leaped into the air, and struck Aurora's wrist with the staff. She disarmed Aurora and simultaneously kicked the latter in the chest, sending her flying backward.

Carissa landed gracefully, three yards away from the fallen and bleeding Aurora. She spun the staff rapidly, creating a vortex-like illusion, which quickly transformed into a flurry of neatly cut wood chips. The chips burst towards Aurora like a snowstorm.

Though Aurora wore battle armor, the wooden fragments left scratch marks across it. One sliver grazed her neck, drawing blood. The wound was shallow and barely bleeding, but everyone knew that a deeper cut would have killed Aurora,

How did Carissa control the chips so accurately?

The crowd erupte

hour.

in shock. They had expected a prolonged, evenly matched fight lasting at least half any

Instead, it ended abruptly and decisively.

In fact, Aurora hadn't even touched Carissa's clothes. She lost in a manner that was nothing short of humiliating!