

Oasis 661

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Chapter 661: The Transition Stage of the Battlefield

A few undead knights charged towards Bunduk and the others.

The halberd in their hands brushed past them.

Fortunately, they were agile, avoiding this wave of attacks.

Bunduk and the others had their backs leaned against each other, keeping a close eye on the undead knights.

“Commander, we’ll handle this. You should hurry up,” one of the subordinate officers said.

Bunduk carefully observed the position of the undead knights and replied, “Alright.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Bunduk sprinted up the stairs. The soldiers beside him firmly locked onto the movements of the undead knights.

They risked their lives to buy time and space for Bunduk to break out of the encirclement.

Before Bunduk ascended the altar, he turned his head to take a look. He discovered that the strengths of both sides were vastly different. The soldiers of Dronnheim were barely able to resist the attacks of the undead knights. Wherever the undead warriors swung their long halberds, blood and flesh would fly everywhere if they were not careful.

“Darn it!” Bunduk could only go forward with all his might.

After climbing onto the altar, Bunduk finally had a chance to face the man from before.

He immediately noticed the disc in front of the man.

Combining what he had just observed, Bunduk nodded to himself.

He confirmed his own judgment in his heart, if the undead warriors in the field had become so strong, it must be related to this man.

As long as he got rid of this man, the connection between the power of the astrolabe and the undead warriors in the field would be cut off.

Then, the danger faced by the Dronnheim warriors would be greatly reduced.

“As expected, you have been controlling the energy in the bodies of the undead warriors in the field, right?” Bunduk questioned.

The man’s figure was originally thin, and it was even more so when compared to Bunduk who was standing in front of him.

“How do you know?” the man asked.

“A formation like yours, which requires divine power, is something that ordinary undead warriors wouldn’t be able to withstand. I believe that you possess a special constitution that allows you to

withstand the power of the formation and reflect it onto your own kind," Bunduk said what he was thinking in his heart.

The man nodded, acknowledging that Bunduk's words were correct.

"Is there nothing else?" Bunduk slowly raised his right hand that was holding the weapon.

"No, but even if you kill me, you won't be able to change this astrolabe. The effect of this formation will continue, and all of you will die here," the man said with a pale face.

"I don't need you to worry about that," Bunduk said disdainfully.

With a wave of his long saber, the undead man was beheaded. Bunduk didn't look at him anymore and walked to the astrolabe.

In an instant, Bunduk's body seemed to be weighed down by a thousand pounds, and he couldn't stand up straight.

Bunduk's expression was tense, and sweat was dripping from his forehead. He held the astrolabe tightly with both hands to prevent himself from falling down.

He remembered that the undead man had to go through constant training to adapt to being under such pressure. His abnormally thin figure was also explained.

The light that was originally projected on the undead man's body slowly gathered towards Bunduk, and the arrangement of the stars on the astrolabe also changed.

Looking at the Dronnheim warriors who were fighting on the battlefield, Bunduk continuously injected confidence into his heart.

In about a moment, the Dronnheim warriors on the battlefield were already in despair. The warriors who were traveling with them fell one after another, widening the panic in their hearts.

"Dronnheim!" On the battlefield that was filled with smoke, a warrior roared angrily.

The others couldn't help but feel refreshed. They raised the weapons in their hands again and were ready to slash at the enemies in all directions.

Suddenly, the black sky quickly disappeared, and the Sun's light enveloped Dronnheim and the others.

The undead warriors let out a series of screams.

The power in their bodies was being withdrawn like flowing water.

The warriors of Dronnheim, on the other hand, received a vast amount of energy.

The weapons in their hands carried the sound of a tiger's roar. They tore through the air and hacked at the undead warriors.

The sudden change caught everyone off guard.

The omen of victory spread through the ranks of Dronnheim's soldiers.

Although the previous battle had caused the disparity in numbers between Drondheim's soldiers and the undead warriors.

But now their combat strength was no longer the same as before.

When morale was high, the commanders of Drondheim's soldiers led their own soldiers to charge into the battle. The undead warriors could only die one by one under their hands.

This battle finally ended with Drondheim's battle.

Bunduk weakly walked down the altar and refused the support of his subordinate officers. With his last bit of willpower, he supported himself not to fall.

"We won."

Even though they had only started with a few hundred people, there were now less than a hundred people left.

But to be able to wipe out the Undead Army, such an outcome could be considered to have paid off.

The subordinate elven medical soldier was treating the injured soldiers. It had to be said that the elven healing spells were indeed very effective. Even if they were injured, they could recover in a short period of time under their treatment.

After experiencing this intense battle, all the soldiers of Drondheim sat on the ground and rested. No one said anything.

Bunduk remembered that a Lizardmen Army was waiting for them outside the door. He couldn't help but hold his forehead.

An elven medical soldier walked up to him and asked, "Commander, do you need me to treat you?"

Bunduk raised his head and looked at him. He shook his head and said, "I'm fine. Go and check the other soldiers. I just need some rest."

The elven medical soldier nodded, but he still stuffed a small stone into Bunduk's hand.

"What's this?" Bunduk asked.

"This is a healing stone. It can relieve mental pain and pressure."

Bunduk looked at the glowing green medicinal stone in his hand and sighed with emotion at the elves' mastery of magic.

"Commander!" a subordinate officer shouted and quickly walked in front of Bunduk.

"What's wrong?" Bunduk asked.

"We found the scouts in the team," the officer reported.

"Where are they? Take me to see them," Bunduk stood up and said.

The subordinate officer led Bunduk to the front of the stone stairs. A few haggard-looking people were sitting there. Bunduk immediately recognized Aldrich among them.

Aldrich, who was almost thirty years old, looked more like he was in his forties. It seemed that he had suffered a lot after being captured by the undead.

"What happened to you?" Bunduk asked sternly while looking at Aldrich and the other young men around him.

The young soldiers were so scared that they didn't dare to make a sound.

Vice-captain Angelo sighed and reported everything that happened to the investigation team in the past two days.

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Chapter 662: Unexpected Medical Soldier

It turned out that when the scouts infiltrated the Watchtower on the first day, Drondheim's invasion of the undead had already been discovered.

The undead had been heavily injured by the armies of other countries on the previous battlefield.

A considerable portion of the warriors was unable to participate in the battle.

Therefore, when Drondheim's army attacked the city gates, the undead warriors did not show up. They were waiting for the lizardmen's rescue.

As for what conditions the undead offered the lizardmen to come to Nahrin Desert willingly to help the undead besiege Drondheim, the scouts who were captured weren't clear.

"Where are the injured undead warriors? Where are they?" Bunduk asked after listening to Angelo's statement.

"We're not sure either. They might be in the palace, or they might have been taken away by the lizardmen's ships," Angelo said helplessly.

They had been imprisoned in the dark cell by the undead soldiers on the first evening of their infiltration. They had no idea where the undead was.

"Did you give them the signal flares?" Bunduk asked.

"After they found the signal flares on us, they plotted to lure you to the vicinity of the palace," Angelo lowered his head and apologized to Bunduk, "we..."

"Forget it." Bunduk glanced at the other scouts and waved his hand. "You can explain this to your superior when we return to Drondheim."

After saying this, Bunduk warned the other soldiers who were resting in the same place, "Everyone, there may be other undead soldiers in the palace. We are still at a disadvantage. We can not let down our guard."

After a small victory, everyone's physical strength had reached its limit.

Originally, they should have started searching the palace, but in order to maintain the last fighting strength of the soldiers, Bunduk still ordered them to rest in the same place.

Bunduk and a few familiar subordinates sat cross-legged on the ground and began to discuss how to defeat the lizardmen.

"How many people do we have now?" Bunduk asked.

One of the subordinate officers raised his right hand and replied, "Including the ones in front of the palace, there are still 1,500 people."

"The lizardmen's team is about the same as ours, but they are indeed good at close combat. Moreover, based on the terrain outside the palace, they have the advantage," another officer continued.

"Should we lure them into the palace?" the officer suggested after thinking for a while.

Bunduk raised his head and looked at him, asking, "What can we do?"

"Well, I think we can pretend that we have surrendered. Let one of the undead soldiers lure the lizardmen in," the officer said cautiously.

"Undead soldiers? How can we have undead soldiers? Even if some of the undead soldiers are still alive. With their consciousness, they won't understand what we are talking about. They won't help us," the officer next to him questioned.

After he finished speaking, everyone else quieted down.

The soldier who gave the suggestion seemed a little embarrassed, but he really didn't know what to do.

Bunduk felt that the current situation was giving him a headache. He rubbed his temples. The glow from the healing stone in his hand became brighter and brighter. Bunduk immediately felt a warm current flowing into his brain.

A thought also appeared in his mind.

"Fritz, help me find an elven medical soldier. I have something to ask him," Bunduk said.

The subordinate officer known as Fritz didn't know what his commander was thinking. He stood up and called for an elven medical soldier and brought him to Bunduk.

Bunduk looked at the elf. After confirming that he was the one from before, he asked, "What's your name?"

"Comori," the elf said carefully.

Bunduk took out the small stone from before and continued to ask, "You gave me this medicinal stone, right? How did you guys make such a medicinal stone?"

Comori carefully explained, "In the Elf Kingdom, there are stone mines that produce stones with good conductivity. We will use magic to refine such a one-time medicinal stone."

Bunduk nodded and continued, "I have seen many warriors of your country and their magic is indeed amazing. However, they each have their own strengths. Your medical soldiers have always been acting as backup. What magic are you good at?"

"Our standard for the selection of medical soldiers is to only allow spirit-type elves to participate in the registration. Everyone's daily operation is also some spirit-type spells," Comori replied.

At this moment, Bunduk's heart was already filled with joy.

He turned around and said to the other subordinate officers, "I've found the 'undead warriors' who understand our words."

When they heard this, some of them looked puzzled, but most of them had already figured out the strategy that Bunduk was planning in his heart.

One of the officers hesitated and said, "Commander, do you want the elves to pretend to be undead warriors?"

Bunduk nodded when he heard this and didn't say anything else.

In his heart, there was something that he needed to confirm urgently.

Bunduk looked at Comori and said, "Then can you show me? What level is your mind spell at?" He was looking forward to it in his heart, according to his past experience, those who could learn a mind-type spell would have a consciousness that was several times stronger than others. The result of this was that most of them could naturally control the consciousness and senses of others.

Although other spellcasters could also learn a little bit of this kind of blindfolded illusion, and thus design some scams.

However, for those who had really tempered their minds since young, it was really nothing.

"Level?" Comori was confused. From the beginning, he didn't understand much. "It's just that we can do some recovery treatment and so on."

"Haven't you guys learned spells like controlling consciousness?" Bunduk asked.

Comori nodded. "We did, but we only use them to help patients relieve pain and promote nerve recovery."

"Then you try it. Cover my consciousness with your consciousness. Let me see what you want me to see," Bunduk said seriously.

"Huh?" Comori was a little surprised. He saw that Bunduk had already closed his eyes. He silently treated Bunduk as an ordinary patient.

When Bunduk opened his eyes and looked at him, the pitch-black palace had already become a sea of colorful flowers.

Everything he heard was the same as the scene.

Knowing that this was an illusion, Bunduk couldn't help but nod his head in approval.

"That's enough."

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Chapter 663: The Arrogance of the Lizardmen

It was almost evening now. The Drondheim soldiers who were waiting outside the palace gate anxiously kept looking at the palace gate.

Although only darkness answered them.

“Ga...” The palace gate opened. Under everyone’s astonished gaze, an elven medical soldier stepped out of the porch. Behind him was a group of injured Drondheim soldiers.

Seeing this, the soldiers standing in front of the palace gate hurriedly went forward to support the injured soldiers.

Meanwhile, Comori walked through the crowd and arrived in front of the lizardman.

From the moment he walked out of the palace, he had become a fierce-looking undead warrior in the eyes of the lizardman.

“The people of Drondheim have surrendered to us. Please withdraw your troops,” Comori gritted his teeth and said.

This was what Bunduk had told him before he set off. The first choice was to let the lizardmen retreat, and the second choice was to lead them into the palace.

“Huh?” The man raised his eyebrows strangely, and then said with a flattering smile, “Soldier, we haven’t received the reward your Lord promised us.”

“Oh, right.” Comori pretended to suddenly remember and said, “The Lord asked me to invite you in.”

The lizardman looked at him in puzzlement but didn’t say anything. After thinking for a while. He just felt that this undead was really arrogant, and treated them so lightly.

After all, the reward offered by the Undead Kingdom was generous enough. Today, they were able to receive such a generous reward without doing anything. The joy they felt from this gradually reduced their dissatisfaction with the other party.

The lizardman still had a smile on his face as he said, “Then I’ll have to trouble you to lead the way.”

Comori did not dare to say anything else. He nodded and turned around to walk towards the main gate of the palace. Behind him was a large group of lizardmen.

When he passed by Drondheim’s group, the lizardman said mockingly, “With your combat strength, you still want to invade the Kingdom of Lizardmen? You really don’t know your place. Pray that your Lord will use Drondheim’s colony in exchange for your lives!”

Hearing this, the eyes of the Drondheim’s soldiers were burning with anger. They wanted to rush forward and tear the lizardman into pieces on the spot. However, they could only watch as they passed by.

“Did the commander really surrender? What’s wrong with the elven medical soldier?”

The officer asked while supporting one of the injured soldiers.

The injured soldier stared at the lizardmen soldiers and watched as they all disappeared at the entrance of the palace. He then picked up the weapons at his waist, "How is that possible? Everyone, follow me and charge in. All the undead soldiers have been annihilated. Lead them inside and wait to join us."

On the other side, the lizardman led his troops and followed Comori into the pitch-black corridor.

"The palace is too dark."

"I don't know how you managed to subdue those Drondheim soldiers, but it looks like you guys fought with them. That so-called commander was indeed a stubborn guy. If it were me, under such circumstances, I would never think of going head-to-head with others."

"How much longer until we arrive?"

Along the way, the lizardman kept talking to Comori, wanting to know more about the situation of this battle. He did not want to return to the kingdom and tell others that he had only stood in front of the palace for an entire afternoon. At the very least, he had to add some special background.

However, Comori did not respond to him much. After all, as a medical soldier who had never been on the battlefield, it was too difficult for him to control his mind and communicate with the enemy leader at the same time. Therefore, he could only nod his head in response and quicken his pace.

From the entrance of the palace to the room where Bunduk and the others were, it was probably the most difficult path that Comori had ever taken.

The lizardman felt that the other party did not seem to be willing to talk to him, and in addition, the team behind him was always noisy. His mood also became restless.

He turned to the lizardmen soldiers and shouted, "What are you arguing about! There's nothing here and you're still chatting so enthusiastically."

The lizardmen soldier behind him carefully said, "Boss, they're just saying, 'I didn't expect that the undead not only cleared us out this time but also invited people from the Elf Kingdom. It seems that the Elf Kingdom was still unwilling to let Drondheim take over a colony.'"

"The Elf Kingdom? Aren't they the backup that Drondheim moved here? I haven't heard that they are with us," the lizardman frowned and asked.

Hearing this, Comori's body stiffened, and then he walked like the wind. He ran toward the gate that was a few meters away.

"What?!" The lizardman soldier widened his eyes in surprise and raised his hand to point at Comori's back. "But we have been following him all the way here."

The lizardman could not react in time. "What did you say? He is obviously an undead..."

At this moment, the group had already arrived in front of the battlefield.

Looking at the corpses of the undead soldiers on the ground, the lizardman could not help but swallow a mouthful of saliva. He could not finish the second half of his sentence.

"Save me!"

Comori ran toward the center of the house. When the lizardman soldier said the first sentence, his heart almost jumped to his throat.

Bunduk led the team and jumped down from the edge of the wall, each holding an open flame.

“You defeated the undead?” the lizardman asked after he reacted.

Bunduk did not comment. He looked past the lizardmen soldiers and looked at the path they had taken when they came.

The lizardman followed his gaze and suddenly thought of something. His expression immediately darkened.

As expected, the sound of marching troops could be heard behind him. All the Dronnheim soldiers who had stopped outside the imperial palace rushed in.

“Scoundrel!” the lizardman gritted his teeth and shouted angrily, “Do you think that you can defeat us by using such a small trick to lure us here?”

“Actually, that’s not necessarily the case,” Bunduk replied. “If you guys leave this place, I’m referring to the Undead Kingdom. We’re willing to let you go.”

“Hehe,” the lizardman said disdainfully, “as people who march and fight, we don’t want to be ridiculed for the rest of our lives because of this. Moreover, it’s more than enough for us to deal with you guys.”

Bunduk’s expression became serious. Although what the lizardman said was within his expectations, the current situation was indeed not optimistic.

“Since you have already said so, then I have nothing more to say,” Bunduk replied seriously, “I hope you won’t regret your choice.”

“Today, all the people of Dronnheim will die!” The lizardman revealed a fierce expression. Their four limbs were prostrating on the ground, and their lizard tails were raised high. Their appearances were extremely ferocious.

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Chapter 664: The Battle That Brought Dawn

The lizardman quickly jumped in front of Bunduk and used his tail to throw a heavy blow.

“Clang!” This fatal blow was blocked by Bunduk’s shield. The shield was distorted, but Bunduk did not seem to be affected by it.

Before the Swadian soldiers around Bunduk got close, the lizardman cursed in his heart. He jumped back to his original position.

With the lizardman’s attack as the leader, the lizardmen soldiers also launched their own attacks.

The strength of the lizardmen soldiers’ grip and their ability to bite were indeed amazing. Not only that, their figures on the battlefield were something that Dronnheim’s soldiers, who were wearing heavy armor and holding shields, could not compare to.

However, for the soldiers of Drondheim, who had just experienced a bloody battle, they were already familiar with such an unfavorable environment. Even though the injuries they had suffered previously had a burden on their bodies, their minds were incomparably clear at this moment.

The battle style of the lizardmen and the undead had both similarities and differences. The similarity was that they were not good at group warfare. The difference was the reason for this phenomenon. The reason why the undead was not good at group warfare was that the intelligence of ordinary undead soldiers was too low. They did not have the concept of cooperation in their minds. The reason why the lizardmen were not good at group warfare was that their offensive field was to fight alone. Even if the front line failed, they could still rely on their innate physical talent to retreat quickly.

Compared to physically hoping to catch up to them, using the right tactics against their unique combat methods was the key to victory.

Now, the strength of Drondheim's warriors had been twisted into a rope. Because only by defeating the lizardmen could they walk out of here and return to their hometown with full honor.

The formation of Drondheim's warriors had been broken by the swift and fierce attacks of the lizardmen. However, the lizardmen were still unable to charge out from the encirclement of a group of people.

The elven medical soldier stood at the back of the Swadian warriors. When someone was seriously injured, he would rush forward to treat him.

A few military officers acted as leaders in different groups. From time to time, they would roar to change the formation of the formation.

The soldiers who had used the rainbow crossbow for the first time also moved nimbly among the various groups, allowing the explosive weapon in their hands to display its astonishing power.

Without the need for Bunduk to ride on horseback and serve as the commander of the entire team, the warriors of Drondheim had already unleashed their greatest fighting strength at the moment.

Smoke rose and when everything was settled, the warriors of Drondheim held on until the end.

The lizardmen troops were almost annihilated.

The lizardman who had been aggressive earlier also spat out green blood and fell to the ground dejectedly.

"We won!"

The shouts of the Drondheim's warriors broke through the roof of the room.

Bunduk could finally relax and he sat on the ground to rest.

After the war ended, Drondheim's army set up tents in the main city of the undead. After a whole night of rest, they would set off for home.

The soldiers with serious injuries received magic treatment in the medical soldiers' tents.

Those with more mobility were in charge of cleaning up the battlefield in the palace.

They would find the corpses of their comrades from the messy battlefield and bury them properly.

Meanwhile, the corpses of the undead and lizardmen were piled on top of each other and burned.

Because there were too many people, the burning flames were only completely extinguished at night.

“The ones who are in charge of cleaning up the battlefield. Can you put the corpses further away before you start a fire? The smell of corpses has filled up the entire place,” a soldier in charge of cooking could not help but complain to the soldiers who had returned from the palace.

The soldier who was being complaint said helplessly, “There are thousands of them. We need to have the strength to transport them to other places.”

In Bunduk’s camp, Bunduk was writing a letter to send back to Drondheim.

It was very important to let Lord Kant know the outcome of the war as soon as possible.

“Commander Bunduk, Congratulations! You’ve won another battle for Drondheim,” a man under him said joyfully.

Bunduk finally stopped writing and replied, “It was indeed a beautiful battle. However, in the end, it felt like I had nothing to do with it. It can only be said that the warriors the Lord has trained have begun to become stronger and stronger.”

“If the Lord knows about it, he will be very happy.”

Bunduk stamped his own seal at the end of the letter. He smiled at the words of the man and did not say anything else.

This man was Kant’s personal messenger. His name was Gunner. He was also quite familiar with Bunduk.

Bunduk stood up and walked to Gunner, handing the letter to him. He said, “I’ll have to trouble you to make this trip.”

Gunner smiled and said, “It’s only natural. I’ll set off tonight. I hope that Commander Bunduk and the warriors can return to Drondheim safely as soon as possible.”

After saying that, Gunner bowed and bade farewell to Bunduk, who was one rank higher than him. He walked out of the tent and disappeared into the night.

Bunduk watched his back as he left, calculating in his heart how long it would take for Gunner to return to the main city.

Bunduk returned to his seat, recalling everything that had happened that day.

As he was immersed in his own thoughts, a subordinate officer walked into the tent, squatted down, and saluted, “Commander Bunduk!”

Bunduk returned to his senses, looked at the officer, and asked, “Have you found the Undead Kingdom’s treasury?”

“Yes, the spoils of war that we found have all been counted,” the officer reported.

“Well, thank you for your hard work.” Bunduk put on his furry coat and stood up. “Bring me to see the results of your search.”

The officer led Bunduk to the empty space outside the military camp.

There were more than twenty carriages lined up side by side. The warriors of Dronnheim sorted the treasures they found into different boxes.

Bunduk walked in front of the carriage and skimmed through them one by one.

“Yeah. It’s pretty good,” Bunduk praised.

After looking through all the spoils of war, Bunduk turned around and asked the officer, “Did you find anything else in the palace?”

The officer thought for a while and replied, “We found the dungeon where the prisoners are kept in the palace. There are also some injured undead warriors in the rooms that look like infirmary rooms in the palace.”

“Yes, we don’t need to worry about that. Once the Lord knows about this, he will naturally make arrangements,” Bunduk nodded and replied.

It was already late at night, and the soldiers in the barracks finally had a proper dinner.

After the exhausting battle, everyone returned to their tents early in the day to rest.

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Chapter 665: The Return Journey After the War

Early the next morning, Bunduk got up.

When they walked outside the tent, the soldiers in the troop were preparing to receive their own breakfast. The aroma of the food was very rich.

When they saw Bunduk, they all bowed and greeted him.

After eating this breakfast, they were about to walk out of the Undead City and trek back through the desert.

Bunduk walked around the military camp and took a look. He met a subordinate officer who was supervising his subordinates as they refilled the camels with water and fed them food.

After greeting his subordinates, the officer jogged over to Bunduk and bowed, “Commander Bunduk, good morning.”

Bunduk nodded and looked at him, “What’s the matter?”

“The list of the troops stationed in the Undead City has been calculated in detail,” the officer replied.

“Yes. Remember to leave more supplies for the soldiers who are staying back. The repair team from the main city will arrive in a few days,” Bunduk instructed.

“Alright.” After hearing Bunduk’s instructions, the officer immediately left the place. He began to arrange for the distribution of supplies.

The Sun gradually rose into the blue sky, and the temperature of the surface began to heat up.

The soldiers of Drondheim had packed their backpacks and were standing in familiar positions.

After the soldiers at the front of the line sounded their orders, the remaining 900 soldiers of the war began their journey home.

On the way back, they should be more relaxed and active than when they came, but the soldiers of Drondheim were very quiet.

After all, the comrades who had stood beside them when they came had already been buried under the yellow soil.

Even though they had won the war, the process that had taken place was indeed a pity.

On the way back, Bunduk and his men encountered the follow-up troops that were rushing to the Undead City, as well as the reinforcements from the Elf Kingdom.

Two weeks later, Bunduk and his men finally stood in front of the city gates of the main city.

When they were within sight of the main city, the news of their triumphant return was spread by the soldiers on top of the city walls.

When Bunduk rode his horse into the city gates that were opened for them, the commoners standing on both sides of the street burst into cheers.

Among these commoners, some of them were relatives of the soldiers in the procession. Seeing their husbands and sons return safely, they were all overjoyed and wept.

After traveling for a while, Bunduk saw the guards of the palace who had rushed over from the other side.

The captain of the guards stopped in front of Bunduk’s horse and saluted, “Commander Bunduk, Congratulations on your victory. The Lord sent us a message saying that he wants to meet you.”

After Bunduk stopped his horse, he replied, “Alright, after I return to the barracks with the troops, I will go to the palace to meet the Lord.”

“Thank you, Commander.” The guard stood up and left with the soldiers behind him.

When he reached the front of the palace, Bunduk dismounted and passed the horse to the soldier at the side and stepped into the palace.

Under the lead of Kant’s attendant, they walked to the Senate Hall.

“Commander Bunduk, I will take my leave first. The Lord has been waiting for you inside for a long time.” After the attendant brought Bunduk to the front of the door, he walked down another small path and left.

In the hall, Kant was sitting on the chair in the main seat, reading the text sent by the ministers. When he saw Bunduk arrive, he stood up to welcome him. "Thank you for your hard work."

After saluting Kant, Bunduk stood up and shook his head at Kant's words. "I only did what I had to do. Moreover, the progress of the warriors is indeed astonishing."

Kant smiled noncommittally and invited Bunduk to sit down.

"Now, the only force in the Nahrin Desert that can threaten Drondheim has been eliminated. Lord, you can rest assured." Bunduk described the situation of this battle in detail once again, and explained the details omitted in the letter one by one, finally, he concluded with joy.

"Haha." Kant clapped happily and replied, "The warriors are indeed brave. After this battle, all of you take a vacation and have a good rest for a few days. The reward distributed by the imperial court will also be sent directly to the families of the warriors within this period."

"Thank you, Lord." Bunduk expressed his gratitude.

"During this battle, if you discover any outstanding subordinates, you can also treat them as important training targets. After all, within the army, you are the only one who has the ability to lead. "With such a large number of people, it is inevitable that there will be times when we can not take care of them." Kant seemed to have thought of something, and he suggested it to Bunduk.

"Yes, Sir." Bunduk agreed to Kant's request.

The two of them didn't talk for long. Kant was concerned about Bunduk's health, so after the conversation ended, he asked the palace attendants to bring him back to his residence in a carriage.

Kant himself stayed in the palace to continue handling the government affairs.

All the warriors who participated in the battle of the Undead Kingdom were given three days off. This was already very rare for them. When they returned home and saw the bountiful rewards that were delivered to their doors, they were even more delighted.

The officers in the army were having a harder time. With a sense of responsibility, they followed the soldiers who had not participated in the battle to the homes of the soldiers who had sacrificed themselves. While apologizing, they handed over the medals and rewards that the imperial court had given to the soldiers who had sacrificed themselves.

Bunduk also followed the officers of various squads to go there a few times.

He spent the rest of his time resting in his own residence.

On the morning of the first day after the end of the holiday, he went to report to the army.

The subordinates of the army prepared a welcoming ceremony for him.

At the last moment, they invited him to speak. Bunduk walked up to the stage and said, "I hope that everyone can properly complete their daily tasks. Imagine yourself being needed to go to the battlefield at any time. Only then can you turn defeat into victory in a time of crisis."

"Alright!" the soldiers below replied in hot blood.

Bunduk continued with some lighter topics. At the end of announcing the end of the welcoming meeting, he scanned the team, he called out, "Bill, Portlem, and Derrick, come to my place after your morning training ends."

With that said, he walked down from the main general stage.

The few officers who were called out didn't know what Bunduk wanted them to do. They looked at each other, but they still didn't understand.

After the morning training ended, the three of them gathered with Bunduk in the military hall beside the training ground.

"How do you feel about this expedition?" Bunduk asked as he sat across from the three of them.

Portlem was the first to answer that he hadn't made sufficient preparations for the battle strategy.

Bill spoke of his observation of the soldiers, while Derrick commented in praise on the soldiers' ability to break through the encirclement.

Bunduk looked at the three of them and nodded in his heart.

Then, he asked softly, "Among you, does anyone have the confidence to stand on a higher level and lead the entire team?"

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Chapter 666: Selection of the New Commander

"I..." After reviewing the reactions of the other two people, Portlem slowly raised his hand.

Bunduk turned his gaze to the young man, who was only twenty-three years old.

He thought to himself, this kid's reaction is quite fast. The Lord would probably rather have such a person as a commander.

Looking at his square face, Bunduk suddenly recalled that in the battle with the undead, this young man seemed to be one of the warriors who had helped him break out of the encirclement of the undead knights.

"What about the other two?" Bunduk asked again.

Derrick and Bill frowned. After a while, Derrick replied, "I think I'm more suited with what I'm doing for now."

"Don't you want to be promoted?" Bunduk asked.

Derrick shook his head and introduced himself as someone responsible for managing the supply and demand of logistics and cleaning up the battlefield. His experience on the battlefield couldn't be compared to the other officers.

"What about Bill?" Bunduk seemed to understand as he nodded. Then, he asked the officer sitting in the middle.

Beads of sweat appeared on Bill's forehead. Finally, he exhaled and said, "I don't think I'm suitable either. Officer Portlem has done a lot in this area. I think he's much more suitable for the position you mentioned."

"Alright." After hearing everyone's reply, Bunduk replied thoughtfully, "This time, I want to choose a candidate from among you to be a new commander. However, this matter should be decided by the Lord in the end. Remember to make more preparations. You may name any one of you to take the position of commander at any time."

"Yes!" the three officers replied in unison.

...

After Kant finished reading the letter from the Undead Kingdom, he carefully wrote a reply to the letter.

The garrison of the Undead City reported to him the number of the remaining undead and wrote a proposal for exile.

However, Kant still ordered in the reply, "Euthanize all the undead soldiers."

He did not want the second Undead Kingdom to appear out of nowhere one day.

The purpose of this expedition was to protect Drondheim's absolute autonomy in the Nahrin Desert. He did not need to worry about the undead invading him from time to time.

Kant would not think of showing mercy to these powerful undead warriors.

As dusk approached, Kant recalled that he had sent someone to summon Bunduk to enter the palace at this time. After instructing his attendants to welcome him, Kant began to drink afternoon tea in the dining hall.

Right now, Drondheim's development was rather smooth, despite having gone through all sorts of ups and downs. But now, it had already begun to take the shape of a strong and prosperous empire.

As a Lord, Kant also relaxed his state of mind, making plans for Drondheim's future.

"Lord, Commander Bunduk has arrived," an attendant entered the door and sent a message.

"Alright." Kant came back to his senses in his imagination. He took off his napkin, wiped his hands with a wet towel, and walked back to the Senate Hall.

"Lord." Bunduk walked in front of him and bowed.

Kant helped him up and asked cheerfully, "During these few days of vacation, I heard that you followed other soldiers to visit the families of the soldiers who died on the battlefield?"

"Yes, although killing and injury are inevitable on the battlefield, as a commander, it is inevitable for me to let the soldiers sacrifice themselves," Bunduk replied.

"If you have such thoughts, your soldiers will definitely follow you without any scruples," Kant commented.

Bunduk shook his head silently.

“Speaking of which, have you found any soldiers for the commander selection?” Kant sat back in his seat, looked at Bunduk, and asked, “I heard that you called out the names of several people when you returned to the military camp today.”

Bunduk smiled and said, “The three people that I called out all had outstanding performances in this expedition. However, to become a Commander, you still need some time to train and observe.”

Kant nodded. “It’s good that you have a clear idea of this matter. After selecting the candidates, report to me. Then, I can give the order to bestow them with official positions.”

“In order to become a competent commander candidate in the Lord’s mind, we still need to carefully consider it,” Bunduk replied.

“We can’t drag this out for too long.” Kant shook his head, raised three fingers, and said, “We can only have three weeks at most to consider.”

“Three weeks?!” Kant’s reply slightly surprised Bunduk, and he immediately asked, “Why are you in such a hurry?”

“Cumberland sent a message saying that the lizardmen and jackalans have been harassing their borders recently,” Kant explained. “The Elf King is discussing with me when to send troops to attack the lizardmen and jackalans. At that time, we will definitely need to eliminate a large number of troops. In addition to you, we will also need a new commander as the commander.”

After hearing Kant’s words, Bunduk’s brows were tightly furrowed, and he immediately replied, “I didn’t expect that Cumberland would be abused so badly right after it was newly established.”

“The Elf Kingdom has already completed the battle plan according to the terrain,” Kant continued, “The Elf Kingdom’s reaction this time was so fast, it really surprised me.”

“What about the time? When are we going to the Elf Kingdom?” Bunduk asked anxiously.

“It’s about a month away from now. So the military must make arrangements as soon as possible,” Kant said earnestly.

Bunduk nodded solemnly. Then, he bade Kant farewell and walked out of the palace.

There were only three weeks left to select a new commander for him.

During these days, Bunduk ran more frequently to the barracks.

The soldiers in the army were all surprised that the commander seemed to be the first person to arrive at the training ground every day.

In order to not appear lazy in front of the commander, the entire army gathered a lot earlier than usual in the morning.

When the soldiers were training, Bunduk sat on the main general stage to supervise the training while observing the three-man team that had been called out previously.

After days of observation, Bunduk silently commented on each of the three men.

Derrick like he usually did, was very careful with his soldiers. However, such a person was still insufficient as a commander.

Bill was a standard competent officer, and he always thought that he had to do everything well. Overall, he was somewhat similar to Pam when he was young, and his leadership ability was also strong.

For Portlem, who was the most proactive in becoming a commander, his thinking was very active. This could be seen from his daily requirements for the soldiers. He was also very confident, exuding a unique leadership temperament in the crowd.

After checking the previous qualifications of these three people, Bunduk finally reported Portlem's name to Kant. He also carefully wrote down his considerations in the document he submitted. After all, this was the new commander.

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Chapter 667: Preparations Before the Expedition

The next day, Kant's documents were sent to Bunduk's home.

After seeing the results, Bunduk rushed to the barracks in doubt. Today, he not only had to announce the new commander, but he also had to pass on the upcoming expedition to every soldier.

During the routine gathering, Bunduk stood on the main general stage and said to the soldiers below, "Today will be the first day of the new commander's inauguration -- the new commander, Derrick! He will lead the troops to battle the lizardmen and jackalans with me!"

Derrick stood beside the main general stage, even though he had already been informed that he was the new commander chosen by the Lord. But at that moment, his mind was still blank.

When he was invited by Bunduk to give a speech in front of the main general stage, his eyes nearly turned red. "I believe that I will lead everyone well. I hope that everyone will respond to me immediately."

Cheers and praise came from the soldiers below the stage. After the soldiers under the command of Derrick had gathered, they even rushed up to the stage to congratulate Derrick.

Bunduk nodded, but he didn't immediately go over to say anything. Instead, he instructed the officer beside him to count the number of people in the army who had combat strength.

After the people around Derrick dispersed, Bunduk walked forward and extended his hand to him. "Congratulations. From now on, we will be on the same level."

Derrick lowered his head and humbly held his hand, his eyes glistening with tears. He seemed to be so excited that he couldn't speak.

Bunduk carefully asked if he knew the responsibilities of a commander. He immediately handed over some of the responsibilities to Derrick in front of the soldiers in the army.

"The Commander has appointed you as the commander among the three of them. I hope you can fulfill his expectations," Bunduk said in the end.

"I will definitely work hard to obtain recognition," Derrick promised. He was only twenty-one years old, but he had shouldered a responsibility that was more than ten times heavier than his peers.

Bunduk nodded and turned to leave.

After leaving the military camp, Bunduk took the name list given to him by his officers and made a trip to the palace.

After a round of greetings, Bunduk handed the name list to Kant. Every month, the army would calculate the number of soldiers in the army that could be sent to war before handing it in.

However, they had to go out to war this month, so the date of the name list submission was brought forward.

"Mm." Kant took the name list and began to flip through it.

Meanwhile, Bunduk remained seated at the side, quietly looking at him.

"What is it? Is there anything else?" Kant stopped checking and raised his head to look at Bunduk.

Hearing Lord Kant's sudden question, Bunduk said hesitantly, "Lord, the candidate for the new commander this time..."

"Oh, right." Only then did Kant remember the matter that had been approved yesterday. He said to Bunduk, "I'm sorry, I didn't use the person you recommended."

"No, no, no. This isn't a problem," Bunduk hurriedly denied.

Bunduk was only curious about what sort of brilliance Derrick had in Kant's heart since he could become the new commander.

After all, under Bunduk's observation, Derrick was only modest and gentle.

After hearing Bunduk's thoughts, Kant asked, "What kind of country do you think Dronnheim is now?"

"Oh?" Bunduk didn't expect to be asked. After thinking for a moment, he answered, "Growth period?"

"That's right," Kant said affirmatively. "Dronnheim's current situation is a country in the middle of development that has already stepped into a new level. With such a background, people with a gentle personality like Derrick would be the best at calming down the dissatisfaction and resentment in the hearts of everyone. It was the same in the army. In this period, due to people's greed and desires, they would become very sensitive to the things around them. As for a commander like Derrick, they would always know how to be content."

After hearing this, Bunduk said hesitantly, "However, when I asked him back then, he didn't seem to have the confidence to take the position of a commander."

Kant nodded first, then he said, "I've read the information you gave me. He has only been in the army for two years. But he has been promoted to the position of a high-ranking officer. This proves that his ability to learn is indeed very strong. Lack of confidence is already a part of his personality. He may not be confident in himself in the future. He will often doubt himself or something, but I think such a person

is suitable to be a leader. Only by doubting himself will he listen to the opinions of others when making decisions. He will not force his team into a dead end."

Bunduk was finally convinced by Kant's words. Before he could praise Kant's thoughtfulness.

He heard Kant joked, "Actually, I can also guess that you would choose Portlem. He's too similar to the past you. His temperament, strengths, and so on are simply carved from the same mold. Bill is the same, and he's also very similar to Pam. I don't want to see your growth history again. Speaking of which, choosing Derrick is also considered a last resort."

Bunduk froze on the spot. He wanted to say something, but he was powerless to refute it.

After confirming the choice of a new commander, the entire army officially entered the pre-war preparations.

Previously, a portion of the soldiers had returned from the Elf Kingdom's battlefield. Many new soldiers came to them to inquire about the Elf Kingdom's details and so on.

Bunduk joined the training team in the previous battle. He had suffered quite a number of injuries to his tendons and bones. It was going to be another great battle soon. Before that, he had to be fully prepared.

Although Bunduk had already left the regular training of the army for a long time, he was still able to obtain first place in the training missions.

This caused the other soldiers to be endlessly surprised.

"If you guys continue to go easy on me like this, I won't be happy," Bunduk said in a joking manner.

Seeing the fierce glint in Bunduk's eyes, all of the young soldiers couldn't help but break out in cold sweat. This wasn't a joke, it was a warning to them to increase their training speed.

All of the soldiers started to train hard.

"Compared to the real battlefield, what you are experiencing right now is still far from enough," Bunduk shouted from the main general stage.

Finally, on the day of the expedition, Kant led the imperial guards to send them out of the city gates.

"Lord, since the expedition is so frequent, you don't have to personally send us off every time, right?" Bunduk suggested.

"No, the more times the troops are going out to battle, the more I should rush over," Kant replied with a smile.

Bunduk also smiled, squatting down and saluting before stepping onto the camel's back.

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Chapter 668: The Journey to Draw the Curtain

"Lord, then we shall set off." As Derrick rode past Kant on his camel, he bowed his head and saluted him.

“Alright, I hope that you can defeat the enemy and return to Drondheim safely,” Kant nodded as he said this and waved at the soldiers.

There were about ten thousand soldiers in this expedition. They walked out of the city gates of Drondheim’s main city in an imposing manner.

Kant stopped there as he watched the departing soldiers walk further and further away from the city gates.

It was the familiar desert again when the sky turned dark.

The marching warriors had no choice but to stop and set up camp. Derrick rejected the soldiers’ request to hold a bonfire to celebrate for him.

After dinner, he immediately walked to the tent in the center of the military camp.

This was the information reporting center during the march. Derrick walked in and when he saw Bunduk sitting in his seat, he immediately bowed and said, “Commander Bunduk...”

Bunduk smiled and waved his hand. “You’re also a commander now. Forget about the bow. If the soldiers see that, it won’t be good.”

“Thank you, Commander Bunduk,” Derrick said cautiously.

Then, he sat on the newly added commander’s seat beside Bunduk.

Bunduk took out two letters from a stack of documents, he handed them to Derrick and said, “This is a letter the Elf King wrote to Drondheim in the past week. One was given to me by Lord Kant, and the other was sent directly to me by a messenger.”

Derrick nodded, took the envelope with both hands, opened it, and began reading.

Bunduk got up and took a carpet-like map from another table. It was laid on the table in front of him and Derrick.

“According to the contents of the letter, the Elf Kingdom’s preparations this time are indeed very thorough. When we arrive with our troops and coordinate with their strategy, it seems like we can completely defeat our opponent,” he commented after he read the letter.

“Yeah, I think so too,” Bunduk replied affirmatively. Then, he asked Derrick to look at the marked map.

Derrick pointed to a green forest and said, “According to the Elf King, the lizardmen and jackalans encamped at the border should be here. They are indeed very close to Cumberland.”

“There’s a canyon near the location of this patch of green forest, which is suitable for an ambush. The battlefield this time is probably in that area,” Bunduk continued.

“Yes, it would be better if the war this time won’t affect Cumberland’s territory,” said Derrick as he stared at Cumberland’s location on the map.

“The Elf King said that it’s been raining continuously in the Elf Kingdom for the past few days. I wonder if we’ll encounter it when the time comes.” Bunduk carefully rolled up the map, put it aside, and sat back in his original position.

“Our warriors shouldn’t be worried. Everyone has already simulated the situation countless times during their usual training,” Derrick answered. “However, we are indeed not familiar with the terrain there. This might become a disadvantage.”

“What the lizardmen and jackalans are doing at the border of Cumberland is probably just a small matter in their eyes. However, the attitude of the Elf Kingdom this time will probably surprise them,” Bunduk recounted. “Our army will not stay in the Elf Kingdom. We will probably go to Cumberland after meeting the Elf Queen.”

“Okay,” Derrick nodded as he said thoughtfully.

The two continued to discuss their strategy before the battle, and it was already late into the night.

The footsteps of the soldiers outside the tent gradually died down. After bidding farewell to Bunduk, Derrick returned to his tent to rest.

After marching in the desert for a few more days, the only thing he felt fortunate about was that they had wiped out the Undead Kingdom. Therefore, the marching troops could pass through the territory of the Undead Kingdom, greatly reducing the time spent on the road.

When Bunduk and Derrick led their troops into the gates of the Undead Kingdom, a wave of proud cheers came from behind them. All the soldiers of Drondheim were proud of their troops.

Bunduk sat on the back of a camel, and his gaze circled the surroundings. He was also filled with emotions.

The Undead City was mostly deserted. After all, the number of garrisons sent from the main city of Drondheim was still relatively few compared to this vast city.

The soldiers in charge of the renovation were all working very hard to make the Undead City a place that was suitable for living, or rather, a city that was suitable for development.

Bunduk jumped off his camel and chatted with the leader of the army who walked out of the city gate to welcome him.

After learning that the cemetery of the soldiers of Drondheim who had died on the battlefield had been completed, he immediately rushed over with his other comrades who wanted to pay their respects.

A group of people walked into the newly built cemetery. Everyone’s faces revealed a sorrowful expression.

Everyone walked in silence in front of the graves of the soldiers they knew.

Bunduk stood outside the gate of the cemetery. He did not go in to visit. When he saw some of the soldiers begin to wail in front of their comrades’ graves, he could not help but feel a little sad in his heart.

As a commander, he couldn't empathize with the newly enlisted soldiers.

He walked through the battlefield, where blood splattered everywhere, and watched countless comrades he was familiar with fall.

Gradually, his heart became firm. He became the leading flag on the battlefield, supporting all the warriors of Drondheim to advance bravely. In his eyes, having such resolute willpower was what every commander needed to shoulder.

"Commander Bunduk, aren't you going in?" Commander Derrick walked over and asked in a soft voice.

His gaze also turned towards the garden with Bunduk.

"There's no need for me," Bunduk said, feigning nonchalance.

Derrick nodded in response. He could roughly understand what Bunduk was thinking. He didn't say anything else.

"What about you?" Bunduk asked, "Aren't you going to see your comrades?"

"Yes, I've already seen them. On the day the war ended," Derrick said softly. His tone was filled with sorrow.

Bunduk turned to look at Derrick and sighed in his heart.

The two of them quietly waited for the soldiers to walk out of the cemetery. From time to time, they patted a warrior on the shoulder as a form of consolation.

That night, the soldiers of Drondheim, who had marched to the Elf Kingdom, stayed overnight in the Undead City.

They were warmly received by the local army.

The logistics staff of the army prepared many delicacies that had been treasured for a long time.

"If we finished up all the food here, the Lord should reimburse you," Bunduk drank some of the wine prepared for the banquet and joked.

The leader of the Army who sat beside him shook his head with a smile and made a toast to Bunduk.

It was not until late at night that everyone dispersed. They returned to their respective camps to rest and reorganize.

To prepare for tomorrow's departure.

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Chapter 669: A Kingdom to Visit Again

The 10,000-strong Drondheim army finally arrived in the Elf Kingdom after half a month.

The Elf King sent soldiers from the main city of the Elf Kingdom to welcome them.

After arranging a place for the soldiers to rest, Bunduk and Derrick visited the royal palace of the Elf Kingdom.

The Elf King had been waiting for them in the main hall of the royal palace for a long time. As he had met Bunduk a few times before, they could be considered familiar with each other. When the Elf King saw the two figures, he walked forward and greeted Bunduke, "Commander Bunduk, long time no see."

Bunduk and Derrick bowed to the Elf King and greeted, "Your Highness."

"This is?" The Elf King looked at Derrick in puzzlement and asked Bunduk.

"This is Commander Derrick. He has just been appointed. He is in charge of commanding the military forces of Dronnheim with me," Bunduk explained in detail.

"I see." The Elf King nodded in understanding and extended his hand to greet Derrick. "Hello, Commander Derrick."

"Nice to meet you." Derrick held the hand of the Elf King respectfully.

The Elf King smiled and said, "It seems that Dronnheim's soldiers are indeed filled with talents. In such a short time, they were able to select a soldier who is suitable to be a commander."

"No, no." Bunduk politely shook his head and denied it.

The Elf King suddenly thought of something and happily said, "During the battle in the Undead Kingdom, I heard from the Elf Kingdom's medical soldiers that Dronnheim won a great victory. Congratulations to all of you."

"Yes. After the Lord returned to the country, he targeted the danger brought by the undead. After some discussion, he ordered us to attack and conquer the Undead Kingdom. The undead's firepower was truly fierce. We were unable to hold our ground against half of their combat strength. We could only say that in the end, we won by luck with the combined efforts of the warriors," Bunduk replied. "Among them, your country's reinforcements also made a huge contribution to resolving the danger for us. I'm truly grateful."

"The reputation of the soldiers of Dronnheim being brave and good at fighting has spread throughout the countries on the coast. I believe that when the lizardmen and jackalans see you appear in front of the front lines, they will also be afraid," the Elf King continued.

"Since your kingdom's plan this time is to launch a surprise attack, we will definitely conceal ourselves before the battle. We will try to catch them off guard and use the least casualties in exchange for victory in the war," said Derrick from the side.

The Elf King nodded in approval.

The specifics of the strategy would be handed over from the Elf Kingdom's army to the two commanders of Dronnheim.

Bunduk and Derrick didn't stay in the palace for long. After an introduction to the military forces they had prepared, they politely rejected the Elf King's request for a banquet and returned to their prepared accommodations.

The next day, they would head to Cumberland from the Elf Kingdom's official road.

The warriors put their weapons and armor into the cargo boxes.

They put on the clothes sent by the elves and prepared to travel in plain clothes.

At ten in the morning, the first batch of people set off. Due to the existence of the free trade market, the daily flow of people between the main elven city and Cumberland was also very large.

Therefore, even the pedestrians on the road didn't notice that this was a group of soldiers from Drondheim.

Bunduk was the leader of the first batch of soldiers to set off, while Derrick led the last batch of soldiers to hold the line. Finally, they arrived in Cumberland three days later.

The residents of Cumberland didn't seem to know of their arrival.

However, someone came forward to ask them the purpose of their trip. When they learned that it was the reinforcements sent by Drondheim, they surrounded them and cheered.

They had also suffered a lot recently because of the harassment of the lizardmen and jackalans.

Now, when they saw the army sent by their motherland, most of them were so moved that they couldn't speak.

The soldiers were arranged to enter the campsite of the Cumberland garrison, and when the leader of the elven army arrived, they would be sent to the campsite. Bunduk, Derrick, and the elven leader, Gable, began to discuss around the round table.

Gable told the two of them that the elven forces had roughly pinpointed the exact location of the lizardmen and jackalans in the mountains. They also sent spies to track them and update their positions every day.

Before Gable rushed to Cumberland, he had received the latest letter regarding the enemy's precise location.

After conveying the details, Gable took out the coordinates flag and pointed out the location of the lizardmen and jackalans' encampment on the map.

Derrick looked at the location that Gable pointed out and thought for a moment. Then, he said, "If this information is accurate, then according to the strategic plan that we originally formulated, we can smoothly start the war."

Gable nodded, he pointed to a high ground not far from the coordinate flag and said, "When the time comes, Drondheim's army can first ambush the western mountain. After we launch an attack, we will rush down the mountain slope and meet up, sealing off the lizardmen's retreat path."

Bunduk said, "The elves have cooperated with Drondheim's army before. I hope that there will be a good result this time."

Gable replied, "This is a battle meticulously planned by the elves' forces. In addition, the combat strength of Drondheim's soldiers is extraordinary. I'm confident that I can finish off the lizardmen and jackalans at the border."

Hearing Gable's promise, Bunduk and Derrick nodded with certainty.

Although they didn't participate in the strategic deployment, from Bunduk's point of view, the elven forces' plan this time was indeed much better than before. At least, it was satisfactory so far.

On the day of the expedition, before the sky had even brightened, the Dronnheim soldiers set off for the ambush location.

In order to avoid being discovered by the lizardmen and jackalan spies, everyone chose a more remote path and walked to the mountain in the west, they hid in a place where they could roughly see the camp of the lizardmen and jackalan soldiers.

Buduk crouched on the grass and used his brown binoculars to observe the movements of the lizardmen and jackalans.

All the soldiers hid according to the order of the formation.

The Swadian warriors were about halfway up the mountain. When the cannon fire of the war sounded, they would lead the cavalries behind them down the slope.

The Sun gradually rose, and the warriors followed the shadows of the trees to move their positions.

"They're here," Bunduk called out in a low voice.

In his field of vision, the elven army was continuously approaching the lizardmen and jackalans' tents.

The soldiers who were patrolling around the camp didn't sense the elven soldiers approaching. They were still chatting in groups.

Everyone on the hillside tensed up, ready to start sprinting.

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Chapter 670: The Decisive Battle

Buduk raised his hand, signaling for everyone to keep quiet.

The elven army arrived in front of the lizardmen and jackalans' tents.

Gable stood at the front of the army, commanding the fire elves to throw fireballs into the camp. All the tents were set on fire.

"This is bad!" Bunduk heard a call from Derrick.

He saw that the soldiers who had been wandering around the tents had all disappeared. And the figures in the woods beside the military camp were stirring.

Gable couldn't help but be stunned when he saw this situation.

Could it be that he had fallen into the trap of the lizardmen and jackalans?

He looked at the lizardmen and jackalan soldiers who were constantly sprinting out of the woods. While Gable was filled with regret, he looked up at the mountain where the Dronnheim soldiers were hiding.

The Dronnheim soldiers must have seen the situation on their side and did not rush down the hill as they had predicted.

This was the first time Gable had met the Dronnheim soldiers. He had only heard that they had won many battles. Now that the elven team was trapped, he did not know if they would give up on support.

The lizardmen and jackalans surrounded the elven warriors, forming a dark mass.

The elven warriors just stood there, waiting for Gable to give the order.

With his heart wavering, Gable finally made up his mind. Since it had come to this, he could only trust the leadership of the Dronnheim soldiers. Perhaps now was the best time for the elves and the Dronnheim troops to cooperate.

A burly jackalan walked out of the troop and said to Gable who was riding on a horse, "You didn't expect that we would see through your sneak attack, did you?"

"Humph, today our elven soldiers are not afraid of a face-to-face battle with you jackalans and the lizardmen," Gable said coldly, then, he raised his arm and shouted, "all elven soldiers, even if we spill our blood here today, we will drive this group out of the border!"

"Hahahaha!" The jackalan leader laughed, "Are you kidding me?! We jackalans and the lizardmen are united, but we can still be defeated by your army of thousands of mages?! What a fantasy!"

"Defeated by us?" Gable looked at the mountain in the distance and grinned. "We aren't the only ones here."

In his field of vision, he saw the Swadian sergeants, who were charging at the front, gradually approaching.

Derrick, who was carefully observing the movements on the mountain, noticed Gable's hand gesture to launch an attack. After passing this information to Bunduk, he said, "Let's go." Bunduk immediately ordered the army to attack.

The jackalan leader was stunned by Gable's words. He didn't know when the soldiers of Dronnheim had arrived in the Elf Kingdom.

When he heard the shaking of the ground behind him, the Swadian warriors had already rushed in front of them from the mountain path. They raised their shields and made a hole in the encirclement of the jackalans and lizardmen.

Many of the lizardmen and jackalans were knocked to the ground, and after the soldiers stabbed their chests. They were completely lifeless.

"Retreat, retreat!" the leader of the jackalans ordered his soldiers loudly.

However, the forest that was good at hiding their escape had already been burned into a sea of fire by Gable's fire elves when the Swadian soldiers rushed down the hill.

Races like the jackalans and the lizardmen, which had evolved from nocturnal animals, were completely unable to withstand the visual impact and high temperature brought by the flames.

The jackalans and lizardman soldiers panicked. Once the Drondheim soldiers arrived, they fell from a stable advantage to an overwhelming disadvantage. They could only think about how to escape.

With the elven spells behind them, the Swadian soldiers continued to flood in.

The leader of the jackalan led the soldiers to escape to the empty space behind the military camp, but he was forced back to his original position by the Rhodok soldiers led by Bunduk and Derrick.

The eyes of the jackalan soldiers flashed with a green light. Since they couldn't escape, they could only fight to the death.

The jackalans pounced in front of the Rhodok soldiers and flashed their sharp fangs.

However, they were kicked to the ground by the Rhodok soldiers, who had amazing physical strength.

Finally, their necks were cut off by a horizontal knife.

After the elves arrived at Drondheim's army, they continued to launch magic attacks behind the formation of the Swadian soldiers.

The lizardmen and jackalans were like ants on a hot pan, restless in the encirclement. Even if they knocked down a warrior from Drondheim or a mage from the elven race. They would immediately be heavily injured by the continuous attacks.

In less than two hours, all the lizardmen and jackalans had lost their ability to fight, either dead or injured.

Gable sent people to capture the surviving enemies and tied them up with ropes back to the Elf Kingdom.

"Thank you for lending a helping hand in times of trouble," Gable said gratefully to Bunduk and Derrick.

Bunduk shook his head with a smile and said, "Helping you was one of the goals of our trip. We should be most grateful that Derrick understood the signal you sent, allowing us to cooperate with you in launching a counterattack."

Upon hearing Bunduk's words, Derrick answered in embarrassment, "I only noticed this habit of Gable's when he was training his troops before the battle. I was thinking that he might be hinting for us to send our troops."

Derrick's explanation made Bunduk and Gable look at him in surprise.

Bunduk had originally thought that the reason why Derrick was able to discover Gable's secret signal was that the two of them had discussed it before the battle. He didn't expect that he would be the one to make a subjective inference after observing. This level of care and determination was indeed beyond Bunduk's expectations.

The degree of surprise in Gable's heart was about the same as that of Bunduk. However, he didn't show anything. He just shook hands with Derrick to express his gratitude.

After dealing with the battlefield, the soldiers of Drondheim returned to Cumberland with the Elf Kingdom's forces.

The news of victory had spread throughout the colony. People from all families ran to the city gate to welcome the soldiers who had returned victorious. They also held a celebration banquet and prepared many sumptuous dishes. The elven warriors were also invited to join them.

"I'm really not used to eating human food," an elven soldier said to the soldier beside him during the banquet.

"I think it's quite delicious." the elf soldier beside him said nonchalantly while picking up a lot of food with his chopsticks and put it in his bowl.

"Huh?" The elf soldier who had just started the banquet had drunk quite a lot of wine. At this moment, his face was slightly tipsy. He frowned and said, "What did you say? Let me see how your tongue grows. Has It become a human tongue?"

"Go away! Go away! Don't go crazy with me. Why drink so much if you don't like to eat?" The elf soldier who was annoyed by the "harassment" retorted.

At the end of the banquet, many of the soldiers had already collapsed on the open-air dining table and fell asleep.