

Oasis 701

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 701: Days on the Ship

"Your Highness, there is a letter from the Elf Kingdom," the soldier reported when Kant walked into the Senate Hall early in the morning.

"It arrived this morning?" Kant asked indifferently as he walked to his desk and sat down.

The letter, which was embossed with Elf Kingdom's national emblem, was right on top of the pile of documents.

"Yes," the soldier replied.

"It takes approximately half a month to travel from here to the Elf Kingdom. Devitt and the others should have been on the sea for at least half a month now," Kant murmured in a low voice after reading the letter.

"This ship doesn't dock!" A soldier rushed to the railing on the deck and retched into the sea.

"Those ships that can dock won't be required to go out for missions." Another soldier walked up beside him at the railing, grimacing as he endured the painful churning of his stomach.

"But there's still half a month to go. You have to hang in there." A third soldier put his hands on the shoulders of the two men and said.

"Austin?!"

"It's strange. For someone who suffers from motion sickness even from a carriage ride, why doesn't a choppy sea affect you?" A soldier shook his head in puzzlement.

"I don't know either. Maybe it's because my attributes are compatible with the sea," Austin said smugly.

"Stop talking nonsense. Can you help me back to the lounge? My legs are like jelly now from all the vomiting," the soldier who had been leaning over the railing retching interrupted weakly.

"I think you should go to the Infirmary instead," Austin suggested, raising his eyebrows in concern.

Straight after, he lifted the soldier over his shoulder and walked in the opposite direction towards the Infirmary.

"Life at sea is so boring," exclaimed Devitt, who was observing from the side.

"Isn't life in the army boring too?" Claremont asked with a smile.

"You are right. It's the same everywhere. It's just that my mood is different." Devitt pondered and replied smilingly, "Claremont, you must be really happy. You seem much more relaxed since boarding the ship."

"Not really. I just want to cherish the moment in time of danger." Claremont shook his head in a relaxed manner. "It's probably a way to relieve stress."

"It's pretty good."

The sea in the late autumn was rough even on sunny days.

With no end in sight, strong rolling huge waves rose and collapsed. People on the ship could hear the loud crashing sound the waves made.

To think that a large ship that could easily accommodate thousands of people was so helpless in the middle of an endless sea. Whether it sank or sail, it could only be determined by God.

"By the time the next letter arrives at Caradia, it should be a month later already," Kant said with a sigh.

He had never been so concerned about a team out on a mission.

But then, these soldiers were sent to carry out missions beyond the boundary of the Nahrin Desert and they had no information at all about the place.

"Send Aubrey to the Senate Hall," Kant ordered a soldier.

"Yes, Your Highness." The soldier bowed and left.

"Captain Aubrey, His Highness Kant has summoned you to the Palace," interrupted the soldier. Aubrey was practicing boxing at the Palace's training ground.

"Did the scout send news?" Aubrey stopped boxing and asked.

"Yes." The soldier replied.

"Ok. I will change my clothes and go to see His Highness right away." Aubrey unclenched his fist and told the soldier.

Aubrey hurriedly arrived at the door of the Senate Hall.

"Your Highness Kant." Aubrey bowed.

"Captain Aubrey, I have not seen you for a while." Kant said, "The Elf Kingdom's messenger sent a handwritten letter from Devitt this morning."

Kant retrieved the letter from the pile of documents and handed it to Aubrey.

"They should still be at sea." Aubrey took the letter but didn't open it immediately.

"Yeah. It seems to be going smoothly so far," Kant replied.

"That's good." Aubrey nodded.

"The island they are going to hasn't been officially claimed as the territory of any country yet. But there are many races of nomads on it. After the elves sent people there for the first time, they also set up a site thereafter. Kant added, "In due course, the people at the site will be able to send reports back to Nahrin Desert on the news of the soldiers."

"This is made possible entirely because of the elves' contact," Aubrey commented.

"The elves are more cautious in the way they do things now. It should be related to the changes after the war with the Undead," Kant said. "I am still assured of their performance."

"Yes," Aubrey replied. "Thank you, Your Highness, for updating me on what's happening at the frontline."

"It's fine." Kant shook his head. "After all, I promised I would."

"... Then I'll return this letter to Your Highness." Aubrey handed the letter back with both hands. "I just wanted to make sure that they're safe. I shouldn't be privy to the details of the mission."

Kant looked up and took the envelope back without a word.

"Your Highness, if there's nothing else, I shall take my leave," Aubrey said.

"Alright," Kant replied.

"We're finally reaching!"

A soldier sitting in the captain's cabin could not help but shout excitedly when he saw the shoreline in the distance.

"Land!!"

The soldiers who were gathered on the deck also shouted joyously as they closed the distance between the ship and the harbor.

"Soldiers, you have arrived at Crow Island. Please pack your belongings and prepare to disembark." The ship crew announced through a loudspeaker.

Upon hearing this, the soldiers rushed back to their cabins to retrieve the bags that they had packed last night.

"All Caradia soldiers, please gather on the deck. Line up and disembark." Claremont took the loudspeaker from the crew and commanded loudly.

The Caradia soldiers and the Elven soldiers lined up in two square formations.

The first row of soldiers in the two square formations proceeded to get off the ship via the gangway.

"The next row of soldiers to follow," Devitt ordered.

After all the soldiers got off the ship, Devitt and the others disembarked too, followed by the crew members.

"We've finally reached land." A Caradia soldier sighed with relief.

"When I was on the ship, I felt like I'm treading on cotton," another soldier said while stamping his feet.

"I have the same feeling. When stepping on wooden planks on the ship, you can feel them swaying. Nothing beats standing on solid ground."

"Where are the site people from the Elf Kingdom?" Devitt asked as he looked around.

"Could it be them?" Claremont asked hesitantly, pointing straight ahead.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 702: The War Between the Nomads on the Island

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!"

Looking in the direction where Claremont was pointing, Devitt saw a few elves in tattered clothes holding banners, jumping, and shouting enthusiastically.

Devitt hesitantly summoned Captain Abel and asked, "Captain Abel, are the elves there sent by the site to pick us up?"

"Hmm?" Abel's gaze seemed to waver a little when he saw their attire.

The three of them frowned as they walked towards the welcome party.

"Raphael?" Abel finally recognized someone familiar as they walked closer.

Raphael turned and met Abel's gaze. He grinned in surprise and said, "Abel! Are you leading the elf team this time?!"

After confirming his identity, Abel's face was so filled with doubt when he saw Raphael's surprised expression that he did not know what to say.

Devitt and Claremont were also silent.

Although the elves were lazy in general, they were still very conscious about their appearances. At least, Devitt and Claremont had never seen such shabby-looking and dirty-faced elves in the main Elf City.

"What's wrong with you?" Abel finally could not resist asking.

"We'll talk about this when we return to the site's living quarters," Raphael replied.

Abel nodded in understanding.

"Hello, my name is Raphael. I'm the Lead Representative of the station responsible for receiving you this time," Raphael formally introduced himself to Devitt and Claremont.

"Hello, I am Captain Devitt, I am leading the Caradia soldiers this time."

"Hello, I am Claremont, Devitt's assistant."

"It's a pleasure to meet you. Prepare to lead the soldiers up the mountain with me. It's getting late," Raphael said.

"Alright." Devitt agreed and gathered his team of soldiers in front of Raphael.

The group left the harbor and set off towards the nearest mountain.

The soldiers marched on behind the elves leading the way and climbed the mountain for approximately an hour.

Abel grabbed a branch as he climbed up. "Doesn't this mountain have a walking trail? Is climbing our only option?"

"There is a trail," Raphael replied. He seemed to be familiar with this route and was not breathless like the others.

"Then why don't we use it?" asked Devitt as he finally found a place to lean on and catch his breath.

"The trail is in the front mountain, which is the Ent's territory. We can't use it," Raphael explained.

"I've never heard such a thing before, a mountain walking trail can also belong to a territory?" Claremont said, panting.

"That's the way things are on this island. Be it a walking trail, a drop of water, or a fruit, they are all clearly labeled as to which family they belong to." Raphael sighed.

"How terrible," Devitt could not help but say.

"Not only that, but the forces on the island will also fight against each other vying for each other's resources." Raphael continued, "The outpost we built at the foot of the mountain is also occupied by the Beastman Corps now."

"I didn't expect the situation on the island to be so bad," Claremont said.

"Is there any hope of getting back the outpost?" Abel asked.

"Impossible. There are hundreds of beastmen entrenched on the island. We can't defeat them." Raphael shook his head, as he continued to move forward. "Fortunately, our living quarters built on the high mountains have not been discovered yet. We also don't have to worry about food etc for now. The current situation is still not too bad. Once you have completed your mission, they won't be of any concern to us anymore."

Abel heaved a sigh and did not say anything else. Instead, he followed closely behind Raphael.

An hour later, the group finally arrived at their living quarters on the mountainside.

"I didn't expect this place to be so big." Devitt looked at the wooden building in front of him and sighed.

"It was designed as such to anticipate and accommodate the number of people on missions. The craftsmen in the country gained a lot of inspiration from the dwarf smiths and this building was built expeditiously." A site elf walked up to Devitt and explained.

"Please make do here for tonight," Raphael said contritely.

All the soldiers followed him into the building.

The hall was sparsely furnished and hence looked very empty in contrast to its vast area.

The soldiers helped the site elves carry out a refectory table from the storeroom.

"We'll have dinner in the hall today," the site soldier said.

"Everyone, you may go upstairs and take a look at the rooms. We will allocate them after dinner," Devitt ordered.

The soldiers carried their bags and went upstairs.

The rooms were in quite a clean and tidy condition. Only the windowsills were wet from the rain, and the wooden planks were moldy.

A soldier sat on the bed, stretched, and said, "I think this place is not bad. Compared to camping in the wilderness, it is so much better. I don't know why Lord Raphael felt apologetic."

"The other forces on the island could have come down hard on them. The outpost was also taken away. Perhaps he was filled with guilt," the soldier sitting opposite him mused and replied.

"Of course. Those who can be appointed as Site Leaders must be high-ranking officers in the army in charge of hundreds of people. To come to this small island with no prior knowledge of it..." a soldier leaning against the wall said.

It was time for dinner.

The site staff prepared a table full of sumptuous dishes.

The soldiers sitting at the table were all staring intently at the food with joy.

The site staff was also in an exuberant mood. Before the reconnaissance team's arrival, they had to eat field rations for every meal.

The reason was that they needed water to cook, and there was insufficient fresh water on the mountain.

Although the elves required ten times lesser water than humans, they still could not afford to waste the water.

Just the preparation of this meal had used up a fifth of their water reserve.

It would not be long before they had to worry about water again.

However, all their worries faded into oblivion as they had not had such delicious food for a long time.

"To the reconnaissance team," Raphael toasted.

"Cheers!!"

The soldiers drank up the aged wine in high spirits.

"Generals, this toast is to you. I hope to receive good news from where you are carrying out the mission," Raphael walked to the table of Abel, Devitt, and Claremont, and raised his glass.

"Thank you, Raphael," Abel responded first.

"We will definitely accomplish the mission and leave this island together with you," Devitt said firmly.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 703: The Arduous Journey

Devitt, Claremont, and Abel did not drink too much wine during dinner.

After taking just enough food to satiate their hunger, they went up to the second floor with Raphael and entered a room at the corner.

There was no bed in the room, just a round table in the center and a bookcase on the left by the wall.

Raphael walked to the bookcase, opened the drawer, and retrieved a rolled-up map.

"This is the official map of Crow Island. You can buy it at the foot of the mountain for a few silver coins," Raphael said by way of introduction while spreading the map on the round table.

"This map has been used many times, right?" Claremont looked at the rough edges of the map and speculated.

"That's right." Raphael used an extinguished candlestick to hold down a corner of the map and continued saying, "The territory of the forces on Crow Island is always changing. The route that the elf team ascertained previously did not have any forces occupying it. But now, the situation has changed a lot. The route has to be replanned."

Four pairs of eyes focused on the map full of markings.

"This yellow line represents the route you will be taking," Raphael explained. "As much as we try to avoid taking routes filled with clustered communities, there is still a possibility that you will encounter these four races of nomads - the Ent from the front mountain, the Trolls from the valley, the Dragons near the volcano, and the Snake-women from the cave."

"We'll have to go past their territory borders, right?" Abel asked.

"Yes, so you might be lucky enough to avoid clashing with any of them." Raphael nodded as he continued, "The first to bear the brunt of this is naturally the Ent at the front mountain. The entmen are temperamental, sometimes they are pure and innocent, sometimes ferocious. They usually work in groups. If you walk into their formation, it's likely that you will not be able to escape from it. Eventually, you will slowly be eroded."

"Then, is there any way to break the formation?" Claremont asked.

"Most entmen are afraid of an open flame. Maybe it is your only chance to escape." Raphael closed his eyes and thought hard, then he prompted, "Their formation will confuse a person's sense of direction. This is also something that you should constantly be on guard against when facing them off."

"How did you get this information?" Devitt asked.

"Before we were familiarized with this mountain, many of our comrades were ambushed by the Ent. This information was summarized by those who narrowly escaped death," Raphael said. "As for the other three races, they are too far away so we have not seen them before. I hope that you can obtain some information about them before you officially face them. The power of the site elves can only go so far."

"I've been wanting to say this right at the start. Captain Raphael, you all accomplished your mission very well," Devitt said sincerely. "It's up to us now."

The next day, the fifty warriors set off in full combat gear.

As soon as they left the site estate, Raphael immediately sent a messenger down the mountain to dispatch a letter out of the island.

There were two letters. One to the main Elf City and the other was sent to Caradia.

"Your Highness Kant." A soldier hurried to the door of the Senate Hall and bowed.

"Yes. What is it?" Kant raised his head and asked.

"General Derrick has returned to the city," the soldier reported.

"Alright, prepare the horses, I will be going to the city gate," Kant briefly ordered.

When Derrick walked through the city gate of Drondheim, a suppressed wave of homesickness hit him and made him tear up.

"Commander Derrick, welcome back!" Kant shouted exuberantly as he guided his horse towards Derrick.

Upon seeing Kant, Derrick dismounted from his horse immediately and bowed, "Your Highness Kant."

"It is tough roughing it out in tenacious living conditions, you must be extremely tired. You may dispense with the formality, please get up." Kant dismounted from his horse and helped Derrick up.

"Adonis left for Durandal about a month ago but you just arrived here. Is the project there alright?" Kant asked Derrick as they mounted their horses and rode together.

"The project is going well. The coal production of the coal factory is also steadily increasing," Derrick reported.

"That's good." Kant nodded in relief. "Durandal's construction is about to enter its second phase."

The two chatted about the recent developments in Durandal as they rode towards the Palace.

"A simple banquet has been prepared in the Palace to welcome you. Let's have lunch together," Kant said to Derrick.

"Thank You, Your Highness," said Derrick as he bowed.

The two of them took their seats in the side hall where Kant usually ate.

The attendants brought out the dishes prepared by the Imperial Chef and placed them on the table.

"Leave us," Kant instructed.

The Captain immediately led the other soldiers out of the hall.

"The troops sent to assist the Elf Kingdom passed through Durandal on their way there, right?" Kant started the conversation.

"Yes, it has been nearly two months since they set off," Derrick replied.

"It was only half a month ago that I received a letter from Devitt which he sent from the Elf Kingdom," Kant said.

"Did they encounter any trouble on the way?" Derrick asked curiously.

"Not really. It was just a routine report," Kant replied. "I heard that the leader sent by the Elf Kingdom is also a rookie."

"Three rookie leaders?" Derrick said amusedly. "They might be quite suitable."

"I also heard that you invited that same troop of soldiers to a banquet in the military barrack." Kant laughed as well. "What do you think of the talents chosen by Captain Aubrey?"

"It goes without saying that the soldiers chosen by Captain Aubrey are very capable and full of combat power. It's just that they are unfamiliar with one another, it would improve after the breaking-in period," Derrick commented seriously.

"What about the two captains?" Kant continued asking after chewing a mouthful of food.

"One of them was my former comrade. I know him quite well. As for the other one, I only had a brief conversation with him during the banquet," Derrick replied.

"Do you think they can take on the roles of the captain?" Kant said.

Let's see. Perhaps because of them, there could be a more suitable and relevant standard in selecting a leader among the masses in the future," Derrick implied.

After Kant heard this, he nodded in approval. "You're right."

Deep in the mountains, a troop of soldiers was creeping through the jungle, some soldiers even used tree branches to camouflage their bodies.

"We're about to reach the estate of the Ent. Inform the soldiers behind us to be careful," Devitt ordered the soldiers around him in a low voice.

"Yes." A Caradia soldier replied.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 704: First Face-Off - Stalemate

"Captain Devitt, how much longer before we reach the foot of the mountain?" Exhausted, Abel carefully bent down and walked to Devitt, asking him as they walked together.

When Devitt heard this, he raised his head, looked at the sky, and estimated, "Captain Abel, it should be about two hours before we can walk out of the Ent's territory border."

"There are still two hours?" Abel sighed. "I didn't expect that it would take so long to avoid the Ent."

Ever since the reconnaissance team entered the Ent's estate, they had been in a creeping position. It had been three hours, and they had only descended about two-thirds of the journey down the mountain.

To be creeping for such a long time in the high humidity jungle, it was tough even for the Caradia soldiers who had strenuous daily training. Not to mention the long-range elven mages who usually did not pay much attention to their physical fitness.

"If we can successfully avoid the entmen, it will be worth it," Claremont said.

The group of people moved forward in silence for nearly half an hour.

Devitt, who was at the forefront of the group, suddenly frowned and stopped advancing.

"How strange," Devitt said.

Claremont's expression became tense. He asked, "What's wrong, Captain Devitt?"

"I think we have been walking around in circles," Devitt answered heavily.

"What do you mean?" Abel came over and asked, "Did we go the wrong way?"

"Look at the sky." Devitt pointed at the sky and explained, "Although the surrounding scenery doesn't have any overlapping impressions, the shadows cast by the sun won't lie. We should have walked into the Ent's maze."

Abel looked up. He did find some discordance in the forest where the sun shone, bringing with it a sense of spatial distortion.

The soldiers heard the conversation between the three of them and began to discuss it among themselves.

Everyone became cautious. They shrank and closed up the gaps between them and huddled tightly.

"We've been discovered. Should we run?" A young and hoarse voice echoed above the forest.

The soldiers' discussion stopped abruptly.

Suddenly, another unfamiliar voice rang out of the silence, "Why are you running? It's so embarrassing."

"Who is it? Come out!" Devitt hollered.

However, he was met with silence.

After a while, a breeze wafted through the forest, rustling the red autumn leaves.

"It's too presumptuous of you to ask for my name when you are on my territory." A man in his thirties walked out from behind the forest. He was very muscular and the brown blood vessels in his neck popped out in response as he spoke.

"So this is the Ent. He looks just like an ordinary human," a soldier standing at the end of the line whispered.

"No, he doesn't. The humanity of ordinary humans will cause their bodies to produce a special smell. And the smell on this Ent is something I've never smelled before," an elven soldier beside him replied quietly.

"Where is your other companion?" Devitt stepped forward and asked.

"That kid is too timid. He has gone back already," the Ent replied calmly.

Claremont pursed his lips and walked over to Devitt and whispered, "He should have gone back and called more of the Ent over."

"I can hear everything," the Ent said in a relaxed manner. "What you said could be possible, but I hope that before my people arrive, all of you will have been defeated by me and turned into the nutrients in the soil."

"What a joke! You want to take on all of us just by yourself?" Abel clenched his fists and rushed forward angrily.

"More or less," the Ent nodded and said with certainty, "Although you will not become good quality nutrients, we can make do and use it on the flowers and plants by the fence around our estate."

All the soldiers were infuriated by his words.

Claremont said to Devitt in a low voice, "It'll be even more troublesome when the other entmen arrive. Captain, let's hurry up and end this swiftly."

"Alright." Devitt stared at the Ent who was looking at them with a mocking expression. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Warriors, get ready for battle."

The Caradia warriors threw their bags onto the grass at the side and withdrew their weapons from their scabbards.

They then surrounded the Ent.

"You guys have forgotten where you are and who I am," the Ent spread his arms wide.

His nails became sharp and gradually extended into the shape of a tree branch.

"Attack!" Devitt commanded.

"Attack!!" The soldiers yelled and charged forward.

The Ent surveyed his surroundings, then raised his right hand to cut a wound on his neck.

The moment the soldiers crowded in front of him, his entire body turned into soil which subsequently scattered loosely onto the leaves-covered ground.

"What?" The terrified soldiers exclaimed.

"Retreat!!" Claremont shouted.

At the same time, numerous wooden arm-like branches sprouted from the ground and caught hold of the ankles of the soldiers huddled together, pulling them into the ground.

Their pull was too strong, soldiers who struggled to break free felt as if their thigh bones were about to be torn apart.

Devitt and the others rushed forward and used their swords to chop off the branches entangling the soldiers.

"Land is the source of my strength. I dominate everything it carries," the Ent's voice rang in everyone's ears.

"Damn it." Devitt's face was filled with rage. He said to Abel, "We can only use fire to attack."

Abel nodded. He walked to the elven soldiers and summoned the fire elf warriors.

"Because of what you did to our soldiers, we will hold this grudge against you. We will not show you any mercy." Abel issued a challenge to the Ent.

"Try me," the Ent appeared in front of everyone again. His build was several times larger than before. His skin became so transparent that they could even see his green blood flowing rapidly through his blood vessels.

The elven mages stepped forward with determination and summoned their spells.

Their entire bodies were emblazed in dark red flames. Waves of heat emanated from their center and surged in all directions.

"Just this?" the Ent shook his head in disdain.

"Not good enough for you?" The elven mage standing in the center of the five-man formation narrowed his eyes and said, "Perhaps you prefer this?"

The atmosphere changed abruptly. The flames on the body of the mage who had spoken turned from dark red to pure creamy white at a lightning speed.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 705: The Power of the Elven Mages

The Ent's expression froze. He jumped and took a few steps back.

After seeing the fire elf setting himself ablaze, Devitt immediately commanded the Caradia soldiers to retreat.

Truth be told, he had never seen flames of this color before. Even from afar, they could feel the extremely high temperature of the flames.

"You are something," the Ent lowered his head and said.

"Let us go, otherwise we will raze the entire forest to the ground!" A fire elf bellowed.

"Alright. I'll let you go," the Ent gave a slight nod. "But before that, let me test the power of your flames!"

He then conjured up a wooden stake that weighed over a hundred pounds. It hovered in the air, then charged straight at the forehead of the leading mage.

"Be careful!" Someone cried in warning.

Just when everyone thought the fire elf could not avoid the heavy blow, he gently placed his hand on the tree rings of the wooden stake and uttered, "Ha!" The wooden stake was burnt to cinders instantly.

"Take this!" Five fire elves charged forward and hurled the fireballs gathered in their hands at the Ent who was rooted on the spot.

The Ent made a grasping gesture with his right hand. Right away, the leaves on the ground twirled and bunched up into a giant floating ball in front of him. The leaves blocked the combined attack of mages but were turned into ashes as a result.

"Alright. You can go," he said nonchalantly as he dusted the ashes off his body.

Abel signaled for the fire elves to leave, then he walked up to the Ent and said, "We're just passing by your territory border. Since you have agreed to let us leave, then please keep your promise and not make things difficult for us anymore."

"Okay," the Ent smiled. Ignoring everyone, he walked into the depths of the forest.

Claremont stared at the Ent's retreating back as he left. Warily, he walked to Abel and suggested, "Let's set off immediately. It will be disastrous if the entmen come for us."

"Let's go!" Abel gave orders to the soldiers behind him.

Instead of creeping stealthily like before, they decided to sprint down the mountain as fast as they could.

An hour later, they finally walked out of the Ent's estate. They collapsed in exhaustion at the foot of the mountain to rest.

"Let's continue with the journey after ten minutes of rest. We want to reach the Dwarf Clan's boundary before nightfall," Claremont announced to the soldiers.

The Dwarf Clan was one of the few races on the island that was willing to leave adequate leeway for communication with nomads and the other races. Before Devitt's group arrived on the island, Raphael had personally gone to the Dwarf Clan to work things out with them, requesting that they not make things difficult for the reconnaissance team that would be passing by.

The Dwarf Clan's nomads dealt with almost every race on the island. In their town, one could easily buy any information about the island. The more covert the information was, the more expensive it would be.

When Raphael sent them off in the early morning, he suggested to Devitt, "If you want to know about the characteristics of the Snake-women and the other races, you can check with the Dwarf Clan's intelligence."

"Is there any difference between the Dwarf Clan and the Midget Clan?" One of the soldiers asked his companions in a low voice as they hurried along on the plains.

"I heard that the dwarves' personalities and life characteristics are similar to humans. Same like the human world, there are both good and bad people within the race," another soldier replied.

"Whereas the midgets tend to withdraw from the society. I also heard that the hands of the midgets were given to them by God. They are quite different from humans," a third soldier added.

They chatted as they walked halfway across the plain. The fifty-man reconnaissance team finally arrived at the city of the Dwarf Clan just as the sun set.

There were dwarf soldiers standing sentry at the city gate. After checking their identities, the dwarf soldiers let the reconnaissance team pass through the gate without a word.

"It feels so easy to enter the city," said a soldier.

When they walked to the commercial street leading to the main city, what they saw was beyond their imagination. They were expecting to see dwarves that were less than half the height of a human, instead, the crowd milling on the street was filled with people from all different races.

"The main city of the Dwarf Clan should be the trading center of the island," Claremont surmised as nomads from different races brushed past him.

"According to Raphael, because the Dwarf Clan has developed a really good service industry in the main city, almost no one dares to cause trouble here," Abel said. After walking in the wilderness for a whole day, he was in high spirits when he arrived at the prosperous and bustling commercial street.

"It's better not to stare at the pedestrians on the street." Devitt shook their shoulders. "Everyone here is a good person. Just be careful not to get into trouble when you walk out of the city gate."

"Okay," Claremont averted his gaze and said to Devitt, "Let's quickly find a hotel to stay in. There are quite a lot of people here. We might not be able to find rooms to stay for the night."

"Claremont is right," echoed Abel.

"I think we should find a hotel on this street. After all, it's close to the city center, it will be more convenient to ask the Chamber of Commerce for information after dinner," Devitt reasoned after mulling it over.

Claremont and Abel nodded in agreement.

The three of them then led the soldiers from hotel to hotel in search of vacant rooms for their accommodation. Finally, they found an inn, The Art Pavilion, which had eight empty rooms that could accommodate fifty people.

Devitt leaned on the counter and heaved a huge sigh of relief, "We finally found rooms."

"Eight standard empty rooms for eighty silver coins," a dwarf perched on a high stool said to Claremont after doing some calculations on his abacus.

"Ten silver coins per night for one empty room?! Are you serious?" Claremont exclaimed incredulously.

The dwarf who was in charge of accounting curled his lips and didn't say anything else. He just glanced at the door meaningfully.

Claremont was angered by his silent mockery. He pulled Devitt's arm and said, "Captain Devitt, he is just out to cheat us. Let's find rooms elsewhere."

Ten silver coins in Dronnheim were equivalent to a month's reward for a high-ranking officer. It was too extravagant to spend it on a night's stay.

"Forget it." Devitt shook his head and said, "It's almost dark now. I don't think we can find any empty rooms elsewhere. It's most important to let the warriors rest well."

Hearing that, Claremont could only take out handfuls of silver coins and counted out the correct amount to the dwarf at the counter.

"Go to the second floor," the dwarf said after receiving the money and thrust a bunch of keys into Claremont's hand.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 706: Dwarf Who Sells Information

Although His Highness Kant had made full preparations for the scout's trip even gold and silver coins were also well prepared.

But when he walked up the stairs, Claremont was still heartbroken over the dozens of silver coins he had spent.

"The dwarfs are really evil," Claremont muttered softly.

After settling their luggage, it was time for everyone to gather for dinner.

Fortunately, the hotel's food and drinks were included in the accommodation, so everyone was free to choose their food.

The fifty-person team almost filled up the hotel's restaurant. Seeing this, the owner of the hotel immediately brought the scouts to another side hall and let them take a room. The roasted food was served by the waiter of the restaurant.

After ordering the menu, everyone began to discuss the duel between the ent and the fire elf mage around the round table this morning.

"I didn't expect the fire elven soldiers to be so strong. When I saw their explosive strength, I was completely shocked," a soldier sighed and said.

"I feel that with the strength of these people, our team won't need to hide when we reach the dwarfs' place," another soldier echoed.

"Yeah. Besides, that ent was quite lousy. He was scared away by the fire elves in two moves," another soldier added.

"You guys encountered an ent?" a young voice sounded.

Austin, who followed everyone to mock the ent, was the first to notice this question. He stopped laughing and looked around. Then, he found a dwarf waiter holding a tray next to him.

"Sorry to trouble you," Austin took the dish from the waiter and said politely.

The dwarf waiter was actually shorter than the table. Everyone only noticed him after they saw the roast meat on the table.

"Yes, today when we went down the mountain, we met two ents. One of them ran away in fear after we found out about their tricks. The other one stayed behind and said that he wanted to teach us a lesson, but he was beaten up by our elven soldiers and retreated," one of the soldiers replied.

"Two?"

The dwarf attendant's expression became complicated.

"It seems that he isn't tired of playing this trick."

"What trick?" one of the soldiers asked in confusion.

"There is only one ent on this island," the dwarf waiter explained.

"What?!"

Everyone was stunned.

Devitt and the others, who had noticed the commotion, also gathered around the round table where the waiter was.

"But we clearly heard two different voices today," a soldier said, puzzled.

"Lord Ent likes to play games like this. Everything you perceive in the jungle is controlled by him. Not to mention voices, it can even create several different human forms."

The waiter wiped his hands with a napkin on his shoulder and continued, "You'll know after staying on the island for a long time. That Lord is terrifyingly powerful. Otherwise, why do you think he could occupy an entire mountain forest on this island where dragons and tigers are fighting for hegemony by himself?"

"Since he's not afraid of our threat, why would he let us go?" a soldier asked.

"This... I'm not sure."

The dwarf waiter scratched his head, he said, "Ever since that Lord arrived on the island thirty years ago, he has always sealed himself in the deep mountains. I heard that his cultivation hasn't been able to break through the bottleneck, and he wants to find a pure self. In the end, he seems to have schizophrenia. I'm afraid that you've met another strange personality that he assumed."

"I see." Devitt nodded at the side.

"It sounds so mysterious," Claremont shrugged and said.

"In that case, our luck is really not bad," Abel drank a mouthful of red wine and commented.

"Are all the dwarves in this town as well-informed as you?" Devitt smiled and said to the dwarf waiter.

The dwarf waiter raised his head and looked at Devitt, he replied, "I'm not that bad. I got to know about this information from passing guests. The dwarf hunters in the union who sell information are really powerful. They can dig out some information about the election of every territory from their mouths."

"That's incredible!" Abel raised his glass and praised loudly.

This was his third glass of red wine, and he was already slightly drunk.

Claremont helplessly helped him to the sofa in the corner and sat down to rest.

"Thank you for sharing." Devitt nodded at the dwarf waiter. He took out a silver coin from his pocket and placed it on the tray that the dwarf waiter carried.

"Thank you for the tip."

The dwarf waiter smiled in satisfaction when he saw the copper coin, and then left.

During the conversation, all the dishes were almost served.

Everyone began to feast.

After Devitt ate a whole piece of delicious steak, he wiped his mouth with a napkin. He looked around and found that Claremont and Abel were not on the table.

After getting up and looking around, Devitt walked to the sofa in the corner and saw Claremont chewing a soda biscuit. Beside him, Abel was sleeping soundly.

"What happened to him?" Devitt asked.

"He drank three glasses of red wine on an empty stomach and got drunk," Claremont replied.

Unable to find anyone to help take care of this elven general, Claremont could only take on this tiring task himself.

He hadn't been able to eat even now.

"Hurry up and eat. I'll help you to take care of him," Devitt suggested.

"Thank you, Captain," Claremont thanked Devitt.

Then he clapped his hands and brushed off the biscuit crumbs stuck to his fingers.

"Come back quickly."

Devitt sat down on the sofa where Claremont had been sitting. He stuffed a pillow into his arms and said helplessly, "General Abel is already drunk. Only the two of us will go out tonight to ask for information."

"Got it." After saying that, Claremont immediately ran to the dining table.

The moonlight was hazy. After the banquet was over. Devitt and Claremont walked out of the hotel's door.

They set off towards the Hunter's Union in the city center under the cover of the night.

Even in the middle of the night, the commercial streets of the dwarf town were still bustling.

However, in the night, pairs of yellow and green pupils always showed a dangerous aura.

Devitt and Claremont didn't talk much. In this unfamiliar place, they had to take into account that the walls had ears. It was best to get good news earlier and return to the residence.

"We're here," Devitt said, pointing to a brightly lit area on the street.

"Yeah." Claremont's line of sight was also fixed on that area.

There were still a lot of people coming in and out of the union entrance. The two quickened their pace and approached the building.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 707: Visiting the Guild for the First Time

"Welcome!" The dwarf standing at the door greeted Devitt and Claremont.

The two of them nodded and ignored him. They immediately walked towards the Guild Hall.

In front of the information desk in the Guild Hall, there was a huge stone pillar that supported the center of gravity of the entire house. The surface of the stone pillar was a map of the entire island. Moreover, it marked the direction of the river in every detail.

"Amazing." Claremont used his hand to touch a certain spot on the map and exclaimed in admiration.

"It would be more convenient if there was a sample of the picture, right?" Devitt commented.

"There is."

A dwarf dressed in uniform walked up to them and said, "Our Guild's special carpet map is available at the counter at the entrance. It only requires one silver coin."

"Everything here is priced in silver coins," Claremont said in his heart.

"Thank you. But compared to this, there's something else that I would like to ask you. Where is the front desk for selling information?" Devitt asked the dwarf with a smile.

"Our Union provides customers with direct face-to-face communication with hunters. What kind of information do you want to ask?" The dwarf attendant prompted.

"What kind? This..."

It was the first time Devitt came to such a trading place, so he was not very sensitive to categorizing. After thinking for a while, he cautiously said, "We are newcomers who have just arrived on the island. We mainly want to ask about the history of the races on the island."

"Oh, I understand."

The dwarf attendant probably understood what Devitt wanted to say, and replied, "Please go to the reception desk over there to register. Specifically, you have to queue for the No. 6 Hunter, and then pay the deposit."

"Okay, thank you."

Perhaps it was because he saw that Devitt wanted to tip the attendant again, Claremont thanked him and dragged Devitt away.

"Captain Devitt, it's better not to reveal your wealth," Claremont suggested as he walked on the road.

"Yes, your reminder is right," Devitt replied after he reacted.

The dwarfs loved money. This was what they had heard from Raphael. Devitt's idea was, if he could exchange money for the cooperation of others, it would not be a bad thing for an independent scout.

However, in a place like a guild's trading center, it would be easy to get into unnecessary trouble if he randomly spent money.

Claremont walked to the window of the registration counter and successfully queued up.

The service of the guild could be considered thorough. After Claremont received the room key that he had made an appointment with. Immediately, an attendant came over and led the way for the two of them.

Devitt and Claremont followed the attendant to the second floor.

The stairs leading to the second floor were considered for the differences between different races. The size of the adjacent stairs would have a huge difference.

When they reached the room number marked on the key, Devitt and Claremont stopped in their tracks.

"Can we go in first?" Devitt asked the waiter politely.

"Of course," the dwarf attendant said with a smile.

Then, he took the key from Claremont and opened the door.

The key was inserted into the lock of the door and the attendant left.

Devitt and Claremont walked into the room. There was only a square table and three soft leather chairs in the room.

Devitt and Claremont sat down at one side of the square table, waiting for the arrival of the news hunter.

"Dong dong!"

Footsteps came from behind, and the two looked back.

A dwarf dressed in black leather boots and cowboy attire walked in from the door of the room. An attendant followed behind him, carrying a tray filled with three cups of warm water with lemon slices.

After the attendant placed the coasters, he placed the drinks in front of the three of them. He closed the door with the empty tray and respectfully left.

"Hello," the dwarf hunter spoke first.

"My name is Cofito. Can you tell me what you would like to know?"

"Hello, my name is Claremont. This is my leader, Devitt," Claremont introduced.

"Actually, it doesn't matter if you don't tell me your name. The information about the guests will be forgotten by the hunters of our profession when we walk out of this room," Cofito said, "of course, the content of your inquiry will also be kept secret."

"I see." Claremont nodded.

Hearing this, Devitt didn't waste any more time and went straight to the point. "We want to know some information about the snake lady, the Dragon Clan, and the trolls from you."

"What kind of information?"

Speaking of serious matters, Cofito's eyes became sharp.

"For example, their strengths and weaknesses, the scope of their territory, and so on. We need to go to a certain place, and on the way, we must pass by their territory, and we don't want to cause too much trouble..." Claremont explained.

"I see." Cofito wrote down the notes on the manuscript paper he brought over and replied.

"We would like to know what kind of information we can get from you," Devitt said.

"The information you want, I have it all here. And it's sorted out one by one," Cofito introduced and his eyes were filled with confidence.

"Well, a book of information costs 20 silver coins, since the information you want are three different races, it will be a total of 30. Can you see if this price is affordable?"

"As long as it's worth it," Devitt replied.

"Alright." Cofito smiled and nodded.

"Then I'll have to trouble you to register your address to the front desk. After my assistant finds the information, he will deliver it to you personally."

After hearing Cofito's words, Devitt pondered and said, "But we're leaving the Dwarf Town tomorrow. I don't know if you could send it on time."

"Don't worry. It will be delivered on time tomorrow morning," Cofito promised readily.

"Happy cooperation."

There were too many people wandering in the hall. Devitt and Claremont worked hard for a while before they finally managed to register the address of the restaurant at the front desk. They were able to get out of the dense crowd and return to the street covered by the moonlight.

"I didn't expect the lemonade to cost money. I thought it was free," Claremont grumbled as he counted the deposit.

"The dwarves are really trying their best to make money," Devitt said.

"I didn't expect there to be a guild that sells information in this world."

"I don't really hope that there will be such a guild in the territory of Caradia," Claremont thought for a while and replied. "It's too scary to have my privacy invaded."

"This island has really allowed me to see many things that I haven't seen in the military camp. Other than the days on the ship, time seems to fly by."

Devitt seemed to be in a good mood tonight.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 708: The Hardships of Crossing the Plains

The next morning, the soldiers of the scouts' team got up early. After washing up and tidying, they gathered together in the hall of the hotel.

"Captain Devitt," Claremont commanded everyone to get their breakfast. He walked up to the second floor and knocked on the door of Devitt's room.

"Click." Devitt opened the door.

"Captain Devitt, did the Dwarf Union send the information?" Claremont asked curiously while walking into the room and looked at the paper manuscripts scattered all over the round table in the room.

"Yes. It was sent to me at dawn this morning. After the attendant downstairs received it, he sent it directly to my room," Devitt rubbed his eyes and said.

Devitt should have been the first scout soldier to get up this morning. After being woken up by the attendant's knock on the door, he had been focusing on reading the information until now.

"Captain, you've read all this information, right?" Claremont picked up a stack of information and roughly flipped through a few pages.

"Yes. I'm almost done. Take these documents with you. If you have time, you can also take a look," Devitt wrung the towel dry and suggested to Claremont. "The information provided by the dwarf hunter is really detailed. Unfortunately, we only have information on trolls, snake ladies, and the Dragons."

"Okay." Claremont nodded and he stacked the papers on the table neatly and put them in his arms.

"If it can be of help to our mission, it should be enough."

"Yes," Devitt said with peace of mind, "the information provided by the dwarf should be of this magnitude."

"The warriors should have gathered in the dining hall now. Let's hurry over and meet up with them," Claremont nodded and said.

"Yes," Devitt replied.

After tidying up, the two of them walked out of the room and went to the dining hall to have breakfast with the other soldiers.

"We're leaving the Dwarf Town today," a soldier tore off a piece of soft bread and said gloomily to the soldier sitting at the same table.

"We're here on a mission, not to play. How long do you want to stay here?" A soldier beside him picked up a piece of smoked meat with a fork and put it in his mouth, lecturing the soldier just now.

"Captain Abel, where will we go after we leave the city?" a soldier sitting next to Abel at another dining table asked.

"The plain where the Dwarf Town is located is very large. We'll probably need three or four days to reach there," Abel replied.

"Then will we meet a tough character like the ent next?" another soldier asked anxiously.

"I don't think so in the short term. After all, most of the forces on this plain have a cooperative relationship with the dwarfs. Even though we look a little unfamiliar, being able to freely enter and leave Dwarf Town can be considered as being recognized by the forces on the plain. The other races shouldn't take the initiative to find trouble with us. We just need to avoid their territory and move forward," Abel thought for a moment and explained in detail.

Breakfast was over in half an hour. Everyone packed their luggage and began to move towards the city gate.

Abel was in charge of leading the fifty-man team, while Devitt and Claremont were at the end of the team. They were in charge of holding the line. With dozens of people moving in unison, it was quite eye-catching to walk on the street.

However, most of the passers-by would not pay attention to them. Living in such a complicated town, such ordinary movements would not attract the attention of the crowd.

The dwarf soldiers at the gate of the city were also very lax in their inspection. After carefully comparing the faces of the people with a few tattered portraits of wanted criminals on the city wall, they waved their hands and let them go.

After gradually leaving the bustling town, the scenery in front of the scouts' team turned into a plain full of weeds.

It seemed to have rained the night before. The knee-high weeds were drenched, and the ground under their boots became soft.

Under Abel's lead, the soldiers slowly moved forward while pushing away the weeds.

At noon, the sun shone down on the land from above.

The water droplets between the bushes absorbed the sunlight, the humid hot air made the soldiers' vision blurry, and it was a little uncomfortable.

However, this effect was only limited to the human soldiers.

Because of their elemental constitution, the elven soldiers were completely unaffected by this natural force. Compared to the Caradia soldiers, their footsteps were much lighter.

General Abel, who was walking according to the map and the position of the Sun, did not notice the situation of the soldiers behind him until Devitt came forward and suggested to rest for ten minutes, Abel looked at the ugly expressions of the Caradia soldiers and suddenly remembered.

When they set off again, Abel suggested that the elven soldiers exchange positions with the Caradia soldiers. He asked the elven soldiers to follow him in the front, while the Caradia soldiers followed behind the elven soldiers.

Everyone looked puzzled, but they followed the formation according to Abel's instructions.

When they set off again, the Caradia soldiers immediately noticed the path where the elven soldiers had taken, the moisture had completely disappeared. The air had also become dry.

A wave of discussion broke out among the Caradia soldiers.

Claremont walked forward and asked, "What is everyone talking about?"

"It's so strange, following behind the elven soldiers, I feel that all the moisture that was attached to my body has disappeared. I feel much more refreshing," one of the soldiers replied.

Devitt and Claremont had always been at the end of the line. They had never experienced the situation of the Caradia soldiers. Now, after one of the soldiers had mentioned, they realized that the soldiers' physical strength had indeed been used up very quickly.

"Is it because they are casting some kind of spell?"

One of the soldiers was still curious about this situation.

"No, I think it should be a physical problem," another soldier replied.

"Isn't the connection between the elves and nature the closest? With them around, the surrounding natural elements will be balanced."

After listening to this conversation, Devitt walked to Abel's side in the front row and asked, "General Abel, what was the reason for the formation change just now?"

"The physical strength of the Caradia soldiers is very strong, but I don't think they are used to this kind of environment. In order not to waste extra physical strength, I thought that with the strengths of the elves, they might be able to help a little," Abel replied sincerely after he heard Devitt's question, then he turned his head and glanced at the Caradia soldiers' formation.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 709: The Appearance of the Black Elves

"I didn't expect the elven soldiers to have such power," Devitt praised from the bottom of his heart.

"General Abel was able to notice the physical status of the soldiers. You are a meticulous person."

Abel shook his head humbly, he added, "It's just an innate characteristic of the elves. It can barely play a neutral role on such an occasion. When we reach the vicinity of the volcano, in such an extreme environment, we won't be able to see any obvious effects from such a trait."

"You're too modest," Devitt said.

At night, the scouts' team began to find a place to camp on the plains.

With the elven soldiers' spell, the weeds on the grass ten meters wide were instantly burned into ashes.

The work of building the tent went smoothly. Half an hour later, a satisfactory simple military camp was built on the empty and barren plain.

This time, the scouts' team had logistics personnel. The group responsible for food was made up of Caradia soldiers and a few elven soldiers who were good at cooking.

Smoke rose from the campsite. The soldiers could finally have their first meal of the day.

"How is it?" Devitt walked to Claremont, who was reading the information while eating.

"Yes. The Dwarf's information is indeed very detailed."

Claremont swallowed a mouthful of food and nodded in response.

"Oh, right. I haven't told Captain Abel about the Guild," Devitt suddenly remembered something and said.

"I've told General Abel about it on the way."

Claremont held his shoulder and stopped him from getting up.

"I've already given the information I've read to Captain Abel."

"That's good," Devitt calmed down and said.

After that, Devitt didn't say anything else to avoid disturbing Claremont's reading progress.

The two of them ate their dinner quietly.

After dinner, Claremont took the documents back to his tent.

A soldier sat down in Claremont's tent and walked into the tent with a report. He handed a piece of paper filled with notes to Claremont.

"Captain Claremont, this is the name list for tonight's shift change," the soldier reported.

"Okay." Claremont took the list, carefully checked it, and said, "Thank you."

After the soldier left, Claremont put away the information on the table, took the list, and walked out of the tent to find Devitt.

The daily reports of the team were usually checked by Claremont. In the end, Claremont personally handed it to Devitt for safekeeping or decision-making.

Claremont walked to the front of Devitt's tent, only to discover that the lights in the tent had been turned off.

"Where did he go?" Claremont said in puzzlement.

After walking around the vicinity of the camp and asking around. Claremont asked the soldier standing at the entrance of the camp, "Did you see where General Devitt went?"

"We didn't see Captain Devitt," one of the soldiers replied without turning his head.

The other soldier also stood in place, not making a sound.

Claremont felt that the atmosphere between the two was a bit strange, and he frowned. He was about to walk up and ask something.

"Captain Claremont! I found Captain Devitt," a soldier rushed to Claremont's side and said.

"Where is he?" Claremont took a deep look at the two soldiers standing guard, then turned to ask the soldier beside him.

"Captain Devitt seems to have eaten something bad. When you were looking for him, he was using the toilet. Now he's resting in the camp," the soldier said in detail.

"What?" Claremont said in surprise.

The soldier nodded with a complicated expression.

Claremont shook his head helplessly.

"Then I'd better not disturb him."

Just as he was about to leave, Claremont said hesitantly to the soldier, "Are these two soldiers under your command?"

"Yes. The first half of tonight is the duty of our third group." The soldier nodded and admitted, "What happened to them, Captain Claremont?"

"Nothing. I just feel that they don't know who I am. It's a bit strange," Claremont said.

"Hey, you two," the soldier immediately turned to the two soldiers standing at the door and asked loudly, "What's going on..."

Claremont, who had his back to the two, heard the soldier's questioning and stopped abruptly. He turned his head and looked back curiously.

He found that the two soldiers who had just answered his question had collapsed to the ground. They seemed to have lost consciousness.

The soldier quickly went forward and squatted down to check. "Hey! Wake up, what's wrong with you two?"

His fingers touched the unconscious soldier's skin. The bone-eroding coldness took over the soldier's senses.

"Ah!"

"What's wrong?" Claremont was shocked by the scream. He bent down and asked.

A cold and eerie feeling was instantly transmitted from the unconscious soldier's shoulder.

Claremont quickly withdrew his hand.

"General Claremont! Our soldiers have been attacked by foreign enemies!" the soldier shouted in panic.

This commotion attracted many soldiers who were wandering around to gather around and watch.

The alert message quickly spread throughout the entire military camp.

Even Devitt, who was resting in the tent, was woken up by someone.

The Swadian soldiers held torches and stood neatly at the entrance of the military camp. They waited for the leader's instructions.

The elven soldiers arrived a step late.

Abel walked through the crowd and arrived in front of Claremont and the fainted soldiers.

After checking the condition of the fainted soldiers, his expression became solemn. "It's a black elf spell. These two soldiers will probably take a week or so before they return to their normal condition."

"Black Elves?" Claremont asked, "Are they vagabonds of the Elves?"

"Not really. Although the Black Elves and the Elves have some similarities in some aspects, whether it is in terms of temperament or the type of spell, they can be completely separated," Abel strongly denied it. "The two races have no relationship."

"Are the Black Elves' spells very powerful?" Claremont looked down worriedly at the fainted soldier and asked with concern.

"They are indeed very powerful because the spells they practice are very different from the spells we practice," Abel said and sighed. "That's why we are often helpless against the wounds they bring."

"But I've never heard of their names." Claremont was a little surprised by Abel's reaction.

"The history of the Black Elves' rampage ended a few hundred years ago."

Abel looked at the night sky and sighed.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 710: A Peaceful Journey

"The spells that the Black Elves trained in were too powerful. Under the support of such power, they continuously invaded other people's territory. In the end, they were encircled and attacked by several racial forces in a situation that provoked public anger. They were expelled from the entire continent," Abel explained.

"Were the elven soldiers involved?" Claremont asked curiously.

"Yes. After the Black Elves lost the war, they signed a non-aggression treaty with us elves," Abel replied.

"Is this treaty still in effect?" Claremont asked hesitantly.

"Although it's called a treaty, the agreement is actually a curse that His Highness the Elf King of that generation placed on the entire black elves."

Abel pondered for a moment, he said, "I have never seen what would happen to the Black Elves if they truly violated the treaty. However, the reputation of Lord Tassell, the Elf King at that time was enough to make the entire Black Elves tremble in fear. Therefore, I don't think anyone would want to challenge the curse that he placed on them."

"Tassell the Elf King," Claremont silently chanted this name as he carefully recalled it.

A bolt of lightning flashed in his heart. Tassell, the rare scholar of the Elves. He was born by chance. It was said that he was born with a rare constitution that cultivated light magic. He was such a prestigious person that when the elves sent out his business card to the outside world, anyone would be afraid of him.

"Then why did the Black Elves attack us?" Claremont asked curiously.

"It is said that the real black elf magic disappeared after the Great War that year. On this island, which could accommodate all kinds of wanderers, the status of the Black Elves was not high. They could not occupy their territory. The wilderness of this plain was the only place where they were allowed to move. Therefore, many wanderers who went out of the city suffered losses at their hands and were stripped of all their money," Abel relayed the news he had heard. "I didn't expect that they would have designs on us this time."

"Hurry up and carry them back to the barracks. It's useless to perform mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Devitt rushed to the fainted soldiers from the outside and ordered the people around him.

A few soldiers who were in the same group as the fainted soldiers immediately walked over when they heard this. They supported two soldiers as they walked into a tent.

"If we face the Black Elves head-on, do we have the confidence to win?" Claremont threw out the last question.

"Although I don't know how strong the remaining Black Elves are, I feel that no matter what, we won't lose to opponents who use underhanded attacks, right?" Abel responded with his usual bloody nature.

After Claremont understood what he meant, he also nodded.

Seeing Devitt, who was standing at the side, looking puzzled, Claremont repeated what Abel had told him earlier.

After hearing the whole story, Devitt said, "I wonder when the Black Elves will appear again."

"Arrange the elven warriors to stand guard together with the Caradia warriors in shifts. Many of the warriors might not know how to face the Black Elves. The elven warriors might be able to give them some pointers," Claremont suggested.

"Yeah, that's a pretty good idea," Abel confirmed.

"Then that's it." Devitt decided on a plan. The night shift would be changed from two to three shifts. The elven warriors and the Caradia warriors would be mixed to carry out the sentry duty.

Devitt called this plan an "emergency plan". Until the Scout Army left the plains, they would maintain this alert status.

Because the third group's personnel were almost useless, the fourth group would replace the soldiers on guard tonight, and the elven soldiers assigned to the fourth group would immediately start carrying out their tasks.

Everyone returned to their tents. However, everyone was filled with anxiety.

During this night, Devitt and the other two would get up from time to time to patrol around the camp. Although this might affect tomorrow's status, the three were still worried.

Perhaps they noticed that the scouts' team had increased their defenses, but the Black Elves did not appear again.

The next morning, everyone packed their luggage. When they lined up for the roll call, other than the two people who had been attacked last night, everyone else was present.

The two people who were attacked were still as Abel had said, they had not regained their consciousness.

The three leaders discussed for a while and decided to continue the journey with the two of them.

The journey on the plains was relatively smooth. After the soldiers familiarized themselves with the environment of the plains, their pace became much faster.

"I reckon that we will be able to walk out of the plains by tomorrow afternoon," Devitt said as he looked at the map.

"After walking out of the plains, we will be facing a valley with trolls." Claremont nodded and said.

"Trolls are really hard to deal with." Devitt shook his head and sighed.

In history, the trolls had clashed with humans and elves. They were considered to be mortal enemies.

Devitt and his group were about to face the forest trolls.

Although their temperaments weren't as violent and aggressive as the sand trolls, the blood of the cannibals remained in their bodies. It was unknown whether Devitt and his group would be threatened by them when they passed by their territory.

"Don't worry. The reason why trolls became mortal enemies of the humans and elves was that the two sides restrained each other and fought each other? As long as we control the distance between us and the trolls, we don't have to worry about being hurt by them," Abel comforted.

"I hope so," Devitt said.

The trolls were not only hostile to the elves and humans. They were also hostile toward the dwarfs.

This should be related to the differences in the way the two races lived.

About half of the information sent to Devitt was related to the trolls -- a detailed introduction of their strengths and weaknesses.

According to this information, there were about a thousand trolls gathered in the valley.

After learning about their strong life recovery ability and other advantages, Devitt could not imagine the scene of a fifty-man scouts' army confronting a group of trolls.

The sun slowly set at the end of the horizon. After leaving Dwarf Town, the next day's journey ended.

After the brigade camp was set up, the personnel in charge of logistics began to prepare dinner.

"This should be the last hot dinner before we leave the valley," Devitt said.

Indeed, trolls were very sensitive to smells and so on. To avoid being discovered by trolls in the territory, Devitt prepared everyone to eat dry food for the next few days.