

Oasis 711

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Chapter 711: An Unpleasant Confrontation

The Black Elves didn't appear again, but this situation didn't make everyone feel at ease.

After dinner, Abel and the others led three teams to patrol around the camp, trying to find any clues about the Black Elves hiding here.

However, none of them found anything.

"What should we do?" Claremont asked anxiously when the three of them met up again with their soldiers

"Did the Black Elves who came to attack us already escaped?" Devitt guessed.

"It is indeed possible. Perhaps the previous attack was a test for us," Abel analyzed. "And the result of the test was not satisfactory."

"Although this situation will make us a lot more relaxed, I still want to get a way to dispel the dark magic on the soldiers from them," Claremont said with a sigh.

"Yes." Devitt nodded. "Although there is a possibility that the Black Elves will escape, we still can not let down our guard."

It was already late at night, and the tent was brightly lit. After the attack the night before, everyone couldn't sleep early at ease.

"Ah!"

A scream sounded in the camp.

"What's wrong?" Devitt hurriedly walked out of his tent and asked.

The soldiers who were resting in the tents also quickly put on their armor and walked to the open space of the camp.

"Hello." At the entrance of the camp, there were a few slim Black Elves standing side by side. One of the Black Elves was holding a Caradia soldier.

This was the first time Devitt and the others saw the original appearance of the Dark Elves -- they had a well-proportioned body like a woman, and their waists were slender. The color of their skin was like the blue sky and the moon, with a simple radiance.

"Quickly put down our people!" Claremont rushed to the scene and shouted angrily.

"Fine, as long as you give up your camp, we will let all of you live," a Black Elf said mockingly.

"What a joke!" The Caradia soldiers and the elves scolded.

Devitt raised his right hand to signal for everyone to stop the noise and continued to say to the few black elves, "We can not agree to your conditions. Moreover, the five of you want to rob our entire army. Aren't you a little too confident?"

"We'll know if we try," one of the Black Elves said. "In order to survive in this plain, we've never been afraid of anyone."

"I didn't expect that the once glorious black elves would be reduced to such a state," Abel said to the leading Black Elf through the crowd.

"They can withstand the glory, but they can also walk through the low points." One of the Black Elves stared at Abel and spoke in a mocking tone, "Wasn't it the Elf Lords who taught us to be flexible?"

He was probably referring to the time when the elves led other races to besiege the black elves.

"The logic goes on and on." Claremont walked forward and said angrily, "The attack last night was done by you guys, right?"

"Yes, but it was interrupted by your appearance," a Black Elf said indifferently.

Claremont was furious at the other party's casual attitude. Thinking about the miserable state of the two soldiers who were attacked, he couldn't help but say, "Tonight, if you can't give our wounded comrades an explanation, we won't let you go."

"Dong!" A few Caradia soldiers walked behind the black elves and closed the gate of the camp.

"Alright." the leading Black Elf said. "Since you're so hot-blooded, I'll give you more strength."

After saying that, he walked to the bound soldier and placed his palm on the soldier's head.

He chanted an ancient incantation.

The humans and elves present felt that the atmosphere was not good.

"What do you want to do?" Devitt rushed forward and lifted the soldier who was kneeling on the ground, leading him away from the black elves.

The soldier trembled in his arms.

Devitt looked at the leader of the black elves with a slightly ominous look.

He saw the other party smile at him like a ghost. At the same time, the temperature of the soldier in his arms suddenly dropped.

"Be careful!"

Devitt's eyes widened.

He saw the soldier struggle out of his arms stiffly. When he gently put his hand on his shoulder. There was actually a bone-biting coldness attacking him.

"Swish!"

Before anyone could react, the soldier's hand knife pierced through Devitt's abdomen.

"Bang!"

When Abel saw the soldier's bloody hands leave Devitt's body, he rushed forward at high speed and kicked him into a space a few meters away.

"Devitt!" Abel held onto Devitt's body that was about to fall and shouted worriedly.

Logically speaking, after receiving such a fierce blow from Abel. Even if it was a specially trained soldier, three or four of his ribs should have been broken. However, the soldier who was sent flying was like a zombie. He fell to the ground for less than five seconds and quickly stood up. He charged into the ranks of the Caradia soldiers and fought with his physical body.

The Caradia soldiers were greatly frightened by this sudden change. When the soldiers rushed toward them, they were also hesitating about how to fight. In the end, under the iron-like defense of the Caradia soldiers, the soldiers who were under the spell's control could not hurt any of them. They fell under the siege of the shields.

"Quick! Take General Devitt to stop the bleeding!" Abel commanded the few elven warriors behind him.

Everyone hurriedly carried Devitt, who was still bleeding profusely from his wounds, and left the battlefield.

"How is it? Do you want to kill us more?" a Black Elf said after watching the whole process.

"You scum. Don't even think about leaving today!" Claremont roared and ordered, "All the Caradia warriors, follow me!"

Abel's expression was solemn and he did not say a word. He ordered the elven warriors to prepare for the attack. He also walked into the ranks of the Caradia warriors. Although he was an elf, he was not only good at magic, but he was also not weaker than the young warriors who were active in Caradia.

"Kill!" Claremont took out his weapon and charged at the forefront.

A hint of wariness appeared in the eyes of the Black Elf. The leading Black Elf stood closest to the charging soldiers and chanted an entire paragraph of ancient mantra.

"Hell Slave!" The Black Elf who had finished chanting suddenly had a flash in his dark green eyes. Dark spiritual energy surged out of his body and stuck to his body.

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Chapter 712: Battle With the Black Elves

The spiritual energy that was originally circulating the Black Elf's body instantly gathered in his hands.

It turned into drops of liquid that fell to the ground.

When the black "water" on the ground formed into a pool, ten chains stretched out from the pool and tied themselves to the Black Elf's fingers.

The Black Elf suddenly waved its arms.

Unknown objects emitting black smoke crawled up from the pool one after another.

The ground around the Black Elf also shook.

The warriors quickly stood up to prevent themselves from falling to the ground.

“What is this?” a soldier exclaimed.

“This is my ‘pet’— a black slave. If you get too close, they will bite you.”

The Black Elf replied with a smile and squatted down to stroke the head of one of the creatures.

Claremont took a few steps forward with a cold expression, wanting to see what these creatures were.

In the end, he discovered that the creatures shrouded in the black gas were actually humans, or perhaps a different form of humans.

Claremont frowned, immediately feeling that the current situation had become somewhat troublesome.

“Herne!” a soldier shouted loudly, his tone filled with fear.

“Oh my God.” The soldier standing next to the soldier covered his mouth and nose as he exclaimed.

Herne? When he heard this name, Claremont felt that it sounded familiar, but he could not remember where he had heard it before.

He subconsciously raised his head and coincidentally met the gaze of a “human”.

Claremont’s breathing stopped. Herne was one of the soldiers who were attacked at the entrance of the military camp yesterday.

Claremont clearly remembered his face, but he did not expect to find this familiar face among the creatures with chains around their necks.

“Isn’t Herne being taken care of in the tent?” Claremont asked softly.

Abel walked to his side and said, “I think we found the reason why Herne and the others are unconscious.”

Claremont pondered for a moment in his mind and said, “So it was the Black Elves who took away their spirits.”

Abel raised his finger and pointed at another black slave who was kneeling on the ground.

Claremont looked in the direction he was pointing at. As expected, he found the appearance of the other soldier who fainted yesterday.

“If we want to talk about what can be used to defeat humans, it’s the humans themselves.” The Black Elf shook the chain in his hand as if he was playing with a pet. Then, he said to the people of Caradia.

“You really have everything in mind.”

Blue veins were faintly popping out on Claremont’s forehead.

At this moment, a soldier quickly ran to Claremont’s side and reported in his ear, “Captain Claremont, Captain Devitt has escaped from danger.”

“Okay,” Claremont said in a deep voice. Then, he turned to the soldiers behind him and said, “Soldiers, the enemy has tortured our comrades to this state. In order to protect our comrades and supplies, follow me and charge!”

“Kill!”

All the Caradia soldiers waved the weapons in their hands.

Claremont did not say anything else. He gripped the large knife in his hand tightly and charged forward.

The Black Elf in the lead smiled sinisterly. He broke free from the chains in his hand and turned around to walk out of the military camp. All the “humans” that were kneeling on the ground charged towards the Caradia soldiers like jackalans and wolves.

The Caradia soldiers slashed their knives and swords at these menacing ghosts. In the end, their weapons passed through their bodies. Other than the sound of friction with the air, they did not have much effect.

“Empty?” The Caradia soldiers asked in surprise.

Before they could recover, all the slaves pounced on them.

Of course, this attack did not leave any actual wounds on the Caradia soldiers. However, the soldiers who were attacked fell to the ground one after another, squatting on the ground and crying with their heads in their hands.

“Why are you crying?” Claremont shouted in confusion as he dodged the attacks of the slaves.

Soldiers were stronger than ordinary people in terms of willpower.

Claremont had experienced four or five actual battles, but he had never seen such a painful and silent warrior on the battlefield.

The moment he was distracted, the black slave found an opportunity to attack.

The moment the black slave pounced forward and penetrated Claremont’s body.

Claremont’s pupils suddenly enlarged. A cold aura invaded his bones, and the logic in his mind became chaotic.

Claremont felt as if he had already left the battlefield. The cries of his childhood abuse by his father kept ringing in his ears.

The images in the depths of his memory were pulled ashore.

Claremont could not hear the sounds around him. He could only keep recalling the scene where he was beaten half to death.

“Father, I was wrong,” Claremont sobbed.

Seeing that Claremont was about to burst out with the soldiers around him, Claremont’s tears also exploded.

A pair of warm palms rested on his shoulders, allowing him to see the light again.

Claremont raised his head and looked at the person who had come to redeem him.

“Abel?”

“Stand up. You fell just now.”

On the chaotic battlefield, Abel reached out his hand and said to Claremont.

“Let’s go!” A Black Elf noticed the situation on Claremont’s side and shouted at his companion, “That Elf knows light magic.”

The leader of the Black Elves also noticed that Abel’s entire body was exuding a holy light. His face revealed a shocked expression.

Seeing that this group of Caradia soldiers were about to fall into his hands. The fat meat that was sent to his mouth was about to fly away. It was such a pity.

The leader of the Black Elves gritted his teeth. In the end, he still cast a spell to recall the slaves on the battlefield, intending to escape with the others.

“Trying to leave? It won’t be that easy.” Claremont, who had just been rescued by Abel, rushed to the front of the Black Elves with red eyes. He placed his weapon on the other party’s neck.

The elves’ rescue was carried out on every single Caradia soldier who was in trouble.

The soldiers regained their combat strength. At this time, they followed Claremont and captured the escaping black elves, holding them under their blades.

“You’re just a little lucky.” The Black Elf leader narrowed his eyes dangerously. “If you really want to force us with our lives, do you really think that we won’t be able to defeat you?”

“Cut the crap. How about you stabbing our captain and the spirits of our two soldiers. Immediately lift the restrictions on them.” Claremont pressed the blade against the back of the Black Elf’s neck. Gritting his teeth, he said.

“That blade was stabbed by one of your soldiers. What does that have to do with me?” The Black Elf Leader raised his head indifferently and said, “I’ll give you the spirits of the two soldiers that you want.”

As soon as he finished speaking, two of the chains on his left hand snapped.

The two slaves also disappeared into thin air.

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Chapter 713: The Heartache of the First Taste of Bitterness

Claremont glanced at Abel, who was standing at the side. After seeing Abel nod at him, he pushed the Black Elf Leader away and said, "I hope that you have more self-awareness this time. Don't come and provoke us again in the future."

"Hehe." The Black Elf Leader stood up, rubbed his shoulders, and laughed softly.

The other soldiers watched as Claremont released him. Although they didn't quite understand, they let go of the hands that had bound the black elves.

"Scram!" Abel said.

"One day, I'll come and try it out. The feeling of being cursed by the legendary King of Light," the Black Elf Leader said as he gave Abel an evil look.

After saying this, he turned around and beckoned the other black elves to leave.

"Hiss!" A silver light pierced through the air and entered the back of the Black Elf Leader.

"Ah!" the Black Elf Leader cried out in surprise.

It was only a ball of light the size of a fingernail, but it burned a big hole in the Black Elf Leader's back.

The black spiritual power in the black elf's body kept surging out.

The Black Elf Leader stopped the other black elves from going forward to fight and he shot Abel a hateful look.

Abel looked at him and said in a relaxed manner, "From the looks of it, you shouldn't even think about trying. Be careful not to fall into pieces. Take this strike as my return to you on Captain Devitt's behalf."

"Let's go!"

The Black Elf Leader walked out of the military camp with the support of his two companions and disappeared from everyone's sight.

The warriors put down their weapons and celebrated the victory of this war with the elven mages. Meanwhile, Claremont silently helped the trembling Abel back to his tent.

"Even the slightest bit of strength from the King of Light is not something our bodies can withstand."

Abel sat down on his seat and wiped the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

The move he used on the Black Elf Leader just now had exhausted all the strength in his body.

Even now, his calves were cramping.

Claremont brought a basin of water and said to Abel, "Thanks to your presence, we were able to resolve this predicament. The Caradia soldiers owe the elves another favor."

"We're all in the same team. Naturally, we'll attack when we can. There's nothing to owe," Abel shook his head and said. He used a wet towel to massage his calf.

When they were on the battlefield, Abel had told Claremont that he could not use light magic. He could only borrow a little bit of energy from the runes that sealed the power of the King of Light, he used it to pretend to be a light elf.

The other elves were the same. However, the power in their bodies was dispersed by Abel, so they did not feel any pain during the process of receiving it.

The two of them worked together to force the black elves out of their own territory and gave them a warning when they left.

"In this way, I reckon that the black elves won't dare to come and find trouble with us in the future," Abel said.

Claremont also nodded.

At this time, a soldier rushed into the tent and said to Claremont in surprise, "Captain Claremont, Herne, and the others are awake!"

"Awake?!" Claremont stood up and said in surprise.

Then, he said to Abel, "Captain Abel, I'll go to the two soldiers to take a look first. You should rest well for now."

"Okay," Abel replied.

Claremont followed the reporting soldier to the tent where the two fainted soldiers were.

He walked to the bed of the soldiers who were still recuperating and said, "You two are finally awake."

When Herne saw Claremont's figure, he was so moved that he almost cried. He had just woken up not long ago and did not actually feel the fact that he had returned to the real world. After seeing Claremont rushing over, he finally realized his current situation.

"I also thought that we would never wake up again," Herne said with a smile as he looked at his comrade who had just opened his eyes.

"Tell me what happened that night," Claremont said.

Herne thought for a moment and explained in detail. That night, he and Wilkes stood guard at the entrance of the camp. They met Devitt, who had eaten something bad, left the camp to find a place to go to the toilet. Not long after Devitt walked out of the door, he noticed the rustling of leaves in the grass. He thought that it was Devitt who was walking over. However, he found that it was a dark-skinned foreign elf standing in front of them. Then, the two of them were attacked and fell unconscious.

"I see." Claremont nodded and said, "It seems that the black elves are ready to attack."

"After I fainted, I felt my soul leave my body. I was thinking that I might have been killed by the black elves, but I ended up in the hands of a black elf," Herne continued.

"So, you all remember what happened on the battlefield?" Claremont asked in surprise.

"Battlefield? What battlefield?" Herne asked curiously. "After my soul fell into the hands of the black elves, I lost consciousness. I don't know what happened next."

"Okay." Claremont ended his visit and told the two wounded, "Rest well."

Walking out of the tent where the wounded were, Claremont immediately headed toward Devitt's tent.

Although he had heard from the soldier that Devitt's life was no longer in danger. However, recalling the scene of Devitt being assassinated, Claremont could not help but feel his heart clench.

Thinking of this, Claremont hurriedly quickened his pace.

When he walked into Devitt's tent, the smell of blood and alcohol assailed him.

Claremont frowned.

It seemed that the soldiers in charge of medical treatment had not cleaned up the scene.

When he walked to the bed where Devitt usually rested, Claremont found that Abel was also there.

The pale-faced Devitt lay on the bed. His breathing was so shallow that it was almost imperceptible. His shirt had already been taken off. A thick bandage was tied around his abdomen.

"Still not awake?" Claremont asked softly.

"He lost too much blood. All the organs in his body are still recovering," an elven soldier replied.

The elven soldier's healing skills, coupled with the Caradia soldier's on-the-spot medical skills, finally stabilized Devitt's vital signs after a long period of work.

"If that's the case, we shouldn't be able to continue on our journey," Abel sighed softly.

"Let's see how our recovery will be tomorrow," Claremont said after a moment of silence.

"I wonder if our group will be able to successfully reach the destination of the mission." Abel looked up at the sky and said, "It seems that it is indeed difficult for us to move forward."

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Chapter 714: A Day of Rest

When the sun rose the next day, Devitt was still unable to wake up from his injury.

The scouts decided to stay overnight and wait for Devitt's recovery.

Claremont led his soldiers to carry out regular military physical training in the wilderness of the plains.

Camping outside was not as complete as the training equipment and facilities in the military camp.

However, everyone completed their daily training seriously.

The attack of the black elves yesterday made everyone return to their high standards.

If they wanted to continue on the road to the volcano, they would have to increase their strength.

The elves also had the same idea and gathered together to practice their spells.

During the free time of training, many soldiers came to Claremont's side and asked, "What kind of race are the valley trolls outside the Plains?"

Claremont answered the soldiers' questions one by one and told them all about the habits of the trolls.

"The trolls' attack power is relatively small. But you can't underestimate them," Claremont introduced.

"What weapons do they use to attack others?" a soldier raised his hand and asked.

"They usually use their homemade cudgel-type weapons, or their sharp fangs," Claremont replied.

"So they are suitable for opponents like us who are good at close combat," a Caradia soldier commented.

"Yes, but you can not be exhausted by them in close combat. Trolls, no matter what kind of trolls they are, have astonishing stamina. Moreover, their life force recovery ability is extremely strong. In my knowledge, there shouldn't be any race that can be compared to them in terms of resisting pressure. Therefore, when fighting against them, you must be extremely careful and keep a distance so that you don't get killed," Claremont carefully exhorted.

"They are indeed very powerful!"

A Caradia soldier nodded and said, "The previous two battles were settled by the elves as if we didn't have any effect. This time, we must show our strengths to the elven mages."

"War is the last resort. It's better to avoid it. Don't forget what our mission is," Claremont instructed seriously.

The training ground was still a little far from where everyone was camping.

Thus, no one wanted to go back. After the training ended, the scouts returned to the barracks before the sunset.

When Claremont stepped into the barracks, an elven soldier came forward and reported, "Captain Claremont, Captain Devitt is awake."

The soldiers behind Claremont were restless.

"Captain Claremont, we also want to visit Captain Devitt," a soldier standing beside Claremont said.

The other soldiers also nodded and echoed his request.

"Captain Devitt has just woken up. If so many of you go, you might disturb his rest. Let Captain Devitt come to see you in person when he recovers a little better," Claremont thought for a moment, then shook his head and denied.

Hearing Claremont's words, the soldiers lowered their heads one after another, and their mood also dropped.

"Don't worry, do what you have to do. Today's gathering is disbanded," Claremont instructed.

With that, he followed the elven soldiers to the tent where Devitt was.

As expected, Abel, who was originally in the military camp, arrived before Devitt one step ahead of him.

After greeting Abel, Claremont leaned over to check on Devitt's condition.

Devitt had just woken up from his coma, and his eyes were a little hazy.

"Cough, cough." After seeing the two people standing in front of his bed, Devitt opened his mouth to say something, but the words on his lips turned into a cough.

A trace of blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth.

Claremont's originally calm gaze instantly turned into fear.

Abel also said worriedly, "Your injuries are too serious. Don't even think about talking when you just woke up."

The soldier in charge of medical treatment turned pale with fright. He walked over to Devitt's pillow and used a healing spell to calm the discomfort in Devitt's body.

After his breathing gradually calmed down, Devitt opened his eyes again and looked at the two people with a worried expression.

"The Black Elves have been chased away by us. You don't have to worry," Claremont reported first.

Devitt didn't seem surprised and nodded at Claremont.

"The army will temporarily set up camp on the plains and settle down. When your wounds are almost healed, we will set off again," Abel said.

Hearing Abel's plan, Devitt frowned. It seemed that he didn't want to drag down the progress of the entire army because of his own injuries.

"This is also for the sake of the entire team. Don't be stubborn." Claremont shook his head, he said to Devitt, "You are the leader of this team. If you don't maintain a healthy and strong appearance, how can we make the soldiers follow you move forward with trust?"

After listening to Claremont's explanation, Devitt thought for a while and finally nodded in compromise.

Seeing that Devitt had agreed, Claremont did not say anything more. He asked the elven soldier beside him, "How is Captain Devitt's current physical condition?"

"His recovery is very strong. I reckon that with someone watching over him, he will recover very quickly," answered the elven soldier.

"Mm." Claremont nodded and turned to speak to Devitt, "You heard it, right? It won't take long. Now, the most important thing is to take care of your own body."

Devitt nodded his head as if he had made a promise.

After asking Devitt some questions about how he felt about his own body, Claremont and Abel also took their leave.

The soldiers outside the camp had already begun to eat their dinner.

After instructing the soldiers in charge of the kitchen to bring some light liquid food to Devitt, Claremont also joined the ranks of the soldiers.

Abel walked to his side, and the two of them chatted as they ate porridge.

"The black elves are so hateful," Claremont sighed.

"They've always lived in the dark side of this world. They probably don't care about the severity of their attacks anymore," Abel replied.

"Is that so? Now that I think about it, I realize that there's a saying that makes a lot of sense," Claremont said, his eyes wandering.

"What?"

"Among the weapons used to defeat humans, the ones with the best effect are the humans themselves," Claremont said softly.

Abel sensed Claremont's melancholy and stopped his actions of picking up vegetables. He asked Claremont, "Did the attack that day remind you of anything?"

That day on the battlefield was the first time Abel saw Claremont in such pain.

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Chapter 715: A Dark Corner of the Past

"I remembered some of the things that happened when I was young." Claremont felt that his throat had become somewhat dry. He raised his cup and drank a mouthful of water before answering.

Abel recalled the words that Claremont kept repeating in his mouth that day. He asked hesitantly, "Was it related to your father?"

Perhaps it was best to say it out loud. In Claremont's eyes, Abel was a good listener.

Under the quiet moonlight, Claremont told Abel about his childhood experience of being abused by his father.

When the last sentence of the story was finished, Abel quietly stared at Claremont's side profile.

Even though it was dark around him, Abel could still see the sadness on Claremont's face.

"Then, where is your father now?" Abel asked hesitantly.

"Dead." Claremont sneered and said, "I didn't kill him. When I was twelve years old, he was killed by his enemy who was chasing after his debt."

Abel sat there silently, not knowing what to say.

"I originally planned to forget about this matter, but because of the Black Elf's spell, I remembered the past." Claremont shook his head, he said casually, "It seems that the impression that man left on me is quite deep."

After listening to Claremont's words, Abel recalled the impression he had gotten from spending the past few days with Claremont. Most of the time, he was very quiet, and his actions were strong. He maintained a clear boundary with his superiors and took care of others.

He did not see a single trace of negativity in Claremont.

When he thought about how Claremont had escaped from his dark childhood without the help of others to become a decent military officer, he felt even more pained when he faced the inferiority complex radiating from him.

"Claremont, although I haven't known you for long, you are indeed one of the most outstanding colleagues I have ever met." Abel paused for a moment before continuing, "Don't hate yourself because of your father."

After listening to Abel's words, Claremont was silent for a moment. He stood up and said to Abel, "Thank you, Abel."

After saying that, he picked up his bowl and chopsticks and left.

Abel stayed where he was and continued to chew on the cold food.

Tears did not represent weakness in every situation.

Devitt's injury recovered very quickly. The scouts rested for a day and a half on the spot. Then they began the next part of the journey.

It was noon when the soldiers set out. The sun shone on everyone's shoulders.

"Captain Devitt, is there really no problem with your body?" A Caradia soldier walked to Devitt's side and asked curiously.

"No problem." Devitt smiled and nodded. "It's not feasible to continue to slack off under my cover."

"Hehe, how can that be? We've been training well in the military camp these past few days." The soldier laughed in a relaxed manner. "However, Captain Devitt is really amazing. He suffered such a serious injury and recovered within two days."

"Didn't you see the medical soldiers guarding by my side all day and night? For their sake, I have to recover as soon as possible," Devitt replied.

"Are you sure you're okay?" After the soldiers left, Claremont walked forward and asked suspiciously.

"To be honest, I'm straining a little." Devitt patted Claremont's shoulder and stopped him from getting angry. "But it's still okay to use it on the road."

"If you feel any discomfort, remember to tell me immediately. Don't endure it yourself," Claremont pursed his lips and said seriously.

"Alright, I promise you," Devitt said clearly.

As they moved forward for the whole day, the plants by the roadside gradually changed.

"We're approaching the valley soon," Abel said to the soldiers.

"Are we going to set up camp in the valley tonight?" Claremont and Abel discussed.

"It should be. But we have to find a very hidden place."

Abel nodded and say, "It's best to find a place a little further away from the mountain road."

Claremont carefully considered the conditions that Abel had mentioned, and thought about how to find a suitable place to set up camp.

When the scouts heard Abel's words, they also began to discuss animatedly.

Until the moon rose into the sky, the scouts still had not entered the plains. This distance was much farther than they had imagined.

"How much longer will it take?" Devitt asked Abel, who was leading the way in front.

"Probably... about an hour," Abel replied.

The soldiers continued to trudge forward.

Seeing that the sky was about to turn dark, Claremont suggested to Abel, a little worried. "Why don't we set up camp near here tonight? If we continue, it will be a waste of energy and time for us to adjust."

"Okay." Abel thought for a while and nodded in agreement.

"Everyone stop! Set up camp nearby!" Claremont ordered the soldiers.

The soldiers immediately stopped when they heard the order.

Everyone began to set up camp together.

Meanwhile, Devitt was forced by Abel to wait at the side.

Under the circumstances where he was bored to death, Devitt walked around the place where the soldiers set up camp.

"Hualala."

Devitt seemed to have heard something. He stopped and listened carefully. He realized that it was the sound of water flowing.

Devitt immediately called a few soldiers and went with him to inspect the source of the sound.

In the end, he found a small stream hidden in the mountains.

The soldiers who were traveling with him were overjoyed. However, Devitt frowned.

He stopped everyone from fishing for fresh water and brought the soldiers back to the military camp.

He summoned Claremont and Abel to discuss, "I think we've found the wrong place to camp."

"Why?" Abel asked.

"When I was patrolling the area just now, I found a stream of fresh water," Devitt said.

When they heard this news, both of their faces darkened.

The status of the water source on this island was practically on par with gold. According to Raphael, no river was not occupied by various races. When advancing in the wild, one must avoid places where there were rivers. Where there were freshwater resources, there would definitely be powerful forces entrenched. This should be beyond reproach.

Abel turned around and glanced at the soldiers who were still setting up their tents. He asked Devitt, "How far is that stream from here?"

"It's not considered very far. It's about fifteen minutes away," Devitt replied.

"That's quite dangerous," Claremont said after taking a deep breath.

"But finding another place to camp now is a little too much for me," Abel analyzed.

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Chapter 716: A Sudden Interlude

"Indeed." Claremont looked at the dark sky and agreed.

The three people's expressions became a little complicated.

"Why don't I bring some people over to take a look?" Abel suggested after a moment of silence.

"Yes." Devitt nodded and agreed.

After making his decision, Abel called a few people to follow him to the location of the creek.

Devitt and Claremont stayed in the military camp and waited for the news they brought back.

Half an hour later, Abel and the others returned to the military camp.

"How was it?" Claremont quickly walked forward and asked.

"We carefully looked at the movements around the creek. Other than the footprints left by Devitt and his men, we didn't find anyone who came," Abel reported.

"I see." Hearing this, Devitt's originally worried heart temporarily calmed down.

"In that case, let's stay here for a night. We'll set off early tomorrow." Claremont thought for a moment, then looked at Devitt and Abel and suggested.

Devitt and Abel nodded in agreement.

"However, we still need to strengthen our defenses tonight," Devitt instructed.

By the time Abel brought his men to scout the area, the camping tents had already been set up.

However, today, Devitt gave an order to the soldiers, "Do not use fire to cook dinner."

Therefore, when it was time for dinner, everyone sat around in the open space of the camp and began to eat their dry rations.

"Sigh, I miss having dinner at the military restaurant." Austin took a bite of wheat bread and sighed.

"Me too," a soldier echoed.

Everyone discussed the food in the military restaurant. When they talked about their favorite dishes, they couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

Devitt, who was sitting a little further away from the soldiers, said with a laugh, "Everyone is still chatting with each other."

"Yes, our soldiers have learned to find comfort from their memories," Abel continued.

"There are still many days ahead. I hope they are mentally prepared," Claremont replied.

The weather on the autumn plains was relatively cool.

However, this was only for healthy people. After eating dinner, Devitt was driven back to his tent by Claremont and the others to rest.

"The weather is getting colder and colder now." After sending Devitt back to the camp, Claremont and Abel went for a walk outside the camp to digest their food. A gust of mountain wind blew the grass and shook it. Claremont also felt a chill and turned to say to Abel.

"It's already November. The sky is turning dark very quickly." Abel nodded and looked at the sky.

"It's November. Ever since I boarded the ship, I haven't counted the days." Claremont sighed. "I didn't expect it to be the end of the year."

"It seems that we will be spending the new year on this island this year," Claremont said.

"I brought enough winter cotton clothes," Claremont said with a smile. He lifted his feet and walked toward the entrance of the military camp. "We should go back."

"Yeah, but elves don't have a clear feeling about the temperature," Abel said, following Claremont's footsteps.

"Huh? I'm so envious," Claremont said in surprise. "What about fire elves? Don't they feel different in the winter?"

"I'm not sure about that, but I don't think I'm very sensitive to the temperature," Abel thought for a while and shook his head.

"I didn't ask you before. General Abel, what kind of physique do you belong to as an elven mage?" Claremont thought of something and asked, "I haven't heard you mention it ever since we fought against the Black Elves."

"Actually, my spells aren't that powerful. Many elven soldiers in our team are more powerful than me. I was just chosen to be the captain because I was more focused on my physical strength." Abel said in embarrassment, "If you want to say what kind of spell I belong to, it should be water-type."

"A water element mage? It's amazing that you can train your physical abilities at the same time," Claremont praised.

The first time he met Abel, it could be said that he had overturned Claremont's impression of the elves.

Due to their talent and other reasons, the elves gave other races the impression of an exquisite and lazy group of mages.

And a rough general like Abel was also a member of the elves, which really broke a prejudice.

The two continued to chat while walking back to the barracks.

When they reached the entrance of the barracks, Claremont and Abel saw Devitt walking out of the barracks in a panic and meeting them head-on.

"What's wrong, Captain Devitt?" Abel asked anxiously.

"Two soldiers fainted," Devitt answered. His shirt was full of wrinkles. It was obvious that he had just received news from the soldiers. He didn't pay attention to his clothes and ran out.

"Where?" Claremont asked nervously.

"By the stream. I heard that they went there to drink freshwater, and found that the stream water was poisonous," a soldier walked up and reported carefully.

"What?!" Claremont and Abel were surprised.

"Were they carried back?" Abel asked the soldier who rushed back to report.

"They should be on the way back." Devitt strode in the direction of the stream.

"The two of us should go and take a look. Devitt, you're wearing so little. Don't go so far," Claremont suggested as he sized up Devitt's thin autumn clothes.

"It's okay. My body isn't that weak."

Just as the two of them were arguing, they stood at the entrance of the barracks and looked over. Two fainted soldiers, supported by four soldiers, slowly walked toward the barracks.

"They're back!" the soldier exclaimed.

Devitt and the other two also noticed the commotion and quickly walked toward the group of soldiers who had returned to the camp.

"Captain Devitt, Captain Claremont, Captain Abel. I'm sorry, I'm sorry." One of the hunchback soldiers had obviously just cried. His eyes were red as he knelt on the ground and apologized.

"Wait, don't panic." Devitt commanded, "Quickly call the medical team over!"

Abel walked forward and placed his palms near the hearts of the two fainted soldiers. A wave of spiritual energy seeped into his palms.

Immediately after, Abel's face darkened. He stood up and said to Devitt, "No need. They have no signs of life."

"Ah..." Devitt opened his mouth but could not say anything. Tears fell directly from his eyes.

Judging from Abel's expression, what he said was indeed true.

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Chapter 717: They Were Lucky Enough to Pass By the Trolls

The scene fell into a deathly silence.

The soldiers on the ground trembled and cried out in pain.

Claremont looked in disbelief at the corpses of the two soldiers who had fallen to the ground. After they had set off from the Elf Kingdom, they had been troubled by the ent, and they had also been attacked by the black elf vagabonds. However, there had never been any cases of casualties. Devitt had been severely injured before, and he had been saved from the grasp of the Grim Reaper.

And without anyone noticing, the two soldiers had died in an ordinary accident.

In front of the withering of life, Claremont took a deep breath, feeling as if his heart had been chilled to the bottom of his heart.

In the camp, the Caradia soldiers and the elven soldiers had also gathered at the entrance of the camp. After understanding the current situation, their faces were all solemn.

"Soldiers can not leave the camp without permission. This is the first day of the formation of the team, I told you, right?" Devitt wiped away his tears and gnashed his teeth at the soldiers who had made mistakes.

"We were wrong, Captain Devitt." The soldiers knelt on the ground and confessed to Devitt.

"I won't punish you this time. Bury your comrades properly. Remember to bring their ashes and luggage with you tomorrow. No matter what, you must bring the things they left back to Dronnheim. Leave your apologies until then," Devitt said coldly.

Abel walked in front of all the soldiers, he said, "Please take a good look at your current position. This world has always been cruel. Next time if there are soldiers who made such mistakes, I hope you can take off your armor and leave this team."

Claremont's eyes turned cold. He glanced at the soldiers who had admitted their mistakes and left.

After the three leaders left, the soldiers swarmed to the soldiers who had returned from the stream.

That night, the soldiers lit a fire near the military camp and cremated the two soldiers who had passed away.

Devitt and the others did not arrive. The funeral ceremony only ended late at night.

Many soldiers shed tears of heartache.

Early the next morning, the forty-eight scouts set off early in a sorrowful atmosphere.

The soldiers who were with the sacrificed soldiers had white scarves tied around their arms.

They looked at each other and silently advanced for an hour. The group finally reached the end of the transition zone.

They could roughly see the scenery of the valley.

A rapid river flowed through the valley. Today, the scouts would follow the direction of the river and pass through the valley.

The valley was green. Even in autumn, the plants by the roadside still grew and flourished.

The group stopped and waited for the leader to take the next step.

"General Abel, what's the next step?" The soldier behind Abel stepped forward and asked.

Abel often held a map in his hand. After checking the surrounding terrain, he looked at the map and said, "Although we are walking by the stream, we should still move forward under the cover of the forest. It will be more concealed."

After saying this, Abel commanded everyone to move towards the area covered by the forest.

"Will the trolls suddenly appear?" a soldier asked worriedly.

"Usually, they won't. The places they choose to live in are mostly a few hundred meters higher than where we are now. It's just that we don't know how far their range of activity will expand during the day. Generally speaking, it's better to be more vigilant," Abel explained to the soldier as he observed the wind and grass around him.

"Alright then," the soldier nervously swallowed a mouthful of saliva and replied.

All the soldiers behind Abel slowed down their footsteps and carefully advanced through the mountain ridges.

The air in the forest was still rather good. The Caradia soldiers stooped down and sneaked into the forest until noon, but no one breathed heavily or anything. The elves were even more at ease when they arrived at this place, following Abel in a carefree manner.

Walking at the end of the line, Claremont noticed that Devitt's expression was not good.

He asked worriedly, "Captain Devitt, are you not feeling well?"

"I'm fine. I just didn't sleep well last night," Devitt shook his head and replied. His face was still a little pale.

"Is it because of the two soldiers?" Claremont lowered his eyes and asked.

"... Yes." Devitt forced a smile and continued, "I was thinking that if I handled things more carefully and be more curious in wanting to know the reason why no one was interested in that stream, maybe the two soldiers wouldn't die."

"But, that situation might also change and you would have died in their place." Claremont said calmly, "I don't think there's any difference?"

"Is that so..." Devitt closed his eyes slightly and sighed.

"Life and death are not decided by us. I only understood this yesterday." Claremont sighed and said, "Captain Devitt, I hope you can reduce your burden."

Devitt bit his lower lip and didn't respond.

"It seems that we really don't have to meet the trolls today," a soldier said happily.

It was already afternoon. Everyone was already looking at the end of the mountain road.

"After walking the first part of the road, we will be able to walk out of the jungle trolls' territory," Abel also said happily.

"That's great!" the soldiers cheered in a low voice.

Everyone secretly encouraged themselves and sped up. They wanted to walk out of this place as soon as possible.

At this moment, two 200-pound jungle trolls were standing halfway up the mountain and looking at them.

The skin of the jungle trolls was purple, and there were tiny hairs on the surface of their skin.

These two had decent figures. Their waists were thin and their shoulders were wide. The bulging muscles between their arms emitted a dazzling luster.

"Lord Woking, are we really going to let them go?" a troll asked the other troll in front of him.

"Mm. Could it be that you're interested in them?" Woking raised his eyes and asked.

"No, no. I've been waiting on this island for a long time. I've long lost the habit of cannibalism," the troll replied. "It's just that we've never..."

"I heard that this group of people is here to investigate the reason why the Dwarfs who used to live near the volcano disappeared." Woking retracted his gaze from the scouts and interrupted the other troll, he said, "They're just passing by. On my account, let them walk over."

"Yes," the troll replied respectfully. "This group of people should be glad that they met the Lord when you were on the island to investigate."

"Dollond, the matters on this island have always been left to you to handle. It's been hard on you." Woking did not continue to discuss the matter of the scouts. He patted the troll's shoulder and consoled him.

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Chapter 718: A Wolf Pack That Was Easily Dealt With

"It's not hard at all." The troll named Dollond shook his head and said with a smile, "Compared to Lord Woking, who is responsible for the entire Dark Spear Clan, this little task of mine is nothing."

"You've done quite well," Woking said flatly and praised.

"Lord Woking's inspection of the island this year is a little early. How long are you planning to stay on the island?" Dollond changed the topic and asked.

"I should be leaving tomorrow." Woking lifted his feet and walked up the mountain.

"Why don't you stay on the island for a few more days?" Dollond followed closely behind and said anxiously, "The representatives of the outstanding subordinates haven't met you yet."

"Then call them over when we send them off tomorrow," Woking said casually.

"This is really..."

After walking out of the territory belonging to the trolls in the valley, the scouts were finally able to straighten their backs and see the sun again.

From where they were standing, the Sun had already set on the back of the mountain range. The sky was filled with the golden afterglow.

“Get ready to find a place to camp,” Abel ordered.

“Yes!” the soldiers let out an orderly and loud voice.

The Autumn Sun was always falling at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The soldiers’ tents were half-built, so they could not see anything clearly. They could only pick up wood and build a few open fire platforms before they went to set up camp.

“Although we are not in the troll’s territory right now, the jackalans and wild beasts in this valley can be considered quite dangerous, right?” After a soldier nailed down a wooden stake, he spoke to the soldier who was working beside him.

“Indeed. Now that you mention it, I think I really heard a wolf cry,” the soldier replied.

“No way, don’t scare me,” the soldier who spoke hurriedly picked up the hammer in his hand.

“Haha, it must be to scare you! Even if there really is a wolf, you don’t have to be so scared, right?” The soldier stood at the spot and cupped his belly.

“I say, why are you...” the frightened soldier was about to curse something.

“Wolf! Wolf!” a soldier’s shout came from afar.

At this time, setting up the military camp was almost completed. Devitt and the others stayed in the tent to collect their clothes. After hearing the shout, they quickly walked out of the camp.

Abel walked in front of the soldier who was shouting and asked, “Where did you see the wolves?”

“At the entrance of the camp, there seemed to be seven or eight wolves,” the soldier reported while panting.

“Got it,” Abel replied. Then, he walked out of the camp on his own. Just as the soldier had said, seven wild wolves were lying in the forest at the entrance of the camp. Under the illumination of the fire, their pupils refracted a green light.

When the pack of wolves saw Abel appear alone in front of them, they let out a grunting sound from their throats.

Abel did not care. He walked back to the group of soldiers.

“Captain Abel, what do we do now?” a soldier walked forward and asked.

“See if we can lure these wolves away. If not, we can only kill them,” Abel replied.

After receiving the answer, the soldier nodded and said to the soldiers behind him, “You, you, you, you, you, follow me.”

After watching the soldier lead the six-man team out of the camp, Abel dismissed the soldiers gathered around him.

Claremont and Devitt were a step too late. They passed through the scattered crowd and walked to Abel. "What's wrong?"

"A soldier found a pack of wolves at the entrance of the camp. He has already sent people to deal with it," Abel replied.

"Was the soldier bitten by the wolf?" Devitt asked with concern.

"No, he was just scared," Abel replied. When he asked the soldier, he had also carefully observed him.

"That's good." Devitt heaved a sigh of relief and said.

After half an hour or so.

The soldier who went out to deal with the wolf pack came back with the body of the wolf.

The leading soldier reported to Claremont, "Captain Claremont, we have destroyed all the wolves."

"Well done." Claremont nodded.

"These wolves should be enough for dinner today. I heard that eating wolf meat can keep out the cold and nourish the stomach," a soldier suggested.

"This... you have to ask the soldiers in the logistics department whether they are willing to cook for you," Claremont said hesitantly.

"Go, go, ask them," a soldier in the team said happily.

"Then we will take our leave first, Captain Claremont." The leading soldier bowed to Claremont and said.

"Okay."

Seeing the group of people walking toward the back of the camp, Claremont silently decided in his heart that he would make do with wheat bread for dinner today.

"What are you guys talking about?" The soldier in the kitchen, who was cutting vegetables, couldn't help but ask when he saw a group of soldiers dragging something towards him.

"Today's extra meal," a soldier said happily.

"Look at how fat the meat is," a soldier said as he placed the wild wolf in his hand on the chopping board.

"Okay, okay. You brought so much. Where can we find people to cook for you?" The soldier who was cooking put down his kitchen knife and waved his hand. "One is more like it."

"Sorry to trouble you." the soldiers heard the other party agree and thanked him happily.

Leaving the one on the chopping board, the soldiers dragged the other wild wolves and prepared to throw them outside the camp.

"Throw them further away, don't throw them into the river." The soldier who was cutting vegetables thought of something and hurriedly chased after them. He shouted at the back of the group of people who had left.

"Got it!"

After the group of people had asked Devitt for instructions, they walked out of the military camp and threw the body of the wild wolf in the jungle which was about ten minutes away from the military camp.

Dollond's two subordinates watched the soldiers throw away the body of the wild wolf. They turned around and left.

They walked out of the jungle.

A troll walked closer to the jungle where the bodies of the wolves were piled up and looked at it carefully. He turned around and said to his companion, "Looks like these soldiers are quite powerful."

"What's the big deal? They just defeated a few stray wolves," another troll said disdainfully.

"I'm a little interested in them. Why don't we go and find a few soldiers to practice with," the troll said as he walked closer.

"Lord Dollond's orders are only to keep an eye on them. He specifically told us not to let anyone attack. Do you want to disobey his orders?" the troll said sternly.

"I don't dare. Just take it as a joke." The troll who was reprimanded retracted his relaxed and casual look and lowered his head towards another troll.

"Lord Woking is about to leave this island. You don't want to find an opportunity to show off in front of Lord Woking. Instead, you're looking for people to fight one-on-one. What can you do?" the troll sighed and said, as he admonished the troll beside him, he walked back.

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Chapter 719: The Latest Challenge to Begin

"Why is there so little meat?" The soldiers who went hunting for the wolf pack, who were waiting excitedly for the kitchen to serve the dishes, could not help but complain when they saw the meat soup in their bowls.

"Don't say anymore. The wild wolves that you guys fought over only have this little meat." The soldier who was cooking sighed. "They live in this valley, so they should be having a hard time too."

"Don't snatch it. This piece of meat is mine."

The soldiers had already started to snatch the remaining wolf meat in the bowl.

No one was listening to what the soldier in the kitchen was saying.

The soldier in the kitchen sighed and walked towards Devitt's tent with a plate of food.

"Captain Devitt," the soldier called out softly after walking into the tent.

Devitt, who was lying on the table, raised his body. After seeing the bowl in the soldier's hand, he waved at him and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't notice that it was already dinner time. Sorry to trouble you."

"No problem." The soldier shook his head and walked forward to put the food on another table.

After seeing the soldier put the food on the table, Devitt was about to look away, but he found that the soldier had no intention of retreating. Instead, he stood there hesitantly. So he raised his head and asked, "What's wrong? What's the matter?"

"Well..." the soldier hesitated and said, "Captain Devitt, we're almost out of rations."

"Huh?" Devitt said in surprise, "But we have only set off from Dwarf Town for a few days. How could we run out of the amount we prepared and the supplies we purchased so quickly?"

"When we were purchasing, we were tricked by the dwarf merchants. After we set off, we found out that what they sold us were all scraps that could not be used for cooking." The soldier explained nervously, "In the past few days, we have been using up the food we brought with us. Now, we are almost at the bottom."

"Then, how long can we last with the food we have now?" Devitt rubbed his temples and asked.

"I am not very clear about the situation on the elves' side. On our side, we can only last for... three days." the soldier replied carefully.

"Three days?!"

This number really shocked Devitt.

Three days. He probably wouldn't even be able to walk out of the valley.

"... I understand," Devitt sighed and replied. Then, he asked the soldier to leave.

Devitt walked to the table where the dishes were placed and started to drink the soup one mouthful at a time.

Over the past few days, all sorts of unexpected situations gradually made him haggard.

As he ate, he thought about how to resolve this crisis.

After dinner, Devitt summoned Claremont and Abel. The three of them sat opposite each other in Devitt's tent. Devitt relayed to them the facts that the soldiers had reported to him today.

"Can the two of you think of any good strategies?" Devitt surrendered his hopeful gaze to the two of them.

"Why don't we give some of our rations to the Caradia soldiers as a contingency?" Abel suggested.

The elves only ate one-fifth of what humans ate every day, and they drank even less water.

Under such circumstances, the troops that supported Caradia soldiers should still have some spare food.

"How much food do the elven soldiers have left?" Claremont asked worriedly.

"This... I'm not too sure. We'll know once we get someone to ask." Abel immediately stood up and walked out of the tent to get someone to find the elven logistics soldiers.

Not long after, an elven soldier walked in.

When Devitt saw Abel's questioning, the soldier's nervous expression, the hope in his eyes extinguished by half.

The elves had encountered the same predicament as the Caradia soldiers. The rations could only last for ten days.

"These soldiers who knew about the situation but didn't report should be taught a good lesson," Claremont said angrily.

"The grain of our two teams can only be used for about six days," Abel concluded. His expression was not as clear as before.

"So, should we advance? Or retreat?" Claremont read these words and set his gaze on Devitt.

Devitt lowered his eyes and sat quietly in thought for a while.

He got up and took the map that the dwarf guild had given him from the table and spread it on the ground.

"If we retreat, the food storage will still be enough to support us to return to Dwarf Town," Claremont said as he pointed at the plains on the map.

"If we continue forward, we can only walk to the wilderness outside the valley," Abel added in a deep voice.

"No, we can't go back. It was purely a fluke that we were able to successfully pass through the Troll Valley this time. I don't think they will let off the foreign tribes who have been wandering around the borders of their own territory. Moreover, this trip will take at least half a month. We have to hurry and complete our mission." Devitt carefully examined the map, "We need to change the original route and find a new way out."

"But we don't know anything about the races other than the races around the route," Claremont reminded.

"A map is enough," Devitt insisted.

In the end, the two of them were convinced by Devitt's train of thought.

The three of them took out the piled-up maps and looked through them carefully. Only by taking the route and going there would they be able to provide supplies for their team.

"I found it," Devitt said after twenty minutes.

"Where?" Claremont and Abel came to his side and asked.

"We can cross the river to go to the centaurs' territory." Devitt raised the sheepskin map in his hand and said, "This map indicates that they have a market open to the public."

Abel took the map and looked at it carefully.

"But to go there, not only will we have to cross the river, but it's also very far. It'll take at least eight days to go there." Claremont gestured on the map and said worriedly.

"The food from the hunt should also be used as a part of the resources. Right now, this is the only way we can go," Devitt said.

"Then let's inform the soldiers and let them understand the situation the team is facing now." Claremont and Abel agreed to the plan and then suggested it to Devitt.

"Okay."

When the news reached the group of soldiers, none of them were as dejected as they had imagined. Instead, they started to joke with each other. They pushed each other and said, "It must be because you ate too much or something."

In Claremont's eyes, this could be considered as his strengths complementing his weaknesses.

The combination of an optimistic attitude and carelessness was a problem that the three new leaders were still trying to figure out how to balance the two. But now that the team had reached this point, Claremont finally put down the requirements for his performance to be perfect. He also gradually understood the words that Derrick had said to Devitt at the banquet before the expedition.

After this night, they would begin a new challenge.

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Chapter 720: Information Obtained From Hunting

Early in the morning, Devitt and the others led the team and set off.

The current season was the time when the river was rushing, so it was not easy to cross the river.

Everyone tied the ropes around each other's waists and put their shoulders on each other as they walked slowly in the river.

The river was about 50 meters wide. In order to maintain their balance, the soldiers walked and stopped in the river. It took them nearly an hour to reach the shore. They had used up a lot of energy during this time.

Abel didn't have time to change, so he ordered everyone to continue walking.

In order to reach the centaurs' area within the estimated time, they had to seize every second.

Devitt and Abel walked at the front side by side. In order to accurately plan out a new route, they each had a map.

"According to this speed of progress, it will take three to four days to walk out of the valley," Abel stared at the map and said.

"Crossing the river today took a lot of effort, and the progress of the soldiers is slow. In the next few days, we will have to speed up," Devitt analyzed.

"Yes," Abel nodded and replied.

In the evening, when the day's journey was about to end, the scouts had already climbed up another mountain ridge. The rapid river was left far behind, not a trace of it could be seen.

"Set up camp and rest," Abel ordered.

The soldiers also heaved a sigh of relief. Their clothes, which had been drenched by the river water, had been dried by the sun during the journey. After trekking without rest for an entire day, it was the greatest happiness to be able to sit down and rest.

"You, you, you, follow me out." Claremont walked in front of a few soldiers who were squatting on the ground and commanded.

"Captain Claremont?" The soldiers immediately stood up and lined up. One of the soldiers looked at Claremont, who was walking towards the entrance of the military camp and asked hesitantly.

"Bring your weapons. We will go hunting now," Claremont said.

"Yes." The three soldiers put their weapons back on their waists and followed Claremont out.

"Claremont brought people out?" Devitt, who was building a tent with the soldiers, said when he saw Claremont and the others leaving.

"Yes. The investigation team will send people out to hunt every day," Abel replied.

"Why did they only bring three people..." Devitt seemed to be a little worried.

"This area is the Behemoth's territory. I reckon that Captain Claremont doesn't want to cause too much trouble and be discovered," Abel speculated. "The wild beasts in the mountains can't possibly hurt them."

"Mm." Devitt nodded.

Without waiting for Claremont and the others to bring back the results of the battle, Abel called the Caradia logistics soldiers to prepare the fire. He looked like he was very confident in Claremont and the others.

After a short while, Claremont and the other three returned with a full load at the entrance of the military camp.

A few soldiers who were patrolling in the camp quickly went forward to receive the prey that the four of them had brought.

"Wow, there are actually deer in the mountains! We can eat deer meat tonight!" a soldier shouted excitedly.

"How was it?" After the soldiers dispersed, Abel walked forward and asked Claremont.

"It was alright."

A hint of fatigue appeared in Claremont's eyes. "We didn't go far."

"Hurry up and change your clothes. Have a good rest."

Abel originally wanted to ask more about the terrain in the mountains, but seeing that Claremont was too tired, he instructed him, "Aren't we still on night duty tonight?"

"During dinner, a bowl of porridge is enough for me. Can you help me inform the kitchen?" Claremont said as he exhaled.

"Okay," Abel replied.

Claremont nodded, then turned around and walked into his tent.

After returning to his tent, he immediately walked to the front of the bed, took off his coat, and wiped his face with a towel dipped in water. He laid down on the bed.

Perhaps it was because he had exhausted all his strength after a whole day of hard work. He didn't even have the energy left to dream.

Claremont then fell into a deep sleep until late at night.

When he woke up, there was a bowl of porridge on the table in front of the bed that was no longer very hot.

After having this simple dinner, Claremont put on his clothes and walked out of the tent to hand over the shift with Abel.

"I see that you are much better." Abel handed the token in his hand to Claremont and said.

"That's how my constitution is. I'll feel stronger after a good night's sleep," Claremont said with a smile.

"I see." Abel nodded. "Did anything special happen today?"

"No." Claremont thought for a while and replied, "The places we passed by were very quiet. It didn't seem like there were any nomads from other races passing by."

"Didn't the map say that there was a Behemoth nearby?" Abel asked suspiciously.

"Even if there is a Behemoth, we aren't his target." Claremont thought of a Behemoth's appearance recorded in the history books and shook his head as he spoke to Abel.

"Have you seen a Behemoth before?" Abel knew almost nothing about Behemoths other than the name and portrait on the map. After listening to Claremont's comment, he couldn't help but ask.

"No, I've only heard of their legends," Claremont introduced. "I heard that Behemoths are huge and can eat thousands of mountains in a single meal. Time will also become chaotic because of their actions. When God created the world, he only created one Behemoth."

"Such a magical creature actually lives on this small island." Abel was dumbstruck.

"Actually, to be honest, I don't really believe it either." Claremont pondered.

"The territory of these mountains isn't occupied by any races. It seems that everyone is afraid of the existence of the Behemoth," Abel said.

"Mm."

Abel and Claremont did not chat for long before they went back to rest.

Claremont led the soldiers to patrol inside and outside the camp. It was not until four o'clock in the morning that he handed over the task in his hand to someone else. He returned to the camp and sat down to rest.

In another two hours, the soldiers were going to get up.

Claremont did not have any thoughts of sleeping at the moment. Perhaps the rest from yesterday had made up for his entire day's sleep.

Lying in front of the desk, he looked at the map in his hand.

He calculated the time of departure from the Elf Kingdom, or rather, from Drondheim.

At five o'clock in the morning, the rain in the valley hit the top of the tent, making "pitter-patter" sounds.

Like a hypnotic clock, Claremont felt a wave of tiredness welling up in his body.

In another hour, their army would set out from the autumn rain curtain in the valley, beginning a brand new day's journey.