

## Oasis 721

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### Chapter 721: The Rain in the Autumn Valley

“Pitter — Pitter —”

The rain was getting heavier.

The soldiers who poked their heads out of the tents couldn't help but frown.

This was the first time they were prepared to travel on the road when it was raining. However, for the autumn valley, this kind of situation was quite normal.

“It really is ‘the house leaks rain every night’. It seems that the heavens want us to stay in this valley for a while longer,” Abel said to the rain.

“But there's nothing to see in this valley. What are we going to do here?” Claremont reached out to catch the rain and said.

“This bit of rain isn't enough to make us stop,” Devitt said as he looked at the distant valley.

Abel crossed his arms and said, “I didn't feel much when I walked into the valley. After a shower of rain, the temperature has indeed dropped quite a bit.”

“Even the elves feel cold,” Claremont said, shaking his head.

“Let's set off after breakfast.” Devitt looked at the sky and left the small circle of the three people with his hands behind his back.

Because the rain didn't seem to have stopped, the soldiers could only pack up their food and eat their breakfast in their tents.

“The rain is getting smaller,” Abel said, pointing to the sky.

“Indeed,” Claremont said, glancing at the dark clouds that were gradually dispersing.

After breakfast, everyone carried the luggage they had packed the night before and gathered in the open space of the camp.

“Since everyone has rested well, put on your energy and hurry on your way. It is common for rain to fall in this valley. Don't think that you can slack off just because it is raining. If you can't reach the designated place today, don't think about stopping to rest,” Devitt reprimanded.

“Yes!”

On the way, everyone stuck their trouser legs into their boots to prevent rain from dripping in.

As they advanced on the muddy mountain road, the soldiers' speed was not affected at all.

“Everyone, you've worked hard. Rest for ten minutes.”

Because the soldiers' enthusiasm was much stronger than they had imagined. When Devitt passed by a cave that could take shelter from the rain, he ordered everyone to stop and rest.

There was a lot of dust at the entrance of the cave, and there were even spider webs.

“Take shelter from the rain inside this cave.” Devitt looked at the pitch-black cave and ordered the other soldiers.

Everyone stood under the rock wall and used towels to wipe the parts of their necks that were wet from the rain.

Ten minutes passed quickly. Devitt continued to lead the march. After leaving the vicinity of the cave, they heard the roar of a bear coming from behind them.

“Don’t worry about it. Let’s keep moving,” Devitt replied calmly when the soldiers cast inquisitive glances at him.

Until noon, raindrops were still falling from the sky.

As the sun was now high in the sky, the fog in the forest became heavier.

Devitt retreated from the lead position and walked with Claremont at the back of the group.

Abel was in charge of taking his place.

The Caradia soldiers rarely saw such a scene in the desert. Their expressions became a little twisted.

“You don’t like this?” Abel looked back in amusement.

“Haha, it’s my first time seeing it. I’m a little at a loss,” a soldier replied.

“I do like this kind of environment.” Abel looked at the fog that was attached to his body and said, “But if you find it inconvenient, just let them disappear.”

After saying this, Abel raised his right hand, which was clenched into a fist, and his five fingers suddenly opened.

The fog that was floating in the forest suddenly turned into water droplets and fell to the ground.

“Crackle, crackle...” it was even clearer than the sound of the rain in the early morning.

In the eyes of the Caradia soldiers, their field of vision suddenly became clear.

“Wow!” the soldiers exclaimed.

“It’s quite powerful.” Claremont and Devitt looked at each other and smiled as they said.

“For the water elves, this kind of terrain should be unique,” Devitt also commented.

After casting the spell, Abel took a deep breath. He looked at his palm, spiritual power was constantly flowing out of it.

Without the obstruction of their vision, the group walked out of the forest after half an hour.

“Watch your step. Poisonous snakes will appear here,” Abel reminded them.

Hearing this, the soldiers became even more cautious.

Although there was no snake venom that elven healing spells could not cure, no one wanted to slow down the entire group's journey because of themselves.

Seeing that the sun was already setting, Claremont frowned and said to Devitt, "The sun is setting faster and faster. I don't know if we can still cover a few miles in a day in winter."

"Hmm." Devitt also fell into hard work.

"Why don't we count the time at night?" Claremont said hesitantly.

"On this small island, the situation after the sky turns dark is too dangerous for us," Devitt voiced his concerns. "Moreover, if we advance openly, it will easily attract the attention of other races."

"That makes sense..." Claremont thought for a while in his mind, but he still couldn't find a suitable method.

"We're here."

Before the sunset, Abel led the soldiers to the location marked on the map.

After praising the soldiers' performance. Abel led a few soldiers out to hunt for prey.

"It just rained. I don't think any animals will come out to wander around," Claremont said.

"It depends on luck. We can't be lucky all the time," Devitt said. "If the hunt doesn't produce any results, we can only use the last of our remaining food."

An hour later, the construction of the camp was completed. Everyone was anxiously waiting for the return of the hunting team.

At this time, Abel led the soldiers back to the camp gate with a dejected expression.

He was holding a bulging bag in his hand.

"How was it?" Claremont mustered up his courage and walked forward to ask.

"I didn't find any. I only found some fruits in the forest over there," Abel said regretfully.

After opening the bag in his hand, he saw a pile of yellow fruits.

"It's not bad to have fruits. It's too extravagant to eat meat every day," Devitt also walked up and comforted him.

Abel handed the whole bag of fruits to the soldiers in the kitchen. He said dejectedly, "The soldiers have been walking for a whole day. They should eat something hot."

"Don't we still have some rice? It's not bad to cook porridge with these fruits," Claremont said.

"Yes, it would be good to cook wheat bread with this porridge," Devitt said with a smile.

"Yes," Abel sighed and replied.

After the soldiers saw the results of the hunt, although they were a little disappointed, they were not too depressed. They all walked to the side of the soldier in the kitchen and watched him cook.

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### **Chapter 722: The Next Stage of the Stage**

"With everyone crowded here, I can't cook dinner for you right away," the soldier behind the kitchen said in distress.

"Uh... we're just here to see if there's anything we can help with," a soldier in the crowd explained in embarrassment.

"Then help me taste whether this fruit is poisonous," the soldier behind the kitchen said as he picked up a fruit from the chopping board.

The soldiers behind him all took a step back.

"Help me keep an eye on the fire." The soldier shook his head helplessly. He picked up the fruit himself and went to look for Captain Abel. He asked, "Captain Abel, this fruit is fine, right?"

Abel turned his head to look at him and nodded. "Yes, we've all tried. But we still have to peel off the skin and the core of the fruit."

"Okay. Thank you." The soldier in the kitchen was relieved.

Under everyone's expectations, the homemade fruit porridge was finally ready. Everyone picked up their lunch boxes and lined up at the porridge-making place.

The soldiers in the kitchen who had finished their dinner earlier served each soldier a bowl of porridge and then handed them a piece of wheat cake.

The air after the rain was so fresh that it made one's heart and lungs feel refreshed. The soldiers all chose to have dinner together in the open space of the camp and started chatting.

"Sure enough, the happiest moment of the day is now," Austin said with a smile after drinking a mouthful of hot porridge.

"The last few days' dinners have been porridge and the like. I thought it would be hard to get used to it. I got used to it unconsciously," a soldier said as he dipped the wheat cake into the porridge.

"I think so too. I don't even feel that tired when I'm marching in the mountains," another soldier said.

"Really?" Austin was surprised. "I also want to get used to the rhythm of the march as soon as possible."

"How did you do it?" a soldier asked the soldier just now.

"I'm not sure. Anyway, I don't think about anything during the march. If I stare at General Abel's back and follow him, I won't feel tired easily," the soldier who was asked replied.

"General Abel is really amazing. Not only is he so strong, but he can also make people follow him without worry," the soldier who asked sighed.

"When General Abel used that spell today, I was completely stunned," a soldier exclaimed.

Abel's spell had indeed left a deep impression on everyone.

"Me too. The world of magic is really wonderful. Let me reincarnate as a mage in my next life," a soldier pleaded.

"Even if you reincarnate as a mage, you won't become as strong as General Abel," Austin couldn't help but complain.

The dinner ended noisily under everyone's frolicking.

The tent was built on the wet ground, and there was always a damp temperature in the room.

Therefore, that night, the logistics provided lighting for the tents. All the kerosene lamps were replaced with candles.

"Can candles remove moisture? How did you know?" Devitt asked the soldier who had brought the candles.

"My own family used to sell rice, and the rice warehouse was usually filled with candles. I learned this trick from my father," the soldier replied.

"It came in handy." Devitt nodded and praised.

"But the gas from the candles may not smell good. Captain Devitt, you must remember to keep the camp well ventilated," the soldier reminded him before he left.

"Okay, got it." Devitt nodded.

After a night of peace, the next morning, the soldiers got up early as usual.

The breakfast table was served with juice made from the fruits they obtained last night.

Devitt looked at the green juice in the cup and said with a smile, "The soldiers in the kitchen are really hard-working. Looking at this, I thought we were in the canteen of the military camp in Dronnheim."

After drinking a mouthful of sweet and sour juice, the soldiers became energetic.

However, each of them could only get one cup. If they drank it up, it would be gone.

"At this rate, if we are attacked on the road, we must protect the soldiers who do this well," Claremont also joked.

After eating the carefully prepared breakfast, the soldiers of the scouts' team started a new day's journey with vigor.

"We have to leave the valley today, right?" Devitt said as he walked quickly.

"It should be fine." Abel made a mark on the map and estimated. "After crossing the grassland in front, we can walk out of the border of this valley."

"The soldiers are in a good condition now," Devitt said as he looked at the soldiers behind him.

"The mountains we need to cross next won't be as easy as before," said Abel, looking at the map. "Besides, it's not easy to find a place to rest in the forest."

"Let's take it one step at a time," said Devitt.

While the scouts were advancing smoothly, a letter sent from the island station to Drondheim was delivered to Kant.

"The situation at the island station seems a little tense." Kant read the contents of the letter and muttered to himself, "I wonder what the Elf Kingdom will do."

In the letter, Raphael described the situation of Devitt and the others set off from the top of the mountain, as well as the predicament the elven soldiers at the station were in.

Bunduk just happened to walk into the hall.

Kant said to Bunduk, "It seems that the soldiers sent by the elves to the station are being oppressed by the local forces."

"How can this be? How can someone dare to offend the elves so openly?" Bunduk was slightly surprised after reading the entire letter.

"The situation on the island is not quite the same as on the ordinary mainland. The people who live on the island are originally a group of vicious wanderers who have been ostracized by their own race," Kant explained.

"According to the letter, these elven soldiers are hidden deep in the mountains, and there is a risk of being discovered at all times. What should we do?" Bunduk said worriedly.

"The elven soldiers at the station seem to be thinking of waiting for the scouts' team to complete their mission and take a boat back to the Elf Kingdom with them," Kant stated.

"That would have to wait until the beginning of next year. Can they hide for that long?" Bunduk asked.

"Let's see what the Elf Kingdom is planning to do. If they plan to send troops, we have to make a move," Kant said calmly.

"Yes." Bunduk nodded.

"What are you here for today?" Kant looked up and asked.

"The summary report for this month's military camp." Bunduk bowed and walked forward, he handed the document in his hand to the desk. "In addition, Derrick and the others left for Durandal today. They couldn't bid you farewell, so they asked me to report to Your Highness on his behalf."

"Is the holiday over so soon?" Kant turned his head and asked.

"They said that Durandal's canal project is about to begin," Bunduk replied. "So..."

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#### **Chapter 723: Meeting With the Centaurs**

"He is indeed very concerned about the matter of Durandal," Kant said. "It's just that this doesn't seem like what a commander should be like."

Upon hearing Kant's comment, Bunduk's entire body tensed up. He nervously explained, "Derrick is the type of person who will take full responsibility for the mission given to him. This is pretty good, right?"

Kant smiled and asked, "When he returned from his vacation in Drondheim, did the two of you talk in private? How did he get along with Adonis?"

"We did." Bunduk nodded and answered, "I didn't hear much about Adonis. He only said that his work in Drondheim was quite smooth."

Returning from Durandal from his vacation, Bunduk took two days off to accompany him to visit Drondheim, eat, and chat in the tavern.

"I guessed it. Derrick is rather reticent in front of others," Kant said.

"Well, not really. He's more of an easygoing type," Bunduk said after some thought.

He tried his best to protect Derrick's image in Kant's mind.

"Among the scouts sent to the island this time, the soldiers responsible for helping Devitt manage the soldiers are Derrick's old subordinates. "I heard that when they passed by Durandal, Derrick chatted with them quite a bit," Kant said.

"C-C-Clare-mont? I can remember his name. He does have a good relationship with Derrick," Bunduk replied. "This person has a personality similar to Derrick's, but he's younger. When he was in the military camp, he was often taken care of by others, making him appear more childish. I wonder how this trip will turn out."

"Both Derrick and you have a good comment on him." Kant nodded and said, "When the Scout Army returns, let me see how this soldier is doing."

Bunduk sensed the ominous atmosphere and said hesitantly, "Your Highness Kant, are you thinking of..."

"If there are really good talents left behind in the army, we should promote them and give them confidence," Kant said of his plan.

Bunduk widened his eyes and hurriedly excused himself, retreating from the hall.

Kant looked at his departing figure and sighed. He admitted that Derrick was indeed a smart person. He maintained a harmonious relationship with the people around him, and he would be satisfied with anything given to him, however, one day, this tepid attitude would become a barrier in front of him. He would have to think of a way to shatter it.

Derrick was a person who could achieve great results even if he worked alone. What Kant cared about was whether Derrick could break through the thick walls in his heart and lead everyone forward from his position as the leader. If he couldn't, it also proved that he wasn't suitable for his current position. Kant should remove Derrick in time and replace him with a new character.

And Bunduk was the button that Kant had set in his heart to change the structure of Derrick's life.

When Bunduk returned to the military camp, he immediately wrote a letter to Durandal about everything he had heard today, as well as his thoughts.

I mustn't let Lord Kant replace Derrick, Bunduk muttered in his heart.

"Eh? Was it snowing last night?"

Early in the morning, a scout soldier walked to the fence of the camp and asked as he looked at the frost on the wooden stake.

"How is that possible? It's only the end of November now." A soldier yawned and said from the side, "But it's really quite cold. I have to add a thicker piece of clothing to my tent."

It had been three days since the scouts' team had climbed up the forest where their target was.

This mountain was harder to climb than they had imagined, and it covered a huge area.

The soldiers had gradually become familiar with the taste of camping in the forest.

However, as the elevation of the mountain road increased, the temperature also dropped a lot.

"Do centaurs live at such a high place?" A soldier hid in the grass and drank the leftover meat soup from yesterday, looking up at the mountain.

"Fortunately, we're almost there. The first food of the day is the leftovers from the night before. This is too sad," a soldier wailed.

"Gather!"

Abel's voice called the two people squatting in the grass back to the center of the camp.

"Everyone, we're almost at the location of the centaur market. In order to arrive as soon as possible, please follow me and set off now," Abel said with joy.

After running around for days, this moment had finally arrived.

The ground was a little slippery due to the frost. Everyone was climbing carefully on the mountain road.

"Look! Here!"

A soldier pointed at the ground and shouted at the people around him.

The soldiers looked in the direction he pointed. There was a dent in the soil where the horse's hooves had stepped on.

"There really are centaurs here," the soldiers exclaimed.

After climbing for a few hours on the narrow mountain path, the sight of the soldiers in the front row suddenly widened.

"It seems that the area of this mountain is indeed extraordinary. It actually has such a vast flat land," Claremont said in surprise.

After carefully comparing the vegetation on the flat land with the trees at the foot of the mountain, Devitt concluded, "This should be the place we've been looking for."

"But there's nothing here but grass," Claremont said as he surveyed his surroundings.

Abel looked towards the other end of the plain. After not finding any buildings, he felt a strange feeling in his heart.



"Keep moving forward," Abel ordered.

The soldiers moved forward slowly on the flat ground.

"Da da da da da!"

The sound of horse hooves stepping on grass could be heard.

Devitt looked around and found several armored centaur warriors hiding behind the forest.

"Stop!" Devitt ordered.

Everyone was shocked. After looking around, some sharp-eyed people noticed the centaur warriors and told each other about it.

Devitt walked out of the formation of the soldiers and took off his armor and weapons, placing them on the grass. He said loudly to the centaur soldiers hiding in the dark, "We only heard about the existence of Claude Market and came here to purchase goods. We have no intention of invading the Centaur's territory."

After Devitt's words, the scene fell silent for a while.

A Centaur soldier stepped through the grass and walked towards Devitt.

This was the first time Devitt had seen a centaur. The centaur's muscles were as strong as described in the epic portrait. The lower half of the body had four limbs that looked like they could crush the ground.

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#### **Chapter 724: A Forest With a Different World**

"Who introduced you?" The tall Centaur soldier asked in a magnetic voice.

"We found it ourselves," Devitt said hesitantly.

After hearing this answer, the Centaur closed his eyes and said, "The market is closed. You shouldn't be here now." His tone was very arrogant, with a hint of threat.

Devitt's mouth was half-open, not knowing what to do. A voice came from behind.

"Dwarf, it was the dwarf who introduced us. This map was also sold to us by the dwarfs." Claremont walked to Devitt's side and urged the Centaur warrior to stay.

The Centaur warrior who was about to turn around and leave stopped. He used the handle of his sword to pick up the map in Claremont's hand. He held it and looked at it for a while before asking, "What is the name of the person who introduced you?"

"Madoran," Claremont replied with a face full of certainty.

Actually, this was just the name of a person in charge that he saw on the notice board in the Guild Hall.

However, if he did not answer the centaur warrior's question earnestly at this moment...

The Caradia soldiers behind him would have no way out.

When the centaur warrior heard this name, a trace of shock appeared in his eyes.

The other centaur soldiers who were standing in the hidden areas also let out a surprised exclamation.

"So it's a guest arranged by Lord Madoran. Follow me." The Centaur soldier didn't continue to ask. Instead, he called for the scouts to follow behind him.

Devitt gave a signal to all the soldiers, telling them to quickly follow.

The leading Centaur soldier was running very fast on the grassland. All the scouts had to sprint to catch up with him.

"Is this really okay?" Abel looked at the other Centaur soldiers behind them and asked Claremont.

"Since we have chosen this path, we can only give it our all," Claremont replied.

The elves' stamina could not keep up with the galloping troops, so they could only cast spells to allow themselves to fly in the sky.

"Hoho." the centaurs at the back of the formation cheered.

It was rare for elves to appear on this island.

After about ten minutes, the centaur soldiers leading the team slowed down. Finally, they stopped in front of a small slope.

The Caradia soldiers and the elven soldiers also stood in front of the slope.

"What is this place?" Devitt asked.

"The entrance to the market." The centaur soldier answered, "But you have to put your weapons here before you can go in."

Hearing this, the Caradia soldiers looked at each other. In the end, they all looked at the three leaders.

"Alright." Devitt and Claremont nodded in agreement and removed their weapons from their waists.

Abel stared into the eyes of the Centaur soldiers. The magic spells that the elves were good at could not be removed.

After seeing the actions of the two captains, the soldiers also threw their weapons on the ground.

"That's enough." The Centaur soldiers nodded at the scouts.

Then, he walked to the slope and raised his right front hoof.

"Rumble!" The rock wall shook violently and a secret door appeared in front of everyone.

"Is this a spell?" a Caradia soldier asked in surprise.

"Please come in." After the dust settled, the Centaur soldier gestured for the scouts to come in.

Devitt displayed his imposing manner and walked forward to open the door of the secret door.

Different from the dark tunnel that was illuminated by bright flames, colorful rays of light flowed out from the tunnel. It made the entire road look very dreamy.

"It's so wide." Devitt walked into the door and looked at the surrounding space.

"If you guys want to go in too, hurry up and move," the Centaur warrior said.

At this moment, Devitt walked out of the door and said to the scout soldiers who were waiting for him, "There's no problem inside. Let's go."

At this point, the scout soldiers finally relaxed and carefully stepped into the secret door.

"Ah!" When the troop of soldiers had almost walked into the secret door, a scream came from the end of the line.

"What's wrong?" The Caradia soldiers and the elven soldiers all looked back in panic.

The body of a Caradia soldier whose upper body was separated from his lower body fell at the door. Claremont, who was in charge of holding the line, stood there with his pupils dilated. Warm blood splashed on his face.

The Centaur soldier guarding the secret passage walked over with a cold expression. He used the hilt of his knife to lift the coat of the fallen soldier.

"Clang --" a dagger fell out.

"If you don't follow the rules, you will be punished like this," the Centaur warned. As he spoke, he raised his hoofs high and prepared to stomp on the corpse.

"Bang." Before the Centaur soldier's foot landed on the ground, the Caradia soldier's corpse was teleported into the hands of the elven soldier.

Abel stepped forward and said, "The punishment is almost over, right?"

There was a deadly threat hidden in his eyes.

"That's fine too," the Centaur soldier said with a fake smile.

"Bang..." the secret door was closed by the Centaur soldier.

A voice came from outside the door. "After your transaction is over, someone will send you out."

"Fullock is..." a soldier said in the silence.

"Dead," Abel said.

"We can only leave him here. Let's continue forward," Devitt said.

To be honest, Fullock's actions were not rated high in everyone's heart.

What could he do with a dagger? If he really encountered a dangerous situation, he might not even be able to defend himself.

If they came to someone else's estate, they had to follow the rules of others, and Fullock almost killed everyone.

It was really a foolish and selfish performance.

However, because he was a comrade who had been traveling with them for many days, Devitt and the others did not reveal their inner emotions on the surface.

After receiving Devitt's order, the Caradia soldiers placed Fullock's body against the wall.

After mourning for him for thirty seconds, everyone continued to move towards the depths of the secret passage.

"Where did these distinguished guests come from? Bringing me a business deal." A short old man blocked in front of everyone.

Claremont became alert, raised his fist, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm an ordinary businessman. My name isn't important." The old man narrowed his eyes and smiled.

"This time, the guest is human. Oh! and an elf! Rare guest, rare guest."

"We don't have any business with you!" Claremont said sternly. In his opinion, this old man was definitely a shady person.

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#### **Chapter 725: The Old Man in Charge of Guarding the Door**

"How can that be? When you entered the secret passage, I was watching you the whole time." The smile on the old man's lips widened. "Look, isn't that comrade of yours being abandoned on the spot by you?"

"When we come out of the market, we will definitely come and take him away. What does this have to do with you?" Devitt said with a dissatisfied look.

It was really displeasing to hear someone mention a soldier who had just lost his life so frivolously.

"I'm worried that before you guys come back, your comrades' corpses will be gone. After all, Rainbow likes to eat such fresh flesh and blood the most." The old man raised his hand and pointed at the wall.

"Ahhhh!" a few soldiers cried out in alarm.

The protruding parts of the wall were emitting multicolored light. Devitt and the others originally thought that they were colorful stones that were installed on the wall for illumination. However, after the soldiers came closer and looked carefully, they actually found scales densely covered on them and shallow transparent blood vessels.

There was actually a giant snake hidden in the four walls of this secret passage.

Claremont felt a cold sweat break out on his back.

"Don't be nervous. I'm just here to remind you." The old man maintained the smile on his face and continued, "I've watched the door here for many years. I have to find a way to make a living."

Devitt glanced at the corpse of Fullock not far behind him. He asked the old man, "How much is this business of yours?"

"10 gold coins." The old man smiled and gestured with his index finger.

"10 gold coins!" a cry of surprise came from the group of warriors.

"10 gold coins, we can give it to you. However, not only do you have to help us keep the corpse of this soldier, but you also have to tell us the situation of the road ahead," Devitt said word by word.

He was already aware of the strangeness of this market controlled by the Centaurs. In order to safely escape from it, he had to seize the opportunity to ask for information at the beginning.

"Sure." The old man said with interest, "However, the people who stay in this market are all good people who follow the rules. What would you like to know?"

"Who is the organizer of this market?" Devitt asked.

"Of course, it is organized by the top forces of all the races on the island." The old man smiled, "You will know when you go in and take a look. The forces of one race can not support the business transportation of this market."

"What can we get from this market?" Claremont threw out another question.

The old man paused for a moment and said, "As long as there's something you want to buy, it will be sold in this market."

"Are there any special rules in this market?" Devitt thought for a moment and asked the last question.

The old man smiled lightly and said, "This market is a kaleidoscope. There are different rules for different people. If you want me to tell you in detail, then forget it."

After receiving the old man's reply, Devitt stood still for a while. Finally, he took out ten shiny gold coins from his bosom. He sprinkled them in the old man's hand.

"Hehe." The old man shook the gold coins in his hand twice. After giving Devitt a deep look, he disappeared in front of everyone.

"Let's continue forward," Devitt ordered.

This secret passage was not as long as they had imagined. After a while, Devitt and the others stood in front of another door at the end of the secret passage.

"Click..." Devitt turned the lock of the door solemnly.

All kinds of noises surged toward the people standing at the door like a tide.

The flowing light on the colorful snake in the secret passage also disappeared at this moment.

"What is this place?" a soldier couldn't help but ask as he looked back and forth.

The secret passage was pitch-black, and what was displayed in front of them was the air that was as large as a workshop, illuminated by the dark blue light.

The room seemed to be filled with hazy smoke.

Although he felt that people were walking in front of him, he couldn't see anyone's face clearly.

"How strange," Abel said.

When he tried to cast a spell to remove the smoke in front of him, he found that he could not see anything around him.

The white smoke was like the bricks and soil under his feet. It was an existence that was fixed in this room.

"I can't see the way clearly at all," Claremont said with a frown.

"Let's go," Devitt said.

Everyone could only follow the figure of the person in front of them as they groped their way forward, blending into the crowd.

PA!

An ear-piercing sound of whipping came from the right side of the group.

The soldiers looked over and saw a tiger-skinned girl with a collar around her neck kneeling on the ground. In front of her was a middle-aged man in uniform who was holding a whip.

The man was beating the girl who was lying on the ground as he yelled at the outside.

"Disgusting..." Claremont saw the scene and turned his head away.

As the team moved forward, the scouts noticed more naked boys and girls who were locked in the nutrition cabin. Many of them were injured.

Devitt sighed and said with patience, "Let's go out as soon as we find a place to supply food."

"Actually, I really want to know if there's a shop that provides food," Claremont said with a complicated expression as he rubbed his temples.

The two of them walked silently for a while. They saw a shop on the street in their field of vision. There was a butcher shop that had cut meat all over the chopping board at the entrance.

"Is that a butcher shop?" Claremont asked in surprise.

"It should be." Devitt looked at the shop, hope burning in his eyes.

Claremont didn't say anything. He walked directly to the door of the shop. He asked, "Hello, is this a butcher shop?"

"Yes." A middle-aged man covered in grease put on the straps of his work clothes and walked over to answer.

Even though there was only a chopping board less than a meter wide in front of the two of them, Claremont still couldn't see the face of the butcher shop owner clearly.

Putting down his doubts, Claremont smiled and continued to ask, "We want to buy some meat. May I ask what kind of animals do you sell here?"

"Animals? We don't usually catch those. The meat in front of you is fresh elven thigh meat," the butcher replied. "If you want to buy low-grade meat like animals, you have to go a little further."

When Claremont heard the butcher's first words, his brain hadn't reacted yet. His body reacted first, and his stomach churned.

"Got it. Thank you." Claremont covered his mouth and nodded, then left the door.

When he was about to leave this time, Claremont realized that there were all kinds of names marked on the meat board.

After seeing the human nameplate, Claremont took even bigger steps.

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 726: Inexplicable Encounter**

"How was it?" Asked Devitt as he looked at Claremont, who had retreated from the shop.

"..." In order to prevent himself from vomiting because of the scene he had just seen, Claremont had been covering his mouth the whole time. When Devitt asked him a question, he shook his head violently.

After seeing Claremont in this state, Devitt had a rough idea of what was going on. He didn't say anything and continued to lead the group forward.

"We don't need anyone we met at the beginning." After recovering, Claremont relayed the conversation between the butcher and himself to Devitt.

"Let's continue forward. We should be able to find them," Devitt replied.

The scouts had never walked for so long in an enclosed space. After half an hour, they finally found a normal shop selling firewood, rice, oil, and salt by the street.

There were not many people in the shop. After browsing through the goods on the goods column, Abel walked to the checkout counter and asked, "Boss, where did you get the goods from?"

"We shipped them directly from overseas. The quality is really good," replied the twenty-year-old young man sitting on the wooden stool.

"Okay, then we'll buy more goods from you. Please give us a discount," Abel discussed.

"Okay." The young man glanced outside the shop, then walked to the room behind him and brought out a scale.

Abel called the Caradia soldiers and elves in charge to the kitchen in the shop to pick up the goods.

"You all look unfamiliar. Is this your first time here?" The young man said as he moved the goods.

"Yes. I was passing by," Abel answered simply.

"Then thank you for taking care of my business." The young man smiled and bowed.

"No problem." Abel looked at the young man's friendly attitude and said to him, "We also searched for a long time before we found this place."

"Do you want to continue shopping later?" The young man asked.

"No, no, we just want to walk back quickly," Abel shook his head and denied.

"I see." The young man calculated the price and answered, "That's enough. The vegetables and grains you bought are a total of thirty Great Silver."

"Boss, you've given us quite a discount." Abel was slightly surprised.

The young man smiled and didn't comment.

Abel took out thirty Great Silver from his pocket, greeted the young man, and then took the supplies away with the other soldiers.

"Everyone, share some." Abel placed the bag of grain on the ground and ordered the soldiers of the reconnaissance team.

Everyone consciously went forward, carried a bag of grain on their backs, and stacked it on their luggage.

"Are we going back now?" Abel panted as he asked de Weite.

"Yes." Devitt nodded.

"Are we going back the way we came? Didn't the centaur soldiers say that someone would lead the way for us?" Claremont said.

"We didn't see anyone who came to lead the way." Devitt looked around and made a decision. "Let's go back the way we came."

"Okay." Abel and Claremont nodded and replied.

When the soldiers were almost ready, Devitt was still standing in the lead position. He led everyone back the way they came.

"Wait, why doesn't it feel the same?" After walking for a while, Claremont noticed the surrounding scenery and asked suspiciously.

Devitt slowed down his footsteps and cast his gaze to the two sides of the street. The messy shops that he had passed by previously had all disappeared.

Even the smoke in the air had a tendency to recede.

Groups of people came and went on the cobblestone road. They seemed to be full of vitality.

"Are we going in the wrong direction?" Abel raised his eyebrows.

"Impossible. I still have this bit of memory," Devitt said with a serious expression.



The reconnaissance team didn't choose to stop, but continued to walk forward.

They finally reached the end of the road and saw the familiar door.

"Look, the mark on this door is exactly the same as when we first came out," Devitt said, pointing at the mark on the wooden door from a distance.

"But the neighborhood has really changed." Claremont frowned and turned around.

The flesh-colored shop that had sold the young men and women of various races had also disappeared. In the original place, there was a magical beast pet shop that was decorated very elegantly.

Devitt walked to the door, glanced behind him, and gently pushed the door open.

"Swoosh --"

The whole street suddenly turned dark.

"My God, this place is too strange!" A soldier exclaimed.

Everyone quickly followed Devitt to the door. The secret passage inside the door was still the same as before. Although the situation still wasn't too good, everyone still breathed a sigh of relief.

Devitt looked around, but he didn't see the old man he met before.

"Go!" Devitt ordered.

Everyone rushed to the other end of the secret passage. Devitt walked at the front.

"Creak --" the door leading to the outside world was opened.

Natural light shone on everyone's faces.

The color of the sky at the horizon indicated that it was almost evening.

"Hurry down the mountain!" The centaur soldiers guarding the door watched them rush out and coldly threw the dead body of Fullock into the arms of the Caradia soldiers standing in the front row.

The Caradia soldiers carried Fullock's body behind them. To their surprise, not only was the blood on Fullock's body wiped clean, even his upper and lower body, which had been separated by the mechanism, had been restored to its original state.

Devitt raised his head to look at the centaur soldiers, then looked away and led the other soldiers to the other side of the flat ground. According to the route in his memory, that was the way down the mountain.

"Go this way." A centaur soldier stopped them and pointed to the other side of the flat ground.

Devitt surprisingly didn't ask anything. He just followed the direction the soldier pointed to.

When they reached the border of the flat ground, the scouts saw a mountain path that had been smoothed out.

"Let's go," Devitt said.

The path they had taken this time had shrunk quite a bit compared to before.

Not long after, the group descended halfway up the mountain.

"Are we going to set up camp on this mountain tonight?" Abel asked.

"I don't think so. Let's hurry up and walk to the foot of the mountain before we find a place to rest," Devitt replied.

"Actually, I'm quite surprised. Captain Devitt, why do you believe the words of the centaurs so much?" Claremont said.

"Not really. I just feel that this mountain is indeed a bit strange. Compared to following my own memories, it's better to trust the centaurs who are more familiar with this mountain," Abel replied.

"I also feel that there must be something strange about this mountain. There's actually such a large market hidden within the mountain." Claremont nodded, "And the ones we encountered were simply baffling."

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### **Chapter 727: The Time for Dinner**

"The secrets contained within this mountain forest are probably unimaginable to us." Devitt recalled the encounter in the market and was even more certain that they had walked into some sort of formation. It caused the exchange of time and space and so on.

"However, to be able to make up for all the resources as originally planned, it's quite something to be happy about." After walking down this mountain ridge, Claremont felt much more relaxed.

"Mm." Devitt's brows relaxed as Claremont spoke.

"We're at the foot of the mountain!" Cheers came from the front of the group.

"Quickly find a suitable place to set up camp," Abel commanded.

"Is this the place we passed on our way up the mountain?" Devitt confirmed with Abel.

"Mm," Abel confirmed. On the day they set up camp at the foot of the mountain, it was his turn to bring people out to hunt. He was very familiar with the scenery here.

"I'm right. This mountain is changing at all times. The distance of each mountain path and the destination are changing," Devitt said to the other two.

"I noticed it the moment I walked into the market. Although I didn't sense any specific movement, there is a force restricting our ability," Abel nodded.

"Don't think about it. We won't come here again." Claremont interrupted their conversation. As long as he recalled everything that happened in the market, he would feel a chill.

"Mm." Abel felt the same way.

Devitt was silent. He cast his gaze towards the mountains. Will they come again?

"Let's go. We should go help." Claremont brought the two of them to the scene where the soldiers were building their barracks.

After receiving the new supplies, everyone was in high spirits. When they started working, they were full of vigor, and their progress was fast.

"In the future, we won't have to go out hunting. That's really great." Claremont sighed.

"The results from hunting are different every day. It's really not that stable. Now, we can finally have peaceful meals." Abel, who was experienced, added.

"I didn't realize it until now. Eating is such a blissful thing," Claremont said.

"In terms of the speed at which you realize this, you can't compare to the soldiers under you," Abel joked with a smile.

During dinner time, the kitchen served many delicious dishes with the new food.

When the dishes were served, everyone looked very happy.

Looking at the large pieces of fat meat in the soup bowl, they couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

"Such days are too good," a soldier shouted.

The few days before had been too hard. Now, the bitterness had come to an end. Everyone was a little touched.

"I can't bear to eat anymore," a soldier said with a sad face.

"Eat more on the days when you can eat. You can last longer when you are hungry," a soldier beside him understood his mood and joked casually.

"Mm." The soldier pursed his lips and uttered a word from his throat.

"What a sumptuous dinner today." Claremont and Abel would always gather together during dinner. They would chat for a long time. At this moment, Claremont walked over with a bowl of vegetables to Abel who was sitting.

"Sit." Abel pulled over a simple chair and gestured for Claremont to sit down.

Claremont glanced at Abel's bowl and said, "Actually, I was very curious in the past. Do the elves like to eat things like carrots that much? Every time, you always have a full bowl."

Abel scratched his head and asked, "As for carrots... I'm not too sure. I really like to eat things like tomatoes."

"Are these carrots boiled in plain water?" Claremont continued to ask.

"Yes." Abel nodded and said, "Have a taste?"

"Sure." Claremont had never eaten food cooked by the elves before. As he spoke, he raised his chopsticks and took a piece from Abel's bowl into his own.

"Hmm... what a strange taste." After tasting it for a while, Claremont pursed his lips and said, "You actually eat this every day."

"It's not strange." Abel shook his head, picked up a carrot skewer, and naturally began to eat it.

"Seeing you eat so well, I thought it was delicious," Claremont complained.

The two of them started to joke with each other.

After dinner, the two people who had just put down their bowls were called to Devitt's tent.

The three of them gathered around the table and began to plan the route they would take the next day.

"It seems that we are closer to the next target than before," Devitt said.

"However, this area on the map doesn't show the specific route. We can only try to figure it out on our own," Abel said as he circled an area on the map with his index finger.

"This should be an area that no one is in charge of, right? I wonder what kind of monsters will appear here," Claremont commented.

"Indeed, it's quite troublesome." Abel nodded.

"However, isn't Captain Abel the best at leading the way?" Devitt leaned on the table and said with a smile.

"I just have some understanding of the natural world." Abel said helplessly, "My luck has never been that good."

"I have faith in you." Claremont followed Abel's words and joked.

The three of them chatted idly until late at night.

At eleven o'clock in the evening, Devitt invited the two of them out of the tent. He explained, "I have to go to the night shift."

"Are you alright now?" Abel asked with concern.

"I have already recovered. I had time to rest for a few days. My body is in the best condition now," Devitt replied.

"I hope you can always be as healthy as this." Claremont smiled and said, "We'll go back and rest."

"Okay." Devitt smiled and sent the two away.

He walked back to the tent, put on his armor for duty, and brought his own weapons.

The night patrol team waited for Devitt at the entrance of the tent. This was the first time the captain picked up duty after being injured. There were still many soldiers who came to show concern.

"What are you doing in such a large formation?" Devitt walked out of the tent. When he saw the faces of the soldiers, he was slightly surprised.

"Captain Devitt, we are in charge of duty with you today," a soldier replied.

"Hurry up and go do your own tasks. I can do it alone." Devitt waved his hand and said.

"Captain, your body..." a soldier said hesitantly.

"My body has been well-rested for the past few days. Do any of you want to try it?" Devitt said.

"No, no." The soldiers quickly denied.

Usually, not many of them could beat Devitt, let alone in this situation.

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### **Chapter 728: A Trip That Can Not Be Delayed**

The next day, the team continued to move forward under Abel's lead.

"The quality of the dwarf's map is really good." Abel sighed as he walked. "To be able to draw every road on this island so clearly, I've never seen it before."

"That's true." Claremont nodded. Today, it was his turn to walk to the front and lead the way with Abel.

"I feel that we don't need to worry too much about the route we're taking."

"How did they do it? They spend a lot of manpower and money on it every year," Abel said.

"The dwarf guild is so popular. This is also their way of making a living," Claremont commented.

"Mm." Abel nodded.

It was almost December. Staying in the mountains, it felt like it was already winter.

"Is it because the place is different? It feels like this is the coldest winter I've ever experienced," a soldier said as he looked up at the sky.

"According to the time, it's not winter yet," a soldier replied. "I reckon that by the end of December, the entire valley will be frozen."

"Fortunately, we should be near the volcano by then. It shouldn't be colder than staying here," the soldier said as he sniffed.

Abel noticed that the moisture in the air had become scarce. He also heard the coughing sounds of the soldiers behind him. He said worriedly, "If the soldiers catch a cold at this time, it will be troublesome."

Hearing this, Claremont looked behind him and said, "The bodies of the soldiers shouldn't be so weak." At least he felt that although the autumn wind in the valley was bone-piercing, it still didn't affect his body's status.

"The air on the island in this season is cold and humid. It's different from the situation in the Nahrin Desert," Abel explained. "We walk in the mountains and forests, and we can't see the sun behind the clouds all day long. After a few days of living like this, the cotton-padded jackets worn by the warriors might be soaked."

"Do the elves have any ideas?" Hearing this, Claremont was distressed for a while, and then he thought of the spell that Abel and the other elven soldiers had cast a few days ago.

Abel pursed his lips and shook his head. "Our bodies are already oversaturated. In this environment of the entire island, that spell can't do anything."

"It doesn't matter. Humans have their ways. Among the various races that live in this world, the ones who have fought against nature the most are the humans. Just remind the warriors to be careful," Claremont said optimistically.

"Yes," Abel replied.

After noon, the sky became darker and darker.

After advancing for a few hours, the two people leading the way began to plan for everyone to stop and rest before finding a place to set up camp.

Claremont slowed down his pace. He watched as the scouts passed by him and counted the number of people.

"Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven. All present," Claremont said quietly.

"Claremont." Devitt walked to Claremont's side and called out, "Are you ready to let the troops rest?"

"Yes. After all, the weather now..." Claremont pointed at the dark sky.

"But it's only four o'clock in the afternoon." Devitt widened his eyes and said.

"So early?" Claremont glanced at Abel's back. He didn't pay much attention to the time. He just looked at the drowsy sky while listening to Abel's conversation. He had the illusion that it was already evening.

"Although the time for marching will be shortened in the future, we still have to make good use of time to move forward on such days," Devitt said with a slightly serious expression. "I'll go explain to Captain Abel."

Devitt handed the task of tailing the troops to Claremont and walked to the front row himself.

"Captain Abel." Devitt walked to Abel's side and called out.

"Eh? Captain Devitt, why are you walking in front?" Abel turned around and glanced at Claremont who was following behind the troops.

"I think that even in this season, we have to maintain more than eleven hours of marching time every day," Devitt said directly.

"Yes." Abel understood what Devitt was referring to, and then voiced his doubts. "But I'm worried about the environment in the valley after dark."

"Don't worry about that. I brought something back from the centaurs," Devitt said.

"What?" Abel was a bit curious. He didn't expect Devitt to buy other items after entering the market.

"This." Devitt took out an item that looked like a lantern.

Abel pointed at this magical artifact in surprise and asked, "What is this?"

"This magical artifact is called the Light of Caucasia. After opening it, any species outside of the light will find a way to avoid it," Devitt introduced. Then, he handed the magical artifact to Abel, he hoped that he could inject a trace of magic into it.

Abel circulated his power suspiciously as usual, and his spiritual power surged to his fingertips. The 'lantern' immediately absorbed the spiritual power between his fingers.

After a moment of silence, "Bang!" Something seemed to explode in the lantern.

Then, the magical artifact emitted a dazzling light, which made Abel gasp in surprise. The other soldiers noticed this movement and also cried out in alarm.

The areas surrounding the scouts shone as bright as day. This light followed Abel's will and attached itself onto every soldier.

Whether it was the humans or the elves, when that light attached itself to their bodies... Their vision became bright.

Abel himself also noticed this change and exclaimed in admiration, "This magic artifact is really powerful. However, under such great power, won't the user be able to react to any side effects?"

"No." According to the owner of the shop, this magic artifact has a long history. In the beginning, the effect it displayed was far more than that. However, after it fell into the hands of all kinds of people, it can only have this effect now. It's already considered a waste," Devitt explained.

"For us, it's enough to achieve the legendary effect of driving out other races." Abel used his finger to caress the gap on the magic artifact and guessed, "Even so, the price that the shop owner offered is still high, right?"

"Five gold coins. For us who need to hurry, it's worth it," Devitt replied.

"I'm really curious about the price level in the centaur market. From the looks of it, there is indeed a considerable gap between different shops," Abel pondered.

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### **Chapter 729: The Agreement of the Three Leaders**

"They probably all use gold coins as currency." The image of the centaur market in Devitt's mind was always shrouded in a layer of fog.

"Is that so?" Abel thought of the young boss of the rice shop and felt a little strange.

Abel kept the glowing magical artifact in his arms. The previous plan was canceled, and the scouts moved forward for another three hours or so.

"We still haven't made it to the flat land as we had planned." Finally, it was time to rest. Abel sat on his suitcase and panted.

Devitt smiled. "We'll set off a little earlier tomorrow. We should be able to reach there before noon."

It was not easy to find a suitable place for dozens of people to sleep in the woods. Everyone spread out in small groups and searched for about twenty minutes before they found a suitable open space.

Claremont laboriously cut off the green plants around the tent with his weapons.

From time to time, he would find one or two snakes darting past. Claremont paid attention to this aspect. When he returned to the tent, he instructed the logistics staff to sprinkle a circle of lime outside the camp.

Dinner time. The preparation for dinner today was also quite good.

It was estimated that the logistics soldiers in the military camp had suffered quite a bit a while ago. Now, they were looking for an opportunity to make up for the missing days.

"After completing this mission, what are your plans?" Claremont asked Devitt and Abel beside him.

"Return to the military camp and continue to serve a soldier," Devitt said without hesitation.

"Me too." Abel nodded.

"Of course I know. I mean when you're on vacation." Claremont looked at the two of them helplessly and explained.

The importance of this mission was well known to everyone involved. Although they didn't send many people, as long as they could successfully complete the mission, the soldiers participating in the mission would definitely receive rewards personally given by the Lords of the various countries. Vacations were naturally not a problem.

Ever since they came down from the mountain, the reconnaissance team had been going smoothly. This made Claremont unable to resist fantasizing about the future in his leisure time.

However, Devitt's interest was still lacking. "I haven't really thought about it. I think I will stay at home and rest."

"What about you Abel?" Claremont asked Abel.

"I haven't had much of a vacation. If I have enough time, I would like to go to your country and take a look," Abel replied after thinking for a while.

"Really?" Claremont was overjoyed.

Devitt was also a little surprised. "You're welcome to come to Drondheim anytime."

"Yes." Abel nodded with a smile.

After a moment of joy, Claremont thought of something and said with a sad face, "But it will take a month from Drondheim to reach the capital of the Elf Kingdom. There wouldn't be any vacation that can last that long."

"That's true." Devitt and Abel both nodded after they came back to their senses.

"Abel, why do you want to come to Caradia?" Claremont asked.

"After coming into contact with you for the past few months, the idea of the human race in my mind has been subverted. Therefore, after the mission is over, I hope to see you and see your country again," Abel replied seriously.



Claremont and Devitt looked at each other. They were so touched that they didn't know what to say. Finally, Devitt broke the silence and said, "After we return to the familiar land, let's find some time to meet in Cumberland. Although I don't know how long you can stay away from your team, Abel, we still often have the opportunity to go there on business."

"Oh? Good! In the future, as long as you come to Cumberland, I will come and pick you up," Abel said happily.

"It's a deal," Claremont said with a smile.

Beside the bonfire outside the tent, a few Caradia soldiers were roasting their cotton clothes above the fire.

"I feel that the clothes are getting heavier and heavier," Austin said helplessly. He then used his finger to gently press on the cotton clothes, but the furrow caused by the pressing did not recover after a long time. It had really absorbed too much water.

Austin sighed.

"Will this roasting really work?" A soldier sitting next to him asked suspiciously.

"I feel that the damp smell is getting stronger," a soldier leaned closer to the cotton-padded clothes and sniffed before continuing.

"Hey, stay away from the fire. Be careful that sparks don't rise and burn a hole in the clothes you're wearing," Austin shouted. "Isn't this the only way now?"

"I don't think roasting it for a while will be of much use. I'll leave now." One of the soldiers couldn't wait any longer. He picked up his clothes and was about to turn around and leave.

At this time, an elf soldier passed by and asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

"The moisture has gone into the clothes. The moisture is too heavy. We're trying to dry it," Austin replied.

The Elven soldier looked at the drifting flames, shook his head, and sighed. "What you guys are doing now, when the sun comes up, your clothes probably won't be dry at all."

"Why?" A soldier followed up with a question.

"At least in my opinion, the fire has no effect on the clothes," the elven soldier replied.

A surge of spiritual energy gathered in his eyes, allowing him to see through the elemental movement around the fire.

"Then... can you help us?" Austin could already tell that this elven soldier was a fire mage. He asked hesitantly.

"It's impossible. You want me to use magic to roast your cotton-padded clothes for you?" As expected, the elven soldier immediately rejected it.

He had already been tired after a long day on the road, and now he had to use magic to do such a meaningless thing. It was really not what he had expected. At this time, the elven soldier only wanted to return to his tent to rest.

When he was about to leave, Austin urged him to stay. "As long as you help me with this, I will agree to whatever you want in the future."

The elven soldier stopped walking and turned around. "Really?"

"Really." Austin nodded earnestly. He had already sneezed a few times on the road today.

"So, you're the only one who needs my help?" The elven soldier said with a smile.

"Me, Me, me!" The surrounding soldiers raised their hands enthusiastically.

"There are so many people." The elven soldier put on a thoughtful look. After a while, he nodded and said, "Sure, but your conditions have to be the same as his." The elven soldier raised his hand and pointed at Austin.

"Sure!" Everyone immediately agreed.

In the end, the fire mage invited a water elf as 'external aid'. The two of them were in the camp, surrounded by a group of Caradia soldiers. They worked until late at night, drying everyone's cotton clothes properly.

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### **Chapter 730: Goblins Picked up by the roadside**

The next morning, Abel told all the soldiers that they could leave the mountain forest by today.

The Elven soldiers did not feel anything special, while the Caradia soldiers were overjoyed.

After breakfast, everyone set off in groups.

As expected, before noon, the mountains were forgotten behind them. In front of everyone was a wide plain.

Perhaps because of the geographical environment, compared to the plain at the entrance of the dwarf town, at this time, the grass that everyone stepped on was yellow and withered. When the soldiers passed by, there was a crisp sound of "swish swish".

"Now that I look at it, it really looks like autumn," Abel said.

"The plants in the desert are always evergreen all year round. This is the first time I've seen such a wide autumn plain. I can really feel the changes in the seasons," Devitt sighed.

It seemed that there would always be only summer and winter in the desert.

In order to balance such a climate, even in an oasis, there would not be any trees that would wither with the seasons.

"It's a pity that we won't be able to see the sun in the sky today," Claremont said as he glanced at the sky that was covered by clouds and fog.

Everyone continued to move forward on the plains. The withered grass on the plains had already covered the soldiers' calves.

Seeing this situation, Devitt suggested that everyone move forward slowly and pay attention to the movements of the grass at all times.

The Elven soldiers naturally flew in midair with their feet off the ground to avoid threats. However, in order to maintain their stamina, they only flew about 50 centimeters above the ground.

The Caradia soldiers used their scabbards to pull the grass as they moved forward.

Austin stood in the middle of the group. When he was pulling the grass with everyone, he felt that his backpack was being pulled by someone. When he thought of who was behind him, he turned his head impatiently and said in a low voice, "Macleay, stop playing."

Macleay, who was standing behind him and crouching on the grass to check the situation, looked up with a confused expression. He raised his eyebrows. Wasn't he checking the situation on the road? When did this person see that he was playing.

However, due to the quiet atmosphere around him, Macleay did not make a sound. Instead, he continued to rummage through the grass.

After a while, Austin felt the backpack on his back suddenly drop down. Instantly, anger surged in his heart. I'm so busy here that I'm getting dizzy. What are you playing here for?

"Bang!" Austin threw the backpack on the ground and shouted at Macleay behind him, "You don't understand human language, do you?"

The soldiers around them were shocked to the point that they stopped moving.

"Are you crazy? !" Macleay stood up and raised his head.

"You..." Austin was about to grab the other party's collar and question him properly.

However, out of the corner of his eye, he saw that his backpack had actually 'run' away.

"Wait!" Austin panicked and rushed toward his 'moving' backpack. As a result, when his backpack was firmly held in his arms, he heard the wail of a living creature.

Not only him, but the surrounding onlookers also heard this voice.

"Austin, come back quickly!" Macleay shouted.

Although he didn't know what kind of creature it was, it was still very dangerous for the unarmed Austin to keep such a close distance from a strange creature.

Devitt and the other two also walked over. They gestured for Austin to step back.

Austin did feel that there was not only a backpack in his arms, but also a living creature with a beating heart.

Austin slowly let go of his arms, but the creature under the backpack did not move. Then he carefully moved the backpack away.

"So ugly," Austin could not help but say.

He had yellowish-brown skin, pointy ears, and fur all over his body. The first time they met eyes made Austin feel a chill.

After seeing that Austin was safe and sound, Claremont walked forward to observe. "Gnomes?"

After hearing Claremont's words, Devitt and Abel also hurried forward.

After observing carefully for a while, Abel asked in puzzlement, "This is a gnome?"

Claremont squatted down in front of the fainted gnome and rolled his eyes. After seeing the dark red pupils, he confirmed, "Yes."

"How did the gnomes appear here? Didn't they live in groups near the volcano?" Devitt asked.

The three of them looked very serious. After all, they had come to investigate the disappearance of the gnomes. In the initial evidence, the suspicion of the disappearance of the gnomes was all focused on the Gnome Tribe.

They had never thought that they would meet them halfway.

"Did they run out alone, or have we already walked into another gnome stronghold?" Abel voiced out the possibility that he had guessed.

"We won't know for the time being." Claremont looked around and said, "The gnomes are cunning and greedy by nature. Even if they see their companions injured, they won't come to rescue them."

"Okay." Devitt thought for a while, then squatted down in front of the gnome with Claremont and touched the pulse on the gnome's neck, "It's still alive. Take it with you. Maybe we can get information about the gnomes from its mouth."

Abel and Claremont nodded. It was best for them to have more realistic information.

The three of them looked at Austin, who was lying on the ground.

Austin noticed the gaze and smiled awkwardly. "May I ask what you need me to do?"

"Your name is Austin, right? I remember you," Claremont said with a smile, he still had a deep impression of Austin. After all, when he was in Durandal, he had even sent him to the restroom when he was carsick. "I'll leave this gnome in your care. You have to take good care of it."

"Me? ! How can I..." Austin was about to deny it, but after thinking for a while, he agreed. "Then I'll take care of it."

"Sorry to trouble you."

After explaining this matter, Devitt and the other two returned to their positions and commanded the team to move forward.

Austin pulled out the fainted goblin from the bushes and carried it on his back.

"It's so heavy," Austin shouted.

Just as he was agonizing over how to carry such a thing and move forward with the team...

Claremont's voice came from the end of the team. "Austin, come, come with me."

"Okay." Austin bowed respectfully and nodded. He hurriedly walked over.

Over the past few months, the leadership positions of Devitt, Claremont, and Abel had been deeply ingrained in the hearts of every scout team soldier. Thus, everyone could not help but treat these three people respectfully. They had completely forgotten the time when they had participated in training as colleagues in the same team.