

Oasis 731

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Chapter 731: The Hardships of Being a Father

In the evening, the group found a place to set up camp on the plains. Everyone stopped to rest and reorganize.

Austin placed his backpack on the ground and sat on it to rest.

"If you fainted, do you stop breathing?" Austin muttered to the goblin on his back.

Along the way, he could only rely on the weak pulse on the goblin's wrist to determine whether he had crushed it to death..

Austin glanced at the soldiers who were setting up their tents and felt a strong urge to help them out. However, he remembered Claremont's order: He must never be more than an inch away from the goblin.

Resentment regarding the mission couldn't help but surge into Austin's heart, causing him to frown.

In order to protect the Goblin and prevent it from falling, his arm had been stretched until it was stiff. Even so, Austin was still unwilling to change his position -- to face the Goblin's directly. With his back facing it, he could still imagine that he was carrying an ordinary child or something. If he held the goblin in his arms and stared at it, Austin wouldn't be able to stand the horror.

"My hand hurts," Austin could not help but say.

In the end, he set the goblin down from his back and put it on his leg.

"My God, it's really ugly," Austin said with his eyes closed.

"Austin, what are you doing? Come here quickly!" A soldier in the camp shouted at Austin from afar.

It was the captain of the squad.

"What's wrong?" Austin put on his backpack and walked over quickly.

"Captain Devitt asked you to take this goblin to take a bath, and then let the medic be in charge of the inspection. We just found some rotting corpses of animals on the plains. Captain Devitt was worried that the goblin might be infected,"the soldier explained in detail.

"Okay." Austin reacted and asked, "Captain, where is the water source around here?"

"There's no water source," the soldier said. "The kitchen has boiled a basin of water for this guy. Use that to wash it."

"Roger that." After Austin asked, he walked to the kitchen.

When the soldiers in the kitchen saw him, they immediately carried out the wooden basin filled with boiling water.

How unfortunate, this wooden basin meant for washing vegetables has now it had become a bath basin.

Austin walked up and thanked him. He took the goblin in his arms and compared its size with the bath basin. It was just right.

"After the bath, pour the waste water outside the camp," the soldier in the kitchen instructed. After seeing Austin nod, he hurriedly ran to continue cooking.

Austin used his palm to test the temperature of the water, but it was so hot that he retracted his hand.

For a moment, Austin felt like he was taking care of a newborn.

But he was only twenty years old.

Austin took out a towel from his backpack, dipped it in water, and used it to wipe the goblin's body.

With just one swipe, the white towel turned black.

Austin looked awkwardly at the soldiers who were busy in the kitchen. This basin of water might not be enough.

Taking a deep breath, Austin patiently wiped every part of the goblin's body with a freshly washed towel.

Until the entire basin of hot water became cold and muddy.

When Austin took out the dirty water and walked back, the kitchen soldier who had been looking at the chopping board came to him with a pot of hot water, saying, "This was reheated in the kitchen. Captain Dewitt ordered that it be washed clean."

"Thank you." Austin poured the boiling water into the basin. He kept stirring it with his hands to cool it down.

The soldier in the kitchen held the empty kettle and stood where he was, looking at Austin's face with a strange expression.

After a while, Austin noticed that there was someone standing in front of him. He raised his head and asked, "What's the matter?"

"What... are you doing?" The kitchen soldier asked curiously.

"The water in the basin is too hot," Austin replied.

"Do you really think you're taking care of the child?" The kitchen soldier frowned and ridiculed.

"Umm..." Austin was stunned and didn't know what to reply.

"It seems that this mission suits you quite well," the kitchen soldier commented. After saying that, he turned around and left.

Austin turned his head and glanced at the unconscious goblin. After a moment of silence, he said --

"So ugly."

The construction of the camp was officially completed.

After experiencing the incident this afternoon, Dewitt ordered the soldiers, "Strengthen the night guards to avoid being ambushed by the goblins who might be concentrated here."

The night shift returned to the three-shift system during the tense period.

While some people were setting up tents, the soldiers in the kitchen were busy preparing dinner. When they were ready to let the soldiers complete the task of setting up tents, they would immediately be able to eat a steaming hot dinner.

During dinner time, five or six Caradia soldiers gathered around a table. When the people around the other tables were chopping large pieces of meat, they didn't even pick up their chopsticks.

"Why isn't that elf brother here yet?" A soldier sighed.

"He should be here soon. I hope he comes as soon as possible," another soldier said.

During the rest of the march, the two elven soldiers who helped them yesterday made their first request: they wanted to taste the human's dinner. Although everyone was very reluctant to share the food in their bowls when they thought about it, they had to keep the promise they made the night before. And so they agreed to it.

In the end, eleven minutes after the dishes were served and the soldiers at the other tables walked past them while picking their teeth, the two elven soldiers still didn't show up.

"No, I can't help it." One of the soldiers picked up his chopsticks and was ready to start at the dishes.

"Pa!" The chopsticks in his hand fell on the table. The voice of the elven soldier came from behind, "Are you people from Caradia so untrustworthy?"

The soldier looked back and saw the elven soldier staring at them angrily.

"No, no, no, we all know the rules. Only he did it!" The soldiers sitting at the table denied one after another, distancing themselves from the soldier who was caught.

"You guys..." the soldier was speechless.

"Forget it." The two elven soldiers waved their hands. "Give us a seat. How can we eat standing here?"

"Okay, okay, okay." The soldier who made a mistake immediately moved his chair to make space.

The elven soldier took two chairs and sat down. Under everyone's gaze, he ate the first bite of the dish.

"Mmm, it's quite delicious. You guys eat it too." After one of the elven soldiers tasted it, he gestured to the others on the table.

Everyone picked up their chopsticks and started eating.

After the meal ended, the soup on the table was also demolished.

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Chapter 732: Guarding the Goblin in the Bed

When everyone was full, they collapsed on their chairs with their round stomachs. The elven soldiers looked around and asked curiously, "Where's the soldier from yesterday? Doesn't he eat?"

"Who? Austin? He should still be taking care of the 'child'," a soldier answered while picking his teeth.

The elven soldiers looked at the messy dining table and silently lowered their impression of these soldiers.

"I'm finally done bathing." Austin scooped the goblin out of the bathtub and placed it on the white towel that was spread out. "This way, it won't look so ugly."

After the goblin finished bathing, the fur-like things on its body were also washed away. On the yellowish-brown skin, an ancient totem that looked like an oil painting was exposed in the air.

"What is this?" Austin looked at the strange pattern curiously. He had an idea and wanted to bring the goblin to Captain Dewitt and the others. However, in the blink of an eye, he remembered that he had to bring the goblin for a health check.

"I have to hurry," Austin muttered. He carried the goblin on his back. He walked toward the tent where the medical soldiers were.

When he passed by the kitchen counter, Austin suddenly remembered that he hadn't eaten dinner yet. His body suddenly froze. It was impossible for those guys in the same team to keep his share.

The more he thought about it, the more impatient he became. Austin shook his head fiercely. He hurried to the medical soldier.

"Doctor." The moment he walked into the tent, Austin called out softly.

"Yes. Coming." The medical soldier put down the bowl in his hand, wiped his mouth with a handkerchief, and walked over to welcome him.

"Sorry to disturb your meal." Austin looked at the dishes in the medical soldier's bowl and silently clenched his fists.

"It's okay. Come earlier. It'll save me a lot of trouble." The soldier washed his hands with water and took the goblin from Austin's arms. "It's much smaller than I thought."

"Hehe, then I'll sit here and wait for you." Austin found a low stool and sat at the door.

"You should come in too," the soldier said.

The medical tent was divided into two parts. At this time, the medic had already carried the goblins into the other side of the tent and called out.

"... Okay." Austin nodded. He walked in.

The medic had already put on his coat and sanitary gloves. He took out a tube of medicine from a sealed box and poured it into the syringe.

"Is this for an injection?" Austin asked.

"Yes, to test for body disease," the medic replied. As he spoke, he placed the needle into the vein on the goblin's neck. The transparent medicine was pushed in. "Fortunately, it's unconscious. If this was injected into a conscious person, it would hurt like hell."

"Ah?" Austin's expression became unbearable. He looked at the medicine in the syringe that was like jelly, squeezed into the needle. "Can this really be absorbed by the body?"

"Yes, don't worry about that." The doctor finally took out the needle and gently pressed it on the injection site with a medical cotton pad. He wiped the medicine that was piled up there bit by bit. "Okay, put him here."

"Huh? Don't you need me to take care of him?" Austin asked.

"The results will be out in two hours. We'll talk about it then." The medic took off his coat.

"Okay." Austin retreated to the other side of the room in a fluster.

"Haven't you eaten yet? Hurry up and eat. The kitchen will prepare it for you," the medic said, gesturing for him to leave.

Austin bent down to thank him and walked out.

After sending Austin away, the medic walked back to the unconscious goblin's bed.

Looking at the other party's calm appearance, he narrowed his eyes slightly.

"Bi Kelun." At this time, de Weite, Kelei Mengte, and Ai Buer walked into the tent and called out the medical soldier's name.

Bikren moved his feet and quickly walked to the front to welcome them. "Captain Dewitt, Captain Claremont, Captain Al Buer. You guys are here."

"Yes." Devitt stood at the front and replied, "Austin came just now, right?"

"Yes. He just left my place not long ago," Bikren replied.

"Where are the goblins?"

"They are still in a coma status. They are lying inside to rest," Bikren said.

"Let's go take a look," Al Buer said.

"Yes." Claremont nodded.

Bikren led the three of them inside.

After seeing the goblins lying quietly on the guard bed, Dewitt asked, "You have already injected him with the medicine, right?"

"Yes." Bikren nodded, his eyes filled with doubt. "This is also the first time I've seen a patient who can remain motionless after being injected with such a dose of vaccine."

"What's the situation?" Al Buer asked the two.

"The drug being tested this time is the most accurate one so far, but it also has a drawback: the moment it is injected into the body, the body's functions will rapidly decline. The heart will also suddenly shrink. Therefore, at that moment, the pain anyone feels is indescribable, and it will cause the body to twitch involuntarily. "You previously told me the goblin was knocked out by someone. But it has been several hours since then. When I saw Austin carrying it in, I was very puzzled. How could he have fainted for so long?" Bikren explained in detail, he pointed to one possibility.

"You mean... this goblin has been pretending to faint?" Claremont asked.

"Yes." Bikren nodded.

"What should we do? Since the potion you mentioned can't wake him up, how should we expose it?" AlBuer said.

"This is just a guess I have made. After all, there are always twists and turns behind strange things." Bikren shook his head and said.

"I agree with Bikren's words. Right now, it's all our guesses." Dewitt pondered for a while, he replied, "Moreover, even if this goblin really disguised himself and sneaked into our team, we don't need to be in a hurry to expose him. No matter what method we use, getting information about the volcano from his mouth is the ultimate goal."

"Right." Claremont nodded.

At this moment, Al Buer noticed the skin totem on the goblin's neck. He silently walked to the edge of the goblin's bed and lifted the quilt. The patterns on the goblin's body were exposed in everyone's sight.

"I've seen some illustrations in the ancient books that talk about the goblins. The goblin's portrait also has such a totem." Claremont walked forward and took a closer look. "But the one on its body doesn't look the same."

"It might be different according to the region or age." Devitt didn't pay much attention to it.

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Chapter 733: The Diagnosis

"How many years have you been reading the ancient books?" Al Buer asked.

When Claremont was in his teens, he used to read all kinds of books by himself. Anyone who was close to him knew about this period of history.

"It was a long time ago. It's just that..." Claremont thought about it carefully in his mind, but he wasn't very clear about that period of memory.

In his vague memory, the totem on the goblin seemed to have some special use.

He really couldn't remember, so Claremont didn't continue talking about this matter. Instead, he planned in his heart: I'll go back and search for this kind of information.

This vague feeling of not being able to make sense of anything was really too uncomfortable.

Devitt told Bikren to remember to report the results of the examination to him in time, and then left.

Al Buer tucked the goblin in and left with Claremont, following Devitt.

Bikren walked to the hall, tired, and sat on a chair to rest.

He waited for the drug to take effect on the goblins.

Austin listened to Bikren's words and went to the kitchen. Sure enough, he got his dinner.

He squatted outside the tent and ate alone.

On the way, a teammate passed by and greeted him, "Ah, Austin."

"Mm." Austin raised his head and replied.

When he thought about how these guys didn't care about him and just ate at the dinner table, Austin was filled with anger.

"It's good to eat alone. You don't have to worry about the food in your bowl being taken away." A soldier stared at Austin's dinner, feeling hungry again.

"Come on, do you dare say that you didn't eat as much as I did tonight?" Austin said angrily.

"I really didn't. You know, didn't the elf soldiers come to share the meal with us today? They ate more than half of the food on the table," a soldier squatted beside Austin and explained to him.

Hearing this reminder, Austin thought of the agreement he had with the Elven soldiers and wondered if he should treat these two people to a meal alone. But on the surface, he still said to his teammates with disdain, "Do you think I'll believe you? It would be a miracle if the elven soldiers could steal food from you."

Austin hurriedly cleaned the food in his bowl. He stood up and said goodbye to everyone without turning his head, "I'm leaving."

"This kid..."

Austin walked to the kitchen and washed his lunch box with water.

After putting the lunch box back into his luggage, Austin rushed to the medical soldier's tent early.

"Why are you here so early?" Bikren asked in surprise when he saw him arrive.

"My mission is to look after this guy anyway, so I came to take a look," Austin said.

Hearing his words, Bikren said in a slightly awkward manner, "According to the rules, the results of the inspection can not be disclosed to you immediately..."

"Ah... is that so..." Austin responded a little awkwardly. He did not think of this before he came. After Bikren reminded him, he suddenly came to a realization.

However, walking out now didn't seem like such a good idea.

"Forget it." Bikren waved his hand helplessly. "But you have to keep your mouth shut with me."

"Okay, okay," Austin hurriedly agreed.

Bikren glanced at the small pendulum clock on the table, looked at the curtain behind him, and said, "Now it's time to take the blood sample. You can help too."

"Blood...blood sample?" Austin said in surprise.

"Yes, this is the procedure of the examination." Bikren nodded and pulled the curtain open.

Austin followed Bikren into the room.

When he saw the goblin lying on the bed, he asked Bikren, "When will he wake up?"

"That depends on himself. He will wake up when he wants to," Bikren said, clearly implying something.

Austin was stunned. He didn't understand what Bikren meant. He just felt that this doctor was a little cold.

"Is this how doctors are like..." Austin muttered in a low voice.

"Austin, come here," Bikren had already put on his gloves and ordered Austin.

"Okay." Austin walked over in due diligence.

Bikren handed the medical cotton swab to Austin and said, "I'll have to trouble you to take care of it later."

"Okay... okay..." Austin replied as he nervously held the cotton swab in his hand.

"Okay." Bikren nodded. His preparations for the blood sample were smooth and neat. Even when the needle was inserted into the goblin's wrist, Austin, who was squatting at the side, was not prepared.

100 milliliters of blood was drawn into the needle.

The goblin's blood was blue, and the blood in the needle was almost transparent.

Austin was stunned.

"It's quite clean." Bikren took out the needle and put the needle under the sunlight. He looked at the transparent blue color and commented.

Austin, who was sitting by the bedside, saw blue blood coming out of the needle hole after Bikren drew the needle. He quickly used the cotton stick in his hand to block it.

The goblin still didn't move. Austin glanced at him and immediately looked away.

After about twenty minutes, Bikren stood up from the operating table and said, "I'll pass the report to Captain Devitt and the others. I'll have to trouble you here."

After saying this, Bikren lifted his foot and walked out.

"Wait, wait, doctor." Austin's eyes widened and quickly stopped him. "What's the result of the examination?"

"Yes. There's nothing wrong with its body." Bikren looked at him and nodded.

"Good, good, good," Austin replied happily and then stepped aside. He made a path for Bikren.

Bikren glanced at the goblin lying on the bed and found that it had already opened its eyes and was leaning against the wall.

"You're awake?" Bikren greeted.

Austin raised his head in surprise. After a while, he looked behind him.

The goblin's expression was confused, as if he had no focus.

"It's good that you're awake. You can ask questions now. Austin, keep an eye on him. If you can't keep an eye on him, find someone to help," Bikren instructed. Then, he walked to the door of the tent. He headed toward Devitt's location.

"You're awake? !" Austin said in surprise.

The goblin's face remained expressionless. He crossed his arms and hugged its slippery body, not saying a word.

"I just gave you a bath. That's how you became so clean," Austin said to himself. In his eyes, the goblin who had been with him all day was like a puppy he picked up by the roadside. It was not threatening at all.

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Chapter 734: The Hastily Concluded Conversation

Under Austin's constant chatter, the goblin raised its head timidly.

When Austin made eye contact, it seemed to see the dawn of hope for communication.

What he neglected was that the goblin's hands buried in the sheets were clenched into fists.

The choice to snatch the Scout's backpack was a random one, and it was also a pure accident for Austin.

It had been wandering alone for many days, and it was so hungry that it lost its mind.

The coma after lying down was also an act of helplessness. It only hoped that this group of people would be soft-hearted enough to bring it along, so that it could find an opportunity to act again.

In the end, it was brought back, and the person in front even gave it a comfortable hot bath.

For the goblins who had been rolling around in the fields for many days, it was a heaven-like time when it was carefully cleansed. With this level of comfort, it fell asleep in Austin's arms.

In a daze, it imagined the dining table in front of them with all kinds of food.

Then the needle in Bikren's hand stabbed into his neck.

This time, he really fainted from the pain. He had been unconscious until now.

When he opened his eyes and saw Bikren calmly greeting him, the goblin's fury surged in his heart.

Just as he was about to exert force with his arm, he could not feel the slightest bit of strength.

Looking at Austin in front of him, the goblin was still filled with wariness.

"Oh right, I forgot to ask you. What's your name?" Austin asked with a smile.

The goblin gently turned its head away, looking as if it was unwilling to communicate.

"There's no way you don't understand the common language, right? That would be troublesome." Austin raised his eyebrows in puzzlement. Thinking that Bikren would bring captain Devitt over to ask questions later, Austin fell into distress.

"Gilbert," the gnome said softly.

Austin raised his head in delight and said, "You can understand what I'm saying."

Gilbert nodded as if it was an obvious matter. He seemed to be very disdainful of Austin's question.

"That would be much more convenient," Austin explained. "Later, our team's captain will come and ask you a few questions. You just have to answer honestly. Don't be so quiet."

"I don't know anything," Gilbert said.

"Huh?" Austin frowned and said, "Of course we won't force you to do something you don't know. But if you're lying, we can tell. And the consequences of doing so are extremely serious for you."

Gilbert looked at Austin's suddenly tense face and couldn't help but cower. "Got it."

"They haven't come yet. Let's talk about something relaxing." Austin softened his tone and smiled at Gilbert. "How old are you?"

Gilbert realized that the Austin was really asking his age, so he calculated the age of his birth according to the age of a human. He replied, "Eight years old."

"Eight years old?" Austin said in surprise, "Then are you an adult now in the goblin race?"

"Soon." Gilbert only felt that the Austin's question had been very boring, so he answered absent-mindedly.

"Then your height...you won't grow any taller?" Austin had previously asked Claremont why Gilbert's figure was much smaller than what was recorded in the book. Claremont could only guess: it was probably because this goblin was still young.

Hearing Austin mention his height, Gilbert's face fell. He laid down and covered his whole body with the quilt, not answering.

"Hey, hey, don't be angry," Austin said with a laugh. "I think you still have a chance to grow taller."

Gilbert was so angry that he kept kicking the blanket.

When Devitt and the others saw this scene, Bikren reacted quickly and called out, "Austin."

"Oh... Oh, Captain Devitt, Captain Clare not, Captain Al Buer." Austin hurriedly stood up and greeted him politely.

"Yes." Devitt nodded and stood in place.

Austin immediately pulled Gilbert out and said to him, "These three are the captain of our team. Listen carefully to how they ask you." Then, he retreated to the side.

Devitt led the other two people behind him and walked forward. He asked Gilbert, "What's your name?"

Gilbert retracted his gaze from Austin and looked at Devitt. "Gilbert."

"Why are you here? What's your identity?" Claremont continued to ask

"I'm an exiled goblin. I walked here on my own," Gilbert replied.

"You came this far?" Al Buer was puzzled.

"After being expelled by the goblins, I came here while searching for food," Gilbert explained with his head lowered.

"That means you don't belong to the goblins now, right?" Devitt confirmed.

"Yes, I don't want to go back either," Gilbert said indifferently.

Claremont raised his eyebrows because of his answer. But he didn't say anything.

"Then do you know about the disappearance of the goblins three months ago near the volcano where your goblins live?" Devitt threw out the topic and asked in a low voice.

"I don't know. The people in the clan were ordered not to talk about it in public." Gilbert lowered his eyes and said, "At that time, the vagrants living on the volcano were all in danger."

Devitt stared straight into Gilbert's dark red eyes, as if he believed that Gilbert was telling the truth. He turned around and asked the two people behind him, "Do you have anything you want to ask?"

Claremont took a step forward, pointed at the tattoo on Gilbert's shoulder and said, "This series of letters is the language of the goblins, right? Can you tell me what it means?"

Gilbert paused and replied coldly, "It means 'abandoned'."

Hearing Gilbert's words, Austin, who was standing in the corner, became worried.

"I'm done asking." Claremont waved his hand.

"I don't have any questions," Al Buer continued.

"Okay." Devitt nodded and said to Austin, "Let it go tonight. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with our mission."

Austin received the instructions and nodded slowly. "Yes."

Before leaving, Claremont carefully looked at Gilbert. The three of them then left the tent.

"The effects of the medicine on it haven't dissipated yet. Sending it to the wilderness at this time is equivalent to sending a sheep into the tiger's mouth. Let it stay here for the night. We'll find time to release him tomorrow," Bikren suggested.

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Chapter 735: A Night of Companionship

"Okay." Austin calmed down and nodded.

After testing Gilbert's temperature and pulse, Bikren was ready to leave.

"Aren't you leaving?" Bikren asked Austin, who was still guarding the bed.

"I'll...stay and watch him," Austin said hesitantly.

"Okay." Bikren did not stop him. Instead, he nodded and said, "There is only one bed in this tent. If you want to sleep here at night, remember to cover yourself with a blanket or something."

"Thank you. Take Care." Austin bowed slightly and said goodbye.

"Also, remember to turn off the lights at night." Bikren reminded him one last time before walking out of the tent.

Outside, Bikren made a 'Yes' gesture to Devitt and the other two who were standing under the shadow of the tree.

Devitt nodded in response.

As he watched Bikren walk away, Al Buer could not help but say, "I was wondering why Captain Devitt ended up asking so many questions. Because you knew that your opponent was lying."

"This goblin's identity is not so simple," Devitt said.

"Among the goblins, he should be at least a noble of the rank," Claremont added.

"Did you find out from the conversation?" Al Buer smiled. "Actually, I also noticed that this goblin named Gilbert showed disdain and contempt for his own race in his speech. It's not something that a commoner who was arbitrarily exiled would have."

"After all, he's just a child. The excuses he came up with are also full of flaws." Devitt recalled Gilbert's answer to his question of 'why did he come here?' He couldn't help but blurt out.

"Wouldn't it be bad to keep our soldiers in the dark?" Al Buer asked worriedly.

"There's nothing we can do about it. In order to make Gilbert let down his guard, we can only pretend that everything is going as planned. Austin's role is even more important," Claremont said helplessly, after saying that, he couldn't help but frown. Even Claremont despised this plan of deceiving his subordinates and making use of their true feelings.

Devitt also sighed and said, "Tomorrow morning, Austin would probably propose to let Gilbert join the army."

Looking at the bright moon that was covered by clouds, Devitt's mood was like the moonlight, half gloomy and half hopeful.

Hopefully, he could find an opportunity to make up for it in the future.

After Bikren left, Austin squatted down in front of Gilbert.

Before he could say anything, Gilbert said unexpectedly, "I'm so hungry."

"Huh?" Austin looked up in surprise and blinked. He asked, "How long has it been since you last ate?"

"About three days," Gilbert replied and kept his hands on his stomach.

"Three days? !" Austin's eyes widened. Without saying another word, he got up and walked to his luggage. He rummaged through it and said anxiously, "I think I only have wheat bread left."

Gilbert stared at his back with a hint of absent-mindedness.

"Here, have some to ease your stomach." Austin handed two pieces of wheat bread to Gilbert and said apologetically, "I've eaten a little too much recently, so I only have this much of dry food left."

"Thank you," Gilbert said gently.

"Of course." Austin took a kettle filled with water from the other side of the room. He poured the water into his usual lunchbox. When he saw Gilbert choke on his food, he handed the lunchbox to him. "Eat slowly, there's water here."

Under such careful care, Gilbert became embarrassed.

"It's the first time we met..." Gilbert murmured as he gulped down the water.

"What?" Austin turned around and asked.

"It's the first time we met. Why are you taking such good care of me?" Gilbert swallowed the water in his mouth and asked.

"Huh?" Austin recalled what happened that day. Indeed, he seemed to be very concerned about this foreign vagabond who appeared out of nowhere. After pondering for a while in his mind, Austin giggled and replied, "Maybe you're too ugly. I was quite ugly when I was young. When I saw someone who was in the same situation as me, I'd always recall the bitter history of the past. I wanted to take good care of you."

To think about it, the reason was still a kind one. However, this method was not worthy of praise.

Gilbert pursed his lips and continued to eat the wheat bread in his hand.

Austin took out a blanket and laid it on the ground.

"When you're done eating, put the lunch box there. I'll clean it up and you should rest," Austin reminded Gilbert as he made the bed.

"Okay. I'm done eating." Gilbert ate the last mouthful of wheat bread. Then he turned over and lay down on the bed. He tucked in the corners for himself.

When everything was ready, Austin stood up. Staying in a half-squatting position for a long time would still make people dizzy when they stood up.

After stabilizing his body with great difficulty, Austin turned his head to look at Gilbert. He found that Gilbert had already fallen into a deep sleep. Perhaps it was because he had replenished his body's needs for food, but his breathing was also much stronger than what he had seen this morning.

"He fell asleep so quickly..." Austin muttered silently. After stretching by the side of the candlestick, Austin also felt a wave of tiredness.

"Phew --" Austin extinguished the candle, and the room became pitch-black. He could only grope his way back to his bed.

However, Austin was already used to such occasions. In the soldiers' tents, the lights would be turned off at around 10 o'clock every night. Every time he went back after the night shift, he could only grope his way forward in the darkness. Or he would use the snoring of a person who was sound asleep to determine his position.

Austin lay on the paved floor, closed his eyes, and fell asleep in a short while.

The next morning, Gilbert woke up with the smell of porridge coming from outside the door. When he got out of bed in a daze, he kicked Austin's thigh.

"Ah!" With a scream, Austin had to wake up from his dream.

In the dream he had last night, Austin dreamed that Gilbert had changed from his original appearance into a cute and adorable child. He would be welcomed by everyone wherever he went, and Austin always followed him, looking at him proudly and walking with him.

Dreams were beautiful, but reality was always harsh. This was the reality that Austin felt when he woke up early in the morning to Gilbert's face.

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Chapter 736: Austin's Request

"Be careful!" Austin hugged his thigh and shouted.

It was then when Gilbert opened his eyes in a daze. He did not react when he saw Austin lying on the ground with a twisted face and the unfamiliar environment around him.

His eyes rolled back and forth a few times, and his throat became drier and drier.

"Hello? What's wrong with you?" Austin supported himself with his body and waved his right hand in front of Gilbert. "Did you sleep too much and not thinking straight now?"

Gilbert came back to his senses and recalled how he met Austin yesterday. He slowly raised his hand and pointed outside the door. "It smells so good."

"So you are not fully awake yet." Austin lowered his head helplessly and said, "I'll take you to have breakfast later."

"Okay." Gilbert nodded and then sat back down on the edge of the bed. He quietly waited for Austin to make his next move.

Austin stood up and put on his clothes neatly. He rolled up the quilt on the ground and put it back into his luggage bag.

Just as he was about to go out to find water to wash his face, Austin thought of something and stopped to say to Gilbert, "You have to wash up with me too."

Gilbert did not say anything. He obediently got off the bed. He slowly walked to Austin's side.

Looking at his naked body, Austin suddenly felt that it was not good to take him out like this. With a thought, Austin took out a jacket from the luggage on his back and put it on Gilbert without saying a word.

Austin's jacket was on Gilbert, and the hem covered Gilbert's thigh.

"Well, not too bad," Austin said with satisfaction.

Gilbert carefully rubbed the cloth on his body with his hand.

"Well, go wash your face and brush your teeth." Austin smiled and held Gilbert's hand.

The two walked out of the tent and went to the sink in the kitchen to wash their faces.

"After washing your face, you still need to brush your teeth," Austin said. He raised his toothbrush.

Gilbert looked at the toothbrush, frowned, and raised his foot to escape.

However, Austin blocked his way. "If you don't brush your teeth, don't think about eating."

Gilbert stood stiffly on the spot. At the moment, nothing was more important than eating. Gilbert could tell that if he wanted to get food, he had to listen to the person in front of him.

"Open your mouth," Austin said to Gilbert after brushing his teeth.

"Um..." Gilbert reluctantly turned his head and whimpered. His eyes turned red.

"This is good for your health. You won't get sick if you brush your teeth often," Austin comforted him. "It'll be over in two minutes."

Gilbert slowly raised his head and looked at Austin with tears in his eyes.

"Well, be obedient," Austin encouraged him.

Gilbert opened his mouth in doubt, revealing the bright fangs in his mouth.

"Your teeth are so sharp." Austin carefully brushed Gilbert's teeth and said, "And they are cleaner than mine. What do you usually use to grind your teeth?"

Gilbert was still not used to the feeling of the toothbrush in his mouth. He stared at Austin with a grumbled face.

After more than ten minutes, the two of them finished washing up. Austin led Gilbert to the breakfast stand in the kitchen and received his share of food.

"I just made an extra one. Give it to this little guy." The soldier in the kitchen took out a lunchbox and said, "He looks much better than yesterday."

"What a coincidence. You're quite lucky." Austin handed the steaming breakfast to Gilbert and said with a smile.

"But you have to hurry up when you eat. Don't you still have to send this little Gnome out of here? I heard from Captain Devitt that there are still about twenty minutes before you have to assemble for departure," the soldier reminded them.

"Thank you." Austin nodded.

They found an empty seat in the center of the camp and sat down.

As soon as Gilbert sat down, he held his bowl and ate.

Austin, on the other hand, did not have much appetite. He ate a few mouthfuls of bread with a lack of interest. Then he closed the lunchbox and put it back into his bag. He sat there and stared at Gilbert's eating style in a daze.

"I'm done." In less than five minutes, Gilbert raised the empty rice bowl in his hand and said with high spirits.

"Well, are you full?" Austin came back to his senses and asked him.

"Quite full," Gilbert replied.

Every portion of food in the army corresponded to the number of calories an adult soldier needed to consume every day. Based on the portion, it should be enough for a skinny, underaged goblin.

"Then let's go. I'll send you off," said Austin with a sigh.

Gilbert stood up obediently and handed the lunchbox back to Austin.

"Actually, you don't have to send me off. I can walk out of here by myself," Gilbert said clearly.

"Do you have a place to stay on this plain?" Austin pursed his lips and asked with a struggle in his heart, "Can you find food on your own?"

"No. There's no prey on this plain," Gilbert said with his eyes lowered as he recalled the tragic situation a few days ago.

"... Do you want to come with us? We'll go to the volcano where your companions are. Maybe they can help you." Austin asked, recalling the expression on Gilbert's face when he said that he didn't want to go back last night.

"I don't have any companions there anymore," Gilbert said with a lonely expression.

"How can that be? There will be your friends waiting for you to go back," Austin said hurriedly. "If you continue to wander, you can only resign yourself to fate."

Gilbert was silent for a long time. Finally, he raised his head and said, "Can I join you guys?"

"You and I will go to see Captain Devitt and the others." Seeing that Gilbert had accepted his suggestion, Austin blurted out his thoughts, "I'll help you persuade them."

"Okay." Gilbert nodded heavily.

Austin looked at the increasing number of armored soldiers in the open space of the camp. He thought that it was almost time to assemble.

He hurriedly took Gilbert's hand and ran toward the tent where Captain Devitt was.

"Captain Devitt!" Austin rushed into Devitt's tent and shouted into it.

Devitt, Claremont, and Abel, who were standing in front of the table, stopped their conversation and looked back at him in surprise.

There were also soldiers moving tables and chairs around.

"Gilbert said that he wants to go to the volcano with us. Can you let him to join us?" Austin took a deep breath and said.

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Chapter 737: Unknowingly Taking Care of Him

Hearing Austin's words, Devitt's expression became awkward.

"I'll take care of it," Austin hurriedly added.

"Your mission is to protect yourself and your comrades. Where would you find the time to take care of a nomad from another race?" Claremont stood at the side and said seriously.

"I.. ." Austin was at a loss for words. He could not think of what to say.

"Didn't you say that you don't want to go back? Why have you changed your mind now?" Abel took a step forward and asked Gilbert.

"... Actually, I've always wanted to go back." Gilbert was silent for a while and continued, "I want to get back what I deserve."

Abel and Claremont looked at each other and nodded secretly.

Devitt focused his gaze on Gilbert and hinted, "If you want to use us to return to the Gnome Tribe's territory, you have to be mentally prepared to pay the price."

"Got it." Gilbert looked at the ground and nodded. "I'll tell you all the information I know."

"Including the information about the Gnome Tribe?" Claremont confirmed.

"... Yes." After a while, Gilbert nodded.

"Then, Austin, from now on, Guibert will be taken care of by you," Devitt promised Gilbert. "Don't worry, we won't force you to tell us unnecessary information."

"Great!" Austin shouted. He put his hand on Gilbert's shoulder happily.

"Austin, take Gilbert to the military logistics to get a pair of smaller shoes. Hurry up and don't delay the journey," Claremont instructed.

"Yes!" Austin replied. He bent over, held Gilbert's shoulder and took him out.

"I didn't expect Captain Devitt to agree! I didn't even have the time to say anything," Austin said in high spirits. When he turned around, he saw that Gilbert had his head lowered and was silent, he immediately asked with concern, "What's wrong with you? Are you okay?"

"Nothing." Gilbert stood up straight and shook his head.

"Captain Devitt and the rest are very considerate people. Honestly, they are just kind. They wouldn't have the heart to do anything to hurt you," Austin comforted him. "I'm also very happy to be able to go with you."

Gilbert looked up and saw the dazzling smile on Austin's face. The corners of his mouth also curled up. "Okay."

"Everyone gather!" Abel stood outside the separated camp and shouted in a loud voice.

The scouts, including Gilbert, quickly lined up neatly in front of him.

"Today, we must strive to get out of this flat land. No one can relax," Abel said.

"Yes!" The soldiers replied.

The group officially set off. When Abel led the group, he would usually walk at the front, looking at the map to find a route, not caring much about the soldiers and their discipline behind him. Indeed, under such circumstances, the Elf Soldiers were still traveling quietly. They would not talk to each other. Perhaps it was because of their innate laziness.

However, the Caradia soldiers were not so well-behaved. When they were in a good mood, they would talk to each other. At this time, Austin brought a new guy into the army. Many of the Caradia soldiers could not help but gather around curiously.

"This is the guy that you squashed the other day, right?" One of the soldiers said.

"I heard from Captain Devitt and the others that this little guy is a Gnome," another soldier added.

The topic of Gilbert became very popular among the soldiers.

"How did you think of bringing him along?" One of Austin's teammates asked.

"Isn't his home near our destination?" Austin casually replied, "This little guy will probably not survive in the wilderness for a few more days. Why can't we send him home on the way?"

"I see." Austin's teammate nodded and then gave Gilbert a friendly smile.

In fact, Austin didn't know why he had to bring this little guy along.

He had thought about it for a long time before coming up with this reason.

With this thought in mind, his gaze naturally shifted to Gilbert.

Even though the people around him were noisy, this little guy still had an indifferent look as if there was nothing to do with him.

However, as the journey got longer, his lips tightened.

"Are you tired?" Austin leaned over and asked.

"Yes." Gilbert squeezed out such a syllable from his throat.

Austin put his hand on Gilbert's arm and suggested, "I'll carry you."

Gilbert did not try to be brave anymore. With the strength of Austin's arm, he climbed onto his back and sat down steadily.

Austin looked up at the sky and thought to himself, "after all, he's just a skinny kid. He must be tired after walking for the whole morning."

With a place to rest, Gilbert fell asleep on Austin's back.

"From the back, the two of you look like father and son," a soldier passing by commented to Austin.

"Don't talk nonsense." Austin glared at him. "Have you ever seen such a young man carrying such a big son?"

"Hehe." The soldier smiled and did not say anything else.

Austin lifted his feet and walked forward. He silently thought to himself, "I must find a beautiful wife in the future and give birth to a cute child. Others can envy me."

"Rest for fifteen minutes," Abel ordered.

The soldiers found a lawn and laid down casually.

Austin was worried that his actions would wake Gilbert up, so he stood near the soldiers lying down and chatted with them.

Devitt walked over and said, "Why are you taking care of him so much?"

"Ah," Austin sighed and said, "I don't know. I just feel that he is like a wilful child who has no family and no companions. It's too hard."

"In that case, all the more you shouldn't take care of him in every detail." Devitt shook his head and said, "Falling from complete pain to complete doting will make people more vulnerable to the hardships."

"Is that so?" Austin looked back at Gilbert who was sleeping soundly on his shoulder, he said softly, "Captain Devitt, you are really amazing. I suddenly realized that I only gave him a different extreme environment."

"It's nothing," Devitt continued, "If you choose to be a kind person, it proves that the person who makes the choice is very smart. It's just that this world is so big, and the meaning of kindness is different in different places."

Devitt only hoped that Austin would not spend too much time with Gilbert during this period.

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Chapter 738: A Sudden Increase in Pace

Nearing evening, the group of Scouts walked out of the plains and stepped into the territory of the Snake-women.

Abel looked at the yellow soil and became worried.

The altitude here was much higher than the mountain where the Centaurs had been.

Everyone had felt the winter on the island earlier since they arrived.

Claremont kicked the cracked ground under his feet and said, "Is this where the Snake-women lives?"

"It's similar to what the information states. We have to be careful from now on," Devitt said from the side.

"According to the information, Snake-women would plant plague bombs near her territory. There's no way to solve it," Claremont added.

"Perhaps in the eyes of the Dwarf Clan, this defense is nothing," Devitt speculated.

"But for us, it is a difficulty we cannot overcome." Claremont sighed.

"Now we can only leave this problem to Abel, and let him judge the location of the Snake-women based on the terrain. As long as we go around them, the chances of us being infected by the poison gas would not be that high," Devitt said nervously.

"Okay." Claremont nodded.

"Everyone! Cover your mouth and nose and follow me slowly," Abel turned around and ordered the soldiers.

The scouts all took out a piece of cloth from their bags with solemn expressions and covered the lower half of their faces.

"What happened to them?" In such a serious atmosphere, Gilbert pulled on Austin's clothes and raised his head to ask.

His voice made the few soldiers standing in front of him look back.

Austin quickly gestured to Gilbert to keep quiet. He waited for the team captain to turn his head.

Austin bent over and whispered into Gilbert's ear and said, "We've already entered the Snake-women territory. We have to be careful of hidden mines. Quickly cover your nose and mouth with a handkerchief." Austin handed Gilbert his handkerchief.

Gilbert pushed away Austin's hand that was in front of him and walked towards Abel's position.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Austin stopped him with a voice that was forced out of his throat.

Gilbert pointed at Abel's back and continued to walk forward.

Austin followed him anxiously. When he noticed Gilbert walking all the way to the front row, the captains in the front row had unpleasant expressions on their faces.

"I want to see this captain," Gilbert said to the soldier who stopped him, pointing at Abel's figure.

Abel turned to look at Gilbert after hearing the childish voice. He stopped and raised his eyebrows in confusion. "Why did you come to me and not stay by Austin's side?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Austin rushed to the front and made an apologetic gesture to Abel. "I'll take him away immediately."

"I can lead the way for you." Gilbert was naturally held by Austin's wrist, but he had no intention of moving, sounding very firm in front of Abel.

Devitt and Claremont, who noticed that the team had stopped, also rushed over from the back of the team and heard what Gilbert said.

"Huh?" Abel was surprised. "You're willing to help us?"

"Only to help him." Gilbert raised his arm, which was held by Austin, and explained, "But you have to agree to one condition of mine."

"What?" Abel asked.

"After you reach the volcano, you can't step into the Gnome's territory," Gilbert said word by word.

Devitt and Claremont, who were standing silently at the side, looked at each other when they heard that. This goblin child was still guarding against them.

After hearing that, Abel looked at Gilbert from head to toe. Gilbert had taken the initiative to suggest letting him lead the way, which reminded Abel that the goblins did indeed have such abilities.

Abel thought for a moment and replied, "Okay. I promise you."

"You too." Gilbert turned to look at Devitt and Claremont.

"Mm." Devitt nodded as a representation of agreement.

This statement made Gilbert feel a little more at ease. Although he did not know what the intentions of this group of people were, but in order for the Gnomes to not be involved, he had to use his abilities in exchange.

Whether it was for prosperity or decline, he was still the crown prince of the goblins.

The sense of responsibility for the safety of the tribe had always flowed in the blood of the royal family.

With this thought, Gilbert lowered his head and looked at the prisoner bird tattoo on his left chest.

"You go ahead," Abel gave up his position and said to Gilbert.

Austin was stunned when Gilbert raised his hand. He watched Gilbert walk forward and followed him closely. However, he was stopped by Claremont. "Ask the captain of your team to keep an eye on him."

Austin and Claremont looked at each other and nodded. After asking the captain of the team to keep an eye on him, Austin walked back to his original position.

Gilbert looked back towards Austin's back and then looked forward. He said to Abel, who was standing on his left hand, "My instructions might be a little fast. You would have to catch up."

"Okay," Abel replied.

Everyone quieted down and waited for Gilbert's next move.

Gilbert squatted down and picked up a pile of yellow soil with his hand. He held it in front of his eyes, blew it away with his breath, and rushed out before the yellow sand landed on the ground.

Abel also immediately moved to follow behind him.

Although the soldiers were somewhat baffled by this sudden start. However, their daily training was not in vain. It did not take long for the Caradia soldier to organize the team and follow the two leaders by running.

The Elves stood at the end of the team, moving forward confidently.

Gilbert walked quickly on the plateau, with the wind blowing past his ears. He was currently using his spiritual power to survey the surrounding underground environment. While using his spiritual power, his pupils also became redder.

Under such special circumstances, the soldiers of the reconnaissance team ended the last part of their march today.

After sunset, Abel quickly called out to Gilbert, who was still running forward.

The soldiers also stopped after the long run.

"I didn't expect this little guy to run so fast." One of the soldiers panted.

"Are you kidding me? He's a gnome. I think he can run faster than this." Another soldier patted the soldier's back to help him catch his breath. With a relaxed smile, he said, "I think today's situation is quite interesting. It's usually too slow."

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Chapter 739: The Snake Woman's Ambush

"Where are we now?" Devitt looked at the surrounding and panted as he asked Claremont.

"Gilbert took us around the shortcut. I guess we're halfway there." Claremont replied as he looked at the map.

"So fast!" Devitt was a little surprised.

Claremont said helplessly, "In order to keep up with his speed, we've also increased our speed."

"Fortunately, under his guide, we have already covered more than half of the distance today. Otherwise, if we continue to be led by him like this, the strength of the soldiers will be wearing out." Devitt took a deep breath and said.

"Yes." Claremont nodded. "But after the order to rest just now, I haven't seen Gilbert. where is he?"

"He probably went back to Austin and stayed by his side." Devitt speculated.

Sure enough, after a while, Austin brought Claremont over.

Austin was helping everyone set up their tents, while Gilbert quietly followed by his side.

"Go sit under the shade and rest." Austin said to Gilbert.

Gilbert shook his head without any emotion in his eyes.

This was the third time Austin had tried to persuade him to go back and rest, but he had failed.

"Yo!" a tall and strong soldier walked toward the two of them and greeted them with a bright expression. "Gilbert."

Gilbert looked up at him and looked away without saying anything.

"My name is Brian. I'm the captain of the fifth squad in this army." The soldier didn't give up and introduced himself. "You ran very fast today." then he reached out his right hand to touch Gilbert's head.

Gilbert took a step back and avoided his hand gesture. He looked at him coldly.

Brian took back his hand resentfully and smiled awkwardly. "Sorry, I offended you."

Seeing this, Austin quickly shielded Gilbert behind him. He smiled and tried to smooth things over.

"Captain Brian, I'm sorry. This little guy is a bit shy. Don't mind him."

"Of course not." Brian raised his head and said, "I just want to try to get to know him. After all, his performance today was really amazing."

"Haha." Austin laughed and said, "In the future, he will follow us until we return to our hometown. We'll be friends in the end."

"You are right. I'll keep visiting this little guy." Brian nodded. After waving to Gilbert with a smile, he returned to his team.

"I don't want to know him." A low voice came from behind Austin.

Austin sighed, he turned around and squatted down to carefully exhort Gilbert, "In the human world, whether you like it or not, it is important to be polite. In the future, when others come to talk to you, you can't be as rude as you are today."

"Okay." Gilbert stared at Austin's eyes for a while and nodded in agreement.

"You're so sensible." Austin smiled again. "If you smile at others, they will smile at you and won't make things difficult for you. Isn't that good?"

Gilbert pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

The tent was built very quickly. Because Gilbert was so energetic when he led the way today, it was already very late when everyone was organized and settled down. In order to prepare dinner, the cooks stayed in front of the stove at the back of the camp and did not show up.

There was little smoke in the kitchen. The soldiers had their dinner at ten o'clock in the evening.

"It's great that we didn't meet the snake-women after crossing this plateau," Claremont said to Abel as he drank a mouthful of soup from his bowl.

"Why? Are you afraid of them?" Abel asked with a smile.

"I'm not that afraid. However, when I think of their heads and tails, I get goosebumps on my arms." Claremont held onto his arm and said with a twisted expression, "Don't you think so?"

"Hmm? I don't think so." Abel shrugged and answered.

"Eh?" Claremont looked at Abel with a puzzled expression.

Under the care of Austin, Gilbert sat on the small bed in the tent and ate the porridge in his bowl.

"I'm not eating anymore." Gilbert looked up and said to Austin.

Austin's eyes widened. "Why are you eating so little? Have a few more sips."

"I'm full." Gilbert said, pointing at his bulging stomach.

"I don't remember your usual appetite being this small." Austin was puzzled. "Is this vegetable porridge not to your liking? I'll go to the kitchen to see if there's anything else to eat."

Saying that, Austin stood up, placed the porridge bowl on the table, and turned to walk to the kitchen.

After watching him leave, Gilbert got off the bed and put on the shoes that Austin had given him. He slowly walked out of the tent. After avoiding the place where the soldiers were gathered, he climbed over the fence of the camp.

"Come out." Gilbert stood on the loess-covered plain and shouted at the dark night.

"Sizzle --" something passed through the grass and approached him.

"You killed half of our tribe, and you still dare to come here." A cold voice reached Gilbert's ears.

"I killed them because they wanted to kill me," Gilbert said with a calm expression. "The human and elven soldiers in this camp are not to be trifled with. If I tell them that the snake-woman tribe has been weakened, you might not even be able to defend your own home. How dare you lay an ambush here and prepare for a night attack. Where did your courage come from!"

After saying the last sentence, the spiritual power in Gilbert's body gathered in his palm, and his fingers suddenly became sharp.

"Stop scaring us." A snake-woman said sharply, "The news that this army is going to the volcano has long spread across the entire island. Do you think we don't know what they are capable of?"

"Oh?" upon hearing this, Gilbert chuckled, "Then you mean, you want to give it a try?"

"Humph! As expected, he is a b*stard gnome born with a rebellious nature in his body." A snake girl mocked, "Even his words are so arrogant."

Upon hearing the word 'b*stard', the corners of Gilbert's mouth stiffened for a moment, after taking a deep breath, he said to the snake-women, "Anyway, if you want to besiege this place today, you'll have to go through me first. I advise you to think it thoroughly before you come back."

Seeing the surging spiritual power in Gilbert's body, the snake-women showed a hint of fear.

However, as long as the leader did not say anything, they could not retreat.

The snake-woman leader narrowed her eyes and said, "You may be the first gnome who protect humans like this."

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Chapter 740: Scaring Off the Snake-women

"This has nothing to do with you." Gilbert could see that the snake-woman in front of him was the key to forcing the group to retreat. He locked his gaze on the other party.

Their gazes met in the air, and the atmosphere became tense.

"Alright." Finally, the snake-woman leader waved her hand and said, "There is nothing on these soldiers that is worth risking our lives for. Besides, we're still waiting for you to go back and continue watching the gnomes' show. I heard that it's a mess there now."

"Humph." Gilbert snorted. "It's good that you know what's good for you. Besides, the gnomes are only in a temporary civil war. No matter how chaotic it is, you outsiders won't have a chance to interfere."

Hearing that, the snake-woman leader narrowed her eyes angrily.

Gilbert didn't care. He turned around and left.

Returning to the camp, Gilbert saw Austin, who was looking for him everywhere.

Austin was currently asking the passing soldiers if they had seen Gilbert. Halfway through his words, he noticed Gilbert standing in front of him.

"Where did you go?" Austin asked with concern.

Looking at the sweat on Austin's forehead, Gilbert made an uncomfortable expression and whispered to him, "My stomach doesn't feel well."

"Stomach doesn't feel well? Is it because of the porridge you just had?" Austin asked in surprise.

"I'm not sure." Gilbert shook his head and continued, "It's much better now."

"Then..." Austin looked down at the steak in his lunchbox and hesitated.

"You can have it." Gilbert said with a bright smile.

"No, I'll leave it for you to eat when you're hungry at night." Austin shook his head, closed the lunchbox, and looked at Gilbert.

Gilbert saw that he couldn't persuade Austin, so he didn't say anything more. He let Austin take him back to the tent to rest.

After Gilbert laid down on the bed, Austin put a blanket on him.

"Are you going to sleep here today?" In the dark room, Gilbert's eyes were indeed sparkling as he looked at Austin.

"Um..." Austin hesitantly pursed his lips, he recalled the words that Devitt said to him that afternoon, so he said, "This is not a place prepared for me to rest. Of course, I have to go back to my bed to sleep."

"Okay." Gilbert replied and then closed his eyes.

Austin stood by the bed and watched him fall asleep. When he heard Gilbert's breathing become even, he extinguished the candlestick in the corner of the wall. He walked out of the tent quietly.

A comrade of his team saw him walk out and walked up to him, saying, "Austin, it's our turn to work the night shift today."

"Okay, I'll go make some preparations." Austin nodded immediately.

"Can you do it? You look tired," his teammate asked.

"Do I look tired?" Austin looked up curiously and asked.

"Yeah, I feel a little tired," his teammate teased. "It must be hard for you to take care of your 'son'."

"Son?" Austin raised his eyebrows.

"It's that newly recruited kid," the soldier explained with a smile. "Now everyone treats that kid as your son."

"Is that so?" Austin lowered his head wearily and waved his hand. "You can think whatever you want."

If this could make Gilbert happier in this group.

"I say, when you're taking care of others, you should take care of yourself also." the soldier shook his head. "We won't be able to walk with that little guy for long. At this rate, we'll probably break up after more than ten days."

After saying this, the soldier was called away. Austin was left standing alone, wondering why everyone would say this to him. He clearly hadn't thought of anything.

This question piled up on Austin's chest, and he felt suffocated.

He did not intend to continue thinking. Austin put on his armor.

Then, he hastened his pace and walked to his own row, accepting the duty of patrolling with everyone.

In Claremont's tent, Claremont was rummaging through the pile of documents in his luggage bag.

Sitting on the other side of the table was Abel. At this moment, he was leisurely eating the snacks on his plate.

"So, this is what you have in your luggage bag? No wonder it's twice as big as the others," Abel said as he dipped his hand in the remaining sugar on his plate.

"I can't bear to throw these things away. There's no one to clean them up for me in the military camp, so I can only bring them with me." Claremont replied.

"You must have read every book here dozens of times." Abel finished his snack and went over to squat on the ground. He was surprised by the number of books.

"Not really. Some books are bought by myself, so I didn't bear to wear them out by reading them too much. Some books were given to me by the owner of a bookstore, but I've read them dozens of times." Claremont explained.

Abel raised his head and gave him a look of disdain. "You are the elites selected from the Claremont soldiers. Why do you save so much money for yourself?"

"I've saved all the rewards," Claremont said with a smile. "The money for these books was collected from the rewards given to us by the generals."

Abel rolled his eyes at him and sat back down on his stool. After sitting for a while, he really couldn't sit still. He asked Claremont, "Why did you ask me to accompany you to this military camp to find a book?"

"I have an illustrated handbook. I think I lost it." Claremont said anxiously. His hands rummaged through the pile of books faster and faster.

"Is it a very valuable illustrated handbook?" Abel came over and asked with concern.

"Sort of. But now I remember that the illustrated handbook has a record of the history of the elf clan." Claremont nodded and said, "Perhaps it can prove Gilbert's identity."

"Didn't you and Commander Devitt both determine that Gilbert is the prince of the elf clan? Why do you still need to find something to confirm it?" Abel recalled the conversation outside the tent that night and asked.

"No, I think the tattoo on Gilbert's body has another meaning. It's not just the crown prince." Claremont vaguely voiced his guess as the image of the caged bird appeared in his mind.

"I see." After understanding the current situation, Abel also followed Claremont to search through the pile of books.

"What's the name of that book?"

"The Encyclopedia of Nature."

"What? Why would a book about other races on the continent have such a name?" Abel's expression froze for a moment.

"Stop talking nonsense and help me find it."