

Oasis 771

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Chapter 771: The Decision To Choose The Sea Route

"Oh no. I forgot that Austin is still here." Abel noticed Austin's gaze and whispered in Claremont's ear.

"It's fine." Claremont replied. The three of them communicated with each other and passed Austin's line of sight. They walked straight into the shop. Austin was left standing alone in the cold wind.

The next morning, Devitt got up early. After washing up, he stood in front of Abel and Claremont's bed and woke them up.

"You two, get up quickly. No matter what, we have to set off today." Devitt said.

"Got it." Claremont got up with sleepy eyes and sat by the bed.

Under Devitt's urging, Abel also woke up from his sleep. He picked up his towel and went out to wash up.

As he was about to go back, Devitt seemed to be happier than anyone else. He went to every guest room where the Caradia soldiers were and woke them up.

At seven o'clock in the morning, all the soldiers of the reconnaissance team gathered in the breakfast restaurant. Many of them ate bread with their eyes closed.

Claremont stirred the corn porridge in his bowl a few times and realized that he really had no appetite.

He asked Devitt, who was sitting at the same table as him, "How do I go back? Lord captain, have you figured it out? If you still need to study it for a while, I have to go back and catch up on my sleep."

Devitt glanced at him and pointed at the map that he had placed at the side. "I'm looking at it right now. It's fine if you don't help, but how dare you still want to sleep?"

"Let me see." Devitt took one of the maps. He looked at it carefully.

Abel quietly joined them, and the table became quiet again.

Until the soldiers packed their luggage and stood in front of them. The captains finally figured out the way back.

When they paid the bill, the boss told them that they could go west after they left the city gate. After they reached the posthouse in the western suburbs, they could take a carriage to the shore. There was a cruise ship passing by every day. They could pay to board the ship when the cruise ship docked. The ship would arrive near the harbor of the island.

Devitt and the others were dumbfounded when they heard that.

"Is it an illegal ship?" Claremont swallowed his saliva and said.

The boss immediately coughed twice and said, "How can you say it's an illegal ship? If the people of our town want to leave the island, they will take this sea route."

"Really?" Abel frowned and said.

"Of course. It's really not easy for your group to travel through the mountains and rivers. That's why I told you. I won't tell anyone else." The owner shouted, "You, you, you think I can get any benefits from it?"

"... Okay. Thank you." Claremont thanked him.

After walking out of the hotel, the reconnaissance team gathered in an empty space and began to discuss.

"What should we do now? Which way should we go?" Claremont said with his chin in his hand.

"What do you think?" Devitt looked at the surrounding soldiers and asked.

Jeb's voice was the only one that responded to him. "The sea route!!"

"Why?" Devitt quickly asked.

"If what the hotel owner said is true, we don't have to be afraid of those people on the illegal ship!" Jeb said confidently. Some of the soldiers also nodded in agreement.

"Okay, then we'll take the sea route." Devitt said after seeing the reactions of the others.

After receiving the order, the group immediately walked out of the city gate.

After walking out of the city gate, they walked to the west for a long time, but they didn't see the posthouse the hotel owner mentioned.

Claremont couldn't help but wonder, "Is the owner making up a lie?"

"No." Devitt shook his head and said, "But I think the posthouse he mentioned is not quite the same as what we imagine."

"How do you know..." Abel was halfway through his questioning when he saw a few goblins with horses parked on both sides of the main road.

"Which boss introduced you?" Before Devitt and the others came forward to ask, one of the goblins had already walked up to them and asked.

"Oak Street." Abel recalled the name of the hotel, but he couldn't recall it, so he could only answer the name of the street.

Claremont looked at the goblin carefully. The skin on the goblin's hand had been cracked by the cold wind. The horse he was leading was also very thin and weak.

"If you people want to go to the beach, it'll cost fifty silver coins." the goblin said.

"Where's the carriage?" Claremont asked.

"It was blown away by the strong wind." the goblin glanced elsewhere.

Claremont and Abel, who were standing at the front, already felt a little strange and took a step back.

Abel said to the goblin, "Can you tell us where to take the boat? We've will walk there."

"Ha!" the goblin spat on the ground. "It's a bit complicated. How about I recommend a route that's closer to you than taking the boat?"

"Huh?" Claremont's eyes were full of vigilance. He put his right hand on his waist.

"Dead end." the goblin's expression became even more ferocious. He pulled out the scimitar on his waist.

More than a hundred goblins rushed out from the forest on both sides of the road. They surrounded the reconnaissance team with weapons in their hands.

"It seems that you are not some coachmen." Devitt looked around and said to the goblin in front of him, "Why are you ambushing here?"

"To take your lives." the goblin laughed. "You people should have died on the way. How can you participate in the struggle on this island?"

"We have cleared the dwarf race of their grievances on this trip." Claremont said, "Do you have any misunderstanding about this?"

"No misunderstanding." the goblin shook his head and said, "It's just that we're not in a good term with the dwarfs you saved."

Devitt and the others felt a chill in their hearts when they heard this. The turn of events was far beyond their imagination.

After all, they were just a group of soldiers who fought on the battlefield before this. Although they had heard some stories about disputes of power, they would still be shocked by the intricacies of the forces involved.

"So, there are forces among the goblin race that are also involved in controlling this incident." Devitt said.

"Yes." the goblin lowered his head and looked at the machete in his hand, "There are thousands of people on this island who participated in this operation. They planned it for three months, but you outsiders ruined it. Tell me, do you deserve to die?"

"Hmph." Abel snorted. "I can only say that your methods are too dirty. I really can't think of anything that would make you so obsessed that you would betray your elders."

"When you reach hell, someone will tell you all about this.." the goblin's eyes flashed with a cold light.

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Chapter 772: The Stable Operated By Angel

"Charge!" Abel ordered the soldiers of the reconnaissance team as he watched the goblins getting closer and closer.

The elven soldiers were hidden behind the Caradia soldiers. They kept attacking with their magic.

However, this group of goblins were swift and agile. They dodged all the spells of elven soldiers.

Devitt observed the situation of the battle and immediately ordered, "Caradia soldiers! form a small team of three and break through the encirclement."

"We have to go out now." Levin said happily after hearing the order.

Jeb nodded and said, "It was the elven soldiers who took the lead previously. It's our turn this time."

The two smiled at each other and pulled over a soldier from the same team. In the middle of the goblin crowd, they stood back-to-back and fought their way out of the encirclement.

Not only them, but all of the Caradia soldiers showed their courage on the battlefield. The longsword in their hands slashed across the throats of every goblin who stood in front of them.

The goblin leader who was leading the charge realized that things were not good to them. Before he came, he received news that the main force of this group of reconnaissance team was the elven soldiers. As long as they concentrated elven soldiers' firepower, it would be enough to deal with them. The remaining human soldiers were not a threat at all.

Now, it seemed that the elven soldiers had stopped and stood to the side to watch. Instead, the human soldiers seemed to be in a high morale and kept sprinting toward the goblin's encirclement.

More and more goblins fell, even though some of the Caradia soldiers were also knocked down. However, the morale of the two sides had completely changed.

"Retreat! Retreat!" the goblin leader shook his head and said to the remaining goblin assassins.

The goblins who received the order instantly disappeared into the forest.

Only the reconnaissance team and the goblin leader were left in the field.

"Hehe." Abel sneered. "You called all your men away. Do you want to fight with us alone?"

"Of course not." the goblin leader waved his hand and said, "I just want to leave a message for you. 'If a person walks under the sun, his skin will inevitably turn dark, even if he doesn't intend to'. Just wait, we will meet again."

After saying this, the goblin leader threw out a smoke bomb from his hand. The area was instantly surrounded by smoke.

Everyone hurriedly covered their noses and mouths. By the time the smoke dispersed, the goblin leader had already disappeared.

Abel looked towards the forest on both sides of the road, but there was still no sign of him.

"He ran really fast." Claremont said as he coughed.

"From the words left behind by the goblin, we have indeed been counted as a faction here." Devitt lowered his head and said, "We have to return to the Caradia Empire as soon as possible. We need to report the information we obtained here to His Highness Lord Kant."

"Then, should we continue to walk down this road?" Abel looked at the distant intersection and asked.

"Let's go," Claremont suggested. "Let's go to the beach and take a look. If there really are ships operating, we can save more than half of our time."

"Yes," Devitt said affirmatively.

"Captain Devitt, Captain Claremont!" a Caradia soldier came over and reported, "Two people from our camp died and eight were injured."

"Bury the dead soldiers here. Take the relics with you." Devitt ordered, "Leave the wounded soldiers to the elven soldiers for treatment. We will set off in thirty minutes!"

"Yes!" the soldier saluted.

There were many corpses of goblin assassins lying in the middle of the road. But no one came to collect their corpses.

Devitt broke the weapons that the soldiers carried when they were alive. He placed the broken weapons in front of the soldiers' graves.

"I hope that you can have a happy and peaceful life in your next life." Devitt prayed in a low voice and said silently.

Claremont followed behind Devitt and bowed in front of the graves of the two soldiers. He turned around and left with a mournful expression.

The soldiers stopped and reorganized themselves. The injured soldiers had basically recovered under the care of the elven soldiers.

The group continued down the road, preparing to walk to the beach according to the route on the map.

It was already noon. They encountered a real posthouse on the way.

The posthouse was built on an open space by the roadside. At a glance, one could see the stable of horses neatly arranged together. There was no end to it. The types of horses were also varied. Even for people like Devitt who had some knowledge of horses, there were still some horses that he could not name.

Although it was called a posthouse, the word 'teahouse' was written on the signboard.

Abel led everyone to stop in front of the teahouse.

"It seems that the words of the hotel owner are indeed true." Claremont said as he looked at the Teahouse's door.

"Yes." Devitt nodded. "To be able to collect so many high-quality horses, this is indeed a good place."

"Let's go in and take a look." Abel always put action first. After listening to the words of the two, he strode in.

"Is anyone there?" Abel stepped over the door and called out.

"Yes." a man dressed in a white robe opened the curtain by the counter and walked out. He answered.

Abel looked him up and down and asked, "You're the only one in your shop? Where's the coachmen?"

"We only rent horses here, we don't hire workers." the man said calmly.

Abel was a little confused, but he still made an introduction. "We have more than forty people here, and we need to go to the seaside to take a boat. How can we go there without you leading the way?"

"The horses will take you there, of course." the man said seriously.

"Don't tease me. Do you mean that the horses you raised know the way?" Abel waved his hand and questioned.

The man nodded.

Abel frowned and said with doubt, "Is this how you do business?"

"The door of every stable is open. Whichever horse is available, you can lead it yourself. Everywhere you go, it will cost a silver coin." the white-robed man turned his back and said, "When you reach the destination, just place the payment on the saddle."

After leaving these words, the man disappeared behind the curtain again.

Abel stood where he was and pondered for a moment, then walked out of the shop. He told Devitt and Claremont the rules that he had heard.

"I've seen businessmen with this style before." Claremont nodded and said, "They probably do this because they have their own confidence."

"Well, in that case, let the soldiers choose the horses.." Devitt made a decision and said, "The canopy provided here can only fit four people in one carriage."

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Chapter 773: The Night On The Shore

"Let the soldiers of the same squad ride in one carriage. At least they can look after each other." Abel suggested.

"Okay." Devitt nodded and agreed.

The soldiers spread out and stopped in front of the stable that they liked to watch.

Every horse in the stable had beautiful, soft hair and strong tendons.

The fresh grass in the trough seemed to have been picked this morning, giving off a fresh smell of soil.

Claremont followed behind Devitt and walked through every stable. Looking at Devitt's focused expression, Claremont couldn't help but say, "Captain Devitt, do we need to pick for so long? We're just letting them pull us to the beach."

"All of the horses are different breeds, and they're all the best of the best," Devitt replied, "It's such a pity to be raised here to pull a carriage."

Claremont said with a laugh, "How do you know? What if they just want to stay here?"

"Sigh, I don't know what they're thinking. They just feel that they're overqualified for pulling the carriage only." Devitt shook his head and said.

With that, he walked into a stable and pulled out a white-furred horse with smooth muscle lines.

"Beautiful!" Claremont praised.

"Let's go, I have chosen mine." Devitt said, "The soldiers are still waiting for us."

"Don't you want to try riding this horse?" Claremont asked.

Devitt was stunned for a moment, then he turned his head to look at the horse he was holding. Then he replied, "Forget it. There isn't even a whip in this stable. I guess the owner doesn't want others to ride on his horse."

"Just give it try." Claremont walked to Devitt's side and said, "Didn't the shopkeeper say that these horses know the way? Let him take us back."

Devitt hesitated for a moment, then nodded. Stepping on the stirrup, he sat on the horse's back. The moment Devitt stepped on the stirrup, the white-furred horse shook its hooves. However, it didn't do anything else after that.

"You can come up too." Devitt stretched out his hand to Claremont and said.

Claremont grabbed Devitt's hand, jumped up, and sat behind Devitt.

After the two of them sat down, the white-furred horse immediately set off. Like a bolt of lightning, it rushed straight to the destination in front of the teahouse.

"Wow!" Claremont felt the cold wind blowing past his ear, and shouted excitedly, "It seems that this horse can really understand human language!"

"And it doesn't seem to have carried people before. Sitting on it, I'm about to vomit." Devitt said with a pale face.

He sat at the front and needed to endure more cold wind.

"Didn't you say that you like horses? Be careful that the horse will listen to you and throw you off." Claremont said with a smile.

The two of them walked for twenty minutes, but the horse only took three minutes.

When the handsome white horse appeared in front of the reconnaissance team with Devitt and Claremont, the soldiers burst into exclamations.

Abel, who was waiting for the two in front of the teahouse, also walked down from the horse with a surprised expression. He said to the dizzy two, "How did the two of you get on the horse? Several soldiers in the team tried to ride it, but they all fell down."

"The two of us are also quite miserable." Devitt staggered down from the horse and stroked his forehead, he said, "It seems that although this horse is kept in captivity, it still retains its natural wildness. We are not very suitable to ride it."

Claremont also nodded. Although he was indeed very happy at the beginning, after about a minute, his body also became uncomfortable.

"Are you okay?" Abel asked with concern.

"We're fine." Claremont shook his head and said, "Are the soldiers ready?"

"We're ready. We're just waiting for you." Abel sighed and said, "I'll put on the hood of the carriage and set off in a while. You guys can stand here and rest for a while."

"... Thank you." Devitt said while holding his stomach.

After Abel left, Claremont looked at Devitt and said with a sick face, "I feel a little nauseous. How about you?"

"Me too."

After Claremont and Devitt made some preparations, the soldiers got into the carriage and set off.

The horses that refused to carry people were unusually docile when they pulled the carriage.

It even made Devitt wonder if they could reach the beach today.

However, in fact, two hours after they sat in the carriage, the reconnaissance team heard the sound of the sea waves.

"We're almost at the beach." a soldier opened the curtains in the carriage and looked outside.

"Austin, how do you feel?" another soldier in the carriage asked Austin, who was sitting quietly in the corner, with concern.

"It's strange... I don't feel dizzy at all." Austin said with a smile.

"This horse is walking so slowly. How could Austin feel dizzy?" a soldier interrupted.

"How is it impossible?" the soldier who cared about Austin retorted, "I remember that he fainted when he touched the carriage or something."

"Maybe this carriage is different," Austin replied, "I didn't feel any tightness in my chest."

"Indeed," the surrounding soldiers said. "This is the most valuable carriage I've ever sat in."

The carriage stopped amid the soldiers' discussions.

"We're here." Devitt got out of the carriage and said to Abel and Claremont who were sitting in the carriage.

Abel also jumped out of the carriage. He cast his gaze toward the sea that was very close to him and said, "It's much closer than I imagined."

"I'll call the soldiers out of the carriage." Claremont said. Then, he shuttled back and forth in the carriage, telling the soldiers to get out of the carriage and gather.

"It's time to put the payment on the saddle." Abel reminded him.

"Okay." Devitt took out a few silver coins from his chest pocket and nodded.

The soldiers gathered in the open space beside the carriage. After Devitt put a silver coin on the saddle of each horse, all the horses that were leading the carriage turned around and left.

The soldiers watched as they left. When they saw the carriage being carried by the horses and suspended in the air, everyone burst into exclamations.

Cold sweat broke out on Austin's back. No wonder he didn't feel any dizziness while sitting in the carriage. It turned out that the carriage was floating in the air.

"I finally know why it's so fast." Claremont said, shaking his head in amazement.

Abel said to everyone after they recovered from their shock, "Tonight, we'll camp here for the night. Everyone, after receiving your tasks, quickly start working."

"Yes!" the soldiers replied.

The setting sun was slowly sinking into the sea.. There was still an hour before the sky turned dark.

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Chapter 774: Catching Up The Boat

By the time the sun had set, the soldiers had already started a bonfire in front of the tents they had built.

It was not cold along the coast of the island in this season, especially for the soldiers who had been walking in the mountains and forests for several days.

Many people had already rushed to the seaside in the name of catching fish. In fact, most of them had gone to play in the water.

Devitt and the others did not restrict the soldiers' relaxed behavior.

If they were in Drondheim, Devitt and Claremont would have already brought their soldiers to the tavern to feast.

However, they were only on the way home, which meant that their captain's mission was not over.

In order to maintain this image in front of the soldiers. Devitt and Claremont only turned a blind eye to the soldiers' actions.

The situation on the elf side was very different from that of the humans. Abel came to the seaside, and his mood soared. He was probably still bringing the elven soldiers to play by the seaside.

Only Devitt, Claremont, and a few soldiers who were in charge of standing guard were staying in the huge camp.

The time was late at night, and the night wind on the sea had become bone-chilling. The soldiers who had returned from playing on the shore each held a few small fish in their hands. They walked to the kitchen and asked the cooking soldiers to add the fishes to the menu for tonight.

Bamboo poles were set up on the bonfire in the camp, and the soldiers' soaked cotton clothes were hung on the bamboo poles.

Everyone surrounded the bonfire and waited for their clothes to be dried. At the same time, they looked forward to the delicious dishes being served in the kitchen.

"Everyone only sees the sea once in a long time, right?" Devitt said to Claremont as he placed the wine cup on the stove and roasted it.

"If we can board the ship tomorrow, then we will have to stay on the ship for four to five days." Claremont replied.

Devitt glanced at Claremont and said, "Four or five days is nothing. When we came to this island, didn't we take a boat for about half a month before we arrived?"

"When I think of those days, I feel sick to my stomach." Claremont complained.

"Ha." Devitt said with a laugh, "Is this the only impression that this sea left on you?"

Claremont waved his hand, indicating that he didn't want to talk.

The next morning, the soldiers heard the whistle of the ship in their sleep.

The moment Claremont heard the whistle, he immediately rolled over and jumped off the bed. He put on his cotton clothes and boots, ran to the place where the steamer was docked, and shouted to the crew on the steamer, "Wait for us! We want to board the ship too!"

A siren got off the boat and looked at the camp not far behind Claremont. He said, "Okay. But you have to wake up your people quickly. We have to leave now."

"Okay, thank you." Claremont nodded and immediately turned around and ran to the tent.

He woke up Devitt while hurriedly putting on his clothes. Before walking out of the tent, Claremont said to Devitt, who was still sitting on the bed, "Quickly wake up the other soldiers. I'll inform Devitt and the others."

After Devitt reacted, he immediately got out of bed. He asked the soldiers who had already gotten out of bed to help wake up the soldiers in their teams.

Before the reconnaissance team had the time to wash up, they stood in front of the steamship and gathered with sleepy eyes. Claremont brought Abel and the others over from the other side of the coast.

"Board the ship," the siren crew called out.

The Caradia soldiers followed the crew onto the deck. The elven soldiers followed behind them and boarded the ship.

"Where are you going?" a siren crew member walked out of the cockpit and asked the scout team.

"To the harbor." Devitt answered briefly.

"Okay." the crewman nodded. "Fifty silver coins per person."

"In total, Caradia will need ten gold coins." Claremont said to Devitt after calculating in his mind.

"Let's use it. It's the last trip." Devitt replied.

Claremont looked at him in surprise and said, "But we only have five gold coins left."

"What?" Devitt widened his eyes and exclaimed.

"Didn't I tell you last night? We don't have much money left." Claremont continued.

Devitt recalled what happened last night. Claremont did say that to him.

Claremont was in charge of all the coins in the team, and Devitt usually didn't care about this issue. He didn't expect to be so embarrassed.

Devitt and Claremont placed their last hope on Abel and looked to Abel for help.

Abel sighed again in his heart. Ever since he stayed with these two people, he didn't know how many times he had sighed.

Abel took out the money bag in his arms and said, "I'll pay for it."

"Thank you," Devitt said in a low voice.

"Do you have money?" the crew looked at the three people and asked.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Abel quickly answered. He counted twenty gold coins from the money bag and handed it to the crew.

The crew took the money in his hand and counted it again. He said, "Okay, the cabin is down there. You can go down and find an empty bed."

"Below? Can't we stay in these places?" Claremont was puzzled. He pointed at the cabin next to the cockpit.

"No." the crew member didn't explain further and returned to his post.

Devitt frowned and walked to the underground cabin that the crew member mentioned.

In the end, he found that in the vast space, people's beds were also next to each other.

"Why can't we live on it?" a soldier looked around the cabin environment and complained.

"The humidity here will be very heavy, right?" another soldier said.

Devitt and Claremont organized Caradia soldiers to sit on their respective beds and put down their luggage.

This 'cabin' was probably set up with beds for around 200 people.

The beds of the soldiers of Caradia were gathered together. However, some nomads were already staying on the beds around them.

"Is this your first time on this ship?" a nomad asked.

"Yes." Claremont nodded and replied, "We're going to the harbor."

"Most of us are also going to the harbor. Who introduced you to this place?" the nomad asked.

"The owner of a hotel at the foot of the volcano." Austin replied.

"The crew on this ship charged us so much money and let us stay here. It's too unscrupulous" a soldier said angrily.

The nomad smiled and said, "That's not what you thought.. The crew risked their lives to do this business."

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Chapter 775: The Darkness That Slowly Infiltrate

"What do you mean?" Devitt asked curiously.

"Hehe, the territory on this island has been divided up by the nomads of various races." the nomad continued to explain to the reconnaissance team, "Actually, it's not only the land, but also the sea area near the land. For every few dozen nautical miles, a new owner will be in charge. This is also why people who do business at sea can only hide in the dark."

"Then why do we have to live in such a place?" a soldier asked.

"The crew also lives here." the nomad spread his hands and pointed at the steel roof, he said, "The cabin on the top is not for staying. It is a room for the sacrifice of the Griffins. If you want to survive on the sea, you have to let the Griffins let you go. In short, the money earned by the sirens driving the ship is very little."

"I see." Devitt nodded in understanding.

After understanding what had happened, the Caradia soldiers did not continue to complain.

Abel also heard the same explanation from the crew. He returned to the cabin and introduced to everyone: there was no food and drink on the ship, and it was forbidden to start a fire. For the past few days, the soldiers could only feed on the rations in their bags.

The group of people drifted on the ship for three to four days. Every night, they would be woken up by the footsteps of the Griffins on the deck. They spent the rest of the night in fear.

On the evening of the fourth day, the reconnaissance team arrived near the harbor. This was the only route they could take. All the passengers had to get off the ship and walk to the harbor.

After walking along the coast for half an hour, Devitt saw the elven outpost.

The outpost had been decorated, and it was completely different from what they had seen on the island.

"It's Raphael!" Claremont shouted happily. Looking in the direction he pointed, Raphael's figure appeared in everyone's line of sight.

"You're back." Raphael cheerfully led a group of elven soldiers to welcome them.

Abel sized up these unfamiliar elven soldiers and asked, "This is?"

"This is the reinforcement sent by His Highness the Elf King to the outpost. They helped us take back the land by the shore of the island," Raphael explained. "His Highness Lord Kant of the Caradia Empire also wanted to send troops over. However, after receiving our reply, he gave up on this decision."

"I see." Abel smiled and said, "I'm really happy for you."

"Your news has already spread throughout the entire island. However, I still want to hear it from you personally," Raphael continued, "Put down your luggage first. We've built a new camp here. After resting for the night, we'll set off tomorrow to return home."

When they heard the word 'home', all the reconnaissance team cheered and jumped up in joy.

During the mission, everyone felt uncertain about whether they could hold on until the end.

Now that they could actually hear the news of setting off for home, they naturally relaxed.

"Yes." Devitt nodded and answered, "But before I tell you our story, I want to write a letter to Lord Kant to tell him that we're safe."

"Of course." Raphael said with a smile.

The elven camp built by the sea was naturally many times better than the camp built by the reconnaissance team in the mountains.

Even if a small team lived under the same tent, it still seemed to have plenty of space.

Devitt sat down in his tent, leaned against the table and began to write a letter to Drondheim.

Claremont sat quietly at the side, watching him write the letter.

Abel had already sat by the fire and chatted with Raphael. From Raphael's words, he learned that it was not easy for the elven soldiers to take back their own estate. The two sides had clashed three times on the direct battlefield.

Abel talked about the situation that the reconnaissance team encountered along the way, as well as the few soldiers who died in the accident.

"It's all because of our lack of experience that the soldiers were put in danger." Abel blamed himself.

"It's inevitable to encounter such a sudden situation on the way. After all, you can't control the hearts of every soldier." Raphael shook his head, he said, "The fact that your group was able to maintain their current status and return to the harbor is already proof of luck and strength."

"Thank you." Abel nodded and said, "Devitt and Claremont are really competent captains. Although there will were times when I'm felt that they were unreliable, I feel at ease most of the time."

"I feel it." Raphael nodded and said, "The way the soldiers look at the three of you has already proved that what you said is true. Now that the mission is over, you can also begin to rest."

"No." Abel shook his head. "We still have to bring the news from this island back to our country. This is a very important step."

"Very important?" Raphael asked in puzzlement. In his eyes, the Elf Kingdom and the Caradia Empire had nothing to do with the forces on this island.

"Someone from the forces behind this island has already set their sights on us." Abel said in a solemn voice.

Then, Abel recounted the process of the attack outside the town to Raphael.

"It seems that this group of people don't intend to let us off easily." Raphael also noticed the seriousness of the matter.

"Right now, they are busy fighting against the forces on the surface. If they win, then our situation will become grim." Abel analyzed.

"I heard from you that the nomads of most of the races on the island are involved. Moreover, some races are at odds with each other on the surface," Raphael said. "Then, it will become difficult to find the mastermind behind this whole incident."

"Yes," Abel replied.

"Then, why don't you stay on this small island for a while. I'll go back and report this news to His Majesty." Raphael suggested. "If we withdraw from the small island at this time, then it will become difficult to observe the situation on this island in the future."

Abel was a little surprised by Raphael's suggestion. He asked, "You mean... you want me and my soldiers to stay on this island for another month?"

"Yes, wait for me to bring new men to come and change shifts with you," Raphael said seriously.

Abel thought for a moment and replied, "Alright, but how many people are willing to stay with me? We can't force them." The elven soldiers' joy of able to return home appeared in his mind

"Of course." Raphael nodded.

After the two of them finished their discussion, it was time for dinner. They walked out of the camp together and ate with the soldiers.

Devitt and Claremont, who had finished writing the letter, arrived late. They joined the crowd.

"Have your letters been sent?" Raphael asked with concern.

"Yes." Devitt nodded.. "They have been handed over to the messenger."

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Chapter 776: Letter That Never Sent Out

"Messengers?" Raphael was puzzled. "Messengers from where?"

"They are in charge of collecting some individual letters on the harbor," Claremont explained. "When we walked to the harbor, we met people who were sending the letters. They showed us the way."

"I see." Raphael said. "Actually, you don't have to send the letters yourself. You just have to send them to the mailbox in front of the camp. The messengers will come to collect them."

"It seems that we are too impatient." Devitt shook his head and said with a smile.

Claremont sat down at the table and took over Devitt's words. He continued, "Everyone should be thinking about going home. At least I am eager to return."

Raphael glanced at Abel and said apologetically, "Actually, in order to keep an eye on the news on this island, Captain Abel will have to stay here for a period of time."

"What?" Devitt said in surprise, "Abel, aren't you coming back with us tomorrow?"

Abel sighed and nodded. Actually, in his heart, he really wanted to go back. After all, he had an agreement with Devitt and Claremont to meet up in Cumberland.

However, Raphael's suffering on this island was no less than the suffering of them who traveled outside. Since the Raphael had already suggested it, Abel had no choice but to agree. Moreover, the two of them had been good friends for ten years.

After receiving Abel's affirmation, Devitt exchanged a glance with Claremont and did not say another word.

The atmosphere at the dining table became silent.

Raphael sized up the expressions of the people around him and said to Abel, "Abel, why don't... Why don't you let me stay on the island and bring the soldiers back first?"

"No, no, no." Abel denied in a panic. "Let's go with the plan. I'm fine with it."

"Are you sure you're fine with it?" Raphael asked.

"It's fine." Abel said firmly. When he thought about how his own emotions made it difficult for Raphael, who had suggested the plan, Abel felt ashamed.

"Then... Alright." Raphael nodded slowly and said, "As for the matters regarding the camp, I'll discuss them with you in detail after dinner tonight."

"Alright." Abel replied.

Devitt and Claremont sat by the side and quietly listened to their conversation. Naturally, they also noticed Abel's embarrassment and helplessness.

"Since Abel has already decided to stay here, then we should stay with him as well. Let the soldiers return first." Claremont suggested to Devitt.

"But we don't have the position to stay here anymore. The human soldiers are only here to provide reinforcements to the elves. According to Raphael's personality, he definitely won't let us stay in their camp." Devitt had already known Raphael's domineering personality, he said awkwardly, "Besides, if both of us don't return this time, then who will go to the palace to report to His Majesty?"

After hearing Devitt's words, Claremont's expression also became conflicted.

He glanced across the dining table and saw that Abel and Raphael were enjoying themselves. He compromised with Devitt and said, "Alright then."

At that moment, Abel stood up and toasted the three people on the table. "I'll drink to this cup of wine first. I wish you all a safe journey home this time."

As he spoke, he downed the wine in his cup in one gulp.

Raphael, Claremont, and Devitt also raised their wine cups and smiled as they drank their wine.

After dinner, everyone returned to their rooms early. They made preparations for their departure the next day.

Raphael stayed in Abel's room, and the two of them talked until late into the night. Only when he was so sleepy did Raphael bid farewell to Abel and return to his room.

Under the moonlight, when Raphael walked through the door, he found a figure sitting on a chair in the room with his back to him.

Raphael walked to another chair and sat down without any expression on his face. He said, "Don't come in and out of my room casually next time."

"I got the letter." the figure took out a letter from his pocket and handed it to Raphael.

"Okay." Raphael nodded and answered. Then, he tore open the envelope that had "Drondheim" written as the delivery address. He read the contents of the letter carefully.

"Why don't you let that man named Abel go with you? What if the people in Caradia get suspicious?" the person who brought the letter asked.

Raphael tightened his grip on the letter and said in a cold voice, "I'm not like you. For the sake of rights and interests, you wouldn't even care about the lives of your own people. Besides, I know what to do this time. You don't have to worry about it."

"You can protect them for a while, but you can't protect them forever." the man turned around and said, "If they choose to involve in the end and stand on the opposite side of us, they will still be eradicated. Take care of yourself."

After leaving this sentence, the man disappeared in the shadows.

Raphael got up and walked to the candlestick. He lit the letter in his hand and threw it into the fireplace.

Looking at the burning flames, Raphael sighed. "At the moment, we can only take one step at a time."

The next morning.

The Caradia soldiers bid farewell to the elven soldiers who came to see them off at the dock.

Devitt smiled and said to Abel, "I originally thought that you were the only one left here. In the end, all your soldiers stayed with you. In that case, we can rest assured."

Abel shook his head and said, "These soldiers all want to go home, but they stayed for me. I'm really sorry to them."

"It's nothing. I heard that everyone is willing to stay." Claremont waved his hand and said, "Don't look so sad."

Abel nodded and said, "Yes. When you return to Drondheim, you must write to me."

"Of course." Devitt and Claremont nodded.

"Okay. The ship is about to leave. Take your luggage and go up." Abel hugged the two of them and said with a smile.

"You have to pay attention to your safety while you stay here." Devitt said. "When you return to the Elf Kingdom, we will ask for leave to drink with you."

"Alright, it's a deal."

Raphael stood on the deck of the ship and watched the scene of the two groups of people separating. A hint of reluctance flashed in his eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

"Boss, the bombs have been installed." an elven soldier walked forward and reported to Raphael.

"Did you install them like I told you before?" Raphael asked.

"Yes. It's all in the engine room.." the elven soldier replied with a nod.

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Chapter 777: The Plan Of The Dark Force

"Well done." Raphael nodded.

"Boss, if these people die at our hands, Caradia won't let it go, right?" the elven soldier said worriedly.

The people who followed Raphael had joined the dark forces on the island.

After all, the garrison of the outpost was already at the end of its tether. The residences on the mountains were discovered by the nomads, and the resources were also taken away. The Elf Kingdom had not sent reinforcements for a long time. In order to survive, they could only grab the help of the dark forces.

There were also some soldiers who chose to leave on their own and survive in the wilderness. However, most of them had disappeared into the wilderness, and even their corpses could not be found.

"Of course, that's why we can't let them find out," Raphael reprimanded. "We boarded this ship to make this explosion look like an accident."

"Yes." the elven soldiers answered with their heads lowered.

The steamer had already begun to whistle. Devitt followed the other Caradia soldiers, dragging their huge suitcases, and walked onto the deck.

Raphael walked forward and helped take the luggage from his hands.

Devitt smiled and said, "Thank you."

Raphael shook his head and carefully reminded, "It's okay. If you get seasick, it's better to drink some seasickness medicine before you sail."

"If it's seasickness medicine, give it to Claremont. He's the one who's really afraid of water." Devitt replied.

"I see. Then I'll get someone to send some medicine over to him later." Raphael also laughed.

"This ship is a little smaller than I thought." Devitt looked around and said, "Is there no space left on the ship we were on previously?"

"Yes, I heard that the ship has been shut down." Raphael was stunned for a moment before he replied, "It is indeed a little small, but the equipment is quite complete. After all, it is a new ship that has just been built."

"Not bad." after listening to Raphael's introduction, Devitt nodded and said in approval, "Then I will go and unpack my luggage first. I will leave the things like gathering to you."

"Alright." Raphael agreed. He stood in front of the cabin door where Devitt lived and exchanged his luggage with Devitt.

"See you at dinner." Devitt bowed slightly to Abel and said.

"Goodbye." Raphael replied.

On his way back to the deck, Raphael met Claremont, who was looking for the house number.

"Raphael!" Claremont greeted him.

"Claremont." Raphael walked forward and gave Claremont a slight hug.

"The scenery on this ship is really nice. It's just that I'm not in the mood to experience it after the ship sails." Claremont looked at the sea and sighed.

"I heard from Captain Devitt that you get seasick. I'll have someone send the seasickness medicine to your room later." Raphael said with concern.

"Why did Devitt expose all my weakness?" Claremont complained. Then, he smiled at Raphael and said, "Thank you. Then, I'll have to trouble you."

"Okay," Raphael agreed. "Have a good rest."

The Caradia soldiers had always been very disciplined. Even though Devitt and Claremont were not present, they still consciously gathered on the deck according to the formation and counted the number of people.

Thus, Raphael was only responsible for summarizing the number of people in the two teams and collecting the physical health data of everyone on the ship.

"Lunch is in the form of a buffet. You can go to the dining hall to pick it up at twelve o'clock in the afternoon." Raphael instructed. "Everyone needs to pay attention to their health while on the ship. When someone among your companions falls ill, you need to report it to your captain in a timely manner."

"Yes!" the soldiers standing on the deck replied in unison.

"Dismissed."

"Boss, we've already arranged for our people to be stationed at various positions on the ship. This is to ensure that the operation at that time is absolutely flawless." a soldier reported.

"Before we officially start the operation, we need to carry out a large-scale clean-up. If you can bribe them, then bribe them. If you can't, then throw them off the ship." Raphael instructed.

"Yes." the soldier nodded.

During dinner, Raphael sat with Devitt and the others.

"I heard from the soldier who had lunch that the dishes made in the kitchen on this ship are quite good." Claremont beamed. "After I heard these rumors, I looked forward to it."

"I heard that the chef on this ship has been worked on the ship for more than ten years at sea. He can make superb dishes of many countries." Raphael introduced.

"Really?" Devitt was slightly surprised. "He's really amazing!"

"Mm." Raphael nodded with a smile.

After a while, the dishes for dinner were served on the table. It was truly a dazzling feast. Even Claremont was dazzled.

"Everyone, start eating." Raphael said.

Claremont immediately forked the steak on his plate and chopped up a large piece of meat.

"Is the journey back the same route as when we came?" Devitt asked curiously.

"No, I heard that the route we are taking now is a newly opened route. Compared to the usual route, it takes shorter time." Raphael recalled for a while and replied.

"A new route?" Claremont raised his head and asked in surprise, "Then where will we dock?"

"The harbor in Cumberland." Raphael replied.

"Cumberland?" Devitt's eyes widened, and he said in surprise, "That's really convenient for us."

"Yes." Raphael nodded. "Cumberland's development is changing by the day, and the newly built harbor has also been valued."

"Actually, neither of us have been to Cumberland before. We can take this opportunity to take the soldiers on a sightseeing trip." said Devitt and Claremont as they looked at each other.

"So what if you haven't been there before." said Raphael. "When you arrive at Cumberland, I wonder how many people will come to the dock to welcome you. After all, your mission this time is almost perfect."

"That may not be the case." Devitt said humbly. "By the way, I wonder where the letters we sent have been sent to. Raphael, how long will it take for the letters sent from your outpost to reach the destination?"

"This... depends on the weather at sea." Raphael paused and said, "It will be here in about ten days."

"The messenger is really amazing. Just the journey at sea alone will take us ten days." Claremont interrupted.

"This is their job. Naturally, the more efficient the better." Raphael said with a smile. "We don't have to rush back so quickly. Just treat this sea trip as a holiday after work."

"Mm.." Devitt nodded in agreement.

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Chapter 778: The Soldiers Are Alert

Although the days on the ship were leisurely, most of the time they were very dull.

Therefore, Devitt or Claremont would lead their soldiers to practice every morning.

"Look at how lazy you are." Claremont said to the soldiers, "Don't think that by staying on this ship, you can let down your guard. If you keep slacking off, you will suffer after when we return to the barracks."

"Yes!" the soldiers struggled to maintain their balance on the shaking deck and replied in a resounding voice.

Even though they had not stayed on this ship for a long time, by the time the journey was nearing its end. Many of the soldiers had already shown their round bodies.

"The management of the soldiers in Caradia is really strict." Raphael said to Devitt with a smile.

"We didn't discipline them on the ship. That's why they become so relax now." Devitt said embarrassedly. "Before we return to the military camp, we must correct their habits. Otherwise, they won't be able to bear it when they are integrated into the army."

"I see. I heard that the members of the reconnaissance team are all elites who have been selected. Their strength must be amazing." Raphael continued to praise.

"The captain in charge of training us thinks that we are more suitable to carry out this mission. In the army, there are still many people who are better than us." Devitt made a serious introduction.

"Captain Devitt is really humble." Raphael smiled and did not say anything else.

Seeing this, Devitt only smiled and shook his head.

Ten days of interaction did not let the elven soldiers to become familiar with the Caradia soldiers.

Austin always felt that the elven soldiers on this ship were different from the group of soldiers under Abel. There was a sense of isolation when they interacted with each other. Moreover, although they were on the same ship, they were never seen.

After asking the surrounding Caradia soldiers, they also replied, "There is a strange feeling when I interact with this group of elven soldiers."

Therefore, when everyone gathered in the dining hall, the elven soldiers and the Caradia soldiers always sat separately. Even the more active soldiers gave up trying to befriend the elven soldiers.

Devitt also noticed this. One day, after dinner, Devitt invited Austin out. The two of them stood by the mast and had a face-to-face talk.

"The atmosphere in the restaurant is very cheerless." Devitt said.

"Yes, these elves are indeed different." Austin replied.

"Do you find it difficult to get along with them?" Devitt continued to ask.

"Difficult to get along with them?" Austin frowned and thought for a while, then replied, "Maybe I shouldn't say it like this, but I always feel that they are wary of us."

A puzzled expression appeared on Devitt's face. He confirmed, "Wary?"

"Yes." Austin said with certainty. "We seem to be isolated from their circle."

"Yes, perhaps it's just as you said. They are different from Abel and the others." Devitt patted Austin's shoulder, he warned, "Pay attention to the situation of the soldiers around you. Just don't cause any trouble. There are still two more days before this sea journey ends."

When Devitt turned around, Austin called out to him, "Captain Devitt," he continued, "I think it's better to be more careful with this group of people. You and Captain Claremont will stay in the cabin during the day. Perhaps you don't know, but this group of people is always sneaky. Usually, there isn't a single person to be seen. I don't know what they are plotting in the dark."

Devitt turned around in puzzlement at Austin's exhortation. He stared at him for a while. He replied, "... Alright."

"Alright." Austin nodded solemnly and turned around to walk into the dining room.

After the conversation ended, Devitt returned to his resting cabin. He discovered that Claremont was lying on his bed.

Claremont raised his head from the manuscript and saw that Devitt looked uneasy. He asked with concern, "What's wrong with you?"

"Austin just told me that I need to be careful of Raphael and his men," Devitt said hesitantly.

"Why?" Claremont continued to ask.

"He said that Raphael's men acted very strange, and their temperament is also very strange." Devitt recalled what Austin said and concluded.

"I see." Claremont nodded and replied.

"Do you have this feeling?" Devitt looked at Claremont and asked.

"You know, I'm seasick." Claremont shook his head and said, "I basically don't leave the cabin. However, the attitude of the elven soldier who sent me the medicine is indeed a little strange. I didn't pay much attention to him when I spoke to him."

"Since the soldiers have such vigilance, then let's observe carefully." Devitt decided.

Claremont stood where he was, looking as if he was deep in thought. Finally, he said to Devitt, "Although this kind of situation might not occur, but if these elven soldiers really want to murder us, what is the purpose of it?"

"I can't think of it." Devitt also began to think, but he still couldn't come to a conclusion.

"I remember when we came to the island, Raphael brought his soldiers to welcome us. This group of people isn't as cold as they are now." Claremont recalled carefully.

"Now that you mention it, I remember. I've seen some soldiers on the mountain before, but I've hardly seen them on this ship." Devitt raised his voice and said.

"I heard that the elven soldiers and the reinforcements fought against the forces on the shore." Claremont explained, "Did those soldiers you mentioned die on the battlefield?"

"Maybe so..." Devitt lowered his head and replied.

The two pondered for a long time, but still couldn't come to a conclusion.

Devitt decided to temporarily drop this topic and asked Claremont, "By the way, how did you enter my cabin?"

"I asked the crew for the key. I told him that you might have fainted inside. I need to come in personally to check." Claremont replied easily.

Devitt rolled his eyes and said, "Just return the spare key to the crew. If I really fainted, you won't be the first to notice me, okay?"

"You have good lighting here. I came to read for a while." Claremont slowly walked to the door and threw the key into Devitt's arms, he said, "I'll have to trouble you to return this key for me. The crew member is called Janus. He has brown hair. You know him, right?"

"You...." Devitt took the key and was about to scold Claremont, but Claremont had already closed the door.

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Chapter 779: The Early Sunset

Devitt held the cold key in his hand and muttered to himself, "Who... is Janus again?"

Devitt was not in a hurry to return the key. Then, Devitt remembered what Austin had said: "On the deck at night, there is always the sound of someone's footsteps."

He sat quietly on his bed until late at night. While waiting, he sorted out his thoughts in his mind.

"Hah..." Devitt yawned. He couldn't help but feel tired. After all, he had been following the habit of going to bed early these days.

"It should be about time now." Devitt murmured. Then, he opened the cabin door and walked out.

Walking in the corridor of the ship, Devitt saw a few elven soldiers gathered in a corner on the deck.

"Hey! You!" Devitt shouted at the group, "Why are you gathered here in the middle of the night?"

"Captain... Devitt." an elven soldier greeted awkwardly, "We are standing here on duty."

"On duty?" Devitt frowned and asked.

"Captain Devitt, why aren't you sleeping?" the elven soldier asked.

"Oh, I forgot to return the key. Do you know Janus? He lent the key to Claremont in the evening. He should still be on night duty. Have you seen him before?" Devitt picked up the key in his hand and asked.

The elven soldiers looked at each other. They paused for a moment, and replied, "Janus... Janus has a stomachache and is in the toilet right now. Captain Devitt, just give us the key. When he comes back, we will help you return it."

Hearing this, Devitt had already noticed the strange behavior of these soldiers. He replied, "No, I think it's better for me to give it to him personally when he comes back."

After hearing this, the elven soldiers looked nervous. Everyone huddled together and discussed their countermeasures in low voices.

Devitt stared at them for a while and prepared to turn around and head to the management cabin.

"Help!" At this time, a cry from the sea made Devitt tense up.

Devitt immediately leaned on the fence and looked at the dark sea. He found a figure in uniform rising and falling with the waves by the side of the ship. After glaring at the elven soldier, Devitt sounded the alarm on the deck.

The whole ship entered an emergency.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?" Claremont was woken up by the siren.

Devitt began to look for people to help him save Janus. However, what made him despair was that all the crew members he had asked for were unmoved.

"Aren't him your crew member?" Devitt shouted in surprise.

"Money isn't as important as people. Since someone paid us to shut up, we just need to keep quiet." the captain replied calmly.

Devitt returned to the deck. The Caradia soldiers and elven soldiers were standing on both sides of the deck. Raphael leaned against the fence. The cold sea wind blew his windbreaker until it was bulging. But his expression was calm.

"Looks like we haven't prepared enough for this operation." Raphael said coldly.

The few elven soldiers who had revealed their identities in front of Devitt knelt in front of Raphael.

"Boss, we had made mistake." the elven soldier apologized.

Raphael glanced at them and said, "When tonight is over, I'll settle the score with you."

"Raphael!" Devitt clenched his fists and walked to the front of the elven soldiers' formation, shouting angrily.

"What's wrong with you?" Raphael asked.

"Why did you do this?" Devitt asked. "Tell me, what is it about us that is worth your effort? Even sacrificing the lives of innocent people?"

"There is no reason." Raphael shook his head and said, "It's just that someone wants you to die, so you have to die."

Claremont widened his eyes and said, "So you were sent by the people on the island? You joined the forces of the dark side!"

"When your own country won't help you, you have to accept the support of other forces whether they are good or evil." Raphael replied.

"I should have known long ago that you were lying when you said that the reinforcements would help you repel the nomads on the island." Claremont pointed at the elven soldier and said.

"We have prepared long enough for you to leave this world without a sound." Raphael sighed, he said, "But tonight, you have uncovered this prelude. Aren't you worried that your soldiers would resent you? Because of your recklessness, they have one day less to live."

The provocative words from Raphael's mouth made many of the Caradia soldiers take out their weapons and step forward.

"It should be a good thing that I saw through your conspiracy." Devitt stopped his soldiers and replied, "Now, you can't ambush us. What other way can you face us head-on?"

"We naturally can't defeat you in a physical confrontation. Besides, we didn't expect this from the beginning." Raphael said casually. "Speaking of which, didn't you notice that the ship has already changed direction?"

Devitt looked at the captain's cabin and found that there was no one inside.

"All the crew members on this ship have run away!" Claremont reported in a low voice.

While the two sides were in a standoff, the bribed crew members had already slipped out.

"Prepare to leave." Raphael ordered his soldiers.

"Yes." the elven soldier replied.

"Boom! Boom!" the bombs that were planted beforehand exploded under the command of the remote control. Half of the ship was engulfed in flames.

The engine stopped working, and seawater continuously poured into the cabin. Most of the ship's hull had already collapsed.

The elven soldiers followed the ropes and jumped onto the lifeboats that were prepared during the conversation.

Raphael was the last one. He took off his cloak and returned to the air. He said to the Caradia soldiers on the ship, "Good luck!"

"B*stard!" Devitt roared. Then, he pounced on the position where the elven soldiers were previously. However, the elven soldiers did not give them any chance. The ropes for climbing the ship had been cut and thrown into the sea.

The fire gradually spread to the deck. Now, the Caradia soldiers were doomed.

Devitt sat on the side of the deck with his head down, tears of unwillingness in his eyes.

Claremont walked forward and shook his body, shouting, "Devitt! The soldiers are waiting for your order! You can't just fall!"

Devitt opened his eyes and looked at the soldiers standing in a neat row.

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Chapter 780: Kant Walked Out Of The City Gate

"Since they have forced us into a dead end, we cannot admit defeat." Devitt stood up and said, "Everyone quickly return to their cabins, bring the medical boxes, food, and matches, and then gather on the deck."

Based on the current situation, the first part to sink into the sea should be the aft part. Staying on the deck would help delay the fall.

After receiving the order, the soldiers quickly scattered. They walked back to their cabins to clean their luggage.

Claremont asked Devitt to stay on the deck to organize the team while he was responsible for packing their luggage. The cabins of the two of them were a little further away from the captain's cabin where the ordinary soldiers lived. They were almost close to the stern.

Claremont tried his best to maintain his balance on the sloping floor and walked at the fastest speed possible. However, the support of the ship was on the verge of collapse. Before Claremont reached the cabin, the floor of the corridor collapsed. A wave swept Claremont away.

"Captain Claremont!" a Caradia soldier tried to reach out to pull him back, but he only touched the corner of Claremont's clothes.

The dark sea surface was vast, and the waves roared mournfully. After Claremont fell into the sea, no one saw his figure anymore.

A soldier walked to Devitt and told him the sad news.

Devitt clenched his fists tightly. He roared at the sky outside the deck in grief:

"Raphael!"

Raphael, who was hated to the bone by Devitt, was currently paddling towards the shore in a lifeboat.

An elven soldier at the bow of the boat had been using a telescope to observe the fire on the ship. He reported to Raphael, who was beside him, "Boss, the second part of the explosion can be carried out now."

Raphael took the telescope and glanced into the distance. He waved his hand and said, "Forget it."

The elven soldier asked in confusion, "For this mission, the 'King' said that we are not allowed to fail. If they succeed in escaping..."

"Who are you calling 'King'? Did he give you any benefit?" Raphael widened his eyes and said sternly, "The weather is freezing, where can they run to? Whoever dares to detonate the remaining bombs, I will be the first to throw you off the boat."

"Yes." the elven soldiers looked at each other and nodded.

"Drive the boat." Raphael ordered.

The next morning, Raphael and his group hurried and finally docked at the Elf Kingdom's harbor.

Everyone who came down from the boat looked slightly disheveled, giving the elven citizens a fright.

The soldiers who were maintaining order on the boat rushed to the scene and humped the weak elven soldiers on their backs. They rushed to the road outside the harbor.

"Go and call a carriage! They are all soldiers who were sent to the island a few months ago on a mission!" a captain of the soldiers ordered, "Send them back to the barracks first. Someone, go to the palace and report the news to His Majesty."

"Yes!" a soldier walked out of the crowd and accepted the order.

Elf King immediately rushed to the barracks in a carriage after receiving the news. He bumped into Raphael, who was lying on the hospital bed.

"How are they? How are their bodies?" Elf King walked into the medical area and nervously asked the nurse who was taking care of the soldiers.

"They are just dehydrated," the nurse reported. "They have already undergone recovery treatment."

Elf King heaved a sigh of relief and sat down in front of Raphael's hospital bed.

"How did you guys end up like this?" the Elf King asked with a frown. "Oh right, where are the soldiers of Caradia?"

"There was a reef accident on the ship. The crew and the pilot are all inexperienced, and they took a new route," Raphael explained, his voice was still very weak. "The elven soldiers and the Caradia soldiers' cabins were separated. At that time, we could only save ourselves. I didn't expect that... none of the Caradia soldiers were with us."

"The ship sank?" Elf King's eyes were filled with disbelief, and his voice trembled slightly.

"Yes." Raphael lowered his eyes and said, "We left enough lifeboats for the Caradia soldiers, but we didn't see them board the lifeboats..."

"This..." Elf King choked. "How am I supposed to explain this to Lord Kant? They didn't have to get involved in this mission the first place."

Elf King's words reminded Raphael that the letter that Devitt sent to Caradia had been destroyed in his hands. He had to send a fake letter to Drondheim as soon as possible. The secondary goal of this mission was to prevent Elf Kingdom and the human race from continuing to involve in the struggle between the forces on the island after this operation.

"You guys should rest first. If there's anything, we'll talk about it after your bodies recover." Elf King instructed. "You've worked hard on this operation. Even though you suffered heavy losses..."

Raphael glanced at Elf King and did not say anything else. After Elf King walked out of the tent, he lay on his bed and closed his eyes to rest.

The news of the mass deaths of the Caradia soldiers had spread to the Caradia Empire.

Kant ordered, "The whole country shall pay their respects. There will be no events in the main city of Drondheim on this day."

After receiving this news in his own residence, Bunduk did not sleep for the entire night. He walked into the doors of the senate hall with a haggard look on his face.

Kant didn't look too good either.

"The letter written by Devitt has been delivered." Kant said to Bunduk.

"What... did the letter say?" Bunduk coughed twice and asked.

"It reported the situation they encountered on the island." Kant sighed and said, "It was probably sent before they left the island."

"Your Highness, I'm sorry for your loss." Bunduk squatted down and bowed.

"I want to go to the Elf Kingdom to meet the elven soldiers who escaped from the shipwreck." Kant said.

"It's the beginning of the new year now, and there are many matters in the court waiting for Your Highness to make a decision." Bunduk thought for a while and replied, "Why don't we let the ministers of the court go on this trip for Your Highness?"

"No, I have to make this trip. Otherwise, I won't be able to settle down." Kant's mind replayed the miserable scene of the soldiers swaying in the wind and rain. He couldn't hold his tears anymore.

Bunduk looked at Kant's appearance and took a deep breath. He said, "Then let me go with Your Highness."

Kant waved his hand and said, "You can't leave the military camp."

"Why not?" Bunduk asked.

Kant raised his head and met his gaze. He said, "Alright then. We will set off the day after tomorrow. Before that, you must remember to hand over your military affairs to someone else to take care of for you."

"Yes!" Bunduk nodded.

Kant had been busy with government affairs recently, so Bunduk did not look for him to discuss the details of going to the Elf Kingdom. After receiving the permit, he bowed and left.

The day after tomorrow would be the first time that Drondheim would open the city gates after the New Year.