

## Oasis 781

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

#### Chapter 781: Elf King Apologize

The city gate seemed to have been frozen by the ice and snow. The soldiers guarding the city gate walked down the city tower. They lifted the wooden stake together and knocked the city gate open.

Because the mourning period had just ended, the band that used to play music to send the soldiers out of the city had been withdrawn.

This time, the people were not announced when they left the city, so only a few pedestrians on the street noticed Kant and his group in black.

"According to the letter from Elf Kingdom, the ship hit the reef, and all the soldiers were swept away by the wave." Kant sat on his horse and slowly said, "Not even a single relic was left behind."

"Cumberland has already sent a lifeboat to the location of the sunken ship to salvage it." Bunduk reported.

"In such cold weather, the soldiers shouldn't be able to stay at sea for a night, right?" Kant looked at the sky and said, "If they find any remains, I hope they can send them back to Drondheim as soon as possible. It's really hard on the families of those soldiers."

"When we arrive at Elf Kingdom, we should be able to receive news from Cumberland." Bunduk comforted.

Before Kant set off, he wrote a letter to Elf King. The letter said that he would bring people to Elf Kingdom in a week. So, when Kant and his people were halfway through their journey, Elf Kingdom had already begun to prepare for the visit of the Caradia Empire.

"Your Highness, Lord Kant and the others will probably arrive at our capital by tomorrow evening." an elven minister reported to Elf King.

"Mm." Elf King simply responded without saying anything.

"When the time comes..." the elven minister observed Elf King's expression and spoke hesitantly.

"I will personally welcome them." Elf King interrupted him and said, "This operation has caused the Caradia Empire to suffer heavy losses. No matter what, I have to apologize to Lord Kant in person at the first possible moment."

"There are many unpredictable aspects to this mission. Your Highness, please do not blame yourself too much." the elven minister bowed and replied.

"Do not arrange for the honor guard or anything like that. Just send a few soldiers along with me when the time comes." Elf King instructed.

"Yes." after the welcoming ceremony was sorted out, the minister took his leave.

The news of Kant's group's visit had spread from the palace to the military camp.

The elven soldiers in the same sickroom began to discuss.

After Raphael heard the news from the others, he asked in puzzlement, "I didn't expect Lord Kant from Caradia to come personally. What are they doing here?"

"I heard that the citizens of the Caradia Empire were mourning for the soldiers who died a few days ago." said one of the elven soldiers.

"It's just over twenty dead people." another elf soldier sneered and said, "Could it be that the Caradia Empire is deliberately making such a big fuss to embarrass His Highness?"

"It can't be..." an elven soldier shook his head and said.

"Why don't we follow them to the city gates tomorrow?" an elven soldier suggested.

"Yes." Raphael nodded in agreement to the suggestion and said, "Since everyone is recovering well, follow me to the city gates tomorrow to see what intention of the Lord of Caradia is."

The timeline went back to two days ago. Kant and his group stayed in Durandal.

It was only then that Durandal received the news that the reconnaissance team had encountered a shipwreck.

Derrick's emotions had been crushed by the sudden news. He locked himself in the military camp and didn't come out.

Bunduk was worried and was about to look for him, but he was stopped by Kant.

"I reckon that none of us are sadder than Derrick over Claremont's death." Kant said to Bunduk. "Although Derrick's consciousness is more sensitive than yours, he isn't so easily defeated. Don't underestimate his tenacity. Let him be alone."

"Yes..." Bunduk had no choice but to agree.

However, the next morning, when the group set off again. Bunduk still didn't see Derrick in the group that was sending them off.

Three days later, Kant rode his horse and stood at the city gates of the main city of Elf Kingdom. The city gates had long been opened for them.

Elf King wore simple clothes and walked to the city gate to welcome everyone.

"Your Highness, long time no see." Kant jumped off his horse and bowed to Elf King.

Although they were both rulers of the kingdom, Kant always treated Elf King like an elder. Every time they met, he would bow.

But today, Elf King could not accept Kant's politeness.

Elf King quickly held Kant's bent body and said, "Long time no see, Lord Kant."

"Many unexpected things have happened recently. Let's wait until we get to the palace to discuss it in detail." Kant said with a smile.

He had come to visit Elf Kingdom in person, so he naturally had to bring the grace of a king and the etiquette of a diplomatic meeting.

"The elf clan has let down Caradia in this accident. I apologize to Your Highness" Elf King said to Kant. "The banquet in the palace has been prepared. Please sit on the carriage and go with me."

Kant shook his head and said, "There's no need for Your Highness to apologize to me. The sailing itself carries risks. Let's hurry up and get on the carriage."

Elf King remained silent for a moment. He extended his hand and said to Kant, "Please!"

As they watched the carriage of the palace move further and further away, a group of elven soldiers who were climbing on the city walls walked out from behind the stone pillars.

"This group of Caradia people seems quite gentle." a soldier commented.

"It seems that they are here to verify the details of Devitt's group's martyrdom." another soldier said.

"What are you still standing there for?" Raphael instructed. "The biggest target of Caradia is us. Quickly return to the sickroom and lie down!"

When the group heard Raphael's order, they immediately went back to the military camp.

Kant and Elf King sat in the same carriage. At this moment, they were asking Elf King about the news of the soldiers who were rescued.

"I heard that the soldiers rowed their own boats to the shore." Kant was the first to start the conversation.

"Yes, they were discovered by the patrolling soldiers. At that time, their bodies were already showing signs of dehydration." Elf King replied in detail. "I heard that they were adrift at sea for an entire day and night."

"I see. Then, have they recovered?" Kant continued to ask.

"Yes, probably. But they are still recuperating and haven't been put into military training." Elf King replied.

"These elven soldiers are lucky to be able to escape from the shipwreck. This is probably the only fortunate thing." Kant said.

"At that time, the elven soldiers were also startled awake from their sleep. They only cared about escaping from the cabin in a hurry." Elf King said.. "They only went to wake up the Caradia soldiers, but they were unable to help them."

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

#### **Chapter 782: A Stormy Dinner**

"Were the soldiers asleep when the ship hit the reef?" Kant asked.

"Yes." Elf King recalled Raphael's words and said, "It was said that it was early in the morning. The soldiers were already resting, but they were woken up by the alarm."

"What about the other people on the ship? I mean the captain and the others." Kant thought for a moment and asked.

"Those people seemed to have escaped in the lifeboat when the accident happened," Elf King said. "Speaking of which, we are still trying to get in touch with the company of the sunken ship. We can't know whether the crews are safe or not."

"Yeah. It's better to get in touch with those people as soon as possible." Kant said.

The two talked about the various details of the accident until the carriage arrived at the royal palace of the Elf Kingdom.

After Kant sat on his seat, he asked Elf King, "Your Highness, since you have prepared such a sumptuous meal, why don't you invite the elven soldiers who escaped death to come and reward them? I also have something to ask them."

Meeting the elven soldiers who had stayed on the island was Kant's primary purpose for coming here.

Kant's eagerness to make the request could be considered a helpless move. After all, he and Bunduk were leaving for Cumberland the next day. There was not much time left.

After Elf King heard Kant's request, he was stunned for a second. He then smiled and agreed, "Lord Kant's suggestion is very good. I'll send someone to call them over right away."

"Thank you, Your Highness, for your permission." Kant nodded.

The waiter served the aperitif first, and the two of them chatted as they tasted the wine.

Bunduk and the others did not enter the hall. Instead, they enjoyed their dinner in the dining hall in the military camp.

After a while, an elven guard led Raphael and the others into the hall. They greeted the two kings politely. "Your Highness, Lord Kant."

"Please rise." Kant said softly.

After all the elven soldiers raised their faces, Kant put down his wine glass and began to measure it carefully.

Raphael had been avoiding Kant's gaze, he kept glancing elsewhere.

"Hurry up and sit down. His Highness Lord Kant will have a good chat with you." Elf King greeted them cordially.

The soldier who led the way had already left. The elven soldiers walked over to the newly placed table and chairs with trepidation and sat down cross-legged.

After all, they had never eaten together with a lord before. This time, it was not only their own lord, but also the lord of the country that they had framed. Of course, they would be nervous and timid.

"Thank you for your hard work. Devitt and the others must have received a lot of care from you when they were alive. This cup of wine is a toast on their behalf to you." Kant exhaled and said with a smile.

Looking at the healthy and lively appearance of these soldiers, Kant could not help but think in his heart, 'how great would it be if some of the soldiers of Caradia also escaped from that disaster?'

"We did not do anything for the reinforcements of Caradia." Raphael raised his glass and replied, "It is really sad to suffer such a sudden tragedy."

"I heard that there is a general named Abel in your team. He is extremely courageous. May I know where he is now?" Kant took a sip of wine and changed the topic, he then asked the elven soldiers.

"He is still on the island, in charge of guarding the camp." Raphael's hand under the table trembled.

Every time Kant met his eyes, he was awed by the sharpness in his eyes.

He did not know whether it was because he was too guilty or because the Kant's aura was too strong.

"The camp on the island?" Kant was a little surprised. "According to the letter from your outpost, aren't you currently hiding in the mountains? When did you have an extra camp?"

"That's right." Elf King also asked, "Didn't you say that the forces on the island have already taken away your sentry post by the beach?"

Raphael's heart skipped a beat when he heard the question. He realized that he had already let the cat out of the bag. He tried his best to remedy the situation. "Because... the forces on the island have returned the residence by the sea to us, so we built a new camp."

"Why would they return it to you?" Kant's eyes became sharp.

He had started from a small oasis, so he naturally knew the cruelty of reality. He had never heard of such a thing as returning an estate for no reason after taking it away.

"Because..." Raphael was so nervous because of Kant's constant pressure that he could not speak.

"Raphael?" Elf King frowned and called out.

Kant's eyes darkened, and his expression became serious. He said, "Did you use something to exchange with the forces on the island?"

Raphael raised his head abruptly and met Kant's gaze. Their gazes met. Raphael's thoughts were a mess, and Kant's gaze was like an invisible blade, cutting off his escape route.

Raphael's shoulders drooped down and he said, "Yes."

Elf King's face was filled with disbelief as he asked, "You, no, you betrayed the Elf Kingdom?"

"I reckon that not only did they betray the Elf Kingdom, but they also betrayed the soldiers on the ship." Kant's cold gaze swept across every elven soldier present. "Tell me, what did you do on the ship?"

Raphael's eyes were already filled with blood. He raised his head and stated to Kant, "We planted a bomb on the ship."

"B\*stard!" Elf King raised his hand and threw the wine cup in his hand in front of Raphael. "You bunch of heartless things!"

The liquid in the cup spilled on the faces of Raphael and the other elven soldiers who were kneeling on the ground.

Raphael felt a cold liquid flash across his face. Instantly, he became furious and slammed the table. He pointed at Elf King and Kant and roared, "What right do you have to say that we are heartless? When we were alone on the island and asked for your help, didn't you ignore our lives? All of you deserved it! If it weren't for the fact that Abel and I have been comrades for ten years, I would have burned them all as well."

"This is crazy! Men!" Elf King shouted outside the hall.

A row of guards rushed into the hall and surrounded Raphael and the others.

"It was indeed our fault for not being able to send reinforcements in time." Kant said calmly. "But one thing is another. You people killed more than twenty Caradia soldiers on the ship. Do you think this is a matter of course?"

"Ha, I didn't kill them." Raphael snorted. "We will listen to whoever saves our lives. It can only be said that the matters on this island are not for outsiders to involve in from the beginning."

"Didn't kill them? What do you mean?" Kant quickly asked.

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

#### **Chapter 783: Clown With Blood On His Hands**

"We only detonated half of the bomb. That means we only destroyed the stern." Raphael replied. "And we left life jackets for them in the storage cabin. Whether they can escape or not depends on their luck."

Kant looked at Raphael with a confused expression.

He did not quite understand the thought of the person in front of him, but the only thing he could confirm was that this person had no respect for life, and he liked to play tricks.

"Who instructed you? Who were the people who saved you?" Kant continued to ask.

"Many people." Raphael replied. "As I said, the situation on this island is very complicated. It cannot be generalized."

"Then you at least know who their leader is, right?" Kant took a step towards Raphael.

Raphael looked at him warily and replied, "We are only laborers who work for people. How could we possibly know who the 'King' is?"

"King?" Kant was puzzled.

"The name of the leader. All the people who have dealings with me call him that." Raphael explained.

"Mm." Kant stood where he was and thought for a moment. He turned to Elf King and said, "Your Highness, since these people have already betrayed Elf Kingdom, I believe that their actions have nothing to do with the Elf Kingdom anymore. I will not interfere with how you want to punish them. But can you lend this person to me for a few days?"

As he said this, Kant pulled Raphael's collar without a change in expression.

Raphael was pulled to his side by Kant, but he kept his head down and did not try to resist.

"Yes." After a long silence, Elf King nodded and said, "However, I hope you can still bring him back to the Elf Kingdom. After all, even if he dies, he is still a part of the Elf Kingdom."

"Okay." Kant promised softly.

Then, Kant let Raphael follow behind him and walked out of the palace gate.

"You are very useful now, so I didn't kill you." Kant's voice had become very different from when he was in the hall. If Raphael was not standing behind him but standing in front of Kant, he would have been able to see the expression on Kant's face, which was filled with tears and gnashing of teeth.

Raphael felt his entire body turn cold. His tightly clenched fists were drenched in cold sweat.

When Kant had pulled him over in the hall earlier, he had noticed that Kant's entire body was trembling.

He did not know what kind of anger or grief would cause a person to tremble like that.

At that moment, a surge of guilt surged toward Raphael. It made his entire heart fall into an abyss.

"But you have to cherish this opportunity." Kant exhaled and continued, "Otherwise, you will die a death that is a thousand times more painful than the deaths of the Caradia soldiers."

"... Yes." Raphael replied.

Kant did not say another word to him. He walked straight towards the military camp.

Bunduk had been waiting at the entrance of the military camp for a long time. After seeing Kant's figure, he quickened his pace and greeted him.

"Your Highness, why are you back so early? Who is this person behind you?" Bunduk asked curiously.

"Devitt and the others were murdered by him and his men." Kant replied. "I asked him to come and help me find the mastermind. We have to rush to Cumberland tomorrow."

After listening to the first half of the sentence, Bunduk paused for a moment. He turned his surprised gaze to Raphael, who was walking behind him.

After taking a deep breath, Bunduk confirmed with Kant, "Your... Your Highness, what did you say? You said that our people were murdered by the elves?"

"They betrayed the Elf Kingdom and followed the forces on the island. In fact, they are no longer considered as people of the Elf Kingdom." Kant glanced at Raphael and stated, "They used the bombs provided by the people on the island to sink that ship."

"You..." Bunduk turned around and threw Raphael onto the ground. He punched Raphael's body one punch after another.

An average person's physique would not be able to withstand a few punches of the leader of Caradia soldiers

Raphael was powerless to fight back. He was beaten until he vomited blood.

"Stop hitting him. You crippled him. When we are on our way tomorrow, don't we still have to let our people carry him?" Kant observed for a while and said.

"Ptui." Bunduk spat on the ground, stood up, and said to Kant, "Why do we need to keep him? We can investigate the mastermind behind this. I don't even want to see him, let alone carry him."

Kant shook his head and said, "This investigation won't be that simple. The island's factions are complicated. Without an insider, we won't be able to deal with those ruthless people."

"After we obtain the information from this sc\*m, we'll kill him and throw him into the wilderness." After beating Raphael up, Bunduk still looked very angry.

"Take him to the medical station." Kant glanced at Raphael who was lying on the ground and ordered.

Then, he turned around and left.

The moon rose high. Kant dreamed of the steamship burning in the fire.

The next morning, Kant got up early and brought his men to Cumberland.

"We need to enlarge the searching area. If we don't have enough manpower here, we can ask the Elf Kingdom for support." Kant ordered the minister of Cumberland.

"Yes, Lord." the minister answered.

Kant and Bunduk boarded a fishing boat and went to the sea outside the port to check.

"It is said that the current of the ocean has been rising in the past few days. All the fish in the sea have gathered here." Kant looked at the bottomless sea and said in a low voice.

"I interrogated Raphael last night and heard him say that the plan of the elven soldiers was foiled by Devitt. They originally planned to set a fire when they were close to Cumberland. But unexpectedly, it happened one day earlier." Bunduk rubbed his temples and said, "So when they arrived at the shore, they were already close to exhaustion."

"But they just happened to deceive everyone." Kant said with a smile.

"I don't know what he said is true or false." Bunduk shook his head and said.

"It should be true." Kant looked into the distance and said, "Although Raphael likes to play some small tricks, he's not a bad person. You can tell by his hesitation in the whole process. He's just a clown who was pushed onto the stage to perform."

"But now his hands are covered in blood.." Bunduk let out a long breath and said, "Who would like to watch such a circus? Even he himself wouldn't like it."

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 784: Soldiers On The Line Of Death**

Kant's fishing boat and the salvage steamboat set off from the shore to the place where the shipwreck occurred.

The salvage work continued from early morning to evening, but only a few Caradia soldiers' uniforms were found.

There were no corpses or remains of reconnaissance team.

After dinner, the workers on the boat were ready to continue search at night.

In order to transfer the searchlights to them, Kant brought Bunduk back to the shore.

On the second departure, a small boat docked. The Caradia soldier on the boat walked up to Kant and reported, "Your Highness, we found... the remains of the dead soldiers."

When Kant heard the news, his body froze. He replied, "Where is it?"

The soldier pursed his lips and pointed at the small boat that he was driving.

Kant walked closer to the small boat that was docked on the shore. He stopped when he saw Claremont's lifeless face.

Bunduk jumped onto the bow of the boat. He helped the Caradia soldiers' bodies onto the shore one by one.

"So far, only seven of them have been found." the soldier reported to Kant.

"Now, speed up the transportation of their bodies back to Caradia." Kant instructed softly. "Let Adonis hold the funeral."

"Yes." the accompanying soldier replied.

Bunduk looked at the seven dead people lying on the ground, tears welling up in his eyes.

The Caradia soldiers on the dock stood still, praying silently in their hearts.

After a day and a night, the salvage work officially ended.

Other than the bodies of the seven dead soldiers and some relics floating on the surface of the sea, the search team found nothing else.

"Your Highness, we have searched the area where salvage operation can be carried out." the leader of the search team reported to Kant.

"Okay." Kant nodded in response.

Bunduk sat at the side and thought for a while, then said to Kant, "Could it be that the remaining soldiers have escaped from the sunken ship?"

"I think so too." Kant agreed. "But we don't know where they are now."

"At that time, the sea was pitch black. If they only had life jackets, where could they have gone?" Bunduk asked in puzzlement.

"... I don't know." Kant shook his head and said, "But if they could have gone ashore, they would have gone to Cumberland."

"Devitt has never been to Cumberland before." Bunduk explained to Kant.

"Then, what about Durandal?" Kant's eyes lit up as he asked.

"Right. Other than Cumberland, there's only Durandal which is near to the coast." Bunduk said. "Why don't we have Derrick to conduct a search by the side of Durandal City?"

"Yes, have the soldiers set off tonight. Get them to Durandal in morning and begin their operations." Kant instructed.

"Yes!"

The messenger rushed out of Cumberland's city gate overnight. They rode on their racehorses and rushed towards Durandal.

Durandal's city gates were knocked open early in the morning.

The messenger took out the medal given by Kant and said to the soldiers guarding the city, "Let me see Commander Derrick!"

Derrick had not been in a good state of mind for the past few days. When the messenger arrived in front of his tent, he was still drinking.

"What is it?" Derrick looked up and asked.

"Commander Derrick, His Highness Lord Kant ordered you to organize the soldiers to search outside Durandal City," the messenger said word by word. "The reconnaissance team may have escaped to this place."

"Are you saying that someone in the reconnaissance team escaped from the shipwreck?" Derrick suddenly raised his head and asked.

"His Highness Lord Kant and Commander Bunduk guessed so..." the messenger replied.

"I understand." Derrick agreed. "Begin the operation immediately!" Derrick said

Derrick got up and walked to the training ground of the military camp. He gathered the soldiers together and said to them, "First company, second company, go to the northern suburbs. Fourth company, fifth company, go to the southern district. Third company, go with me to the city gate. Everyone, get moving. Your comrades are struggling on the edge of death. We are the only ones who can carry out the rescue."

"Yes! Commander!" the soldiers answered in unison.

Because of the news that came a few days ago, the atmosphere in Durandal's barracks had always been very gloomy.

Now that everyone saw the light at the end of the tunnel of despair, they naturally tried their best to get their spirits up and carry out the operation.

Derrick led a team of three companies and rushed to the city gate. They began the search.

As time passed, the search area was gradually expanded.

Finally, they found the unconscious Devitt and the others at the entrance of the cave eight hundred meters away.

"Devitt, Devitt, wake up!" Derrick knelt beside Devitt and placed his hand on his neck. When he felt the faint pulse, Derrick was so excited that he almost burst into tears.

"Medic! Come here and see how they are!" Derrick shouted. "Quick, send someone to prepare the carriage and the stove. We'll send them back to the barracks."

After a check by the medic, they confirmed that Devitt and his group were safe.

There was a pile of burnt charcoal at the entrance of the cave. It looked like it had been left behind last night.

"If we had come a little bit late, they would never wake up." Derrick said sorrowfully as he picked up a soldier's luggage bag. The luggage bag was empty. The reconnaissance team had really run out of ammunition and rations.

"Captain Derrick, there are a total of fifteen Caradia soldiers that we rescued. We also learned their identities from the nameplates on their bodies." A soldier handed a list to Derrick.

"Let me pass this list to the soldier who delivered the message." Derrick took the page and said, "Your most important task now is to take care of those soldiers wholeheartedly."

"Yes, Commander." the soldier bowed and replied.

Derrick boarded the carriage and returned to the barracks with the large group.

After hearing the news, the messenger had been waiting at the entrance of the barracks for a long time. After Derrick saw the soldier, Derrick immediately jumped off the carriage and walked in front of him. He said, "Thank you for rushing here in time to bring us such news and save the lives of the soldiers on this carriage."

"I'm only responsible for delivering the letter. The person who played a role in this entire operation is still Commander Derrick." the messenger took the list, took a glance at it, and replied to Derrick.

"The soldiers from the southern and northern suburbs have yet to return to the barracks. I wonder if they will be able to bring some happy news." Derrick said expectantly.

"What News? Commander Derrick, didn't you already find the missing Caradia soldiers?" the messenger asked in puzzlement.

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

#### **Chapter 785: Irreparable Wounds**

"But we only found fifteen people. Aren't there twenty-five Caradia soldiers in the reconnaissance team?" Derrick asked curiously.

The messenger expression turned grief as he slapped himself on the head and said, "I'm sorry, Commander Derrick. I have another piece of news that I haven't told you."

"What?" Derrick's heart began to feel uneasy.

"There are a total of twenty-five soldiers in the reconnaissance team. Fifteen people have been discovered in the suburbs of Durandal. Three people were killed while carrying out missions on the island. Yesterday evening... Eight of them... were pulled onto the shore." the soldier said sadly, "In other words, other than the soldiers that you painstakingly found, everyone else has died."

Derrick raised his head in disbelief. After confirming the facts that the messenger had told him. He immediately turned his back and frowned to prevent tears from falling from his eyes.

"I see." After a long while, the messenger heard Derrick's response.

"Commander Derrick, I'm sorry for your loss." the messenger said with his head lowered.

"Then, where are their remains now?" Derrick asked with a choked voice, "It's good that their remains can be recovered."

"They are on their way back to Drondheim." the messenger replied. "The funeral will be held in the military camp."

"Yes, alright. After I take care of things here, I'll return to Drondheim to attend their funeral." said Derrick. "Then, are you leaving now?"

"Yes," the messenger replied. "Lord Kant and the others are still in Cumberland for the matter of the missing soldiers. I have to hurry back to report the news."

"Alright then. I wish you a safe journey." said Derrick to the messenger. The messenger saluted and jumped onto his horse.

"Thank you, Commander Derrick." the messenger said as he cupped his fists while riding on his horse.

After that, he whipped his horse and drove it further and further away under Derrick's gaze.

After Derrick entered the military camp, he immediately rushed to the area where Devitt and the others were resting.

Although the clinic in the military camp was prepared for the incoming wounded, they were still far from having enough manpower. They could only handle the work of a few people by themselves. They went in and out of the clinic.

Derrick grabbed a medic who passed by and asked him, "How's the fainted soldier?"

"Reporting to Commander Derrick!" the medic immediately stood up and answered, "The soldiers suffered severe frostbite and are undergoing a full-body examination."

"What do you mean by severe?" asked Derrick, puzzled.

"Some patients may require amputation." the medic replied as he looked at Derrick seriously.

"Nonsense!" Derrick pushed the medic away and shouted, "They are soldiers! Are you telling me that they need amputation?"

"Water has seeped into the knee joint, and all the cartilage inside has severely damaged." the medic followed beside Derrick and carefully explained, "When the soldiers wake up, they probably can't feel their legs anymore."

Upon hearing his words, Derrick stopped in front of Devitt's bed.

Devitt's lips, which had turned purple from the cold, had gradually recovered. The muscles on his face had also relaxed.

Derrick's tears fell on the white quilt. He felt sad that he was at a loss for what to do.

Kant had been in Cumberland for three days, and the salvage work had long ended. These few days, Bunduk led his soldiers to conduct a search in the vicinity of Cumberland. About a kilometer away from the city gate, they found a pile of firewood left over from the fire to heat up.

The means of survival in the wild was a compulsory course for every Caradia soldier before enlisting in the army. Even the method of camping in the wild was fixed and uniform.

After confirming that this was the trail left behind by the Caradia soldiers, Bunduk immediately reported this clue to Kant.

"Judging from the position they are staying at, they are walking along the Elf Kingdom's official road," Bunduk analyzed. "They are indeed going to Durandal."

"Tomorrow, continue to lead the soldiers in the direction you have speculated and search for them. Now, we only need to wait for the news from Durandal." Kant nodded and said.

"Yes." Bunduk replied.

Before confirming the movements of the missing soldiers, every night was difficult to endure.

Kant sat in his room with his eyes open the whole night. He could not suppress the restlessness in his heart.

Until dawn, the messenger knocked on Kant's door. He handed the list of rescued people to Kant.

Only then did Kant let out a long breath and let the soldier report the news to Bunduk. He went back to his bed to rest.

He slept until the evening.

When Bunduk was hesitating whether to wake him up, Kant opened the door and went to the dining room to have his dinner.

"Your Highness, you are finally awake." Bunduk found a chair beside Kant and sat down, saying to him.

Kant cut a small piece of steak and chewed it. After swallowing it, he replied, "Why are you looking for me?"

"Elf King has contacted the ship company that operates the ships on the island." Bunduk reported. "The people there said that after the crews received the hush money, they went to the dwarf town on the

island and squandered freely. They caused some commotion, and now they have been locked down by the shipping company."

"We'll set off for the island tomorrow and let the shipping company monitor this group of people for a while. Tell them don't do anything until we arrive." Kant said calmly. "I really don't know what they're thinking. This group of people still dare to return to the island. Even if we don't look for them, the forces of the dark side on the island will probably come looking for them. I reckon that in the end, they won't even be able to spend their money and lose their lives."

"Your Highness, do you think that the forces on the island will clean them up?" Bunduk asked, puzzled.

"It's one of the possibilities. Whether or not they will take action or not, it depends on how far the people behind the scenes want to go." Kant wiped his mouth with a napkin and replied.

"I see. Since we're leaving tomorrow, I'll go and inform the soldiers to get ready now." Bunduk nodded and replied.

"Yes." Kant nodded and said, "By the way, where is Raphael? Remember to bring him along."

"After he was beaten by me that day, he fell on the bed and refused to get up no matter what." Bunduk frowned and replied, "I will find someone to visit him tonight."

"Don't use force against him. We still need him to do many things in the future." Kant instructed.

"Sigh." Bunduk sighed and said, "No matter what, Raphael is already an enemy in my eyes. Lord Kant, you have your plans, but I can't cross that line in my heart."

Kant turned around and stared at Bunduk for a long time.

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

#### **Chapter 786: Unavoidable Quarrel**

"Alright then." Kant said. "I'll handle the negotiations with Raphael in the future."

Bunduk raised his head and looked at Kant. He opened his mouth but did not know what to say.

Kant pushed the chair aside, placed the used napkin on the tablecloth, and left the dining room.

Bunduk stared at Kant's back. He lowered his head and sighed. After sitting quietly for a while, he walked to the dining area and packed a dinner for Raphael.

"Knock, knock, knock!" Bunduk knocked on the door to Raphael's room. He whispered into the crack in the door, "Raphael, are you there?"

"Yes, come in." Raphael's voice came out.

Bunduk pushed the door open and walked in. When Raphael saw that it was Bunduk, he was surprised.

"How's your recovery?" Bunduk asked in a slightly stiff tone. "I brought you dinner."

Raphael glanced at him suspiciously and replied, "It's alright. Are you asking me to thank you for not killing me?"

"No." Bunduk shook his head and placed the lunchbox on the small table in front of Raphael. He continued, "We're leaving tomorrow."

"Where are we going?" Raphael did not hurry to open the lid of the lunchbox. Instead, he raised his head and asked Bunduk.

"That island." Bunduk met Raphael's gaze and replied.

"I see." Raphael nodded. He opened the lunchbox and began to eat the food inside.

"What?" Bunduk asked curiously.

"You will bring me along when you go to the island, right? Then I can eat this dinner that you brought with ease." Raphael replied as he chewed on the food.

Bunduk's eyes immediately darkened and he said, "Yes, you can live on. But my comrades are gone forever."

Raphael put down his fork and glanced at Bunduk warily. He said, "What are you going to do now? Do you want to beat me up again? Last time, I didn't hit you because I felt guilty. Don't push your luck."

"What do people like you live for?" Bunduk raised his head and said angrily, "You betray your country for your own life. You burn bridges and harm the lives of people who help you. Aren't you afraid that you will be betrayed one day?"

"The principles you mentioned are the principles of society. And where I and my soldiers stayed, there was no humanity. My days wandering on that small island made me understand one thing: the rules of society are made up by the people, and we have never tried to listen to god's rules. Then, when you were abandoned by people, why would god protect you?"

"Did the god in the sky tell you that the people on that ship must be killed?" Bunduk's fist hit the wall.

"No." Raphael shook his head, he said, "The gods have never appeared in front of me. That is why I must live on in this world. When my sincerity is enough, perhaps god will come to my side. Before that, I will no longer allow myself to become any kind of person. I will not listen to anyone's words, and I will not be restrained by the rules of anyone's mouth."

"Bullsh\*t!" Bunduk grabbed Raphael's collar, he roared at him, "You are protected by the elves' treaty, and you are eating the food that our chef has just made. All of this was chosen by your subjective will. Don't run away. You are just a cunning person who doesn't have the ability and is self-centered. You are afraid to face the consequences of what you have done!"

"I didn't!" Raphael struggled. "If you want to kill me, then do it. Don't force your thoughts on me!"

"Damn it!" Bunduk let go of his hand. He said to Raphael, who had fallen onto the bed, "I really want to kill you. "But that won't bring back my comrade's life. "However, from your words, I didn't hear that you have the intention to repent. Therefore, we will not see each other again after this."

After leaving these words, Bunduk left.

Raphael sat by the bed and looked out the window until it was completely dark. Raphael shrank back into his quilt, and his body could not help but tremble.

The next morning, Kant and the others boarded a ship bound for the island.

In order to ensure Kant's safety, Durandal transferred a few troops to accompany him. He contracted this large-scale ship. This time, it could be said that he had mobilized a large number of troops.

Because Raphael had always said that he was suffering from illness, a few Caradia soldiers protected him at the end of the group and helped him onto the ship.

"You went to look for Raphael last night?" Kant leaned against the mast and asked Bunduk.

"Yes." Bunduk's face was a little pale. He replied, "It didn't turn out very good."

"It's alright. You're already considered pretty good that you're willing to go and see him and didn't cripple him." Kant patted Bunduk's shoulder and comforted him.

"Thank you, Your Highness." Bunduk replied.

"There are many contradictions in this world. "You don't have to care about what others think. Just do what you think is right." Kant said earnestly. "If it weren't for us not sending reinforcements in time, Raphael and the others wouldn't have been forced into a desperate situation."

"Every time I see Raphael's manner of avoiding reality, I think that at least he survived." Bunduk said.

"Sigh." Kant sighed and gave Bunduk a hug.

After all, he didn't know what to say to this kind of emotion. He could only let Bunduk slowly digest it.

Raphael was currently leaning against his bed, looking at the sea view outside through the small window.

"I wonder how the others are doing..." Raphael murmured softly.

How would Elf King deal with traitors like them? This was the question that Raphael had been worrying about for the past few days.

In his eyes, Elf King had always been a very weak existence. It was only after the battle of the undead that this monarch finally became spirited. He began to take care of the affairs of the country, taking back power from his ministers, and so on.

However, this Elf King, who was planning to be a good king for the first time, was already fifty years old. His indecisiveness had accompanied him for many years.

What would Elf King do about the traitor who appeared in his strong period?

While everyone was back in their rooms to rest, Raphael walked to the deck. The ship had already set sail and it was almost spring. The weather on the sea was not bad, at least there were no dark clouds.

The blue waves were three meters high and hit the hull of the moving ship.

Raphael looked in the direction of the island and the depression that was blown away by the sea breeze gathered in his heart again.

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 787: A Hint From The Old Dwarf**

On the other side of the island, Abel probably already knew about the news of the sunken ship. Raphael did not know what he would think when Abel saw him.

On the night when he met up with the reconnaissance team, Raphael had already observed that Abel had a close relationship with the two captains of Caradia.

When he heard the news of the death of one of them, Abel would definitely want to kill him. Just like Bunduk.

When he thought of this, Raphael's shoulders immediately fell.

"I'm sorry, Abel..."

At this moment, Abel had indeed been informed by the ship company of the accident of the ship sinking on the sea. He had also received news from them that all the soldiers of the Caradia Empire had been wiped out.

However, he did not know that Kant had already taken Raphael to the island.

For the past few days, Abel had been leading his soldiers to help the crew search for information on the island.

After learning that these crew members were eating and drinking in a restaurant in the dwarf town, he immediately rushed over.

"What did the crew members say?" Abel sat down in a corner that was suitable for observing the movements of the crew members and whispered to the soldier beside him.

"The people from the shipyard told us not to act rashly and wait for the news from the Elf Kingdom." the soldier replied.

"Okay." Abel nodded and said, "Did you find out where the crew members are staying?"

"At the 'Paramount Inn' in the center of the city. Raphael did give them a lot of money to make these people squander." the soldier reported.

After hearing Raphael's name, Abel clenched the porcelain cup in his hand tightly.

After taking a deep breath, Abel continued to instruct, "Get someone to keep an eye on them. Don't let them run away."

"Yes." the soldier replied.

The crew members were noisy. After having dinner in the restaurant, they went to the red-light district in the town.

Abel did not follow them anymore. He returned to the military camp.

The soldiers were sent to the shipyard or were stationed in the small town. There were only five or six soldiers on guard in the military camp.

Abel ordered them to quickly patrol.

The camp had always been under the surveillance of the dark forces. Abel had raised his vigilance. He tried his best to hide the whereabouts of the soldiers.

The shipyard meant that they did not want to alarm the dark forces and let them find them.

Although Abel really wanted to ask these crew members about what happened that night, he could only suppress the doubts in his heart. He quietly waited for Kant or Elf King to make a decision.

Abel walked to the sea and looked at the turbulent sea. He thought of the time when he and the Caradia soldiers trekked through the mountains and forests. He also recalled the smiles that Devitt and Claremont beamed at him before they left.

These two people had completed their mission. They should have gone to receive the rewards. With their current age, they should have a bright and wonderful future. However, because of the struggle of the forces on the island, their lives had withered here.

The most hateful thing was that one of the people who had killed them was his ten years friend.

Abel recalled Raphael's every move at the farewell banquet, and his mouth twitched in anger.

"Raphael, from now on, you and I will no longer be friends." Abel picked up a handful of sand from the beach and scattered it in the air. He muttered silently.

The next morning, Abel did not sleep well last night.

He got up early and rushed to the dwarf town while the sky was still dark.

"Why do you always come here recently? I don't see you buying anything to take out of the town." the dwarf who was guarding the town said as he stamped their stamps.

"To add some popularity to your town." an elven soldier answered casually.

"Oh! Then you really think highly of yourself." the dwarf soldier shook his pipe, he continued, "However, since you came to the town today, there are really interesting things for you to see. There's a new play at the theater in the West Cellar, and my niece is also performing in it. She gave me two tickets, but I didn't have time to go. Why don't I give you the tickets, and you can go take a look for me?"

The elven soldier took the tickets from the dwarf and glanced at him. He raised his head and asked, "Is it the show "Cromwell"? What's your niece playing in it? It can't be that the tickets can't be sold, so you gave them to us, right?"

"Stop speculating." Abel waved his hand and said to the dwarf, "Old master, thank you. We'll take them."

"It's okay." the dwarf took a puff of water smoke and replied with a smile.

"Old man, you'd better smoke less. Every time I pass by your place, I choke on the smell." the elven soldier suggested while wrinkled his nose and waved his hand.

"That won't do. I've carried this pipe with me for decades." the dwarf shook his head and said, "I feel uncomfortable every day when I don't hold it."

"Then you..." the elven soldier wanted to say something but was interrupted by Abel.

"Alright, stop trying to persuade him. Do you really think this master doesn't know what he's doing?" After saying this, Abel led the soldier to the main road of the dwarf town.

"You must remember to go and see it. The show is about to begin." the dwarf stuck his head out of the window and shouted at the backs of the two people.

"Show me the tickets." Abel reached out his hand to the elven soldier beside him and demanded.

The soldier's expression was a little surprised, and he handed over the tickets. "Boss, you really want to go?"

Abel ignored the soldier's question and flipped to the back of the ticket. There was a line of words on it. The ink was still wet.

"The orcs in the forest have been following you for a few days."

The soldier leaned his head over and noticed the line of words on the paper. He sucked in a breath of cold air and said, "Our operation has been discovered?"

"Indeed. Recently, we have been entering and leaving the dwarf town too frequently." Abel sighed and said, "The forces of the dark side have begun to be wary of us."

"Why would the dwarf guarding the city help us?" the soldier asked curiously.

"I don't know." Abel put away the tickets and shook his head. "He reminded us that he did not take sides, or he was on the side of the forces of the light."

With that said, an idea flashed through Abel's mind. With the help of the forces of the dark side, Raphael had occupied a piece of land by the coast. Then, would anyone from the forces of light notice them?

"Boss, where are we going now?" the elven soldier's question interrupted Abel's thought.

Abel looked at him helplessly and said, "Of course we can't go ambush them. Let's take a stroll around the city and leave."

"Okay." the elven soldier turned around and glanced in the direction of the city gate.

Abel put his arm around the elven soldier's shoulder and reminded him not to look back.

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

#### **Chapter 788: The Traitor Mentioned By The Comrades**

Abel and the elven soldier walked around the alleyway in the town for a long time.

After confirming that the orcs behind them had disappeared, Abel finally calmed down and let out a long breath.

"Boss, are we going back now?" the elven soldier asked Abel.

"Yes." Abel nodded. Then, he began to look at the surrounding buildings and said, "Where are we?"

"I don't know either." the elven soldier shook his head and replied, "Why don't we ask the pedestrians on the street?"

"Yes, go and ask someone. Remember, be polite." Abel instructed.

"Yes." after the soldier nodded, he walked to the main street and stopped a dwarf. He asked, "Mister, do you know where this is?"

"This is the West Cellar." the dwarf raised his hand and pointed at the road sign on the side of the street without raising his head. He answered, "Isn't it written on this road sign?"

"Ah, I see. Thank you, thank you." an awkward smile appeared on the elven soldier's face. He retreated to the side and made way for the dwarf.

After seeing the dwarf walk far away, the elven soldier returned to Abel's side and reported, "Boss, they said this is the West Cellar."

"West Cellar?" Abel frowned. He felt that this name was somewhat familiar. He asked, "Have we heard of it before?"

"I seem to remember it too..." the soldier pondered. "Right, the old man guarding the city gate. Isn't his niece acting in the West Cellar?"

"Yes, you're right." Abel also regained his memory. He said, "Then let's go and support his niece."

The elven soldier widened his eyes and asked, "Boss, are we really going?"

"Of course. After all, the old dwarf kindly reminded us once. No matter what, we have to do what we promised him." Abel nodded. "If you don't want to go, I'll go myself."

"No, no, no, I'll go too." the elven soldier waved his hand in panic.

"Let's go." Abel said. "I was wondering why the people on the street were walking in the same direction. It seems that everyone is here to watch the show. Just follow them."

"Yes."

The two of them followed the flow of people on the street and went to the most famous theater in the Western Cellar.

The bodies of Claremont and the others were transported back to Drondheim's military camp. The news spread in the city, and the relatives of the deceased came military camp for a few days in a row. Mournful wails spread throughout the entire military camp. Adonis was responsible for commanding the soldiers to maintain order. When the families of the sacrificed soldiers pounced in front of him and

asked him why his son had fallen into the deep sea, he could only suppress his grief and explain to them word by word.

"The plotters who framed the soldiers will definitely be punished." Adonis guaranteed.

The parents of the dead soldiers who knelt in front of the mourning hall and cried until they fainted. They were all carefully taken care of by their sons' comrades later on.

When the news of the deaths of all the soldiers reached Dronnheim City, the people were even more incredulous.

The compensation sent by the royal family didn't give them any sense of reality.

When the soldiers' bodies were transported back to the city, they saw that the familiar faces never opened their eyes again. Only then they felt the immeasurable pain from the bottom of their hearts.

When Derrick knew that the soldiers' bodies would be cremated in three days, he rushed back to Devitt from Durandal without a moment's delay with Devitt and the others.

When their horse caravan entered the city gate, the people stood on both sides of the road to welcome their return.

Devitt's father and mother immediately rushed to the front of Devitt's horse. With tears in their eyes, they greeted him, "You're back."

Devitt was helped off the horse by the soldiers accompanying him. When he saw his parents, tears began to fall uncontrollably.

"Father, mother." Devitt choked with sobs. "I'm sorry."

When he woke up in the hospital bed, the amputation operation had already ended. His right leg had been replaced with a prosthetic limb.

"It's fine. You're back, that's all that matters." Devitt's father walked forward and hugged his helpless son.

After returning to the barracks, Derrick immediately walked to the mourning hall and prostrated himself in front of Claremont's coffin.

Derrick's heart seemed to have been pierced through by sword. He could only cover his mouth to prevent himself from crying.

In his impression, Claremont had always been a quiet and kind child. He liked to hide in a corner and read books that others couldn't understand. Although he rarely took the initiative to communicate with you, you could read his respect for you and his love for the military camp from his devout eyes.

Claremont's father had passed away seven or eight years ago, leaving his mother alone in the family. Thinking of the lonely figure of the old woman, Derrick's throat felt like it was being squeezed by someone. So painful that he couldn't make any sound.

When Derrick learned that Claremont was about to be appointed by Kant as the commander, he felt envious, and even a hint of injustice. Now that he thought about it, he was really too childish back then.

Adonis walked over and helped Derrick sit down on a chair to the side. Seeing that he had buried his face between his knees, Adonis also sat down beside Derrick.

"Claremont's mother arrived this morning. She has fainted from crying and is being taken care of in the infirmary." Adonis said softly as he leaned back in his chair.

"Is the old lady alright?" Derrick finally raised his head, his eyes still bloodshot.

"She's fine." Adonis looked at him and answered, "She's just hyperventilating."

"Okay." Derrick nodded and said, "Claremont is one of my soldiers. In the future, I'll take care of his elderly's pension." Derrick nodded

"His Highness has already allocated a batch of compensation to the relatives of the deceased soldiers. There's no need for you to worry about this." Adonis waved his hand and said.

"No, Claremont has yet to fulfill his filial piety. I will complete it for him. His mother will be my family. I'll take care of her." Derrick said with a determined look in his eyes.

"Then, are you ready to return to Drondheim?" Adonis' eyes turned serious.

"Yes." Derrick nodded. Derrick nodded.

"Sigh." Adonis sighed and said, "Since you made your own choice, I will support you."

The conversation between the two ended. After leaning back on the chair to rest for a while, Adonis got up and continued with his duties. As for Derrick, he went to the infirmary to visit Claremont's mother.

Three days later, the bodies of seven soldiers were cremated, and their ashes were sent to their respective homes.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 789: unfolded unexpectedly**

After entering the theater, Abel handed the ticket in his hand to the ticket checker.

When the ticket checker saw the ticket, his expression changed. He beckoned for a subordinate to take over his work while he led Abel and Abel into the courtyard. He bowed and said, "Gentlemen, please follow me."

Abel and the soldier beside him looked at each other. Both of them felt that the ticket checker's behavior was a little strange.

However, they still followed behind the ticket inspector without saying a word.

When they passed by the stage, the Elven soldier could not help but ask Abel in a low voice, "Boss, where is this person taking us?"

"I don't know." Abel thought for a while and finally understood the person's motive. He replied, "However, since the old dwarf recommended us to come here, he naturally has his reasons."

"AH? So the old dwarf didn't want us to come here to watch a show..." the elven soldier said in surprise. However, halfway through his words, he was cut off.

“The two of you have arrived. “The ticket inspector walked to a secret door , opened the mechanism, and said to Abel and the Elven soldier.

Abel looked up at the ticket inspector, nodded, and walked into the door. The Elven soldier hesitated for a moment, then followed him in.

The space inside the secret door was a venue that could accommodate hundreds or thousands of people. At this time, only the lighting in the center of the venue was turned on. The audience seats were crowded.

Seeing this, Abel and the Elven soldier found an empty seat in the back row and sat down, waiting for the opening.

“It’s So Big.”The elven soldier exclaimed, “Why is there always such a trap room on this island? The Centaur tribe we met a few months ago also has such a trap room.”

“The Centaur race uses a formation. This is just a common trap room.”. “How can the two be the same?”Abel shook his head and said, “The existence of such a thing can only mean that these people want to pass on information that they don’t want to be overheard by mixed people.”

“I see. “The Elven soldier nodded and said.

“Since they are on the opposite side of the people who are following us, this group of people should also represent some forces that have already raised their heads. “Abel looked around, he said, “I didn’t expect the confrontation on the island to have developed to this extent.’

After the two entered the venue, they began to talk in Elf language. Although the people around heard their conversation, they had no way of knowing the content of the conversation.

However, some people still recognized the two of them.

A siren turned to the two people sitting behind him and said with a smile, “You are elves, right? I heard you talking in Elf language just now.”

“You can understand us?”Abel frowned. In his eyes, eavesdropping on the conversation of others was very impolite.

“No, it’s just that your voices were slightly transmitted to the front, “the siren explained patiently. “I’ve traveled to the Elf Kingdom before, and I heard that your pronunciation was a little similar, so I was a little curious.”

“I see. I’m sorry, but we’ll turn down the volume,”Abel replied in a gentler tone.

“It’s fine. “The siren still maintained his smile. After leaving this sentence, he turned around.

Abel and the Elven soldier looked at each other and shrugged.

Kant and the others had already stayed at sea for seven days. In three days, they would arrive at the island.

Because it was the first time for the soldier on the ship to take a ship, many people already had symptoms of discomfort.

"The climate in the desert is relatively dry, especially in Durandal. Soldiers should not be used to being at sea," Bunduk stood on the deck and said to Kant.

"It's time to train the soldier's swimming skills," Kant said.

"After all this, they should be used to the sea's climate," Bunduk said.

"This is your first time taking a boat, right?" Kant asked, "Is there anything you're not used to?"

"That's right, it's very strange. I don't have any strong reactions. Maybe I went to the beach with the soldier when I was in Cumberland.

"Hehe." Kant smiled and looked at him, he said, "Playing by the beach and taking a boat are two different things. In the end, it's because your physical fitness is too good. It would be great if the other soldier could also be like you."

"This..." Bunduk scratched his head and laughed as well.

"I arranged for you to send a letter to the Elf Kingdom. How did you returned to business.

"I gave it to the messenger before the ship set off. I think the Elf king received it a few days ago," Bunduk replied. "Yes." Kant nodded and replied, "What did you write in the letter?"

"Ah, I forgot to give it to His Majesty Kant for you to read. It's really a dereliction of duty." Bunduk slapped his forehead and responded, "In the letter, I only wrote about the matter of us going to the island and an introduction of Raphael's recent situation."

"It's alright. Since I've handed this matter over to you, there's no need for you to hand it over to me for verification." Kant waved his hand and said, "Raphael's recent situation? Oh right, I haven't seen him much on this ship."

"Yes," Bunduk replied. "Raphael never went out much. The food was also sent to his room by my subordinate soldier."

"What was he doing in his room? Did you hear your soldier mention it?" Kant raised his eyebrows and asked.

"Every time the soldier went to deliver food, Raphael would lie on the bed and look out of the window. He didn't do anything." Bunduk thought for a while, "But the crew members reported to us that Raphael often appeared on the deck at night. It seems that only then would he go out of his room to relax."

"I see," Kant nodded.

"Raphael's status..." Bunduk said worriedly.

"Don't worry. Although I don't know what he is thinking, his status should not affect him to do some extreme things," Kant said, shaking his head.

"Yes," Bunduk answered, lowering his head.

"We are about to go ashore. I have to find an opportunity to communicate with him." Kant thought for a moment and continued, "We have to make sure that he will stand on our side in the future."

“Perhaps only his majesty can do such a thing.”

After dinner, Kant leaned against the mast on the deck and watched the sunset on the sea while waiting for Raphael to appear.

When he heard hurried footsteps behind him, Kant spoke and stopped Raphael from leaving. “Raphael, let’s talk.”

Raphael timidly walked in front of Kant and asked, “What do you want to talk to me about?”

“Sit down first.” Kant raised his hand and pointed to a chair at the side.

Raphael pursed his lips tightly and walked to the chair that Kant had designated and sat down. He looked very reserved..

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 790: , speech at the underground conference hall**

“Do you know why we want to take you to the island?” Kant looked at Raphael and asked.

“Yes.” Raphael lowered his eyes and said, “You want me to find the hidden forces on the island for you.”

When Kant heard Raphael’s answer, he was silent for a moment before he said, “Then will you do this for us?”

Raphael fell into silence. He did not answer Kant’s question. Instead, he asked, “If I don’t agree, will you let me go?”

“No,” Kant denied with a poker face. “We will use you as bait. We will do everything we can to lure out the leader of the forces who issued the order to kill you.”

Raphael raised his head and met Kant’s gaze. His eyes were filled with despair. He closed his eyes and asked, “Then why are you talking to me about this?”

“Because I want to give you a chance to make a choice,” Kant said. “Do you want to carry the lives of others on your shoulders, or do you want to use your blood-stained hands to atone for your sins?”

“I understand.” The expression on Raphael’s face became complicated. He said to Kant, “I’ll cooperate with you.”

“Mm.” Kant stood up and looked down at Raphael. “We won’t put too much pressure on you. You just need to go with the flow.”

After saying this, Kant left the deck and walked towards his cabin.

“Go with the flow...” Raphael raised his right wrist in front of him. He bared his sharp teeth and bit down.

But in the end, he still restrained himself, leaving only a slightly deep bite mark on his skin.

Boiling Hot tears flowed out of Raphael’s eyes and dripped onto his arm.

“To live... it’s really hard...”

Under the moonlight, Raphael’s body trembled due to his sobbing movements.

The people in the venue gradually quieted down.

The lights on the podium converged in one place.

A slightly plump dwarf walked to the podium, the host said, "Welcome all those who stand against the dark forces to this place and listen to this speech. "Since everyone is here, let us quickly begin. "First, let us welcome young master Isaac to the stage to make a speech for us."

This dwarf's status was not ordinary. As soon as he stood on the stage and spoke, the people below the stage immediately quieted down.

"Isaac? Who Is It?" Abel blurted out.

At this moment, a burly middle-aged man walked onto the stage under everyone's gaze.

The gown he was wearing seemed to be a size smaller. The cloth was completely stuck to his muscles, allowing people to see his well-proportioned and perfect figure at a glance.

"So Sturdy." The Elven soldier sighed.

"That's the second young master of the Dragon Clan, even though he's not the legitimate heir. "But to be able to attend a place like this is already giving the dwarf clan's organizer a lot of face." An angel sitting behind Abel interrupted, intentionally or unintentionally.

"Dragon Clan?" Abel was startled. He recalled the encounter he had when he went to the volcano previously, in the territory of the Dragon Clan.

"Good evening, everyone," Isaac greeted. His mouth was like an ancient bell, and his voice lingered in everyone's ears.

Now that the spotlight was on his face, Abel finally caught a glimpse of the tiny scales on his skin.

"The Dragon clan can transform like this!" The Elven soldier said in surprise.

In his impression, the Dragon clan should be an ancient behemoth that lived in caves and hissed in the sky when hunting.

"The dragon race knows many kinds of spell. It's not strange that they have transformation tricks," Abel said softly.

However, why would they participate in such an occasion? Before the opening ceremony, Abel knocked on all the audience members. Other than Behemoth, who devoured the world, almost all the nomads on the island had come.

"Everyone knows that a month ago, our Dragon Clan woke up early from the scheduled hibernation period," Isaac said expressionlessly. "We also found that the pseudo dragon in the estate had been surrounded and exterminated. "After our investigation, it was a trick played by some people who were stirring up trouble on the dark side of the island. They wanted to use our knives to destroy the dwarf who was in power in the clan."

"What?" The audience was shocked. After all, the clarification had not reached the island, so many people heard this news for the first time.

“We have found the traitor who was involved in the scheme of the foreign tribe.” Isaac threw a heavy punch and said, “And during the interrogation, we got the names of the people who participated in this operation.”

Hearing this, Abel’s breathing stopped. The Dragon tribe moved too fast. The development of the matter had already left a lot of information in Abel’s hands.

“After this meeting is over, I will send the names to everyone. I hope that everyone can report to their superiors so that they can clean up in time,” Isaac said indifferently. “My speech ends here.”

From the beginning to the end, Isaac’s expression was very cold.

“This meeting is too interesting!” The person sitting next to Abel shouted excitedly.

“Boss, will the list mentioned by this person also be sent to us?” The Elven soldier asked in puzzlement.

“I don’t know,” Abel replied. Then, he looked around and found that everyone was very happy.

Amidst the applause and cheers, Isaac walked straight off the stage and disappeared behind the curtain.

Abel stared at his back, his eyes filled with confusion. Why did he distribute the list that he had worked so hard to come up with to everyone present? The Dragon Tribe’s way of doing things was indeed very decisive, but this time, they were really too bold.

Then, a few representatives of the various races came up to the podium to speak.

Abel listened attentively until everyone left their seats and went to a corner under the podium. Only then did Abel stand up and walk over.

A skinny dwarf asked everyone to write down their names and age in the name book on the table.

“Is this a ceremony to participate in this conference?” The Elven soldier hesitated whether to write down his real name.

“Since you’ve come here to listen to so much, you should follow their rules at the end,” Abel instructed.

As he spoke, he bent down and wrote down his real name on the paper in Esperanto. When he handed the pen back to the dwarf, the dwarf looked at him and said, “Are you an elf?”

“Yes,” Abel raised his head and replied.

The dwarf’s expression became strange. Abel was not used to the way the dwarf looked at him. He immediately walked out of the formation.

When he reached the door, Abel heard the elven soldier behind him shout, “Boss, you forgot to take something.”

“What?” Abel touched his pocket and turned around to ask.