

Oasis 831

Chapter 831: Greetings from the Accounting Office

"Now it seems that this insect worm has sprouted in your body." Kant looked at Bunduk, he said calmly, "You can't believe everything pick said. We still have to find someone to examine your body and diagnose the growth of the insect eggs."

The fireworks festival in the Horizon had ended, and the clock in the center of the town was already pointing to ten o'clock.

"The curfew is coming soon. We have to hurry back to the inn," Abel said as he looked at the two people beside him.

"Let's go immediately," Kant commanded.

The snake-woman guild was about an hour away from the inn they were staying at.

Abel had already memorized the route when he came. At this moment, he looked at the road signs while checking if there were any unemployed carriages by the side of the road.

Unfortunately, due to the influence of the fireworks convention, all the carriage carrying people were closed at the beginning of the convention.

The three of them could only walk through the entire journey in the cold night wind. From time to time, they had to go through the safety checks of the GNOME soldier.

When they arrived at the inn's entrance, Abel finally heaved a sigh of relief. The inn's main door was still open.

When he walked into the lobby, Bunduk bumped into the cashier who had walked out from the kitchen.

After glancing at the bandages wrapped tightly around his feet, he suddenly remembered that this cashier might be the orcs who had been called by the old couple to help. Bunduk stood in place and hesitated for a while, then recalled the old man's name. He called out softly, "Fi... Litt?"

The accountant's eyes widened. He turned to look at Bunduk and said, "You remember me?"

"No." After confirming the old man's identity, Bunduk shook his head regretfully at the question that was raised. He said, "I went to pick's living quarters today. The old couple who lived nearby told me."

"So that's how it is." Filet's eyes dimmed a little, he said, "I'm sorry, I couldn't save you from pick. The moment I walked into the room, I saw him doing something to the unconscious you. Only later did I realize that he was casting a Gu. Pick is really too strong. I couldn't stop him."

The cashier had always felt guilty about this. When he first heard that Bunduk had defeated pick, he felt incredulous. When he saw Bunduk and the others walk into the shop as if nothing had happened, he understood that Bunduk must have fallen into the illusion of the voodoo poison and fallen into pick's trap.

However, because he was ashamed to mention his defeat that day, Fellett did not reveal his identity to the deceived Bunduk.

"It's okay. Thank you for being able to help." Bunduk's gaze shifted to Fellett's right leg and asked, "Is your leg injured very badly?"

"When I fell, I pricked something in it. It's just a little painful. I'll be able to remove the stitches in a few days." Before Fellett settled down in the small town, he was also a martial arts practitioner who traveled around. He did not mind the injury on his leg.

"Do you know of any famous doctors in this town?" The insect worm on Bunduk's body had yet to be removed. "We hope to find someone to examine his body." Abel, who was standing at the side, quietly listened to the conversation between the two of them, he had a general understanding of what had happened. At this moment, he interrupted.

"Doctor's words. "... Fellett carefully recalled in his heart, "There is a clinic in the North District, it is run by an elf "I have never been there before, but I heard that the doctors there are all highly skilled in medicine "... perhaps they can help."

"Elf?" Kant and Abel looked at each other in surprise.

"That's right. The elves on the island are quite rare. And they don't seem to like to work in groups," Fellett explained. "The elf groups we know only work in the clinics in the North District."

"I see." Bunduk nodded. "Thank you. What's the name of that clinic?"

"Medicine shine." The cashier thought for a while, he answered, "The name of the clinic is to cure all kinds of diseases. Therefore, every family in the town will go there to make an appointment if they are seriously ill. If you want to go there to try, you'd better leave early in the morning."

"Okay, okay." Bunduk nodded and said.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first. The shopkeeper is still waiting for me to pay the bill," the cashier said tactfully.

"Okay. I hope your foot injury can recover as soon as possible," Bunduk said at the end.

Fellett nodded subtly, then turned around and left.

After bidding Fellett farewell, the three of them went up the stairs and walked to the door of the room on the second floor.

Kant, as the person in charge of the key, walked to the front. After gently pushing the door open, he smelled a rush of herbal fragrance.

"HMM?" After entering the room, Abel immediately felt this fresh fragrance. He slowly walked around the room, searching for the source of the smell.

Finally, he found the incense burner burning beside the bed.

"It seems that the inn's attendant came." Abel glanced at the newly changed bedding and said with relief to the two people sitting at the tea table. Then, he walked out of the room and placed the small incense burner in front of everyone.

“Extinguish the incense in the incense burner,” Kant instructed. “This kind of incense is for sleeping. It’s not good if the incense is too strong.”

After listening to Kant’s instructions, Abel nodded and adjusted the moisture in the air. It condensed into a small droplet the size of a fingernail and dripped into the incense burner.

After the censer’s incense was extinguished, it released a wisp of white smoke.

“Bunduk, how do you feel now?” Kant raised his chin and asked Bunduk.

“I feel fine.” Bunduk pursed his lips and said, “Perhaps my mind power was too focused on investigating this matter. Those strange thoughts did not appear.”

“Another reason should be that the insect eggs should still be in their developmental stage,” Abel said. “It can only cause this level of interference to your mind power.”

“Let’s put aside business for today and have a good rest,” Kant instructed. “We’ll set off early tomorrow and head to the ‘Medicine Shine’.”

Abel took a map from the shelf at the side and observed it for a while, he said to the other two, “Our current location is at the south end of Main Street. It’s closest to the foot of the mountain. It’s about two hours away from the north district... HMM, about two hours.”

“What if we take a carriage?” Kant asked with concern.

“HMM.” Abel looked at the map and estimated in his mind, “That’s less than an hour. But if we choose to leave early in the morning, where can we get a carriage?”

“Let the inn’s reserve carriage give us a ride,” Bunduk suggested. “I’ll make the arrangements now.”

“You’d better take a bath and rest early. Leave this to me,” Abel replied.

Chapter 832: A Letter from the Dragon Clan

After saying this, Abel walked out of the room. He went downstairs and called for the waiter to discuss the matter of picking up the carriage.

Meanwhile, Bunduk stayed in the room and waited quietly with Kant.

“Go take a bath in the bathroom and relax for a while,” Kant said to Bunduk.

“Your Highness,” Bunduk said in a low voice, “If one day I completely lose control and am used by the Dark Forces, you must stop me.”

“That day will not come,” Kant replied softly. “We will definitely find a doctor to cure the voodoo poison in your body. You Don’t have to worry.”

After hearing Kant’s words, Bunduk was silent for a moment. He stood up and said to Kant, “I’m going to take a shower.”

After saying that, he left his seat and walked towards his bedroom.

Kant looked at his back and felt mixed emotions. After a while, there was a knock on the door.

"I didn't bring my key." Kant glanced at the key that was placed at the entrance and walked to the front door of the living room. He opened the door.

Seeing that it was Abel who was standing outside the door, he turned around and sat down in his tea seat.

"Your Highness, where's Bunduk?" After entering the room, Abel sat down with Kant at the tea table. After drinking a mouthful of water, he asked.

"He's in the bathroom." Kant picked up the kettle and filled it with water for Abel. He replied, "How did your discussion with the inn's staff go?"

"This time, when I went downstairs, I coincidentally met the inn's owner," Abel said. "I told him about our request. The inn's owner immediately agreed and said: Tomorrow at seven o'clock in the morning, the staff who manages the stable will send us to the Medicine Hall."

"Mm, it's good that we've settled it." Kant took a sip of tea and nodded. "It's getting late now. It's been hard on you to make this trip. Hurry up and go back to your room to rest."

"Okay," Abel agreed. "I'll go see if Bunduk has come out of the bathroom."

After saying that, he got up and walked to the bathroom beside the main hall. Abel walked to the door. After hearing the sound of water splashing, he shouted, "Bunduk, remember to let me know when you're done washing."

"... Okay." Bunduk's muffled voice came from the bathroom.

Abel raised his eyebrows strangely. Without much thought, he walked back to his room to pack his bags.

In the bathroom, Bunduk looked at his own body in the mirror. His eyes were filled with helplessness. His mind kept replaying the scene he had encountered in the tavern that day.

It was hard to imagine how he would face his soldiers as a general who galloped on the battlefield without his full strength.

After wiping himself dry with a towel, Bunduk put on his coat and walked out of the bathroom. He found that the candlestick in the main hall had been extinguished. Kant and Abel had already returned to their bedroom.

Bunduk remembered what Abel had told him just now and walked towards Abel's bedroom.

After knocking on the door gently, Abel opened the door and invited Bunduk to sit down in his bedroom.

"What's the matter?" There were no empty chairs in the room, so Bunduk awkwardly leaned against the wall and sat on the wooden floor.

"Nothing, I'm just a little worried about your condition and want to talk to you." Abel had also showered, changed into dry pajamas, and leisurely sat on the edge of the bed.

"Don't worry about me, I'm fine." Bunduk looked at Abel and replied.

“Don’t lie to me.” Abel said seriously, “We all saw the effect of the insect gu. But I want to ask you about the degree of impact it has on you.”

After seeing that his disguise was exposed, Bunduk’s expression became gloomy. He said in a low voice, “Actually, there’s nothing to ask. I just don’t want to be a person who hurts his own race.”

Abel looked at him attentively and said, “You are the commander of Caradia. No one can force you to hurt someone you don’t want to hurt.”

“But, the effect of the insect worm...” Bunduk sighed and said.

“That, we will face it together. If it still planted a seed of disaster on you,” Abel said sincerely, “Don’t blame yourself.”

“Okay.” After a long while, Bunduk softly said one word.

“Okay.” Abel nodded with a smile.

The two continued to chat about some relaxing stories, but after a while, Abel urged Bunduk to go back to his room to rest. After all, it was already early in the morning, and he still had to get up early the next day.

“You should rest early too,” Bunduk stood at the bedroom door and said to Abel.

“Okay.” Abel waved at him.

Bunduk smiled as he closed Abel’s door and walked back to his own bedroom. After chatting with Abel for a while, his mood became much more relaxed. He lay on the bed and relaxed as he fell asleep.

The next morning, the three of them got up on time to wash up.

While drinking morning tea, Kant noticed that the two people in front of him looked good. He said with a smile, “When did you rest yesterday?”

“It’s almost midnight.” Abel and Bandark looked at each other and said, “After I took a shower, I chatted with Bandark for a while.”

“I see. You look well rested.” Kant nodded.

Just as Abel was about to respond, a waiter stood outside the door and knocked on the door. He called out softly, “Three guests, I am a waiter of the inn.”

Kant raised his eyebrows in puzzlement and looked at the pocket watch in his hand. There was still about half an hour before the carriage set off.

The waiter should have come at this time for some urgent matter.

Bunduk stood up and walked to the door to open it. He said to the waiter in uniform, “May I ask what is the matter?”

“I’m sorry to have disturbed your meal,” the waiter apologized. “Just now, the messenger sent a letter from the Dragon Clan’s estate.”

The waiter took out a letter from his pocket and handed it to Bunduk.

“Dragon Clan?” Bunduk thought for a while and roughly guessed the contents of the letter.

“Yes, because our inn has never received a letter from the Dragon Clan before. We were worried that the Lord of the Dragon Clan had something urgent to ask our guests, so we came here without permission after receiving the letter,” the waiter explained.

“It’s fine. Thank you for your hard work,” Bunduk patted the attendant’s shoulder and said to him.

“Thank you, Lord. I’ll take my leave now.” The attendant nodded slightly, then turned around and walked downstairs.

Bunduk took the letter and walked into the room. He sat down at the dining table.

Abel and Kant had already finished their breakfast and were currently resting in their seats. After seeing the letter in Bunduk’s hand, he asked curiously, “Someone sent us a letter?”

“Dragon Clan.” Bunduk placed the unopened envelope at a corner of the dining table and walked back to his seat to continue eating his breakfast.

Chapter 833: Coachman driving a tofu carriage

Kant picked up the envelope and read it. After a while, he said to the two people sitting opposite him, “Our soldier will arrive at the town tomorrow.”

“That’s Great!” Abel shouted happily, “Did they come in a carriage?”

“It seems that they will take a carriage to the entrance of the town,” Kant explained, “The Dragon Clan has found out about our living quarters after going down the mountain, and they will send the soldier here.”

“Then the inn owner will have to make a fortune,” Abel said after rinsing his mouth with tea.

Kant looked at him helplessly and said, “After the soldier comes to town, our movements will be much more convenient. We can also find a doctor to treat Bunduk as soon as possible.”

“Yes.” Abel nodded. “This is the most urgent matter at the moment.”

“We can also send people to look for clues about the disappearance of the Beast Tamer,” Kant added.

Bunduk’s figure paused, saying: “Pick’s strength is superb, sending soldiers to search for information about him, isn’t it a little too dangerous? Maybe he is hiding somewhere to observe us.”

“I have my own arrangements for the search mission. What you should be most concerned about now is getting rid of the insect on your body.” Kant looked at Bunduk with a deeper meaning, replying.

Bunduk curled his lips and agreed: “Alright.”

After Bunduk finished his breakfast, the three of them carried their own bags and walked to the lobby on the first floor.

At this moment, the coachman was carrying a boiling hot teapot out of the boundary of the kitchen and coincidentally met these people. He stuck his head out and asked: "Are you the guests who are going to 'Medicine Shine' by carriage this morning?"

"Yes." Bunduk nodded blankly. "Are you... The Gentleman in charge of driving the carriage?"

"Yes." The Coachman looked older and was very satisfied with Bunduk's respect. He smiled and said, "You are going to set off, right? Please follow me."

"Okay." Abel nodded and followed behind the coachman to the inn's door.

There were not many pedestrians on the street in the early morning. On the contrary, a cool breeze blew in front of everyone, making people feel a sense of desolation.

"You booked the time too early. At this time, few shops on the street are open," the coachman explained to the three people standing on the street while he found the ladder to board the carriage.

"Then the clinic..." Abel said worriedly.

"It's okay. It's far from the North District. It'll take an hour to walk here. The clinic will open by then. You can still make it in time for the first group of people to visit you." The Coachman waved his hand and said, "Please get on the carriage."

"Okay, thank you." Kant walked in front of the three people, stepped on the ladder, and got on the carriage.

After seeing the three people enter the carriage, the coachman also climbed into the driver's seat. After putting away the ladder beside the carriage, he held the horse bolt tightly. He shouted to the inside of the carriage, "Lord, sit tight!"

Without waiting for Kant and the others to respond, the carriage moved. It sped toward the intersection.

Although the road surface on the street was still quite smooth, the three people sitting in the carriage were still badly jolted. They could only hold the window bars tightly to maintain their balance.

"At this speed, we should reach the medical center soon," Abel comforted himself.

Kant glanced at him but didn't say anything.

After half an hour, Abel suddenly covered his mouth with his hand and asked the other two for help.

"No, if this goes on, I feel like I'm going to throw up the breakfast I ate."

Kant nodded after hearing this. He lifted the curtain and said to the driver, "Sir, can you slow down the carriage? Some of us are not feeling well."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." The driver turned his head apologetically and replied, "I usually drive the carriage alone to pick up goods. I forgot that there was someone behind me."

"It's okay." Kant waved his hand and said after he felt that the speed of the carriage had obviously slowed down.

After the uncomfortable feeling disappeared, Abel walked to the door of the carriage and spoke to the coachman, "Sir, what kind of goods do you usually pick up? The carriage is so fast."

"I usually go to the vegetable market. There are other people who pick up goods with me. I mainly transport vegetables, such as tofu," the coachman replied easily.

"Tofu?" Abel was surprised. "With your speed, the tofu must have broken into pieces."

"The type of tofu you mentioned was not of good quality at that time." The Coachman waved his hand, "I used to run a tofu shop. Good tofu, bad tofu, I can tell at a glance. Good quality tofu, take my car — it's fine."

"You're really amazing," Abel praised.

The Coachman continued to talk about his own experience of running a shop, and he spoke with great relish. Abel stayed by the side obediently and listened patiently.

"You said you're sixty-six years old this year?" Abel asked in surprise.

"Yes," the coachman said with a smile. "You can't tell, right? My body is still pretty good."

"I really can't tell. Where are your children? Are they also on this island?" Abel continued to ask.

"They left when they were teenagers. Now they come back to visit me every two or three years," the coachman recalled. "They seem to be living well outside."

"Why don't you go and live with them?" Kant leaned against the door and asked.

"I don't want to give them any trouble." The Coachman shook his head and said, "Besides, my limbs are healthy, and the inn owner is willing to hire me to stay and work. It's enough that I live alone and can take care of myself."

"Okay." Kant and Abel nodded in agreement.

Bunduk had been staying in the carriage the whole time and didn't really listen to the people outside chatting. At this time, he walked to the door and asked the coachman, "Old sir, how long will it take for us to arrive?"

"It's not far. After walking through this street, we will arrive soon." The carriage pointed to the intersection in front of them and replied.

"Oh, thank you," Bunduk replied.

Just as the coachman had said, the carriage stopped in front of the door of the Medicine Shine Clinic after a short while.

"There are so many people." Bunduk glanced at them roughly and said softly.

Although the clinic had not opened yet, dozens of people had already gathered in front of the door.

"This is considered a relatively small number." The coachman said, "If it were a little later, the people standing in front of this door would start from a hundred people."

“Thank you, Old Sir.” Kant got off the carriage and said goodbye to the coachman.

“There is still work to be done in the shop, I will go back first. I will come back to pick you up at noon.” The Coachman’s attitude towards the three people was quite good, even though the boss did not explain much, he still offered to send them back.

Chapter 834: Origin of the chant delay insect Gu

“Thank you for your kindness.” Kant smiled and declined. “However, we will not trouble you, sir.”

“Alright then.” The Coachman did not say anything more and answered straightforwardly, “Hurry up and queue up. When there are more people, it will not be so convenient.”

“Alright, take care.” Kant nodded. Then, he brought Bunduk and Abel away from the carriage and approached the queue at the entrance.

After standing behind an undead at the end of the queue, Bunduk glanced at the front of the queue, he turned around and said to Kant and Abel, “There are about fifty-five people in front of us. There should be no limit to the number of people attending the clinic, right?”

“We came quite early. We should be within the ‘Survival Line’,” Abel said in a relaxed manner.

After a while, a long line appeared behind Kant.

By the time the sun rose to the center of the Blue Sky, the number of people waiting in front of the clinic had increased to two hundred. The hour hand also pointed to nine o’clock.

An Elf walked out of the backyard, bypassed the crowd, and walked to the front door of the clinic to unlock the door.

From Bunduk’s point of view, he could see the elves busy preparing in the clinic.

The Elf standing in front of the door yawned and glanced at the crowded crowd. He walked to the front of the line and said to the five people at the front, “You go in first.”

“Thank you, thank you.” The dwarf at the front of the line was a young man, holding his child who was less than one year old in his arms. They stayed up all night and waited here. When the ELF opened the gate of the outer courtyard, he was the first to rush in. “Thank you,” they said excitedly.

Abel stood in his position and observed. When he saw the elf send the five nomads into the clinic, he turned around and said to Bunduk and the others, “I’ve never seen these elves before.”

“Maybe they moved to the island a long time ago,” Kant said. “Is there no household registration in the Elf Kingdom?”

“Before I set off, I didn’t hear that someone from the Elf Kingdom had arrived on this island before.” Abel pursed his lips and said, “It seems that they have completely cut off their connection with the Elf Kingdom.”

“Will all the elves in this world gather in the Elf Kingdom?” Bunduk frowned and said, “Maybe they have taken root on this island a long time ago.”

“We’ll know when we go in and ask,” Abel said.

“If we continue to line up like this, it’ll probably be our turn by noon,” Bunduk said as he looked at the entrance of the clinic.

“It can’t be.” Abel raised his eyebrows and said, “Even if there are five people in a group, it should be our turn very soon.”

“Little brother, your friend is right. It really is only our turn at noon,” the undead in front of them interjected.

It was only then that Kant noticed that there was an undead standing in front of them. He looked at the undead in surprise. When he realized that this undead was completely different from the undead of the undead kingdom, he felt relieved. He replied, “Are you also here to see a Doctor?”

“No, I’m here to pick up medicine.” The undead shook his head and said, “The people here with a list of medicines are all the same as me. They are here to pick up medicine.”

Bunduk looked around and said, “In that case, there are quite a lot of people who are here to get the medicine.”

“Of course.” The undead nodded and said, “However, the people who are in the front row are here to see the doctor. The people who are here to see the doctor usually come earlier so that their condition will not be delayed.”

“I see.” Kant nodded and said.

The undead continued to explain some of the rules of the medical center to them, such as when the door would open, where to get the medicine, and what to do during the physical examination.

After listening to the undead’s explanation, the three of them realized that this medical center was not as mysterious as the inn’s cashier said. It was just that the public medical resources in this town were relatively few, so the reputation in the town was a little big.

“You don’t look like nomads in the town. How do you know about this place?” After the undead finished the introduction of the medical center, he asked curiously.

“I heard it from the staff in the place where we live. We are only staying here temporarily. My friend suddenly suffered from a serious illness, so I came to see if there was any way to cure him,” Abel explained.

“Yes.” The undead nodded. “Your friend’s illness was contracted in this town.”

“Rather than saying that it was contracted...” Bunduk said hesitantly, “It’s more like it was caused by a specific person.”

“Poisoned?” The undead asked tentatively.

Bunduk hesitated for a moment, then nodded, acknowledging the undead’s explanation.

“You should talk to the people from the surveillance bureau about this. Ask them to help you catch the kid who poisoned you and force him to hand over the antidote,” the undead said angrily.

“We haven’t planned to tell the surveillance bureau about this, and the murderer who poisoned you has already left the town,” Kant said. “If we want the forces in the town to continue investigating, it should be impossible to find him.”

“This murderer is quite cunning.” The undead rubbed his chin and thought for a while, then looked at Bunduk and said, “What poison did he poison you with?”

“A kind of insect insect,” Bunduk answered truthfully.

“Insect?” The Undead’s expression changed, and he said in surprise, “The one who poisoned you, could it be that kid, Pick?”

“Yes, it’s him. Do You Know Him?” Abel nodded and said.

“I know him more than that. My Cousin’s uncle is his second uncle’s sworn brother,” the undead introduced. “That kid has been causing trouble in this town for more than a day or two. I didn’t expect him to do such a vicious thing. “Do you know the name of the insect worm he gave you?”

Bunduk was surprised to meet someone who was related to Pick here. He thought for a while and answered, “I think it’s called something... Hum... chi... ?”

“Hum... Chi?” The undead widened his eyes and said, “Then, brother, your problem is serious. You need to call an emergency number and ask the Doctor to take a look at you.”

“Do you know what kind of voodoo this is?” Kant stared at the undead and asked.

“Its effect is not very clear. It seems to interfere with the human body or something. “But the hum... Chi Worm is very famous.” The undead introduced said, “At that time, Medicine King Fitch spent twenty years to cultivate a kind of spiritual power worm, and there were no more than five of them in this world. “Almost everyone who saw it died.”

“Then why did Pick keep it as a pet?” Abel asked curiously.

“Because the medicine king liked him. After getting to know Pick, he shared a larva with him.” The undead replied, “This was really big news at that time.”

Chapter 835: the first physical examination

“Then do you know how to treat this worm?” Kant asked.

“I don’t know.” The undead shook his head, “I asked Pick to release the ‘chant’ Worm for me to take a look, and he even threatened me for a while. He said that he wanted to throw his life away or something. In short, he didn’t let me see it.”

Abel looked at Bunduk worriedly and asked the undead, “From what you said, Pick seems to be quite familiar with you?”

“He’s alright.” The undead curled his lips, “That kid is quite talented. When he first came to this small town, his second uncle asked me to bring him along. But now, he has become very successful, so he has less contact with me.”

“What do you mean by successful?” Kant asked, puzzled.

The undead looked around, leaned over and whispered to the three, "The relationship between this pick and the law enforcer of the town's inspection station is not simple."

After hearing the undead's words, Abel was a little surprised. He could not help but shout, "Inspection station?"

"Lower Your Voice." The undead quickly stopped him from asking, he continued, "Although I don't know how pick managed to get in touch with the people from the monitoring station, I heard that his position in the monitoring station isn't low. As for which Lord he is, it's not something we can know."

"How did you guys get this information?" Kant asked with a frown.

Although he had never met pick before, from the undead's description, he was able to be recognized by the medicine king at such a young age. Moreover, as a foreigner, he was able to quickly find a backer to protect him in this small town. This Beast Tamer named pick probably wouldn't do such a stupid thing as taking the initiative to leak the news.

"I heard it from the nomads in the monitoring station," the undead replied with extreme seriousness. "Those people are all desperadoes. They shouldn't be able to frame others. "I heard from them that every time pick was caught in prison, someone would respectfully invite him out before he could even smoke a cigarette."

"This..." Kant muttered in confusion. He still did not want to believe the undead's words.

At this moment, an elf in a doctor's uniform walked up to them and greeted them, "Are you guys here for the first time?"

"Yes, yes." Abel was stunned and quickly nodded.

"Come in with me." The Elf waved at them and said.

"Okay." Bandark hesitantly glanced at the long line in front of them and asked curiously, "Who are these people in front of us?"

"They are all patients who came here once before. This time, they are here for a follow-up check-up," the elf casually introduced. "The rules of our clinic are: Patients who come to the clinic for the first time need to undergo a full body check-up. "That is more troublesome. It is better to start preparing earlier."

"I see. Thank you." Bunduk nodded.

After walking into the clinic, Abel looked at the Elf who was walking back and forth between the clinic and the pharmacy. He was shocked. The space in the room was much wider than he had imagined. The facilities of the clinic were far more complete than everyone had expected.

The Elf leading the way turned around and looked at the three people. He asked, "May I know who is seeing the patient?"

"Me." Bunduk took a step forward and raised his hand in response.

“Then please continue walking with me,” the ELF assistant instructed. “The other two, please wait in the hall for a while.”

“Okay. Thank you.” Kant nodded slightly and replied politely.

Before leaving, Bunduk gave the other two a look, indicating that they were at ease.

Abel and Kant gave him a cheering gesture.

After watching Bunduk leave, Abel and Kant found an empty seat in the lounge and sat down. They waited quietly for Bunduk’s physical examination to end.

“Actually, this is the first time I’ve heard of something like a physical examination.” In the midst of boredom, Abel took the initiative to strike up a conversation. “When we were enlisted into the troops, there would be an elderly officer who would examine our physique. However, he only used a spell: a halo that would quickly pass over our heads.”

“Being able to use a spell makes the physical examination much more convenient,” Kant commented. “Caradia will set up a military examination, and the national health examination will be arranged once a year.”

“The physique of the human race can be said to be very fragile,” Abel said. “The physical examination here is also carried out using a spell, right? After all, these doctors are all from the Elves.”

“Perhaps, but it should take a longer time.” Kant thought for a moment and said, “Are there any familiar faces in this medical hall?”

Hearing this, Abel straightened his back and turned his head to look around. In the end, he shook his head and said, “No, I feel that the aura of every elf here is very strange.”

“Maybe you can ask about the history of this medical center,” Kant suggested with a smile.

“Sure, but let’s wait until Bunduk’s consultation is over.” Abel nodded and said, “There is only one thing in my mind now.”

Kant nodded gently and didn’t say anything else.

The two stayed in the lounge for about two hours. Before they knew it, it was lunchtime. From time to time, an elf pushed a food cart past them.

Abel twisted his neck and stood up to look out of the window. He found that it was already noon, and the sun was shining in the blue sky.

“I thought we could catch up sooner. It turns out that a physical examination really takes so long.” Abel shook his head and said.

“Bunduk!” At this moment, Kant glanced at Bunduk, who was wearing a patient’s costume, and immediately raised his hand to greet him.

Abel directly went up to him. After seeing the needle mark on Bunduk’s arm, he asked worriedly, “How was the physical examination? Your body isn’t affected, right?”

"I'm fine." Bunduk shook his head. He walked slowly to Kant's side.

Kant looked at him carefully for a while and said, "Have you received the results of the examination?"

"No. The results of the examination will be handed over to the doctor directly. During the consultation, the Doctor will pass it to me." Bunduk looked extremely stunned. After being stunned for a while, he replied.

"What's wrong with you?" Abel raised his hand and waved it in front of Bunduk, asking with concern.

"During the examination just now, I saw that my blood was green," Bunduk said with a puzzled expression.

"Green?" Abel and Kant said in shock.

"It can't be completely said that way." Bunduk scratched his head and replied with a frown, "It's just that I discovered that the color of the blood extracted from my body is very strange. It looks like Green."

"Did the Elf who examined you say anything?" Abel asked.

Chapter 836: Doctor's advice

"No." Bunduk sighed and replied, "But when I see the Doctor later, he'll probably explain it to me."

The three of them were silent for a while, and the atmosphere became gloomy.

An elf approached them and said to bunduk, "Mr. Bunduk, you can see the Doctor Now."

"Okay." Bunduk nodded, stood up and walked to the elf.

"May we accompany him to see the Doctor?" Kant looked at the elf and asked.

"Yes." The ELF nodded.

Kant stood up and followed behind Bunduk with Abel. The elf assistant led them out of the hall on the first floor of the clinic. They arrived at the consultation room on the second floor.

"Where is this?" Abel asked curiously. The consultation room on the second floor was obviously much quieter than the consultation room on the first floor. There was no crowded flow of people, and each consultation room occupied a very wide area. Plants were even planted in front of the doors of each consultation room, or ferocious beasts were raised.

The Elf did not immediately answer his question. Instead, he walked to a consultation room with a rockery in front of the door and stopped, he began his introduction. "Mr. Bunduk's condition is quite special. We could only turn him into a special patient without authorization and find the corresponding doctor to see him. Please don't mind."

"Of course not." Kant nodded. In his heart, he silently praised the service attitude of the clinic.

"Please come in, everyone." The ELF assistant bowed and invited them. "The doctor will arrive soon."

"The Doctor is not here yet?" Abel asked in puzzlement.

“Yes, because the special-class doctors usually travel outside to diagnose patients. They will only rush back when they encounter special cases.” When the elf assistant said the Word ‘special’.., his eyes lingered on Bunduk for a few seconds.

“Well, thank you for your hard work.” Bunduk bowed slightly and replied.

After the elf assistant sent them through the door, he turned around and went downstairs.

Abel walked at the end of the line and pushed the door to the wall. Kant and Bunduk had already found a bench to sit on.

They saw a small garden that was planted in the corner of the wall and was full of life. Abel said in surprise, “This is so different from what I imagined it to be.”

“Perhaps this is the requirement of a special-class doctor for the environment of the consultation room.” Kant didn’t care much about the special decoration in the room. He casually commented.

“Since that doctor is still on a consultation trip, how does he know about my condition?” Bunduk asked in puzzlement.

“Maybe it’s because of some special contact method.” Abel tilted his head and thought for a while, “I’ve seen some eastern priests before, and they seem to be able to transmit telepathic messages from thousands of miles away,” he said. “From what I’ve heard recently, the dragon race that we’ve met before are also familiar with this ability.”

“Is that so...” Bunduk muttered silently.

Kant glanced at Abel, “It seems that the elves on this island have not only lost their culture, but also their physique. “Perhaps you can learn a technique like this from them. “After you go back, you don’t have to trouble the old Elf King to personally run to the city gate of Caradia if you have anything to do.”

“This...” Abel said hesitantly. However, before he could finish speaking, a powerful aura approached, causing Abel’s heart to beat rapidly.

“Who is it?” Abel turned his head stiffly and looked at the door.

He saw a spirited old man wearing the uniform of the medical center walk in from the hallway.

This elf looked to be almost a hundred years old, one round older than the old elf king. His skin was silver-white like jewelry, and his face was full of wrinkles. However, the sharpness in his pupils was like the precision of a scalpel, as if he wanted to analyze a person from the inside out.

Different from Kant’s aura of a king, this doctor’s temperament was calm and cautious.

“Hello, doctor. I am the patient who is seeing a doctor, Bunduk.” Bunduk took the initiative to step forward and extend his hand.

“Mm.” The Elf Doctor introduced himself. “My name is Brandon. And these two are?”

“They are my... friends.” Bunduk was at a loss for words for a moment. He did not know how to introduce Kant and Abel’s identities. He spoke hesitantly.

"Alright." Brandon raised his eyes and glanced at Kant and Abel. He nodded slightly. "Since we don't have much time, let's quickly get to the main topic."

"Yes." Bunduk sat properly on the patient's seat and nodded in response.

"I've already seen the results of your physical examination." Brandon pulled out a piece of paper, while taking notes, he said, "I think you probably know how your current physical condition is made. However, this is your personal matter. This is not the topic of our discussion."

"Mm." Bunduk took the examination report that Brandon handed over casually and read it carefully. However, he did not understand the data report and the reports on the report. He looked confused.

"You have a very toxic insect in your body. The facilities and reserves of the medical center on the island are not enough to treat you." Doctor Brandon explained, "There are several solutions for you to consider: first, go home, wait for your death or find a time to commit suicide. There are about two months until the insect eggs completely devour you. "Secondly, find the person who poisoned you and ask him to give you the antidote. "This is my most recommended plan. "Thirdly, carry out the blood exchange with half of the hope."

"What is blood exchange?" After hearing the first two plans, Bunduk's face was almost pale. When the Doctor said the word 'blood exchange', his eyes lit up and he asked.

The Doctor took a deep breath, he said, "It is to purify the blood in your body through a spell. "This spell can treat any illness. "I need to apply for more experienced doctors to come and help, and you have to pay a corresponding high fee. "Moreover, during this treatment process, the patient will experience extreme pain, and some people will die of pain during the execution of the spell. "We will not make any compensation for this situation."

"What is the probability of success?" Abel asked in a deep voice. "How high can it be?"

"Fifty percent," Brandon said expressionlessly.

"If I fail, what will happen to me?" Bunduk lowered his eyes and said.

"I will be devoured by the magic power and die suddenly." Brandon was silent for a moment before he answered, "You can discuss it first before you make a decision. The cost of the surgery will be one hundred gold coins. I hope you can do it within your ability."

"Alright, we understand." Kant nodded.

"Thank you, Doctor Brandon." Bunduk stood up and said, "We will consider it carefully."

Chapter 837: Lord who has begun to act

"I will be staying in the town for the next few days. If you have any questions, you can come and ask me anytime." Brandon's expression softened, he said, "Actually, there's nothing wrong with quietly enjoying the last period of time before you lose consciousness. A hundred gold coins is enough for you to live whatever life you want."

"Mm." Bunduk nodded silently.

The three of them bade farewell and left the clinic. On the way back to the inn, no one took the initiative to say anything.

It was not until after Bunduk walked into the guest room and went straight to his own bedroom that Kant gave Abel a look, indicating for him to follow.

“Bunduk, what are you doing in the bedroom?” Abel asked softly, pushing open the lightly closed door.

After seeing Bunduk pull out a blade from his suitcase, Abel ran in with a pale face and grabbed Bunduk’s right hand, which was holding the dagger tightly. ‘now that Bunduk has lost his strength...’ In terms of strength, he was no match for Abel, who cultivated both magic and martial arts.

“What are you planning to do?” Abel questioned loudly.

This commotion attracted Kant, who was sitting idly in the main hall. When Kant saw the back of the two in a stalemate, a hint of disappointment flashed in his eyes. In his heart, Bunduk was not a person who would commit suicide. His current actions were really beyond his expectations.

“... I’m sorry.” After a long while.., bunduk threw the dagger in his hand onto the floor and dejectedly made an introduction to Abel and Kant. “I just feel that I’m too decadent. I want to use some external force to raise my mind power.”

“You absolutely can not harm yourself.” Abel stared at Bunduk and said seriously.

“I’m sorry,” Bunduk repeated repeatedly.

“We will find pick. The Dragon Clan, the Midget clan, and the Gnome clan will find us.” Abel took a deep breath, “Even if this pick flies out of the island, I will catch him and ask him to hand over the antidote,” said Abel

“Okay.” Bunduk nodded silently.

“What bad idea did that doctor have? He doesn’t have a hundred percent plan to make the patients fight with their lives,” Abel said angrily. “Let’s not go to that clinic in the future.”

“The voodoo poison has already invaded Bunduk’s blood. This means that we don’t have much time left,” Kant said calmly. “Abel, come and help me grind the ink. I’ll write the letter tonight and get someone to bring it up the mountain.”

“Yes,” Abel replied immediately. Before leaving the room, he picked up the dagger on the floor and brought it to the main hall.

Kant walked to his room and took out a piece of paper, PEN, and ink. He brought it to the living room.

Abel brought the candlestick to the tea table and used it as a light for writing letters.

“Abel, follow me to see the owner of this inn.” After Kant put the two letters in his arms, he instructed Abel.

“Is it really okay to leave Bandark alone in this room?” Abel asked hesitantly.

"If he really wants to do something stupid, we can't stop him." Kant's expression did not change as he replied indifferently.

Although his tone sounded calm, Abel, who had been by Kant's side for a period of time, could already sense the anger in Kant's chest. He could only follow Kant's footsteps timidly and walk out of the guest room.

Bunduk, who had been staying in his own bedroom, slowly got up and walked to the living room after hearing the sound of the door closing at the entrance. He sat down at the tea table and saw the candle holder that was still burning and the open rice paper. Bunduk gently sighed.

"What should I do..."

"Buddy, have you seen your boss?" Abel walked to the counter and asked a waiter who looked unfamiliar.

"The boss is out. What can I do for you two Lords?" The waiter lowered his head and asked.

"We have two letters here that need to be rushed up the mountain," Kant explained. "See if you can help us find someone who can run errands and bring the letters to the dwarf kingdom. We will be responsible for all the expenses."

"Lord, are you looking for the midget smiths of the dwarf kingdom?" The waiter asked.

"Yes," Abel confirmed. "But these two letters need to be sent to different places. The other address is the main city of the Gnome Kingdom."

"I'm not sure about the situation of the Gnome Kingdom..." the tall attendant scratched his head, "However, it seems that the patriarch of the dwarf kingdom is coming to this small town tomorrow. If you two Lords have any matters, you can make an appointment with the inspection bureau on behalf of someone and tell them in person."

"I see." Kant was slightly surprised by the news of the dwarf clansmen going down the mountain. "Is the dwarf clan chief you mentioned the old clan chief?"

"It should be." The waiter thought for a moment and nodded. "The matter of making an appointment can be left to the shop assistants. However, the two guests must arrive on time when the time comes."

"Okay, thank you," Abel agreed. "Then this letter..."

"You have to ask the inn's manager about the letter," the waiter said awkwardly. "After all, I don't know much about the rules and procedures of the teleportation formation."

"Okay, then please inform us when the inn's manager returns." Kant nodded. "We'll discuss it with him again."

"I'm sorry." The waiter bowed and said apologetically.

"It's alright."

After Kant and Abel finished explaining everything, they turned around and went upstairs.

“Isn’t the midget clan not very sociable? Why would they suddenly come to the town to participate in the gathering? It’s really too strange,” Abel said in a low voice.

“It’s probably something that we’ve been investigating and have already found some clues. They want to go down the mountain to discuss countermeasures with the nomads of other races,” Kant analyzed. “We’ll probably find out when we meet tomorrow.”

“I hope that we can delay the development of this situation a little. Otherwise, we’ll be forcefully dragged into this storm,” Abel prayed softly.

“Let nature take its course,” Kant said. “After all, we can’t see through the movements of this situation.”

Back in the guest room, Abel heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom, and his nerves immediately tensed up. Before he could take off his shoes, he rushed to the bathroom door and shouted, “Bunduk! Can You Hear Me?”

“I can hear you. I’m in the shower,” Bunduk replied.

Abel let out a sigh of relief and said, “It seems that I’ll have to keep an eye on your movements for the next few days.”

“Why do you think he’ll commit suicide in the bathroom?” Kant, who had already sat down at the tea table, asked curiously.

“I don’t know either.” Abel was unable to say anything for a long time in the face of Kant’s doubts. In the end, he could only shake his head and reply, “Perhaps he didn’t eat lunch and was a little hungry.”

Chapter 838: The Dinner prepared by Volta

After hearing Abel’s answer, Kant glanced at him helplessly and said, “If you have any complaints in your heart, you can just say it. There’s no need to be like this.”

“No, no.” Abel panicked and felt that he had said something wrong. He quickly denied, “I didn’t mean that.”

“Hehe.” Kant laughed softly and said, “I was just joking. After Bunduk comes out of the bathroom, Let’s start ordering.”

“Okay... Okay.” After discovering Kant’s bad taste, Abel had no choice but to surrender.

When he heard the sound of water in the bathroom stop, Abel walked out of the guest room and called for a waiter.

“My Lords, what is it?” The waiter who was summoned hurriedly ran upstairs and asked respectfully.

“We would like to order some dinner. Can you bring the menu up?” Abel asked politely.

“Of course.” The waiter nodded. After a slight bow, he turned around and went downstairs.

Abel stood by the door and waited quietly. When he noticed that Bunduk had walked out of the bathroom, he greeted him. “Bunduk, do you feel hungry? We’re about to order dinner.”

“Dinner?” Bunduk raised his eyebrows and sat down at the tea table. He asked Abel.

“Of course. Don’t you see what time it is?” Abel said. “Speaking of which, we haven’t stopped to rest much today.”

“That’s good too.” Bunduk smiled and said, “You can eat more during dinner.”

Kant heard that Bunduk’s tone was slightly better, and he was no longer as depressed as before, so he was relieved.

“Why has this waiter been gone for so long...” just as Abel was getting impatient from waiting, the waiter who had been here before climbed the stairs on the second floor and walked to the door of the guest room. But there was nothing in his hands.

“Where’s the menu, Please?” Abel asked, puzzled.

“Excuse me, guests.” The waiter peered into the room and noticed that the two people inside were also paying attention to what was happening, he explained, “The owner of our restaurant wants to invite you to dine with him in the restaurant downstairs. He sent me to deliver a message.”

“The owner of the inn...” Abel Thought for a moment and agreed. “Alright then. Please inform the shopkeeper that we will be there shortly.”

“Yes.” The waiter bowed and answered.

After seeing the waiter walk down the stairs, Abel closed the door and said to the other two, “The owner of the inn invited us to dine together.”

“This is not bad. We can ask him to help us deliver the message in person.” Kant nodded. “Everyone, tidy up your clothes and prepare to go to the banquet.”

Bunduk glanced at the bathrobe he was wearing, then quickly walked into his bedroom and changed into the casual clothes he usually wore when he went out.

By the time he walked out of the room, Abel and Kant were already standing at the entrance, waiting.

“Let’s go,” Kant said.

The three of them slowly walked to the restaurant on the first floor. They had already missed their meal time. There were no other diners in the restaurant other than the inn owner who had been waiting.

After walking into the dining table, bunduk sized up the entire table of dishes and said with a grin, “This dinner is too sumptuous.”

“King Kant, Commander Bunduk, General Abel. Nice to meet you. Please take care of me.” The boss smiled warmly and walked forward to greet him.

Kant, who was standing at the front, held the outstretched hand and replied with a smile, “Nice to meet you. May I know your name?”

“I’m just a manager of a small inn. You can call me by my real name.” The inn owner said modestly, “My name is Volt.”

“Hello, Mr. Volta,” Kant said. “Thank you for taking care of me in the past few days.”

"It's okay, it's okay. Please take a seat." Volta let go of his hand and greeted the three of them.

"There shouldn't be enough space on this table, right?" Abel looked at the group of waiters who came out with plates and said in surprise.

"What they have in their hands should be desserts prepared after dinner. They won't take up the space on the table," Volta explained with a smile.

"I see," Abel answered in embarrassment.

Usually, Abel's staple food was vegetables, fruits, and so on. He had naturally ignored the existence of desserts.

"Since the dishes are all served, then please start eating." Volt waved his hand and asked the waiter to leave. He said to the three people at the table, "If there's anything, you must be full before you have the energy to talk."

"Thank you, Mr. Volta." Abel nodded slightly.

After the four of them raised their glasses and drank the wine before the meal, they began to focus on the food on the table.

Bunduk usually had a big appetite. At this time, his appetite was even bigger, and he began to chop up large pieces of meat.

The three of them had been busy for a whole day. Their mental strength was exhausted, and it was a rare time for them to eat. They appeared relaxed and casual. Although there was only the sound of knives, forks, and dishes clashing, the atmosphere was not awkward.

The inn owner looked at the three people who were eating, and then began to drink happily.

"Mr. Ford, since we have something important to discuss, it's better to replace wine with tea." Kant saw that Ford was drinking one cup after another, so he quickly stopped this trend and took the initiative to offer tea to persuade him.

"Yes, yes." Ford waved his hand embarrassedly and poured out the wine in the cup. After refilling the tea, he said to Kant, "I lost my composure just now. Thank you for reminding me, your Majesty Kant."

"There's no need to mind such a small matter." Kant smiled and said, "Drinking on an empty stomach is indeed harmful to the body..."

"You're right," Ford said with a smile. Then, he picked up a brand new knife and fork and began to eat.

After eating and drinking, in order to make up for his previous mistake, Volt took the initiative to ask, "I heard that your highness is looking for someone to send you a letter?"

"Yes." Kant put down the Teacup, he replied, "Because of an urgent matter, I need to contact a friend of the GNOME country to ask for help. So, I want to see if I can ask boss to find a reliable candidate to do this trip for me."

“Of course I have a person.” Volt nodded. “However, the road to the Gnome is not so easy to walk on. “Your Majesty, did your friends in the Gnome leave you any keepsakes? “The kind that can be shown to the soldiers guarding the city by the Messenger.”

Kant and Abel looked at each other and recalled in their minds, “We don’t have this thing with us. I don’t think we can give it to you.”

“If that’s the case...” the inn’s owner was troubled. The estate on the volcano was not accessible.

Chapter 839: Preparations before meeting

“Actually, our friend is the king of the Gnome Kingdom, Gilbert.” Kant hesitated for a moment and asked, “If that’s the case, can we think of a way to give him the letter?”

“Your Highness Gilbert?” The inn’s owner’s eyes lit up and said in disbelief, “So the Lords are Friends of Your Highness Gilbert?”

“We can be considered friends...” Abel said helplessly, “Boss, have you thought of a new way?”

“If it’s a letter sent to your highness, Gilbert, of course, we have a way to submit it,” Volt said lightly. “We just need to find a familiar political friend and bring the letter to the palace.”

“That’s Great.” Bunduk said gratefully, “Thank you, Mr. Volt.”

“Lord, I should be the one thanking you for patronizing my shop,” Volt said humbly.

“We came to this small island alone and have no one to rely on. We can only rely on the help of others to carry out the task in hand smoothly. “We will naturally be grateful to everyone who helps us,” Kant replied.

“All of you are magnanimous bigwigs. What you are doing now will definitely be successful,” Volt stood up and toasted.

Kant and the others also stood up and drank tea in place of wine.

The dinner ended and the three returned to their rooms. After watching them walk up the stairs, Volt turned around and went back to his room to rest.

“I didn’t expect Gilbert to have such a great reputation in the town after his new position,” Abel said with emotion. “When I met him by the roadside, I didn’t expect this situation at all.”

“That boss is also magnanimous. Ever since we moved in here, he has always been... responsive to our requests.” Bunduk drank some wine during the banquet, and now his consciousness became muddled. He spoke incoherently.

“Gilbert is the emperor of the side that won the Civil War, and his status is naturally much higher than the Lord who naturally inherited the throne in the past,” Kant said. “Moreover, the town’s supervision is now carried out by the Gnome Kingdom, and many merchants in the town rely on the Gnome Kingdom’s power.”

“Mm.” Abel nodded. “Perhaps this is the reason why this kind of rotation system is being implemented.”

Kant smelled the alcohol on Bunduk's body and immediately went forward to help him up. "I haven't seen you drink much. How did you get drunk so quickly?"

"The body now... is no longer my body." Bunduk's face was flushed with drunkenness as he smiled and said to Kant.

Abel also came over to help Bunduk up. "The special characteristics of Bunduk's body are indeed gradually disappearing. I should have noticed it when I was riding in the carriage."

Thinking back to when Bunduk met up with the gnome, his body had already begun to show signs of abnormality.

"It's alright. Everything will be over soon," Kant said softly to the drunk Bunduk, as if he was helping a child.

Bunduk's furrowed brows gradually relaxed as he fell asleep.

"Fortunately, the smell of alcohol on his body isn't strong. Otherwise, we would have to take care of him while he takes a bath." Abel placed Bunduk on the bed and turned around to speak to Kant.

"Let's go out quickly. Today, Bunduk has been tired all day. Let him have a good rest," Kant called out.

Abel walked to a corner and extinguished the candlestick. Then, he quietly followed Kant out of Bunduk's bedroom.

When he closed the door, Abel suddenly thought of something and cried out in a low voice, "Oh no, we forgot to tell Bunduk about meeting the Midget clan tomorrow."

Kant was startled by him. After hearing the whole sentence, he breathed a sigh of relief and said, "It doesn't matter. Just the two of us will go tomorrow."

"... That's good." Abel nodded.

"It's getting late. I'll go back to my room to sleep," Kant instructed. "You should rest early too."

As he spoke, he walked into his bedroom and closed the door softly.

Abel shrugged helplessly. He walked to the main hall and put out the candlestick. Then, he began to tidy up his clothes and prepared to take a bath in the bathroom.

When he walked out of the bathroom, he glanced at Kant's room. The candlelight in the room shone through the gap in the door, making it particularly conspicuous in the darkness.

"It's always like this..." Abel shook his head and said.

On the days when he slept with Kant and Bunduk, Abel accidentally found that Kant would deal with the documents until three or four o'clock in the morning every night. Every night when he could not sleep, Abel would go to the main hall and pour himself a glass of water. At this time, Abel would meet Kant who was working.

Are all humans like this... Abel, who was lying in bed, thought in his heart.

The next morning.

Bunduk was still in a deep sleep, while Kant and Abel were already sitting at the dining table and quietly eating breakfast.

What woke them up was the sound of a waiter knocking on the door.

The Sleepy Abel opened the door of the guest room and said to the waiter outside the door, "If you can adjust the time to inform us of the news, we will be even happier."

"I'm sorry, Lord Abel." The waiter blushed and said apologetically, "We have already contacted the craftsmen of the Midget clan for you. They hope to meet you at 8:30 this morning."

"So early?" Abel asked in surprise.

"This is the time taken while constantly adjusting the schedule, so..." the waiter explained helplessly.

"It's okay. I'm just saying." Bunduk smiled and said, "You can ignore it."

"Huh?" The waiter was stunned and said, "Since the news has been delivered, I Won't Disturb Your Rest."

"You should talk less when you're not awake." Kant listened to Abel's entire story while eating and commented.

"I think so too." Abel reflected.

The breakfast time between the two ended. Kant wiped the cream from the corner of his mouth with a napkin and said to Abel, "Let's get ready to go."

"Okay," Abel agreed.

Abel walked to his room and took out some coins. When he passed by Bunduk's bedroom, he tiptoed in to check on Bunduk's status. After finding out that he was still in a deep sleep, he walked out of the room with ease.

"Is Bunduk still sleeping?" Kant asked softly.

"Yes." Abel nodded.

"That's good too. Let him have a good rest." Kant walked to the entrance and changed into his boots.

When the two of them walked down the stairs, they happened to meet the attendant who came to welcome them.

"Lord, the carriage is ready," the attendant said.

Chapter 840: the awkwardness of the first meeting

"Thank you." Abel nodded and replied.

The two followed behind the waiter and walked to the inn's entrance. They saw the coachman they met yesterday.

“Lord Kant and Lord Abel.”The Coachman was cleaning the carriage. When he saw Bunduk and Kant, he asked, “How are you two?” He greeted them happily, “I didn’t expect it to be the two of you. I went to the clinic yesterday. How Do You Feel?”

“Not bad,”Abel said with a bitter smile. Speaking of which, the trip yesterday was really a wasted trip.

“Not bad, right? I heard that many people who were seriously ill went there,”the coachman replied with a smile. “Why didn’t you bring Lord Bunduk with you today?”

“He is too tired and is resting in his room,”Kant replied.

“I see.”The Coachman did not continue to ask, but invited them. “Please get on the carriage, we will set off immediately.”

Abel nodded slightly in response, then stepped on the stairs and walked onto the carriage.

Kant glanced at the carriage, walked behind Abel, and followed him into the carriage.

After the two of them sat firmly in the carriage, they heard a shout from outside the door. “Lord, we are leaving now.”

The carriage swayed along with the galloping horses.

Abel and Kant looked at each other helplessly. They gripped the window bars tightly.

The distance between the monitoring station and the base of the teleportation formation was not far. The carriage drove for about ten minutes and arrived at the entrance of the monitoring station.

After the coachman stopped the carriage, he immediately lifted the curtain of the carriage and made an introduction to the two of them. “My Lords, we have arrived at our destination.”

“Okay,”Kant replied. He waved his hand to tidy up the creases on his clothes and strolled out of the carriage.

Abel endured the discomfort brought by the violent bumps and smiled at the coachman. “Thank you for your hard work.”

“It’s alright.”The Coachman smiled foolishly. “The boss asked me to be in charge of picking up and sending off the two lords today. You guys go and handle your matters. I’ll wait in the shed nearby.”

“AH.”Abel’s face revealed an expression that was difficult to describe. He forced himself to speak.

“Actually, it doesn’t matter if you go back now. This place isn’t far from the inn. You Don’t have to worry about us.”

“No, no.”The groom waved his hand and said, “I can’t Slack off on the task given to me by the boss. Don’t worry, My Lords. I’m very familiar with waiting for people.”

“Then... Okay.”Abel glanced at Kant. After noticing that the other party didn’t have any signs of discomfort, he compromised.

“Take care, My Lords.”The groom let out a sigh of relief. He returned to his driver’s seat and said goodbye to Kant and Abel.

“Mm.” After saying goodbye to the coachman, Kant turned to Abel and said, “Let’s hurry in.”

“Yes.” Abel immediately replied.

The house of the monitoring station looked much colder compared to the surrounding buildings. Very few people entered and left.

Kant walked to the entrance of the hall with a puzzled expression. When he saw a midget clan soldier standing at the door, he acted as if he was waiting for someone. He immediately walked up and asked, “Hello, I am Kant from Caradia. This is the Elf clan’s soldier captain, Abel. We have previously made an appointment to meet with the dwarf clan chief.”

“Oh,” the dwarf soldier replied respectfully in a panic, “Hello, I am the dwarf soldier sent by the old clan chief to receive all the noble soldiers. Please follow me. The old chief has already arrived at the meeting hall ahead of time and is waiting for you inside.”

“Okay.” Kant nodded. As he followed the dwarf soldier up the stairs, he asked, “May I know your name?”

“My name is Frain,” the dwarf soldier replied politely.

“Okay.” Kant nodded. Asking a person’s name was a very important etiquette when they first met.

The dwarf soldier led them across dozens of floors and arrived at the corridor carpet on the fourth floor, he said, “My two lords, I can only send you here. The old patriarch is waiting for you in the conference room at the end of the corridor.”

“Alright. Thank you for your hard work,” Kant said.

Then, he led Abel to the corridor carpet and walked towards the conference room.

The dwarf soldier turned and left the floor.

The lighting in the corridor was not obvious, after Kant and Abel walked along the light of the fluorescent stones to the end of the corridor.

Found a room with the light of a candle peeking through a crack in the door.

They looked at each other, and Abel stepped forward, raised his hand, and knocked lightly on the door.

“Is anyone there, please?” Abel asked softly through the crack in the door.

After the sound of a chair being dragged, the door lock was twisted open. Abel took a few steps back and saw a dwarf in a long robe appear in front of him.

“You two are?” The dwarf’s tone was not very friendly.

“Kant,” Kant answered simply, “This is General Abel of the Elf Kingdom. We have made an appointment to meet with the dwarf clan leader.”

“Oh, so it’s you.” The dwarf’s tone became respectful as he bowed to Kant. “Please come in, the clan leader has been waiting for you for a long time.”

After Kant and Abel returned the bow, they pushed open the door and entered.

They discovered that there was a large sandalwood table and more than ten chairs placed in the room.

At this moment, the seven or eight dwarves sitting on the chairs were focusing their gazes on the two of them.

“Your Majesty Kant!” The old dwarf dressed in a purple robe stood on the chair and waved in Kant’s direction.

“Hello, Old Patriarch.” Kant walked forward and shook hands with a smile on his face. “Thank you for taking the time to meet us in your busy schedule.”

“I have been a little busy recently, but I must agree to your Majesty Kant’s invitation.” The old patriarch smiled and said, “What happened on the volcano was too hasty. I haven’t had the time to thank your Highness Kant and the general who helped me.”

“Abel came with me specifically to meet with the old patriarch,” Kant said.

Abel took a step forward and took the initiative to extend his hand to the dwarf clan chief, saying, “Old patriarch, long time no see.”

“Long time no see.” The old patriarch said with a warm smile, “How has General Abel been living on this island recently? I also want to know the recent situation of General Devitt and General Claremont.”

“Sigh.” Kant first sighed and then said, “Old patriarch, we came to look for you today partly because of Devitt and Claremont, as well as the soldier under them.”

“What’s Wrong?” The old patriarch gestured Kant and Abel to sit down and asked nervously.

Kant repeated what had happened in the past month. Although he omitted many unnecessary details, he could only stop after his mouth was dry.