

Oasis 861

Chapter 861: the fickleness of the world

Most of the inn's guests stood in their original positions, unsure of what to do.

They were all arranged to stay here by their acquaintances in the town. They did not usually walk around the inn, so naturally, they knew nothing about Kant and the others.

From the conversation between Kant and the Beastman, the reason why these attackers came to find them was indeed because their targets were Kant and the others.

If they did not understand the situation, should they continue to participate in this mess?

Most of the nomads wandering in the lobby and the escalators had such thoughts in their minds.

"I don't know anything. I need to go back to my room and pack my bags now. What does your conflict with those people have to do with us?" A dwarf walked out of the crowd and said to the CARADIA soldier and his group.

The leading soldier glanced at Kant who was sitting on the chair and stopped the dwarf who was about to turn around and leave.

"Please Wait," the soldier said.

"What? You want to force others to stay?" There was a hint of annoyance in the dwarf's tone.

"Those who want to stay will stay, and those who want to leave will leave," Kant said calmly. "Some people are worried that they will get into trouble. Such thoughts are unavoidable. "But on behalf of Caradia, I promise everyone who did not leave the table to participate in the discussion. "Whatever you say, we will not leak it out. "Moreover, as long as you choose to continue staying in the inn, we can guarantee the safety of all of your lives before you leave the town."

After Kant said this, the noisy scene became quiet.

After a while, the passengers who were trapped by choice found a chair near the dining table and sat down.

"... Alright then." The Dwarf who was stopped by the soldier frowned and thought for a while, then agreed.

The soldier on the side saw that Kant's attitude was somewhat relaxed, and immediately brought him to a chair near Kant and sat down.

"Thank you for Your Trust." Kant nodded, then shifted his gaze to the dwarf beside him and asked, "What's Your Name?"

"Moliere." The dwarf glanced at Kant and replied.

"Mm." Kant raised his head and said to all the nomads, "Perhaps before today, none of you knew who we were. "Then let me first make a self-introduction. "My name is Kant. I am the Lord of the oasis

country called Caradia on another continent. "The people with me are the soldier and generals from Caradia."

"Hello, everyone. My name is Bunduk. I am the commander of the troops of Caradia." After receiving Kant's signal, Bunduk made a brief introduction.

"Hello, everyone. My name is Abel. "I am a soldier from the Elf Kingdom. "The troops of our elf kingdom and the soldiers of Caradia were sent to this small island to carry out a mission together." After hearing their words, Abel spoke, he spoke consciously.

"So it's You!" One of the passengers in the crowd screamed in surprise. "You went up the mountain and rescued the Midget clan. I've heard that you also have the names of the other two human captain."

"Yes." Abel smiled and nodded. "Then do you know the current situation of Klidoff Dave?"

Even when he met the dwarf clan last time, he had never heard the dwarf clan chief mention Klidoff Dave's name. Now that he met someone who knew the inside story, Abel couldn't help but ask.

"I heard that he has been removed from his post by the Supervision Department." The tenant thought for a moment and replied, "But after that, no one has seen him. I don't know if the midget clan imprisoned him or if he escaped somewhere by himself."

"I see," Abel said, "If that person was only removed from his post, the punishment for removing him from his post is too light based on what he has done."

"Is Dave Klidoff the councilman who set up a trap to make the world think that the Midget clan disappeared?" Kant raised his eyebrows and asked.

"Yes. The reason we came to this island is probably because of what he did," Abel said angrily.

"I see," Kant replied.

"Let's not talk about this for now. Everyone, tell us what happened to you today." Bunduk recalled the letter Devitt wrote. On the letter., it did mention the name of the person named Klidoff. However, the most important thing now was to consolidate the clues in everyone's hands. Therefore, he hurriedly asked the host, "Who will speak first?"

"Everyone's experiences are similar, right? I think..." a passenger in the crowd said.

"Yes, yes." All the other passengers, even a few attendants, echoed.

"You guys stayed together?" Bunduk was stunned and said.

"Yes." Another passenger explained, "Everyone was called to the lobby by a young waiter. He said that some of the leftovers from this morning were found to contain toxins. "Everyone who has eaten breakfast needs to go downstairs for a health check."

"Did any of us receive such news?" Bunduk confirmed with the soldier behind him. After receiving a negative answer, Bunduk turned to the tenant and asked, "When you were called to the hall, what time was it?"

"Around seven o'clock at night," the tenant replied.

"I see." Bunduk seemed to have thought of something and muttered under his breath.

"At that time, we were still eating in the dining hall." Abel thought carefully. "But why didn't we hear anything downstairs?"

Kant pondered for a moment and asked, "What did the waiter who brought you the news look like?"

"He was thinner than the other orcs, and his face was pale," the tenant answered as he recalled.

"Could it be the same person?" Abel and Kant looked at each other, their eyes filled with confusion. Then they shouted, "Right? Where did that waiter go? We haven't seen him in the cellar?"

"If he is a member of the Dark Side, he should have escaped from this inn by now," Bunduk said. "If he is a staff member who was kidnapped in the inn..."

Buduk didn't have the heart to say the rest of his words.

"Do you know the waiter mentioned by the tenant?" Kant asked the others.

"Of course they do," Bunduk said calmly.

"Buduk?" Abel asked in confusion, "Have you seen this waiter with other waiters before?"

"Yes, when I went to the backyard to boil medicine tonight." Bunduk looked coldly at the two or three waiters and said, "He and he are bullying that waiter with their fists and feet."

The two waiters who were named by Bunduk looked embarrassed.

Chapter 862: the helpless situation

After hearing this, Abel's expression also became solemn. He said, "I didn't expect this kind of thing to happen in this shop. It seems that the things that happened today have finally found the source. You two have to give us a good explanation."

The two orcs looked at each other, the attendant standing opposite Kant said, "My lords, the attack by an outsider really has nothing to do with us. In terms of who is to blame, it was that attendant who made a mistake and let the attacker take advantage of the loophole."

"Stop bullshitting me!" Abel frowned, he shouted, "Is it up to you to decide whether it's right or wrong? I hate it the most when you gang up and bully the weak bastards. Now, straighten out the timeline of what you know and ask the others what you did wrong!"

"... Yes." The waiter pursed his lips, he replied, "This waiter is an orphan brought back from the suburbs by our boss. He is weak and withdrawn. We usually just... Play around with him. I didn't expect this kid to poison our food. However, the heavens take care of us. This morning, everyone went to the city gate to help unload the goods and had breakfast in the tavern on the street. The employee's meal was thrown away."

"And then?" Bunduk asked coldly, "When did you find out?"

"When we returned to the shop at noon, we didn't know about this." The waiter continued, "But the people from the sanitation center on the street came to our shop and said that the leftovers sent by the

kitchen were poisoned. "At that time, the cashier panicked and immediately asked us to search the kitchen to find out who poisoned them and how."

"You didn't immediately inform the guests in the shop?" Abel asked in puzzlement.

"At that time, even if we informed everyone, we couldn't explain it clearly," the waiter standing in the corner replied.

"Go on," Kant said faintly.

"Then, that Kid's actions were discovered by us." The attendant paused for a moment before continuing, "Before we brought him before the Lord of the accounting department, we dealt him a heavy blow in the backyard and taught him a lesson."

"It shouldn't be just a heavy blow, right?" Bunduk recalled the scene he saw. After taking a deep breath, he said, "Didn't that attendant faint?"

"No! That Kid is definitely playing dead. Seeing that you are here, Lord, he..." the waiter defended himself.

"If I hadn't appeared in the backyard, that waiter would have been knocked unconscious by you." Bunduk interrupted him and said, "Continue to tell me what happened next."

"Yes..." the waiter's expression didn't look good. After all, he was used to being arrogant among the waiters. When he was suddenly taught a lesson, he couldn't refute. It was inevitable that his mood was not good. However, Kant and the others had taken great care of their inn. As the waiter in the inn, he had to endure whatever words Bunduk said. At this time, he replied in a low and humble voice, "After you leave, Lord, we will send Jackie to the cashier and let him do as he pleases. At this time, Jackie woke up again and cried to the cashier about how we usually treated him. The cashier said, "After this matter is settled, we will deal with the few of us."

"Next, we will go to each guest room and call all the guests, saying that we are doing a health inspection," another waiter added.

"And then? Why didn't you inform us? When was the cashier killed?" Kant asked.

"Because, apart from dinner time, our main target of investigation is the guests who had breakfast or lunch in the restaurant. They didn't eat in the restaurant. The only person who had eaten was Mr. Kant, and the dishes he ordered were cooked by the head chef of the restaurant. The ingredients used by the head chef were purchased and stored by him."

"I see." Kant nodded. "Then how did the accountant get killed?"

"It was that kid, Jackie. I heard the accountant talking to him alone in the kitchen. After a while, I heard the news that the accountant was killed." The waiter's eyes seemed to be spitting fire as he gnashed his teeth.

"Jackie?!" Bunduk said in surprise.

"There were only two people in the kitchen, he and the cashier. It must be him." The waiter nodded.

“Who was the first person to discover the scene?” Kant raised his hand and asked everyone in the hall.

The nomads who were listening to the story attentively were stunned for a moment, then they pointed at each other.

“I remember it was Mr. Dewitz...”

“No, I heard it from someone else,” the person named denied.

In the end, they still could not find the source of the news.

Everyone’s expression became distressed.

“If no one is lying,” Kant lowered his eyes and said, “It seems that the first person who discovered this scene was one of the group of people who were kidnapped just now.”

“Your Majesty, you mean...” Abel widened his eyes and recalled the scene he saw in the corridor when Jackie came to deliver the message. Then, he asked the waiter urgently, “How were you kidnapped by those people?”

“Mr. Cashier died of suffocation because he was strangled by a rope,” the waiter said. “Except for the hall, the kitchen can only lead to the backyard. “When all of us were searching the backyard, we were attacked from behind. “Therefore, before the attackers revealed their identities, we didn’t know who the attackers were.”

“It seems that Jackie chose to cooperate with the people from the dark side in the panic,” Kant said with a nod.

“Their conditions were probably ‘they will send you out of the town safely’ or something like that,” Bunduk sighed and said.

“After I saw through their conspiracy, Jackie should have already escaped from this inn,” Abel said. “He is now penniless. I wonder where he will run to?”

“I don’t know,” Bunduk replied in a deep voice.

“I think he will still return to the inn. After all, this is the only place he can hide in this town,” Kant said. “Whether he killed him or not, we have to ask him personally when the time comes.”

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded.

“My Lords, we have told you everything that happened today,” the waiter said. “Since you have already understood the whole situation, can you let us go back and rest?”

Abel glanced at the waiter, walked to the tea table, and said to everyone, “Thank you for your hard work. Please go back and rest.”

CHAPTER 863: The Search of piecemeal clues

“If there are any more personal details, you can tell any of us in the troops later. “Today, we won’t delay everyone’s rest. “After all, most people should be tired,” Kant added.

“Lord.” A nomad in the crowd said, “I hope I can leave the city tomorrow. Can you send a few soldiers to protect me? “Send them to the city gate. “Then I’ll send someone I know to pick me up.”

“Me too.” “Me too!”

After him, a few nomads asked.

“Your Highness...” Abel said hesitantly.

“It’s okay. All the residents who need to leave the city by tomorrow, register with Moliere. Just hand them over to me tomorrow morning,” Kant promised. “I’ll allocate a group of people to escort you out of the city.”

“Thank you, thank you.” The first guest thanked him profusely.

“It’s okay.” Kant stood up and waved his hand. He turned around and left the Tang empire, walking to the stairs leading to the guest room.

“Your Highness, are you going back to your room to rest?” Bunduk followed Kant’s footsteps and asked.

Kant walked to the steps of the stairs and stopped, he said, “Yes, too many things happened today. “I have to tidy up my room myself. “You and Abel carefully search the inn again. “Gather all the missing information. When the inn owner comes back, you have to at least give him an explanation.”

“Yes!” Bunduk nodded.

“After you are done with these things, you and the soldier should also hurry back to your rooms to rest. Thank you for your hard work.” Kant nodded slightly.

“Yes.”

After watching Kant walk up the stairs, the guests also returned to their respective bedrooms.

Buduk gathered his soldiers together, he opened his mouth and ordered, “All soldiers! Divide into five groups and conduct a search of the inn. Apart from the guest rooms that are occupied, don’t miss a single corner!”

“Yes!” Caradia’s soldier replied in unison.

Seeing this, Abel also began to lead the Elven soldier to conduct a detailed search of the inn. They even flew to the roof tiles to check if there were any traces of people slipping away from the roof.

The soldier and his men worked until late into the night before they returned to the hall to gather.

“Did you find anything?” Bunduk asked solemnly.

“The second group!” A Caradia soldier stepped out of the formation and reported in a loud voice, “We found the rope that the murderer used to strangle the Accountant.”

Another soldier handed over half of the burnt rope.

“Where did you find it?” Bunduk gently held the rope in his hand and asked.

“In the woodpile under the kitchen stove,” the soldier replied.

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded and continued to ask, “Did you find anything else?”

The captain of the squad silently shook his head.

“We found traces of someone climbing on the roof,” Abel said at this moment.

This news was reported to him by his soldier: the roof tiles were very messy. It was probably because waiters liked to sneak onto the roof for gatherings, but from the elf’s point of view.., he quickly identified a footprint that extended to the second-floor corridor window.

“That footprint proves that Jackie climbed up the roof alone,” Abel said simply.

“Mm.” Bunduk nodded. “Everyone has worked hard. Go back and rest.”

“Yes, Commander!” The soldier replied.

After they dispersed, Bunduk followed behind Abel and walked back to the guest room. His hand was still tightly holding on to the half of the rope.

“Lord Kant and I were wondering why you didn’t seem happy when you heard the news we told you before dinner. “So you met those waiters.” When Abel took off his long boots at the entrance.., he whispered to bunduk, “You stopped them, right?”

“At that time, I hesitated for a while until I heard that Jacky didn’t say anything...” Bunduk replied.

“Sigh.” Abel shook his head and didn’t say anything else.

“Your Highness.” “Your Highness.”

After seeing Kant sitting at the tea table and drawing something under the candlestick, Abel and Bunduk bowed together and greeted him.

“You’re back?” Kant put down his pen and raised his head to ask, “Did you find anything?”

“We found the murder weapon, and Jacky did indeed leave the scene, go through the roof, and walk to the second floor to inform us,” Abel replied.

“Yes, what was the murder weapon?” Kant asked, stroking his forehead.

“The rope was thrown into a pile of firewood,” bunduk explained, holding the rope in his hand in front of Kant.

Kant stared at the half of the rope in silence for a while and said, “Okay, put this rope in the package and seal it. Give it to the inn owner when he comes back.”

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded and answered.

“Your Highness, if we need to send people out of the city tomorrow, the people in the west city...” Abel said worriedly.

“It’s okay. I’ll go tomorrow too. We have enough people.” Kant shook his head and said.

Not long ago, Moliere sent over the list of guests who wanted to leave the city tomorrow.

“You’re not leaving the city?” Kant asked in slight surprise after looking at the list.

“No. Those who leave the city first are all idiots. “The people who organized the assassination will definitely find them,” Moliere replied disdainfully. “Moreover, I still want to stay and see how you can lock that group of people in jail.”

After Moliere left, Kant roughly calculated the number of people he needed to send out tomorrow. This mission did not consume as much manpower as he had imagined.

“Your Majesty, you’re Going Tomorrow Too? !” Abel said in surprise. “No, that guild isn’t a proper place to begin with. What if pick and the people he contacted mentioned Lord to you?”

“It’s almost the end of the month. I still have to go and investigate the specific situation of this guild.” Kant raised his eyebrows, he said, “I’m not you or Bunduk. There’s no need for pick to mention me to the people around him. “Moreover, the day we met with pick was two weeks ago. After that, he left the city. “We didn’t have the chance to meet with the people in the Guild.”

“But I still feel that it’s inappropriate.” Bunduk shook his head, he said, “A tall tree attracts the wind. We’ve seen all the leaders of various races along the way. The town is only such a large area. I reckon that many people already know our identity.”

“Ah, alright then.”. “I won’t go to the guild myself, but you still have to send people to the guild to ask around. “At least find out where to buy medicine.” Kant saw that he couldn’t win against the two people in front of him, so he compromised.

“Yes,” Abel replied.

Chapter 864: the shopkeeper who came late

“Is there a soldier in our team who is suitable for such a task?” After agreeing to Kant’s request, Bunduk became distressed again.

“This is something that you need to arrange for yourself.” Kant shrugged. “At most, I’ll Give You One day tomorrow. The Day After Tomorrow is the last day of this month, which is also the day when we begin the bottom-digging operation.”

“We’ll definitely find a suitable candidate,” Abel replied.

Kant glanced at the two of them helplessly and said, “You guys continue to think about it. I’m going back to my room to rest.”

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded in response.

Kant did not pay any more attention to the two of them. Instead, he stood up and left the main hall.

Abel and Bunduk stood where they were and thought hard for a while. They still could not come up with any results.

Bunduk sighed helplessly. “I didn’t expect that I didn’t understand the soldier so much that I couldn’t even think of their respective strengths.”

"I know my subordinates very well." Abel shook his head dejectedly, "None of them are suitable for this kind of reconnaissance mission. Perhaps they fell asleep when the front desk attendant of the Guild made an introduction to them."

"It can't be." Bunduk sat down at the tea table, took out two teacups, and filled them with tea.

"Thank you." Abel sat across from Bunduk. He raised his teacup and said to bunduk, "If it really doesn't work, let me disguise myself and blend in."

"With your suggestion, do you think King Kant will agree?" Bunduk drank a mouthful of hot tea and replied.

"Then what should we do!" Abel leaned on the tea table and sighed.

"Isn't there another day tomorrow? Let me see if there are any suitable ones in the team," Bunduk turned his head to look out of the window and replied.

"Then..."

Knock, Knock, knock! A series of knocks interrupted their conversation.

"It's so late. Who could it be?" Bunduk stood up, put down the Teacup in his hand, and muttered as he walked toward the entrance.

After opening the door, a relatively unfamiliar face appeared in front of him. The other party was dressed very luxuriously, obviously not a guest of this inn.

"You Are..." Bunduk tried his best to recall in his mind, and said in puzzlement.

"My name is Reuben, I'm the manager of this inn." The orcs in front of him seemed to be in a very low mood, and at this time, he replied faintly, "I want to see your Highness."

"Inn owner? !" Bunduk shouted, "When did you rush back? Come inside. Your Highness has returned to his bedroom to rest."

"I want to see him. If I can't see him today, then I have no reason to enter your room." Turubin looked away and slowly said.

"Then I will immediately inform your highness. Please come into this room first." "Prepare some hot tea in the room." Bunduk noticed the frost on Reuben's fur coat. "He must have rushed back from outside the city in a hurry..."

"Okay." Reuben nodded slightly, took off his boots, and followed Bunduk into the main hall.

Abel was currently troubled by the Action Plan for the day after tomorrow. When he saw Bunduk walking over with a strange-looking orcs, he appeared somewhat surprised and at a loss. He asked hesitantly, "May I ask who this is?"

"We had a meal together before." Turubin's eyes sized up Bunduk and Abel as he explained, "I'm the manager of the Inn."

“AH.” Abel immediately stood up and bowed. “I’m sorry, manager. I haven’t had a good memory recently.”

“It’s okay.” Turubin patted the water droplets on his coat and said, “Please Inform Your Highness Kant. I want to see him.”

“Okay, okay.” Abel and Bunduk looked at each other and nodded.

Then he turned and walked to the bedroom. When he saw the candlelight in the room, he gently knocked on the door and called out in a low voice, “Your Highness Kant.”

“What’s Wrong?” The voice coming from the bedroom made Abel feel relieved. Kant hadn’t rested yet.

“The owner of the inn has arrived. He said he wants to see you,” Abel explained to the gap in the door.

After a while, the bedroom door was opened by Kant. Kant hadn’t put on his coat yet. He was wearing a simple coat and asked Abel, who was standing in front of the porch, “Where is the shopkeeper?”

Abel respectfully folded his hands in front of him and answered, “He is sitting and resting in the main hall.”

“Yes.” Kant nodded and immediately walked toward the main hall. After seeing Trubin’s figure, he quickened his pace and walked in front of him. “Shopkeeper.”

“Your Highness Kant.” Trubin politely stood up and replied, “I received the news...”

“I’m sorry, because we’re staying here, we’ve brought you so much trouble.” Kant said apologetically.

This time, although the items in the inn had not suffered any losses, the death of the Accountant would become a shadow on the reputation of the inn.

“I can only say that you and I are not very lucky.” Trubin’s eyes were a little gloomy.

“The people from the monitoring station have already taken away the raid. Fellett’s body... has also been taken away by them,” Kant said. “They said that it was for an official investigation. I hope you can understand.”

“I saw it in the monitoring station. Fellett... he shouldn’t be like that...” when he spoke of Fellett, there was a sobbing tone in his voice.

“I’m sorry for your loss.” Kant sighed and said with his head lowered.

At noon, when he was traveling with the inn’s owner, he heard the story of how he and Fellett settled down in this small town.

At the end of the story, he said to Kant, “He is three or four years older than Fellett, so when he was wandering outside, Fellett was the one who was protected.” Therefore, Fellett, who had entered the threshold of middle age, always maintained a childlike state of mind. And trueben had been traveling outside in order to let the two of them continue to live peacefully. He had dealt with various forces in the town.

But in the past few days, Fellett suddenly mentioned to him that he wanted to go out on his own.

Trueben naturally rejected Fellett's request with various reasons.

Therefore, Fellett had been hiding from him for the past few days.

"It feels like a story about a little girl," Kant commented at that time.

"Hehe," trubin laughed. "I'm already used to him being protected by my side. If such a person doesn't exist, I don't know if I'll lose the thought of working hard."

At the tea table, Kant looked at the inn owner who was sobbing with his hands covering his face. He felt a wave of sadness in his heart and didn't know what to say.

Chapter 865: Mission thrown in front of him

"Your Highness, put on your coat. The Night is humid." Abel, who had arrived later, noticed the quiet and sad atmosphere at the scene. He bowed and walked to Kant's side and whispered to him.

"Yes." Kant came back to his senses. He turned his head and glanced at Abel. He responded softly and nodded.

Abel carefully put on the sheepskin coat for Kant. Then, he retreated to the side.

"Bunduk, add more firewood to the fireplace in the room." Kant raised his head and told Bunduk, "Go to the kitchen downstairs and get some."

"Yes." Bunduk nodded. Then, he walked to the fireplace to check the iron barrel that placed the firewood. When he found that there was not much firewood left, he threw the remaining firewood into the fire. He told Kant that he was going downstairs to get firewood.

"I'll go with you." Seeing that Bunduk was already near the entrance, Abel hurriedly said.

Bunduk was stunned and stood in place. After getting Kant's permission, Abel first unlocked the door and walked out.

"Wait for me." Bunduk picked up the metal barrel and followed him out of the door.

After the two left, only Kant and turubin were left in the room.

The firewood in the main hall was burning more and more vigorously, and the temperature in the room also rose.

After turubin sorted out his emotions, he took off his gloves. He said to Kant, "I'm Sorry, Your Majesty. I've made a fool of myself."

"It's okay." Kant had an encouraging smile on his face. He waved his hand and said.

"The people of the supervision center haven't found out where Jackie is hiding yet." Trubin's eyes became moist again, he said, "I really can't believe that he would do such a thing. Maybe I shouldn't have adopted him seven years ago."

After hearing Trubin's words, Kant fell silent.

In the world that he had experienced in his previous life, it had become the consensus of everyone not to interfere with other people's lives. People were originally insignificant. It was very difficult for them to interfere with other people's destinies when they were receiving the blessings of God.

Before coming to this world, Kant had always had the attitude that 'other people's matters have nothing to do with me'. However, after coming to this world with the memories of his previous life, his values were gradually loosening.

Perhaps he didn't know himself as well as he had imagined.

"Those bastards who bullied Jackie have already been sent away by me," Turubin said angrily. "I absolutely can not let such people continue to stay in the inn."

"Yes." Kant nodded slightly. "They deserve this kind of result."

"Your Highness, we are back." Bunduk, who was carrying half a barrel of firewood, and Abel, who had accompanied him, stood at the entrance and greeted Kant.

"Come in quickly." Kant waved his hand and said, "It should be quite cold outside."

"It is indeed a bit cold." Bunduk put the Iron Tong by the fireplace, rubbed his hands and replied.

"When we went downstairs, we found that many of the guests' rooms were still lit by candlesticks. I guess everyone didn't sleep well tonight," Abel reported.

"The waiter in the kitchen told me that this month's firewood had been used up in advance. "He said that we should take the opportunity to store more firewood. "We have to make it through the last two days." Bunduk grinned. "Then, I ordered the soldier who was still awake to go to his place to get firewood."

Abel quickly gave Bunduk a look, indicating that the owner of the inn was still here.

"Oh, OH, no." Bunduk covered his mouth and quickly explained, "The waiter told me..."

"It's my fault that the people under me didn't take the initiative to tell me when something happened," Turubin interrupted Bunduk's clarification and said.

"We still have to find a suitable candidate to replace the position of the cashier," Kant tried to smooth things over. "Otherwise, if these waiters encounter any trouble, I don't know who to talk to."

"I usually don't pay much attention to the people in this inn. Fellett has always been busy with hiring people. Where can we find a suitable candidate now?" Turubin said in distress.

The four people in the main hall fell into deep thought, and the atmosphere became quiet again.

"Boss, we have been staying in this inn for quite a long time." Kant suggested, "Otherwise, we will pay more attention to you in the following days. "See if we can find a candidate?"

"Okay," Turubin agreed. "Sorry to trouble you. I won't stay in this town for more than a few days. I will leave for the city the day after tomorrow. I wonder how long you will stay in the Inn?"

"We have a mission. After the mission is over, we will leave the island." Abel thought for a moment and answered, "I think we will stay for at least half a month."

"That's Great." A rare smile appeared on Trubin's face. Kant and the others were willing to stay and give some support to this inn. From the bottom of his heart, he was very touched.

"If boss will come back before then, I think we will give reliable advice," Kant promised.

"Okay." Trubin nodded. "Then I will take my leave first. I am really sorry to disturb you in the middle of the night."

Kant stood up to send him off. "Boss, you still want to stay in this town for two days, right? If there's anything you want to say, we still have a chance to continue chatting."

"Yes." After being courteous for a while, Trubin left the guest room under the watchful eyes of the three people.

"This is troublesome. We haven't even found the person we want to find. Now, we also have to find a cashier for this inn," Abel said as he walked back to the main hall and leaned on the tea table dejectedly.

"What's The Big Deal? Is It suitable for business? This point is very obvious in terms of a person's temperament," Bunduk said nonchalantly.

"You have to choose this person carefully. At least give the boss an explanation." After leaving these words, Kant turned around and left.

When Abel went to look for him, Kant was changing his bathrobe and preparing to go to bed.

After talking with Trubin for a while, Kant was extremely sleepy. He would probably sleep until noon the next day.

"His Majesty has returned to his room." Bunduk yawned and said, "Let's talk about picking people tomorrow. I have to go and rest too."

"That's fine too." Abel waved his hand at Bunduk and said, "I'll let you go and rest now. When I Wake You Up Tomorrow, you have to get up willingly."

"Alright." Bunduk did not hear what Abel said at all, but simply agreed.

Chapter 866: soldier who smells good and sells his skills

Abel looked at Bunduk's departing figure and sighed. He began to stay up all night and work hard alone.

At noon the next day, Kant woke up from his sleep. When he walked out of the bedroom, he found that the main hall was empty.

"Have the two of them gone to patrol?" Kant muttered in his heart. Then, he walked into the bathroom and washed up.

Just as Kant was lying in the barrel filled with hot water and enjoying his leisure time, the sound of footsteps came from outside the bathroom door.

Before Kant had any thoughts, Abel's voice came in.

“Your Majesty, we are back from that guild! Michelle brought reliable news!”

“When did you go?” Kant jumped out of the water tank and shouted towards the door, “Wait for me to go out first.”

“Yes!” Abel’s mood was very high.

After putting on his cotton-padded jacket, Kant opened the bathroom door and walked out. The heat in the room immediately retracted when it came into contact with the cold air outside the door, forming a white gas that lingered at the door.

Kant glanced at the two people sitting at the tea table drinking afternoon tea.

After walking into the tea table, Kant pointed at the pastries on the table and asked in puzzlement, “These were sent by the waiter?”

“We didn’t trouble them. These were brought by the two of us to the kitchen.” Bunduk drank a mouthful of tea and said indifferently.

Looking at the two people’s smug look, Kant raised his eyebrows and sat down in his seat, he said, “You did well. You found a candidate so quickly. You even completed the mission. Tell me, how did you do it?”

“Actually, it’s nothing. I just suddenly remembered that a soldier in the team is good at smelling.” After seeing Kant take his seat, Abel immediately sat up straight, he explained, “Let their captain take him to the streets near the guild to perform.”

“The guild found them just like that?” Kant was amused by Abel’s idea and asked.

“Yes.” Abel couldn’t help but show a proud expression, he continued, “After the name of the soldier spread in that street, the members of the Guild also noticed the existence of the group of people who perform. They immediately rushed over and told the soldier that they would invite this soldier to meet with the boss of the Guild at noon tomorrow.”

“HMM, your idea is really convenient,” Kant praised.

The guild was secretly involved in drug trafficking. Finding a talented person like the entertainer soldier, the content of the conversation was most likely related to the hidden production chain.

“I was just lucky,” Abel replied embarrassedly.

“By the way, what’s the name of the Soldier?” Kant raised his head and asked.

“Michelle!” Abel replied.

“Can he handle the meeting tomorrow?” It was not until now that Bunduk interrupted.

“This...” Abel’s face showed a hesitant expression.

“Although it’s good to be able to smell the fragrance, I told you at that time to choose someone suitable for dealing with strangers.” Kant’s words were also filled with a trace of worry.

“That child...” Abel glanced at Bunduk, “His temperament is more lively than other elven soldier’s. “However, after hearing about the sinking of the ship, this child’s temperament became much quieter. “Today, I sent a group of them to the vicinity of the guild. I didn’t really listen to him during the entire journey.”

“The impact of the sinking of the ship...” Bunduk’s expression also became complicated. He raised his head and turned his gaze towards Kant.

Under the gaze of the two people, Kant was silent for a moment. Finally, he said, “No matter what, we still have to think about how to carry out this plan. Abel has made a good start. The rest needs everyone to work together.”

“Yes,” Abel and Bunduk answered in unison.

“After dinner tonight, arrange for Michelle and I to meet,” Kant thought for a moment and requested.

“Okay,” Abel agreed.

After having afternoon tea, Bunduk and Abel left the inn. Today, many soldiers escorted the inn’s guests to the city gate, so they had to rush to the streets to patrol.

Kant walked to the restaurant on the second floor. After passing through the lonely cafeteria, he arrived at the restaurant that ordered dishes.

The chef who made lunch for him yesterday greeted him, “Good afternoon, Lord!”

“Hello!” Kant replied with a smile, “Why are there so few people today?”

“Those people didn’t want to stay in the inn. After breakfast, they went to the street to stroll around.” The chef smiled humorously, “But to me, it doesn’t matter. “Anyway, not many people come to my place.”

“I think they just haven’t tried it. If they tried it once, they would definitely be fascinated by your cooking.” Kant blinked and said, “Just like me and your boss.”

“Well... Hahaha.” The chef’s face was wrinkled at first, as if he was imagining the scene Kant had mentioned. After a while, he laughed heartily and said, “Thank you. What do you want to eat today?”

“The same as yesterday.” Kant sat down by the window. After looking at the scenery in the sky for a while, he turned his head and asked the chef who was busy in front of the stove, “Didn’t the boss come here today?”

“The boss went out very early, but I prepared his breakfast.” The chef raised his head and said confidently to Kant, “Fresh shrimp, vegetable roll, and peanut paste.”

“Hehe,” Kant laughed and said, “The boss has really worked hard. He has to go out to work every day.”

“The boss’s daily routine is indeed quite irregular. After all, he is the one who has to worry about this inn.” The chef cut the saintly virgin fruit in half, he replied, “However, fortunately, his body is still pretty good. As long as he adjusts his daily routine, he is no different from other people of the same age.”

“Actually, the inn has been running well before we arrived,” Kant said softly, “Why didn’t the boss give himself more time to rest?”

“Hehe.” The chef laughed softly, “Lord, look at the street in front of the inn. How many people will pass by? The boss came to the island ten years ago and opened the inn in this place. His heart is not in running this shop.”

“You see it quite clearly.” Kant raised his eyebrows and said, “Are you interested in telling me more details?”

The chef smiled and raised his head. He looked at Kant and shook his head. He put his left index finger on his lips and said, “People like us can’t talk about this kind of thing.”

Chapter 867: Clues left by the chef

“Hehe.” Kant looked away and said, “It’s fine if you don’t want to talk about it. But I think the people in your small town are really unfathomable.”

“There’s no such thing.” The chef put down the cup and explained, “Just like me. In front of you, Lord, I’m just a common chef. Then, isn’t my identity just a chef?”

“I can’t be bothered with you.” Kant only felt that this chef’s words were very interesting. If he argued with him about any topic, he would definitely be tricked by him. So, he waved his hand and continued to enjoy the scenery outside the window.

The chef chuckled for a while, and then he automatically stopped talking.

After more than ten minutes, the delicious and delicious lunch was served on the table. When Kant was arranging the napkins, he found that the chef had brought another cup of peanut butter.

“I spoke too much just now.” The chef stood at the table and apologized with a smile. “This cup of peanut butter is my apology to Lord. I hope Lord can forget my mistake.”

“No, no need.” Kant quickly declined. “We had a good chat just now. Why are you doing this?”

After hearing this, the expression on the chef’s face became serious. He said, “This peanut butter is our boss’s favorite and my favorite. Please accept it.”

Kant raised his head and looked at the chef for a while. Finally, he compromised and nodded. “Okay, then let me try what this taste is.”

“I’m very grateful.” The chef heaved a sigh of relief. After bowing, he left the table.

After watching the chef leave, Kant picked up his knife and fork and began to enjoy the first meal of the day. When eating, one’s mood was always happy. During the break, Kant caught a glimpse of the peanut butter placed in the corner of the plate.

Under the contrast of the silver cup, this simple drink became mysterious and luxurious.

“When do you drink this?” Kant asked softly as he looked at the open stove. In the end, he found that there was no one there. The chef had already left.

Kant raised his eyebrows in surprise. His right hand could not help but hold the handle of the cup. He brought the peanut paste that the chef had given him to his face, put it to his lips, and took a sip. The taste was rich and fragrant, the peanuts were finely ground.

Kant drank the entire cup of peanut paste in one go. When he put the empty cup back to its original position, a crisp sound was heard by Kant's ear.

A key was placed on the coasters that were placed on the cups.

Kant's eyes immediately became alert. This key must have been left behind by the chef. However, why did he invite him to meet him in such a secretive manner?

"This peanut milk is our boss's favorite and also my favorite. Please accept it." What the Chef said not long ago was reflected in Kant's mind.

"Is it about the inn owner?" Kant took a deep breath and silently put the key into his sleeve. After confirming that there was no one around, he left the restaurant in a hurry.

After leaving the restaurant, Kant stood at the staircase and hesitated for a while. He decided to go back to his room first and reorganize what had just happened.

It was about 3:30 in the afternoon. Kant closed the curtains in the main hall and sat down at the tea table. He took out the key from his pocket and began to study it carefully.

The key was made of copper and iron, and it was now covered in rust. It was impossible to predict that he would go to the dining room to eat lunch today. Moreover, Kant had never seen the chef leave the stove during the time between ordering and waiting for the dishes to be served. The chef carried this key with him. In such a humid environment like the kitchen, it was indeed easy for it to rust.

The key was engraved with the three numbers '503'.

But this inn did not have a fifth floor. Where did '503' refer to?

Kant carefully recalled what the chef said in his mind. During the conversation, he did not leave any information about the time of the meeting.

"This room..." Kant, who could not find any clues, was ready to ask for the answer himself.

At this time, a knock came from outside the door. Kant was so frightened by the sudden sound that he stopped breathing. He answered vigilantly, "Who is it?"

"Your Majesty Kant, I am Moliere." A sharp voice came through the crack of the door.

"Moliere?" Kant recalled for a long time in his mind, and then he remembered that the owner of this name was the dwarf who had publicly argued with him in the lobby yesterday. He stood up and asked, "What's the matter?"

"The group of people who attacked the hotel yesterday, I don't know what kind of connections they had, but they were released today," the dwarf explained loudly.

"Wait, come in and talk." After hearing this, Kant quickened his pace, walked to the front of the entrance, opened the door of the guest room, and greeted the dwarf in front of him.

“Thank you.” The dwarf immediately walked into the guest room, sat down at the tea table before Kant, picked up the teapot, and guzzled. After catching his breath, he wiped his mouth, he continued to say to Kant, who was sitting opposite him, “That group of people was really too impudent. After being released by an acquaintance in the monitoring institute, they immediately went to a tavern on Collin Avenue. “Coincidentally, they met the soldier who escorted the guests out of the city. Two groups of people picked up their weapons and fought.”

“What happened? who made the first move?” Kant said with a frown.

“Uh, this...”. The ORC man’s words were too harsh. He even made a comment about the family members of the CARADIA soldier. “So one of us couldn’t help but make a move.” The dwarf observed Kant’s expression, he explained.

“Where are they now?” Kant let out a long breath and asked.

“They were taken to the monitoring station by the soldier of the Acropolis on the street.” The dwarf said, “This is why I came to look for your highness. You have to hurry over.”

“You have been schemed against. I can not personally take part in this matter. Otherwise, I will fall into their trap.” Kant calmed down and said, “Does Bunduk and the others know about this?”

“Yes. After hearing the news, Bunduk and Lord Abel are rushing to the monitoring station.” After hearing Kant’s deduction, the dwarf was stunned, he replied, “Your Highness, if you don’t go personally, I don’t think you can settle this matter.”

Kant glanced at him, he slowly said, “I can’t be distracted by their tricks anymore. That orc man is cannon fodder for the dark side. “If you go and clean them up now, it will be like you want to cut down a tree but only care about sweeping the fallen leaves under it. “I have more important things to do now.”

“... I see.” The dwarf was frightened by Kant’s aura and nodded timidly. After a while, he left.

Chapter 868: the dispute in front of the mansion

After the dwarf left, Kant sat quietly for a while and then walked to the lobby of the inn. He found the waiter who was busy in the kitchen and asked, “Do you know where the chef who is responsible for cooking is on the second floor of the restaurant?”

“The chef is not resting in the inn. Lord, you didn’t find him in the restaurant. He probably went back to his home.” The waiter was stunned and answered.

“When will he come again?” Kant asked.

“This chef was invited by our boss from nowhere. He comes and goes whenever he wants. We don’t know either.” The waiter’s introduction.

“Alright, thank you.” Kant walked out of the kitchen with slight disappointment. After sitting in the tea seat in the lobby for a while, he finally decided to find room 503 in this inn during this period of time when he could not see the chef.

On the other side, Bunduk and Abel, who had rushed to the entrance of the monitoring station, coincidentally bumped into the bruised and swollen orc man and his group.

These seven or eight nomads took the initiative to walk in front of the two of them. The leading orc man frowned and said, "Why is it you? where is the one leading you?"

"You have stirred up such a small storm, but it is still not enough to reach the side of Your Highness's shoes." Abel clenched his fists and said, "Go back to your cell and stay there!"

"With just you, you want to save your brothers? I'm afraid it is still not enough." The ORC man shook his head and continued to say.

"Where are they now?" Bunduk asked.

"I don't know. After all, we've only entered the temporary detention center here." The ORC man giggled at the people beside him and mocked, "What kind of scenery is this prison? We've never seen it before."

"I told you to get out of the way!" Abel kicked the orc man's waist, causing him to retreat a few meters.

"Abel, let's Go!" Blue veins popped out on Bunduk's forehead. After enduring for a while, he said to Abel.

Seeing the two people leave, the other nomads gathered around the orc man and said indignantly, "These two people really need to be taught a lesson."

"Our mission is completed. Let's go drink." The orc man put away his mocking expression, he said nonchalantly, "The more angry these two are, the faster we will reach our goal. There's nothing to be bothered about."

The Beastman left the monitoring station with the support of his underlings.

Abel and Bunduk were now overwhelmed by anger. They walked to the reception desk of the monitoring station, he asked, "We are the soldier and officer of Caradia. Our people were sent here by the city guards. We are here to bring them back."

"You..." the staff member in charge of receiving them noticed the anger in their eyes. He timidly said, "Please Wait a moment. I will go find Captain Vermont. He brought them here with his team."

"Okay," Abel agreed. "We will wait for him here."

The staff member quickly spread his legs and ran to a public office in the corridor.

Five minutes had passed. Bunduk and Abel stood motionlessly in front of the reception desk. The passers-by began to place their gazes on them.

"This person doesn't look familiar. could he be a newly transferred staff member from this place?" A merchant who often walked around the monitoring station commented in a low voice.

"He seems to be a human and an elf. Judging from their clothes, he should be an outsider." Another person in the crowd spoke up. "What are they doing here?"

"I just received news that today, on the road leading to the city gate, Bowen's group fought with a group of human soldier," a passerby said to his companion after hearing the discussions around him.

"Bowen?" His companion said in surprise, "Then these two people aren't here to ransom people, right? Those who oppose Bowen don't have a good ending."

“If the Outsiders want to poach him from the monitoring station, they probably don’t have any news.”

Bunduk and Abel silently listened to the comments of the people around them. In their hearts, they snorted coldly and said, “Today, we have to take this person away.”.

At this moment, the waiter who had just left walked over with a half-beast man in uniform. He made an introduction to Bunduk and Abel. “This is Captain Vermont, who is in charge of handling this matter. He is a first-grade officer in the station.”

“Hello.”Fremont extended his hand to greet Bunduk and Abel.

“Hello.”Bunduk and Abel politely replied.

Fremont glanced at the surrounding crowd and suggested to Bunduk and Abel with a smile: “There are too many people and too many eyes here. Let’s go to the civil service office to discuss it in detail.”

“Okay.”Bunduk agreed.

The passersby who pretended to pass by unintentionally and eavesdropped on the conversation by the side felt bored and took the initiative to disperse.

Vermont led the two of them to a small public office on the first floor. The layout of the room was roughly the same as the one Abel had met with the Midget clan last time, but the space was much smaller.

After signaling for the two of them to take their seats on the leather chairs, Vermont placed his hands on the table and said to Bunduk and Abel, “You came here this time for the incident that happened this morning, right?”

“Yes.”Bunduk nodded.

“May I ask what the punishment method given to our soldier by the monitoring station is?”Abel asked.

“Imprisonment for three months. After all, the impact of this incident is quite great.”Fremont lowered his head and pondered for a moment, he then said, “The decision was made by the judge. In the monitoring station, the power of the judge far surpasses that of all of us. Therefore, even if you came here personally today, it’s probably impossible for you to take them away.”

“Three months? “Just for a group fight?”Bunduk said angrily, “What about that group of people? “They were just released today, and they deliberately found our people to take revenge. Why can they leave here without any responsibility?”

“This...”Vermont’s face showed a troubled expression as he explained, “These people were acquitted in yesterday’s case. So the judge only paid attention to their role in this dispute.”

“Acquitted?”Abel’s eyes widened as he said, “What about Fellett’s death? What about the injuries suffered by the guests? How were they acquitted?”

“Wasn’t the person who killed Fellett a waiter? Those guests didn’t come forward to testify, so the attack couldn’t be considered...”Vermont slowly explained.

“Bullsh * T!” Bunduk pushed the table aside, he roared at the officer in front of him, “I see that this monitoring station of yours is to exonerate those bastards. The Nomads on Your Island believe this, but we don’t! Today, you have to hand over the person!”

Chapter 869: Kant who appeared unexpectedly

Vermont frowned, he waved his hand and said, “In that case, I have nothing to say to the two lords. But I still have to remind you: since you are on this small island, you have to understand the rules of this island.”

After saying this, Vermont walked to the door and unlocked it. He turned around and continued to say to Bunduk and Abel, “The two Lords, please go back first. Go and Ask Your Majesty if he will agree with your words.”

“Where is the prison cell?” Bunduk walked quickly to Vermont and asked aggressively.

Vermont looked at the human soldiers in front of him. His eyes narrowed dangerously and he slowly said, “You want to break out of the prison?”

“We will not let our soldier suffer this injustice in vain.” Abel walked to Bunduk’s side and called out to him, “Bunduk, let’s go back to the inn.”

“Abel!” Bunduk called out in confusion.

“I’m leaving.” After Abel lightly left these words, he lifted his leg and left the meeting room.

Bunduk glared at Fremont with dissatisfaction and followed Abel out.

The two of them walked straight to the gate of the monitoring station. At that moment, Abel stopped and turned to Bunduk. “You were too impulsive just now. You shouldn’t have said that to the officer in the station.”

“Didn’t we come here to bring the soldier back?” Bunduk frowned. “That officer didn’t take us seriously at all.”

“I also feel that his attitude toward us is very strange.” Abel shook his head, “Including when we met the orc man and his group at the door, their behavior was also very strange. Let’s go back to the inn first and Tell Your Highness Kant about what happened here.”

“Okay.” Bunduk turned his head and glanced at the sign of the monitoring station, silently spitting in his heart. Then, he left with Abel.

The location of the monitoring station was not far from the inn’s address. About ten minutes away, Abel and Bunduk rushed back to the inn.

After hurriedly walking up to the second floor, they knocked on the door and found that Kant was not in his room at the moment.

“Tindy, where is His Majesty?” Bunduk stopped a passing waiter in the corridor and asked.

“I just saw His Majesty Kant waiting in the lobby on the first floor.” The waiter called Tindy stretched his neck and looked downstairs. He replied, “I will help you ask the others.”

“Okay, please.” Abel nodded.

After Tindy left, the two walked to the third floor of the inn and searched for Kant.

This entire floor was rented to Caradia’s soldier by the boss. However, at this time, Caradia’s soldier did not stay in the guest room. Instead, he was patrolling the streets.

After the search was fruitless, Abel and Bunduk met at the stairs.

Looking at the stairs leading to the fourth floor, Bunduk looked at Abel in confusion. He said hesitantly, “Should we go to the fourth floor and take a look?”

“The fourth floor doesn’t seem to be open to the public.” Abel recalled the night when they searched for clues, and the inn’s attendant said that they wouldn’t be allowed to go to the fourth floor no matter what. He said, “Your Highness Kant probably wouldn’t barge into such a place. Let’s go ask Tindy and see if he has any news.”

“Alright,” Kant agreed.

Just as the two were about to leave this floor, Kant sneezed and walked down the stairs of the fourth floor.

After seeing the two of them, he greeted them, “Bunduk, and Abel. Why are you here?”

“Your Majesty!” Abel cried out in surprise, “Why are you here? We were looking for you. Why did you go to the upper floor?”

“It takes a long time to talk about this,” Kant said. “Let’s go back to the guest room first. “The fourth floor is closed, and outsiders are not allowed to enter or leave. If the inn’s attendants find out that I stayed there for a while, it will be troublesome.”

Bunduk walked forward and helped Kant to dust off his coat. He frowned and said, “How long has it been since anyone went to the upper floor? Your Highness, the Dust on your body is really thick.”

“We really can’t stay in that place for too long.” Kant took out his handkerchief, covered his mouth and nose, and coughed lightly for a while.

“In that case, let’s hurry back.” Abel glanced at Kant worriedly and said, “We also have an urgent matter that we need to report to His Majesty Kant.”

“Yes.” Kant nodded and agreed.

The three of them walked back to the guest room side by side and sat down at the tea table in the main hall. Abel immediately poured a cup of tea for Kant and urged, “Your Highness, this tea is to clear the lungs. You should drink a few mouthfuls first.”

“Mm, then I’ll listen to you while drinking the tea.” Kant nodded and held the Teacup in my hand. He said, “You’ve been to the inspection station, right? How’s the situation there?”

“The officer who received us told us that the judge’s decision in a case can not be changed. The soldier has to stay in prison for three months,” Bunduk replied.

"Mm, then have you met the soldier?" Kant asked after taking a sip of tea.

"No, that officer didn't seem to have any intention of letting us meet the soldier." Abel sighed, he said, "At that time, Bunduk and I were both in a fit of anger. Now that I think about it, perhaps the person he wants to meet isn't us, but Your Majesty."

"Your Majesty, Right now, only if you personally appear can we..." Bunduk looked at Kant and said seriously.

"I can not appear. The group of people who planned the attack was just to make me beg Gilbert or the leader of the Midget clan. When the time came, they would definitely interfere again, and our relationship with the Gnome and midget clan would be speculated. "It's not good for the people who help us," Kant replied calmly.

"Then what should we do now?" Bunduk asked anxiously, "There's still no news about the soldier sent by Caradia. "With the strength of only a few dozen of us, it's still too difficult to rescue the soldiers tied up in the monitoring station."

"If this had happened yesterday, perhaps we could only accept our fate. "But now, we can bypass the barrier of the monitoring station and directly find the person behind the scenes who interfered with us." Kant's lips curled up into a confident smile, he promised the two people beside him.

"Your Highness, did you encounter a member of the Dark Side organization today?" Abel asked in surprise.

"Met? Not Really." Kant paused for a moment and told Bunduk and Abel about what happened in the restaurant at noon today. Then he said, "In the end, I held the key and couldn't find the chef himself, so I began to look for him in the inn."

Chapter 870: thick smoke to fool people

"Is that room on the fourth floor?" Bunduk asked nervously.

"Yes." Kant nodded, he said, "I heard that the original inn was originally a fifth-floor inn. However, after experiencing the racial war in the city, the various floors of the inn were damaged at different levels. The fourth floor was the most severely damaged, so the midget smiths in charge of repairing it planned to rebuild the fourth and fifth floors. However, this proposal was rejected by the inn owner, saying that he did not want the inn to appear too prominent on the entire street. He only requested that the fourth and fifth floors be renovated and merged into one floor. "Therefore, some rooms on the fourth floor still have the house number on the fifth floor."

"I see." Abel took a deep breath and sighed. "I didn't expect it to be because of the war."

"Then, why are the rooms on the fourth floor not open to the public again?" Bunduk asked in puzzlement.

"I also asked the waiter about this question, but he also said: he doesn't know." Kant shook his head and said.

"In that case, the truth about this matter should be the privacy of this inn, right?" Abel commented.

“But that waiter doesn’t seem to be pretending.” Kant recalled the tone and expression of the waiter in the hall when he answered him.

“Don’t worry about that for now.” Bunduk waved his hand and said, “Your Highness, what did you find in that room?”

“The inn owner is also a member of the Dark Side. The desk in that room is filled with all the travel records after we went ashore by the sea. In the folder of the bookcase, there are a lot of information about the members of the dark side that we haven’t seen before. “I found Pick and Shadow in there,” Kant explained in a deep voice.

“How is that possible?” After hearing Kant’s statement, Abel’s heart almost jumped out of his chest. He blurted out, “The inn owner couldn’t have been framed, right?”

“When I ate with the inn owner before, I found that his habitual hand was left-handed. “This means that he is left-handed,” Kant replied. “The whole inn, including the cashier, the cook, the waiter, and so on. “He is the only one who is left-handed. Judging from the furnishings in the room, it is indeed for the convenience of left-handed people.”

“I don’t think we can make a conclusion right away.” After hearing Kant’s words, Bunduk hesitated and said, “Let’s continue to investigate and compare.”

“You’re right.” Kant nodded and said, “But I still want to testify on the spot with the inn owner. Let’s end this quickly.”

“Okay.” Bunduk and Abel said in unison.

Kant took out an information form from his clothes. The portrait on it was of Pick.

“The inn owner will leave the town tomorrow. We must find him before then,” Kant said with a determined expression.

“Should we mobilize our own people to search the town, or let the inn’s attendant inform him?” Bunduk asked in puzzlement.

“You don’t have to worry about that.” Kant stood up and walked to the entrance. After hearing the footsteps and discussions outside the door, he said confidently, “We just need to wait quietly at the entrance of the stairs on this floor.”

“It’s on fire! It’s on Fire!” The waiter who was busy cleaning the streets threw his broom to the ground when he saw the thick smoke coming out of the window on the fourth floor. He rushed into the shop and shouted, “The fourth floor is on fire!”

The waiter who was busy in the lobby rushed to the outside of the shop and looked at the fire upstairs.

“What should we do?” The waiters asked the waiter who was standing at the front anxiously.

The waiter who was being watched by the crowd was Nate, who was temporarily appointed as the captain of the waiters.

Nate frowned. His position as the temporary captain was decided internally by the employees. And his performance during this period of service was crucial to whether he could be promoted to an accountant.

When such a thing suddenly happened, Nate could not help but panic. He called out to a young waiter beside him, "Quick! Quickly inform the boss! And you guys, follow me up to put out the fire."

"Yes!" The waiter who was called out immediately nodded and agreed.

He followed Nate back to the inn and rushed up the rotating stairs with brooms and the like.

"Where are you guys going?" Bunduk who suddenly appeared at the stairs gave them a fright.

"Lord... Lord Bunduk, the fourth floor is on fire. I'll bring people up to put out the fire," Nate replied nervously.

"On Fire? The fourth floor is the boss's private area, right? I'm afraid it's not good for you to rush in like this," Bunduk said worriedly for them.

"That's true. We've never gone up there before. However, the situation is critical now, so we can only offend him," Nate replied.

"Alright then. Do you need my help?" Bunduk nodded and continued to ask.

"No, no need." Nate hurriedly waved his hand and said, "The fire isn't too serious. Just the few of us will be enough."

"Mm, that's good. I Won't disturb you." After confirming that Kant, who was downstairs, had made a 'yes' gesture to him, Bunduk silently let Nate and the others pass.

After watching the group leave, Bunduk walked down the stairs and sat down at the tea table where Kant and Abel were. He asked, "Has the messenger really set off?"

"Yes." Abel nodded. He was the one who had to confirm this matter.

"Your Highness, you said that you set a fire on the fourth floor. You didn't burn all the documents, did you?" Bunduk asked worriedly.

"No." Kant waved his hand and said, "I just put a part of our information into the brazier and burned it."

"That's good." Bunduk calmed down and said, "After all, we still don't know who the owner of this room is."

"Yes." Abel nodded in agreement.

After a while, Nitte and the others carried the brazier down the stairs in a noisy manner.

With a thud, the Brazier, which had been burnt black, was thrown onto the floor tiles in the lobby. Nate looked around, he said angrily, "Who is it? ! Who Did this prank? If you are not satisfied with anything, you can just tell me directly. What is the meaning of this?"

He led his men and rushed upstairs. When he carefully walked into the room, he found a brazier, which was emitting black smoke, placed by the window.

Nate was completely enraged. In his eyes, the person who did this at this time was targeting him.

“If you have the guts to do it, why don’t you admit it? Come out and let’s fight,”Nate Roared.

Bunduk sighed softly, while Kant and Abel completely ignored Nate’s roar.