

Oasis 881

Chapter 881: the surrender of the Hall's attendant

"When he entered the corridor," Abel replied in a relaxed manner, "He wanted to deliver a letter to the person inside, but I stopped him."

"I see." Kant glanced at the attendant who had remained silent the entire time and pondered silently for a moment, he shook his head and said, "No, we can't let strangers bring us the risk of failure at this time."

"But..." Abel was stunned and said hesitantly, "What if we rush in rashly and those people escape through the Window?"

"Before you arrived with the troops of the Dragon Clan, I already received a message from the midget clan: they have surrounded the monitoring station with weapons. "The people in the room can not escape," Kant explained calmly.

"This..." Abel could not help but frown. He looked at the attendant beside him with an apologetic look in his eyes.

The attendant slowly raised his head and met Abel's gaze, in a trembling voice, he said, "Lord, Lord, you promised me. You promised me to atone for my sins. "I, I have all the information about the nomads in the room. I can give you all the information."

"Oh Right, Your Highness." Abel turned to Kant and said, "This attendant told me before that he can give us an introduction about the identities of the members of the organization in the room."

Kant closed his eyes and thought for a while. Finally, he shifted his gaze to the attendant of the supervision department and asked, "How did you get the information?"

"Lord Potts is one of the inspectors in the inspection office. The room opposite can be considered his exclusive meeting room," the servant said with fear. "I came here three years ago, at the same time as Lord Potts was promoted to inspector. The old people in the office don't really cater to the new officials. "Lord Potts also likes to hire new people. In this way, I became one of his spies in the front hall."

"Do you know who the inspector named Potts usually meets?" Abel asked curiously.

"Yes!" The waiter nodded in panic. "But Lord Potts has a wide circle of contacts in this town. I will only write down the names of people who have visited me three or four times in my notebook and their preferred hospitality."

"What do you usually remember those for?" Kant asked in puzzlement.

"To avoid not being able to call each other names when we meet." The waiter raised his head and glanced at Kant, then quickly lowered his head and said.

"Well." After listening to the waiter's statement, Kant and Abel looked at each other and continued, "Since you have that kind of evidence in your hands, why do you need to ask us for help?"

“My Lords!” “I only found out three months ago that I was also counted as a member of the Dark Side.” “I have seen many people being carried out of that iron door with their arms and legs broken.” “But those things were done by Lord Potts and his subordinates. My hands are clean!” “Now they are destined to fall, but I still want to stay in this monitoring station. Since I am fortunate enough to meet the two lords, I hope that I can atone for my sins and provide a fair platform for my punishment.” The attendant’s legs went weak, he fell to the ground and begged in a mournful voice.

The soldier standing behind Abel and Kant also became restless because of the attendant’s action.

Kant stood where he was and thought carefully for a moment. Then, he asked Abel, “Abel, what do you think?”

“I think...” Abel glanced at the attendant lying on the floor and said with determination, “We can trust him.”

“Okay.” Kant nodded slowly, helped the waiter up and said to him, “Stand up. We believe what you said.”

“Thank you, Lord.” The waiter said to Kant and Abel gratefully.

“Did you bring that notebook with you?” Abel walked up and asked the waiter.

“No.” The waiter shook his head gently and answered, “That notebook is too important to me. I locked it in the box in the dormitory.”

“If you don’t mind, we will send someone to retrieve that notebook with you later,” Kant instructed.

“However, before you leave, I hope that you can tell us the information about the nomads in the room earlier.”

“Of course.” The attendant nodded. “Lord Potts has been cultivating the manpower to protect himself ever since he became involved with the outside forces two years ago. “Now, there are two experts who surround Lord Potts all day long. One is the snake-woman who left earlier. “The other is the dragon turtle, who is over 500 years old. “The former’s movement is frivolous and can gallop across the battlefield without being seen. “The latter’s strength is fierce, and each of his moves is overbearing and bloodthirsty.”

Kant frowned and asked Abel, “Abel, you intercepted that Goddess halfway. Her power is really as the attendant said

“This is the first time I’ve fought someone in this small town. Naturally, I have to put in all my effort to prepare. “Although the battle on the street had consumed some of my vitality, it wasn’t as troublesome as the attendant said,” Abel replied cautiously.

The attendant heard this and looked at Abel in surprise. He asked in surprise, “Lord, what technique did you use to defeat Lord Grace?”

“Grace...” Abel repeated the name the attendant mentioned, he explained, “I only used a secret technique of the elves. With my abilities, I was barely able to use this technique. After repelling the enemy, I suffered a part of the energy backlash.”

“Where is that snake-woman now?” Kant’s concern was different from the attendant’s.

“She’s probably on her way back.” Abel looked out of the window, “I originally wanted the dragon soldier to witness the moment she met Potts. But now it seems that it’s a bit difficult for her to enter this monitoring station.”

“Yes.” Kant nodded and said, “This hall has been heavily surrounded by the people we’ve arranged. Even if she wants to open a new path and barge in, she’ll probably be stopped by the Midget clan.”

“Tell me, what is the weakness of the dragon turtle?” Abel nodded and continued to ask the attendant.

“The dragon turtle named Frank is a strong opponent in terms of strength and attack speed. However, its defensive ability is much weaker than the nomads on the Common Island,” the attendant explained patiently.

Chapter 882: the Dragon Turtle’s weakness

“Isn’t the dragon turtle’s armor-like defense the most outstanding ability of the Dragon Turtle Clan?” Kant asked in puzzlement.

Based on his understanding of this world through various channels over the past ten years, the attendant’s words were full of doubts.

“For other dragon turtles, it might be as you said, Lord,” the attendant replied, “But this Frank is different. “I don’t know when the shell on his back has been broken by someone. Now, he can only rely on the runes he borrowed from Lord Potts to maintain the original form and effectiveness of the shell. “I don’t know how powerful the lords are. I just want to say that Frank is ten times more dangerous than the other snake-woman. If you want to defeat him relatively easily, you can only break the layer of runes and spells on his back.”

“Yes.” Abel took a deep breath and nodded. “Thank you.”

“It’s what I should do, Lord,” the attendant answered respectfully.

“Henry, take the three soldiers in the team and follow this attendant to get the notebook,” Kant ordered. “The other warriors, sit down and rest. We need to discuss the next strategy together.”

“Yes!” The soldier replied.

A well-proportioned soldier brought the other three soldiers to the attendant’s side and said to him, “Please.”

“Everyone, please be careful.” After leaving these words, the attendant followed the four soldiers and left.

After watching them enter the corridor, Abel took a deep look at the iron door on the opposite side and gently closed the door of his room.

“Let’s begin!”

When Henry walked out of the corridor with the waiter, he immediately noticed the tense atmosphere in the hall. The waiters stayed quietly in their places, while the dragon soldier and his group scattered around, questioning the people present.

Fei Ning sat on a leather chair in the leisure area and glanced at Henry's military uniform. He immediately went up and asked Henry, "You are the soldier with Captain Abel, right?"

"Yes, Lord Feining," Henry replied respectfully.

"How are the preparations on your side? Do you know the identity of the person in the room? When do you want to break in?" Feining anxiously threw out a few questions.

"Yes," Henry replied, a little at a loss. "Well, Captain Abel and His Majesty Kant are discussing the way to break into the room, and this attendant told us that the leader of the group in the room is an inspector named Potts. "As for when to start the operation, we were sent to carry out the task of collecting evidence. "We are not very clear about the progress in the back hall."

"This waiter is?" Feining looked in the direction that Henry was pointing and saw the waiter wearing the uniform of the surveillance bureau. He asked in puzzlement, "Is he the person you arranged to enter the Surveillance Bureau?"

"... you can say that." Henry roughly understood the background of this waiter from the conversation in the room just now, so he replied at this moment.

"So that's how it is." Feining added another form of praise to his impression of Abel in his heart. He was actually able to arrange spies in the monitoring station within such a short period of time after arriving on the island. It was truly rare.

"Captain Feining, why don't... You Go in and take a look yourself?" Henry sized Feining up for a moment and suggested hesitantly, "We'll take our leave first."

"Okay." Feining came back to his senses and nodded with a smile. "Thank you for your hard work."

Henry shook his head humbly and said, "It's only right to do this."

After leaving this sentence, he led his soldier to bow and take his leave. The servant kept quiet from the beginning to the end. After saluting with the soldier, he also followed the group and took his leave.

After Fei Ning watched them walk out of the gate of the inspection center, he first walked around the hall and then called for Kiting. He asked him, "How is it? Is there any news?"

"The people who came to the inspection center are all officials from some towns or surrounding villages. It's still not good to open their mouths." Kiting was so busy that his forehead was covered in sweat and his face showed a difficult expression.

"Control them first. Don't let them run away." Fei Ning thought carefully for a while, he exhorted, "Caradia has already obtained the evidence of the officials secretly communicating with each other. I'm going to the living quarters to meet with the leader of Caradia. You get the soldier to prepare the battle formation. Guard the exit of the living quarters."

"Yes." Kiting nodded.

"Okay." Feining nodded and turned to walk towards the entrance of the corridor leading to the living quarters.

“Knock, Knock, Knock!” Feining’s knocking on the door startled Abel and the others who were preparing to set off.

“Who is it?” Kant calmly raised his voice and asked.

“Feining.” Feining turned to look at the room across from him. He hesitated for a moment before replying in a deep voice.

“Who is feining?” Kant turned to look at Abel.

Abel was stunned. He immediately walked forward and opened the door. He turned to Kant and explained, “The captain of the soldier sent by the Dragon clan this time.”

When feining saw Abel’s face, a smile immediately appeared on his face.

However, Abel first made a gesture to him to keep quiet. Therefore, after feining walked into the room through the open gap, he greeted Abel, “Lord Abel!”

“Captain Feining!” Abel replied in slight surprise. After seeing feining raise his hands, he also opened his chest, and the two of them hugged each other.

“How are your preparations going? I waited for quite a while in the hall outside, but I didn’t hear anything from you guys. I thought something happened.” After feining released his embrace, he immediately asked with concern.

“Nothing happened. It’s just that I spent a little more time gathering information.” Abel shook his head and said, “Let me introduce you. This is the Lord of Caradia, His Majesty Kant.”

“Hello, His Majesty Kant.” Fei Ning had long noticed Kant’s unusual aura. At this moment, he had a smile on his face as he bowed to Kant.

“Your Majesty Kant, this is the leader of the Dragon Tribe’s soldier, Captain Fei Ning.” Abel continued to preside.

“Hello, Captain Fei Ning. I Am Kant.” Kant nodded slightly and replied.

“Your Majesty Kant, when are you going to set off?” Fei Ning asked. “The guests outside have already been controlled by us in the hall. However, judging from their attitude, they do not intend to cooperate with this operation.”

“Actually, we have already planned to set off,” Kant said helplessly. “It just so happens that Captain Fei Ning, you suddenly came here. We thought that our operation had been discovered.”

“I see.” Fei Ning was stunned and apologized.

Chapter 883: Captain Fei Ning’s joining

“Then let me join your team.” Fei Ning recommended himself. “As the leader of a dragon soldier, I still have some confidence in my own strength.”

“Really?” Abel asked in surprise. “If you can join, that would be great!”

“How have I seen how a dragon soldier fights before?” Kant said with a smile. “This time, maybe I can see it in person.”

Hearing that the two people in front of him agreed with his proposal, Fei Ning was overjoyed. “Can I really participate in your operation?”

“You are the representative sent by the Dragon Clan this time. Naturally, you will participate in the plan of the operation.” Kant nodded as if it was a matter of course. “If you want to participate in the mission of the breakthrough, we will also approve.”

“Thank you!” Fei Ning cupped his fists. “Then please tell me the plan of the operation. I will actively cooperate.”

Abel told Fei Ning the plan that they had just discussed face to face.

After feining confirmed all the details, a group of people lined up at the door of the room.

Abel gently unlocked the door and said to the soldier squad behind him, “First team, let’s Go!”

More than a dozen soldiers filed out and squatted down against the wall. Each soldier’s hand was tightly holding the handle of the weapon on his waist.

“Second Squad!” Abel stared at the iron door opposite him. After the first squad finished organizing, he called out in a low voice.

A row of soldiers with the same number of people as the first squad walked out of the door and stood in front of the first squad.

After repeating this process several times, the room opposite was still quiet and peaceful. The land soldier of Caradia and the Elf kingdom’s soldier had already filled the entire corridor.

“Your Majesty.” Abel shifted his gaze to Kant and called out. There was a trace of worry in his eyes.

“It’s fine.” Kant waved his hand and replied. Then, he walked towards the door of the opposite room.

Abel took a deep breath and gently closed the door lock. Together with feining, they stuck to the wall beside the door frame. Light blue spiritual energy could be seen floating on the elven mages’ body.

“Knock, Knock!” The moment Kant raised his hand and knocked on the door, all the soldier’s hands were on the handle of the lance.

“Who is it?” Reuben, who was lying on the sofa, replied impatiently.

However, the Dragon Turtle, who was standing at the corner of the wall, opened its eyes vigilantly. It gave off a cold aura.

“Could it be pick?” Bunduk said softly.

“Vyne, go and open the door,” the undead who had been sitting in front of the desk ordered the undead soldier who was standing in front of the flower bed.

“Yes, Lord,” Vyne replied. Then, he immediately walked to the door.

At this moment, Bunduk reached out his hand and patted Turubin's shoulder. He whispered into his ear, "Listen to me. After the door is opened, hide under the sofa."

Turbin was stunned when he heard that. His eyes were filled with fear. Before he could turn around, he looked at Bunduk.

The undead soldier who went to open the door was quickly pushed back by a powerful force after he opened the door. He crashed into the wall on the other side of the room.

There were two fist marks on his chest. It was obvious that this was the effect of Abel and Feining's combined attack.

Amidst the dust, Kant led his soldier and rushed into the room. The dragon turtle quickly protected the panicking undead behind him and said in an old voice, "Lord Potts, let's leave quickly."

"Leave?" Abel followed behind Kant and appeared in front of everyone. "You can't leave."

"Who are you?" After the undead tried to calm down.., he berated the Caradia soldier who had surrounded them, "Do you know that this is the monitoring station! I am an inspector of the monitoring station. Based on the fact that you barged in here, I can send you to prison!"

"Of course we know where this is. We don't need you to personally introduce us to who you are. However, other than the identity you mentioned. "In my impression, you should still be a member of the Dark Side organization on the island," Kant said casually. "Why didn't I hear your introduction, Lord. "Is it because we don't look familiar enough?"

"I, I remember now. "You are the group of outsiders who cause trouble everywhere," the undead replied in shock and anger. "You actually managed to find this place! "Are you able to touch the people in the monitoring center? "Someone!"

After hearing the undead's order, the dozen or so undead soldier in the room raised the battle axes in their hands.

"It's true that we can't interfere with the matters in the monitoring center," Kant raised his head and said, "But don't forget. "With the Dragon Clan and the Midget clan around, the members of the Dark Side appear in the monitoring center. They have to take care of it."

"Inspector Potts, someone sent us a message saying that you have been taking care of the members of the dark side in the monitoring station for their illegal acts. "I would like to invite you to the Dragon Clan's estate to discuss this matter in detail." After Fei Ning heard the word 'Dragon Clan'.., he immediately walked in from the corridor and announced to Potts.

"So... so that's how it is!" The undead stared at Kant and the others for a while, after noticing that Bunduk was standing beside the soldier with a calm expression, he suddenly came to a realization. "This person... this person was also sent by you, right? Trubin! Where's trubin? Trubin, stand out for me!"

Trubin had already slipped out of the room. The soldier did not know his identity as a member of the dark side. He made way for him.

"Stop shouting." The dragon turtle whispered into the undead's ear, "Lord Potts, we have fallen into the trap of these people."

“Frank, take me away from here.” Potts heard the dragon turtle’s scolding and was stunned. He then ordered, “Let’s go to the West City.”

“Yes.” The dragon turtle nodded confidently.

Although there was a general of the Dragon Race and an elven mages who were quite skilled here, the dragon turtle was still a dragon. However, as a dragon turtle who was more than five hundred years old, unless a genius like him appeared, it was impossible for him to stop the dragon turtle who wanted to take his people away.

“Abel, can you hear what they are saying clearly?” Kant asked Abel, who was beside him.

“I can’t hear clearly.” Abel frowned and shook his head. “It’s just that... stop them quickly!”

When he saw the dragon turtle’s toes tip towards the other end of the window, Abel immediately commanded the soldier to block off the two people’s escape route.

When Frank saw the group of soldiers swarming towards them, he first sighed at Abel’s reaction before the soldier. However, his expression remained calm and composed.

Chapter 884:

The undead inspector hiding behind the dragon turtle was so nervous that his heart jumped to his throat. The moment the dragon turtle charged towards the soldier without any hesitation, he closed his eyes.

The dragon turtle charged straight through the curtain of fire and water set up by the Elven soldier, as well as the Caradia Soldier’s flesh and blood defense.

A hole was punched through the wall that was embedded with the window. The dragon turtle brought the undead behind it in the baptism of wood chips. It jumped into the garden in the backyard. There was no trace of it.

Abel and feining followed closely behind, leading the soldier in pursuit.

“If I had known earlier, I would have asked the midget clan to deploy their soldiers here,” feining said regretfully.

The soldiers who had stopped the dragon turtle from escaping earlier were all well-trained soldiers in the army. What Kant and Abel thought was that these people only needed to stop Frank for one second. Abel and feining would be able to immediately catch up, and they would also work together to remove the rune spell on Frank’s turtle shell.

“This backyard is filled with all kinds of flowers, plants, and fruits, and it is surrounded by fences. It’s originally for ornamental purposes. There’s no exit for outsiders to enter or exit. “Most of the Midget clan’s soldier are skilled in construction. They probably didn’t expect that there would be such an unreasonable place in this monitoring station,” Abel replied calmly.

“I think this place was originally for the officials of the dark side to escape and hide when things happened,” Fei Ning said angrily. “Since there’s no exit, then that dragon turtle named Frank can’t think of running away quietly.”

After saying this, Fei Ning showed the prototype of the dragon form. A pair of dragon wings stretched out from the back of his scapula, bringing him up to a high altitude that could overlook the entire garden.

Fei Ning's pupils turned golden. In his eyes, every soldier and soldier in the garden was clearly seen. After omitting the group of people led by Abel, Fei Ning began to search for traces of the dragon turtle in the garden.

A dragon soldier could directly see the heat emitted by an object through his eyeballs. It didn't matter if it was nomads from various races or flowers and plants belonging to the biological world.

In Fei Ning's eyes, people who were active had a red color on their bodies, while plants such as flowers and trees had a blue color. Because of the difference in heat, a person's body would have various shades of red from light to dark. Usually, the area where the heart was located was where the heat was most concentrated. Of course, the trees also understood this.

A minute passed, but Fei Ning still couldn't find the location of the dragon turtle. He couldn't help but feel a little discouraged: the Dragon Turtle had never formed a tribe on this small island, so even if the various tribes kept relevant information, they wouldn't spread it to their people.

As for the Dragon tribe, they were the eye-catching guardians that circled around the small town. They naturally became the research subjects of all the nomads. Their every ability was targeted by everyone countless times.

Thinking about it, the relationship between Fei Ning and the dragon turtle was between Fei Ning in the light and the dragon turtle in the dark.

"Abel!" Fei Ning transmitted his voice to Abel who was on the ground.

Abel, who was in the garden, stopped in his tracks. He looked up at Fei Ning, who was soaring in the sky, and asked with his lips, "What's Wrong?"

"I didn't find Frank and the others," Fei Ning said helplessly.

"Don't be discouraged," Abel comforted him. "They know you're here, so they won't act rashly. They're probably hiding somewhere in the garden right now. We'll find them."

"Okay." Fei Ning nodded.

After the conversation ended, Abel started to act again. He carefully searched every inch of land in the garden.

"Captain Abel, there's no sign of those two in the Western District." A soldier quickly walked to Abel's side and reported.

"Have you guys searched the western district seriously?" Abel asked seriously.

"Yes, we have searched everywhere," the soldier answered seriously.

Then, soldier after soldier returned to Abel's side and reported the search results to him. No one found anything.

Abel took a deep breath and looked at Fei Ning who was still in the sky. He said incredulously, "That's impossible. Frank and Potts must still be in this garden. Otherwise, Fei Ning could immediately tell us where they escaped from."

Just as Abel was racking his brains, an idea flashed through his mind like lightning.

"Go! Quickly go back and take a look!" Abel ordered all the soldier.

Then, he led the group to the window the dragon turtle had stepped out of and stopped at the edge of the window. No one knew where the people in the room had gone.

Feining noticed that Abel was leading the group to retreat. He immediately transformed into his human form and landed behind the group of soldier. He asked loudly, "What did you find?"

Abel said with a heavy expression, "Now it seems that the dragon turtle had jumped into the garden and immediately returned to this room."

"How is that possible!" Feining said with a shocked expression.

"Although I don't know what kind of illusion this dragon turtle named Frank used, look." Abel pointed at a muddy footprint on the grass, "This should be the footprint left by that undead by accident. On this grass, there is only this one spot that is stained with mud."

"What about Lord Kant and the others?" After hearing Abel's reasoning, feining immediately asked with worry.

"Let's go back to the room and take a closer look." Abel frowned and said, "This dragon turtle not only has excellent martial arts, but is also very cunning. He actually used such a trick to deceive us."

"We were too careless," Fei Ning sighed and sighed.

The group climbed onto the windowsill and walked into the room they had just stayed in. The furnishings of the room were still the same as when they left, and there were no signs of a fight.

"It seems that Frank returned to this room after King Kant left," Abel said with a sigh of relief.

The undead probably did not know the effect of the voodoo poison that pick had used, so they were wary of Bunduk, who had already lost his martial arts. This could be considered a coincidence.

However, as long as Kant and Bunduk's personal safety was not endangered, Abel could also calm down and make arrangements for his next actions.

"King Kant did not go to meet our soldier, right?" Feining looked around for a while, he suggested to Abel, "Since things have come to this point, let's hurry up and Inform Your Highness Kant of this news."

"Yes." Abel nodded. There was a huge loophole in this operation. They had to fill it up in time.

Chapter 885: The Meticulous Lord

"His Majesty Kant!" After searching for a while, Abel and feining finally found Kant's group in the hall of the monitoring station. They hurriedly went forward to greet them.

“Abel, feining.” Kant was not too surprised by the two’s flustered appearance. He nodded indifferently and replied, “The midget clan’s soldier has already arrested the dragon turtle, Frank, and the undead prosecutor, Potts.”

“What?” Feining shouted loudly, “How did they meet?”

“A midget soldier told me that after they saw the dragon soldier in the hall outside the monitoring station. “When they interrogated the officials who were in a meeting in a room near the corridor exit. “Frank barged in through the window of the room with Potts.”

“How many people did they bring? They were able to capture Frank on the spot,” Abel asked curiously.

“Seven or eight people. “The normal number of a small team,” Kant said with a relaxed smile. “This time, I finally witnessed the power of the weapons that the midget clan always carried. “In short, they didn’t waste a single soldier and captured two people.”

“I see,” Abel nodded.

“If they met my men, I think their situation would be even worse,” Fei Ning said through gritted teeth.

Before the Dragon Clan’s troops arrived at the Guild Hall, they didn’t know that the Midget clan was cooperating with them. Presumably, it was the same for the Midget clan.

Now that the dragon turtle and the undead inspectors had fallen into the hands of the Midget clan’s people, Fei Ning couldn’t help but feel a headache.

“Captain Fei Ning, it’s been hard on you. We’ve already handed this matter over to the higher-ups of the supervision center to handle. If you have any doubts about the details, you can ask them to verify it.” Kant took the initiative to take his leave and said, “After the handover between Bunduk and the Midget clan is completed, we should go back.”

“Lord, Lord Kant.” Fei Ning hesitantly called out to Kant, who was about to lift his foot and leave. He paused for a moment before continuing, “I’m really sorry that I wasn’t of much help in today’s matter.”

“It’s nothing. The Dragon Clan sent reinforcements, naturally, they did it for my sake.” Kant smiled and shook his head, replying, “I can’t let you return empty-handed.”

After saying this, under Fei Ning’s expectant gaze, Kant took out the notebook from the servant’s living quarters.

Fei Ning raised his head and met Kant’s gaze. He took a deep breath and asked, “Your Majesty Kant, what is this?”

“The communication record between Potts and the other officials in the hall.” Kant casually flipped through a few pages and stopped at the place where the official’s name was written. He handed the notebook to Fei Ning.

“Is this true?” Fei Ning glanced at it briefly. When he saw the names of a few people, he immediately widened his eyes and exclaimed.

"It was a servant that Potts arranged in the hall. After surrendering, he handed it to us," Kant replied calmly.

"Your Majesty Kant, is this what you want me to bring back?" Fei Ning asked slightly nervously.

"Yes." Kant nodded slightly, he said, "I hope that after the Dragon Clan learns of this information, they can do more useful things to eliminate the dark side. I also hope that the two of us can interact more frequently."

"Yes." Fei Ning nodded firmly and accepted the notebook given by Kant.

The things were not very important, but Kant's words had to be brought to them. Fei Ning thought silently in his heart.

"Alright. Our companions are already waiting for us at the door." Kant cupped his hands and said, "General Fei Ning, we'll meet again next time."

"We'll meet again next time." Abel bowed to Kant.

"Be careful on your way." Fei Ning watched Kant lead the Caradia soldier and the others to leave the club. He sighed in his heart. As the king of a country, his bearing was indeed extraordinary.

After meeting with Bunduk, Kant immediately asked, "What did the people sent by the monitoring station ask you?"

"Nothing much. They just wanted to know where I came from and why I had a relationship with the dark side. I told them about the cause and effect." Bunduk shook his head, "However, I omitted the part about pick."

"What about the matter of Trubin?" Kant asked with concern.

"Well, I still said it." Bunduk scratched his head and replied, "Didn't he already run away? There shouldn't be any effect."

"Then we've really screwed him this time. Abel, has pick been sent to the inn we're staying at?" Kant said helplessly.

"Yes." Abel nodded. When he returned from the guild in the West City to meet the Dragon Soldier at the inn, he had already sent people to send pick to the second floor of the inn and sent people to guard pick's side.

"That's good. The most important thing for us now is to get the method to treat Bunduk from pick." Kant was quite satisfied with the operation tonight.

Although the cooperation between the few parties seemed very out of place. The result was always good.

The three of them walked in the middle of the troops, chatting from time to time. It was already close to midnight. Besides the patrolling troops, there were only a few dozen of them left on the street.

The shops on both sides of the road had also closed early. Only the fire platforms by the roadside were quietly burning.

Unconsciously, the voices of the three of them also became quieter.

“By the way, Your Majesty.” Abel recalled the conversation in the Hall of the Surveillance Bureau, he turned to Kant and asked, “Is it really okay for you to give the attendant’s notebook to Fei Ning? I mean, the people from the midget clan, will they...”

“Leave it for Fei Ning, even though it’s said to be the attendant’s notebook. “In fact, I’ve already copied two copies of the list on the notebook. “One of them was given to the midget clan,” Kant replied calmly. “I don’t think that such a small trick will fool the leader of the Dragon Clan. “I just wanted to use that soldier to convey my desire to get close to them.”

“I see.” Bunduk nodded and sighed. “His Majesty is really meticulous. Then where is the other list?”

“It should be in your highness’ hands,” Abel speculated.

“I don’t have that intention. The people on the list are all government officials who operate in the small town. If we want to investigate them, we have to occupy an area on this small island to build a country.” Kant curled his lips in disdain, he said, “The other list, I posted it on the report box of the Inspection Bureau. It should be in the hands of a certain judge or attendant now.”

After hearing Kant’s words, Abel and Bunduk were stunned for a moment. Then, they could not help but say, “Your Highness, then we...”

Chapter 886: the deadlock of the second meeting

“Different things should be left to different people to do. Don’t worry.” Kant glanced at them, waved his hand, and said.

“Alright.” Bunduk let out a long breath and compromised.

Abel was in deep thought. The three of them did not say a word the entire way.

After returning to the inn, the soldier who walked at the front was surprised to find that the lights in the inn’s lobby were still on. He said to the soldier behind him with joy, “Everyone, the inn is not closed yet. Everyone can use the hot water!”

“Wow!” When the soldiers of Caradia heard the news, they immediately burst into cheers.

What was better than going back to the place where they stayed and taking a hot bath after running around for a day?

The soldier excitedly crossed the threshold of the hall.

As expected, the room in the kitchen was also lit up.

Abel stopped a waiter who was sweeping dust and asked, “Why are you not resting today?”

“Nate said, we’ll close after the boss and Lord Kant return to the inn,” the waiter replied obediently.

“Nate?” Abel thought of the waiter who was temporarily appointed as the leader and asked, “Where is he now?”

"I don't know." The waiter looked around in confusion and finally shook his head. He replied, "He was still sorting out the accounts just now. As for now... I'm not sure."

"Alright then," Abel replied. He was just asking casually. He didn't really want to find out who this person was.

"Can you ask the kitchen to prepare some hot water and transport it to the soldier's room on the third floor?" Bunduk instructed.

"Yes, Alright," the waiter replied respectfully.

Then, he placed the broom in his hand at the corner and walked towards the kitchen.

"Abel, go and ask if pick is awake? Let's go and see him." Kant asked Abel.

"Yes." After receiving the order, Abel left the hall and walked up the stairs next to the guest room.

"Your Highness." After seeing Kant sit down in the tea seat, Bunduk also sat to the side, after hesitating, he suggested, "Maybe you can go back to your room to rest. As for the interrogation of pick, just leave it to me and Abel."

"No need." Kant used his right hand on the round table to support his forehead. He closed his eyes and replied, "We have been busy for so long recently just to catch the Beast Tamer who poisoned you. I want to finish what I started."

"... Yes." The words that were stuck in Bunduk's throat were only one word.

The two of them sat quietly facing each other. Abel could see the fatigue that Kant showed, so he kept his status silent until Abel returned to their side.

"His Majesty Kant, Commander Bunduk." Abel said with joy, "Pick has woken up. Let's go see him now."

"Okay." Kant first stood up and tidied up his clothes. Then he followed Abel upstairs, while Bunduk walked at the end.

The three of them walked to the door of a room on the second floor. Abel raised his hand and knocked on the door. "Bubin, open the door."

The sound of leather boots rubbing against the wooden floor could be heard. The door of the guest room was opened by an elven soldier.

"Captain Abel, Your Highness Kant, Commander Bunduk," the soldier called Bubin greeted politely.

Abel glanced into the room. After confirming that pique was sitting on a chair that was fixed to the wall, he consciously retreated behind Kant. He instructed the soldier, "Lead the way."

"Yes." Bubin nodded. He opened his left palm and made a path for the three of them. He invited Kant, "Your Majesty Kant, please come in."

"Yes." Kant nodded slightly and stepped over the door railing. He followed Bubin to where pick was sitting.

Pick seemed to be in a dazed status. When he saw Kant and the others, his turbid eyes lit up.

“Bunduk, Kant.” Pick lowered his head, looked at the floor of the room, and whispered.

“Pick.” Kant stared at pick for a long time and said, “You didn’t expect to see us again so soon, did you?”

“I didn’t expect.” Pick raised his weak left hand and touched the back of his neck that was faintly aching. He smiled faintly and said, “You won’t kill me, right? After all... didn’t I poison that guy?”

When Abel heard this, he couldn’t help but clench his fists. He shouted angrily, “You used such a low-class move, and you still have the face to be so proud here?”

“I only poisoned him after I knocked him out.” Pick snorted and said, “If you say that I can’t beat him, I won’t admit it.”

“Then what do you plan to do? Fight with me again?” Bunduk held back the anger in his chest and stepped forward to challenge pick.

“Let me see.” Pick pinched his fingers and weighed it for a while. Finally, he pretended to be troubled and said, “Forget it. I never fight with disabled people.”

“You Bastard!” Abel raised his fist high, but was stopped by Kant halfway.

“Don’t use your goading method.” Kant said to pick calmly, “Although I don’t know why you want to say these words. Maybe it is one of the characteristics of a pet you domesticated.”

“Don’t think too much, I just like to chat with others.” Pick laughed and waved his hand, denying it.

Kant quietly glanced at him, he said, “Those acquaintances of yours in the supervision center will be investigated thoroughly soon. You have no one to rely on in this town. Hand over the antidote to cure the insect worms, and we will let you leave this town.”

After hearing Kant’s words, pick couldn’t help but laugh, holding his stomach, he said, “Investigate what? With just you? Then let me give you a piece of advice, let me leave now. Let me explain to Lord Potts and let him let you go. Not Bad, right?”

“Potts should be under the control of the Midget clan now. Do you want to go to him?” Abel said contemptuously, “He may not want to see you.”

“Adrian, Miller, Anderson. These people are also people you know, right?” Kant casually said a few names he had seen in the notebook and questioned pick.

The smile on pick’s face was fading bit by bit, and in the end, his face became extremely pale. He cried out in surprise, “What did you do?”

“I did something to make you feel at ease,” Bunduk replied coldly. “How is it? Do you still need to think about who will save you now? The people you are looking forward to are already too busy to take care of themselves.”

Chapter 887: The Rules of the Beast taming industry

“Do you have the antidote on you?” Kant’s face revealed an impatient look.

With his status and experience, there was no reason for him to negotiate with a nomads who lingered on the edge of the dark side.

“Yes,” pick said through gritted teeth after thinking for a long time.

Kant nodded at his answer and did not say anything else.

“Where is it?” Abel asked with a frown. In his heart, this kid, Pick, was very cunning. He had to keep an eye on him at all times.

“Tch.” Pick spat at the chair and raised his head to say to Abel, “Prepare a Teacup.”

“Don’t play any tricks on me.” After warning pick, Abel walked to the tea table in the guest room and picked up an upside-down porcelain cup.

“You’re quite lucky.” After glancing at Abel’s back, Pick turned his head and said to Bunduk.

After hearing this, Bunduk frowned in confusion.

“Here you are.” Abel stuffed the Teacup in his hand to pick.

Pick gently polished the Teacup with his fingers. After a while, he took a deep breath and said, “All of you, turn around?”

“No,” Kant rejected him without any emotion. “We can’t help but worry that you might do something to the Teacup.”

“I beg you, turn around.” Pick raised his head and said to the three people who had been looking down at him. “The spiritual power in my body now can’t support me to do any tricks to you.”

“Then I’ll advise you again. The cycle of cause and effect. If we can catch you once, we can catch you a second time.” Kant turned around after leaving these words.

Abel’s eyes widened at Kant’s actions, but he still turned around with him under the hint of his eyes.

Bunduk was the same. As he turned around, he glanced at pick, who had his eyes on the porcelain cup the whole time.

The two soldiers guarding beside pick also looked out of the window.

Pick looked at the backs of the three people and raised his right hand while trembling. After taking a few deep breaths, he made up his mind and bit the tip of his middle finger.

The blood in his blood vessels flowed out along with the wound. Pick quickly caught his blood with the cup.

His blood was green. It also had an indescribable fragrance.

However, when pick raised the cup to his fingertip, it was as if a bolt of lightning struck his entire body. Under this attack, Pick curled up in pain and fell to the floor.

The Porcelain Cup that contained the drop of blood was tightly held in his hand.

“Thud!”The Moment Pick’s body came into contact with the floor, there was a loud thud as he fell to the ground. It was as if there was a thousand pounds of weight on his body.

Bunduk reacted very quickly and turned around. When he saw pick curled up and trembling,. He immediately walked over and supported pick on his shoulder. He asked worriedly, “Pick! Pick! Can You Hear Me?”

“Your... Antidote.”Pick raised the porcelain cup in his hand and said with a trembling voice. His lips seemed to be dehydrated, and his face was very gloomy.

Bunduk frowned and looked at the porcelain cup in Pick’s hand.

There was a vortex formed by a drop of green blood.

“What is this?”Abel immediately walked up to the two of them when he heard the commotion. “What is this?”He asked in bewilderment as he looked at the droplet of liquid rotating in the porcelain cup.

Pick was in so much pain that he almost fainted. He did not hear what Abel said at all. With the help of Bunduk, he found a chair and sat down. He tried his best to calm the surging spiritual energy in his chest.

A Beast Tamer could never do anything that would hurt him. Otherwise, the Spirit Beasts under his command would attack the spirit bodies that fed them as if they had lost their spirit bodies. Although he did not know which generation this rule was passed down from. All Beast Tamers would receive guidance on this when they reached a high level of cultivation.

In Pick’s opinion, such a rule was natural. Beast Tamers nurtured many Spirit Beasts, and the most important thing was to give them a place to rest. Hurting oneself was a violation of cultivation.

Moreover, he had real feelings for the spirit beasts under him, so he had asked Kant and the others to turn their backs. This was also a way to ask for forgiveness from the Spirit Beasts.

Judging from the impact on his body, the spirit beasts seemed to have sensed his thoughts and did not cause much of an impact on his spirit body. However, it still hurt for a while.

“Say something!”Abel shouted anxiously.

“Abel, don’t force him.”Bunduk took the porcelain cup in Pick’s hand and drank it in one gulp.

It was only a liquid the size of a water droplet, but the moment it was poured down Bunduk’s throat. Bunduk felt a strong gust of wind enter his body, and his eardrums were almost torn apart by the roars of various animals.

Bunduk accidentally dropped the Porcelain Cup on the ground and held his head tightly with both hands.

Seeing this, Abel quickly went forward to support him. He asked nervously, “Bunduk! Bunduk! How are you!”

But Bunduk did not hear what he said. At this moment, he lost his sight as well.

In a dark field of vision, a blue insect flew towards him from afar.

After careful observation, Bunduk discovered that it was yin chi, who had planted the insect gu on his body.

He wanted to raise his hand to grab it, but he felt that his hands were extremely heavy. He could not move at all.

Yin chi circled around him a few times, Bunduk felt his body warming up. When Yin Chi flew away, a group of green larvae appeared in the corner of Bunduk's eyes, they flew away with Yin Chi.

Bunduk stood where he was and watched them leave.

After the last green larvae disappeared from his vision, Bunduk slowly closed his eyes and fell asleep. A second before he fell asleep, the tip of Bunduk's nose smelled the fragrance of a Hundred Flowers Blooming.

When Bunduk woke up again, he had already been changed into silk pajamas and was lying on the bed in the guest room.

Bunduk yawned and propped himself up beside work. He looked out of the window. It was already dawn.

After a short while, Abel appeared in front of him and shouted excitedly, "Bunduk, you're awake! Wait a moment, I'll report this to His Majesty Kant."

"... Alright." Bunduk felt that his body was light, and the thoughts in his head were very clear. He was completely different from the depressed status of the past few days.

After Abel left the room, Bunduk sat up from the bed and put on a thin cotton coat for himself. He quietly waited for the arrival of Abel and Kant.

"Abel." Kant immediately spoke after stepping into the room.

Chapter 888: The Process of regaining health

"Your Majesty." Bunduk stood up and bowed.

"Sit down first," Kant called out. "How is your body?"

"It is indeed different." Bunduk sized up his arm, smiled, and replied, "What pick gave me was indeed the antidote to the insect worm."

"Your Highness asked the Doctor from the pharmacy to come and see you. The Doctor said: your insect worm has been cleared." Abel's face was also filled with joy. After experiencing such a life-and-death separation, his most important wish now was to hope that everyone around him could be healthy.

"Did a doctor come? Why didn't I Know About It?" Bunduk poured a cup of tea for Kant and Abel and opened the topic of conversation.

"It seemed to be yesterday afternoon. You had already been unconscious for two days. We were really worried, so we went to invite the pharmacy doctor we met before," Abel recalled as he took the tea.

"Perhaps in Bunduk's heart, the fainting incident happened yesterday," Kant said softly as he sipped his tea with a smile.

"Could it be that... I fainted for three days?" Bunduk's right hand, which was holding the teapot, visibly trembled, and he asked in surprise.

"Yes." Abel nodded, "Also, the night you fainted, it was extremely difficult to take care of you. In order to prevent you from losing your image in front of your subordinates, I took care of you alone for one night."

"What... What's wrong with me?" An ominous feeling rose in Bunduk's heart as he stared at Abel.

"To be more precise, the insect poison in your body was expelled through your pores." Abel chuckled secretly, then, he replied in a serious manner, "It's just that the antidote that Pick gave you seems to have expelled all the other filth in your body out of your body..."

"Alright, Alright. Please, stop talking." Bunduk quickly stopped Abel from speaking. He imagined himself drowning in filth, and his entire body shuddered.

"You don't believe me? Ask His Majesty. He saw it too." Abel glanced at Bunduk's helpless expression, and his playful thoughts were ignited. He asked loudly for confirmation, "Your Majesty, am I telling the truth?"

When Kant heard that the topic had shifted to him, he put down his teacup and coughed a few times. With a smile, he turned his head and replied, "It seems that you were indeed the one who took care of Bunduk. You took care of him for an entire night."

When he noticed that both of them were smiling at the same time, Bunduk immediately said, "Anyway, I don't remember. You can't keep making fun of me with this."

"No, we will only remember the scene of that night in our hearts." After saying this, Abel snickered again.

The two of them played around for a while, while Kant sat at the side and slowly sipped his tea. Until the end of the Teacup, Kant heard Bunduk mention other topics.

"By the way, where did Pick go? Is he still staying in the Inn?" Bunduk asked. His eyes looked back and forth between Abel and Kant.

"Pick has left." Kant cleared his throat and answered, "It was our soldier who sent him out of the city. I guess he won't return to this small town in the future."

"That kid is still a man of his word. He didn't hurt you." Abel snorted. "Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to leave the city."

"When did he leave?" Bunduk continued to ask.

"Last night, after the Doctor was diagnosed, he asked us to send him out of the city immediately." Kant thought for a moment and looked at Bunduk. "Before that, he was like you, lying in bed for nearly two days to rest."

“Can you know why? Ever since he handed the antidote to me, I felt that his status wasn’t quite right.”Bunduk pursed his lips and asked.

“I’ve asked, but pick told me to mind my own business,”Abel replied, shrugging his shoulders when he noticed Bunduk’s gaze.

“Perhaps the antidote can only be obtained by paying a physical price,”Kant concluded.

After hearing Kant’s words, Bunduk fell silent.

The atmosphere in the room also became quiet.

“Don’t think about this.”Abel put his hand on Bunduk’s shoulder, he comforted him, “We still have more important things to do after this. “Before leaving, Pick told us to let you recuperate for a few days, saying that the effect of the antidote is extraordinary. “It may affect some of the veins in your body.”

“Yes.”Bunduk nodded and said.

“Are You Hungry?”Kant asked at this moment.

“No.”After being reminded by Bunduk, Bunduk touched his belly strangely, “It’s so strange. Even though I’ve been lying in bed for so many days, I still don’t feel hungry. When I was unconscious, did you help me eat?”

“No.”Abel shook his head and said, “Two days ago, your body kept leaking things. I didn’t even have time to clean up those strange things. I didn’t have the intention to feed you.”

“Don’t, don’t say it.”Bunduk covered Abel’s mouth with a half-amused and half-angry expression. It seemed that this joke was not going to pass.

“Pay attention to your own physical condition at all times.”Kant had already stood up and walked to the door. He turned around and said to bunduk, “If you are hungry, immediately tell the waiter. They will prepare the meal we planned for you.”

“Yes.”Bunduk nodded his head in gratitude.

“Alright, then I will leave first.”Kant nodded with a smile and turned around.

“Your Highness, Wait for me!”Abel, who was entangled with Bunduk, immediately called out to Kant’s back. “Bunduk, pay attention to your health.”

Then, he chased out of the door.

With a bang, the door to Bunduk’s room was completely closed. The previously noisy space immediately became quiet.

Bunduk sat on the bed. He could vaguely hear Kant and Abel talking in the main hall.

However, their voices seemed to come from far away.

Bunduk sat on the spot for a while, then he got up and walked to the bathroom. He was ready to wash his body.

The moment he took off his pajamas, Bunduk almost fainted. His body was covered with green dirt, as if he had just walked around in the mud.

Bunduk plunged into the wooden barrel filled with hot water and opened the hot water pipe, letting the hot water continuously pour into the wooden barrel.

He used his hands to wipe his body hard, trying to get rid of the green dirt.

After a while, the bucket was filled with hot water. The dirt from the pores on Bunduk's body sank to the bottom of the bucket.

Chapter 889: a waiter that I met by chance

"How terrifying."

After rubbing himself in the bath, Bunduk comfortably soaked in the wooden bucket filled with hot water for a while. The bathroom in the guest room had a window facing the street. It was noon at this time. The noise of the pedestrians on the street was like a tidal wave hitting Bunduk's ears.

The sunlight from the horizon shone on the water in front of Bunduk. If he didn't care about the things that sank to the bottom of the bucket, the hot water provided by the shop was still very good: fresh and bright.

"It should be spring now," Bunduk said softly as he looked at the ripples in the water.

In the process of getting the antidote from pick, they had already met quite a number of members of the Dark Side organization.

The incident that happened in the guild yesterday had already been blocked by the Gnome clan. Even the government officials who were present at the time were ordered not to spread the news of the fight within the guild.

Then, among those who knew the inside story, be it the Gnome Kingdom or the Dragon Race's midget clan, the first ones who wanted to get in contact should be Kant and the others.

Bunduk, who had just escaped from a life-threatening disaster, did not think too much about what would happen next.

In his heart, he was only filled with gratitude for life.

While Bunduk was still resting in the bathroom, Kant and Abel had quietly left the guest room.

The two of them slowly walked to the entrance of the spiral staircase. Abel leaned out and looked at the lobby on the first floor.

There were fewer customers than a few days ago. Most of them were affected by the sudden attack of the orc men.

"Your Majesty, the chef you mentioned couldn't have disappeared, right?" Abel noticed the whereabouts of the waiters who were moving around in the hall and spoke to Kant.

"I think we'll meet again." Kant thought for a moment and replied, "I just don't know what kind of scene it will be."

"What a mysterious person..." Abel sighed.

In the past three days, the two of them had asked a lot about the chef in the restaurant. However, they had received very little information.

The waiters in the entire inn seemed to be unable to contact this mysterious person. Even today, a messenger walked into the inn and said that someone had asked him to send a resignation letter. And this letter was indeed written by that chef.

"Let's go upstairs and take a look." Kant paced around the stairs for a while, and after making a decision in his heart, he said to Abel.

"Up There?" Abel pointed at the fourth floor and asked softly.

"Yes. Let's go." Kant nodded and replied. Then, he took a step forward and walked up the stairs leading to the fourth floor.

"Wait, Your Majesty." After looking around, Abel bent his back and called out to Kant, who was strolling forward.

Kant turned around and looked at him. Then, the two of them carefully climbed to the fourth floor in the same position.

"Eh? Lord Kant, and Lord Abel?" A familiar voice was heard in front of the two of them. Abel, who was following behind Kant, could not help but be startled.

Kant, on the other hand, quickly crouched on the stairs, as if he was looking for something. When he saw the figure approaching him, he stood up with a smile and looked at the orcs in front of him. He replied, "Nate, is that you?"

"Why are the two Lords Here?" Nate stopped at the same level as Kant and asked in puzzlement.

"Abel accidentally lost my ring. We searched many places but couldn't find it. So we thought that the ring might have fallen on the stairs," Kant quickly explained.

"But... This is the stairs leading to the fourth floor." Nate turned his head and looked upstairs. After confirming that it was indeed the fourth floor, he asked in puzzlement.

"The fourth floor... Ah, the fourth floor!" Abel, who was standing at the side, said, "We were so busy looking at the stairs that we didn't pay much attention to it. Otherwise, how would we find this place?"

"Oh, I see." Nate nodded blankly. "The fourth floor is our boss's exclusive floor. Although it's not very appropriate to say this, as waiters in the shop, we still hope that Lord Kant and Lord Abel will try their best to avoid appearing in such a place."

"Yes." Kant's expression also became serious.

"Lord Kant, the ring you lost may be found with the help of the waiters in the shop." Nitte earnestly suggested to Kant after explaining the rules of the shop in a serious manner.

“No need.” Kant sized him up, he waved his hand and said, “It’s not very important. It’s just a gift I bought from the vendors when I first came to the town. However, I have a question to ask you.”

“What... Question?” Nate asked guiltily.

“Why are you here?” Kant stared straight at Nate and asked.

“I... came to pack things for the boss.” After some hesitation, Nate confessed.

“You saw Reuben?” Upon hearing Nate’s answer, Abel immediately widened his eyes and questioned loudly.

“Shh!” Nate quickly placed his index finger in front of him and made a silent gesture, he said anxiously, “Please Keep Your Voice Down. Lord Trubin’s... Identity is quite special, and I think you all know that. This time, he is prepared to hand over the matters of the shop to me because he trusts my ability to handle matters. Please don’t spread this matter.”

“When did you meet?” At this moment, Kant noticed that there was a square-shaped bag on the left-hand side of Nitte. It was probably the luggage that was packed for Reuben.

“The day before yesterday.” Nitte was very uncomfortable with Kant and Kant’s questions.

“What did he ask you to bring him?” Kant frowned and continued to ask.

“This...” Nitte hesitated and didn’t say the rest.

“Such a small package, could it be that it contained some small items like gold, silver, and Jade?” Abel guessed.

After hearing this, Nitte hugged the package tightly in his arms, and looked at Kant and Abel with disbelief.

“It seems that Trubin really wants to leave this town.” Abel immediately understood. “I guess he won’t come back in the future.”

“The boss will come back.” Knight wanted to cry, but no tears came out. Abel’s words hit the worry in his heart.

“You are going to see him now, right?” Kant quietly looked at the young waiter in front of him. When he saw the wetness in the corner of his eyes, a trace of regret appeared in his heart.

“You...” Nate swallowed his saliva and said uneasily.

“Do you think that we will snatch the hard currency that you prepared for Trubin?” Abel could not stand it anymore and used a sentence to remind Nate.

Chapter 890: the difference in perspective

Nate’s gaze looked back and forth between Abel and Kant’s faces. In the end, he was convinced by the calmness of the two. He heaved a sigh of relief and replied, “I don’t think so now. However, I still can’t reveal the information about meeting my boss to you.”

“It’s alright.” Kant shook his head gently and replied.

After saying this, Kant said goodbye to Nate, "You do your thing. We'll leave first."

"This..."Nate looked at Kant's back and said helplessly.

Abel glanced at Kant, winked at him, and left.

The two walked briskly back to their guest room.

"Your Majesty, do you need to send someone to follow Nate?"After closing the door to the guest room, Abel asked Kant, who was tidying up his coat.

"No need."Kant waved his hand and said, "There's no need."

"Alright then."Abel patted the dust on his body and hung his coat on the clothes rack at the entrance. He continued, "Trubin chose to leave at this time. He's really decisive."

Kant beckoned for Abel to sit down at the tea table. After hearing this, he poured a cup of tea for Abel. He then replied, "The big trees in the monitoring station have all collapsed, and the business on this street has become difficult. "If we don't leave now, when is the right time to stay? "It's just a pity that he has adopted this batch of orcs orphans."

"The business in the shop is indeed not as prosperous as before."After drinking a mouthful of tea, Abel said with his mouth agape, "However, if Nate and the others only think about food and clothing, the favor left by the boss can be considered pretty good."

"Hehe, maybe Nate can become a second boss."Kant glanced at him, raised his Teacup and said.

"That's not very good..."Abel's figure paused and said with a frown.

"The resources used in the inn now can not be used for reference without the boss's own connections,"Kant decided. "The person is in the inn. If the person leaves just like that. "This inn will not be the same as before."

"I see..."Abel lowered his head and said. There was a hint of a sigh in his tone.

The two of them did not open their mouths to talk until they finished their first cup of tea.

"Go and see Bunduk."Kant did not continue to focus on this topic. Instead, he instructed Abel, "If it's too boring to stay in the room, it's better to just walk around."

"Okay."Abel nodded. Then, he stood up and walked towards Bunduk's guest room.

"Knock, Knock!"Abel raised his hand and knocked on the door. he shouted, "Bunduk, are you asleep?"

He waited quietly outside the door for a while, but he did not hear any response from inside the door. Abel stood where he was and hesitated for a while. In the end, he tried to open the door lock.

The moment he opened the door, a white mist rushed towards him. It was hot.

"Huh?"Abel could not help but ask in puzzlement. He raised his hand and touched his face that had been hit by the Hot Mist. It was water vapor.

When he came back to his senses, Abel found that his vision had been filled with the white mist.

The culprit of all this was Bunduk, who was sleeping soundly in the wooden barrel.

“Bunduk! What are you doing!” Abel ran to the bathroom in a hurry. When he saw the hot water pipe running continuously and the motionless Bunduk in the bathtub, he immediately shouted angrily.

The water that had accumulated in the bathroom had reached Abel’s ankles. It seemed that Bunduk had fallen asleep an hour and a half ago.

Abel stood on his tiptoes and twisted the switch of the hot water pipe. After the water flow gradually subsided through the drain, he lowered his head and looked at the leather boots on his feet that were drenched. He walked to the wooden barrel angrily, reached out his hands and shook Bunduk’s upper body, and shouted, “Bunduk! Wake Up!”

“AH... Abel, why are you here?” Bunduk was woken up just like that. When he opened his eyes in a daze, he did not seem to know what he had done. He was only a little puzzled by Abel’s appearance.

“Look at this bathroom.” Abel’s anger was blocked by the expression on Bunduk’s face. After taking a few deep breaths, he said in a muffled voice.

“AH? Ah! ! !” Bunduk looked at the place in his line of sight in confusion. When he saw the mess around him, he could not help but shout in shock, “How could this be?”

“You bastard! You fell into the bathtub to sleep and didn’t turn off the water!” Abel sat down on a low stool beside the bathtub, he roughly explained to bunduk, “If we had come back a little later, or if we didn’t think of coming to take care of you, you would have drowned yourself.”

“Thank you,” Bunduk said embarrassedly. If he drowned himself and died in such a way, even if he went to heaven, he would probably be laughed at by his comrades.

“Hurry up and get out of the bathtub.” Abel pointed at Bunduk’s hands and said, “Look, your hands are wrinkled from soaking.”

“Okay.” Bunduk stood up from the bathtub and wrapped his lower body with a towel. He walked to the sink and began to wash up.

“Are you hungry? I’ll get the waiter to prepare some food.” After his anger subsided, Abel was still more concerned about Bunduk’s recovery.

“A little.” Bunduk was rinsing his mouth, so it was not convenient for him to speak. He turned around and pointed at his stomach, giving a simple answer to Abel.

“Yes.” Abel nodded and slowly stood up. When he was about to leave, he glanced at the bathtub that Bunduk had taken a bath in. After seeing the dark green dirt, he frowned and asked, “Is this the poison that was expelled from your body?”

“Yes.” Bunduk looked in Abel’s direction. After understanding what he was referring to, he nodded.

“Pick told us that actually, the moment you drank the antidote, the worm eggs of ‘intonation’ left your body. “But their toxins are mainly stored in their excrement. “So, you need to continuously clean up the toxins that were expelled from your body a few days after you drank the antidote.”

Bunduk slowly turned around and looked at Abel. He asked in surprise, "You mean to say that the eggs are... excreted in my body?"

"Yes." Abel had a strange smile on his face. He covered his face and said, "That's what I said. Why do I feel that you've become a lot more swollen a few days ago? However, it's a good thing that you've slimmed down now."

Bunduk completely understood that this kid was deliberately teasing him. But he really couldn't accept the scene of the insect eggs being excreted in his body.