

Oasis 891

Chapter 891: a talk about the past few days

Abel's words made him want to wash his body again.

"Hurry up and get out. I want to take a bath again," Bunduk said as he pushed Abel out of the door.

"You still want to take a Bath!" Abel was surprised. After all, what he said was just to tease him.

"I won't be able to stand it if I don't take a bath." After pushing Abel out of the bathroom door, Bunduk slammed the bathroom door shut.

Abel was left standing outside the bathroom door. he shouted helplessly, "Are you going to wash off the most superficial layer of skin? Just take a bath. "Just now, you caused a flood. Be careful that the waiter downstairs won't provide us with water. At night, His Majesty Kant and I can't even take a bath casually."

"Got it!" Bunduk's voice came from the bathroom.

"Sigh." Abel shrugged and walked out of Bunduk's room. When he saw Kant's gaze, he explained helplessly, "Bunduk... is still taking a shower."

"Why are your boots wet? Hurry up and change into a clean pair." Kant did not care much about Abel's explanation and only nodded lightly. However, after his sharp eyes noticed the water mark that Abel had left on the floor, he suggested worriedly.

"Yes." Abel nodded. He carefully walked to the entrance and changed his soaked boots and cotton socks. After tidying everything up, he returned to the seat beside Kant and took the hot tea that Kant had handed to him.

"Your Majesty." Abel glanced at the room where Bunduk was, then looked at Kant and asked, "Do we still need to go to the fourth floor to collect the evidence left behind by Trubin?"

"Forget it." Kant shook his head, "Since trubin thought of letting Nitte pack his bags for him, most of the evidence upstairs is worthless to us. "If after this, Turubin's identity is found out by the people on the island. "Those things might be able to keep this inn."

"Yes." After careful consideration, Abel agreed with Kant's decision.

The two looked at each other and laughed together. Then, they began to chat about other lighter topics.

After a while, Bunduk wiped his hair with a towel and walked out of his room.

"What are you guys talking about?" After sitting down at the Teahouse, Bunduk asked curiously.

"Nothing." Abel smiled. "We're just talking about our first time on the island."

"Sounds interesting." Bunduk smiled. "But, Bunduk, the first time you came to the island was when the Elf Kingdom discovered that the midget clan had disappeared."

"Yes," Abel replied. "At that time, I was just a common soldier in the army. The leader of the team led us through mountains and ridges to this small town. It seems to have happened last summer."

“So it has been so long.” Bunduk took a deep breath and said.

“Both of us first came to this small island this spring. Naturally, we would be surprised.” Kant was amused by Bunduk’s reaction. “How is your recovery?”

“Oh right, I haven’t told the waiter about lunch.” After hearing Kant’s words, Abel suddenly thought of this and said, “You guys chat first. I’ll go and greet the waiter.”

“Okay.”

After saying that, Abel immediately left the table and walked out of the guest room.

“Actually, I’m not very hungry.” Bunduk touched his stomach in embarrassment and said, “It’s just that after taking a bath, I suddenly feel a bit of appetite.”

“Hehe, other people reduce their appetite by taking a bath, but you are the only one who developed the thought of being hungry after taking a bath. “It seems that this antidote has indeed changed your body quite a bit.” Kant looked at the healthy Bunduk in front of him, he was in a good mood. He spoke a little more than usual.

“I see...” Bunduk covered his face, and his ears were red.

Everyone knew that he usually ate a lot.

The antidote that pick gave him was probably to maintain his body’s best status and replenish his vitality while expelling the poison. However, when the effect was maintained to the end, the feeling of hunger gradually appeared.

“Is there anything inconvenient about it?” Kant took a sip of tea and asked Bunduk.

“There’s nothing inconvenient about it. “I feel that my body has become stronger again. “On the contrary, a few days ago, I had a very strange feeling. It was as if everything I touched was not real, but imagined. “There was no sense of being ‘alive’.”

During the process of his statement, Bunduk’s tone gradually became sorrowful.

He was prepared to bring these words to the grave. When Kant and Abel comforted him, he endured the pain in his heart and did not express it to them.

Now that the voodoo poison in his body had been cured, he could calmly say what had happened in the past. However, when he mentioned it, he could not help but bring in the emotions of that time.

“Are you talking about... What happened before you obtained it?” Kant’s tone was very gentle. Now that he thought about it, the firmness that Bunduk displayed at that time was beyond his imagination.

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded silently and replied, “Not everyone will have such an experience, right. “Perhaps with this story, when I face the people who suffered such an accident in the future, I will be able to understand their feelings better.”

‘how kind...’. Kant was rendered speechless by Bunduk’s words for a long time. He could only mutter in his heart.

It was an existence that could transform the pain in his body into strength that could tolerate the pain of others. What kind of excellent nature did he have to have such an idea.

"Yes, this is quite good." Kant nodded at Bunduk after thinking for a long time.

"Am I an idiot?" Bunduk said self-deprecatingly. As a soldier, he was placed in an important position after entering the military barrack. He rose all the way and even became the commander of the troops. What filled his life was only the tactics on the battlefield and the Missions Kant gave him. He was in a position that was out of the reach of his peers, so he naturally did not know how an ordinary person of his age lived in peace with this world.

"I think that people who are lucky enough to be born in this world will pay a corresponding price," Kant replied calmly. "But this world is so big, and the God who created us out of selfishness will not exist in the Highlands that look down on us."

Chapter 892: Lunch after recovery

"Your Majesty, What are you talking about?" Bunduk was stunned, but he still did not understand what Kant was trying to say. In the end, he asked in confusion.

"What I mean is, if you feel that living is a good thing, then live well." Kant smiled and said, "As an unusual part of people, Live Well."

"Yes." After listening to Kant's words, the corners of Bunduk's eyes unconsciously became moist. The moment Kant's words reached his heart, for some reason, a burst of sadness overflowed.

* thud! * at this moment, both of them heard the sound of the door closing from the entrance. Abel, who had just left, led the waiter in. The two of them worked together to carry the dining cart up the stairs of the entrance.

Kant glanced at the plates on the dining cart and asked curiously, "Why are there so many dishes? Didn't we already have lunch?"

"I asked the waiter to prepare some sweet snacks for afternoon tea," Abel explained with a smile. "But most of the dishes here are still prepared for Bunduk. "Didn't the doctor say that? "The first meal after waking up must be full."

Kant thought about it and greeted the waiter. "Thank you for your hard work. We will send the dining cart back to the kitchen later."

"It's okay, because Lord Abel has been helping us." The waiter took out a napkin from the dining cart and spread it on the tea table. He answered in embarrassment.

"The shop seems to be a little busy recently, so I asked him to take the dining cart upstairs with me." Abel's expression was very clear, he said frankly, "Young man, after you have tidied up the napkin, leave the rest to us. You Go and do your own thing."

"Thank you, Lord Abel. I'll take my leave first." After receiving Abel's instructions, the waiter retreated to the side and bowed as he took his leave.

Bunduk personally sent the waiter to the door. When he returned to the tea table that had been transformed into a dining table, the three of them had already arranged the cutlery provided by the inn.

After Abel removed the covers of the dishes one by one, bunduk exclaimed, "I can't eat these, right?!"

"Don't worry. These are all recipes that I got from the Doctor." Abel winked at Bunduk and said, "Just don't feel burdened."

"... Okay." Bunduk swallowed his saliva and nodded.

"Drink some aperitif first." Abel wrapped the champagne in the ice bucket with a towel. However, when he saw Kant's eyes, he immediately stopped and explained, "The Doctor said that moderate drinking is good for the body. Bunduk, drink less."

Kant shook his head helplessly and did not say anything to stop Abel's action.

Bunduk looked at Abel pouring wine for him and asked with a smile, "Don't tell me you got a bottle of good wine under my cover?"

"This..." after realizing that his little plan had been exposed, Abel immediately covered it up and said, "How is this possible? This is the good wine that I asked the waiter in the shop to save for me. It's used to celebrate your recovery from your long illness."

After hearing Abel's explanation, Kant laughed and coughed twice. He teased, "Isn't your explanation the same as what Bunduk said just now?"

"Ah! I..." Abel was stunned. After he reacted, he said dejectedly, "Alright, what Bunduk said is right."

"Hahahaha." Bunduk and Abel looked at each other and laughed.

"Abel, I didn't realize that you are a drunkard who likes to drink." Kant took a sip of champagne and said jokingly.

"Of course, I'm not a drunkard who likes to drink," Abel said with a smile, "But Your Majesty, you said that this wine is good, so I naturally want to try it."

"This wine..." after taking a sip of Champagne, Bunduk said with a stiff neck, "Why does it feel a little strange? It's not the same as the wine I mentioned in the hotel in Caradia."

"It's just that the way to mix it is different." Kant waved his hand and said, "Drinking this kind of wine is easier. Bunduk, you'd better eat first."

"Okay." Bunduk put down the wine glass in agreement and rinsed his mouth with snow clam soup. Then he picked up the knife and fork beside him and chopped up a large piece of meat.

Abel was immersed in the atmosphere of good wine and didn't care much about how Bunduk ate.

When he almost passed out, Abel realized that Bunduk had already cleaned out all the dishes in front of him. He drank the soup with a satisfied expression.

"You still said that you can't eat that much..." before he could finish his sentence, Abel fell onto the tea table with a thud.

Kant was frightened by the noise and turned around. When he saw Abel collapsed, he sighed and said, "This guy obviously doesn't know how to drink."

"Let me help him back to his room," Bunduk volunteered.

"Okay," Kant nodded slightly and agreed.

"Okay." Bunduk stood up from his seat and helped Abel to his shoulder. Then, he helped him to his guest room.

After watching the two of them leave, Kant looked at the dessert placed in front of Abel's seat and silently swapped his empty plate with it. He picked up the silver spoon and ate it bit by bit.

When he knew that Bunduk had settled Abel and returned to the main hall, more than half of the pastries in front of him were still left.

"Your Highness, haven't you already eaten the pastries?" After sitting down, Bunduk asked Kant in puzzlement.

"Yes." Kant put down the cutlery in his hand with a smile and replied, "I thought I could eat some more, but in the end, I still couldn't finish Abel's portion."

"Leave it to me." Bunduk smiled and moved the dessert in front of Kant in front of him, eating it with a fork.

Kant quietly watched him finish the dessert. In the end, he poured a cup of tea for Bunduk and asked, "It's very sweet, isn't it? The dessert in this inn has a good taste, but it has more sweet frost."

"It's okay." Bunduk was shocked by the sweetness, but he still shook his head and denied it.

"Drink some tea." Kant handed the Teacup to Bunduk and persuaded him.

After taking the Teacup, Bunduk immediately drank a whole cup of hot tea. The sweetness in his mouth was finally diluted by the taste of the tea.

"This dessert should probably be used with the tea." Bunduk couldn't help but sigh as he recalled the fragrance and sweetness in his mouth.

"Hehe, what you said is right. You shouldn't eat so quickly." Kant said with a smile.

Bunduk stood up and tidied up the dining table, while Kant was responsible for stacking the dishes and various utensils neatly.

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After tidying up everything, Bunduk carried the dining cart outside the door alone. Just as he was hesitating whether he needed to call for a waiter to help. The waiter who had appeared in the room just now had already walked to the stairs on the second floor. He greeted bunduk, "Lord Bunduk, you can leave the dining cart at the corridor. I and the others will come and transport it away."

"AH." Bunduk nodded in embarrassment and said, "Alright then, I'll have to trouble you."

"It's alright." The waiter replied with a smile.

Despite this, Bunduk still personally pushed the dining cart to the stairway. He thought to himself, ‘the waiter in charge of cleaning up the room will also transport the used dining cart away when he sees it, right?’.

After confirming that the dining cart was intact, Bunduk patted the dust on his hands and turned to walk to the guest room. The guest room door was still open. Kant came out of the bathroom with a pot of freshly brewed tea. He asked Bunduk, who had returned, “Why are you back so soon?”

“I met a waiter on the way. He told me to leave the dining car in the corridor. He said that someone would come to clean it up later.” Bunduk changed out of his leather boots. He walked barefoot to the tea table and sat down.

“Yes.” After Kant sat down at the tea table, he asked bunduk, “Water was poured everywhere in the bathroom. What did you do?”

“Well...” Bunduk was stunned and explained embarrassedly, “When I was bathing, I accidentally fell asleep. As a result, the hot water pipe was still on.”

“I see.” Kant replied calmly, “After waking up this time, is it easy to get sleepy?”

“I don’t think so,” Bunduk replied as he thought about it. “I feel that my mind power is quite good.”

“I have already sent a message to the doctor in the medical center, asking him to come to the hotel at this time tomorrow to examine your body,” Kant instructed. “Don’t stand him up when the time comes.”

“Yes, your majesty. Is it that doctor from the Elves?” Bunduk recalled the scene where he went to the medical center in the East City with Kant and Abel. Although the elf doctor seemed to be calm and reliable, at that time, he probably did not think of curing his own illness.

“Yes.” Kant nodded and took a sip of tea, he said, “That doctor seems to be quite interested in how the insect worms in your body dissipated. Before you woke up, he had already come twice.”

“I see.” Bunduk nodded in understanding. “However, the antidote was given to me by pick, and only that one dose. He came to see me. What can he see?”

“I don’t know about that.” Kant nodded lightly and replied, “You also know that rushing here from the East City will take a lot of effort. I can see that the doctor is sincere in coming to see you.”

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded slightly and said, “By the way, Your Majesty, do you know what the medicine that pick gave me is? I really want to know.”

The moment he drank the antidote, Bunduk felt that his body was roaring like a tsunami. That kind of experience was probably something that he would never forget in this lifetime.

“I don’t know.” Kant glanced at Bunduk and said, “Pick didn’t mention this to us.”

“AH? I thought you would ask him,” Bunduk said in surprise. After all, his performance after drinking the antidote was indeed quite worrying.

“No,” Kant recalled. “After you fainted, your hand turned dark green and began to expel the poison. We were all shocked, but pick also fainted at that time. “So Abel and I could only take care of the two of you separately. “When you woke up. “In the end, the two of you slept for an entire night.”

“What happened after that?” Bunduk asked nervously.

“After that... “Nothing happened, right?” Kant raised his eyebrows and answered, “After pick woke up, he immediately left the city. “Of course, at that time, we already knew that all the voodoo in your body had been cleaned up.”

“I see.” Bunduk nodded. “Then the question of the antidote is really a mystery.”

Kant raised the Teacup on the table to his lips, and the steaming hot air covered his eyes. No one could see what was in his eyes.

That night, after hearing the sound of pick falling to the ground, Kant quickly turned around at a speed second to Abel. He watched as Bunduk drank the antidote in Pick’s hand.

He actually did not believe that pick would give them the real antidote just like that. So at that time, he also broke out in a sweat for Kant.

Bunduk’s painful look after drinking the antidote made his heart contract.

Just as Abel was in a hurry to Comfort Bunduk, Kant rushed in front of the very weak pick and grabbed him by the collar. He wanted to open his mouth and question loudly.

At this moment, Kant caught a glimpse of the scratch on Pick’s middle finger.

“This is...” Kant frowned and looked at the wound that was rapidly healing.

“Let go of me.” After noticing Kant’s gaze moving to his hands, pick immediately used his last bit of strength to push Kant away. When the soldier on both sides was about to walk over and clamp him down, pick had already fainted from the pain.

After Kant was pushed away by pick, he was silent for a moment, and it was unknown what he was thinking about. Then, he turned around and instructed the two soldiers, “Help pick to the bed in the guest room and let him rest well.”

“Yes...” the soldier answered obediently. One of the soldiers immediately stretched out his right hand, wanting to help pick to his shoulder. But unexpectedly, he couldn’t move pick’s body.

“Give me a hand,” the soldier who first started to move said to Bubin.

“Huh?” Bubin looked at him in puzzlement. The two stood in the direction of Pick’s head and tail, using all their strength to lift pick up from the ground.

“Why is he so heavy!” Bubin growled in a low voice.

Pick was one of the shorter ones among the humans, and he looked very thin. If one only looked at him, he would not even weigh fifty kilograms.

When Bubin and the others were carrying out load training in the military barrack, their target weight was at least two hundred kilograms.

"I don't know either," the other soldier, whose veins had already appeared on his arm, answered with difficulty.

"This kid is really a monster," Bu bin ridiculed.

"Let's hurry up. Commander Bunduk still needs help," the soldier suggested. The two of them held their breaths and helped pick onto the bed in the guest room.

After touching the soft quilt, Pick's body lost its previous weight.

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"Okay. Let's go back quickly." After covering pick with the quilt, Boubin wiped the sweat from his forehead and said to the soldier beside him.

"Okay." The soldier glanced at pick, who was lying on the bed, and then left the room.

The two of them happened to meet Kant, who was visiting pick at the door of the bedroom. They bowed and said, "Lord Kant, we have settled pick."

"Okay, you two go and take a look at Bunduk. His condition is a little troublesome now." Kant nodded and instructed the two of them.

"The kid who is sleeping inside couldn't have given commander Bunduk a fake antidote, right?" The soldier frowned and said with a worried tone.

"No." Kant shook his head and said firmly.

Bubin and the soldier beside him looked at each other. Although they did not know how Kant came to this conclusion, since he showed such a certain attitude, the soldiers could only follow and believe in pick.

After the two of them left Kant's bags, they rushed to the main hall of the guest room. However, Abel had already helped Bunduk out of the room. There was only a pile of excrement waiting for them on the floor.

When Kant entered the bedroom, he immediately sat down beside Pick's bed. Under the illumination of the candlesticks in the room, Pick's face was almost pale.

Kant hesitated for a moment before reaching out to pick's forehead. What he came into contact with was a bone-chilling cold. Kant immediately frowned. He stood up solemnly and carefully pulled pick's hands out of the quilt. There were traces of dried blood on the middle finger of his right hand.

When Kant first saw it, he still had a trace of disbelief in his heart. Because Pick was a human beast tamer, but the blood flowing in his body was green.

But now Kant was able to face it calmly.

"It seems that the antidote he gave is indeed his own blood," Kant muttered as he observed the wound on pick's finger that had healed as before.

However, Pick, who was still unconscious on the bed, borrowed some strength from God knows where and grabbed Kant's hands.

"AH." This strength was not considered gentle. Kant called out softly and saw that his wrists were turning red at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Don't tell anyone," pick shouted in a daze.

Kant looked at pick's face in surprise and found that pick's eyes were still closed. It seemed that pick was still immersed in his sleep.

"Don't tell anyone." Pick repeated. The strength of his hand did not seem to relax.

"I won't tell anyone." After taking a deep breath, Kant looked at pick's face and promised solemnly.

"... HMM." Pick stopped muttering to himself when he heard Kant's voice in his sleep. The hands that were tightly holding onto Kant's wrists also weakly rested on the quilt that was covering his body.

"Rest well." Kant moved his wrists and then neatly covered pick with the quilt. He whispered to him.

Pick fainted completely this time, and did not respond to Kant's words at all.

Kant sat quietly on the edge of the bed, as if thinking about something. Before he knew it, half an hour had passed.

"Da Da Da." Light footsteps sounded in a quiet room, Kant went to the bedroom with the bathroom. He took a basin of boiling hot water from the basin provided by the inn and took a clean towel from the hook behind the door.

"Although I don't know what effect this will have, if it can make you feel better, then it will be good." Kant dipped the towel into the basin and wrung the wet towel dry, he repeatedly wiped pick's forehead and neck with the steaming towel.

Pick seemed to feel that someone was taking care of him, and his facial features became more relaxed.

"It seems that the effect is good," Kant said to himself.

After taking care of pick until midnight, Kant, who could not bear the fatigue, yawned. He stood up from the edge of the bed, walked to the corner of the bedroom, and blew out the candle holder with his mouth. Then, he left the bedroom.

The next afternoon after that night, pick woke up.

Kant and Abel were at the inn's entrance, watching the elves' doctor leave. When he walked back to the lobby, he saw pick walking down the stairs of the second floor, wrapped in a cotton-padded jacket that he always carried with him.

"Are you okay?" Kant took the initiative to greet him.

“Yes.” Pick frowned at Kant’s words, as if he did not understand what Kant meant. After recalling the fact that he fainted yesterday, he nodded slightly.

“The Doctor from the north city confirmed that the poison in Bunduk’s body has disappeared. When are you going to leave?” Abel’s eyes were black and blue, after taking care of Bunduk for one night, he did not have a good temper towards pick.

“Right away,” pick answered simply.

“Then we will arrange a carriage for you now,” Kant replied casually.

Pick was slightly surprised by this attitude, but he really didn’t have a good impression of this group of outsiders, so he didn’t try to guess the opportunity for Kant to change his attitude.

“A person who keeps his word isn’t too bad.” Pick nodded slightly to Kant.

“That’s because you’re a man of your word.” Kant said without hiding anything, “Before we leave, shall we sit down and have a cup of tea together?”

“Do you have pastries?” Pick stood on the stairs and looked around the entire hall, sizing up the dishes on the table of the diners.

“Yes.” Kant smiled and said, “If you don’t mind, we can have tea and snacks in this hall while chatting.”

“As long as there’s food.” Pick slowly walked down the stairs and sat down at the tea table that Kant had pointed out.

“Go and ask the waiter in the kitchen to prepare a few pastries and order a pot of high-quality tea.” Kant knew that Abel’s resistance against pick was clear, so he continued to assign tasks to get rid of him.

“Yes, Your Majesty.” After arranging everything on the tea table, Abel walked up to the second floor by himself. When he turned his head to look in Kant’s direction, Kant and pick were already chatting back and forth.

“Keep a close eye on pick. If he makes any strange movements, come to the guest room immediately and inform me,” Abel instructed the soldier guarding the stairs.

“Yes, Captain Abel,” the Elven soldier immediately replied.

“What are your plans after you leave the town?” Kant asked after pouring tea for pick.

“Nothing,” pick answered casually as he looked forward to the pastries being served on the table. “I’m not thinking of staying in this town for long anyway.”

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“Your parents must be quite troubled to have a child like you,” Kant said to pick as he took a sip of tea.

After hearing the topic about his parents, pick immediately sat up and replied, “My father is someone who cares about the world. Why should he care about the trivial things that happen to me?”

“It sounds like your father is quite a powerful figure.” Kant smiled gently.

“Yes.” Pick was very reluctant to talk about his father’s achievements in front of outsiders because his father had taught him since he was young that the achievements of others could not be used as a source of bragging, even if ‘others’ were your family.

“What About Your Mother? Will she care about you?” Kant asked.

“I don’t think so.” Pick shook his head and said, “Mother is just an extremely common peasant woman. How could she think of what I’m experiencing now?”

Kant put down the Teacup and looked at pick. “Then your family is really interesting. Father is a powerful Beast Tamer, and mother is an ordinary peasant woman who cares about the harvest of the land.”

“It’s not interesting at all.” Pick glanced at Kant and curled his lips.

“Your parents are both extraordinary people in their respective fields. Otherwise, how could they have combined together to give birth to you?” Kant said, “You should be only fifteen or sixteen years old now. How many years have you been wandering outside?”

“Seven years?” Pick immediately lost interest in talking when he saw the waiter with tea and snacks walking toward them. After a rough recollection, he casually replied.

“Lord Kant, these are the pastries that Abel had instructed the kitchen to prepare.” After the waiter bent over to pick up his luggage, he placed small plates of pastries on the table one by one.

“Alright, thank you for your hard work.” Kant smiled and nodded at the waiter.

“I’ll take my leave.” The waiter seemed to treat pick as if he did not exist. After bowing to Kant, he turned around and left.

As for pick, he didn’t seem to notice the waiter’s rudeness at all. His gaze was glued to the tea on the table.

“Don’t mind me. Drink some tea first, and then you can start eating your own portion,” Kant said to pick.

“Okay.” Pick looked at Kant with a look of appreciation and nodded. He hurriedly drank a cup of tea to moisten his stomach. Then he casually picked up the pastry on the plate and ate it one bite at a time.

During the time Kant spent with pick, he found that, overall, pick was a more educated and domineering child. From the details of the meal, one could see what level of education he received when he was young. Such a temperament that was developed from a young age could not be acted out. Other than that, there was another point that was highly appreciated: a large part of Pick’s arrogance came from his confidence in his own strength. In this world, having such a character trait was a good thing.

“The waiter didn’t seem to see you just now. Aren’t you angry?” Kant broke the pastry in his hand into two halves and chewed slowly. After swallowing the first mouthful of delicious food, he spoke to pick.

“I’m not angry.” Pick shook his head indifferently and said, “I haven’t reached the point where everyone respects me.”

“Hehe.” Kant smiled gently and said, “How do you plan to make everyone respect you?”

"I haven't thought about it. After all, everyone has different standards in their hearts," pick replied.

"Then do you still want everyone to respect you? After knowing that there are many strange people in this world." Kant wiped the crumbs on his fingertips with the handkerchief in his arms, looking at pick, he asked solemnly, "Maybe it will never come true in this life."

"Yes." Pick paused and then nodded. "I think maybe I can."

"Yes." Kant nodded and ended the conversation.

"Is my carriage ready?" Pick clapped his hands after finishing the pastries on his plate. He raised his head and asked Kant.

"Yes." Kant looked at the door and replied.

"Then... Goodbye. No. It's better not to see each other again." Pick stood up from his seat and showed his first smile today.

"Don't you want to see us? I really want to see you." Kant held pick's outstretched hand and said with a smile.

"Your operation this time was really ruthless." Pick turned his gaze to the side, he told Kant, "However, don't think that this matter will change the opinion of the Dragon Clan and the Midget clan. After all, outsiders are outsiders."

"Well, thank you." Kant accepted the suggestion of a human teenager and replied with a smile.

"There's no need to talk about this." Pick waved his hand and walked out of the inn alone. Before boarding the carriage., he said to Kant, "Oh right, the poison effect of Yin Chi is not so easy to reverse. You have to find someone to watch over Bunduk while he is detoxifying his body."

"Okay." Kant nodded to pick.

"Let's go." Pick took one last look at Kant who was standing by the door sill, turned around and said to the coachman driving the carriage.

"Lord, sit tight." The coachman shouted loudly when he saw pick enter the carriage.

"Bon Voyage!" Kant shouted at the back of the speeding carriage.

He didn't know if pick had heard the last sentence.

Kant, who had recovered from his memories, turned his gaze to Bunduk.

"Do you hate pick?" Kant asked.

"No." Bunduk was stunned, as if he didn't expect Kant to ask such a question. But after he reacted. He immediately expressed his attitude firmly.

"Why?" Kant said.

"I'm not sure. Maybe he never thought that he would die at his hands," Bunduk said vaguely.

"Hehe." Kant laughed softly and said, "Is it because he is young?"

“... No.” Bunduk lowered his head and denied, “Maybe the look in that Kid’s eyes was different from those warriors on the battlefield.”

“Yes.” After listening to Bunduk’s answer, Kant nodded and didn’t say anything else.

“If there is a chance, I would like to meet him again.” After a while, Bunduk said.

Kant looked at the scenery outside the window and was silent.

When the atmosphere in the room gradually became quiet, Bunduk heard Kant say, “We will meet again, right?”

The two quietly stayed in the main hall and drank tea until evening.

Chapter 896: the requests of the attendants

When Abel woke up in his own bed, the Sun had already set in the horizon.

The fine wine provided in the inn was not bad. At least for the moment, Abel did not have any signs of a headache.

“Why am I Asleep?” Abel smelled the alcohol on his body and immediately understood.

His body had become soft due to the effects of alcohol. Abel struggled to get up and changed into a set of clean clothes for himself.

When he walked to the bedroom door, the sound of Kant and Bunduk’s conversation could be heard in the main hall. Abel stood in front of the door and hesitated for a moment. His right hand, which was on the door handle, hung down.

After a while, he returned to his bed. He lay on the bed and stretched his body.

“AH.” Abel looked at the window in front of the bed and gradually fell into a trance.

He thought of Claremont. In the past few months, everything that had happened around him had been too hasty. Unknowingly, a long time had passed since he had met Kant and Bunduk.

And all of this should have started from the port of the Elf Kingdom.

At that time, Caradia had just been established. Kant sent a soldier across the desert to meet up with Abel and the others in the Elf Kingdom. That night, they rested in a hotel by the port. The Caradia soldier, who saw the sea for the first time, enjoyed themselves by the embankment. Until Abel personally called them back to the hotel restaurant for dinner..

Thinking back to what happened on the way to the volcano, Abel’s eyes couldn’t help but tear up.

It would have been great if Claremont had been able to get to where he was today. Countless casual conversations during dinner made Abel feel sorry for this youth who had resolutely joined the army.

Of the three of them, Claremont was the most qualified to become a high-ranking officer.

Abel made a decision in his heart. If he could return to the Elf Kingdom alive, he would definitely go to the border of Caradia. He would go and see the soldiers who were injured in the shipwreck, he would go and visit the lonely and lonely man in Claremont's home.

"Abel, are you awake?" While Abel was still lying on the bed, lost in his thoughts, Bunduk unlocked the door of his bedroom and walked in. When he saw Abel's face facing him again... Bunduk widened his eyes and said, "So you're already awake. Hurry up and get up. We still have to go out."

After hearing Bunduk's words, Abel immediately sat up. He asked in surprise, "Go out? I didn't hear His Majesty say that we need to go out today."

"The leaders of the Midget clan, the dragon clan, the Gnome clan, and the other forces of the volcano have all arrived in the town, preparing to hold a meeting at the surveillance bureau. "We've just received a message. They're waiting for us to rush over," Bunduk explained patiently.

"I see. Then I'll quickly start preparing." Abel quickly tidied up his bed and hurried to the bathroom.

"King Kant asked me to send you a message: there's no need to rush. The people from the monitoring station can wait for a while." Bunduk glanced at Abel's back and shouted at him.

Without waiting for Abel's reply, Bunduk swaggered out of the guest room and returned to the main hall.

"What's wrong? Is Abel Awake?" Kant asked Abel.

"He's awake. But when I walked in, he was still lying on the bed daydreaming. I don't know what he was daydreaming about." Bunduk nodded. After sitting down on the chair, he replied to Kant.

"These past few days have been hard on Abel. Not only did he have to take care of you, he also had to accompany me in and out." Kant glanced at the corridor leading to the bedroom and sighed.

"Mm." In his heart, Bunduk naturally agreed with what Kant said. He nodded and replied, "Your Majesty, the matters on this island should be about to end soon."

"It should be about to end." Kant's tone carried a hint of melancholy. He said softly, "We have stayed on this small island for long enough. Let's make a simple resolution during tonight's meeting."

"Yes," Bunduk answered with certainty.

After a while, Abel rushed out of his room. He asked Kant anxiously, "Your Majesty, do we need to call the soldier back to the inn? We don't have anyone in the inn right now."

"No need. The three of us are enough." Kant shook his head gently, he replied to Abel, "This is a meeting, not a war. Even if there is a conflict, we can't escape with just these dozens of soldiers. Why should we sacrifice the lives of the soldier?"

"This..." Abel hesitated.

"Don't worry." Bunduk put his arm around Abel's shoulder and said to him, "Now that my martial arts have returned, wouldn't it be enough for us to Guarantee Your Highness's safety?"

"Then... Alright." Abel finally compromised.

Kant and Bunduk looked at each other, stood up and walked out of the door.

The moment they opened the door of the guest room, they found that the door was full of waiters.

Kant looked at the leader of the group, Nitte, and asked in puzzlement, "What's Wrong?"

"We heard that your Highness Kant is going to the inspection station..." Nitte said with difficulty.

"Yes." Kant glanced at the waiter who came to inform him and Bunduk. After thinking for a while, he nodded to Nitte.

"We were wondering if we could ask your Highness Kant to do us a favor?" After Nitte's words, the waiter standing beside him immediately bent down and bowed to Kant and the others. "Please, My Lords!"

"Tell us what you want us to do first." Kant swept his eyes across the people in front of him and said indifferently.

"We hope that Lord Kant can help us keep this shop." Nitte bowed and asked.

"What News Have you received?" Bunduk, who was standing behind Kant, asked.

"The boss seems to have been discovered by the GNOME soldiers outside the city. He is now being escorted back to the monitoring station." Nitte said, "However, he has already told his identity to the soldier in charge. This shop will also be used as a place for the dark side to communicate and be handed over to the public for punishment."

"Then why don't you rent this shop back from the public?" Abel said. "After all, you have nothing to do with the connections your boss runs."

"They will not allow us to continue doing business here." Nitte shook his head heavily, he replied, "Although I don't understand politics, I still know the principle of changing the dynasty. After this shop is handed over and confiscated, we will no longer interfere."

"Yes." After listening to Nate's words, Kant nodded, he replied, "Many of you were raised by the boss. The boss also helped us a little before. Although the process was a little bumpy, I will agree to your request."

Chapter 897: On the way to the appointment

"Thank you, Lord Kant." Nate bowed in disbelief.

"It's fine." Kant glanced at the other attendants. The attendants consciously made way for Kant. After nodding to Nate, Kant lifted his leg and left. Abel and Bunduk followed closely behind him.

After the three of them walked out of the inn, they met the carriage sent by the surveillance bureau.

The driver of the carriage was a waiter wearing the uniform of the surveillance bureau. He was lying on the driver's seat, bored. His eyes were fixed on the inn's entrance. When he saw Kant and the other two, he took out the portraits in his arms and compared them. After confirming that they were the ones to receive them, the driver immediately jumped off the carriage, he greeted Kant and the others

respectfully, "Lord Kant, Lord Abel, Lord Bunduk. Good evening. I'm here to welcome all of you, the attendant, Brown."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting." Kant helped Brown up and smiled apologetically.

"It's nothing. The news of this meeting is rather sudden. All of you, Lord, need to prepare carefully." The attendant shook his head and replied, "However, it's really late now. We need to hurry over. Please get on the carriage first, Lord."

"Mm." Kant nodded slightly. After the attendant moved the ladder to get on the carriage, he slowly walked into the carriage. He lifted the curtain of the carriage and walked in.

Bunduk and Abel directly jumped onto the carriage. After entering the carriage, they sat down beside Kant on the left and right.

"Lord, Please Sit Tight!" A servant's voice came from outside the door curtain. After a while, the carriage galloped along the street along with the sound of horses.

"Your Majesty." After a moment of silence, Abel said, "You can sleep in the carriage for a while. We will wake you up when you arrive at the monitoring station."

"Okay." Kant let out a long breath. He hugged his chest and closed his eyes in the bumpy carriage.

After seeing Kant fall into a deep sleep, Abel and Bunduk looked at each other. It seemed that His Majesty was really tired.

During the fifteen-minute journey, Abel and Bunduk remained silent, afraid of waking Kant, who was catching up on sleep at this time.

After the carriage stopped, Abel slowly got up, walked to the window rail of the carriage, and lifted the curtains. The building of the monitoring station was revealed in his field of vision.

"My Lords, we have arrived at the monitoring station." Brown did not walk into the carriage. Instead, he jumped onto the ground and stood beside the carriage. He called out in a cheerful voice.

"Yes." Abel nodded at Bunduk, indicating that he could wake up your highness.

However, before Bunduk could speak, Kant had already opened his eyes. In his eyes, there was not a single trace of the sleepiness he had when he just woke up.

Bunduk was stunned for a moment before he said to Kant, "Your Highness... We have already arrived at the monitoring station."

"Yes." Kant nodded. He tidied up the wrinkles on his clothes and said, "Let's go."

"Yes." Abel glanced at Kant and immediately walked out of the carriage. After seeing Abel's actions, Bunduk also stood up.

"When we arrive at the monitoring station, the carriage can only stop here." After seeing Abel, Brown explained, "After the Lords enter the front hall's door, someone else will take over and lead the way for you."

"I see. Thank you for your hard work," Abel said.

"Nothing?" The attendant stretched his neck and looked inside the carriage. He asked in puzzlement, "Where are Lord Kant and Lord Bunduk?"

Abel raised his eyebrows. Just as he was about to reply, Kant led Bunduk out of the carriage.

"Lord Kant!" The attendant greeted Kant with a smile.

"Sorry for the delay," Kant said with a smile.

"No problem, no problem." The attendant hurriedly waved his hand and said, "I'll go get the ladder from the carriage."

Abel stopped the attendant and said, "Don't trouble yourself."

Then, he jumped off the carriage and helped Kant to the ground.

"This attendant called Brown said that someone will lead the way for us from inside the door," Abel said to Kant and Bunduk.

"Thank you." After saying goodbye to Brown, Kant led Bunduk and Abel to the gate of the monitoring station.

Brown stuffed the wooden ladder in the back seat back to its original position. After watching Kant and the other two leave, he led the horse to the stable.

When Kant stepped into the gate, a human servant immediately came forward to greet him.

Kant looked at him with a hint of surprise in his eyes. Because it was rare to see a human servant in the monitoring station, and the nameplate on the servant's chest showed that he was different from the other servants at the reception desk.

"It's Lord Kant, Lord Abel, and Lord Bunduk, right?" The attendant greeted with a smile. "I'm the attendant sent by the museum to lead the way for you. Please follow me."

"Yes, good." Kant nodded. After the attendant turned around, he immediately followed his footsteps.

The attendant led them to the top floor of the monitoring station. The rooms on the top floor were relatively rare, and they took up a large area. Even the texture of the carpet was different from the floor they had walked on before.

The waiter stopped in front of a two-meter-high door and introduced to Kant, "Everyone, please come in."

"Huh?" Kant looked at the waiter with doubt, but the waiter had already bowed and retreated to a corner. He did not notice Kant's actions.

Just as Kant was about to help himself and twist the lock, Bunduk walked in front of Kant and grabbed the door handle.

The door handle seemed to be made of white jade, and it was cold to the touch. Bunduk secretly took a deep breath, made up his mind, and twisted the door lock.

The material of the door was very light. When Bunduk slowly opened the door, the people in the meeting seats gradually turned their gazes in the direction of the door.

Buduk stood in front of the door and made a path for Kant.

Kant strolled into the conference hall, and a powerful aura immediately enveloped the place. Gilbert and the leader of the dwarf clan stood up one after another and walked to the door to welcome Kant.

“Lord Kant, Welcome.” Gilbert extended his hand and greeted Kant.

“Long time no see, Your Highness Gilbert.” Kant bent his waist and made his gaze parallel to Gilbert’s gaze. After that, he replied with a smile.

“Lord Kant, it’s an honor to meet you.” The representative of the Dragon Clan also walked up to Kant and greeted him.

“Who are you?” Kant raised his eyebrows and asked.

“Young Master couldn’t make it here today. In order to not miss this meeting, he sent me to attend in his place.” The dragon clan replied, “I’m Frey.”

Chapter 898: the circumstances of the first meeting

“General Frey is young master Millard’s right-hand man.” The Dwarf clan chief explained from the side, “Since General Frey can come here personally, I think our negotiation will be smoother.”

“Yes, please take care of me.” Kant held Frey’s outstretched right hand and nodded slightly.

“Work together.” Frey smiled and said to Kant. After saying this, he returned to his seat.

Kant looked at his back and thought to himself, ‘The temperament of the dragon soldier is really the same mold.’

“Your Highness Kant, let me introduce you. This is the leader of the dwarf clan, Miss Kailin.” As the leader of the race who managed the town, Gilbert naturally acted as the host, he introduced Kant to the leader of the race who had lined up to meet Kant one by one.

“Hello, Miss Kaelin.” Kant’s face was always smiling. Even though everyone’s gaze was focused on him, he still appeared calm.

“Hello, Lord Kant. This is the first time we’ve met. I hope we can get along well in the future.” The leader of the dwarf clan was very generous. After doing all the formalities, he turned around and left.

After greeting all the leaders in the hall, Kant was finally able to sit down in his own seat. On both sides of his seat were Miss Karen and General Frey.

“Since everyone is here, let me make the announcement: the meeting has officially begun.” Gilbert sat in the middle seat, took a deep breath, and said to everyone in the hall.

As soon as Gilbert finished speaking, a servant standing by the door immediately took out a notice board. The notice board displayed the information that the GNOME had collected about the dark side organization over the past few months.

Not only were there written descriptions, but there were also portraits and so on.

Kant looked at the notice board, which was only about three meters away from him, and silently sighed in his heart at the detailed and silent work of the GNOME.

Gilbert gave everyone about ten minutes to read the contents of the bulletin board.

A noisy discussion came from behind Kant. Looking back, Miss Kaileen of the dwarf clan was talking to the Lord of the Snake Lady Clan. The two seemed to have known each other since a long time ago, and there was a sense of familiarity in their conversation.

After Kant moved his gaze away from the two people, he looked at the others in the room. Most of the leaders in the meeting hall were old, so they were not unfamiliar with each other. Only Kant sat in his seat. For a long time, no one came to talk to him.

“Lord Kant, I heard that you were the one who solved the problem with Potts and the others.” At this moment, Frey, who was sitting on Kant’s right, asked him. His finger pointed to a corner of the public sign: Potts and the others’ materials were pasted there.

“We are only going to save our friend.” Kant calmly replied.

“I heard that you bribed the contact of the Dark Side organization and let him bring your members to Potts and the others.” Frey did not have the intention to give up, and still asked Kant.

“Yes, my friend was planted with a worm by a member of the Dark Side organization, and his life is in danger. We can only rely on this plan and give it a try.” Kant said.

“Worm? is he someone who is proficient in witchcraft?” Frey asked curiously.

“No.” When Kant mentioned the topic of pick, he immediately raised his guard, he explained, “We don’t know his identity. After he gave us the antidote to the insect worm, we let him go.”

“What?” Frey’s face revealed a surprised expression. After looking around, he whispered to Kant, “Your Highness Kant, you can’t casually say that you let the members of the dark side leave.”

“What will happen?” Kant’s eyes revealed some ridicule. The Dragon Clan had not made their position clear when they were involved in this matter. It was obvious that they wanted to take both sides. It was already annoying enough to watch the fire from the other side. He did not expect that young master Mirad’s trusted aide would show a cautious and hypocritical face.

Kant naturally ignored his “Advice”.

“This...” Frey glanced at Kant’s face and swallowed his words. He said hesitantly, “He might get into trouble or something like that...”

“What’s there to be afraid of?” Kant said calmly, “Is it possible that one of the leaders here wants to exterminate the members of the Dark Side?”

Frey was rendered speechless by Kant. He could only hold his breath and sit up straight in his seat.

Abel and Bunduk looked at each other and smiled gently. The representative of the Dragon Clan wanted to use this to suppress the momentum of the Caradia side. However, they did not expect that Kant was a

true ruler of a country. On an oasis in the desert, he built an empire that could accommodate hundreds of thousands of people from scratch. It was completely different from the so-called heirs he had met before.

Therefore, he could only suffer a one-sided defeat.

After the minute hand of the clock on the wall turned two squares, Gilbert cleared his throat and shouted to the people present, "Please be quiet!"

The leaders who were still discussing immediately fell silent. They waited for Gilbert's next words.

"As you can see, the forces of the Dark Side have invaded the streets and alleys of this town. "A few days ago, we even discovered that there were members of the dark side in the monitoring station. "Now, that member has already given us the names of all the members of the dark side who have maintained contact with him." Gilbert took a deep breath, he calmly explained, "After the meeting is over, we will distribute that list to some of you who have chosen to stand on the side of the monitoring station."

"What do you mean?" Someone at the table questioned loudly.

"Although it seems to be too hasty to publish it now, on behalf of the Gnome tribe, I officially announce to everyone that the people of our tribe will declare war on the dark side."

As soon as these words were said, the faces of the leader of the race, who had been angry and displeased just a moment ago, immediately turned pale.

"The leader of the Gnome tribe can have such boldness. It is truly the light of the Gnome Tribe's future." The dwarf clan chief did not seem to be surprised by the GNOME Leader's announcement. He only praised Gilbert in words.

Kant noticed everyone's reaction. General Frey of the Dragon Race had already left the banquet and walked to the guard behind him, whispering something to him.

Leader of the field: some were surprised, some were indifferent, some were hot-blooded and eager to fight, and some were calculating in their hearts.

Chapter 899: the attitude of the island's race

No matter what they thought, Kant only let out a sigh of relief in his heart. Gilbert's announcement came at the right time for him.

The battle on the island had already reached the middle stage after the incident at the surveillance bureau.

At this point in time, showing a bit of strength was the best choice for the race that wanted to fight against the dark side.

And the Gnome race that Gilbert represented was in the most advantageous position within this group.

"So, I invited everyone here today because I want to make a team. After all, what we are going to discuss next will be related to the lives of our warriors." Gilbert slapped his hand on the conference table, he stared at the people on the field and said.

"I am willing to contribute to the actions of the GNOME." Kant raised his right hand and expressed his stance to Gilbert.

Kant represented the forces outside the island, so his stance did not cause much of a ripple. Other than the leader of the race, who was not very familiar with him, who was criticizing him behind his back. Only Frey turned and glanced at him, his eyes containing a complicated expression.

Gilbert politely nodded to Kant and said, "Are there others?"

"There's still us." The Dwarf clan chief sitting on Gilbert's left said gently, "We'll participate as well."

"Mm." After seeing the attitude of the midget clan, Gilbert felt more confident and raised his head to look at the others.

"US." After this, the voices of agreement in the crowd grew more and more.

"On behalf of the orcs, I announce that we agree to wage war against the dark side," a orc in fine clothes said. "The members of the dark side should be purged."

After the announcement, only a few race leaders remained silent.

"Lord fansi, what is your decision?" Gilbert took the initiative to ask an angel sitting in the corner.

Kant and the others also looked over. This was the first time Kant had seen an angel. The angel known as fansi had transparent skin and a calm smile on his face. He seemed to be wrapped in a holy light. However, when Kant entered the room, he did not notice the existence of such a person. After noticing that everyone's attention was focused on him, fansi even smiled and nodded. He stood up and replied to Gilbert, "The room is a little stuffy. If you don't mind, I'll excuse myself first."

"Okay." Gilbert watched fansi leave with a hint of regret in his eyes.

However, Kant did not see any other angels other than himself in the small town. How did the angel race survive on this small island.

"Fansi is still the same," Miss Caitlin said with a chuckle.

The remaining few lords who hadn't expressed their opinions also left with fansi. The room immediately became less than half empty.

Kant sighed in his heart. The number of people who left was much more than he had expected.

Looking at Gilbert's seat, Gilbert's expression didn't look happy at all.

"Miss Caitlin, are you friends with that Lord Angel?" Kant asked Caitlin.

"Friends?" Caitlin turned to look at Kant and said with a smile, "I've never heard that angels have friends."

"I just heard from what you said just now that you two know each other." Kant's expression didn't change as he continued to ask, "Do you know why the Angel clan didn't participate in the war with the Dark Side?"

“The reason why Fanxi stayed on this island was to protect his dozens of horses.” Karen said indifferently, “No matter who owns the sovereignty of the town, his horse business is still possible. “Whether he participates or not, it’s quite unnecessary for him.”

“Then, why does everyone look so disappointed?” If it was just horses, they wouldn’t be of much use in the Civil War of the town. However, after fansi left, the leader of the race who chose to stay behind didn’t look too good.

“Am I not happy?” Karen pointed at her face in a lively manner, she said in high spirits, “They think that fansi standing on the side of the monitoring station means that the monitoring station is sure to win this battle. “I don’t want to waste my time on those things. fansi had better bring the ‘God’s will’ to the dark side. That way, the war will be more interesting.”

“What are you talking about? !” The leader of the snake-woman tribe, who was sitting next to Kaelin, spoke up to stop the young dwarf leader. Although she had always known that Kaelin did not care about the severity of her words. However, she did not expect that Kaelin would still be so outspoken in front of an outsider whom she had just met.

“If the ‘God’s will’ joins the war, according to the rules, the Dragon tribe will not join either side.” Frey’s comment reached Kant’s ears.

After Kant and Kaelin hurriedly ended the topic, he turned to look at Frey and asked, puzzled, “In my impression, you didn’t express your position just now, right?”

“Yes,” Frey said calmly. “The dragon race has the right to not express their position.”

“What?” Abel and Bunduk, who were standing behind Kant, couldn’t help but shout after hearing this.

“In other words, you can sit here and listen to the Gnome’s painstaking plan to declare war without participating?” Kant narrowed his eyes into a line and asked.

“Yes.” Frey seemed to have sensed Kant’s hostility towards him. After giving a brief answer, he immediately turned his head to Gilbert’s side. He said, “Your Highness Gilbert, please continue to announce your plan.”

“Yes.” Gilbert nodded at Frey, he stated, “I am very happy. Most of the races on the island have expressed their support for our plan. In the upcoming war, we GNOME will become the main force in the battle. Please rest assured.”

“Since the three families of Fu Di are here, I also want to ask a question on behalf of the leaders of the other races.” The leader of the Orcs stood up from his seat, he said to Gilbert, “Will the strength of three crystals be thrown into this war?”

“The strength of three crystals is too fast and amazing. Moreover, the Warlock of the race who is proficient in the way of controlling has already reached the age of 70,” Gilbert was stunned and explained.

Before he could finish, the leaders who chose to stay behind voiced their doubts.

"I heard that the master-level Beast Tamer, Ian, is currently traveling outside the island. "He might also be one of the main members of the Dark Side," a leader of the race said. "He is a top-level mage who can summon tens of thousands of birds of prey in an instant."

Chapter 900: the answer to the leader's meeting

Once these words were said, the discussion in the crowd became even more noisy.

"The Ian he is talking about, could he be pick's father?" Abel frowned and guessed.

"Maybe." Kant nodded. In this way, it could be understood why pick would join the Dark Side. From Kant's observation, pick did not feel a sense of belonging to that place. Moreover, the dark side seemed to have never assigned him any missions. The reason why he was able to meet Bunduk in the first place was purely because he was spying on him.

If it was a young talent who had his father as his role model, it would not be strange for him to join his father's organization.

After thinking about pick's background, Kant turned his gaze to Caitlyn who was beside him. She had always looked indifferent. After hearing about the topic of the three crystals, she became much quieter.

"If things develop to that stage, on behalf of the Midget clan, I promise everyone that the crystals will bring out their effects." When the two juniors didn't know how to express their stance, the dwarf clan chief stood out, he announced to everyone present.

"Good!" During the meeting, there were shouts of praise.

"Mm." As the Midget clan walked back to their seats, they nodded at Gilbert, who was standing in place.

Kant also focused his gaze on Gilbert. Gilbert didn't look very confident. Kant couldn't help but cheer him on. "Gilbert!"

Gilbert raised his head and Winked at Kant. He said, "The attitude of the Gnome clan is the same as that of the Midget clan. After all, the strength of the crystals is the most powerful when gathered together."

"The dwarf clan will also participate." Karen closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair. She announced to everyone, "Don't worry."

While everyone was surprised by the imposing manner of the heir, Kant noticed that Karen's body was trembling.

"Any other questions?" Gilbert asked after the discussion died down.

The leader of the Orcs had already returned to his seat and shook his head at Gilbert's question.

"According to our predictions, the civil war in the town will break out in the next half a month. "The dark side has been gearing up for this day for a long time, so we have to prepare in advance," Gilbert explained methodically. "Due to the complicated situation at the moment. "Before we make a battle plan, we have to integrate the information that everyone here has."

"That's not bad." Kant nodded.

“As I said in the letter, everyone has brought the information that I asked you to bring, right?” Gilbert asked.

“Yes.” Before these race leaders entered the hall, they handed the information they brought over to the soldier who was guarding the door. The main purpose of this meeting was to sort out the races participating in the battle, and the other important part was to sort out the information.

“Just now, our people have already sorted out the information that everyone brought to the room next door,” Gilbert said. “The results of the sorting out will be distributed to everyone after the meeting together with the list of names that we received previously.”

Kant was stunned by what Abel said. He had never heard of bringing information.

However, this was also good. If the information and the list could be sent to him, he would have a more detailed understanding of the situation around the volcano.

However, why would the leader of the race be willing to hand over the information he had painstakingly collected to the Gnome Race? Kant couldn't help but wonder in his heart.

While he was still immersed in this mystery, Gilbert had already begun to describe the methods the various races used to eliminate the members of the Dark Side organization.

By the time Kant came back to his senses, the meeting had almost come to an end.

At the end of the meeting, Gilbert stood by the door of the meeting hall and sent off one race leader after another.

In the end, only Frey, Kant, and the others of the dragon race were left in the meeting hall.

At this time, a familiar face appeared in front of Kant. It was young master Milad of the Dragon Race.

“Your Highness Gilbert, Hello.” Milad greeted Gilbert the moment he entered the meeting hall.

“Long time no see, Your Highness Milad.” Gilbert was not surprised by Milad's sudden visit. Instead, he hugged him with a smile.

“Your Highness Kant, long time no see.” After greeting the leader, Milad walked to Kant and greeted him.

“Young Master Milad, why are you here?” Kant held Milad's hand and asked with a smile.

“I'm Sorry, Your Highness Kant. Actually, this is the real reason why I invited you here.” Gilbert, Caitlin, and the others stood in a row, he made an introduction to Kant, “Although the conclusion of the previous meeting was much worse than we imagined, you can rest assured now and ask us any questions.”

“Was the meeting just now fake?” Kant looked at everyone standing in front of him and asked hesitantly.

“What do you mean by 'fake'?” Caitlin asked with a smile.

“What I mean is... maybe this isn't a very suitable statement, but Gilbert, you and the Dwarf clan chief, you were all acting just now, right?” When Kant finished saying this sentence, he felt that he was really stupid. Even he didn't know what he was asking.

“Well, you’re right.” Gilbert hesitated for a moment, then he blinked his eyes slyly and said, “The meeting just now was just a show to select our companions.”

Kant glanced at the row of chairs by the conference table and asked in puzzlement, “Who are our companions?”

“US.” The angel who had left earlier walked in with several leaders who had made the same decision as him at that time. He introduced himself to Kant, “Hello, my name is fansi. I’m a merchant who runs a posthouse outside the city.”

“Hello.” Kant took a deep breath and nodded in response.

“It seems that there aren’t many people left this time.” Milad smiled helplessly when everyone was in a quiet status.

“I think it’s enough to have us,” Gilbert said confidently. It was completely different from the cowering status he had shown in front of everyone.

Kant let out a long sigh, he said to Gilbert, “Next time you set up a trap, you have to tell me in advance. “When the meeting was going on, I was quite strange. “In my impression, Gilbert is not that careful of a Lord.”

“Hehe.” Gilbert smiled slightly and said apologetically, “I will remember it. However, Kant, I am also very surprised that you can help without knowing.”