

Oasis 902

Chapter 902: Invitation from an angel

"I know that everyone is uneasy about the following actions." The Dwarf clan chief stood up and walked to Gilbert's side, he said calmly, "There isn't much time left for us, but at least we are the one who has the initiative. "What kind of action the lords who have obtained the list will take when they return to their own estate is a step that will affect our plans."

"The list of people you handed over to leave is indeed Potts' confession?" Kant asked.

"Yes." Gilbert nodded, he replied, "Potts gave us a detailed list. "However, the people on the list are all officials of the monitoring station. "Other than those who are out on missions, the rest are already guarded by the soldier."

"Interesting news," Kant muttered.

Gilbert did not notice what he said, instead, he continued, "I hope that everyone can take this information back and take a look. And think of a way to negotiate with those people. Our people have already been sent out to follow the whereabouts of the group of people who left. If there is any news, the GNOME will inform everyone at the first moment. The meeting ends here."

Kant glanced at the lords around him and found that everyone's expressions were not good.

"I can't help but start to look forward to what the next time we meet will be like." Kant stood up first among the group, he smiled at Gilbert and said, "Your Highness Gilbert, since the meeting is over, the three of us will take our leave."

"Alright, Your Highness Kant," Gilbert replied politely. He handed a document to Kant.

"Thank you." Kant handed the few pages of paper to Bunduk behind him. After bowing to Gilbert, he left the meeting room. Not long after he left, the lazy-looking angel, fansi, also followed him out.

"Your... Your Highness Kant." Daisy followed Kant and the others out of the gate of the monitoring station and called out to Kant.

"HMM?" After Kant heard the call, he turned around in surprise and asked, "Lord fansi, is there something you need?"

Fanxi was wearing a beige knight suit. Judging from his facial features, he was about thirty years old. However, his voice was surprisingly young. This was also what surprised Kant.

"I seem to have seen the badge on your ring before." Fanxi pointed at Kant's right hand as he walked closer and asked.

"This is the symbol of the troops. I sometimes wear this ring on my body." Kant raised his hand and sized it up, then explained to Fan Xi.

"Then I think... I should have seen the soldiers of your country." Fan Xi naturally walked side by side with Kant, he suggested, "I brought my own carriage here today. It's getting late. Why don't I send everyone back to the Inn?"

“... Alright, thank you, Lord Fan XI.” Kant thought for a while and replied to Fan XI.

“I should be the one who can get Lord Kant to agree to my invitation.” Fan XI said without a care, “Please wait for a while. The carriage will arrive soon.”

As soon as he finished speaking, two white-furred horses led the carriage and appeared in front of everyone.

When Kant noticed that the soles of the horses’ feet were not nailed with iron palms, he immediately understood. The horses that Fan XI raised were actually dozens of divine beasts.

“To be able to sit in such a carriage is considered uncommon,” Kant said to Fan XI with a smile.

“I’m in this business. Your Highness Kant, if you like, you can borrow a few for use.” Fan XI leaped onto the carriage and turned around to pull Kant up. He said apologetically, “I’m sorry, I don’t have any ladders or anything in my carriage.”

Kant looked at the angel in front of him and found that she had a friendly smile on her face. She didn’t look as cold and heartless as Kaelin had said.

Abel was immediately distracted when he noticed the appearance of the carriage. After sitting down in the carriage, he repeatedly looked at the angel in front of him and asked hesitantly, “May I ask, Lord, do you operate a posthouse in the western suburbs?”

“Yes.” Fansi looked at him in surprise and asked, “How did you know?”

“My companions and I went to the posthouse you operated two months ago and rented some horses.”

“AH, I remember now.” Fansi stared at Abel’s face and observed for a while, he patted his thigh and said, “I remember you, the Elven soldier from outside the island. The one traveling with You Is Your Highness Kant’s Caradia soldier, right?”

“Yes.” Abel nodded and replied.

Bunduk and Kant looked at them in surprise. They did not expect that Fansi had indeed seen the reconnaissance team.

“Lord Fanxi, is the posthouse under your command run by You Alone?” After the carriage set off, Kant asked Fanxi.

“Yes, after all, there are fewer people coming.” Fanxi looked at the scenery outside the window. After hearing Kant’s question, he immediately turned around, he smiled and replied, “Ever since Lord Abel and the others took care of the business of our shop two months ago, only half a month ago, a group of dwarves rented their horses from the shop.”

“Why?” Bunduk asked in surprise. After realizing that he had gone overboard with his words, he explained humbly, “I’m sorry, I just feel that... Lord Fansi, your horses are indeed very good...”

“Hehe.” Fansi laughed softly and then shrugged, he replied, “I’m not sure either. Perhaps the place I chose is too remote? Or is the carriage outdated? “But it doesn’t matter. I don’t care much about the business in the shop. “Including the price of renting the horse, I set it according to my mood.”

"I see." Kant nodded. "Is there any special reason why Lord Fanxi chose to live on this small island?"

"It's just a rule of the angel race," Fanxi said. "I wonder if you have heard of the legendary saying that the gods came to this small island?"

"A little," Kant replied calmly.

"Lord Sun God is my main god. Every region he passes through in the human world is guarded by members of the Angel Race," Fan Xi replied as he lay on the back of the chair, recalling over and over again.

"I have seen the portrait on display in the exhibition hall before. The scene of the gods coming is indeed very shocking," Kant replied.

"That portrait can not restore one-thousandth of the glory of the Sun God." Fansi's eyes were shining, as if he was filled with yearning for that era.

As angels, they could listen to the will of the god, but they could not see the god with their own eyes.