

## Oasis 179

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### Chapter 179: The Route To the Village

The next morning.

Kant woke up on his own and opened his eyes. He was extremely energetic.

He had drunk quite a lot of alcohol yesterday.

Although the alcohol content was low, it was still similar to beer. With his 16-year-old body, he could not withstand too much alcohol. However, he was now refreshed and did not seem to be any different.

This was because the system had modified his body and infused it with the body of a Swadian knight.

He had peed a few times last night.

Basically, he had expelled all the alcohol in his body.

After putting on his clothes, Kant felt as if his entire body was filled with endless strength. He shook his neck, and the faint “Ka Ka” sounds kept ringing in his ears. This morning activities brought him comfort.

“Dang Dang Dang.”

The door was lightly knocked.

At the same time, Manid said, “Lord Kant, according to the plan, we should set off.”

“Got it.”, Kant nodded.

“Good morning, Lord Kant.”

He looked around the room and did not leave anything behind. Then, he opened the door. Outside, Manid and the ten Sarrandian horsemen were waiting. When they saw Kant come out, they hurriedly lowered their heads to greet him.

“Okay.”, Kant nodded.

He walked quickly in front, at the same time, he asked Manid, “Have you told Uncle Dylan about us leaving? I don’t want Uncle Dylan to wake up in the morning and find out that we left without saying goodbye. This is a very rude thing. It will make things very difficult for me.”

“Everything has been arranged,”, Manid replied. “Baron Dylan should be waiting for us at the entrance of the official residence.”

Kant said, “It’s good that Uncle Dylan knows.”

Early in the morning.

The servants in the official residence had also woken up.

They were cleaning up the already clean and tidy passageway and the handicrafts placed on both sides.

It had to be said.

Baron Dylan had recently made a huge fortune. The handicrafts in the official residence had been replaced with brand new ones. In Kant's opinion, there were also quite a number of the most famous silver handicrafts in the Silver Platter Kingdom. Although they were just imitations, all kinds of exquisite animals and plants that were made of silver were placed on the exhibition platform, they still represented wealth.

This was not common in the originally poor Stone Pass.

Kant came to the entrance of the mansion after greeting him respectfully.

As soon as he walked out of the mansion, he saw Baron Dylan standing outside with more than ten vassal knights behind him. Baron Dylan put a smile on his face, he also came over and gave him a hug. "Little Kant, you've only arrived at Uncle Dylan's for such a short period of time, and you're already leaving the Stone Pass. It really makes me feel a little reluctant for your leave."

"There were still complicated matters in my territory. I don't want to leave so early either.", Kant also hugged Baron Dylan. His face was filled with shame as he sighed softly. "I really don't want to go back."

When Baron Dylan heard this, the corners of his mouth curled up into a smile.

However, he still reminded Kant in a seemingly friendly manner, "That is your territory. If you go out frequently and the nobles of south county find out about it, they will strip you of your right to be a lord. They are very cruel."

"They?"

Kant snorted and said somewhat unwillingly, "Even if I am not the lord of the Nahrin Desert, who would go to that desert to be a lord? Those damned fellows would never abandon the rich south county and go to the desert to eat sand!"

The smile on Baron Dylan's face grew even wider.

However, he still turned his head and pointed at the pile of things behind him. "Little Kant, I know that your estate is dangerous, so I've prepared a gift for you. I hope that you will like it."

"Thank you so much, Uncle Dylan.", Kant was grateful.

"50 iron swords, 150 spears, 200 sets of leather armor, 10 bows, and 1,000 arrows.", Baron Dylan smiled. "Although it's not much, it can be used by many people."

"Thank you very much!", Kant nodded gratefully. "Uncle Dylan, these can already arm 200 soldiers. This is really important to me now."

Pausing for a moment, Kant continued to ask with a difficult expression, "Uncle Dylan, can you provide more arrows? I also lack such things now. Those Jackalans are like wild beasts. If we don't have bows and arrows to shoot, they will charge straight at me. People don't have much time to react. After all, there aren't many soldiers protecting my estate. It all depends on the archers."

"Oh, arrows?", Baron Dylan looked troubled. "Back then, Manid also mentioned it to me."

“Uncle Dylan, I can pay!”, Kant sighed. “Other than you, I don’t know who else can buy these arrows, especially now that we are leaving the estate. If the remaining soldiers don’t have the help of the archers, they can only fight those Jackalans. There will be casualties every day. I can only rely on you.”

“There aren’t many arrows in my estate either.”

Baron Dylan seemed to have made up his mind. He said to Kant, “I’ll arrange a trade caravan to purchase a batch of arrows from other lords. When the time comes, I’ll sell them to you at the original price. That way, you can protect your own estate.”

“Then I’m really grateful!”, Kant bowed his head in gratitude.

“We are very close after all!”, Baron Dylan repeated this sentence.

The two of them continued to laugh.

Kant was sincere, while Baron Dylan was somewhat pleased with himself, as well as the mockery and disdain in his eyes.

For him, it was really easy to purchase arrows.

But why did he want to buy too many arrows for Kant? Only when Kant’s power was consumed in the Nahrin Desert, he would then be able to show up as a more useful savior and secretly come out with more plans!

The two of them exchanged a few words and then said goodbye to each other.

Baron Dylan sent Kant to the city gate.

It was not until Kant’s 40 Sarrandian horsemen escorted the 30 camels that were full of food and disappeared into the slightly rugged canyon. After that, Baron Dylan finally returned to the official residence. His face was full of mockery and satisfaction while listening to the butler’s rereport of the thousands of great silver coins he had obtained this time. He laughed happily.

In his opinion, he had undoubtedly made a fortune.

And that was indeed the case.

Kant left the gap in the Senwaya Range and returned to the vast desert.

He continued to move forward along the road he had come from.

However, after walking for two to three hours, he directly changed the team and walked towards the east. Looking at the towering Senwaya Range not far away, Kant sneered.

“Look at my Uncle Dylan. Do you think that this will make me feel grateful enough to join him?”

Kant shook his head and smiled, the mockery in his eyes became more and more intense. “He is indeed a martial arts noble. Even in the southern county, those cunning hundred-year-old noble would not use this little trick because it is simply too deliberate. If it was not for my perfect performance, my Oscars-level acting skill to perform this act, I would have been exposed long ago.”

Manid on the horse behind him and shrugged slightly.

He did not know what Oscars was.

However, he knew what Kant meant and could not help but laugh. "But he helped kept us out of sight, especially that so-called Knight Terrence, who was sent by Viscount Wayne to probe."

"It's not us who are worried.", Kant chuckled. "It's my Uncle Dylan."

As the trade in table salt increased, the huge profits were swallowed by Baron Dylan, and he became fatter and fatter.

Those greedy nobles would definitely not choose to be mercy on him.

They would definitely test him.

Even all kinds of tricks, schemes, and even force would all appear near the Stone Pass, causing Baron Dylan, who had taken three-quarters of the profits, to suffer tremendously.

But he would never give up on these profits.

Especially since he had already tasted the sweetness of these profits, it was even more impossible for him to say that he was giving them away.

Those noble families would not be willing to share a small amount of the sweetness.

Greed had no end. If one got a little, one would try to get more. Even if Baron Dylan split a small portion of the profits, for others, they just wanted to eat more profits and nibble away at them bit by bit. In the end, Baron Dylan could not take it anymore and would react.

Or he could turn against those noble families and use force to decide the outcome of the battle.

Or he could choose to be patient with the noble families and instead take Kant's salt mine in his hands.

There were only these two choices.

However, according to Kant's understanding of Baron Dylan, he would definitely choose the second method. After all, turning against those noble families was equivalent to turning against the entire Dukedom of Leo. It was better to take this opportunity to take out Kant and take control of the natural salt mine, just like what Kant did, he left a small portion of the profits and gave away the rest.

Slowly developing, slowly accumulating, and eventually becoming an even more terrifying behemoth.

It was just not that simple.

Time would not allow him to reach this stage sooner.

It would take at least three years.

Within these three years, almost all of Kant's malicious intentions would be blocked by Baron Dylan.

Perhaps three years later, Baron Dylan be able to withstand the greater pressure and would choose to let go at Kant and against him. But would it really be as simple as Baron Dylan thought?

What a joke!

By then, Kant would have already grown into an even more terrifying colossus!

“Come, let’s go there!”

Kant rode in front, leading the camel caravan and the guards forward at the edge of the desert.

Looking at the towering Senwaya Range in the east, data streams flashed in his eyes. A route given by the system appeared in his vision.

Just like how he had looked for the posthouse.

Now, the system had also given him hints and routes to guide him to the Senwaya Range, to build his new village.

It was in the eastern part of the mountain range. According to the estimated distance, it was about half a day’s journey. Kant did not have to worry about the issue of supplies. The caravan was already full of food and water sack, which had been replenished at the Stone Pass in order to find the village, Manid had secretly prepared three days’ worth of supplies.

Obviously, the merchants in the Rock Pass did not know.

They were also not clear about how much supplies they needed to bring from the Stone Pass to the Oasis Lookout.

They had never ventured deep into the desert.

Walking along the edge of the Nahrin Desert and the Senwaya Range, the undulating mountains became more and more majestic, allowing Kant to visually feel the vastness of the mountain range.

The mountains near the desert were rugged, with ridges and cliffs everywhere.

And most of them were bare without much green.

This was the cause of the desert heat wave, but it was also convenient for Kant and the others to climb, they could find a barely passable mountain path, and they entered the Senwaya range under Kant’s lead.

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#### **Chapter 180: The First Encounter with Demonized Creature**

The Senwaya Range was an undeveloped mountain range. The so-called rugged mountain path was just an adjective.

In other words, Kant and the others had followed the undulations of the mountain into the depths of the mountain. They climbed up and down the the crooked mountain path, causing the Sarrandian horseman choose to dismount their warhorses and continue to lead the warhorses deeper into the mountain.

As for the camel caravan consisting of 30 camels and the 10 peasants, Kant did not allow them to enter the mountain. Instead, he left Manid and 10 Sarrandian horsemen as guards with them. They at the foot of the cliff at the entrance of the mountain, setting up tents to provide support, so they could act as a backup if Kant encountered any unusual situations in the mountain.

These one-humped camels were capable of walking in the desert for a long journey. They were undoubtedly at ease and thus established the title of "Boat of the desert" and "Desert elf".

However, these camels would be cumbersome in the mountain environment compared to the flexible warhorse. This was the main reason that they were left behind.

Kant thought that it was better for the camel caravan to stay outside. After all, in the Senwaya Range, demonized creatures, carnivorous beasts, and Jackalan tribe could be seen almost everywhere.

If there were any accidents, it would be troublesome to protect the camel caravan and the accompanying civilians.

Kant personally led the team into the Senwaya Range.

Thirty Sarrandian horsemen led their horses and followed him.

After the tournament at the Stone Pass, Kant had already understood the level of these level-4 cavalries. They had generally reached the "knight" level of this world.

Although they were at the ordinary knight level, these Sarrandian horsemen had already shown that in terms of combat experience, they were stronger than these ordinary knights.

Just like Baron Dylan's vassal knights.

If Kant had not noticed that something was wrong and ordered these Sarrandian horsemen to use their most basic strength to fight, he expected that these Sarrandian horsemen were able to defeat all the vassal knights during the tournament. After all, they were the newly upgraded Sarrandian horsemen who had gone through countless trials and tribulations in the Sarrandian Desert.

Even if they lacked extraordinary power and could not contend with grand knights.

But according to these Sarrandian horsemen, five fully armed Mamlukes or 20 fully armed Sarrandian horsemen would be able to exhaust these grand knights to death.

At the very least, they could maintain balance.

This made the so-called grand knights not dare to recklessly charge forward.

The equipment advantage and experience advantage were obvious.

These horsemen were from the continent of Caradia, and every level up was a qualitative improvement. Not only would they be instilled with all sorts of combat experience, skills in using weapons, as well as strengthening their physiques, even their willpower would increase.

If it really didn't work, there was still a more effective way.

Let the level 5 archers all shoot in the same time.

A rain of arrows that covered a distance, they would be able to slow down the grand knight's movements even if these grand knights were slightly injured.

After that, their next move would be much simpler.

Large formation warfare was the mainstream of the continent of Caradia. Fighting one-on-one like a competitive tournament was not the rule of the battlefield. If one could kill the enemy, they would be the victor, and the victor would receive everything, including praise.

This was Kant's confidence in facing a grand knight.

Extraordinary power was indeed powerful.

But for Kant, who had the system and could recruit a batch of powerful troops at any time, using the large troops to overwhelm the opponent was perhaps a better choice. This was the advantage of large troops and also a guarantee of quality.

Furthermore, Kant's troops were not random troops.

A level-4 cavalry was a "Knight".

A level-5 cavalry was an "Elite Knight".

Although they still could not reach the level of a grand knight, how many grand knights could there be in this world? Could it be that they could form a pure grand knight troop like ordinary cavalry?

Kant clearly did not believe it.

Such extravagant behavior was something that even Grand Duke Cameron of the Dukedom of Leo could not do!

According to Kant's understanding in the books, grand knights could only be trained by other grand knight instructors. When it came to the seeds of the mysterious power, a grand knight instructor could only train five grand knights in his lifetime.

And for every grand knight that was trained, they would be in a period of weakness in the following year. The use of extraordinary power would become extremely weak, and they were no different from an ordinary knight. After training five grand knights, if one wanted to train the sixth, they would have to pay the price with their lives. Usually, there would be no grand knight mentor train more than two grand knights in their younger ages. Usually, when they were in their old age, they would train all five grand knights, at the last moment of their lives, they would enlighten the last grand knight.

This was exactly the reason why grand knights were so precious.

There were detailed records in the rare books in the academy.

They continued to follow the mountain path given by the system into the depths of the Senwaya Range. The heat wave from the Nahrin Desert had already dissipated quite a bit. Kant and the others could even feel a faint chill emanating from the mountain.

It was somewhat cool, as if it almost as cool as the Stone Pass.

At the same time, as they went deeper into the Senwaya Range.

The surrounding vegetation had also become richer, no longer as barren as the Nahrin Desert. The entire area had become lush green. If it wasn't for the fact that they were close to the desert, Kant

would have thought that this was the royal hunting ground in the north of the Castle of Leo, the Mountain of Leo where countless lions lived.

When he thought of the Mountain of Leo, Kant frowned slightly and said in a deep voice, "Everyone, be cautious."

"Understood."

The 30 Sarrandian horsemen behind him replied in unison.

In fact, they had also discovered that something was wrong with this mountain forest. Although it had the appearance of a lush forest, it was too quiet. Not to mention that they had not seen the sand gazelle, elk, and other herbivores, even rabbits, mountain rats, and other small animals were nowhere to be seen. If they raised their heads to look at the sky, it would take quite a while for a few unknown birds to fly past. The birds were like they were in a hurry and did not dare to stop and chirp on the branches.

Clearly, this was not right.

And something was very wrong!

"Harrumph..." the warhorse that was lead by the reins was shaking its nose and shaking its head anxiously. Its huge head was shaking, and it blinked its eyes and refused to move forward. Clearly, there was something to fear in the forest ahead, it had already been noticed by the sensitive warhorse.

"Pay attention.", Kant's voice was calm.

"Understood.", the Sarrandian horsemen behind them released the reins one after another. They had shields in their left hands and spears in their right hands. After they dispersed, they looked forward with extreme vigilance in their eyes.

They were not worried that the warhorse would flee.

These warhorses were raised by the Sarrandian horsemen since they were young.

Even if they died in battle, these horses would still linger around the corpses.

To the cavalry, warhorse was not only a riding tool, but also a family member, a friend, and a trusted comrade. They had a long-term connection, and both sides had a tacit understanding.

"Roar --"

Just as they were getting ready, an angry roar suddenly erupted from the forest.

In the depths of a dense forest, a huge black figure squeezed through the sparse bushes. With a pair of scarlet eyes, it roared and rushed out of the forest. It seemed to be angered from not being able to ambush them, and it directly charged towards Kant and the others, it opened its mouth filled with terrifying fangs.

"Prepare for battle!", the Sarrandian horsemen instantly spread their legs and bowed with their spears in their hands.



The thirty of them stood side by side, the tip of their spears aimed at the charging black beast.

The warhorses behind them seemed to have been frightened, and they all let out a loud snort and a rapid hiss. However, as the horsemen had yet to leave, they jumped around impatiently and did not follow their biological instincts to escape.

"Roar --"

However, when the black beast saw the restless warhorse, its eyes became even redder.

It let out an angry roar and rushed out of the dense forest at an even faster speed.

Obviously, it was already very hungry. It wanted to eat the fat and strong warhorse as its food!

"Demonized creature!"

Kant instantly recognized this black beast that looked like a black bear but was covered in black scales.

He took out the warhorse's bow that Baron Dylan had given him. He pulled the bowstring and nocked the arrow. The entire bow was pulled into a full moon shape. As he released his fingers, it shot out the arrow instantly.

"Whoosh --"

The arrow tore through the air and let out a long shrill cry.

The black bear liked demonized creature did not dodge at all. The arrow carried powerful kinetic energy and went straight to its cheek. It splashed a pile of black blood, causing the demonized creature to feel pain and even let out an angry roar.

Clearly, this arrow did not cause any fatal damage.

Kant pulled out another arrow and nocked it on the bowstring and forcefully shoot it out.

"Whoosh --"

The mournful sound of the arrow continued.

The black bear liked demonized creature was shot in the chest, but even within a 30-meter radius, only a small part of the arrow shaft pierced into its body. The black bear liked demonized creature howling, it charged even faster, and the its eyes became even more red and furious!

Both sides were less than 10 meters apart.

The 30 Sarrandian horsemen bowed and lowered their weight.

Their spears were aimed directly at the demonized creature's eyes, head, and chest, which were both vital parts. The spear was made of fine wood and iron-clad steel. It was not so easy to block. In terms of piercing damage, it was even stronger than a feather arrow!

"Roar --"

The demonized creature that looked like a black bear crashed towards them.

The phalanx of 30 Sarrandian horseman felt like they had encountered a heavy cavalry. A huge impact was transmitted to the spear in their hands along with the demonized creature's charge. They utilized the impact transmitted to the spear and pierced the demonized creature into the eyes, mouth, and chest.

Just as the 30 Sarrandian horsemen retreated a few steps, and even someone at the front was knocked down, the 30 horsemen and the 30 spears in their hands actually managed to forcefully block the huge demonized creature.

"Roar --"

The scales on its chests were pierced through by the spear, its eyes were pierced through by the spear, and even its mouth were pierced through by two spears.

However, this black bear-like demonized creature was still roaring crazily, flapping its two huge palms. Black blood splattered all over its body, and it struggled to resist as if it had just returned from the afterlife.

"Whoosh --"

Kant's movement was very fast and he pulled out the knight's sword was pulled out of its scabbard.

Just like a standard knight's stab, the slender knight's sword in his hand directly pierced into the hole in its ear that was not protected by the scales, and directly into its brain.

As Kant's wrist shook slightly.

The black bear-like demonized creature's struggle weakened, and it fell down with a wail, twitching as it died.