

Oasis 211

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Chapter 211: Kant's Noble Flag

Kant lowered his head and looked at the city wall filled with buildings from the bird's eye view.

It was as clear as a chessboard, and the distance between the buildings was well-distributed. Although the ability to plan the city was not very good, it was still excellent. There was absolutely no sign of inferiority or mediocrity. He said with satisfaction, "This is enough."

The construction of the "Drondheim" castle was basically complete and would not change in a short period of time.

After all, this was a military castle.

It was not a town that vigorously developed agriculture, handicrafts, and commerce. This castle only needed to ensure that it could resist the enemy's attack and firmly occupy this oasis.

Therefore, Kant did not have too high a requirement for the "Drondheim" castle.

This was his political and military center.

Under the premise of guaranteeing the military, there was room for development in other industries.

If the enemy was at war.

Other industries also had to make way for military operations without mercy, military politics first, and militarism first. Under the premise of ensuring their own safety, it was the time to develop other industries.

This was Kant's helpless choice to protect himself.

The rules of the system dissipated.

Kant's thoughts fell, and he returned to his room.

But the current council hall was not the three-story-high place at that time. Instead, it was a full six-story, 15-meter-high building surrounded by complete city walls, arrow towers, sentry towers, and towers. It was an extremely large and majestic military-style building.

On the side, there was a large bell tower and a high-level watchtower connected together. It could be said to be the largest building.

Even the area in front of the door and the area behind the spring water were squeezed into more than half.

Kant's room alone occupied a small area on the first floor, but in his view, his room was still huge. Even if there were cabinets, tables, chairs, and a separate fireplace, there was still 80 square meters of space in the middle, which could be used as a small meeting hall, or a small dance party.

The decoration in the room was even more gorgeous.

A large number of silk scarves made of velvet, as well as gold and silver foil made of precious metals, were plastered all over the wall and printed with luxurious patterns. The word "luxury" could not help but flash in his mind.

There were also all kinds of precious handicrafts.

Silver statues with a mythical aura from Nord overseas were placed on a display platform made of high-quality wood.

The decorations of snow leopards and other beast heads made by the Vikians were also hung on the walls.

The floor was covered with Sarrandan blankets.

Next to the doors, windows, and the roof were high-quality velvet and fine linen made by the Rhodoks people. There were also artworks carved from precious wood.

There were also exquisite oil paintings made by the Swadians.

Besides luxury, there was nothing but luxury!

Even Kant could not help but turn his head to look at this room. In his impression, even in the Dukedom of Leo, his cheap father, Grand Duke of Leo Cameron's Lion Castle, it was only so-so.

This was a room that only the great noble could enjoy!

Of course, Kant was qualified to enjoy it.

In terms of reputation and status in the continent of Caradia, Kant was comparable to the kings of the Six Kingdoms.

He was even slightly higher than them.

In the past, King Yarogelk of the Kingdom of Vikiya used the most noble words in his letters to Kant. He even requested for a mission. This was evident from this.

Even people from other kingdoms had great respect for Kant.

For example, the family of Fatis and the trade caravan of Reyvadin could tell.

This should be the arrangement of the game system.

But for Kant, these compliments were obviously less troublesome for him. As long as the order was given, those people from the continent of Caradia could listen to his orders. There would be no insubordination or backstabbing.

Although they could not directly follow Kant because of the restrictions of the system rules.

But there should also be the core rule of constant loyalty.

That was also the source of Kant's ruling power.

Even if it was other continents, such as the Pande continent, the magical continent of the magic ring, the wind of war, or even the historical continents of Han, Daming, and Western Europe, Kant had a very

high reputation, and could recruit troop class, he could obtain the items within and get everything he wanted.

He admired his own room.

Kant regained his rationality.

Instead of going out to continue inspecting the council hall, Kant stood up and went to the window.

He was on the sixth floor, the commanding point of the Council Hall.

He could see that the outside world was still busy, and the energetic peasant were working.

They quickly shuttled through the streets.

With a smile on their faces, they would occasionally meet people they knew, greet them, and exchange a few words with each other, then they would continue to leave and quickly busy themselves with their own work, especially the streets where the crafts area and the two city gates were located. There were people coming and going, in and out, carrying sacks or something else.

It was an extremely harmonious scene.

Within the thick city walls, people lived and worked in peace.

It was a bustling scene.

Kant nodded in satisfaction, but his gaze followed the city walls. Every 10 meters, there was a large arrow tower, and every 30 meters, there was a large tower. It was like a fully armed giant, guarding the prosperity within the city walls.

In parallel, Kant also noticed that there was a flag fluttering in the wind.

It was the flag of the Lion of Swadia.

The golden finger he obtained was originally a force of the Kingdom of Swadia. Hence, the system had tacitly considered the flag of the lion of Swadia to be an awe-inspiring flag, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws.

Only Kant frowned slightly.

The flag of a noble was not something that could be set up so easily. It had to be matched with the emblem of a noble.

Just like in the Dukedom of Leo, most noble flags were different because the academy that managed the heraldry would design the flag according to the noble's experience. It was very suitable for the noble's own experience.

Of course, other than those noble heraldry that was hundreds of years old, the other noble heraldry was mostly simple.

It was either a sword, a shield, or a crossbow or a warhorse.

These were obviously noble warriors.

And those who brought flowers, musical instruments, and fine wine were royal nobles.

In the eyes of the noble, both were new nobles, the representatives of the nouveau riche. Compared to their beautiful heraldry, it was simply too simple.

And Cameron, the Grand Duke of the Dukedom of Leo, as the ruling royal family, used a lion.

A majestic lion.

Lions, dragons, cheetahs, falcons, and other animals were not used for heraldry.

They were either high-ranking nobles or symbols of the royal family.

Although he was the youngest son of the Dukedom of Leo, Cameron, the heir of the royal family, Kant, who had already been given his own estate and become a Baron, was not the first heir to inherit the Dukedom. Therefore, in the Dukedom of Leo, the Dukedom of Leo's emblem and flag were not allowed to be used.

When Kant left the castle of Leo, the Academy did not design the emblem and flag for him. After all, in the eyes of most people, this little baron would be sending himself to his death if he went to the Nahrin Desert.

Instead of wasting his time designing the emblem, it was better to pretend that he did not know anything.

This was why Kant's emblem had yet to be determined.

And because of his previous development, he didn't care. Now that he saw the lion flag of the Kingdom of Swadia, although it was different from the Dukedom of Leo, there were also lions, and he couldn't help but feel a little emotional.

Unknowingly, he had already reached the stage where he could contend with the Dukedom of Leo.

One had to know that when he left the southern county territory, he was almost down and out.

Even a small cavalry captain could object to his words, and there was only a small amount of respect.

Instead of saying that he respected Kant, it was more like he respected his identity as a baron. More importantly, he respected the system of the Dukedom of Leo, the fresh blood flowing in his body, and the dignity of the blood of the Dukedom of Leo behind him.

As for Kant himself, who was exiled in the Nahrin desert, he did not have much respect for him at all.

He could be anywhere.

[ding... system prompt]

[because 'Drondheim' as entered the castle level, please choose your faction flag.]

The system suddenly popped up a dialog box.

Kant was slightly stunned, and a smile appeared on his face at the same time. "Not bad."

His system was indeed thoughtful.

Kant indeed needed to confirm his emblem and flag to confirm his identity, especially to let the forces in this world know what kind of emblem and flag the lord of the Nahrin Desert had.

He didn't need to ask the academy outside the Lion Castle to design it.

Kant could decide on his own.

Because he had the power and the ability!

A large number of flags popped up on his retina.

These were the game flags that the system had stored up, but Kant's entire team swept through them and rejected all of them.

Kant was already mentally prepared.

After pondering for a while, Kant came up with the flag pattern that he wanted, and he gave the system an order, "Confirm the flag, it's a red-bottomed golden lion, the same as the flag of [intimidation of the enemy] !"

[ding... system prompt]

[flag confirmed: red-bottomed Golden Lion]

[do you want to add other changes?]

Soon, a new dialog box popped up, and the pattern on it was the red-bottomed golden lion that Kant was familiar with.

It was similar to the legendary item [intimidation] .

No, it should be said that it was exactly the same!

"Confirm!"

Kant confirmed in a deep voice.

Because in these battles, the [intimidation] that he held in his hand had almost become his symbol. This flag and this emblem were using the red-bottomed golden lion. There was no barrier at all.

As he confirmed, the data flow instantly surged out.

The flags and emblems that were hung within the entire Drondheim Castle had all changed.

Even in the faraway Senwaya Range, in the council hall of Aaron's village, the data flow appeared in the void, and the flags that were originally hung had also changed.

All of them had become red-bottomed golden lions.

Even the shields of all the soldiers were painted with red and yellow tree paint.

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Chapter 212: The Mage Apprentice's Dormitory

The emblem was fluttering in the wind on the flag.

On the sturdy shield, the golden lion on the red bottom was also clearly visible.

This represented Kant's region and troops. When these emblems and flags appeared, it was his territory. It symbolized the legitimacy of Kant's ruling power and the display of the Lord's honor.

Standing at the window, Kant smiled and nodded. "That's it."

High above the red flag, the Golden Lion was awe-inspiring.

When Kant's power began to be exposed by outsiders, the castle under this flag, as well as the elite soldiers gathered around this flag, would become an existence that everyone feared.

Now, he could sleep well at night.

But Kant would not relax.

Looking at the bustling scene outside the window, he knew that if he was careless, the flames of war would still spread.

Although the environment of the Nahrin Desert was cruel, the true cruelty was not beyond the hearts of the people.

After coming out of the Dukedom of Leo, Kant had experienced countless battles. If it were not for his previous life's experience, he would have been devoured by the group of nobles who were eyeing him covetously.

Noble status did not bring him glory and wealth.

It brought him a life-and-death crisis!

He had to be willing to give it up. Only by being open-minded could he survive.

Otherwise, he would not be willing to give up most of the profits and let Baron Daron, who was at the Stone Pass, be his shield. He even lowered his status and gave up his dignity. He lowered his head and called him "Uncle."

"Of course." Kant narrowed his eyes. "There's no need for that now."

He could endure humiliation.

That was why he could step into glory.

The real world did not have so much arrogance and pride for you to show off.

If you wanted to live, how could you make a comeback?

Then learn to be humble when you were weak, lower the enemy's guard against you, and use all the people you could rope in to unite and form an advantage that was advantageous to you. Slowly develop, and then live to become stronger!

Kant, who already had a castle, was now on the rise, stepping into a glorious and prosperous status.

Although he still had to treat the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo with caution.

But he could also be fearless.

Even if the number of soldiers and civilians in Drondheim Castle was only 2,000, the castle beneath him was a castle. The towering city walls and arrow towers, as well as the elite and valiant soldiers, so what if there were tens of thousands of enemies?

Going deep into the Nahrin desert, the logistics could drag down any human army!

Just like the Kingdom of Gray Mane.

High-level Jackalan had wisdom, strategy, and combat strength. Their civilization was not inferior to that of the human countries. In fact, in terms of combat strength, they were superior to the human troops because of their racial talent.

However, even after passing through the Nahrin desert, they were exhausted and had lost their logistics. They were also wiped out in the desert by Kant and a few elites. Even if there were surrenders, they were sold to the Kingdom of Victoria in Caladia, they became slave miners who could not see the light of day in the snowfield mines.

The physical fitness of humans could not compare to jackalan, and they did not have the talent to endure the heat and cold.

Therefore, Kant's geographical advantage could offset his disadvantage in numbers.

He returned to his room.

The castle had been built, and now it was time for the other parts.

System mall's lottery.

After experiencing the main quest, Kant now had 10 honor points.

These 10 honor points could be used for 11 lottery draws.

This was a reward that belonged to the system.

A dialog box popped up in Kant's vision, and a colorful treasure box appeared in the middle of his eyes. The mysterious content seemed to burst out, bringing all kinds of useful materials.

"System, start the lottery!"

Kant gave the order.

[ding... the lottery begins]

The system answered quickly, and at the same time, the colorful treasure box slowly opened.

The notifications kept coming.

[you have received a construction pack: chicken farm × 5]

[you have received a construction pack: Bee Farm × 5]

[you have received a construction pack: small fishing farm × 5]

[you have received a construction pack: Tanning Workshop × 5]

[you have received a construction pack: flax fields × 50 acres]

[you have received an item pack: urban migrants × 500 people (female)]

[you have received an item pack: rural refugees × 500 people (female)]

[you have received an item pack: Trade Caravan × Team 1 (random destination)]

[you have obtained Hero Pack: Villain Noble, Rolf]

[you have obtained hero pack: Crossbowman captain, Bandake]

The 10 consecutive draws of 10 honor points ended immediately.

However, the system reappeared in the dialog box.

[you have obtained construction pack: Apprentice Dormitory (Enfath Empire)]

An additional reward from the system.

"Apprentice's Dormitory?"

However, when Kant saw the final construction pack, his eyes widened. "Could it be..."

His heart beat rapidly throughout his body as he stared at the dialog box in his eyes. He could clearly see the construction pack that he had received, but the agitation in his heart grew even more fervent.

"Enfath Empire!"

His mind directly communicated with the system, and the details of the building popped up on his retina.

[apprentice dormitory: Military Building. This was the dormitory where mage apprentices lived in the Enfath Empire. At the same time, they would also study their magic theories diligently. Special Effect: one mage apprentice can be provided for recruitment every week. The recruitment fee is 50 denar per person. Remark: this building can be integrated into the Council Hall.]

Kant's eyes were slightly stunned.

But his originally calm face immediately showed an ecstatic expression.

He could no longer maintain his calm.

Because the most valuable gift pack for this lucky draw was this building!

The Enfath Empire, a powerful human empire in the wind of war, occupied the western side of the continent. It had powerful firearms troops and close combat troops, as well as mysterious and unpredictable battle mages.

And the apprentice dormitories were the necessary building to recruit mages.

Although they were only the lowest level of mage apprentices.

But these mage apprentices were also mages who had mastered mysterious spells!

Even if the power of the spells used was low, and even the power of heavy crossbows and other cold weapons could not compare to it, for ordinary people, spells that appeared out of nowhere and mastered natural elements such as earth, wind, water, fire, and so on, the shock that would be brought would be the trembling of the soul, the fear that came from the soul!

Just like how firearms were able to scare warhorse and soldiers when they first appeared on the battlefield.

What people often feared was the mystery of the unknown!

"Very good."

Kant's breathing was a little hurried.

In this world, it was clearly recorded that there was an existence that possessed the power of magic.

The mages in the Mage Tower were like Otakus. They also possessed magical powers that was difficult for the world to learn. Even the powerful grand knights and Extraordinary Knights of the human race had to show their respect in front of these mages.

In order to rope in these mages, the human countries had even defined their ranks as honorary noble families.

The meaning was very simple.

If one became a mage, then one could become a noble!

Although they did not have real power, their reputation was respected to the point that they could not be added to it. Even the priests and pastors in the temple had to bow their heads to these mages who had extremely high destructive power and all kinds of strange magic, to express their respect for them.

And in the recent example, Kant's teacher in the academy, a Hanke academia who had studied the lost city his entire life, was a low-key mage who had hidden himself in the academy to study archaeology.

However, Hanke Xuezhe's spells were definitely not weak.

The arcane spells he cast allowed Kant's low-level troop class to face the barbaric jackalan head-on.

From this, one could also experience the profoundness of spells.

If Kant had been able to rely on elite troops to exhaust the enemy troops with battle mages in the past, he would not have been afraid of these mages who had mastered mysterious spells. However, this did not mean that he did not need this troop class that had mastered mysterious powers.

The Enfath Empire's apprentice dormitory made up for this flaw for Kant.

It also allowed him to have the troop class of mages in his combat sequence!

"Build!"

Kant's thought communication system directly turned this golden card into golden light.

The apprentice dormitory could be built in the Council Hall. Therefore, Kant directly built this building on the top floor of the council hall. It was located on the west side, forming a single small house with strange patterns.

This was the residence of the mage apprentices, where they would rest and study after a hard day's work.

Kant intended to take a look.

His own room was on the sixth floor, the highest floor of the council hall.

The spiral staircase connected the entire floor of the council hall, while on the fourth and sixth floors, each had access to the large bell tower on the right and the high-level watchtower, as well as the wall of the council hall, which was guarded by soldiers.

The entire council hall was more like the main body of a small castle. It was a military building alone.

It was the same on the top floor.

Kant followed the spiral staircase to the top floor.

20 Vaegir marksman were standing around vigilantly. When they saw Kant coming over, they immediately bowed and said, "My lord, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"Yes." Kant nodded and asked, "Did you find anything unusual?"

"No," A Vaegir marksman answered seriously.

"Very good."

Kant turned his head to look at the layers of yellow sand in the distance. He nodded in satisfaction and said, "Continue to be vigilant."

These Vaegir marksmen were very conscientious.

Kant turned his head to look at the top-floor platform.

The entire top-floor was very wide at a glance. It was about 500 square meters in area. On the right was a large watchtower and a high-level watchtower. Kant raised his head to look up. His neck was 90 degrees. Only then could he see the high-level watchtower that was 40 meters high, the height of the tower made him feel a little dizzy. It was estimated that people who were afraid of heights would be so scared that their legs would go weak.

However, Kant was most concerned about the apprentice dormitory that was built on the west side of the platform.

It was also built with stone and wood.

However, the surface was decorated with exquisite traditional patterns of the Enfath Empire.

The entire building looked somewhat mysterious and noble.

There was nothing they could do about it.

The wind of war belonged to the fantasy world, and the human countries, the powerful Enfath Empire, would undoubtedly crush the Kingdom of Swadia in terms of overall strength. Even the former Kaladya Empire would probably not be able to compare to it.

Moreover, it would crush them in all aspects, such as economy, culture, system, military strength, art, and so on.

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Chapter 213: The Ambition of a High-End Force

Just like this apprentice's dormitory.

Its exterior decoration was exquisite and elegant, almost comparable to a Kant fortress-level room.

And the people living here were only mage apprentices, the lowest level of mages. From this, one could see that the strength of the Enfath Empire was fully reflected.

Rustling sounds could be heard from inside the door.

There seemed to be someone inside.

Soon, the door was opened. Five mage apprentices holding magic staffs, wearing gray mage robes and mage hats, quickly walked out and stood respectfully in a row.

They lowered their heads and bowed with their hands on their chests. "I'm especially happy to see you, my Lord."

"Me too." Kant smiled and nodded in response to their salute.

However, looking at these five mage apprentices, his brows slightly raised. According to his observations, these five mage apprentices looked like they were all young people in their twenties. Although their faces were firm and respectful, they were still young and tender.

Perhaps it was because they had stayed in the Mage Tower for too long that all of them were fair and tender. Their skin was even better than that of women.

Being young did not represent vitality.

Compared to those elite troop class that were all middle-aged, these young mage apprentices did not give Kant much of a sense of reliability. Especially with their identity as apprentices, they even greeted him in terms of combat strength.

He understood the MOD of the wind of war. Mage apprentices were not a high-level troop class in the first place.

"What do you know?"

After pondering for a moment, Kant still opened his mouth to ask.

The five apprentices looked at each other. They all looked shy.

In the end, the apprentice in the middle took half a step forward, he introduced himself to Kant, "My lord, we are all excellent apprentices who have studied at the Mage Tower for ten years. We have a

solid grasp of all kinds of magic theories and knowledge. There are three types of spells that we have learned."

Kant nodded and looked at these young apprentices with a smile and encouraged them, "Very well, continue."

The apprentice was encouraged and showed a grateful expression.

After organizing his words, he continued, "The spells that we have mastered are magic bullet, which is a single-target offensive spell, Fireball, which is an area-of-effect explosion and a continuous burning spell, and sharp golden blade, which is a status spell that can enchant the weapons of soldiers for a short period of time to produce a sharp effect."

"Magic Bullet, Fireball, Sharp Golden Blade." Kant concluded these three spells.

"That's right." The mage apprentices nodded.

Kant smiled. "Very good."

The five mage apprentices immediately beamed with joy. Obviously, Kant's praise made them very happy.

Indeed, they were all apprentices who had just walked out of the Mage Tower.

Their personalities were still very pure.

Kant shook his head. After experiencing a few brutal battles and leveling up to an official mage, these pure apprentices would put away their silly and sweet feelings and become battle mages who could adapt to any battlefield.

However, Kant seemed to have thought of something.

He pondered for a moment and asked them, "Then what is the daily limit of your spells?"

"Oh, it's like this."

The mage apprentice immediately replied, "We can use five magic bullets, three fireballs, and two sharp golden blades per day. If we have mana replenishment, we can use them multiple times. There is no limit."

"Okay." Kant nodded. "I got it."

He did not have mana replenishment at the moment.

According to the Mage Apprentice, he could cast ten spells per day.

It was indeed useless in a cruel battle.

To be honest, Kant was a little disappointed, but he did not show it. He still had a faint smile on his face. He casually chatted with these five wizard apprentices, making them feel like a spring breeze, he was so grateful that he seemed to have met the most important confidant and mentor in his life. His gaze became extremely respectful.

Although Kant was young, his mental age was close to 40 years old.

In his past life and this life.

In addition to the training of the Dukedom of Leo, he could be considered as a veteran in the officialdom.

Compared to these young apprentices who had just left the mage tower, their differences were like that between heaven and earth. In terms of power and trickery, he could sell these guys and let them count their own money.

Of course, due to the constant loyalty of the system, these mage apprentices would not betray Kant.

Through communication, Kant also understood the power of these three spells.

The magic bullet spell was commonly known as the magic missile.

It was condensed with magic power and was triggered by a magic staff that had a magic circle engraved on it. It had a range of 100 meters, and its speed was similar to a rock thrown by a catapult. It was the size of a fist, but because it was in accordance with the rules of the world, the power it produced was not small. It was similar to a blunt blow, it was like a heavy blow with a two-handed hammer. Even if an ordinary soldier had a shield and armor to protect them, they would still be severely injured.

The fireball spell was not much different from Kant's impression of magic. It did not matter if it was called an explosive fireball.

These mage apprentices condensed fire elements and compressed them before they were also activated with their magic staffs. Their range was only a little less than 80 meters, and their speed was even slower than the magic bullet spell. However, as long as they hit the enemy, a violent explosion would occur and they would turn into a raging sea of fire, they would cause double and continuous damage to the enemy, similar to the combination of a grenade and a burning bomb.

As for the Sharp Metal Blade, it was a status spell.

This was a spell that was completely different from the game in the wind of war.

It seemed that the system had combined the rules of this world. The sharp metal spell became a spell that increased the status of the surrounding soldiers. The range was about 10 meters. As long as it was cast, the magic elements would gather on the weapons in the hands of the soldiers, it would make melee weapons such as swords, blades, and spears sharper, causing more casualties to the enemy.

"Overall, it's not bad."

Kant muttered in his heart.

Although the mage apprentices seemed to be of little value at the moment, and they would lose their ability to fight if they cast all their spells, they could still level up.

When the experience points were up, they would be able to level up if they paid denar.

It was not like they had to think hard in reality and learn for decades before they could level up to a higher level wizard.

If they followed the MOD of wind of war and leveled up to a wizard and a great wizard, then they would really be called Mages in fantasy works. Moreover, this title was simply living up to its name!

For example, the strongest great wizard.

Not only could they cast spells from thousands of meters away, they could also cast lightning strikes, frost, and flames.

He could also summon activated weapons and natural elements. One person was almost equal to an army. With a few great mages standing together, he could summon an army to pounce on them. With the addition of offensive spells, his combat strength was simply ridiculously strong!

Kant, who had an enemy, naturally did not lack exp to level up.

Even if he had not fallen out with the stone pass and the Dukedom of Leo yet, there was no ready-made enemy troops to fight.

But the enchanted creatures in the Senwaya range were ready-made.

With Aaron's village as the center, with the Ravenston Ranger leading the team and Rhodoks's veteran spear-wielding as the guard, they went to the various mountains with these mage apprentices to look for the enchanted creatures to gain experience. Their leveling speed would definitely not be too slow.

Kant could afford to wait for these mage apprentices to grow up.

Through the mind communication system, Kant used up the recruitment quota for one mage apprentice this week.

The six mage apprentices stood in a row.

"Continue to study."

Kant waved his hand, indicating for them to return to their own dormitories.

Although this dormitory looked like it was only 50 square meters in size, Kant only found out after entering that the space was very large. It was like using some kind of space folding technique. Just counting the rooms, the living room was 100 square meters, both sides were piled with all kinds of books. It could be considered a small apartment.

Moreover, the decoration was extremely exquisite and elegant. Even if it was not as luxurious as the royal family, it was still something that only wealthy people could afford. At the very least, Kant believed that his room at the fortress level would fall behind this dormitory.

The Enfath Empire was indeed powerful. There was nothing that could be done about it.

After all, the ultimate troop class of this empire was the Titan that controlled the spear of lightning.

In terms of combat strength, it had already crushed the Swadian Knight. In other words, there was no comparison between the two.

There was no way to compare history and the fantasy world.

Combined with this world, which was also the rules of this fantasy world, once the Titan appeared in this world, it would probably be comparable to the legendary era of the gods. It was already beyond the scope of understanding of mortals!

At the very least, Kant could not imagine how terrifying the troops formed by Titan and the Archmages were!

Of course, this was just a random thought.

Kant visited the apprentice's dormitory, then turned around and left. He walked towards the high-level watchtower that was about 40 meters tall. He planned to walk along the spiral stairs to the top and look at the surrounding scenery.

This building that occupied the highest point really deserved to be called the watchtower.

After climbing for more than 20 minutes, Kant arrived at the top of the tower.

The two-meter-tall tower only had a space of about two square meters.

It was being guarded by three Vaegir marksmen. When they saw Kant coming up, they immediately wanted to salute him.

"Continue to be vigilant."

Kant reached out his hand to stop them from bowing.

At such a high distance, the air did not become cooler. On the contrary, it was still rather stuffy due to the sun's rays.

Especially when he looked down from the open window, the entire "Drondheim" castle had turned into a small matchbox. Kant's breathing could not help but quicken a little. The feeling of being high up in the sky and losing the firm ground, he couldn't help but withdraw his gaze and look into the distance before it eased up.

A few teams of desert bandits were patrolling along the predetermined route. Small black spots could be seen clearly in the desert.

There was only one color in the Nahrin desert.

That was khaki.

Any abnormal color was a stranger. If the abnormal colors were gathered together, it would be an unfamiliar team. This was the recognition that the Vaegir marksman responsible for observation and the discerning ability to be consciously organized.

If they had a large telescope or astronomical telescope, they might be able to identify friend or foe.

Kant was also deep in thought.

After all, the technology to make a telescope was actually not difficult. As long as one was a skilled craftsman, after a few months of careful processing, they would be able to polish the lenses.

The difficult part was to find a flawless, large transparent gem.

After all, if one wanted to make a telescope without the glass making and purification technology, they would have to rely on these natural creations.

"Let's talk about it later."

Kant shook his head regretfully. With his current strength, he really could not make a telescope.

However, if he were to draw a lottery in the system, he might be able to get one.

In the modern MOD series, there were many tools like telescopes. For example, the World War II MOD had military telescopes that were specially designed for snipers.

However, Kant had never unlocked an army with modern firearms due to the rules or the system's own restrictions.

It was just a joke to imagine that if a World War II army equipped with the M-1 Galand semi-automatic rifle could be established, Kant would dare to take down this world, let alone the Dukedom of Leo.

The emergence of hot weapons in the era of cold weapon too was out of balance.

It was the same even in the fantasy world.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 214: Qikan's Trading Caravans

Kant rubbed his glabella at the top of the tower and regained his consciousness.

However, he did not dare to continue looking down.

Ordinary people did not have acrophobia, but this height was enough to make his legs go weak.

However, Kant's mind communicated with the system to ease the fear of heights in his heart. He directly ordered in a quiet voice, "System, use the item pack and the hero pack."

[ding... use is over]

The system immediately responded.

At the same time, in Kant's mind, three item cards and two hero cards instantly turned into golden light and shattered.

And behind the dune not far from Dronheim Castle, three groups of strangers appeared out of thin air. This made the Vaegir marksman, who had been watching their surroundings vigilantly, look solemn. They immediately wanted to pass on the news.

This high-level watchtower was equipped with a sound transmission device. It was a pipe made of iron sheet and wood. It was 40 meters long and directly penetrated the top tower and the direction of the council hall at the bottom. If there was any news, they could directly tell it to the pipe loudly. As the sound reverberated, it was clearly transmitted to the bottom.

"No need. They are all on our side." Kant opened his mouth to stop them.

Of course, he knew that they were the residents he had recruited.

500 urban migrants and 500 rural refugees were all women.

“Maybe we can start normal reproduction and communication.”

Kant pondered slightly.

In the past, the system data indicated that his estate lacked women.

But because he did not need too many women in the war, Kant did not take the initiative to ask for more women.

Now that the system had sent 1,000 women, they could marry the men. As long as they could get married and have children, the Kingdom of Swadia would be able to have children.

These were real men and women. Naturally, they could have children.

Watchtower did not send any news.

However, there were also Vaegir marksmen stationed on the Arrow Tower at the city gate. Hence, they quickly discovered these unfamiliar teams.

One team of desert bandits rode out on their horses.

However, among the women, two figures also rode out to negotiate with the desert bandits.

Although it wasn't clear.

Kant knew that it should be Rolf and Bandake.

These were the two heroic NPCs he had drawn.

Although Bandake was a romantic, his character was extremely good. He could match up with Fartis, Manide, and James.

Especially when it came to pity for the commoners, he had almost the same topic as Fatis.

After all, even if Bandake, the captain of the crossbowmen, obtained a noble title and a fief, he would not allow others to call him lord. Instead, he would call himself the protector of the commoners. It was his responsibility to protect the commoners. He was the protector of the innocent commoners.

However, Kant was not sure about Rolf.

From his title, the scoundrel noble could see just how despicable this hero NPC was.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

Robbing trade caravan, robbing civilians, and slaughtering captives were all things that Rolf liked to do. There was also extortion, exploitation, and theft. This self-proclaimed noble was a first-rate expert.

Of course, this included his outstanding combat strength.

In the original version of riding and hacking, Fatis was an existence that absolutely did not get along with Rolf.

Manide, James, and Bandake also hated this kind of companion that did not have a bottom line.

If it was according to the game's settings, the four of them would definitely work together to push Rolf out of the team. However, in the real world, Kant felt that he might be able to try other methods to make them get along well.

Especially the desert bandits who had yet to be led, they might be able to fit in well with Rolf.

Their essence was similar.

In fact, Rolf, a noble, had really been a bandit or a mountain bandit.

He definitely had no objections to leading this group of desert bandits.

As for Bandake, Kant planned to send him to the village of Aaron. As an infantry crossbowman, he was definitely suitable to lead Rhodoks's troops. After all, the troops of the Kingdom of Swadia were led by Fatis.

Currently, the forces of Drondheim's castle were not many.

Hence, it was convenient to arrange the personnel.

Rolf led the Desert Bandits to the posthouse. He was in charge of preventing spies from scouting and patrolling the Nahrin desert near the mountain pass of the Senwaya Range. He wanted to ensure that there were no enemies with strange intentions. He secretly organized a team to go deep into the oasis lookout.

"However, we need to seriously consider these buildings."

Kant frowned slightly.

There were also five types of construction pack this time.

And there were quite a number of them.

For example, there were five chicken farms, five bee farms, five small-scale fish farms, and five tanning workshops.

As for the flax fields, it was a total of 50 acres!

This amount was quite astonishing.

If the 50 acres of flax fields were to harvest mature raw flax silk, there would be an estimated 500 bales.

This material was used to make linen.

There was now a linen workshop in Kant's "Drondheim" castle. As long as these raw flax silk were harvested, the weaver would be able to make the flax into smooth and soft linen!

After thinking for a moment.

Kant also had an idea. The handicraft industry in "Drondheim" castle still needed to develop, and close-range raw materials were definitely necessary. Therefore, the thought communication system said, "Then build these flax fields and connect them to the previous 10 acres!"

The card shattered, and the data flow instantly gushed out.

Next to the original 10 mu of flax fields on the west side of the lake, a new 50 acre of flax fields appeared.

The crisp flax seedlings had already grown, and it would only take a few months for them to sprout and grow. When it was time to harvest raw flax silk, the entire Drondheim Castle would be able to obtain a large amount of flax cloth.

This was a commodity that could be directly traded with the continent of Caradia.

After all, this was an item produced by the system.

As for the five small fishing grounds, Kant chose to build them in the oasis lookout. There weren't many fish in this narrow and long lake. Even if there were, they would only be the size of a pinky finger. They couldn't be considered as economic fish species.

This was something Kant had carefully considered.

The lake was the embodiment of the rules of the system. There were also many aquatic plants in the lake, which could provide fish with shelter from the scorching sun.

At the same time, the bottom of the lake was connected to the spring water and underground water, so the temperature would not be too high.

With the economic fish species in the small fishing grounds, the castle of Drondheim would be able to obtain fresh fish, as well as produce smoked fish and other storable food.

It could directly bring help to the oasis lookout.

Although "Aaron" could also place small fishing grounds, it was a new river after all, and it was not suitable to be a fishing ground.

Perhaps it could only be done after Kant had re-transformed it.

Although "Aaron" could not place small fishing grounds, Kant had other plans.

For example, five chicken farms that could be raised, and five beekeeping farms that needed a lot of flowers were the buildings that he wanted to place in "Aaron."

"Switch to Aaron's village."

Kant's thought communication system immediately entered God mode once again.

However, this time, it was not the oasis lookout in the Nahrin Desert.

It was the "Aaron" village in the Senwaya Range!

Looking at the Rhodoks people who were still busy at the bottom, as well as the Ravenston Rangers who were stationed inside the city wall, Kant's thoughts moved slightly. Five chicken farms and five bee farms instantly appeared at the east side of the city wall.

Outside the city wall was a cliff, which could prevent wild beasts or magical creatures from climbing.

The thousands of acres of flat land on the entire mountain was enough for the grouse in the chicken farm to play.

One had to know that the chicken farm was not the same as the chicken house before.

There were 100 grouse in each of these buildings, and as the eggs were laid and hatched every day, the number of these grouse would increase exponentially. The number of eggs and feathers that could be provided every week was extremely high.

Eggs can be used as food, and they can also be used to hatch chicks.

Feathers are necessary for making arrows.

If it were not for the fact that the oasis lookout was not suitable for large numbers of grouse, and that this was the main base on the surface, Kant really intended to build these five chicken farms outside the castle of Drondheim.

The same was true for the reason that the apiary was built in Aaron.

However, honey was easy to store and carry.

Kant could transport the honey to the oasis lookout through the Camel Caravan.

Moreover, this sweet food was also a raw material and a commodity. If it was simply sold as honey or made into candied fruit with dates, it would be a good thing. The price in the continent of Caradia was also not cheap.

Just like linen, it could be exchanged for denar.

“That’s it.”

Kant withdrew from God’s view.

He returned to the top floor of the high-level watchtower. Looking at the immigrants and refugees who had entered the castle one after another at the bottom, Kant walked down. Next, it was time for him to arrange a mission.

At the same time, he planned to see what was going on with the trade caravan.

After all, there were these people in the item pack.

Among the women, 10 carriages and more than 20 people followed them into the castle.

“System, open the details of the trade caravan.”

Kant gave the order.

The system soon popped up an introduction on his retina.

[trade caravan: This is a caravan consisting of a caravan leader, 4 caravan guards, 12 sentries, 20 ponies and 10 carriages. It can trade with the outside world. Remark: before starting trade, you need to choose a city randomly. This city may be a power of any kingdom. Please consider carefully.]

Kant raised his eyebrows slightly.

Kant scanned the trade caravan.

In his mind, he instantly thought of Jocelyn from Ravendin. If he guessed correctly, this trade caravan was definitely Kant's own caravan. As long as he chose a city randomly, he could conduct trade with that city in the world of riding and hacking!

At the same time, Kant scanned the list of buildings he had.

He remembered that there was another building at the castle level that had a similar effect. It was also a trade caravan!

[trade caravan base: civilian buildings. This building could organize a trade caravan to go to the continent of Caradia for trade. It would return at the beginning of every month to settle the income and expenses of this trade. At the same time, the trade caravan could also be ordered to purchase the necessary materials, or be designated to sell certain materials to a certain city.]

"This seems to be interesting."

Kant looked at the system's introduction on the dialog box.

He was deep in thought.

The appearance of these two trade caravans might be able to rely on the current income of the denar and completely rely on the plight of the captive trade. If they formed a good trade network and had better products, according to Kant's experience in the game, each trade caravan earning tens of thousands of denar in a month existed!

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Chapter 215: A Castle Full of Talented People

He followed the spiral staircase and left the high-level watchtower.

It was indeed not convenient to go up and down from a height of 40 meters. Although there was an elevator-like hanging basket in the middle of the pillar, Kant still chose to walk down on two legs in consideration of the swaying feeling of the air.

With the physical qualities of a Swadian knight, the tens of thousands of wooden stairs were not a challenge for Kant.

Soon, they reached the bottom.

Two Swadian Knight holding a Warhammer and a thick kite-shaped shield were guarding the door.

High-level sentry towers and large bell towers were forbidden areas.

Ordinary people were not qualified to enter or leave.

Of course, Kant, as the Lord, was naturally different. Seeing him walk out from inside, the two Swadian Knight immediately bowed their heads and placed their right hands on their chests. They bowed very solemnly and greeted him, "My lord."

"Mm." Kant nodded to them kindly.

Looking at the east side of the street, Fatis was walking in front, bringing a group of people over.

Behind him was a vast and mighty group.

The surrounding patrolling soldiers and the passing civilians all subconsciously whistled. With an infatuated smile on their faces, they stared straight at the more than 1,000 newcomers like hungry wolves who had discovered a lamb.

Even the Vaegir marksman at the top of the council hall stretched out their bodies and looked at the newcomers with curiosity.

They were all women.

Women rarely seen in the "Drondheim" castle.

Although many of them were middle-aged women with a wide waist and a fat body, for these civilians and soldiers who had not seen women for a long time, the arrival of these women undoubtedly added a bit of charm.

No, this was a wrong description. There was no charm added to the castle.

It was just a group of male hormones secreted.

Fatis had a strict personality.

He turned his head slightly and swept his gaze over this group of soldiers and civilians who were not in good status. He could not help but let out a soft cough.

"Cough cough."

The expressions of the surrounding soldiers and civilians instantly changed slightly.

Each and every one of them had an awkward expression on their faces. They silently nodded to the women who were looking at their surroundings timidly. They still hurriedly continued with their work, but their spirits were even higher.

"Ha." Rolf chuckled softly. "Bandake, you must have a lot of followers."

Rolf glanced at Bandake, who was around his age, but was clearly more handsome and mature. Rolf could not help but say with jealousy, "I really want to use a knife to scratch your old face."

"The prerequisite is that I will shoot a crossbow through your head." Bandake patted the heavy crossbow on his waist as if he was demonstrating his power.

"Hmph." Rolf shrugged and snorted coldly.

He had never gotten along with these people who were conceited and thought they were good people.

Looking at Fathis in front of him, especially this former wandering knight, many unpleasant experiences had happened. Now, he actually had to work under this young fellow, and his title was not even as high as his, it really made Rolf feel a little indignant in his heart.

But he did not flare up. Rolf was not a fool, so he naturally knew what this place was.

Looking at the street entrance in front of him.

Rolf said softly, "That is, Lord Kant, right?" He raised his eyebrows slightly. That young and dignified appearance made him lower his head guiltily, looking at Bandake beside him, he tried to find something to say. "It makes me feel the aura of a king. It's really shocking."

"Yes." Bandake nodded as well. This was the first time he had met Kant, and he was just as nervous. He couldn't help but swallow his saliva, trying his best to calm his emotions and make himself more stable.

"Relax, guys."

Fatis reminded the two of them in a calm tone.

He brought them to Kant, and the group of people dismounted and bowed respectfully, "Lord Kant, this is Rolf and Bandake from the continent of Caradia, as well as a complete trade caravan. There are also 1,000 women from towns and villages who have heard of your reputation and want to seek refuge with you."

"Welcome." Kant smiled, expressing his approval of the vast crowd.

Dronnheim, who had just become a castle, needed a lot of human resources.

Kant would not refuse them to join.

He told Fatis, "Arrange their accommodation and food first. You will take these ladies to the residential area, and after they are allocated rooms, settle down as soon as possible. Then, get someone to properly arrange them into the vacancies of various posts. As soon as possible, fill all the posts in the castle with people, and get them all up and running."

"Understood, I will take care of it properly." Fatis nodded and turned around to leave. He led his men and shouted at the thousands of women as they walked towards the streets of the residential area. There were many vacant rooms waiting for their owners to move in.

Fatis had always been a reliable person.

Kant nodded to himself when he saw the many women walking towards the residential area in an orderly manner.

These immigrants from the cities and the refugees from the countryside seemed to be of good quality.

"They are all experts in the workshops."

Kant had already decided on their jobs.

Women were naturally more attentive and serious than men.

In the technical work of the workshops, their attentiveness and talent could be put to the best use. Therefore, in the castle, such as the Sugar Workshop, the salt workshop, the linen workshop, and so on, they were all trained by the craftsmen guild to become qualified female craftsmen, they were professional and excellent full-time craftsmen.

As for the men, they would devote themselves to the farm, the blacksmith shop, and the weapons workshop to do manual labor, making the entire “Dronnheim” castle completely busy and prosperous.

“Lord Kant.”

Rolf and Bandake bowed respectfully to Kant.

This was the first time the two sides met. They didn’t want to stay in front of this Lord of the continent of Caradia, whose reputation had spread everywhere, and they all wanted to show their excellent first impression.

Even the scoundrel, the noble Rolf, had a very respectful expression, and his tone was very humble.

“Hello.”

Kant nodded. He had long understood the two of them.

The game impression from his previous life.

He walked towards the council hall. At the same time, Kant said to the trade caravan that was still waiting respectfully behind him, “Go to the trade caravan’s base and settle down. Tomorrow, there will be a trade caravan from Reyvadin. We will talk in detail.”

“Understood.” The leader of the trade caravan nodded respectfully.

At the same time, a knight walked over and led the trade caravan’s members and guards towards the south city gate.

The trade caravan’s base was set up outside the south city gate, close to the city wall.

It was an independent building with walls, courtyards, and warehouses. The whole building was like a rectangular courtyard house, covering an area of nearly 2,000 square meters. However, the warehouses took up a lot of space and seemed to be able to accommodate at least five trade caravans.

Trade Caravan’s base. This term was very appropriate.

However, Kant had not come over to take a look yet.

Manide was in charge of the business side.

If Kant’s estimation was correct, Manide, who was heading to the Stone Pass, would return with the caravan at the beginning of the next month. Therefore, he would temporarily put down the arrangements for this trade caravan.

There were specializations in the field, and Manide could handle business problems with ease.

Just like Rolf who was good at leading troops to raid villages and trade caravan.

And Bandake was able to command crossbowmen and display the strongest combat strength of these troop class.

The two of them now respectfully followed Kant into the Council Hall.

The first floor of the castle-level Council Hall had already been turned into a wide Lord's Hall. Inside the slightly narrow iron-clad thick door were two rows of ten thick stone pillars and a long table with white linen placed in the middle.

This was a long table and chair made of high-quality wood. Not only were there patterns carved on it, but there were also a few silver accessories wrapped around it.

The main seat was raised by half a meter, allowing one to directly see the entire situation.

This reflected the identity of the owner of the main seat.

This was Kant's position alone. No one would raise any objections because as Lord Kant, who was respected by the entire continent of Caradia and even other worlds, it was only natural that he should have a high status in society.

Kant did not decline and directly sat in his own seat.

Rolf and Bandake did not sit down. They stood respectfully across the long table.

Because Kant had not spoken.

Seeing their reserved looks, Kant chuckled, he waved his hand and said, "Since you have come here, you are my dependable subordinates. There's no need to be so formal. Sit Down. In the future, I will still need to rely on you to deal with government affairs and trouble for me. It's not good to be too distant. It will affect the communication."

"Thank you, Lord Kant." Rolf and Bandake looked at each other and thanked each other respectfully. Then, they pulled out the seats on the opposite side of the long table and sat down.

Although Kant said it lightly, it was really difficult to sit up.

They did not want to sit down casually.

Showing their inferiority at the right time was a form of respect for Lord Kant. They all understood that this kind of etiquette regarding the noble was not those country bumpkins who had just come out from the villages or farms.

Kant smiled and did not care about the two's formality. He opened his mouth to start a conversation.

In fact, they were not unfamiliar with each other.

In the continent of Caradia, these heroic NPCs also had a small reputation.

After all, they were npcs who could follow players. After the continent of Caradia became the real world, there were no players, but they had shown outstanding talent. In terms of business, military, medical skills, commanding troops, engineering, and other technologies, they were far superior to ordinary people, they were valued by the king and the noble.

A few topics about Caradia started, and the relationship between them became warmer.

Rolf and Bandake knew each other from the beginning.

Although they were not happy all the time, it was not to the point of falling out. They could still chat under Kant's lead.

Soon, Fatis also returned to the Council Hall.

He reported to Kant, "Lord, the ladies have been arranged."

"Take a seat." Kant nodded in satisfaction. He waved at him and said, "Take a rest first. We'll continue our in-depth exchange during lunch. Now that my castle has two more talents, we can solve more problems."

Rolf and Bandake lowered their heads humbly again. "You flatter me."

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Chapter 216: Spies That Captured Suddenly

Lunch was quickly prepared.

The maids brought out dishes and placed them in front of the four of them.

Crispy golden bread, fried antelope meat covered in flour, large fried eggs, honey date palm, and a small glass of ale for each of them, along with a steamed dried sausage.

It was a very sumptuous lunch. It was Kant's way of welcoming the two of them.

The aroma of the food spreading to the outside.

Lunchtime.

With shouts, buckets of lunch were transported to residential areas and city walls for soldiers and civilians to eat, as well as a two-hour lunch break to escape from the scorching noon Sun.

The atmosphere in the council hall was still harmonious, the four of them ate and chatted.

Firentis was carrying the conversation.

From time to time, he laughed, and his words were filled with respect for the future. The atmosphere was very warm.

The two of them humbly declined the praises from Kant .

"This is not an excessive praise, but an accurate comment."

Seeing the two of them being so humble, Kant smiled and said, "I appreciate your talents."

He had played the game before, so he naturally understood what these NPCs were good at, he continued to make arrangements, "Both of you must be good at your own fields. Next, I will directly appoint you to the positions. I hope that both of you will familiarize yourselves with this world as soon as possible and set a good example in your own positions."

Hearing that they were going to be appointed, Rolf and Bunduk's faces immediately turned solemn.

This was related to their future work in "Drondheim" Castle, as well as Kant's impression of them.

This matter indeed had to be treated with caution.

As for Kant, he already had a plan in mind regarding the areas that the two of them were good at.

First, he looked at Bunduk and said, "In the southern mountain range, I still have a village of the Kingdom of Rhodoks that needs to be managed. Currently, James is taking care of it temporarily, but he's best at medical knowledge. He's obviously weaker in managing the village and the army, so I plan to let you help me manage that village."

"I'm very happy to help.", Bunduk immediately stood up and bowed respectfully to Kant. He said solemnly, "I will do my best to take care of that village for you."

"Yes, very good.", Kant nodded.

Bunduk sat down again.

Rolf, who was beside him, immediately swept his gaze with envy and jealousy. However, he looked at Kant even more fervently.

Although Bunduk was not conferred the title of noble by Kant, he was appointed by the noble, Kant with position that was similar to village chief and mayor. It was a high-level official who could directly manage the village and garrison troops, and the core management personnel in the future.

If he performed well, there was definitely a chance for him to be conferred the title of noble in the future.

Even Bunduk was excited in his heart.

This was not the Continent of Caradia, which required bloodline, identity, reputation, and honor to be a noble. Instead, it was a land of miracles filled with opportunities and chances. It was a world that Lord Kant had personally led them forward!

As long as they put in effort, there would definitely be lots of gains.

Noble status was one of them!

Kant chuckled as he looked at the fervent and excited eyes of the two. This was the effect he wanted, to use real fame and fortune to stimulate their enthusiasm.

Although due to the limitations of the system, they were always loyal to Kant, everyone's personality was different. It was possible that one of them really wanted to waste time and didn't put effort into works. Kant had even saw these phenomena in some of the soldiers, especially those who liked to play tricks on others, their military discipline was not very good.

It was only because there were only a few troops now and Firentis was strict in managing the army. He would patrol a few times every day, which prevented this temporary peace from becoming lax.

However, when the number of troops increased, it was crucial to put the establishment of necessary department like the military court on the agenda as soon as possible.

However, this still needed some time.

At present, Kant was dealing with the appointment of personnel and perfecting the roles of each person.

“Rolf...”

Kant looked at this middle-aged man who had a ferocious expression but appeared humble and respectful.

“I’m here, Lord Kant.”, Rolf immediately stood up and nodded with a hint of excitement on his face. It was finally the time for his appointment. His heart even more excited when he thought about it.

“You’re a noble from the east.”

Kant opened his mouth and muttered to himself.

“Yes, that’s right. I come from a kingdom outside the Continent of Caradia.”. Rolf nodded, he said somewhat helplessly, “I’m still a noble, but I don’t have much of a concept of managing a territory. I can only entrust the estate to someone else and come to Caradia to try my luck and earn some denar back.”

He was not afraid to say that he was not a native of the Continent of Caradia.

In other words, Caradia had long been the stage for other races.

There were many outsiders.

Even those who had established kingdoms, such as the Kingdom of Nords from the Nord Continent on the other side of the sea, the Kingdom of Vaegirs from across the Snowy Mountains in the northeast, and the Kingdom of Khergit Khanate from the Khergit Plain on the other side of the mountains, even the Kingdom of Sarrand Sultanate was a country formed by the races that migrated from the depths of the desert.

The true indigenous people of Caradia were probably the Swadian and Rhodok people. And both of them were once ancient Caradia people.

“Mm.”, Kant nodded.

He also understood this phenomenon. It was similar to the great racial integration.

It was just that the process was somewhat tragic.

The Kingdom of Caradia was divided. Various nations that had once been suppressed had established their own countries and forces. And because of the poor political skills and military literacy of the king of Caradia, Haraus, he had kept some snakes in his bosom, causing the entire Continent of Caradia in a dangerous situation.

However, the chaotic situation also made many speculators sense an opportunity. They all arrived at the Continent of Caradia with various purposes, trying to obtain some benefits in this chaotic continent.

Rolf was like this.

He was a noble of other kingdom, but because he did not know how to manage his properties, his family had fallen into disrepair.

In order to revive his family, he could only come here, wanting to earn a large sum of denars before returning home.

But the reality was a little cruel.

Many ambitious people had caused the Continent of Caradia to become incomparably chaotic. Rolf, this rude noble, didn't know how to do business and socialize. In the end, he had become a person with an empty noble title, living like a bandit leader... no.., it should be said that he was a bandit leader. The title of a scoundrel noble was very accurate.

He led the troops he had recruited to rob innocent people and trade caravan. He even attacked villages and forced villagers to provide supplies. There were even cases where he kidnapped city residents for ransom.

Rolf had walked down a dark path. He did not take his noble identity seriously at all.

This was also the reason why Bunduk, Firentis, and the others had a lot of opinions about him.

But it was nothing to Kant.

Since Rolf liked to rob and plunder, it could be said that he was a bandit leader with noble status and military leadership qualities. Then, in Kant's battle sequence, there was a position that he was best at.

He could lead the desert bandits to stand guard at the posthouse and stop the increasing trade caravan and spies in the future!

Kant believed that this scoundrel noble would be able to perform well.

"Rolf."

Kant raised his head and looked at Rolf, who was still standing in his position and looking at him eagerly.

Kant pondered for a moment and organized his words, he said, "I have an important task for you. I have a posthouse in the south. That is the key point to prevent anyone from coming here. I need you to lead 100 desert bandits to patrol the area. Use any means to prevent anyone from discovering the Oasis Lookout."

"Oh, so that's the case.", Rolf raised his eyebrows slightly. There was not a hint of disappointment on his face. Instead, he could not help but smile because of Kant's words. "Lord Kant, you mean, by any means?"

"That's right.", Kant nodded. "By any means."

"Thank you for your appointment!"

A strange smile appeared on Rolf's face, but he immediately bowed respectfully. "Under my patrol, no one will appear at the Oasis Lookout, unless they are captured captives or dead bodies with eyes wide open."

Kant was very satisfied with his statement. "Mark your words."

"Yes.", Rolf bowed respectfully with his hands on his chest.

This was what he was good at.

Naturally, Rolf was familiar with these desert bandits. He even had a real in-depth communication with these bandits in the Sarrand Desert, and they even worked together a few times.

The Sarrand Desert might seem rather barren, but the nobles and merchants who lived in those two oases could be said to be extremely wealthy.

After doing a few big deals, they could earn quite a lot of denars.

The four of them were chatting when suddenly, the door of the council hall was pushed open.

The Swadian knight who was responsible for guarding the outside walked in and reported with a solemn expression, "Lord Kant, the desert bandits in charge of patrolling have discovered a few spies. They are now being escorted to the prison cell. At the same time, they are asking you how to deal with them."

"Spies?", Kant frowned.

Firentis, Rolf, and Bunduk also turned their heads to look.

Just a moment ago, they were still discussing how to deal with the increasing number of spies in the Dukedom of Leo.

Rolf, who was about to appoint a posthouse patrol officer, could not help but snort coldly, he said fiercely to Kant, "This group of rat-like fellows is the most despicable. I think we should kill them all and stick their heads on the spear. Let the other fellows see the consequences of offending your dignity!"

"Wait a minute. Let's go to the prison to interrogate these spies."

Kant shook his head and did not agree with Rolf's opinion.

After pondering for a moment, he raised his head and said to the three of them, "I really didn't expect them to be so fast. I don't know which noble sent spies to be able to reach our castle."

"This is worth paying attention to.", Firentis reminded.

"Okay.", Kant nodded. "Let's go."

As he said that, he stood up and led the three of them to the prison cell, which was in the southeast corner of the castle.

The large prison cell had just been built.

It had a dungeon, a water prison, an interrogation room, and a detention room.

There were two strong civilians acting as guards in the cell.

On the city wall, the five Vaegir marksman were watching the large prison cell. If there were any riots, the bows in their hands would not show any mercy.

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Chapter 217: Borg From the Eastern County

Borg's face was ashen.

He squatted in the damp and cold corner of the wall, his eyes filled with anxiety.

He had finally discovered this secret.

Looking up at the small cell made of rocks, Borg's heart trembled at the discovery of this secret.

If possible, he really did not want to appear in the Nahrin Desert. He did not want to be curious because he saw the watchtower that reached into the clouds. He also did not want to come to the nearby dune, and observed the castle that almost made him dumbstruck on the spot. He wanted to see what was going on here!

If he hadn't been curious, perhaps he wouldn't have been locked in this prison in a dungeon. There wouldn't have been fierce and ferocious guards holding leather whips made of cow skin walking back and forth.

The fierce and vicious gaze that seemed to want to eat him alive made his heart tremble even more.

Borg had never thought of himself as a heroic man.

No, he willing to become a shy girl, then perhaps he could still use his body and beauty to flatter and live humbly in front of these terrifying guards or the owner of the castle.

It was better than being hanged, beheaded, strangled, buried alive, and been through a series of cruel methods.

Thinking of this...

Borg's tears could not help but flow out again.

"Great God of War, Edmund, please save me. I just want to find a trade route for my family.", Borg knelt on the cold stone slab with his eyes closed and tears flowing down. He kept praying for the protection of the God of War.

Thinking of his family's business in East County was about to fall, his tears flowed even more.

However, pleading was obviously useless.

The group of dutiful guards outside would not let him off easily.

However, someone responded to Borg's prayer.

"You might have made a mistake."

Light footsteps could be heard from the corridor outside the door as well as a response. "The God of War, Edmund, protects warriors who can die gloriously on the battlefield, not captives who surrender out of fear."

Borg instantly opened his eyes.

Just outside the iron fence, Kant walked over slowly with a calm face. "Am I wrong?"

"You... You are...", Borg looked at Kant.

However, his expression was extremely terrified. He subconsciously fell to the ground and leaned back against the cold stone wall. His tone was somewhat abnormal, "You are... Baron Kant!"

"You know me?", Kant stood outside the fence, and his tone was somewhat curious.

There were many people in the Dukedom of Leo who knew his name.

After all, the eldest son of the Grand Duke who was exiled to the Nahrin Desert was practically a funny joke after a meal.

However, there were clearly not many people who knew Kant's face and recognized him directly. Even the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo might not be able to recognize him when they met in an unfamiliar environment.

Kant was very sure that the captive looked at him as if he knew him.

"Baron Kant... Lord Kant!"

Borg seemed to have discovered a possibility to live. He knelt on the ground and kowtowed heavily, he said sorrowfully, "You are merciful. Please let me go. I came to the Nahrin Desert to save my family's business. I only came to save my family. Please let me go!"

Kant did not answer. Instead, he looked calmly at Borg in the dungeon.

This kind of begging had no effect on him.

He knocked on the iron fence with the horsewhip in his hand. The handle was gold-plated and inlaid with emeralds, it made a soft sound. Kant turned his head and walked out. "Take him to the interrogation room. I want to interrogate him personally." Kant paused and then instructed the guards, "Also, write down the statements recorded previously and give me a copy."

"Understood.", the two guards who followed him immediately nodded. After they entered the prison to work, they understood their duties and the tasks they needed to do. They did not just torture them. They also summarized the key points that each prisoner had said when they begged for mercy. It was also a key task to write down the key points.

Borg was not the only one imprisoned in the cell.

The guards of the trade caravan he brought from the East County were now all imprisoned in small cells as well.

This was a large-scale prison at the castle level.

Not to mention to imprison more than ten people, even more than a hundred people would not be a problem.

In order to prevent this group of people from colluding with each other, they were imprisoned separately. The dungeon, the water prison, the cage, and the ground cell were all locked up separately. There were also temporary peasant guards with long scythes and long whips patrolling, they were waiting for Lord Kant's interrogation later.

In the interrogation room, Kant sat on the main seat, while Firentis, Rolf, and Bunduk sat around him.

The prepared document had been sent over.

It recorded in detail about who these people were and why they appeared near the Oasis Lookout.

As for the authenticity, there was no way to guarantee it.

Kant put down the document in his hand, his tone was a little strange. "The son of a merchant from the East County wants to come to the Oasis Lookout to trade fine white salt with me in order to save his family that is on the verge of bankruptcy. If this is true, then I have to admire this young man called Borg for being so desperate."

"A young man whose family is on the verge of bankruptcy and try hard save his family's business. Not a bad young man.", Bunduk shrugged. It seemed that this story was very good, at least it suited his taste.

"Huh? A little bastard from a rundown family?". However, Rolf was somewhat disappointed.

Rolf stroke his chin that he had carelessly shaved, the stubble was a little prickly, but he could not help but shake his head and say, "I bet I won't be able to squeeze much out of him.". He paused for a moment, he said to Kant, "If he was the son of a large family, I would be able to earn a large sum of ransom for Lord Kant. It's a pity now that he's not of much use."

"Hmph.", Bunduk snorted in response, using his own actions to express his displeasure towards Rolf.

Even Firentis looked at Rolf with displeasure.

But Rolf did not seem to notice.

Instead, he said proudly, "You are bunch of swollen headed and self-proclaimed decent men. This isn't Caradia. I'm accumulating wealth for Lord Kant. I'm not the same as you guys!"

"Alright, bring this Borg guy up."

Kant instructed Rolf, "Be gentle. If he is really as described in the document, perhaps we can use him as a springboard to extend our forces to the East County and develop other subordinates. We will not be completely controlled by Baron Dylan at the Stone Pass."

Kant had already told Rolf and Bunduk about the detailed information of this world, especially the distribution of power in the Dukedom of Leo. It was an important matter that they had carefully communicated with each other.

Rolf and Bunduk knew about the three counties in the dukedom of Leo.

They also knew what kind of crisis the Oasis Lookout was facing.

"Understood."

Rolf nodded and quickly brought Borg into the interrogation room.

This young man in his twenties had cold sweat all over his face. His legs were weak, and he was almost trembling when he walked.

He was obviously extremely afraid.

“Relax.”

Kant sat on the main seat and said to Bunduk beside him, “Bring him a chair.”

Bunduk stood up and placed the chair in front of Borg.

It seemed that this handsome middle-aged man made Borg feel ease a bit, so he gulped and sat on the chair shakily. He looked at Kant with great desire. His lips trembled, but he did not dare to say anything.

Beside him were the guards.

Especially the two heavily armored Swadian knights, who gave him the worst deterrence.

“Are you from the East County?”, Kant asked him.

“Yes... Yes.”, Borg nodded and gulped, with a trembling voice, he said, “My family is a slightly famous merchant family in the Winter City. We mainly sell goods from various countries. Once, we had our own fleet on the Resniston River. But because of those damn corrupted river patrol team, they slandered our fleet for being involved with the river bandits, so they confiscated all of our fleet and fined us a large amount of money!”

Kant nodded slightly. “This is really a tragedy.”

The capital of the East County was a Winter City. Its status was comparable to Lionheart City in the South County. It was also a river trading port.

Ten years ago, it was even the largest trading port of the Dukedom of Leo.

However, because Kant’s aunt, the biological sister of the Grand Duke of Leo, Countess Agatha, who was conferred with the title of Lord of the Eastern County, fell out with the Grand Duke, and both sides fell into a cold war. After that, the East County was sealed off and basically did not communicate with the southern and northern counties. As a result, Lionheart City had seized the opportunity to seize the position of trade overlord on the river.

This was not a secret. It had even been openly recorded in the books of the Academy. Kant naturally had some understanding of Borg’s words. He even knew why the river patrol team of Lionheart City would target the Borg family’s fleet.

“It was all about the struggle of power.”

Kant shook his head. The river patrol team of Lionheart City was naturally the hunting dogs worshipped by the merchants of Lionheart City. They naturally were not happy with their competitor, the merchant fleet of Winter City.

Before the conflict between the two high-level officials broke out, there were already some subtle quarrels and fighting as well.

Otherwise, Kant’s aunt, Countess Agatha, would not have changed the name of Winter County to East County.

One had to know that East County was located in the west.

And the name of Winter County originated from the land of this county. One could feel the freezing cold current blowing from the west, and one could even see polar-white heavy snow in winter. It was not like the Direct South County, where the impact of winter was less, and the overall climate was warmer, it was like the tropics, allowing the vegetation to mature four times a year!

This was also why the South County was a direct territory, and the large amount of rich crop output, as well as the output of various surplus livestock production. These were the reasons why many human countries had to send merchant ships over there to import food.

The grain and dried meat of the South County were top-grade products. They were high quality and cheap, and were widely sold in other kingdoms!

Kant understood everything.

But looking at Borg in front of him, he did not think that this was a real spy.

Bunduk might be a peacemaker, but Firentis and Rolf were both elites from the noble family.

Especially Rolf who dared to fight alone. He had his own way of identifying spies. As the interrogation continued, he whispered his thoughts to Kant.

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Chapter 218: Probing In the Dark

“He doesn’t look like a spy.”, Rolf concluded. “He’s too inexperienced.”

“Are you sure?”, Kant asked.

“Mm-hmm.”, Rolf shrugged, he said affirmatively, “Of course, Lord Kant. Compared to Manid, this guy is like a simple and reckless child. If the two of them play some businessmen dirty tricks, I’m sure that Manid will be able to fool him.”

Manid was a famous new star businessman in the Continent of Caradia. Although he was only in his twenties, his superb business skills were not inferior to those old men in their fifties.

If he had not encountered an irresistible robbery, he probably would not have failed.

“He is indeed very young.”

Kant agreed with his conclusion.

This was reflected in the interrogation. This young man called Borg was really very simple.

He was almost silly and cute.

He didn’t say much and made his identity clear.

And most importantly, Kant didn’t believe that in this era of cold weapons, there would be any psychological training for spy.

He slightly reached out and knocked on the table. Kant gave a signal to the guard to send Borg, who was sweating profusely and obviously very nervous, back to the cell. He ordered, “Let him calm down first.”

The guard nodded. One on the left and one on the right, they carried Borg back to the cell.

This guy was so scared that he couldn't even walk on his own.

"Ha, this is what a young man is like. He's so silly and cute. He doesn't know anything. He only has hot-blooded passion, and immediately flinched when run into troubles." Rolf had a mocking look on his face.

However, when he saw the young Kant, Rolf's eyes twitched a little. He realized that he might have said something wrong, he quickly said, "Of course, Lord Kant, I didn't mean to insinuate you. Ahem, what I meant was... This Borg just now..."

"Alright, everyone has been young before," Kant said, sitting in his seat and thinking.

The appearance of this spy made him feel a sense of crisis.

People couldn't resist the temptation of the table salt trade, even if it meant they needed to risk their own lives, they still going for it.

After all, Kant was at the posthouse at that time and ordered the desert bandits to tell any spies that whoever tried to cross the line of the posthouse, they would be killed as long as they got close to the Oasis Lookout.

But now Borg and his trade caravan still came.

Kant underestimated the greed of these people.

He did not believe that this young man really came here with a passion.

Perhaps he really wanted to save his family.

However, if said that there was no one behind it, Kant would not believe it at all. After all, the table salt trade between the Oasis Lookout and the Stone Pass was not something that ordinary people could know. Even if they knew that Baron Dylan's trade caravan sold fine white salt, but most people did not know that these goods were came from the Oasis Lookout.

Firentis said to Kant solemnly, "It's probably someone who wants to use this Borg to test you, Lord Kant. I think we should handle it carefully."

"Yes.", Kant nodded. He also thought so.

However, as he was thinking.

Kant raised his head slightly. "We seem to have reached a bottleneck."

"A bottleneck?", Firentis and the other two looked at him with doubt in their eyes.

The current "Dronheim" Castle and "Aaron" Village could be considered to have given Kant the foundation to occupy Nahrin Desert and the ability to control it. Hence, it could not be said that they reached a bottleneck from achieving the peak.

Bunduk and Rolf knew that their current strength was not enough to contend with the Dukedom of Leo.

Kant chuckled. "It's not military."

The three of them were still puzzled.

After a moment of silence, Kant turned his head and looked at the corridor where Borg was dragged out. He asked, "Do you think that with our current strength, we can enter the Dukedom of Leo and open up a new battlefield?"

"We don't understand.", Rolf was straightforward.

"I plan to arrange for people to go to East County to try our luck."

Kant opened his mouth and said in a low voice, "This Borg is the best pathfinder.". He paused for a moment, there was a glimmer in his eyes. "Those guys want him to explore the Oasis Lookout, so I will give them this opportunity. Instead, I will use Borg's family network to extend our forces into the Dukedom of Leo."

"But this will be a little dangerous. If it is exposed, it will even affect our cooperation with the Stone Pass. After all, with the current state of table salt trade, the Stone Pass will not tolerate a second partner.", Firentis raised his opinion with a frown on his face.

Kant nodded. "This is also my concern."

Because of the table salt trade with the Stone Pass, the greedy Baron Dylan able to block out the others.

If Kant started the same table salt trade with others.

With Baron Dylan's personality, he would probably overreact.

Although Kant would not care about the so-called threat of military strength, if Baron Dylan opened the canyon and let a large number of spies appeared in the Nahrin Desert, it would be troublesome.

After pondering for a while, Kant said, "I don't plan to use table salt as the main trade commodity."

The three of them did not know much about business, so they listened quietly.

"Our sugar workshop can already produce a large number of honey-date palm sugar cubes. This is the commodity that I am considering to cooperate with the Borg family. No one will think of us."

Kant thought for a while and said, "And even if we are exposed, there won't be any evidence at the Stone Pass. After all, we are cooperating with sugar cubes trading, not table salt. Both sides have great interests and have no connection with each other. Therefore, that guy, Baron Dylan, will also not fall out with us and turn hostile against us."

"But there will be a breach of trust in the cooperation between the two sides.", Bunduk said.

However, Rolf, who was beside him, mocked, "You're so naive. Don't we have a breach with them already?"

"Rolf is right.", Firentis nodded and surprisingly agreed with Rolf's words. At the same time, he raised his head and said to Kant, "But how to avoid the Stone Pass to discover that we are cooperating with others in the early stage? This is the thing to pay special attention to. I suggest that we discuss it after Manid returns."

“Yes, that’s it.”, Kant agreed.

He also agreed with Rolf’s statement.

The relationship between Oasis Lookout and the Stone Pass was already fragile. The reason why they were able to cooperate was purely because of the profits involved.

It was the fine white salt produced by Oasis Lookout that brought the foundation of cooperation.

This was an extremely expensive luxury condiment.

When Baron Dylan at the Stone Pass saw this white little cutie, he automatically substituted with the white great silver coins. Thus, their cooperation seemed to be close, but in fact there were huge cracks in it. When the two sides had any differences or when one side became stronger, they would ruthlessly suppress the other side.

Kant only earned 50 great silver coins for each bag of white salt, but Baron Dylan could earn 250 great silver coins.

This benefit cooperation was like a steel wire.

Because neither side had the strength to annex the other, the fragile peace was maintained.

Once Kant became stronger, he would not be satisfied with 50 great silver coins. He would even go deep into the Dukedom of Leo and take back more benefits. Even if he did not do so, Baron Dylan would still be wary of Kant’s strength.

How could he allow others to sleep peacefully on his bed?

This was a common reason.

Moreover, Baron Dylan had always coveted the salt mine that Kant controlled. No one would complain when they earned too much. And controlling the salt mine was the same as controlling the entire silver mine completely! He would not give up this chance that could make him soar to the sky in one go.

Kant and Firentis discussed the feasibility of this matter in detail. Although they were not proficient in business, they could still discuss whether this plan would be successful in a short period of time for the nobles in the Stone Pass and the East County, it would also have a beneficial impact on the future and ensure that their development would receive another boost!

Just as they were discussing, the guard outside the corridor walked over.

He bowed respectfully and said, “Lord, that guy called Borg has been making a racket, saying that he wants to see you. He also said that he has secret information that he wants to tell you. I think it might be useful to you, so I’ll report it to you. Should we bring him here?”

Kant was slightly stunned, but he still nodded and said, “Bring him here again.”

“Yes.”, the guard retreated and quickly brought Borg back.

But this time, Borg was wearing tight shackles. They were all made of iron. His neck, hands, and feet were all restrained by heavy chains and shackles, making it difficult for him to walk.

But he still managed to raise his head to look at Kant, he knelt on the ground. “Baron Kant, Viscount Wayne of the North County sent me here. He gave me the map of how to pass through the Senwaya Range and how to get to the Oasis Lookout. Now I understand. He wants me to be a spy to investigate you!”

“Well, it’s like this.”, Kant’s eyes flashed. “You mean that Viscount Wayne from Logue Castle is also involved in this matter?”. He asked, “If you make wild guesses without evidence, you are slandering the noble. The court will sentence you to be hanged.”

“That’s right! It’s definitely Viscount Wayne!”

Borg said resolutely, “At that time, I brought the goods to Logue Castle. Viscount Wayne’s financial officer received me. At that time, he told me that Oasis Lookout discovered a salt mine and that Baron Dylan of Stone Pass had made a fortune!”

After pausing for a moment, Borg gritted his teeth and said, “In order to save the family, I listened to the financial officer’s words. I even received financial aid and obtained these guards. However, when I came here and was caught by you, I realized that I was a spy and a scapegoat. You can interrogate my guards and they will know all of this!”

“There is such an inside story.”, Kant narrowed his eyes.

The three of them were also silent. Their faces were slightly solemn.

This was a obvious test!

Although Viscount Wayne did not appear, the financial officer of Logue Castle could completely issue this order on his behalf. And this family was about to go bankrupt. Borg, who desperately wanted to save the family’s future, entered their sight.

Kant turned to Rolf and said, “Interrogate those guards and get the details.”

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Chapter 219: Strategies For Conquering the East County

Rolf came back very quickly.

At the same time, he brought a bloody human body.

He threw it on the ground and let out a painful moan. The moans and the blood stained his tattered clothes. There were whip marks everywhere. He looked extremely miserable.

Borg’s face turned green.

He was no longer as calm as before. Instead, he looked to the side, and cold sweat broke out on his face.

It was the guards who had been with him for more than ten days, now that they had fallen to such a state, it was a deterrent to him. Thinking of the benevolent reputation Kant had left behind, he swallowed his saliva. He had a deep understanding of the bottom line of these nobles.

If they were really merciful, it would not be like this. It was because of Kant’s kindness that he dared to take the risk to avoid the patrol team of the desert bandits and go deep into the Oasis Lookout.

However, Kant's face was calm. "How is it?"

"Not a stubborn guy.", Rolf snorted coldly, he nodded to Kant and said, "They are indeed the guards from Logue Castle. Their abilities are close to the level of knights. When they saw me bringing people over, they wanted to resist, but I kicked them between their legs. After dozens of whips, they told me everything.". At the same time, he handed over the interrogation document.

Bunduk looked at this miserable guard who was covered in blood. It was obvious that he was still breathing. If he was not treated, the consequences would be terrible.

He looked at Firentis who was beside him.

However, Firentis shook his head. His expression was calm and there was no pity in his eyes.

Bunduk nodded. He understood his young friend's thoughts.

He was not a pedantic person.

Even if he had the thought and desire to protect the civilians and become a protector of the people, he would still burn the villages of other kingdoms, kill the troops of other kingdoms, and slaughter the bandits.

On the matters that needed to be done, Bunduk never hesitated.

"How troublesome."

Kant put down the document. The details of the interrogation were written on it.

He already understood the background of this guard. It was Viscount Wayne of Logue Castle, the highest noble in the entire North County. He controlled an elite force directly under him, as well as the union of many small noble families. Compared to the current military strength, it was far more powerful than Kant.

Viscount Wayne was indeed a big trouble.

Kant had not provoked him yet, but because of that greedy sense of smell, Wayne came to him first.

"The situation is not good.", Firentis said to Kant. "Viscount Wayne of Logue Castle didn't try to hide anything. He sent Borg to Oasis Lookout. Perhaps he will use this opportunity to make a fuss because we captured him."

"He will probably use this opportunity to make a fuss."

Rolf also thought about it while touching the stubble on his chin, he then said, "If it was me, I definitely wouldn't let go of this opportunity to reach into Oasis Lookout. I think that Viscount Wayne is a bastard like me."

Bunduk glanced at Rolf and suggested to Kant, "Lord, the patrols in the direction of the posthouse should be strengthened."

"That's right."

Kant nodded. Their suggestion was worth considering.

Meanwhile, Borg, who was still kneeling on the ground, suddenly raised his head and said to Kant, "Not only Logue Castle, but even Masburg and Aviles Castle of the East County have sent people to the desert posthouse." As he said that, his eyes dimmed. "It's just that they didn't foolishly fall for the trap like me and cross the posthouse to come here."

"Viscount Kevin of Masburg, Viscount Gibran of Aviles Castle."

The information about the nobles of the Dukedom of Leo appeared in Kant's mind.

The corners of his mouth couldn't help but curl up into a smile. He looked at the unwilling Borg in front of him and said, "I really didn't expect that they would dare to pay so much attention to me and be so brazen."

"Table salt is too expensive.", Borg lowered his head, he said it straightforward as if he was going all out, "No one will give up your salt mine, Baron Kant. Even if you or the forces behind you built this castle, for those greedy noble families, if they can't get your salt mine, they won't stop."

"You're right.", Kant nodded, not caring about his rude words.

Because Borg was indeed telling the truth.

Looking at his courage, Kant also knocked on the table and asked with some interest, "What about you? I remember that I asked anyone to return to the posthouse and not to go deep into this place."

"I was also blinded by greed."

Borg lowered his head and clenched his wrists, but his voice became firm. "Lord Kant, I discovered your secret. If there are no accidents, perhaps I will die. But I think that if there is anything useful, please give me a chance to live. I am willing to pay my loyalty."

"Ha, loyalty.", Kant did not speak after hearing his words. Rolf, who was rude, sneered instead. "This is a wonderful word. When I am drunk, I can serve anyone."

"Hmph.", Firentis snorted. "Your words are a bit too much."

Bunduk also glanced at Rolf. "If the noble you meet has a bad temper, he will whip you directly."

"Sorry, I'm just used to it.", Rolf instantly reacted and laughed embarrassedly. "Of course, my loyalty to Lord Kant comes from my soul. There is no impurity in my loyalty."

"Watch what you say in the future.", Kant reprimanded him slightly, but didn't probe further.

This guy's personality was just like that. Otherwise, he wouldn't have gone from a noble with honor to a scoundrel that everyone hated.

The system was guaranteed the loyalty of these NPCs, so Kant believed that Rolf was loyal to him.

But towards Borg, who was kneeling in front of him, he narrowed his eyes slightly, he asked in a deep voice, "I don't know what kind of person you are. I also don't know if I should believe your words. After all, your current loyalty is extremely cheap to me. What can you give me to make me believe that what you said is true? Are you willing to completely offer your loyalty to me?"

"I don't have anything to prove it.", Borg raised his head. His 20s face still had a hint of naivety, however, he looked at Kant firmly and said, "But if I die here, my clan will be completely bankrupt. Please give me a chance. I don't want my clan that had passed down for more than 200 years to fall into decline or even be destroyed because of me."

"Interesting,", Firentis said.

Bunduk also nodded. Even Rolf looked at this young man with a bit of calmness.

Firentis and Rolf both wanted to revitalize the family, and they felt the same way.

Kant, on the other hand, chuckled. He waved his hand at the guard beside him and said, "Alright, remove his shackles. I don't think anyone who is willing to submit to me will be treated as a criminal."

"Lord Kant!", Borg's expression was extremely excited.

He did not expect that his resolution of going all out, or rather the courage of nothing to lose would actually paid off!

The guard came over and untied his shackles.

Kant ordered, "Bring him back to the council hall and arrange a room.". After a pause, he looked at Borg and asked, "The guards of the trade caravan who came with you, do you think they are trustworthy?"

"Other than the old butler who served me since I was a child, no one else is trustworthy."

Borg hesitated, but he still opened his mouth and said to Kant seriously, "They are all the financial officers of Viscount Wayne. I don't even trust them when they arrange the guards and manpower for me."

"Rolf, you are in charge of handling it.", Kant turned to look at Rolf after hearing that.

Rolf nodded. "Understood."

It was easy for him to deal with a dozens of rats.

However, looking at the bloody guards, he touched his stubble, he smiled sinisterly. "These guys can still provide a lot of information. Even if it's useless, they can sell it to Vaegirs's snowfield iron mine. Although the value is not high, they can still sell it for a few denars."

"The snowfield iron mine of Veagirs still needs human slaves?", Kant frowned slightly.

"Yes.", Rolf Shrugged. "Men, women, and children all need it. If they encounter labor shortages, they even wanted the elderly. They lack slave miners, and every year, they will attract many slave traders."

"I see.", Kant lowered his head slightly.

He was deep in thought.

Selling humans as slaves was not a psychological barrier for him.

There was also a slave trade in this world. And it was in full swing.

Not to mention human slaves, there were all kinds of beautiful women and maidservants. It was said that there were even dwarf slaves. They were locked in the depths of the workshop as senior blacksmiths. With a little better service, these dwarf slaves could help to forge high-quality weapons and armor, this was something that could be found within the sphere of influence of the great noble families.

For Kant, rather than killing them for nothing or leaving behind any future trouble, he might as well made them his slaves.

If he bought the Kingdom of Vaegirs trust and exchange it for denars.

That was a good idea.

Kant was tempted, but he did not show it. He turned around and walked outside.

Firentis and Banduk followed.

The two knights also helped Borg to walk. The heavy chain armor made a slight rustling sound as they walked, but it did not frighten Borg. Instead, there was a light look on his face as if he had barely escaped from death.

He really survived.

After leaving the prison cell, his old butler was also led out by a knight to the council hall.

As for those unfamiliar guards?

They could only hope for the best.

.....

Today's time soon passed.

Night fell.

The entire Nahrin Desert seemed to have entered the winter season.

The cold air spread on the ground.

Around the "Drondheim" Castle, the 10-man team of desert bandits were still patrolling.

The discovery of Borg during the day made everyone vigilant.

Kant even specially sent a message to the posthouse, reprimanding the 40 desert bandits who were guarding there, asking them to increase the frequency of their patrols, and telling them that they would send more desert bandits and Rolf, who was the chief of security, to the posthouse at the beginning of the next month. Everyone had to brace themselves to prevent similar accidents from happening again.

However, even if the patrols were stepped up, more and more people appeared at the Stone Pass.

The hotels were already filled with people with ulterior motives.

The bountiful profits of the table salt trade made countless people envious. Even Baron Dylan was under great pressure.

The North County, South County and the sealed East County all sent various spies.

It was a storm that was coming.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 220: The Tense Atmosphere Between the Two Sides

Early in the morning at the beginning of the month.

Kant woke up from his sleep, and a little noise entered his ears.

He frowned slightly and glanced at the bright sky outside the window. He quickly calmed down with a bit of his morning breath. Kant paid attention to the noise. It was the neighing of the camels, and he already understood what was going on.

Manid and his camel caravan had returned.

He put on his clothes and went to the window.

Kant looked down. Many peasants were carrying the goods on the backs of 30 camels and piling them on the side of the street. Manid stood by the side and busy commanded them. Looking at the thick fur coat on his body, Kant knew that he had just returned in the early morning.

He retracted his gaze.

Kant washed his hands and face and walked out of the room.

There were a few beautiful maids with fair and supple faces waiting on him outside.

When they saw Kant walk out, they hurriedly bowed. "My lord, good morning."

"Yes, good morning.", Kant nodded.

These were all immigrants from cities and towns. Bunduk had specially picked them out and arranged them to serve as maids in the council hall.

Beautiful young girls between the ages of 18 and 25.

Their faces were cute and pretty. Many of them were girls from wealthy families. That was why they were arranged to serve Kant as his personal maids on the sixth floor. They would usually clean Kant's exclusive room and serve him with food, clothing, and travel.

Bunduk had chosen unmarried young girls.

He also vaguely hinted that they could also work in bed in the middle of night.

Kant understood what he meant.

After all, "Mount & Blade" was a western game, so it was more open to such things.

Moreover, this was the medieval background in which a lord was above everything.

If he moved his finger, these beautiful maids would wash themselves clean and lie on his big, soft bed, unlocking any position and fooled around over and over again.

But Kant did not make such a gesture.

Even if these beautiful maids were really gorgeous and they were much more eye-catching than those old ladies with bucket waists.

But he thought these were not the things he should considered at the moment.

Kant's body was only 16 years old.

Excessive indulgence would affect the development of the body, which was worth noting. Even if he had the physical strength of a knight, but his body was still developing, it would still be irreparably affected by such things.

Therefore, Kant had sufficient self-control to allow himself to stay rational.

He would not be seduced by beauty.

Excessive indulgence would destroy a person's spirit. In history, more than one person had fallen due to trapping in the embrace of beautiful women. If one was unlucky, the end result would be miserable.

No one leave him a way out unscathed.

History could be the proof.

Kant waved his hand to dismiss the maids and continued to clean the room. He walked down the spiral staircase and left the sixth floor. Soon, he reached the first floor.

This was a floor that used for greeting guests, banquets, and administration.

Currently, there were not many people in duty.

Only Kant and Firentis were handling the matters of "Dronnheim" Castle. Although Manid would help occasionally, he would deal with business matters alone most of the time. After all, as the table salt trade expanded, his task would become more and more important. He basically could not be distracted to help with other matters.

In fact, the current administrative matters were relatively easy to handle, so Kant and Firentis could handle it.

Therefore, they did not hire additional government employees.

However, Kant sensed that something was wrong.

With the development of "Dronnheim" Castle, it was not only a military center, but also a commercial and political center. All kinds of matters that needed to be handled and decisions began to increase.

The intelligence came from the Stone Pass. All kinds of matters in the "Aaron" Village in the Senwaya Range. In addition, there were spies spying on this place all the time. These were all the things that Kant needed to deal with next.

Moreover, he was secretly guarding against the Kingdom of Grey Mane from the Mannheim Coast which located on the opposite side of the Nahrin Desert . It was already exhausting for him to think about it.

“I really need to hire some employees.”, Kant sighed.

This plan was put on the agenda in Kant’s mind.

He was thinking about it.

The faint fragrance of food appeared in the council hall.

In the kitchen at the back, the chefs were preparing breakfast. According to the usual time, it would take less than half an hour for everyone in “Dronnheim” Castle to eat.

Kant sat in his seat and waited.

The maids brought a tray with silver bowls and plates on it.

“My Lord, please have some sweet porridge and dessert first.”

She put down the tray.

The silver bowl was filled with soft porridge with honey, date palm powder, and a little malt wine.

On the silver plate next to it was a bread strip the size of a finger. It was wrapped with egg liquid, honey, date palm powder, and a layer of flour. After that, it was put into a frying pan and fried into a crispy little dessert. It was a dish brought by the immigrants from these towns, and it tasted very good. It was also a good dessert to appease the hunger before meals.

Kant fell for it since he had it during the supper last night. He even had the maid to specially arrange this dessert before his breakfast. Looking at the still steaming hot dessert, one could tell that it was made by the chefs of these immigrants from the cities.

After tasting a piece of dessert, the taste was sweet and crisp.

Kant nodded in satisfaction and said to the maid, “Please help me prepare four more delicious desserts.”

“Yes, lord.”

The pretty maid chuckled. She happily turned around and ran to the kitchen to instruct the chefs to prepare.

Kant turned his head at the same time and instructed the Swadian knight who was standing guard at the door, “Go and invite Firentis and Manid to come to the council hall to have breakfast with me. Hurry up.”

“Yes.”, the knight nodded and left the house swiftly.

Kant was still making arrangements.

Bunduk and Rolf, who were temporarily staying on the fourth floor, walked out of the stairs.

When they saw that Kant was already sitting in the main seat, they immediately tidied up their collars and quickly walked over to greet him respectfully. “Good morning, Lord Kant.”

“Mm.”, Kant smiled and nodded. “Take a seat.”

“Thank you very much.”, the two of them thanked him and sat down.

However, when Kant saw that the two of them still had black circles under their eyes, he smiled and asked, “What’s going on? It seems that you two don’t have a quality sleep last night?”

“I just came to the land of miracles. I’m under a lot of pressure,” Bunduk said honestly.

Rolf also shrugged. “A looooot of pressure.”

“Relax.”, Kant could not help but laugh.

He understood their pressure, so he comforted them. “This world is no different from Caradia.” As he spoke, he used the knife and fork in his hand to cut open the crispy dessert, after chewing it in his mouth, he swallowed it. “Just like these delicious desserts, we still use this method to eat them. What’s the difference from before?”

“Perhaps.”, Bunduk nodded with a bitter smile.

Even so, regarding the land of miracles, the Continent of Caradia had long been the talk of the town.

Especially the construction workers and trade caravan guards who had come here before and had actually seen Kant, as well as the King Yarogelk of Vaegirs, who had a letter exchange with Kant, all held deep respect for this.

This further glorified the legend of the land of miracles.

As they were chatting, the door was opened, and Firentis and Manid came in.

“Lord Kant.”

The two bowed and greeted him.

Manid was slightly surprised. He looked at Bunduk and smiled. “I didn’t expect to see your figure in the land of miracles. Brother Bunduk, it’s so good to see you.”

“Me too.”, Bunduk nodded with a smile.

Their relationship was good to begin with.

However, Rolf sat awkwardly by the side. Manid had no intention of greeting him.

Clearly, the relationship between the two was very stiff.

It could be seen from the seating arrangement.

Originally, Bunduk and Rolf were sitting on the left and right side of the long table.

However, after Firentis and Manid arrived, they both sat beside Bunduk on the left side. As for Rolf, he was the only one on the right side. He looked lonely and a little pity.

Both sides did not talk much throughout the conversation.

It was obvious that the three of them formed a small group and left Rolf out.

“Breakfast time.”

Kant opened his mouth and broke up the awkwardness and tension in the atmosphere inside the council hall. At the same time, he instructed the maids, "Since we are all here, bring the desserts and breakfast to us."

"Okay.", the maids nodded and turned around to get ready.

Kant was also somewhat helpless about the situation.

Rolf, this unscrupulous scoundrel, he would try to get denar in his hands by any foul means.

In the background of the characters, he could not be considered a good person.

He would have conflict with Firentis and Manidwere, especially Bunduk. Although both of them appeared to be friendly because they came at the same time, in fact, they had a fundamental conflict with each other's personalities, temperaments, and conduct. There was no possibility for them to become friends with just normal communication.

Therefore, the atmosphere was not only awkward and tense, but also filled a hint of hostility.

"Let's separate them as soon as possible."

Kant shook his head and sighed softly.

From the looks of it, if they did not have a life-and-death experience that was engraved in their hearts, their relationship would not be much better.

After all, this was the system setting.

When recruiting NPCs, there were actually two lines.

The first line was the line of justice. NPCs' personalities were both lawful and kind, or they had sense of justice and stayed neutral. They refused to commit any criminal acts such as burning villages, robbing, or extorting.

This was also a line prepared for the kind-hearted players.

The second one was the line of evil. NPCs' personalities could either be bad but still followed the law, lawful and stayed neutral, or complete chaotically evil. There were absolutely no taboos for them, and they had no bottom line.

This was a line prepared for players who liked to conquer and destroy, as well as players from the dark side.

Of course, these were also the game settings.

However, as Kant's golden finger, he inherited this point.

But it was no longer a setting of the game.

It was more of a complicated character's personality!

To truly communicate with these NPCs who had come alive, even if they were loyal to Kant, they could not change their personalities in a short period of time. They could only be trained slowly and subtly influence them.

As for whether if the two NPCs could get along with each other, that would be a matter of opinion.

Now, Kant alone could maintain a basic peace stance.

If both sides worked together.

It would probably be quite difficult to work together just because they had different ideas from each other.