

Oasis 251

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 251: A Demon That Was Completely Annihilated

However, Kant would not test whether Aamon Qieke could withstand it or not.

Since they had already decided, then they would completely press forward and use the most vicious attacks to completely crush this abyssal demon's counterattack, completely turning its body into a useless pile of minced meat!

Kant did not have the ability to destroy the enemy's soul, so it was also possible to destroy the enemy's body.

"Kill --"

The Rhodok sergeants suddenly arose.

Although the heavy glaives in their hands were slashing weapon, the front end of the glaives still had a spear tip.

This kind of weapon was more like the traditional western poleaxe!

They aimed at the fallen abyssal demon Aamon Qieke and stabbed it with the tip of the spear in their hands. Its weak neck, the thin ribs, and the knees and arms were all the attack points that they had already marked out!

Of course, there were also its tightly shut eyes, its nasal cavity, and its similarly weak ear holes.

"Golden sharp blades!"

The mages raised their staffs, and a golden light flashed.

After a few short incantations, the poleaxes of the Rhodok sergeants emitted a golden light.

This was the reflection of the sharp metal.

As the soldiers stabbed at it, dark red blood instantly splattered. Even the tough skin could not stop the weapon that had been strengthened by magic. The spearhead easily pierced through the skin and muscles, and it even directly stabbed into the eye socket of Aamon Qieke, who was pretending to be unconscious but actually wanted to fight back!

"Aooooooo --"

Aamon Qieke howled in pain.

Its eye socket, temple, and earholes were heavily injured. It could not continue to pretend.

"Weng --"

It held the broken rune sword in its left hand and fiercely swung it.

Its powerful arms struck a terrifying hit and speed.

The three Rhodok sergeants could not dodge in time. They could only slightly turn their bodies, using the thick and heavy shield on their backs to block the broken rune sword that was swinging towards them. Then, they were instantly sent flying!

A green light flashed on the broken rune sword.

The thick and heavy shield immediately shattered.

Even for the three Rhodok sergeants, their entire spine was bended into bizarre angle.

Kant did not look at the fallen Rhodok sergeants because Aamon Qieke had already climbed back up. Although its legs were broken, its joints were damaged, and even its eye sockets were pierced by two heavy glaives, this abyssal demon still had terrifying power and so strong that no one dared to approach it!

"I, Aamon Qieke, the supreme lord of hell and the controller of flames, swear in the name of the abyss that even if I lose my mind, I will crush you, extract your soul, and burn it on the flames of hell!"

Aamon Qieke raised its head and roared angrily.

The wound on its neck was still bleeding along with its movements.

Sizzling white smoke rose up along with the dripping dark red blood, the stone slabs were corroded. But even so, Aamon Qieke, who had lost its ability to move quickly and even its vision was damaged, was not enough to scare Kant, the follow-up attacks continued.

A monosyllabic spell was activated along with the magic staff. Magic balls the size of basketballs appeared in the hands of the mages. It blast towards Aamon Qieke like a heavy punch, causing its head to sway left and right.

Magic balls were a low-level spell. For the mages, they did not need to prepare for long.

It was almost in an instant!

They were now experienced official mages.

Each person could only use magic ball 20 times per day. It was quite comparable to the normal amount of arrows that an ordinary crossbowman would have!

Moreover, they also had the power of spells to supplement it.

When they were mage apprentices, the magic balls they released were only the size of a fist, but the power was already as fierce as a heavy hammer.

And now, the magic balls were almost like basketballs!

Their power was even more extraordinary.

These magic balls were more like polished boulders than heavy hammers. If they were thrown out by catapults, they would probably be able to shatter the city walls.

These were the real battlefield spells that exclusive to war mages!

This was also why Kant was so confident.

Mage apprentices were only doing odd jobs on the battlefield, as students to be trained on the actual combat.

When they became official mages, they would be powerful.

Not counting summoning lightning, fatal frost, group acceleration, and so on, even ordinary magic balls and fireballs could burst with terrifying power. These mages were completely adapted to the battlefield and were the most terrifying humanoid war machines for any enemy!

The Enfath Empire was a powerful country in the world of "Wind of the War".

To be able to survive in this high magic world, how could it be possible without a good magic foundation!

Now, Aamon Qieke had tasted this. It knew the terror of these battle mages who only studied a few kinds of spells and utilized it in wars, destroying the enemy and obliterating the enemy's strongest troop!

Tons of magic balls was mixed with fireballs attack.

The raging flames that exploded with a bang even made this abyssal demons who were used to the environment of the flames feel burning.

The Rhodok sergeants shouted and charged forward.

The mages raised their magic staffs, and new spells were also being prepared to be used!

"Group acceleration!"

The wild wind whistled.

A subtle but extremely fast whirlwind was wrapped in between the legs of the Rhodok sergeants, .

It made them faster, and their movements more agile!

"Kill!"

They ran quickly with the whirlwind under their feet. Although the weapon in their hands was called glaive, it was actually a heavy halberd weapon. It flickered with a faint golden light and directly pierced through the demon's skin and muscles!

While dodging the slashes of the broken rune sword and the whipping of its thick and heavy tail, the sergeants still could raise their weapons and slash down heavily, leaving deep gashes on its skin, causing the precious blood filled with power of the devil to gush out, leaving a large number of potholes and corrosion marks on the ground.

"Ahhhhh -- I'm going to kill you! I'm going to kill you!"

Aamon Qieke's furious roar reverberated throughout the entire karst cave.

However, no matter how one heard it, there was a hint of despair and madness in its voice. As it spoke, violent hellfire spewed out from its mouth, sweeping through the surrounding underground city's house and streets, destroying the old and simple houses. It destroyed the entire underground city into ruins.

However, this did not matter to Kant at all. After severely injuring the eyes of the abyssal demon Aamon Qieke, it was unable to sense the specific location of the surrounding soldiers.

Even if it spewed out that terrifying hellfire, it still did not cause many casualties.

Instead, a flaw appeared in its own body.

"Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh --"

A rain of arrows appeared in an instant, shooting straight into Aamon Qieke's mouth.

Blood flowed out from his mouth.

And in the hands of the mages behind him, even more terrifying magic waves appeared, and a faint crystalline blue light shot out like a javelin directly from the magic staff's gem, entering Aamon Qieke's mouth.

Right at this moment, a bone-piercing chill suddenly erupted!

It was the fatal frost!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 252: Questions From Kant

Fatal frost was a group attack spell.

Unlike the lightning summoning spell, which was used specifically for high-value individual targets, this was a spell that targeted the troops. The range was 50 meters by 50 meters, and the terrifying deep frost would bloom from the center like a flower.

If it was cast properly, it could cost an entire elite team at one time.

This was one of the most important spells of battle mages.

However, when this kind of group attack spell exploded in a small space, such as the throat of an abyssal demon, the harsh cold current that erupted crazily from the inside out was as fitting as its name.

Fatal frost!

At least -30 ° low temperature cold current erupted violently.

Like gunpowder that had been ignited, it spread wildly in all directions.

However, the narrow mouth could not allow the cold current to spread. When some of the cold current shot out of the mouth, even more cold current rushed straight into the depths of the throat, squeezing the muscles of the throat without the slightest obstruction. As long as there were any openings that could be passed through, it would drill in with an unstoppable force.

Including the windpipe, stomach, intestines, and even the various unique tracheas in the demon's body, they were all forcefully drilled into by the cold current to wreak havoc. Even the "opening" under the tail spewed out a foul-smelling green cold current!

"Argh --"

Aamon Qieke's despairing howl suddenly ended.

It was already unable to make any more sounds. Even the life in its eyes had faded.

Its throat was frozen, its vocal cords were frozen, and its windpipe was frozen. Its entire lungs were frozen, including its heart and stomach, all the way to its intestines and the butt. They were all frozen into ice as the terrifying cold current spread.

However, the flames of hell were still burning in its eyes.

As a superior demon, its cells and body contained a little of the aura of the flames of hell.

That was why Aamon Qieke had not died.

However, even if it did not die, it still had to kneel on the ground and fall heavily into the ruins of the underground city. It became a fish on the chopping board and completely lost the qualification to compete with Kant.

That's right, it lost the battle.

When the cold current spread, the result was already destined.

Kant calmly waved his hand forward.

The Rhodok sergeants who were scattered around understood his meaning.

The glaives in their hands were emitted a sizzling corrosive sound because they were stained with demon blood. This meant that the weapons in their hands needed to be reforged.

However, there were still some people whose weapons were not affected.

They quickly walked forward and arrived in front of Aamon Qieke, who was breathing weakly. They raised their heavy halberds high up.

"Ka --"

The halberds swung down, and a slight sound of metal clashing could be heard.

The area around its neck was heavily affected by the cold current.

Seven mages shot 14 waves of fatal frost towards Aamon Qieke's mouth and throat. The cold that exploded almost instantly turned his neck into a hard block of ice.

As the sergeants slashed with their axes and halberds, cracks appeared on its neck along with the sound of metal clashing.

"Crack Crack Crack Crack --"

The cracks grew bigger and bigger.

The dark red blood, along with the muscles and vertebrae, completely turned into pieces. This made Aamon Qieke, a terrifying upper-level demon who once had a glorious history, beheaded on the spot.

There was no blood spurting out because the cold current had already frozen his body.

"It's over," Kant said.

His voice was very calm.

Because on his retina, the system interface refreshed once again.

[Ding... After your tireless efforts, the main quest has been completed]

[Main Quest: Kill the abyssal demon]

[Reward: Random village]

[Introduction: You have used your wisdom to deal with this cunning and violent abyssal demon. Standing in the ruins of this ancient underground city, you can vaguely see how glorious the civilization used to be, but now there are only ruins and relics left. Time can change everything. You have a lot of emotions about this.]

The system gave a notification box.

Kant's heart returned to calmness. This proved that the abyssal demon whose neck was cut off had completely died.

But looking at the ruins in front of him and the broken corpses.

"Calculate the casualties."

Kant waved his hand.

He slowly walked forward. In reality, the casualties were not heavy.

The powerful spells of the mages played a huge role. In addition, the abyssal demon Aamon Qieke had not recovered his peak combat strength, so he was humiliated and tortured to death by the ordinary soldiers.

This was the victory of the conventional troop class.

Perhaps the mages were not conventional, but they did count in the battle sequence of the Enfath Empire.

If an unconventional troop of the Enfath Empire appeared.

Perhaps it would be the Storm Titan army that was more than ten meters tall, could throw terrifying thunder spears, could attack the enemy from an extremely long distance, and was also strong in close combat!

The Storm Titan was not weaker than the powerful existence of the abyssal demons at their peak.

"My Lord."

The captain of Rhodok sergeants walked over. "The results are out."

"Speak." Kant said.

"In this battle, exactly ten people died in battle. No one was injured," the captain said solemnly.

"Ten people. The casualties are not bad."

Kant nodded. These casualties were really nothing.

When he had ordered the attack on this abyss demon, he had expected that more than half of the soldiers would die in battle, and even the entire army would be wiped out.

After all, he had already witnessed the terror of an abyssal demon.

Turning his head, Kant looked at the mages.

These seven middle-aged mages had a calm expression.

"Very good."

Kant nodded his head in praise.

It was precisely because they had played a huge role that the casualties of their own troops were reduced.

The mages smiled and bowed.

Kant turned his head to look at the underground city. Although part of the city had been reduced to ruins, but from a rough look, the streets and houses were barely intact. The surrounding city walls and the Mayan pyramid-shaped temple in the distance were basically undamaged, one could vaguely see the grandeur and greatness of the underground city.

At the end, there were buildings built directly on the rock mass, including the excavation of bunkers and the excavation of various pits. It looked like a tunnel and a dark hole led to the living environment. Everything was in place.

Obviously, this underground city used to be very prosperous. Otherwise, there wouldn't be such a complete set of facilities.

"Could this be a trade transit station?"

Kant thought.

The underground river was 20 meters wide and nearly 4 meters deep. Although the current was rapid, the surface of the water was quite smooth. It was the best transportation river. Moreover, when entering the karst cave, he did find traces of the dock on the stone platform, the deliberately widened river channel and the slightly protruding stone pillars on both sides of the river channel were all evidence.

But what puzzled Kant was why the race that had been wiped out in history would build such an ancient passage between the subterranean river and its banks, as well as a huge underground city and a temple formed from hollowed-out mountains?

These were all the doubts and questions in his heart.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 253: The Old Man In the Temple

After all, Kant had learned a lot.

In the Academy of the Castle of Leo, after studying the subjects of the system, he would choose to read some other books.

For example, historical biographies, regional travelogues, and so on.

These were Kant's favorites.

As a transported one, he first had to understand the history and civilization of this world, so that he could roughly understand it in his mind. Then, he would make corresponding measures to quickly improve his strength and reputation.

Of course, even if he had read many books, there were still questions.

This was because the information was insufficient.

Tens of thousands of years ago, the historical materials of the god's eras were so scarce that most of them were just the inventions of imagination.

There was no other way.

Even on Earth, only fragmented myths and legend could be passed down after tens of thousands of years. Even if relics and a few pieces of antiques were discovered, one could come to some conclusions only through some guesswork.

Not to mention this feudal era, which was still in the period of cold weapons.

Without systematic archaeology, it was impossible to connect the results obtained from archaeology. Similarly, it was also impossible to excavate the history hidden in time. This was undoubtedly a tragedy in archaeology and historiography.

It was something that any scholar lamented.

Just like Kant's teacher, Scholar Hank, was like this.

He had used decades, which could be called a lifetime, just to find the lost city.

And it was precisely this legend that only appeared in one or two sentences in the historical materials and myths that actually existed. But it was the truth that was hidden in the dust of history, a remnant of history that could not be found.

Kant could now prove that it was true.

Because the underground city in the karst cave that he was currently in might have a great connection with the lost city.

But these were secondary.

Kant's most important task now was to deal with the follow-up matters.

This magnificent underground city built in the karst cave was already under his control.

He would explore everything in the city, search for anything of value, and plunder treasures that might have been left behind since ancient times. If Kant was willing to, he could also choose to occupy this underground city permanently.

After all, according to Kant's observation, they could live here.

There was a continuous flow of the subterranean river that contained fresh water.

Living materials could be transported through the river and the embankment roads along the river.

And most importantly, it was the perfect house and buildings in the city. According to Kant's current estimation, with the size of the underground city, even if there were more than 5,000 people living here, there would be no problem at all.

This was indeed a small city in the feudal era.

After all, at the beginning of the Middle Ages, the population of the British capital, London, was only about 20,000 +.

But the shortcomings of this place were also very obvious.

Kant raised his head and looked at the rock layer above his head. There were a lot of shimmering moss and fluorescent mushrooms growing on it.

The sparkling light was as gentle as gauze, emitting soft light. It bathed the entire karst cave in the soft moonlight. It was so beautiful and fascinating. It seemed to be able to comfort the soul.

This was like a world of moonlight.

But this was the flaw, causing Kant to hesitate.

Without sunlight, it meant that the ground couldn't be planted. It couldn't even be cultivated. Other than relying on rivers to develop fisheries or transportation, it had no future. It could be said that Kant didn't have the foundation to develop this underground city of the cave, they couldn't even occupy it permanently. It could only be used as a refuge in times of crisis.

But even if it was used as a refuge, it could be done in "Aaron" Village at the periphery of the Senwaya Range as well. After all, Kant's "Drondheim" Castle was extremely stable.

Moreover, "Aaron" would soon be able to level up from village to a town.

If there were enemies that were capable to break through "Drondheim" Castle and then take over Aaron Town.

Then, what was the point if they escaped into this karst cave?

They would still be hunted down and continue to resist Kant's counterattacks to easily break through the defense of this dungeon. Even if they couldn't take it down, the dungeon that didn't have a large amount of resource reserves, the siege could still encircle Kant and the others until they died. They didn't have the slightest ability to resist!

With a slight sigh, Kant gave up on the idea of occupying this place. After all, it really did not have the ability to develop this unproductive underground city that had no future.

"My lord, there are no abnormalities in the surroundings."

The Ravenstern rangers who had spread out to check the surrounding streets and houses returned.

With a relaxed expression, they reported to Kant, "The house is empty. It looks like this underground city has long been abandoned by the former residents."

"Yes, I understand.", Kant nodded.

The underground city was sealed with demons, so it was natural to evacuate the residents.

Kant had already thought of this.

Meanwhile, the ranger captain looked at the Mayan pyramid-like temple located on the mountain, he frowned and guessed, "Maybe we can find something valuable there. For some reason, in our hearts, we are all a little excited about the temple over there. This strange feeling reminds us of the snake worshiping cult in the Empire."

"Do you also feel strange?"

The mages who walked over spoke and nodded to Kant. "At that temple, the positive and negative energies are very dense. They are fighting against each other. Maybe we should go over and take a look."

"Is there any danger?", Kant frowned and asked.

"No,", the mages replied. "We don't sense any signs of life."

"That's good."

Kant waved his hand, signaling for the surrounding soldiers to gather.

As for the Swadian knights, they also dismounted and walked towards the end of the underground city. They gathered in formation and walked quickly to the Mayan pyramid-like temple, which was built against the mountain.

They were extremely vigilant, but they did not notice anything unusual.

The central avenue was 30 meters wide. On both sides of the house, one could still vaguely see the beautiful carvings.

They were all the sacred sun pattern that Kant was familiar with.

However, if one looked carefully, they would see that the sacred sun pattern had already cracked.

And just before the entrance of the pyramid temple, a huge pit had appeared on the underground. A huge stone coffin had been opened, and there were many black flesh-like eggs around it.

However, the flesh eggs had already withered, and they were as terrifying as dead mummies.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh

The arrows whistled, and the Ravenstern rangers raised their bows solemnly.

The sound of people falling to the ground could be heard in the shadows of the nearby house.

"There's a situation."

The ranger spoke with a calm tone, "But it's all settled."

The Rhodok sergeants quickly walked towards the source of the sound. They entered the house, which was already wide open, and pulled out a few imps and long-horned demons with arrows in their eyes. They reported in a solemn voice, "It's those demon soldiers who escaped!"

Kant glanced at them and said, "Indeed, they can't be considered a threat."

They were just a bunch of low-level demons.

Even if they appeared twice as large as before, they would still be torn to shreds by his current level 5 troop class.

It could be said that.

A level 5 troop class would become the peak of humanity's conventional combat strength.

If they wanted to rise again, perhaps they would have to consider that to use mysterious extraordinary power.

At that time, the upgraded troop class could no longer be called a level 5 troop class. Perhaps their levels would be even higher, such as the other level 6 troop class, level 7 troop class, or even level 8 ace troop class!

As long as they complied with the rules of this world, the system MOD could appear in this world.

After dealing with the remaining inferior demons.

Kant led the team and continued to move towards the Mayan pyramid.

The building was built of huge stones, and there was a nearly five meters tall human-shaped statue at the top. It was also holding the sun disk made of gold high up, facing the small light at the top of the mountain, flickering with a faint halo.

This was the power of the Sun God that came from the era of the gods.

The mages all became solemn.

Standing behind Kant, they held the staff in their hands tightly, they reminded him in a soft voice, "A powerful god once came here. We can sense that the tiny divine power is still left in this temple. Although it is faint, as the place where the god came, some rules have been changed permanently."

"Is it dangerous?", Kant frowned. He did not have a good impression of gods.

"Don't worry, my Lord. There is no danger here."

The mages continued, "The gods have been gone for a long time. The rules that have been changed are almost wiped out by time."

Kant nodded. "That's good."

This time, he did not lead the team to the temple to check on safety.

If there were anything, such as strange items, divine artifacts, gold, and the like, he would not be polite. He could pack them all up and take them away in a minute. If he had more time, he would be willing to use a dagger to scrape off the gemstones embedded in stones or gilded walls and took them away.

The underground city that had been ownerless for thousands of years had been occupied by the abyssal demon. After that, the underground city that he had seized had rightfully become his territory. Everything inside was his war trophies.

Kant did not have any psychological burden to take away his own war trophies.

Not at all.

In a world where strength was paramount, the glory of the gods had long since faded. Now, whoever had the biggest fist would be the truth.

Of course, judging from the current situation, Kant's fist was undoubtedly bigger.

Even the abyssal demons had fallen in front of his troops.

"Safe!"

The Rhodok sergeants, who were scouting ahead, waved their hands.

"Let's go.", Kant turned his head to look at the houses on both sides that had been destroyed by the demons. He also said in a deep voice, "Everyone, be alert. When encountering unusual situations, you are not allowed to attack without any hostility or lethal attack.". He paused and added, "Except for the demons."

"Understood!", the Ravenstern rangers behind him nodded in response.

This sentence was actually meant for them.

The Rhodok sergeants at the front and the Swadian knights at the back were all close-combat warriors.

They mainly focused on defense.

After discovering the enemy, the first troop to launch an attack were these top-notch archers.

The accuracy of an arrow without missing a target was fatal.

If they encountered an unknown but powerful enemy and launched an attack first to cause unnecessary misunderstandings, then they would really be wronged. At the very least, Kant's troops could not bear too many losses. After all, Kant had too many elite troops, he preferred to destroy the enemy's forces as easily as breaking rotten wood, it was not to provoke a powerful enemy and cause themselves to be targeted as easily as breaking rotten wood.

But as long as they were careful, the enemy that could threaten Kant, who had more than 300 people, would be nothing but piece of cake unless the enemies were as powerful as Aamon Qieke, the abyssal demon.

Soon, they arrived at the bottom of the front of the pyramid.

In front of them were stairs that went all the way up, about 80 meters, straight to the top of the pyramid.

They raised their heads slightly.

Kant looked up at the black door at the top.

The main body of the temple was at the bottom of the stone statue. From the bottom up, he could see the stone statue holding the sun disk in both hands, looking down as if looking at Kant and the others.

Kant's heart was beating fast slightly, and he felt very uncomfortable.

But at this moment.

A dialog box popped up on his retina.

[Ding... Side quest issued]

[Side quest: search the temple]

[Reward: Double recruitment (permanent)]

[Introduction: You have arrived at the foot of the temple and found a mysterious supernatural wave faintly emitting. You think that you might be able to find some treasures that originated from the ancient times and decided to enter the temple to search.]

Side quest from the system.

Kant frowned slightly.

The current system was no longer as simple as it was in the beginning. There were hints in it.

Since it was searching for the temple.

Then according to Kant's understanding of the system, there was definitely something in the temple!

After all, it was an indirect hint given by the system.

He turned his head and gave a signal to Rhodok sergeants, who were waiting on both sides. Kant raised his chin and said, "Go up and open the stone door. After confirming that there is no danger, report the situation."

"Understood.", the ten Rhodok sergeants nodded and quickly walked up the stairs with their broad shields.

At the top of the stairs.

At the bottom of the two feet of the stone statue was the entrance of the temple that was blocked by the heavy stone door.

At this time, Kant raised his head and looked at the nearly five meters tall stone statue.

Compared to the hundred meters tall statue that was directly carved on the mountain from the temple in the relics of the mountain, this statue had the exact same face. Other than the different movements, the ancient armor on its body and its clothes were very similar.

Perhaps this was the god that the descendants of the lost city believed in, the Sun God!

The face was about 25 years younger.

The whole face was carved lifelike.

This technology was incomparable to the current human era. In Kant's impression, even the best dwarf could not be compared to them. In terms of creating art, perhaps only the mysterious and unfamiliar elves of the Mannheim Coast could be compared to it. However, Kant also did not believe that the elves could carve such lifelike stone statues.

The statue looked exactly like a real living creature, as if it would come to life and break out of the rock shell anytime and anywhere.

"This doesn't feel good."

Kant frowned.

This kind of condescending gaze made him feel a little uncomfortable.

Especially when he swept his gaze across the stone statue's indifferent eyes, it was like he was stared at by the gods.

However, the soldiers beside him did not have this kind of feeling. They stood in formation and carefully guarded the surrounding intersections, especially the areas that they had not explored yet. They held their weapons and shields tightly and watched vigilantly, any unusual situation would attract their attention, as well as the rangers with keen eyes and ready to shoot.

Kant's order was simple, but to them, if they really encountered an irresistible enemy, then taking the initiative to attack and ensuring their lord's safety was equally important!

"Ka Ka Ka..."

Above their heads, the sound of rocks rubbing against each other could be heard.

The thick and heavy stone door was pushed open.

Rhodok sergeants had solemn expressions as they looked at the pitch-black entrance. They looked at each other, took out their torches, and ignited them with ignition tools such as flame chargers. They held them up and entered the tunnel.

The torches burned merrily.

The smoky black smoke from the burning oil quickly covered the top floor of the tunnel.

However, Rhodok sergeants did not go too far.

In less than five meters, they reached the wooden door at the end of the tunnel. It was carved with exquisite patterns. There were precious gold and gemstones on the door handle. Under the flickering light of the fire, it looked extremely beautiful.

Reaching out to hold the door handle, Rhodok sergeants slowly opened the wooden door.

"Wuuuuuuu --"

A cold breeze instantly gushed out from the gap of the door.

The fires were violently swayed by this cold breeze. For a moment, the fire in the alley was suppressed, and the temperature dropped several degrees without any traces. Even the light became dim.

The cold breeze blew outwards, and even spun a few times around the burly bodies of the soldiers.

Then, along with the whimpering sound of the breeze being compressed in the narrow space, it blew up the sideburns of the ten Rhodok sergeants outside their helmets. The breeze rushed out of the tunnel and turned into a gentle wind before disappearing.

The Rhodok sergeant at the front put down his broad shield.

They looked confused.

They looked at each other. They did not notice anything unusual, but they were fearful of this cold wind in their hearts.

After coming into contact with the fantasy-like combat skills, they were no longer limited to the traditional combat skills of Caradia.

They did not notice the strangeness.

But at the bottom of the pyramid temple, the faces of the mages changed slightly.

They raised their heads directly. A subtle wind rushed out of the alley, making their faces change even more. They frowned slightly and reported to Kant in a solemn voice, "Something's wrong, Lord!"

"What's wrong?", Kant raised his head, but he could not see the wind that had already dissipated.

"Very dense negative energy."

The leading mage raised his head, his eyes were filled with shock. "Even after thousands of years of weakening, we can still sense the density of that negative energy. If the negative energy reaches the

peak, we would have been swept away by the storm formed by that negative energy and our minds would have been destroyed on the spot, turning into ignorant fools!"

Kant frowned. Looking at the solemn expressions of the mages beside him, as well as the Ravenstern rangers who came from Pander World and were also aware of the mysterious power, he could not help but ask, "What have you discovered?"

"Negative energy, rich negative energy."

The mage gulped and calmed his mind, he said, "Just now, a gust of wind formed by the gathering of negative energy surged out of the entrance of the temple, caught us off guard. But fortunately, after tens of thousands of years of weakening, it did not have any lethality."

"Yes.", Kant nodded. He just needed to confirm that there was no danger.

But the mage frowned. "Something's wrong."

"What?", Kant asked.

"Yes, Something's wrong."

The mage closed his eyes slightly and then opened them. He repeated, "Something's really wrong!"

"That's right, I sensed it too!", the other mages also nodded.

They looked at each other and saw the surprise in each other's eyes.

"What's going on?", Kant's tone was slightly solemn.

These wizards obviously sensed that something was not right. He had to know the details. He could not help but ask in a serious voice, "Tell me immediately, is there anything else that is not right in this temple?"

"Yes... Yes."

The mage answered hesitantly.

"Speak", Kant said in a deep voice.

"It's like this, my lord. In the wind formed by this negative energy, we found a cold aura that only belongs to the dead. And this, in our perception, is the most prominent characteristic of the undead!"

The leading mage frowned and explained, "It's in this temple!"

"Yes, it's in the temple!", the other mages chimed in.

"Undead.", Kant's expression was serious.

Behind him, Rhodok sergeants and the Swadian knights were equally serious, including the Ravenstern rangers. It was clear that they had some understanding of the undead. After all, they were corpses that had been resurrected from the dead. As long as there was a war, some writers could always describe the terrifying scene through these fragmented corpses.

However, no matter how they described it, these undead that had risen from the dead, these corpses that should have been in eternal slumber, should never have appeared in this world. This indicated that the most basic rule -- the boundary between life and death had been broken!

Kant knew more about the undead.

After all, in the movies and videos of his previous life, the undead, this special race, was no weaker than the demons.

Moreover, the world of "Wind of War" where the mages lived had the existence of the undead race.

Moreover, they were divided into the vampire race and the bone race, each of which established their own country!

As one of the strongest human countries, the Enfath Empire naturally had fierce conflicts with these evil creatures. Even the local court of justice, which was owned by the country, was existed to deal with those evil and filthy demons and the undead!

The mages' faces were grave.

They turned to Kant and suggested, "My lord, the temple... may not be optimistic."

Kant narrowed his eyes and said, "Tell me more details."

"Perhaps there will be undead creatures."

The mage spoke, his tone was a little hesitant. "Undead creatures do not have a time limit, but their bones and physical bodies will decay. Of course, if they are powerful undead, even time will not be able to stop them. In other words, the soul fire is their source of power. As long as it is not extinguished, it is equivalent to eternal life."

"Then, what is the situation inside the temple?", Kant asked.

"We need to go there and take a look.", the mages did not dare to boast and said cautiously, "But in our senses, there is still a faint presence of the undead, because we already detected the cold characteristics of the undead in the negative energy."

At this moment, at the main entrance of the temple.

Rhodok sergeants pressed down the golden doorknob and pushed open the exquisite wooden door.

With a long creaking sound, the bronze doorknob was slowly pushed, allowing the entire interior space of the temple to appear in front of them. It was dark and deep.

The torch was raised, and a light that had not been seen for a long time appeared in the main hall of the temple.

It was a hall that was close to 2,000 square meters.

However, Rhodok sergeants widened their eyes, and the two people at the front even took two steps back!

Bones and skeletons all over the floor!

There was also an old man sitting on a golden chair with a scepter in front of the statue at the center of the main hall!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 254: Resurrected Divine Lich

The breathings of Rhodok sergeants quickened.

However, they did not make any decisions on their own. Instead, they slowly retreated from the door that was pushed open.

Although the light from the torches could only illuminate a dozen meters around them, the walls of the hall were decorated with gold and glass ornaments. Therefore, when the torches flickered, they almost illuminated the entire hall of the temple.

Similarly, the floor was filled with skeletons and bones.

The entire room was filled with skeletons.

Layers upon layers.

The skeletons were pressed on top of the skeletons. The skeletons were ghastly white, and there some linen or velvet cloth on them. However, they were all tattered, which made them look even more ghastly and terrifying.

The Rhodok sergeant looked at each other and completely retreated out of the hall.

They retreated into the alley.

The last soldier turned around and left. He needed to report this situation to Kant.

However, he hadn't left the alley yet.

A new torch appeared at the stone door outside, and more Rhodok sergeants walked in.

At the same time, Kant, who was surrounded and protected, also came in.

"Calm down."

Kant frowned. Seeing the abnormal anxious look of this Rhodok sergeant, he could not help but clench his heart. He asked him in a low voice, "What happened? What did you find in the temple?"

"My lord, there are skeletons everywhere!", the sergeant quickly reported.

"Skeletons?"

Kant's pupils instantly shrank.

The low-level skeleton footman of the undead race appeared in his mind.

They were wearing broken armors and holding weapons made of ribs or thigh bones. Some of the better ones might have rusty or broken iron weapons. The blue soul fire flashed in the eye sockets of these skeleton soldiers. They were once the ancient warriors and only their bones were left in the tombs. However, they were manipulated and then resurrected by the evil, desecrated by the wicked undead.

Although these skeleton soldiers with only their bones left had very low combat power, the undead was capable to control a large number of skeleton soldiers and drowned the enemy with the wave attacks. Otherwise, the famous undead disaster would not have existed!

“Stay alert!”

Kant ordered in a deep voice.

The soldiers who had swarmed in behind quickly retreated and spread their vigilance around the pyramid.

In such a narrow area, so many soldiers could only be a burden.

As elite troops, they naturally knew that fewer people meant more. Thus, the Rhodok sergeants, who were good at fighting and protecting on foot, came in separately and held their broad shields in front of Kant.

They walked quickly in the alley and pushed open the golden wooden door with exquisite patterns.

Kant’s pupils instantly contracted.

“This...”

His words could not describe the terrifying scene he had seen so far.

It was really flooded with skeleton!

He felt the shock of that Rhodok sergeant.

The floor was covered in layers of skeletons. In the hall that was close to 2,000 square meters, there were broken bones everywhere.

Kant could even vaguely see that there should be more than ten rows of seats in the hall, but they were all submerged by these bones. The highest point was at the high platform at the end of the hall, where the skeletons were stacked up to nearly half a meter.

According to the estimation of these many skeletons, at least five thousand people died here to form this skeleton flood.

“This is a massacre.”

The mages opened their mouths slightly and said slowly, “The aura here is the cold remnants of the dead, with resentment and a curse on the living. Although it has been thousands or even tens of thousands of years, it still exists.”

“It’s really terrifying.”, Rhodok sergeants also whispered.

Nearly five thousand people were massacred in this hall. How could it not be terrifying?

They came from the Continent of Caradia.

Although the war was chaotic, there was definitely no massacre with such scale.

This was equivalent to a massacre of an entire city. It was a massacre on the level of genocide. This was a massacre that had rarely happened in the recorded history of Caradia.

Even in the world of “Wind of the War” where the Enfath Empire was located, a single massacre of 5,000 people could be said to be horrifying.

Now, the scene appeared in front of Kant.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and his expression calmed down.

It was not like he had never heard of the massacres of hundreds of thousands of people in his previous life.

Compared to the troop class that the system recruited, Kant, who had come from the real world, was undoubtedly more knowledgeable. It was just that when he suddenly saw a massacre of nearly 5,000 people, he felt a little uneasy. As he adjusted his mood, he quickly recovered.

“But it doesn’t matter.”

The mages opened their mouths and said calmly, “These skeletons have lost their souls, so there is no possibility of them becoming undead.”

Kant nodded, but his eyes looked forward.

“What is that, an... Old man?”

He looked straight at the end of the hall.

It was a stone platform half a meter tall, with a small idol placed there.

Linen and velvet pendants could be vaguely seen around it. As it had not been touched for thousands of years, although it was badly damaged, the mysterious divine patterns of the sun could still be seen on it.

In front of the statue was an old man sitting on a golden chair.

He was wearing a divine robe woven with golden threads. The patterns were more complicated than the woman in golden coffin in the relics. At the same time, a scepter made of gold was lying in his arms, and on his head was a golden crown.

There was no doubt that he was a superior.

“There is negative energy contained in it.”

The mage reminded, “Perhaps there is a little danger.”

“A little danger?”, Kant was satisfied with this word. “So there is no danger?”

“It is best to be careful.”, the mage said.

Kant looked at the old man with white eyebrows and beard, his face still calm.

Since there was a little danger, it meant that there was not much danger. Kant naturally would not be too nervous, but he would not let down his guard either. He turned to the Rhodok sergeants and said, “I need someone to investigate.”

“I’ll go!”

Without any hesitation, two Rhodok sergeants stood out and strode forward with wide shields that looked like tortoise shells on their backs.

They held their two-handed glaives and raised their arms parallel to each other. They aimed the pointed spear at the old man who was sitting on the golden chair and holding a golden scepter. They stepped on the layers of bones, accompanied by the cracking sound of the crushing bones, they slowly walked over.

Behind them, the other Rhodok sergeants raised their shields and carefully blocked Kant’s sides. Only the sturdy broad shields in their hands were the source of their peace of mind.

Another four Ravenstern rangers came in.

With serious expressions, they raised the heavy bows in their hands, nocked the arrows, and faintly aimed at the sitting old man.

They also felt uneasy.

The mages raised their staffs, and the few remaining magic balls were ready.

The two Rhodok sergeants slowly walked forward.

The sound of bones breaking could be heard continuously, and even under their feet, there was a faint blue light flickering among the skeletons. As they stepped on them, it slowly extinguished like a will-o’-the-wisp.

Thousands of years was really too long.

It was so long that even the undead would be annihilated.

However, when the two Rhodok sergeants were about to approach the stone platform, the heavy long glaives in their hands were less than two meters away from the old man’s corpse. Then, a cold golden light slowly appeared on the top of the stone platform.

It was like a willow catkin that was slowly falling, appearing above the old man’s head.

“Retreat! That’s a soul series spell!”

The mages beside Kant suddenly shouted.

And right at the stone platform, the Rhodok sergeants did not hesitate at all, they immediately turned around and ran back.

Although the broad shields on their backs were as troublesome as a turtle shell, they could completely block the enemy’s attack. Thus, these Rhodok sergeants dared to point their backs at the enemy. In fact, if they were to fight with their weapons in their hands, their backs were the area with the strongest defense!

Sometimes, when they were injured, in order to prevent their formation from being destroyed, they would turn their backs and use the broad shields on their backs as low walls to block the enemy’s attacks. The effect was very good.

However, the expected soul attack did not come.

The seven mages still had solemn expressions, as if they were facing a great enemy.

Kant looked at the stone platform.

The golden willow catkins fluttered in the wind, and the old man with white hair and beard made a slight movement.

The scepter made of gold was originally leaning against the old man's chest. Now, it moved slowly along with his movements, as if it was trying to slip away and fall to the ground. The situation was urgent.

But just as it fell, an old hand full of wrinkles grabbed it.

"Human."

The old man slowly raised his head, his tone was unfamiliar and indifferent.

He did not continue speaking after he spoke. Instead, he quietly pondered for three to five seconds before he raised his head again and looked at Kant, who was protected in the middle. "Human noble."

"I am.", Kant took a step forward, held his knight sword and asked, "How should I address you?"

"Lowly slave."

However, the old man seemed to be enraged. His eyes turned gray, and his entire pale and wrinkled old face was filled with anger and rage. "Kneel down and salute me. Who allow you to look directly at me while standing? Look directly at the respected pope of the Sun God Sect!"

His anger seemed to communicate with the rules of the surroundings. The temperature rose slightly, and the dust on the walls in the surroundings kept falling down. The gold foil gave off a faint golden light, like a dazzling light, completely illuminating the hall.

However, a sinister wind blew through. With resentment and a vicious curse, it quickly circled the room.

Kant and the others could clearly feel that the temperature had fallen again after the rise. A faint wind blew past them, but more wind rushed toward the old man who called himself the pope, whistling and blowing up the clothes made of gold threads on his body.

At the same time, the grayness in the old man's eyes became more and more obvious. He sat on the golden chair, he fell into a daze as if he was recalling something. "This is... Oh, it's you... why did you... No... I remember... the final battle... The sanctuary was ambushed... the betrayal of mankind... the end of the entire era of the gods!"

He muttered slowly, and the grayness in his eyes became more and more obvious.

In the end, the golden light in his eyes completely disappeared.

The divine pattern of the sun between his brows turned from golden to blood-red, reflecting the dense blood vessels in his eyes. He looked at Kant and the others, his eyes filled with hatred. "Humans, traitors of the gods!"

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh –"

A scorching gale instantly surged.

The terrifying force instantly blew up a large number of skeletons in the hall.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 255: The Pope's Appointment

"Protect our lord!"

Rhodok sergeants raised their shields to block Kant.

The blowing skeletons were everywhere in the hall, but it did not last long. In a short while, the sound of coughing went down.

The hot wind disappeared.

On the stone platform, the old man wearing a golden robe and holding a scepter stood up.

But now, he bent down and coughed heavily.

The sound was extremely mournful.

It took a while before it stopped, and the golden crown on his head fell to the ground, he muttered to himself in despair, "After the fall of the gods, is it already the end of the age of magic? Could it be that the Divine Lich I transformed into has lost its effect? No, I sacrificed so many god's descendants, but the transformation failed... this is impossible..."

"Whoosh –"

The shrill sound of bodkin arrows whistling could be heard in the hall.

The bodkin arrow brushed past the hair of the old man and shot heavily onto the statue behind him.

The sound of metal clashing could be heard.

The waist of the statue was completely penetrated by the bodkinarrow that was shot out from the full bow.

Only then did they realize that the statue was actually made of gold. It was just that there were some strange things on it, and as time passed, it was stained with a large amount of dust, making it look like a stone.

"Old man, I think you should calm down."

The Ravenstern ranger who shot the bodkinarrow slowly said, "Or rather, an evil undead."

The mages had already confirmed that the old man was an undead.

From the rich negative energy contained in his body, they could tell that it still contained a portion of positive energy. Although the two energies had an extreme conflict, they could still maintain a certain fragile balance.

That was why the mages did not let Kant give the order to directly kill the old man.

“But will he listen to our opinion?”

Kant smiled faintly.

Looking at the old man, he said, “If he even called out the lowly slave, then this matter will definitely not be dealt in peace. Even if I wanted to, he would not do so.”

In the era of the gods, humans were slaves.

Kant had once understood this.

If he was a former slave owner who lost power, but found that his slaves had occupied his home and obtained new rights, how could he relax and shake hands with his former slaves to make peace?

Or should he know that he did not even have the right to shake hands and make peace, and instead, he had to become a slave?

Peace would not come.

The old man who called himself the pope turned his head to look at the destroyed statue. His old face was expressionless, and only his grayish-white eyes filled with blood vessels, there was a hint of anger like he had been insulted. “Lowly human slaves, you have betrayed the gods. If it were not for you, I would not have stolen the fallen Godhead and tried to use the Godhead and the bodies of the undead to protect the dying Holy City of Sun!”

He said slowly, his voice extremely hoarse, “Even if this is the end of the magic era, I can still use the power I obtained from the Godhead. This is the power of the gods, a power that you humans absolutely cannot yearn!”

The golden scepter lit up.

But with another sharp whistle, an arrow arrived in an instant and shot directly at the golden scepter in his hand. He couldn't hold it with one hand and was instantly sent flying with the arrow, smashing into the pile of skeletons.

“Perhaps you don't understand.”

Kant said slowly, “Now is the era of humans.”

After a pause, Kant looked at the old man who had yet to react and said indifferently, “If you want to die, I can fulfill your wish. Even if you are an undead, I can completely destroy your body.”

However, what responded to him was the temperature that fluctuated between hot and cold.

As well as the hatred from the bottom of the heart of the old man who called himself the Pope and stared fiercely at Kant!

“Then there's nothing to talk about.”

Kant spoke with a calm tone.

He turned his head to look at the four Ravenstern rangers beside him and said, “Kill him.”

“Whoosh –”

A shrill whistle instantly appeared.

Four bodkin arrows directly tore through the obstacles in the void and nailed into the old man’s eye socket, glabella, and mouth.

The immense force instantly caused the old man, who was between life and death, to fall backward. Black and golden liquids that were not mixed with each other flew out, causing him to fall onto his golden chair.

“It’s not over yet.”

The mages reminded him.

On the stone platform in front, the old man, who had fallen onto the golden chair, slowly raised his head.

His face had already been destroyed by the four arrows.

Even his mouth had been completely torn apart, and the sharp bodkin arrows had pierced through the back of his head. Even the arrowheads between his eyebrows and his eye sockets were stained with pitch-black and golden liquid, dripping onto the ground.

But this old man was still not dead.

“This is the constitution of the undead. There are no weak points or weaknesses of a body of flesh and blood.”

The mages immediately explained, “The best way is to completely destroy their physical bodies, or directly crush them at the soul level.” They paused, their tone was a little regretful. “If there was a priest from the Inquisition here, we reckon that as long as the priest cast a dispelling spell, this undead old fellow, would be completely burned to death.”

Kant said faintly, “It’s a pity that I don’t have a priest from the Inquisition, but I think it’s not a problem to destroy this fellow’s physical body.”

He waved his hand forward.

The Ravenstern rangers continued to shoot.

The whooshing sound was incessant, and one after another, bodkin arrows arrived in an instant.

The throat, heart, arms, knees, lower abdomen, and other parts of the body were all nailed with bodkin arrows.

The force brought by the shooting even made this undead covered with bodkin arrows fell onto the golden chair. His entire body trembled, but he could not stand up no matter how hard he tried, even if he wanted to make an angry sound, because the bodkin arrows pierced through his body directly from his mouth and throat, he could only make a loud sound.

Even the abyssal demon with terrifying defense, had its defenses slightly broken by the bodkin arrows. A lich with undead body was still shot into hedgehog by these top-tier archers with bodkin arrows that could pierce through armor!

Moreover, there was also Rhodok sergeants.

Their faces were cold as they strode forward.

They gripped the glaives tightly. As they took large strides forward, they aimed directly at the old man's chest. Their goal was to kill this old fellow!

Behind them was their companion.

However, their left hands were covered with a broad shield, while their right hands were holding a crane-like warhammer.

As they approached, the halberd and spear pierced into the old man. At the same time, the warhammer was also aimed at the back of his head and his fragile body.

With a muffled sound, a golden light spread out like willow catkins.

There was also black smoke the old man.

The old man's body was dismembered, and dark black and golden liquid flowed out.

The hall was filled with a cold wind and rising temperature.

"It's settled."

The mages spoke in a way that the luck was on their sides.

Looking at the corpse that was completely motionless and had been chopped into minced meat, Kant said calmly, "This lich is not sealed. It has been sitting here motionless for thousands of years. Its former ability has long dissipated with time, leaving behind only an empty shell."

"That's good.", Kant nodded and raised his hand to signal for it to stop.

If it was a lich at its peak, it would probably be able to fight against that terrifying abyssal demon at its peak.

The high-end combat strength of the undead race was not inferior to that of other races.

And if one wanted to become a lich, they would at least be knowledgeable and powerful mages.

For example, this old man who wore a golden silk robe, wore a golden crown on his head, and held a golden scepter in his hand. He claimed to be the pope of the Sun God Sect, but he was easily killed by Kant's troops like an old man.

The history he experienced could definitely reveal the secrets of the era that Kant did not understand.

The true history of the era of the gods.

Although Kant was puzzled, he was not curious about history.

Kant could choose to know, and he could also choose to kill this lich, letting him understand who was the main character now.

Strength was everything.

Since this old lich who had just woken up dared to treat humans as slaves in the era of the gods, Kant also did not need to be polite to him.

If he did not choose peace, then let him return to his era and accompany the dead corpses!

“There are soul fluctuations!”

At this moment, the mages instantly raised their staffs, their faces solemn.

The Rhodok sergeants on the stone platform quickly retreated.

At the spot where the corpse had been chopped into minced meat, faint black smoke kept rising, condensing into the shape of a human body. It looked just like that pope lich, with his eyes closed, the black smoke all over its body thickened, it also brought a faint chilly wind and added a bit of terror.

It was just like a ghost from the underworld. It was a remnant spirit from the era of the gods. With hatred for the living, it wanted to completely destroy this world.

However, when it opened its eyes.

It was a faint golden light.

The appearance of the spirit was very eye-catching, but the golden light gradually occupied the main veins of its four limbs along with the body formed by the black smoke. It also gathered at the heart and formed a golden ball.

“I... Failed...”

His lips opened, but his voice seemed to appear out of nowhere.

His eyes swept across the hall filled with skeletons and bones, he appeared in the hall like a regret and self-reproach living person. “I sacrificed all the divine descendants to the undead plane... using the fallen Godhead of the Sun God, I finally transformed into a divine lich... but I lost my will and became a puppet that was manipulated...”

The spirit with golden light looked at Kant, and their eyes met, he seemed to understand something.

“Human... you betrayed the gods... you also betrayed the demons... I really didn’t expect that after the gods died... after the demons died... it was you who took over the mainstream of this world... but it doesn’t matter... as long as the demons don’t control this world...”

“Who are you?”, Kant frowned slightly.

The mages beside him held their magic staffs, and the soldiers also watched vigilantly.

This was the first time they had seen such a ghost that clearly did not have a physical body!

The ghost that gradually revealed an old face. It was the same face as the old man from before, but it had more human-liked expression, but its voice was getting weaker and weaker. It seemed like it could

disappear at any time. "Me? "I am... a poor puppet... a poor fellow who tries to use other powers to protect his home and race... But I am going to disappear now. Before that... human noble... go to the sacred sun city in the north... Save the daughter of god from the coffin of eternity... take my scepter... you will be... the new... Pope of the Sun God Sect..."

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 256: A Large Amount of Gold

Kant looked at the gradually dissipating spirit body and could not help but frown.

The mages around him looked like they were facing a great enemy. They scanned their surroundings vigilantly. Their spiritual perception abilities had reached its limit. It was clear that they had sensed that this dissipating spirit body actually contained the essence of some kind of rule.

However, nothing unexpected happened.

Even the Rhodok sergeants, who had used their weapons to chop the old lich into minced meat, did not sense any abnormalities.

A slightly warm breeze blew past.

It circled the entire hall, rushed out of the alley, and disappeared into the karst cave.

As for the stone platform, the black smoke and golden light that appeared from the old lich's body completely disappeared. It was just like the breeze that blew past just now dispersed the old lich's spirit body.

Everything was normal.

There was no danger.

Kant turned his head and looked at the mages who had regained their calmness.

Noticing Kant's gaze, they also nodded and said, "We're safe now."

"How strange."

Kant retracted his gaze and looked at the hall full of skeletons.

On the stone platform, the chopped corpse was still thrown there and stained the golden chair. It looked quite dirty, but Kant did not care. He waved his hand and ordered Rhodok sergeants, "Seize those gold items immediately!"

"Understood.", Rhodok sergeants nodded and immediately stepped forward.

Many gold items were taken by them.

Especially the golden chair, the golden scepter, and the tattered golden silk clothes.

Even the golden statue on the wall behind them, which was about half a meter long and had an arrow at its waist, was taken down by the Rhodok sergeants.

The hall of the temple had a lot of gold items.

"Hurry up!"

The captain of the Rhodok sergeants urged.

There were a lot of heavy gold items, and the skeletons under their feet were crispy. If one stepped on them, they would sink a few centimeters into the skeletons.

After all, after tens of thousands of years, even with the protection of the mysterious power, these bones were no longer as strong as before. When they were stepped on, the half-meter-deep layer of bones immediately made a cracking sound, it was obvious that the layer of bones at the bottom could not withstand the force, and the bones began to crack.

The small bone fragments mixed with dust began to spread into the air along with their movements. The entire hall was quite suffocating. As a lord with high status, Kant naturally did not need to stay here personally.

Standing at the top of the pyramid outside, he looked down at the underground city.

The design was as neat as a chessboard.

Even the city walls were square, just enough to wrap the underground city inside.

The central avenue led from the main entrance to the pyramid temple below. Although the houses on both sides were in ruins, the once luxurious appearance of the remaining walls and scattered houses could be vaguely seen. It was obviously the residence of a noble.

Among the many houses on both sides, there were also markets and other facilities.

This included public bathhouses and public toilets for hygiene purpose.

"This is a high level civilization."

Kant secretly admired the city and looked down from above. Just based on the planning and design of the city, he could not help but praise it. As expected of the developed era of the gods. Not to mention the buildings, even the entire city was better than the most brilliant and bustling Leoheart City in Kant's opinion, and it was even cleaner and tidier, fully reflecting the appearance of a high-level civilized city.

Just inside the city wall, he also saw the training ground, which was used as a military camp. There were many warrior statues on it, just like the warrior statues carved out of rocks in the ruins of the temple at the top of the mountain.

If he wanted to, this underground city would immediately be an ideal base for transferring residents.

However, the shortcomings were too big.

Kant raised his head and looked at the glowing rock wall.

He shook his head and threw this idea out. He sighed slightly and said, "There is no production here. Even if we occupy it, it will not bring any benefits. Occupying it now will only be a waste of resources."

This place was not even considered a military important place.

Even if Kant chose to give up, it would be fine to just guard the ruins on the mountain peak.

Even if there were unknown enemies here, such as these demons, he could just send troops to attack from time to time. They would let the enemies appear from the dark, making this underground city the enemy's stronghold, it would also become Kant's training area. As long as the enemy did not take over the entire ancient passage, there would be no danger.

That was why Kant said it was a pity.

If there were enemies here, it would be good if it became a long-term training ground.

Then Kant would have a reason to occupy this place.

It was a pity that there were no enemies.

There was only a subterranean river that originated from the "Aaron" Village. It flowed slowly and turned into the east at an angle of more than 90 degrees. According to Kant's map concept, it should have entered the territory of the Dukedom of Leo's East County.

The ancient passage was also built. Just like a partner, it was built parallel to the subterranean river and headed to the east.

"I'll explore it again in the future."

Kant's heart was calm.

He had just finished dealing with this underground city. He did not have the experience to continue exploring the unknown region.

When the old lich's spirit dissipated, he gave Kant a quest.

Or rather, it was a side quest that the system took the opportunity to form.

[Ding... Side quest issued]

[Side quest: Last wish]

[Reward: Spring eye X 1]

[Introduction: You found this spirit in the temple. It originated from the ancient survivors from thousands of years ago. He told you his last wish. You plan to follow this wish and go to the depths of the desert in the north. After all, the sandstorm that appeared in the depths of the desert is now shrouding your heart.]

This was what the system's mission interface explained.

Kant naturally didn't have a choice.

It was just shifting the exploration area from the buried city to the depths of the desert.

The mission reward was a spring eye.

It was also what Kant wanted.

"Drondheim" Castle had max out the level.

However, the construction of the estate was incomplete. For example, the fresh water that nourished the desert, as well as the livestock industry and agriculture that the castle currently had, all required a large amount of fresh water. Even the cultivation of sand-proof forests, such as those date palm trees, required a large amount of water resources. Otherwise, there was nothing much to talk about the desert.

Water was the source of all living things. This saying was absolutely true.

While he was thinking, footsteps could be heard coming from the passageway beside the stone door.

Rhodok sergeants carefully carried the heavy golden chair. Although it could only fit one person, this chair had a base. Just by looking at the exquisite carvings on it, one could tell that an ordinary person was not allowed to sit on it.

This chair was obviously similar to a throne. It was definitely an item that only a top-tier superior could use.

Kant was definitely qualified to use it.

Reaching out his hand to hold this exquisite and priceless golden chair, he frowned slightly.

The system did not give a hint that it could be absorbed.

Obviously, this was not a strange item.

However, Kant raised his head and asked the sergeants, "I remember that the old man had a golden scepter in his hand. It was even shot out by a ranger's arrow. Did you find it?"

"Yes."

The soldier replied, "Lord, it's at the back."

In the alley, the soldiers carrying the statue also walked out.

One of them was holding the golden scepter in his hand.

Kant's heart palpitated slightly. At such a close distance, looking at the scepter engraved with countless minute sacred sun patterns, and the diamond-shaped crystal that have been cut into 32 sides, it showed its extraordinary value.

Among the patterns engraved on it, golden light would flash within it frequently.

Kant raised his eyebrows.

Although he had not touched it yet, he was sure that this was a strange object!

A magic item from this world!

Reaching out to hold it, a dialog box immediately popped up on his retina.

[Ding... unknown strange object discovered]

[You can let the system absorb it and obtain honor points, or sell it to a merchant in exchange for denar.]

The system gave a hint.

Kant was curious.

At that time, when the system encountered these strange items, it would immediately give out special quest.

[Ding... system prompt]

[Currently, the system has obtained the rules of this world. It has completed a part of the analysis, so it doesn't need too many strange items. The host is advised to keep them and use them after the system appraises them. The appraisal method is to absorb them, and you can get them again through the system mall's lucky draw.]

The system noticed Kant's confusion and then popped up the dialog box.

However, Kant shook his head.

He had already understood it.

For example, the two pages of rare items and the sun disk were obtained through a lucky draw after the system had absorbed them.

However, those were all special circumstances.

Now that they were easily absorbed by the system, it was estimated that if Kant entered the system mall for a lucky draw, it would be hard to say if he would be able to obtain them. It would be better to keep them. If they were to encounter difficulties in the future, Kant could exchange it for honor points and denars at any time to alleviate the crisis they were facing.

Kant and the others moved quickly.

The entire temple was basically emptied.

They even found hidden storeroom at the back doors of the temple. There were many gold utensils inside.

They were all bowls and cups made of gold, and some were even candlesticks.

It seemed like they were used by the higher-ups. There were mysterious sacred sun patterns carved on them. They were very well-made, but they were generally thin and small. Therefore, the total weight of all the gold items they obtained could not even compare to that magic staff, it could only be considered as a consolation prize.

Of course, as long as it was gold, it was fine. Kant was not picky about food. He was now equivalent to a teenager, and he urgently needed a large amount of nutrition to replenish his body. Moreover, he still owed the system 120,000 denars. This was the amount of the loan that he needed to repay!

The Rhodok sergeants had properly packed the seized items.

The agile Ravenstern rangers were also sent to do a little search in the entire buried city.

Unfortunately, they did not find any valuable items.

If they searched carefully, they might be able to find hidden valuable items in the hidden areas of the house. However, Kant obviously did not have the time. After knowing that the search was fruitless, he gave the order to leave.

They had already stayed in this karst cave for nearly four days.

It even took Kant a whole week to come from "Drondheim" Castle.

It would take another day and night to go back to "Aaron" through the ancient passage.

Time waits for no man.

Development is the most important principle.

"Let's go.", Kant rode his horse in front and led his troops back.

However, he still looked at the cave full of shimmering moss and fluorescent mushrooms with some nostalgia. The scenery was very beautiful. If he waited for his development to stabilize, he would come back to see where the other ancient passage connected to this cave led to, would there be new demons appearing.

Kant was not afraid of a situation like this!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 257: The Arrangement of the War Trophies

The matters in the underground city of the karst cave were settled.

Kant led the team back.

But before they left completely, they also cleaned up the entire battlefield in the underground city.

For example, the abyssal demons, the imps and long-horned demons that were killed, as well as the demonized creatures. They kept all the corpses and placed them together, waiting for further processing.

No matter what, the corpses of these demons were all valuable.

The mages had a unique understanding of this.

The broken rune sword used by the strongest abyssal demon. Although it was broken, it was still a powerful killing weapon, and it was a magic weapon.

After Kant came into contact with it, he confirmed the mages' guess that it was indeed a magic weapon.

[Ding... unknown strange object found.]

[You can choose to let the system to absorb it and obtain the honor point, or sell it to a merchant in exchange for denar.]

The system gave a hint.

Kant pondered for a moment, but still chose to let the system to absorb it.

Compared to denar, he was still fond of the honor points of being able to draw a lottery.

After all, in the system's lucky draw, one could draw a large amount of denar as a gift package.

However, a system currency like denar could not be exchanged for honor point. Comparing the two, the value of honor point was obviously higher. Even if Kant did not have enough denar to use, he wouldn't want to exchange it for money.

If he could get better resources in the lottery, Kant would not foolishly exchange the honor point for denar.

"Give it to the system to absorb!"

Kant made his choice without hesitation.

Following his confirmation, the data stream instantly spread out and appeared in his palm, directly wrapping around the broken rune sword. The entire broken sword was 4 meters long and 3 meters wide, as thick as a human leg. It was completely devoured by the system's data stream.

In a short moment, it disappeared in front of Kant.

[Ding... system prompt]

[You have received 10 honor points for absorbing this strange item.]

The system's introduction stunned Kant.

"10 honor points."

This was a pleasant surprise.

In Kant's expectations, this broken rune sword was an unknown strange item. It was enough for him to sell it for 2 or 3 honor points. He did not expect it to be so much!

A full 10 honor points represented the 11 lucky draws in the system mall.

"It is indeed a surprise.", Kant smiled.

The mages behind him also suggested, "My lord, the organs, skin, hair, bones, and muscles of these demons are all excellent magic materials. If we can bring them back to the Enfath Empire, then the corpses of these demons can definitely be converted into expensive denar."

"Oh.", Kant nodded. "This is indeed very useful.", he turned to look at the corpses of the demons, especially the huge abyssal demon. He stroked his chin and said, "They can be recycled."

"To us spellcaster, these are all very valuable items."

The mages shrugged.

These demons absorbed the negative energy of hell or the abyss all year round, so the negative energy contained in their bodies was very rich. The negative energy contained in the organs and some parts of their bodies was even more pure.

It could be said that it was an essential material for the mages to carry out some negative energy magic experiments.

Kant had obviously expected this.

Because this world seemed to have studied the bodies of creatures like demons.

It was recorded in some historical ancient books that mages had once collected a large number of demon corpses in order to study magic. However, demons were also legends in this world.

Although there was news of demons spreading all over the country, it was extremely rare.

Hence, the mage tower turned to purchase common demonized creatures.

In particular, black gemstones condensed from negative energy were the more important resources to purchase.

Just like the Stone Pass located at the Senwaya Range. Although agriculture and animal husbandry were not very good, because there were so many demonized creatures, it became one of the means for Baron Dylan and the villagers to earn silver coins.

Sometimes, the mage tower needed a huge amount of resources.

The villagers and residents would even hire mercenaries to help kill the demonized creatures.

However, Kant thought about this and pondered.

He turned to the mages and asked with a frown, "The Enfath Empire buys the bodies of these demons, but will other continents, such as the Continent of Caradia and the Continent of Pendor, buy these things?"

"Uh...", the mages were slightly stunned.

"My lord, they won't."

A Rhodok sergeant glanced at the corpses of the demons and shook his head. "At least Caradia won't. These things don't have much value." After a pause, he looked at the cast gold chairs and cutlery that were about to be unpacked, he shrugged and said, "But that gold can be exchanged for a lot of denars. It's a little cutie that everyone needs."

"The Pendor Continent also needs gold. It won't be welcomed for these filthy evil things.", the Ravenstern rangers also shook their heads. "Even those evil charlatans of the Snake Worship Sect can't accept these things."

Kant shook his head, "As expected."

The bodies of these creatures that originated from the high-level magic world were not welcome in the low-level magic world.

Caradia was the original version and did not have any magic at all.

Pendor was in the end of the magic era. The so-called magic had been lost for tens of thousands of years. It was more like a magic trick.

It should be known that even the special race, the Nord Elves, were struggling to survive in the jungle. The powerful demons in the underworld could only infiltrate the continent in small groups like thieves.

Although the humans were weak, the humans were the overlords of the entire continent in the world of Pendor!

These fallen races could only struggle to survive and hand over the hegemony of the continent to the humans.

"If it's a fantasy MOD like the "The Lord of the Rings", it might be useful."

Kant frowned slightly.

But the most important thing was that he did not have the conditions to sell it to outsiders.

For example, the elemental gemstones.

They could be sold as pure and beautiful luxury gemstones to the historical MOD.

However, these corpses were different. Only those nobles who were so bored would buy the remains of these demons. Although some nobles would buy some ferocious demon heads as ornaments to show off their strength.

However, no noble would buy demon eyeballs, arms, hearts, and the like.

Hence, the market was very narrow.

If one wanted to have a market, one had to open up trade routes in other fantasy MOD worlds.

Fortunately, Kant had a trade caravan.

And there were two of them. They could randomly cross into an unfamiliar MOD world and form a trade route with the city of that world.

As long as one of the trade caravan entered the fantasy MOD world, they could sell the corpses of these demons and obtain a large amount of denars for Kant. They could even form a long-term supply. After all, there were many demonized creatures in the Senwaya Range, no matter how one searched for them, there would always be some. It was just like the slave trade that had yet to begin and was still in the preparatory stage!

Sending Bunduk to the "Aaron" Village wasn't just to organize its defense. It was also to send troops into the Senwaya Range to search for the Jackalan tribe. After that, they would be captured as slaves and sold to the snowfield mine of the Kingdom of Vaegirs!

It was the slave trading plan that Kant was currently implementing.

The system's loan of 120,000 denars weighed heavily on Kant's heart.

After packing up everything, he was truly preparing to return.

The troops advanced.

The stone road of the ancient passage was still flat.

However, compared to the 555-men army, after the bitter battle, there were only 317 people left.

100 Rhodok sergeants, 20 Rhodok crossbowmen, 87 Ravenstern rangers, 103 Swadian knights, and 7 mages from the Enfath Empire.

The casualties reached one-third of the total army.

In Kant's opinion, it was very worth it.

Because the main casualties of the troop class were the level 3 Rhodok trained spearmen.

And the gains were all the troops formed by the level 5 troop class.

Their combat strength had increased by several times!

It was incomparable.

Kant spurred his horse forward, only leading all the Swadian knights forward quickly.

There were footmen left behind in the ancient passage to escort the war trophies back slowly. After all, these footmen were all elites. In such a narrow space, even if they were to encounter a savage demonized creature or that terrifying abyssal demon, with the help of the mages, they would have the strength to fight!

Therefore, Kant was very relieved. He was anxious to leave this place as soon as possible and return to his own village as soon as possible.

Bunduk's injuries were also on Kant's mind.

His body was drenched in the demon's blood, and his skin had been corroded by the demon's blood.

If he hadn't washed it with clean water immediately, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

But even so, Kant intended to return to the village as soon as possible to see if Bunduk's injuries had been healed. James was a professional doctor in the history MOD, so it was still unknown whether he could deal with this kind of fantastic injuries.

Cavalry troops sped through the passage.

Very fast.

After nearly six hours of travel, they finally saw a faint light in front of them.

It was the bonfire that rose at the entrance of the ancient passage.

Five desert bandits were carrying scimitars and holding spears to guard. When they heard the roar of the warhorses, the echo of the ancient passage seemed to blot out the sky and the sun, and their faces were somewhat pale.

However, they also knew that Kant had returned with the heavy cavalry.

The Swadian knights were very conspicuous.

Turning over to dismount, Kant threw the horsewhip to the desert bandits in front of him and asked, "Is Bunduk back?"

"He's back. He's being treated by Lord James."

The desert bandits hurriedly replied.

"How's the situation?", Kant frowned.

"A little...", the desert bandit stuttered. "We just came back, but we saw that the wound was very terrifying. Even if Lord James is very skilled in medicine, we still have to be mentally prepared."

"Damn it.", Kant gritted his teeth.

He did not continue asking questions and quickly walked out of the ruins.

The knights behind him also shook their heads and sighed.

His internal organs had been corroded, so it was really difficult to save him unless they had mysterious extraordinary powers. However, the mages had also said that they were not priests who knew healing spells.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 258: The Importance of Healing Spells

When Kant walked out of the cave, he came to the Senwaya Range.

The stars had already covered the sky.

It was late at night, and Rhodok peasants were patrolling with torches. At the same time, on the watchtower, the newly recruited Ravenstern rangers also drew their bows and arrows, aiming at Kant and the others who had suddenly appeared on the hillside.

There was a large number of Swadian knights.

But they quickly put away their alertness.

The peasants carried torches and went over. They had already confirmed that it was Kant and the Swadian knights accompanying him.

The danger was immediately lifted.

Kant, however, quickly walked up the slope and headed towards the council hall.

After receiving the news that Bunduk's situation was not optimistic, his mood was certainly heavy.

"My lord."

The ranger in charge of sentry duty immediately straightened his chest.

"Mm.", Kant nodded.

He quickly entered the council hall, and coincidentally, someone walked out from the room next to him.

It was James.

He used a heated towel to wipe his hands stained with red blood. When he saw Kant return, he was also stunned. He hurriedly wiped his hands, put down the towel, and bowed respectfully. "Lord Kant, welcome back in triumph."

"You're welcome."

Kant shook his head and asked him in a deep voice, "How's Bunduk's situation?"

James hesitated. "It's hard to say."

When he heard James' words, Kant frowned even more.

The atmosphere froze slightly. He frowned and said, "It's hard to say what the situation is.". After a pause, Kant looked at James and said, "Tell me the truth. I'm mentally prepared."

"Lord Kant, I just finished the surgery for Bunduk."

James said in a serious voice, "The corrosion he suffered was very severe, like the sulfuric acid with the strongest concentration. Fortunately, his wounds were washed with clean water in the shortest amount of time, reducing the concentration of the corrosive liquid. Moreover, he was bandaged until he reached me. If he's lucky, he can barely survive."

"Yes.", Kant nodded. "I trust your medical skills."

Hearing that Bunduk could be saved and could survive, Kant's expression finally relaxed a little.

However, James still frowned. "Bunduk's internal organs were corroded. To survive without infection or sequelae, it really requires luck."

"I'll think of a way to solve the problem of infection.", Kant nodded. He still remembered the medical trials in his previous life.

James shook his head and said, "The problem of preventing infection is easy to solve, but the sequelae caused by injuries are not.". He paused and looked at Kant, in a deep voice, he said, "Even if he survives, because of the serious sequelae, it's still uncertain whether Bunduk will be able to resume his life. I can't guarantee that."

"What do you mean?"

Kant's brows furrowed tightly.

James said in a deep voice, "Bunduk may not be able to continue serving you."

Kant clenched his fists slightly and fell silent.

Although he had not spent much time with Bunduk, he definitely had feelings for him.

This was because he was a natural-born general from the system. He was able to lead a team to share his worries, and he was a talent that could be nurtured into an outstanding general. Yet, he was cut off like a broken sword in this investigation.

Kant could not accept this at all!

"There will be a way, won't there?", he looked at James.

But James shook his head slowly and apologetically at him. "Currently, the medical skills I have learned are unable to do this, because this kind of severe corrosion..."

Kant did not wait for him to finish speaking before asking, "Then what about healing spells?"

"Spells..."

James frowned slightly. "I have not comment on this."

He did not understand spells. After all, he came from the original version, which belonged to the world of historical MOD.

But Kant did.

"The mages in the mage tower and the priests in the temple might have a way."

Kant pondered.

There were spells in this world, and the mages who lived in seclusion in the mage tower were proof of that.

Divine spell also existed in the temple.

Although the Dukedom of Leo believed in the God of War, Edmund, and the priests mainly used augmentation spells to enhance the combat ability of the troops, they also had divine spell to heal wounds after a battle.

Kant had even read in books that the divine spell of the Holy Curia in the Silver Platter Kingdom was even stronger.

"But I can't go back now."

Kant frowned even more. He understood his situation.

He had already been exiled and had found a salt mine in the Nahrin Desert. If he went back, it would be equivalent to walking into a trap. He would be devoured by those greedy noble families. Even if he didn't go back himself, Bunduk would become a hostage, for some unknown reason, he would be imprisoned and become one of the means to restrain Kant.

Of course, those nobles would do that. The profits of the entire salt mine could arouse the greed of anyone. Kant understood them very well, just like those nobles who thought they knew Kant.

If Kant sent Bunduk into the Dukedom of Leo, the best outcome was probably that he would be imprisoned and used.

If the outcome was not good, they would probably kill him.

Kant would not give up his own foundation just because of Bunduk.

The entire "Drondheim" Castle was the only castle that Kant could own at the moment. It did not matter if it was discovered by the nobles, but if it was occupied by extortion, Kant would definitely not accept it.

Even if he had to sacrifice Bunduk!

Kant had understood the saying that "benevolence did not control the army" in his previous life. In this life, he understood the saying even more because there was no friendship among the nobles.

"Lord Kant."

James opened his mouth and suggested, "Perhaps we can ask the mages from the Enfath Empire."

"I've asked.", Kant shook his head. "They don't know how to heal."

James looked regretful. "If it's possible, I also want to learn some healing spells. Especially when I know that there are still magical extraordinary powers in the world, it might be of great help to my medicine."

"Definitely.", Kant nodded.

In the World of Warcraft, there was a troop class that could heal.

For example, the priests in the Inquisition could cast group healing spells.

The Enfath Empire was a military-centralized country. In the military, mages used destructive spells and summoning spells to destroy the enemy's formation, while the priests in the Inquisition could provide more buffs and healing spells, to recover the casualties of their own troops. They were partners that complemented each other.

This was the help that the system could provide.

For example, these fantasy MOD had many healing spells and divine equipment. Even some historical MOD would also have healing tools that only fantasy world had, or even the special troop classes.

If Kant could draw on of these MOD from the system's lottery, it would be perfect to save Bunduk's life!

He now had 20 honor points.

It could be converted into 22 system lucky draws.

"Wait for me for a moment."

Kant turned to James and arranged, "Take good care of Bunduk. Perhaps when I come out of the room later, there will be a way to save him."

"I will do my best.", James nodded solemnly.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 259: The Sword of the King

If he wanted to save Bunduk, the system mall's lucky draw was Kant's only choice.

Looking at the 20 honor points displayed in his mind.

Kant took a deep breath and ordered the system in a deep voice, "Start the lucky draw, 10 consecutive lucky draws!"

The dialog box on his retina immediately popped up.

[Ding... Lucky draw begins]

The colorful treasure box slowly opened.

On the dialog box, notifications about the lucky draw gift pack kept appearing.

[You have received a construction pack: Posthouse X 2]

[You have received a construction pack: Sheep farm X 5]

[You have received a construction pack: Wool workshop X 5]

[You have received a construction pack: Tanning workshop X 5]

[You have received a construction pack: Artisans guild]

[You have received an item pack: Sheep × 500]

[You have received an item pack: Refugee tide × 200 people (male)]

[You have received an item pack: Refugee tide × 200 people (female)]

[You have received a special item pack: Terrain modification (River)]

[You have received a special item pack: Terrain modification (Tributary)]

The notification bar finally ended.

This was the result of 10 consecutive lucky draws.

However, the system did not end the notification bar. There was an additional reward.

[You have received a construction pack: Water bandits' lair]

The lucky draw was announced to be over.

Kant's face was calm, but there was a hint of unwillingness in his eyes.

The lucky draw this time could be considered generous, especially the construction pack that was drawn. It was a complete set of handicrafts related construction. By combining the sheep raising industry and the textile industry, one could obtain the output in the shortest amount of time.

The wool could be directly woven into blankets or woolen clothes. After being worsted, it became better than the linen.

What Kant obtained was sheep.

In terms of the amount of wool, it was far from what the sand gazelles in the Senwaya Range could produce.

And the tanning workshop that appeared again had already appeared in "Drondheim" Castle. They could tan many fine leather robes by relying on the sand gazelles. It was quite effective in providing the soldiers on night duty with protection against the cold at night.

Even Manid had the intention of exporting the leather robes when he went to the Stone Pass this time.

Kant could not possibly be in seclusion.

Although he restricted the communication between the Nahrin Desert and the outside world, it was not strictly prohibited.

Kant only prohibited the outside forces from coming into contact with his core castle and discovering it. He would engage in economic exchanges with the other party. He would definitely not object to start a trade. He sent back the captured poor merchant, Borg back to East County for the sake of trade.

At the same time, he developed a secret trading line in the Dukedom of Leo.

Sugar cubes, which were expensive and comparable to spices and table salt, were naturally the mainstream commodities.

But as long as the trade started, the subsequent commodities would still follow.

For example, the linen, leather products, fur products, wool products that Kant could now produce, and even the rich dried meat, smoked meat, and other stored food were all commodities that could be exported.

Although it was impossible to produce too many in a short time, but the future development was promising. It would expand the current agriculture, aquaculture, textile, handicraft, and so on, forming a source of trade that could produce all kinds of goods. With the advantage of Kant's golden finger, they would destroy the original economic products of the Dukedom of Leo, caused monopoly and dumping of resources.

In the feudal era of cold weapons, there was not so much research on commercial activities.

Even if they were to start dumping, they could use silver coins to open a path without any obstruction.

"Not bad."

Kant made a comment on this lucky draw.

However, he turned to look at the room next to him and frowned slightly.

Bunduk's injuries were serious. James' healing techniques and the medical standards of the regular historical MOD weren't able to reach the level of the fantasy MOD could use magic to heal any injuries.

What Kant wanted to obtain in the system lottery was a rare item or troop class that had healing spells.

This was the hope to heal Bunduk.

"There's still a chance to draw again."

Kant frowned and continued to communicate with the system in his mind. He gave the order, "Start the lucky draw."

The dialog box on his retina immediately refreshed.

[Ding... Lucky draw begins]

The system gave a prompt.

The prompt bar on the dialog box was refreshing rapidly.

[You have received an item pack: Wheat field terrace × 100 arcs]

[You have received an item pack: Chickpea field × 10 arcs]

[You have received an item pack: Henna field × 50 arcs]

[You have received a construction pack: Rhodok house × 50 houses]

[You have received a construction pack: Stone canal]

[You have received a construction pack: Stone walls]

[You have received a troop class pack: Rhodok trained spearman x 100 men]

[You have received a troop class pack: Rhodok trained crossbowmen × 100 men]

[You have received a special pack: Terrain modification (River)]

[You have received a special pack: Terrain modification (Lake)]

The 10 consecutive draws of this round had ended.

The system once again popped up a notification, and there was an additional reward.

[You have received an item pack: Sword of the King]

The draw this time had ended.

Kant glanced at the gift pack that he had received, and his face was slightly gloomy.

Among the 11 gift packs that he had received in the draw this time, there were also no items or troop class that were related to healing spells.

He had placed all his hopes on the system, but in the end, the result was like this. How could Kant's face look happy, how could he be in a good mood?

Of course not!

He sat on the chair dejectedly.

Kant rubbed his head and felt that his temples were a little swollen.

In other words, he was not mentally prepared for the departure of his loyal subordinate, the captain of the crossbowmen, Bunduk. This was the first time since he established his force in the Nahrin Desert.

Even during the attacks of those high-level Jackalans from the Kingdom of Grey Mane, he did not suffer any losses.

Now, just because of one order from him, Bunduk was about to die.

Kant's mood was very frustrating!

He sat on the chair for a long time before he recovered his mood.

His thoughts moved slightly, and a stream of data appeared in his palm. In the blink of an eye, a western-style longsword appeared in his hand. The hilt of the sword was decorated with gold patterns. Although the overall design was simple, it exuded a vigorous appearance, in addition to the gold patterns on the scabbard, just looking at it gave off a feeling of nobility.

This was the item pack that Kant had drawn, the sword of the King.

The only item that he had obtained from the two draws.

[Sword of the King: This is a weapon once held by a legendary hero. It was forged by the lake elves using divine power and represents the sovereign's authority. Only a true king with a bright heart can use it. It is also a supreme holy item that is conferred the title of knight. Special effect 1: Justice. This sword contains the power of justice. When you join the battle against the evil faction, your direct troops will receive a 200% increase in power. 2: Accolade. This sword can confer a knight title to someone. It can draw divine power from the lake elves and bestow a knight with new power.]

On his retina, the dialog box was filled with a dense introduction of the longsword's attributes.

Kant's expression was slightly stunned.

However, he immediately gripped the longsword's hilt tightly. His bad mood from not being able to extract a healing item seemed to have recovered a little at this moment.

"The Sword of the King.", Kant frowned.

He glanced at the introduction on the dialog box.

What was said above, that only a true king could use it, were all empty words to him.

He looked directly at the special effect pane.

[Special effect 1, Justice: This sword contains the power of justice. When joining the battle against the evil faction, the troops directly under it will receive a 200% increase.]

[Special effect 2, Accolade: This sword can confer the title of knight. It can draw upon the divine power instilled in the lake elves and bestow a knight with new power.]

Kant's pupils instantly constricted.

Then, he clenched his fists and looked down at the gold-gilded longsword. He could not help but mutter, "It really is the Sword of the King!"

Special effect 1 was a targeted special effect, Justice, used it against evil creatures, and received a 200% buff.

In other words, if Kant fought against the demons in the underground city in the karst cave the next time, as long as Kant brought the Sword of the King to personally command the troops, then the troops under him would receive an additional 200% buff. Whether it was in terms of strength, speed, stamina, and agility were all qualitative improvements.

For example, the most common level-3 footmen of Kant, Rhodok trained spearmen, after being buffed by the Sword of the King, might be able to fight against the same number of long-horned demons in formation.

In terms of combat strength, the long-horned demons were slightly higher than the Level-4 strongest footmen, Rhodok veteran spearmen!

They could even fight against a level-5 footmen, Rhodok sergeants.

Now, the level-3 footmen Rhodok trained spearmen could fight against the long-horned demons. It had to be said that it was very helpful for Kant to conquer the Senwaya Range.

After all, Kant did not know how many demons were hidden in the Senwaya Range.

It could be seen from the number of demonized creatures everywhere, there were definitely a lot of demons!

However, what relieved Kant's pressure was the special effect 2, Accolade.

The introduction clearly stated that a knight could be conferred. However, Kant was puzzled about this point. After all, in the Kingdom of Swadia's forces, a Swadian knight could only be obtained through level up.

To confer a knight, it was too much.

Kant did not lack experience.

The advantage of having so many enemies was that they could lead their troops to attack at any time. While clearing the enemies, they could also train their troops and level up the low-level troop class. This would allow their troops to quickly become elites in the process of battle.

The power of the golden finger was undoubtedly revealed. It could cheat the battles for a short period of time and quickly increase their military strength.

[Ding... system prompt]

[This rare item is a king's item and has the power of a king. It can be used to upgrade a troop class of knights.]

[Current troop class that can be upgraded is: Swadian knight.]

[100 reputation points can be used to confer the Swadian knight as a Swadian royal knight. After the conferment is completed, the knight will be promoted to a royal knight and receive a portion of the king's power contained in the king's sword.]

[Remark: A rare item [Order of the Lion Medal] has been detected. Combined with the Sword of the King, this medal can be used as a foundation. Consume 10,000 reputation points and 100,000 denars to officially establish the Sarleon Order of Lion.]. Please continue to check for the specific introduction after the official establishment of the knight order.]

It seemed to have noticed Kant's confusion.

The system immediately popped up a dialog box.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 260: Energy Neutralization Therapy

Kant was stunned.

He was truly stunned. He had never thought that special effect 2 would be so powerful!

It was able to raise the level up of the currently level 5 cavalry troop class, which could be considered top-tier troop class and could not be upgraded any longer, to a stronger and higher-level royal knight.

It came from the light and darkness, the Kingdom of Swadia's top troop class.

The Swadian royal knight!

A level 6 cavalry, equipped with a full set of plate armor, a powerful troop class that wielded a knight sword and a conical lance. They could be said to be the pinnacle of the age of cold weapons. Even among the magical fantasy MOD, they could be considered to be the backbone of the combat sequence.

It broken Kant's embarrassing situation which the current level 5 troop class was already the highest level troop class.

And according to the system's introduction.

This royal knight conferred by the Sword of the King would have the power of the king.

Although Kant did not understand, based on the system's introduction, he definitely believed that this so-called power of the king was extraordinary power. Otherwise, the system would not have highlighted it in the introduction.

As for the cost of 100 reputation points, it was extremely simple for Kant.

He currently had 32,000 + reputation points.

This meant that if Kant wanted to, he could easily upgrade 320 maxed out level Swadian knights to the Swadian royal knights who possessed extraordinary power and was known as the king's power.

They would be equipped with full plate armors, including horses and men.

They would be able to truly be the strongest trump card army that Kant currently possessed!

Even the Dukedom of Leo, which was founded on martial arts and had the God of War, Edmund, attached great importance to martial arts. However, in Kant's impression, they did not have the strength to form a cavalry force consisting of grand knights who possessed extraordinary power.

They didn't have a proper troop with dozens of grand knights.

It was estimated that there would not be more than 50 grand knights in the entire Dukedom of Leo.

As for Kant...

He was able to control 320 Swadian royal knight who possessed extraordinary power, countless exquisite killing techniques, and had fought on the battlefield for more than ten years!

This was simply a miracle, the shock from the system's strength!

Thinking of this, Kant slowly let out a breath, and the shadow of Bunduk's casualty slowly dissipated.

The lottery this time made up for the loss of a general.

"Knock, knock, knock."

At this moment, there was a knock on the door.

At the same time, someone outside said, "My lord, are you inside?"

"I am."

Kant frowned slightly, and judging from the voice, it should be the mages of the Enfath Empire, so he said, "Come in and talk."

The door was gently pushed open.

As expected, it was the mages wearing dark mage robes and dark mage hats.

The seven of them bowed respectfully. "My lord."

"Yes.", Kant nodded.

However, he still frowned slightly and asked them, "I remember that you should have come back with the footmen. Why did you leave the army and act on your own? I don't like this kind of behavior."

Marching in the army required rules.

It was the same even for the troops that were recruited from the system.

Kant's voice was not a question, but more like a rebuke. After all, these seven mages had left the army and returned on their own. It was equivalent to an unorganized and undisciplined behavior. If they were placed in a strict troop, they might even be punished!

The mages obviously also realized that their actions were inappropriate.

"No, we didn't encounter any trouble.", the leading mage quickly replied, "My lord, I'm very sorry to have troubled you, but we rushed back for a reason."

Kant frowned and said, "Give me a reason not to punish you."

Military discipline was serious.

Even if they rushed back, if there was no convincing reason, Kant would still punish them.

Otherwise, the next time other soldiers left the troops with similar excuses, if there was a follow-up reaction, or even a decline in military discipline, who would be responsible?

Kant would not give such an excuse to allow the discipline of the troops to decline!

"I'm sorry."

The mage lowered his head and said, "We have thought of a way to treat Lord Bunduk."

“What way?”, Kant was slightly stunned, and then he said in a deep voice, “If this is the reason, then I will think that you did not make a mistake. Now tell me, what kind of treatment method have you thought of?”

“It’s the energy neutralization method.”, the mage quickly answered.

“Tell me more details.”, Kant said with a frown.

The mage immediately said seriously, “It means that Lord Bunduk’s injury was caused by the corrosive effect of the negative energy contained in the demon’s blood. We discussed this kind of external injury on the way and thought that it could be treated as the magic damage caused by the negative energy corrosion. The treatment method is to neutralize the negative energy through some kind of gentle positive energy, reducing the corrosive effect of the negative energy, and then use the traditional surgery and first aid, as well as the follow-up recuperation, to allow Lord Bunduk recover from it.”

Kant lowered his head and muttered, “This is the energy neutralization method.”

“That’s right.”, the mages nodded. At the same time, they said solemnly, “As long as the negative energy loses its corrosiveness, there won’t be too much of a threat. After all, the positive energy is very gentle. If we control the strength of both sides well, the possibility of healing is extremely high!”

“If we’re talking about the positive energy.”

Kant thought for a moment, then raised his head and said to the mages, “I remember that you said that the energy contained in the sun disk is the positive energy. Can it be used to treat Bunduk?”

“This...”, the mages were a little embarrassed.

“What’s wrong? Can’t it be done?”, seeing their embarrassed looks, Kant frowned and asked.

“Not yet...”, the mages nodded awkwardly. “We weren’t mage apprentices anymore. Now that I think about it, we weren’t afraid of the experiment back then, which was why the experiment failed.”. After a pause, they looked at Kant, the tone of their voice was slightly lower. “However, we have also come to a conclusion. Although the positive energy in the sun disk is sufficient, it is too violent. It is similar to the scorching positive energy that the priests in the Inquisition possess. It can perfectly attack evil creatures. However, with our methods, we are still unable to compare with the priests who have painstakingly researched this kind of power.”

“Damn it.”, Kant slammed the table heavily, and his eagerness instantly turned cold. He was still a little frustrated about Bunduk’s injury. This was a general who could lead the troops in the future!

“My lord, please don’t be agitated.”

The mages whispered, “The sun disk cannot be used to neutralize the energy, but when we just entered the council hall, we felt another, brand new, gentler, and controllable source of positive energy.”

Kant raised his eyebrows, and his quiet mood suddenly rose again. “What is it?”

However, before he could finish his words, he reacted. He saw the mages looking at the Sword of the King that he had placed beside the table. He directly picked it up and placed it on the table, looking at

the gilded hilt and scabbard, he asked in a deep voice, "The source of positive energy that you mentioned, could it be this, the Sword of the King?"

"Yes, that's right.", the mages immediately nodded.

Kant smiled. "I didn't expect this sword to have such an effect!"

"This is called the Sword of the King."

The mages said in a relief tone, "No wonder. In our perception, although this longsword contains positive energy, it's actually not gentle. Instead, it has a bit of sharpness, but it can't reach the level of the sun disk that can burn people and raise fire elements out of thin air. It's like an emperor that rule over positive energy."

Kant chuckled, his expression relaxed. "As long as we can save Bunduk's life, that's fine. After all, I was the one who sent him to the city walls to deal with that abyssal demon. I have a responsibility to take care of his injuries."

"My Lord, you are the most benevolent.", the mages saluted respectfully.

"Let's begin the treatment."

Kant stood up. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

The mages said, "Yes, my lord. This Sword of the King has acknowledged you as its master. I reckon that we don't even have the right to touch it. When we neutralize the energy, you must be present personally."

"Acknowledge me as its master?", Kant was curious.

"That's right. In our perception, this sword can only be used by a true king."

The mages saluted Kant respectfully. "And the facts have already proven, my lord, that you are the true king, a born noble emperor. Even if the emperor of the Enfath Empire sees you, he still has to give his respect."

"Is that so.", Kant nodded, thinking of the introduction of this longsword.

But Kant did not care about this problem.

He quickly led the mages out of the room, and James was waiting outside.

Seeing Kant come out with a faint smile on his face, his originally nervous heart also relaxed. He smiled at Kant and said, "Lord Kant, looking at your smile, have you found a way to cure Mr. Bunduk?"

"Yes, thanks to these mages.", Kant smiled and nodded.

"Thank you all so much!", James nodded in gratitude. "I really don't want to lose my old friend, and I don't want to see my old friend live like a cripple with his lower body. I really have to thank you all!"

Bunduk was an NPC from the good camp, so his relationship with James was very good.

Most of them were friends.

“You flatter us.”, the mages said humbly, “This is what we should do.”

“Alright, let’s begin.”

Kant urged.

“Understood.”, James nodded.

They entered the room where Bunduk was.

Amid the thick smell of blood, Bunduk’s chest and abdomen were wrapped with clean linen, he was still unconscious on the bed. Beside him, there was an attentive Rhodok woman waiting on him. When she saw Kant and the others enter, she quickly bowed respectfully.

“There’s no need to be so polite. You can leave first.”

Kant waved at her.

“Yes.”, the Rhodok woman nodded and left silently.

The mages came to Bunduk’s side and raised the magic staffs in their hands, they said respectfully to Kant, “My lord, please stand beside us and raise your sword. Next, we will draw the power from the sword. We hope that you will allow us to borrow your authority. This is not an offense.”