

## Oasis 281

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

#### Chapter 281: The pressure he was about to bear (first update)

Kant and Ma Nide had been together for quite some time. He could sense that under the fatigue expression of this genius merchant, there was some anxiety regarding the future.

It was obvious that this trip to the Stone pass had suffered a setback.

After all, Ma Nide was not only responsible for trade cooperation but also for gathering intelligence.

Although he had left the dukedom of Leo, Kant still needed to have a way to understand certain domestic intelligence, and the Stone pass was a good window. Every time Ma Nide would send people to inquire about it.

It was definitely not normal for him to be so anxious now.

That was indeed the truth.

Ma Nide made no concealment when he reported to Kant, "At first, Baron Dylan was rather polite, but just before I left, you announced the news of foreign trade at the central posthouse, this made my situation very awkward. The farewell dinner that would usually be held had been cancelled as well."

"Yes, it's predictable." Kant nodded and rubbed the area between his eyebrows. "But this Uncle Dillard is really narrow-minded. After learning so many years of noble manners, he still acts like a warrior."

"I won't comment on this."

Ma Nide said, "Lord Kant, my proposal for Baron Dylan to purchase arrows, crossbows, and military supplies has been rejected. At the same time, before I left, I received news that the trade of iron and grain in the Stone Pass has also been suspended by the noble's official residence. Perhaps it's also aimed at us."

Kant snorted. "It should be aimed at us. I didn't know that other than the large-scale iron and grain purchases, the noble families and merchants of the northern county would be willing to fork out more money to purchase these things at the Stone Pass."

The northern county's territory was remote. In terms of prosperity, they were not comparable to the southern county and the eastern county.

Even their production of materials and assets were quite scarce.

If a noble wanted to purchase materials on a large scale, they would send people to the southern county to purchase, including all kinds of ironware that were indispensable in daily necessities and some food to keep them survive.

As for the scattered commodities, they were bought in by the civilians of the villages and small towns.

The prices were naturally high.

But there was no other way. This was also the way for the noble of the northern county to earn money.

It was rare to see someone like Kant purchasing iron weapons on such a large scale. After all, these resources in the northern county were more than twice as valuable as in the southern county. It was definitely not worth it.

There were many ways to trade, and the unspoken rules were even more complicated.

Not to mention ordinary civilians, for newly promoted nobles if they don't get a noble to lead their way, instead, they form a trade caravan to join the dukedom of Leo's business by themselves, they probably would not have a good ending.

They would definitely encounter robbers and end up with their trade caravan being destroyed, or their trade payment would be scammed.

There had been such cases before.

Even Baron Dylan had encountered this.

The unspoken rules formed by the nobles had controlled everything in the dukedom of Leo. If outsiders and newly promoted nobles wanted to enter this market, it would be equivalent to snatching their jobs, this would definitely cause a conflict of interest.

Baron Dylan had suffered a heavy loss in the early stages.

It was only after he married the daughter of a merchant, by her family relationship his situation became much more stable.

Kant pondered for a moment.

Thinking of Baron Dylan's current dependence on the table salt trade, he could guess how furious he would be when he announced the central posthouse could trade with foreign countries.

However, in just three months, Baron Dylan had already earned a huge profit.

If he wanted to give up.

It was a little difficult.

No, it should be said that it was very difficult!

It was easy to go from frugality to extravagance and difficult to go from extravagance to frugality.

Baron Dylan had the wonderful feeling of being able to harvest thousands of great silver coins every month. It was simply a huge difference between heaven and earth, thinking about how his previous estate only produced less than 1,000 great silver coins every year!

It was impossible for him to give up on the table salt trade!

This was also the reason why Baron Dylan, like a noble warrior, gritted his teeth and willing to withstand the pressure from the dukedom of Leo and hold the frontline fire for Kant.

But now.

Kant's opening of the trade was equivalent to giving up the foundation of their relationship.

It also violated the fundamental interest of Baron Dylan!

The Stone pass had been changing day by day since the opening of the table salt trade. It relied on the fine white salt produced in the depths of the Nahrin desert. They had been sold and resold, earning a huge profit margin with Baron Dylan as a hub.

Therefore, they obtained this crucial opportunity that was once unimaginable!

The conflict between both sides had become more and more intense under the ripping of their interests.

The final result would definitely not be too great.

Ma Nide understood this.

Kant was clear about this either.

When he decided to open the table salt trade and set the rules at the central posthouse, he had taken this into consideration.

Following this, both of them had to face increasing pressure. The greed and probing of the noble towards table salt, and even the secret revenge of Baron Dylan, who was originally tyrannical and narrow-minded!

Kant pondered for a moment.

He looked up at Ma Nide and said, "Next, I will discuss the strategic and tactical plans with Firentiss."

"As it should be." Ma Nide nodded.

The business was dirty.

Just like politics, they all had their own ulterior motives. They were all deceitful and dirty.

All these words could be used to describe a business.

After all, businessmen were mainly making money, they were capitalists. In their minds, they were thinking about benefits. The so-called morality was just a yardstick for them to measure how much money they could earn.

There was once a quote from a great man on Earth.

If capital had 50% profit, it would take risks. If it had 100% profit, it would dare to violate all the laws of the world. If it had 300% profit, it would dare to commit any crime, even if it has the risk of being hanged!

This was the truth, even in this fantasy world.

Cutting off people's money was like killing their parents.

Kant had to brace himself to face the pressure from all sides, especially the bandit groups that were about to appear. They were like cats and dogs that smelled blood, constantly running over to bite him.

Fortunately, Kant's power was no longer as it was in the past!

If they wanted to bite him.

They had to be prepared to break their teeth!

Kant and Ma Nide had a long discussion, they made tons of suggestions for the next central posthouse.

Most of them were about the economic exchange.

With Rolf, the scoundrel noble, suppressing the local, and three Swadian royal knights who were at the peak of the Grand Knight, there would probably be no big trouble, perhaps some minor disturbances.

In the early stages, even if there were probes or revenge from the nobles, at most they were some ordinary bandit groups.

It was still uncertain about their combat strength.

"In that case."

Kant finally made a decision.

He turned his head and instructed Ma Nide, "Since the Stone pass is not acting naturally, there is no need for us to show our excessive passion to them. Since the salt mine is in our hands, we have the initiative."

"But if that's the case..."Ma Nide was slightly stunned and frowned. "It will break our relationship."

"If it's broken, then it's broken."

The corner of Kant's mouth curled up slightly. "Politics is not business. There are not so many amicable ways to make money. There are only interests involved and interests broken. Moreover, when did my Uncle Dillard have a close relationship with us?"

Ma Nide still had a businessman's mentality.

He was paying attention to build a good relationship, but he did not see the compromise between the two parties at the deepest level.

In the beginning, when Kant was weak, Baron Dylan was unable to enter the Nahrin Desert.

Following their mutualism phase, Kant grew stronger and stronger. Baron Dylan was building new things day by day as well and he had the confidence to enter the desert. Perhaps in the near future, or even this year, he would be able to organize an army to go deep into the Oasis Lookout, to protect Kant's estate and solve the threat from the surrounding Jackalan.

Perhaps in one of the battles, Kant, the lord of the Nahrin desert will take the lead and assault the group of the Jackalan. His heroic and tragic death was worthy of the bloodline of the Lion Archduke, Cameron.

This was a palace drama that could easily be understood by just thinking about it.

"I understand."

Ma Nide sighed softly. He understood deeply the struggles of the noble.

However, Kant had made an arrangement for him, "I opened up a secret trade caravan recently, it is heading to a place called the Fangorn forest to conduct trade with a group of Shu Ren. I think you can be the first leader of the trade caravan and lead a team to explore the way. This will provide a perfect start for our future business exchanges."

"Shu Ren... of the Fangorn Forest?"

Ma Nide was slightly stunned as he looked at Kant.

Obviously, he could not understand this kind of fantasy race.

Kant simply explained, "It's just a group of ancient trees that have souls, they can think and move. They are no different from the wisdom of ordinary people. Some of the ancient trees even have the wisdom of the wise among humans."

"Uh..."Ma Nide nodded and accepted this explanation in his heart.

After all, this was a land of miracles.

This explanation was sufficient.

He could encounter anything. Even the wolves in the wilderness could transform into human-like forms.

Now that this group of ancient trees had gained intelligence, they could also accept human-like activities. Moreover, even rocks and water could transform into human-like forms. They could summon the so-called water and earth elemental warriors from thin paper and rampage on the battlefield. It was not surprising at all with Shu Ren.

Two of them chatted for a short while before Kant asked Ma Nide to have a rest after finishing his breakfast. After all, this young merchant was extremely tired after a long journey.

After the conversation ended, Kant went to the city wall for inspection.

The construction of the Drondheim castle was almost complete, but this was not the end.

Currently, in the system, the level of the castle has reached its limit.

But in terms of construction, it was still a small castle.

Kant could still build walls, towers, and arrow towers to strengthen the castle's defence as Drondheim which stood in the Oasis Lookout, was the most eye-catching location in the desert. It was also equivalent to being the target of public criticism.

That was indeed the truth. The current Oasis Lookout really became the target of public criticism.

The news had already spread.

The noble families behind the merchants all began to size up the desert with their thoughts.

There was hostility, greed, and evil intentions.

At the same time, there was also hatred that would devour them.

For example, the Stone Pass.

Baron Dylan who had a bad temper was so mad and irritable.

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#### **Chapter 282: Baron Dylan's Anger (Chapter 2)**

In the administrative building at the Stone Pass.

The atmosphere was extremely tense.

Baron Dylan sat on the main seat of his study. He looked at the merchant in front of him with a gloomy expression and said through gritted teeth, "That damned little thing is really vicious."

However, the merchant standing in front of him did not dare to reply.

His identity was here.

However, the two vassal knights in the room, who were trusted by Dylan, advised from the side, "Lord Dylan, there's no need to be so angry. Perhaps the forces behind Baron Kant want to push him out so that he doesn't have to be completely controlled by you. After all, if you're in control of the key roads, you are literally strangling their throats."

What the vassal knights were referring to was naturally the natural dividing line between the Nahrin Desert and the Dukedom of Leo. It was also the only gap in the magnificent Senwaya Range, the Stone Pass.

It was the place they were currently in, the place they were firmly in control of!

"Hmph."

Baron Dylan's expression was still gloomy. He snorted coldly, but his expression softened slightly.

His vassal knight was right.

He had the geographical advantage.

Especially the Stone Pass, which was the only passage to the two sides of the Senwaya Range. Even if there were some small rural roads and some beast roads that could bypass this pass, as long as they were strictly investigated, these roads would always be discovered and blocked.

Moreover, entering the Nahrin Desert required a large number of supplies, especially fresh water, which was the most important.

There would definitely be a lot of people in the trade caravan.

Even if they traveled light, they wouldn't be able to transport much table salt.

Thus, they had to replenish their supplies at the Stone Pass in order to ensure their safety after entering the Nahrin Desert. If they wanted to take the risk of going around the pass to enter the desert, it was undoubtedly risking their lives to enter the desert. Whether they could open up a trade in the end was another matter, but whether they would die in the desert was the most important thing.

In the past, the trade caravan would only enter the Nahrin Desert after replenishing their supplies at the Stone Pass. Although they seemed to be heading south, in reality, they would only enter the Nahrin Desert after going around the pass carefully.

As the local lord, Baron Dylan was well aware of this.

When the time came, they would seal off a few small roads.

They would even hire bandit groups to enter the small roads and the desert to plunder. With the weak guards of the merchants, it was impossible for them to stop the hired professional bandits.

After all, the bandits of this era were no different from mercenaries.

Baron Dylan, who had already developed, naturally had the ability to hire them!

Thinking of this, his face looked much better. He waved his hand at the merchant and said, "Alright, you can leave now. Don't pretend to be nosy. Just pretend that you don't know anything. Just wait for my arrangements for the rest."

"Yes, Lord Dylan."

The merchant wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and quickly left the room.

The other two vassal knights in the room looked at Dylan. They had been together for a long time. It was obvious that they understood the arrangements for their Lord Baron.

As expected, Baron Dylan asked, "How many soldiers do we have now?"

"38 knights, 150 knight attendants, 500 lance soldiers and 100 archers."

The vassal knight who was responsible for the management of the army replied, "If we expand the army, we can form 1,000 armed militia, 2,000 peasant conscripts, and 500 archers made up of hunters."

"Yes, these are our own troops.", Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes.

These soldiers were all his original troops.

He gritted his teeth and used up all resources in Stone Pass to assemble this troop. This included those peasant conscripts who only used sharp pitchforks.

In the past, this could be considered as the confidence that Baron Dylan had to protect himself. However, in the past three months, he had used the table salt trade and great silver coins to clear the way. The overall level of the troops had risen rapidly. This confidence that he had in the past was no longer in his eyes.

Baron Dylan continued to ask, "How are the mercenaries?"

"Now, we have recruited all kinds of marauders and bandit groups as mercenaries. There are a total of 1,600 people."

The vassal knight replied, "If we give them standard weapons, they can go to the battlefield. Their combat strength is not bad.". He paused and solemnly reported, "But the most important thing is still

the gale mercenary group that we hired. There are a total of 600 light cavalries. They are the strongest group of mercenaries that we recruited this time.”

“That sounds very good.”, Baron Dylan nodded slightly, but his eyes were a little gloomy. “But the problem is, can we guarantee the reliability of these guys?”

“Ordinary mercenaries, 30 small silver coins per person per month.”

The vassal knight immediately replied, “But those 600 brigands mercenaries need 80 small silver coins per month. If they are in war, they need an additional 20 small silver coins.”

“That is one great silver coin.”, Baron Dylan snorted. “I can still afford this money.”

“This way, it is reliable.”

The vassal knight also had a disdainful look on his face. “These mercenaries are greedy people who are greedy for money. At the very least, none of the surrounding noble families can hire them for a long time. Therefore, we are the only ones. It is not a problem to use silver coins to nurture their loyalty. At least, they will not betray us on the battlefield.”

“No, that’s not what you said.”, Baron Dylan curled up the corner of his mouth and smiled, but there was no hint of a smile in his eyes. “There was no reason to betray us on the battlefield, if their payment is enough.”

The two vassal knights were silent. There was no way to refute his words.

However, Baron Dylan did not delve into this question. He sat on the chair and gently tapped the table with his hand. “Next, there will definitely be many trade caravans and spies in my pass. This is the most troublesome.”

“Please give us your orders, Lord Dylan.”

The two vassal knights spoke.

“Yes, I do need you two to be busy.”

Baron Dylan nodded, he tapped on the table and said, “Let our rats be active. It is best to place them in any corner of the entire pass. I do not want my own estate to become a sieve that anyone can enter. At that time, I will really lose face. I think both of you understand this.”

“We will do our best!”, the two vassal knights answered in fear.

“This is the attitude I need.”

Baron Dylan smiled. “But don’t worry. When this storm passes, I will remember your loyalty.”. He paused, he looked at the two of them and said seriously, “When the time comes, I will arrange an actual fiefdom for you and 2,000 great silver coins as a reward. You will definitely not be disappointed.”

The two vassal knights were already showing joy on their faces. When they heard Baron Dylan’s words, they immediately knelt down on one knee and bowed with great respect. “Lord, we will do our best to complete the mission that you gave us!”



“Very good!”

Baron Dylan nodded with a smile and waved his hand at the same time. “You can leave now. When tomorrow comes, get your spirits up and let our rats smell properly. Where exactly are those dirty bedbugs?”

“Yes!”, the two of them continued to bow before leaving the room with gratitude.

However, when the two of them left...

Baron Dylan’s face suddenly turned gloomy.

“Hehe, you can’t sit still anymore. Have you started to look for a way out?”

His hand gripped the handle of the chair tightly, he had a unpleasant look. “Both of you have started to have disloyal intentions towards me. Do you really think that I haven’t noticed it? Your extraordinary powers were all given by me. Now, even both of you have started to betray me. I really didn’t expect it. I really didn’t expect it!”

“Both of them are former veterans. You have become a baron, and they are your vassal knights who can’t make a name for themselves. How could they be willing?”

In the room, a calm voice appeared in the darkness.

Baron Dylan didn’t panic. Instead, he narrowed his eyes and said, “But don’t they know how to be grateful? Ha, grateful. Well, it’s funny that this word came out of my mouth.”

“That’s right, it’s really funny.”, the calm voice chuckled. “Just like how you betrayed Princess Sofia and the Silver Platter Kingdom on the battlefield. Only then did you become a noble and truly step into this class, right? You also treated them as stepping stones.”

“You know so much.”, Baron Dylan seemed to not hear the ridicule and ridicule in this person’s words.

“Of course.”

The man in the shadow finally walked out.

He limped to the chair beside the study and sat down, he chuckled. “How is it? You told me right, right? Baron Dylan, the people around you are starting to betray you. If you do not consider your own path of retreat, I think that if you continue to hold on in vain, the end result will definitely be very tragic.”

“You are threatening me.”, Baron Dylan’s face was murky. It was a rare sight that he did not fly into a rage.

“I am only speaking the truth.”

This person raised his head. It was the leader of the spies under the house at the pass.

He understood Baron Dylan’s personality deeply. He did not force him too much, instead, he changed his tone. “Sometimes, if you can rely on others, you will be placed in an important position. This is especially so at this critical moment. If you rely on others, you will obtain unimaginable benefits, such as the increase in power, the promotion of the title of nobility...” , he raised his head and looked at Baron

Dylan. "You will also obtain the qualifications to become a hereditary noble and become a high-class noble!"

"This condition is very generous and also very reasonable.", Baron Dylan gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as if he had made up his mind. "Alright, please answer Countess Agatha. I am willing to become his most loyal baron."

"No, no, no.", the leader of the spies smiled. "You are the most loyal viscount."

Baron Dylan also smiled. "Thank Countess Agatha."

"She is the kindest.", the leader of the spies nodded. "However, you need to pay a certain amount of loyalty now. For example, sending troops into the Nahrin Desert to recover the salt mines outside the dukedom."

"This is a little difficult. You know that my troops do not have the ability to enter the desert to fight."

Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes and answered, "This is really difficult."

"No, you have misunderstood."

The leader of the spies chuckled. "You have troops that can enter the desert. For example, a 600-man mercenary cavalry. They are well-equipped, have strong combat strength, and have sufficient logistical supplies."

"I do not understand.", Baron Dylan frowned.

"This gale mercenary group was once very popular with Countess Agatha."

The leader of the spies smiled and said, "Don't let down the reputation of this elite cavalry."

"I won't.", Baron Dylan looked at the smile of the leader of the spies, but he felt a chill in his heart. He had originally suspected that he could recruit such an elite cavalry team, but now he was right.

This 600-person squall mercenary group was the secret force that belonged the Countess of East County, Agatha!

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#### **Chapter 283: The Exchange Value of the Golden Eagle**

The current situation seemed peaceful, but it was extremely dangerous.

This was like the surface of the sea full of torrential currents and dark tides. It was the calm before the storm. Any careless person who made a mistake would fall into this boundless sea of terror in the abyss and be torn into pieces.

In the Dukedom of Leo, the top-tier noble began to sharpen their knives, ready to enjoy a delicious meal.

The lesser noble families also showed their fangs and claws, trying to get a piece of the pie.

The profit was too big.

It was so big that even the top noble families could not enjoy the delicious food alone. They could only compromise and cooperate with each other in order to enjoy the delicious food in front of them.

Everyone was satisfied.

Including those businessmen who were just errands, they could eat big mouthfuls of delicious food according to their size.

But Kant wasn't included.

He was the one who would suffer the direct loss of benefits.

Everyone was staring at him fiercely, ready to pounce on him at any moment.

Kant also had a premonition that this time was about to arrive.

The entire "Drondheim" Castle had already entered a level two alert status. Surrounding the dune, there were desert bandits who rode their horses around at all times, patrolling 24 hours a day.

Vaegir archers had all entered the city wall and were no longer resting in the barracks.

There were also knights who were ready to attack at any time.

In order to deal with the danger that would come at any time, they were always on standby.

Firentis and Kant had already had a deep conversation. Regarding the danger that they would face in the future, they would deal with it cautiously. If they encountered an enemy, they would take the initiative to attack. They would use the desert to drag down the enemy, and then they would use the excellent city defense to make the enemy's troops sink into despair, they could only retreat.

After all, the current Oasis Lookout was still locked down. The noble families of the Dukedom of Leo would never have thought that such a strong and magnificent castle would appear on the oasis. The city defense system was perfect and strict.

Without siege weapons, they would be destined to be futile. There was no way to forcefully attack!

Furthermore, according to Kant's memories, even if it was the Dukedom of Leo, they would still have to pay a huge price to take down such a city defense.

The current environment in the Nahrin Desert was cruel. There was a lack of water and supplies, and there were no siege weapons. It was impossible for them to withstand a long time. The only way was to retreat, unless they were stupid enough to waste their time and lead to the total annihilation of the army!

But the noble families with ulterior motives did not know that.

They were so naive that they knew nothing.

Kant had already perfectly hidden his fangs and claws, curled up like a kitten.

But when he fully unleashed them, everyone would be shocked.

He was like an adult lion appeared in front of them. With its well-proportioned body, sharp fangs and claws, it officially declared this once deserted Nahrin Desert was its estate now!

Real lions could only grow up in mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

They were Kant's stepping stones.

It was just that they had not yet discovered this cruel fact.

Kant did not choose to go deep into the desert at this critical moment. Instead, he stayed in the Oasis Lookout and inspected his estate. At the same time, he chose to build his castle better.

For example, more advanced houses were built in every corner and crevice.

They were almost close to the residential area, the crafts area, and the military area.

Another 200 houses were built.

All 300 high-class houses that looked like two-story houses filled the interior of the castle. There was no space for more buildings to be built, but the advantage was the large population!

The population of "Dronnheim" Castle had exploded to 3,000 people.

A lot of food was consumed every day.

The output of the agricultural area alone was not enough. Now, it was all used up. They had to buy a large amount of grain from the caravan of Reyvadin to barely maintain the food and drinks of these thousands of people.

Don't forget, there were nearly 700 troops!

In order to ensure the food supply, Kant specially formed a camel caravan consisting of 20 camels.

It was dedicated to food transportation.

All the preys that were hunted crazily in the Senwaya Range and then made into smoked meat and dried meat. Then, the camel caravan transported it to the Oasis Lookout to increase the consumption of meat and reduce the consumption of grain.

Eating only bread made one hungry very quickly. Having meat not only strengthened the body, but also reduced the consumption of grain.

It is killing two birds with one stone.

But the food problem did not need to be too worried.

Kant has built a salt posthouse at the top of the dune in the salt mine. He has sent 50 peasants to collect coarse salt. Every two days, 50 camel caravans will be sent to transport it, the 600 bags of coarse salt collected in two days will be transported back to the castle. Then, in three days, it will be boiled into 400 bags of fine white salt.

In the end, a caravan of 50 camels was transported to the central posthouse to be sold. The first wave of harvest would be a large amount of silver coins, and Kant would collect all kinds of materials.

Iron tools, farm tools, grain, cloth, and everything, including precious spices, were also purchased.

There were also precious golden eagles!

Manid had already found out that 100 great silver coins could be exchanged for one golden eagle.

However, this price was only the normal price.

In the black market of the Dukedom of Leo, it had already been sold for 120 great silver coins to exchange for one golden eagle.

This was also due to the Dukedom of Leo's developed agriculture and handicraft industry. Hence, the economy was prosperous. If it was in those poor areas, the price of one golden eagle would usually be sold for 150 great silver coins or more.

For example, in the barren North County, the price of one golden eagle was 150 great silver coins.

If one wanted to exchange for it, one had to look at the connections.

Only Viscount Wayne, who ruled the entire North County, had the ability to exchange for it.

Golden eagles were really very precious.

It was said that the mysterious Mage Tower would collect golden eagles, and even the temples of the gods were no exception. From this, it could be seen that golden eagles were precious resources. Compared to silver coins of different sizes, these eagles were made of gold and looked like palm-sized, glittering eagles, their value was higher, and they had a wider circulation.

Of course, Manid also used his relationship with Baron Dylan at that time to exchange 200 great silver coins for a golden eagle. In Kant's system exchange, he actually received a price of 1000 denars.

This was a pleasant surprise!

Kant did not expect that the price of golden eagle that was made of gold to be so high.

It was much more valuable than simply selling gold.

After all, a bag of gold was only sold for 50,000 denars. If it was a golden eagle of the same weight, there would definitely be more than 50 of it in a bag. It was estimated to be at least 100 golden eagles could fill up the bag. This was equivalent to 100,000 denars!

Just this week, Kant was preparing for the future.

He was prepared to personally go to the table salt trade this time.

After all, this was the first time that the central posthouse was open for trading!

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#### **Chapter 284: Trade Caravan At the Posthouse**

The large-scale table salt trade involved a terrifying amount of great silver coins.

Kant sold 400 bags of fine white salt at a price of 100 great silver coins per bag. In other words, it was a total of 40,000 great silver coins. Those merchants would have to use rattan baskets and carts to transport the great silver coins.

If they used goods, they would not be able to match the profits of table salt.

Other than spices, military supplies, or sweet sugar cubes, the other things were not worth the profits of salt at all.

No matter how good the iron, cloth, and farm tools were, they were all dispensable goods to the fine white salt with stunning profits. Although Kant did need it, and the merchants would prepare some in order to please Kant, they definitely would not prepare too much. If they prepared too much, they would only be able to exchange a bag of refined white salt for a full cart of goods.

This kind of situation was not worth it. It was a big taboo in business, so those merchants definitely would not bring too much. Therefore, the golden eagle, which could be paid in large amounts and had a wide audience in the upper-class society, came in handy.

One week was enough to deliver the news and transport the golden eagle.

Although the roads in the Dukedom of Leo were not all paved roads, the main roads connecting the northern, southern and eastern counties were paved with stone slabs to facilitate transportation.

Therefore, it was very convenient to gather the necessary golden eagles.

There was also the most crucial point.

In the transaction, one golden eagle was not equal to 100 great silver coins, but 150 great silver coins in the black market of the North County. This was an additional profit for the merchants, and they could be considered as the beneficiaries of the most basic currency exchange.

But the ultimate beneficiary would definitely be Kant.

As long as there was a golden eagle that could be exchanged for denars, that would be enough!

The Continent of Caradia would be able to provide him with an endless supply of various materials, including the Pendor caravan that had already set off, led by Joslin, and the Fangorn Forest caravan that Manid personally led.

All three trade routes would give him rich returns and a wonderful prospect waiting for him.

For example, in the Pendor Continent, Kant had Joslin bring the most valuable gold.

This kind of precious metal was also something that the Pendor Continent fond of, and could be exchanged for a lot of denars. Of course, now that he thought about it, it was not very cost-effective. However, if it was converted into a golden eagle and sold to the Pendor Continent, the denar that was exchanged for was still more valuable than the Caradia!

The system's exchange was based on the exchange of the Continent of Caradia. The method of exchange was to exchange with Joslin's nephew, the new leader of the trade caravan. It was like trading gold with denar.

If the Continent of Pendor was cleared, then they would trade with the trade caravan over there.

The price was naturally different.

As for the Fangorn Forest trade caravan that Manid led, Kant did not know what the ents needed, so he asked Manid to bring some gold, as well as water element, earth element gemstones, and negative energy gemstones. These were fantasy items.

When these two trade caravans returned, everything would be revealed.

Kant would enter a new era of glory!

But at this time, Kant had already arranged the troops. They were led by 10 Swadian royal knights, 100 Swadian knights, and 40 newly recruited desert bandits this week to the central posthouse.

The camel caravan made up of 50 camels was ready and loaded with fine white salt.

“Lord Kant.”

Firentis stood in front of the city gate and urged Kant. “Please be careful this time.”

“I know.”, Kant nodded.

Rolf, as the leader of the central posthouse, had already sent desert bandits to report the situation. He said that a large number of trade caravans had gathered in the direction of the posthouse and were waiting for trading.

At the same time, there were also unfamiliar troops like the guards of the trade caravan. It was possible that they had ulterior motives.

Kant, on the other hand, was quite relaxed.

He waved his hand and officially led the group forward.

40 desert bandits acted as scouts and spread out to scout the way.

10 Swadian royal knights were safely protecting Kant. Behind him were 100 Swadian knights. If they encountered enemies, they would probably be easily dealt with with a charge.

The camel caravan made up of 50 camels walked slowly, but at a constant speed, they were not far behind Kant and the others.

It would take about a day and a half to get from Oasis Lookout to the central posthouse.

They would arrive just in time for the weekend morning.

There was time.

There was nothing to do.

After resting a few times to avoid the midday heat and the cold of the night, they soon arrived at the desert plain where the central posthouse was located. The posthouse in the middle was already visible.

The rising sun dispelled the chill of the night. It was just early in the morning.

Kant rode on his horse at the top of the Dune.

Looking at the posthouse in the distance, he could already see a group of trade caravan tents being set up on the south side not far away.

The bonfire was not extinguished yet.

Many trade caravans were still making breakfast.

Wisps of smoke appeared in the sky above the desert. It did not look like a desolate place without people. Instead, it was a gathering place where a groups of traveling trades caravan rested together. The scene was incompatible with the desolate environment of the Nahrin Desert.

Kant's arrival caused a commotion.

Especially the caravan full of sacks, which was urged by 10 civilians with whips, attracted the attention of the trade caravan.

Many merchants did not have time to eat breakfast. They started to move and crowded in the direction of the posthouse. Because the desert bandits were armed with spears, they did not dare to approach. Instead, they eagerly looked forward to Kant and the caravan's arrival.

To them, that represented denar and the expensive golden eagle!

The posthouse also discovered the arrival of Kant and the others.

Rolf led the three royal knights and ten Sarrandian horsemen to personally welcome them.

When they saw Kant, they quickly dismounted and bowed respectfully. "Lord Kant, why are you here in person? We might encounter danger here. I even warned Firentis about it."

"I requested to come."

Kant chuckled and stretched out his hand to support him. "Get up. Let's go to the posthouse and chat."

"Yes.", Rolf immediately got back on his horse and gently knocked on the horse's belly as he led the group.

The merchants were even more eager.

When they saw Kant coming over, they all waved their hands.

"Baron Kant, here. We are a trade caravan from the South County territory. We hope to talk to you!"

"Lord! Lord Kant! We are from the South County. The leader of our trade caravan wishes to establish a friendly relationship with you. If possible, can we speak with you alone?"

"Baron Kant, we are from the East County. We are also here with friendly intentions. We wish to speak with you!"

However, Kant did not care about them.

Instead, Rolf reined in his horse and rode over, he waved his horsewhip and rebuked, "All of you, shut up. Lord Kant's journey here has been very tiring. He needs to rest. If you continue to make noise, then



you will be disqualified from this trade. If you are not satisfied, then all future trade will be cancelled. If you don't believe me, you can try!"

His words were very effective. Immediately, the shouts of the merchants weakened and became completely silent.

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 285: Upcoming Negotiations**

No one could go against money.

Moreover, the merchants who had come here were mainly probing.

The noble families behind them had asked them to come, in order to establish a relationship with Kant and establish friendly trade. Without exception, they all planned to spend money and asked to talk alone with Kant.

If they were to be disqualified from this trade, or even their future trading qualifications, they would be skinned alive by the noble families behind them if they went back with empty hands.

This was the early stage.

It was barely a matter of cooperation based on benefits.

As for after they understood Kant's actual situation, the hidden rules of the noble families would begin to devour Kant's industry. At that time, they would not have to worry too much and they would just have to eat in a less ugly manner.

But now, they still needed to maintain a certain degree of friendliness.

There was also competition among the nobles.

If there really was a mistake, they would also not mind setting their political enemies and dragged them down.

These merchants were all low-level errands, and in reality, they did not have much power, so each of them obediently chose to be quail. For a time, there was complete silence, and the atmosphere was very harmonious.

Moreover, Kant was no longer the same as before.

His character, which was so benevolent to the point of cowardice, was only used to hide the prying eyes of others.

Now, he had regained his strength.

There was no need for him to continue pretending!

Just like a week ago, those two merchants who dared to cross Kant's bottom line and incited many trade caravans to attempt to attack the posthouse, even if they had the backing of the Lord of the North County, Viscount Wayne, and the noble family of the South County, who had been there for a hundred years, were still killed as he wished.

These merchants saw that and were even more fearful.

Rolf was also not considered a good person.

The combination of the two was very effective in shutting them up.

When they returned to the central posthouse, the ten Swadian footmen immediately opened the door with their shields and greeted respectfully, "My lord, Welcome to the posthouse again."

"Mm.", Kant nodded and instructed, "Unload all the salt from the caravan."

"Understood."

The ten light footmen immediately nodded.

After gathering more than 50 desert bandits, they immediately began to unload the sacks filled with white salt.

The sacks looked like gray flesh worms, but as they were being unloaded and piled up, the merchants gathered at the southern side of the posthouse widened their eyes. Looking at those sacks, their eyes were filled with extreme shock, they could not help but swallow their saliva, their eyes filled with greed.

That was a total of 400 sacks of fine white salt. In terms of price, it was worth 80,000 great silver coins!

Not to mention small merchants like them.

Even the hundred-year-old noble families in the Dukedom of Leo's Southern County would breathe heavily when they saw the fine white salt that was worth so many great silver coins. Compared to the transportation and procurement costs, the profit was almost as much as 100% !

The trade of table salt was a huge profit!

Otherwise, the 100-year-old noble families would not have banded together to form a trade caravan to go to the Dwarf Kingdom to purchase table salt. Then, they would go through a lot of trouble to transport it back at the risk of being plundered.

After all, it was not easy to go to the Dwarf Kingdom.

There were not many human kingdoms were on the way.

There were also wilderness and wastelands, where many evil alien races lived.

Similar to Jackalan, they were bloody and barbaric, uncivilized, bloodthirsty and barbaric races!

As a result, the price of salt in the human countries was extremely high. Only noble families, landlords, and merchants could enjoy this seasoning. Ordinary civilians could only eat some salt occasionally, and ordinary poor people were not qualified to eat salt at all!

This could not be helped. In the feudal era, the average life expectancy of civilians and poor people was less than 35 years old.

No one cared whether they ate salt or not.

Even if they ate salt, it was just low-quality salt.

It was the sour and astringent rock salt produced in some small salt mines underground and in ravines. These rock salt only had very little salty taste.

As long as one had some status, they would not eat it. After all, there was no way to purify and remove impurities. Eating too much of this rock salt would cause irreversible damage to the kidneys. People would really die!

Of course, the poor did not care if they died or not.

In any case, very few of them could live past the age of 45.

Kant did not care about this. People were born, aged, sick, and died. If he cared so much, he could not control it either. It was enough as long as he took care of the civilians in his own estate.

After taking a short rest, Kant said, "Let those nobles enter the posthouse. I will talk to them personally."

"Understood."

Rolf nodded.

Kant had brought ten royal knights with him. Together with the three royal knights who had stayed at the posthouse beforehand, the security was absolutely tight. Moreover, there were his Sarrandian horsemen and the desert bandits outside. It was no problem to prevent these merchants from causing trouble.

It was estimated that even if the hundreds of merchants and trade caravan guards were added together, they would not be a match for these thirteen royal knights.

After all, these were the royal knights at the pinnacle of grand knights!

Following Kant's orders, the entire posthouse was tidied up.

After breakfast, the cavalries put away their tents, extinguished the bonfire, and urged their horses to slowly gallop around the surroundings. They gradually warmed up their warhorse, returning it to its peak status of being able to charge during the day.

The spears in their hands were tightly gripped, and the scimitars were at their waists. All of them were in high spirits.

The noble families were all very observant.

All of them were deep in thought.

Kant's background and the princess of the Silver Platter Kingdom, Sofia, were not some secret information. Although these information were sealed, people were all whispering to each other, which made the story even more exaggerated and more eye-catching.

At least the friction between the Silver Platter Kingdom and the Dukedom of Leo had always existed.

After waiting for a moment, Rolf walked out, his fierce face had a hint of malevolence. "Be quiet. Now, each trade caravan will send a representative to enter this posthouse to discuss the transaction with Baron Kant. No weapons or guards are allowed. At the same time, no rude actions are allowed. If we

find out...”, Rolf paused for a moment, but his tone became even more stern. “Then I will make you sleep forever in an unknown sandpit in the desert!”

The merchants all nodded in agreement, but they did not dare to say anything more, afraid that their tone would offend this scoundrel noble who had no bottom line. At that time, the losses would not be worth the gains.

Even the new trade caravan had been notified in advance and obediently followed the rules.

Although there were also many merchants of higher status inside.

However, looking at the scimitars and spears that flashed with a glaring light, the desert bandits and Sarrandian horsemen who were eyeing them like tigers watching their prey. They all understood in their hearts that if they wanted to make a fortune here, they had to first show their respect.

The posthouse was opened, and the group of merchants walked into the hall.

Kant was sitting at the main seat of the long table, and there were four royal knights in full plate armor on each side.

Their entire bodies were shining with silver light, and they were more dazzling than the ordinary knights in chain armors.

Their strength was naturally stronger!

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

#### **Chapter 286: Advantages Brought By Monopoly**

The merchants were trembling in fear and panic.

It was no wonder that anyone would find a row of Sarrandian horsemen in fine chain armor and holding scimitars standing by the wall at the edge of the hall. Their hearts could not help but tremble.

But they had no choice. No one wanted to give up on this table salt trade. They could only brace themselves and bow to Kant.

“It’s a great pleasure to meet you, your Lordship!”

These merchants appeared extremely humble.

“Mm.”, Kant nodded. He did not even move from his seat. He accepted their bow calmly and said lightly, “All of you, sit down. There are many people here. Those without seats, stand.”

His established his identity.

As a baron, these humble merchants were not of the same noble class as him.

Even if they were not prepared and did not receive him, the group of merchants did not dare to say anything. Instead, they looked at each other and discussed in low voices, letting the merchants who had a high-ranking noble behind them sit down first.

The merchants were also classified also based on class and status.

As for the small merchants and ordinary merchants, they could only stand and watch with smiles on their faces.

However, there were only 30 people who could enter.

Apart from the 10 people who sat on both sides of the long table in the posthouse hall and smiled respectfully at Kant, the other 20 people stood at the end of the long table and listened quietly.

It was obvious that some people wanted to eat meat, while others wanted to drink soup. They had already discussed this when they entered the posthouse.

Kant saw this, but he didn't care.

As long as he could sell his salt, it would be fine. He didn't care who could buy it or sell it.

Rolf also stood behind the door.

Although he did not know much about business, he came to this hall to protect the Lord Kant's safety and to prevent anything unusual from happening outside the posthouse. When the time came, he could also be in the middle of the operation so that he would let the cavalries on warhorses to react quickly. These cavalries were riding in guard secretly and waiting for orders.

He was a noble and a vicious bandit leader, so he had a deep understanding of the cunning of the noble and the merchants, as well as the lives of the bandits.

Better to be safe than sorry!

However, in the hall, Kant was relaxed, discussing the table salt trade with these merchants with a normal expression.

There was no need to talk too much nonsense, Kant, who had already taken the initiative, said directly, "I have 400 bags of refined white salt, each bag is 100 great silver coins, and can be supplied every week. I guarantee that after a month, the weekly supply will reach 1000 bags, I don't know which one of you can eat it!"

"This..." the merchants looked at each other and stared at each other. None of them could answer. They just stared at Kant and the familiar companions around them in a daze, looking a little stunned.

How could he reveal his trump cards so simply and rudely in a business trade.

But Kant looked at them with a slightly mocking smile on his lips.

He knocked on the table and said indifferently, "If any of you feel that it is unacceptable, you can leave this desert. If any of you feel that you can cooperate, then set the rules. 100 great silver coins per bag of table salt, neither high nor low."

"Uh... this price..."

A businessman tentatively said, "If the production is too high, the Dukedom of Leo will not be able to digest it. Do you also want this price? I think maybe we can lower it..."

"Hehe.", Kant laughed and did not hide his ridicule.

He looked at him and said indifferently, "It is 100 great silver coins per bag. If you feel that it is too expensive, you can leave. I know better than you how the table salt trade is like. All the creatures in the human countries and the wild tribes like these white and flowery goods. Buy them if you want, but if you don't want it...", he stretched out his hand and made a gesture. "There is no need to waste your breath in this posthouse."

"This... this...", the merchants were even more stunned.

Kant, on the other hand, was at ease.

This was the advantage of a monopoly. As the monopoly party, the rules were set by him.

No matter how harsh the rules were or how stingy he was, the advantage of a monopoly was always in his hands.

These merchants wanted to make money?

Then they had to pinch their noses and choose to follow Kant's simple and overbearing rules!

However, Kant did give them a way out. In fact, the table salt trade of the human countries might be 200 great silver coins per bag, but if it was during the season of salt panic, 400 great silver coins would still be available.

After all, the trade caravan that transported salt to and from the Dwarf Kingdom also needed several months. The journey was not safe either.

If something unexpected happened and they were delayed for a month or two, the noble families and great merchants would have to spend a lot of money to purchase fine white salt if they wanted to hold a banquet. Especially the southern and eastern counties, which were prosperous due to trade, were generally extravagant and wasteful, every banquet would waste a whole sack of table salt, they were the big consumers of this type of table salt!

Currently, Kant only had 400 bags of table salt, which could at most be used by the Dukedom of Leo for less than half a month. After all, in order to kill time, the noble families held banquets every day.

In addition, there was the tradition of giving the elite troops table salt as an additional bonus, which increased the consumption of table salt.

Even 1,000 bags of table salt were nothing in the entire Dukedom of Leo.

If they were scattered in the human countries...

It would be even more pitifully scare!

Otherwise, there would not be endless trade caravans going to the Dwarf Kingdom, risking the dangers of the wilderness to carry out the table salt trade. It would be earned by a large amount of great silver coins!

Now, there was no need to risk their lives.

There was also no need to waste too much time, and they could easily obtain a large amount of refined white salt.

Hence, the monopoly of salt trade would bring Kant a huge profit!

“Your lordship! Our trade caravan is willing to cooperate! Willing to cooperate!”

“That’s right, your lordship, our trade caravan is also willing to listen to your arrangements!”

The merchants immediately reacted.

One by one, they stood up and bowed respectfully to Kant, each of them extremely deferential.

“These 400 bags of white salt are the goods for this trade. You can share them.”, Kant’s expression was still a little mocking, and there was no sign of shyness, he was still sitting in his seat and said calmly, “If you can use the golden eagle to trade, then use the golden eagle to trade. I am a person who is afraid of trouble. If you use the golden eagle to trade, you can pay it according to the price of the black market.”

“Thank you, your lordship, for your kindness!”

“Your lordship is really very kind!”

“Your lordship, your kindness has made us ashamed!”

The merchants were instantly overjoyed.

If they were to purchase table salt according to the price of the black market, the profit would be multiplied by several times!

They did not care what Kant wanted the golden eagle for. After all, it was a kind of currency. Although it was high-grade, they had brought quite a lot of it this time. Each trade caravan shared the expenses of the golden eagle, so they could completely swallow this batch of fine white salt!

However, while they were discussing, a desert bandit walked in quickly.

“Lord Kant, Lord Rolf.”

He first bowed, then reported solemnly, “We found an unfamiliar cavalry troop in the south. There are about 600 people. It seems... they are not friendly!”

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

#### **Chapter 287: Merchants’ Desperate Pleas**

After hearing the report from the desert bandits, many merchants in the hall turned their heads to look at Kant.

It was an unfamiliar army with ill intentions.

They would not believe that the troop had nothing to do with the table salt trade. Perhaps some noble was dissatisfied with Kant obtaining the table salt and wanted to come here to show off their might!

This was often the old noble families' way of intimidating the new noble families.

It was also applicable now.

Think about the noble families who once operated the table salt for the dwarves. Because of the appearance of table salt in the desert, it affected their business. Both sides were basically competitors now, and they did not ease up at all. They were competitors with direct conflicts of profit!

However, Kant's table salt in the desert was more profitable.

It was closer to the human countries, and it was more convenient to transport. Furthermore, the taste was not bad, and the production was increasing day by day. It was destined to attack the conservative market where the old noble families controlled the table salt for the dwarf.

It would be strange if there was no reaction when their important way to make money that was used to maintain the family was cut off!

Now, these merchants looked at Kant.

At the same time, they were testing him.

They were merchants. The so-called honor and dignity were not as tempting as the profits. Therefore, they could humbly express their obedience to Kant because they did not understand Kant's true strength.

Now, they might be able to see it.

Someone came to provoke them, flaunting their strength, and used force to intimidate Kant, the baron who was about to rise up.

No matter how Kant responded, they would get the answer they wanted.

But if they were defeated, the final outcome would definitely not be friendly. These merchants would still maintain their obedience, but the next time they came, the trade caravan's guards would be more and more elite, at that time, these merchants would take back their previous subservience with interest and become even more arrogant than a noble!

But to Kant, his expression was calm, but his eyes flashed with ridicule.

He was not a baron who was about to rise up.

He was the lord of the Nahrin Desert who had already risen up!

Facing the probing gazes of these merchants, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. His disdain and ridicule were obvious. He did not explain too much. He only instructed faintly, "Rolf, you handle it."

"Understood!"

Rolf immediately nodded behind the door.

"Handle it beautifully.", Kant continued.

As if he had thought of something, he instructed Rolf, "Don't kill all of them. We still need to increase the production of our salt mines. We're very short of salt-digging slaves. Since they're here, let's stay and see if they're qualified for this job."

"Got it.", Rolf had a ferocious smile on his face. "They are very qualified for this job."



Kant nodded and waved his hand lightly. "Go."

"Everyone, follow me!"

Rolf bowed respectfully and issued an order in a muffled voice.

The 50 Sarrandian horsemen who were originally standing by the wall in the hall immediately rushed out, including the three Swadian royal knights beside Kant, as well as the cavalries that quickly gathered in the tent outside.

The entire central posthouse seemed to have become a military station for the deployment of troops, and this cavalry force was gathering.

120 Sarrandian horsemen.

220 desert bandits.

And the 3 royal knights personally led by Rolf!

The total number of troops was only 350, but their combat strength was considered to be at the elite level, especially the 3 royal knights who possessed extraordinary strength and belonged to the grand knight level. How could they be compared to the ordinary cavalry?

Even the 120 Sarrandian horsemen were qualified to be vassal knights to the ordinary noble!

But those merchants did not know.

They could not imagine how powerful these cavalries were.

After all, there were a total of 600-men unfamiliar troops. If they were to go crazy, it was not impossible to slaughter them all in this desert.

They merchants did have the trade caravan guards.

However, these trade caravan guards could at most disperse some ordinary marauders and bandits.

Fighting against these 600 absolutely ferocious cavalries were definitely courting death!

Hence, the merchants began to discuss animatedly.

They whispered to each other with a hint of anxiety in their tone. Their gazes towards Kant also became more direct. After all, Kant only needed 10 strange-looking knights and 10 ordinary sword-shield footmen to protect him.

They were talking about the Swadian royal knights and the Swadian footmen.

Kant's face was calm.

The disdainful smile at the corner of his mouth was still there.

Looking at them whispering to each other as if they were discussing something, he slowly picked up the silver cup that was prepared for him on the table and sipped the date palm sugar water in it, he said indifferently, "If you don't mind, I would like to invite everyone to the roof of the posthouse to enjoy a farce."

"This... But... those cavalries...", the merchants looked at each other, but they seemed unwilling and anxious to leave.

"Come with me."

Kant didn't give them a chance to choose.

He drank the sugar water in the silver cup in one gulp, stood up and walked towards the stairs of the posthouse.

"Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh --"

The sound of a longsword being unsheathed rang out.

The actions of the 10 Swadian footmen were very rude. Their gazes were fixed on these merchants, and they were extremely unfriendly.

However, the royal knights were much more elegant. Each and every one of them lifted up the full plate armor on their faces. Looking at these merchants and stretching out their hands, they smiled and said in a tone that could not be rejected, "Gentlemen, please."

"This... this... this..."

The merchants were even more hesitant.

They were all frightened and looked at each other. They saw the hesitation in each other's eyes.

No one followed Kant's footsteps.

They were all afraid. If Kant took them hostage to negotiate with the unfamiliar troop, it would be terrible to them.

That 600 cavalries troop that belonged to unknown noble family was a problem. However, according to the internal rules of the Dukedom of Leo, the bandit groups that ran amok had the support of the noble forces behind them. If they were taken hostage, it would really make the familiar troop hesitate.

Although there were fights between the noble families, there were definitely alliances, such as alliances through marriages. Now that the cavalry troop had quickly arrived at this posthouse. If the unfamiliar troop belonged to the enemy noble families and wanted to destroy this trade, they would definitely be slaughtered by the troop!

Regardless of whether they went up or not, these merchants felt their hearts tremble.

A sense of despair appeared in everyone's hearts.

"Gentlemen."

A royal knight opened his mouth and said with a grave tone, "Please don't let Baron Kant wait for too long, is that alright?"

The ten Swadian footmen also looked at these merchants with covetous eyes. The spatha swords in their hands flickered with a cold light. Coupled with those slightly unfriendly eyes, it was estimated that the moment they vetoed it, they would rush over to chop these merchants up!

"Yes... yes..."

The merchants nodded their heads in despair and walked towards the stairs.

Soon, they reached the top floor.

Kant was standing at a corner and looking towards the south.

The group of merchants were trembling as they walked over. They were also looking at the wind and sand in the south, as well as the cavalries riding on warhorses that were moving towards them at a constant speed amidst the yellow dust.

They were all wrapped in linen robes, and the warhorses were also covered in linen robes.

These were sun-proof breathable clothes.

However, one could still see the faintly discernible mail armor on the bodies of the riders. The mail armor that appeared along with the galloping of the warhorse, coupled with the longsword in their hands, and the long lance hanging by the side of the warhorse, were clearly elite-looking!

They were definitely at the level of knight attendants!

Their well-trained appearance made these merchants suck in a breath of cold air!

Knight attendants.

They were basically valiant horsemen who had received knight training.

From a young age, they had been trained in horsemanship, spear arts, swordsmanship, and close combat. They also had a part-time job to learn the etiquette of the noble.

Basically, the troops formed by these knight attendants were the basic strength of the knights that formed the Knight Corps. They were also the main force that the noble led the troops to battle. They were also the backbone of the battle sequence of the Dukedom of Leo!

Whether a country was strong or not depended on how many knights there were and how many knight attendants they could gather.

If a knight died in battle, then the knight attendants would be able to replace them.

As for those noble families that had lived for hundreds of years, their strength could also be measured by their knight attendants.

Powerful noble families would always be able to train a large number of excellent and elite knight attendants as their own strength. They would fight for themselves in all directions and achieve outstanding results in the Dukedom of Leo's battle sequence.

Together with their own knights and grand knights, they would form a complete cavalry unit!

The merchants were very knowledgeable.

Right now, their legs were trembling. They even felt the urge to pee between their legs. They were so scared that they were about to pee!

"This... This is... This is... an army formed by knight attendants!"

"Not good... those are knight attendants... They are the army of high-ranking noble..."

"Your lordship... you have offended... who have you offended..."

The merchants were all speaking with trembling voices.

Their eyes were wide open, and their eyes were filled with despair.

The 600 knights' attendants were fully armed as they charged towards this posthouse. That terrifying might was about to destroy their confidence. There were even quite a number of merchants from the small noble families who had already felt their entire bodies go limp. They had to support each other in order to stand still.

The despair in their eyes could not be erased. They really felt that they were going to die.

They guessed the conclusion.

This was clearly a high-ranking noble who wanted to destroy Kant's faction!

How could it be that they had come with ill intentions? Out of the 600 knight attendants, there would definitely be 30 knights. There might even be peak-level knights. As long as they were enlightened by the grand knight, they would be able to comprehend the existence of extraordinary powers.

How could this be an ill intention.

This was like the declaration of a war!

"Silence."

Kant had a smile on his face as he turned his head slightly to look at the terrified merchants behind him. The mockery on the corner of his mouth became even more intense. "Knight attendants? Oh, could it be that in your opinions, they are the strongest?"

The merchants were unable to answer. They were already breathing rapidly as they watched the troops formed by the knight attendants getting closer and closer.

Their expressions were also becoming more and more desperate.

Kant shook his head.

There was nothing much to say to this group of useless merchants.

Standing at the same spot, looking at Rolf leading the cavalry to welcome them, he took the silver cup handed over by the light footman beside him. He took a sip of the warm sugar water in it and said calmly, "The banquet has begun."

Beside him, the Swadian royal knight encouraged himself and blew the item that Kant had just handed to him.

A dull, long horn sounded.

"Woo --"

## Lord of the Oasis

### **Chapter 288: Tactics of the Desert Bandits**

The bugle horn was blown.

A dull and long sound was heard in the desert.

This was Kant's order. The cavalries, who had already lined up neatly, began to move along with the long bugle horn. Horse hooves came in waves as they charged into the flat desert.

Rolf personally led 120 Sarrandian horsemen, holding their scimitars tightly with solemn expressions.

The 220 lightly armored desert bandits had already pounced forward, like sparrows flying in the sky, or a wolf pack scattered in all directions, waiting for an opportunity to strike.

The Sarrandan people were familiar with the desert from the soul.

They were the race that lived in the desert to begin with.

They were the elites of the desert!

At the posthouse, the guards of the trade caravan were restless. Looking at the leader of the trade caravan who was at the top of the posthouse, they were all panicking, as if they had encountered a horse gang. They wanted to hide, but they did not dare to abandon the leader and leave.

Even when they saw Rolf leading the cavalries to resist, they still felt uneasy.

This included the merchants on the rooftops.

Everyone could see the fighting strength of both sides.

Rolf was indeed brutal, just like a bandit leader, but this did not represent his fighting strength!

The 600 fully armed, mail armor-clad, and well-trained elite knight attendants, along with the knights who led the team as commanders, they could easily wipe out the same number of horse gangs!

The regular army was an elite force that could crush the bandit groups.

On the contrary, Rolf's army was made up of a large number of desert bandits who were the pitiful light cavalry in leather armors.

In the Dukedom of Leo's combat sequence, only the poorest and most impoverished noble families would use these cavalries. Only the guards of the trade caravan would be equipped with such defensive equipment.

Although leather armor had a certain defensive effect, it was extremely limited.

Despite bandits and horse thieves with noble backgrounds would not have a set of mail armor each, but they still had two layers of mail armor. How could the the light cavalry unit led by Rolf compared to them? The defensive equipment of Rolf's troop was so pitiful that they could not bear to look at it.

Even if there were 120 Sarrandian horsemen, but it was still very few of them.

If they were to clash with the knight attendants, they would be crushed on the spot!

These merchants' hearts were beating rapidly.

Looking at Kant, who had his back to them and was still holding a silver cup, their gazes were very unfriendly.

They could already guess that these cavalries were Kant's capital. Perhaps in the Nahrin Desert, if they were careful, they could completely defend the Oasis Lookout and this posthouse. But if they were to fight against the strong opponents, they would definitely lose everything.

An army of 600 knight attendants could already be considered as the regular army of the Dukedom of Leo.

These merchants had different thoughts from Kant.

They looked at Kant with hatred in their eyes.

The previous groveling and the fear were all reasons for these merchants to hate Kant.

As long as Kant lost his army as a support, the noble families behind these merchants would extend their hands into this desert. For example, these merchants might be able to talk to those knight attendants because of the connection between the noble families.

If these knight attendants really killed them, then it would start a war between the noble families!

The salt mines in this desert could not be swallowed by a few noble families alone. It should only be a win-win situation.

But in this win-win situation, it definitely would not include Kant, the original lord of the Nahrin Desert.

The merchants looked at each other, and their breathing became heavier. They nodded to each other and understood the meaning in their eyes. Now that they were united, they realized that they were not afraid of these soldiers and Kant, instead, they had the confidence to unite and fight against Kant.

However, this was only their illusion. The royal knights and light footmen saw the merchants' small actions behind the scenes. They were expressionless, but their eyes were extremely vigilant.

If Kant gave the order, there would be a bloody storm on the roof.

They could do it.

However, Kant did not speak, nor did he give the order.

Shaking the red sugar water in the silver cup, the sweet feeling in his mouth had not dissipated. Looking at the dust and the horsemen in the distance, the smile on his lips remained.

Two cavalry units were approaching to each other.

The 600 cavalry units slowed down slowly, as if they had something to say.

However, the desert bandits, who were riding desert horses that were suitable for desert raids, continued to charge on the two wings and did not stop. They quickly flanked from both sides, bending their backs and holding the reins as they galloped.

Rolf led the Sarrandian horsemen to stop. The 120 people formed a three-line formation, holding a lance as they charged forward.

The tactics used by the two were different.

But they were closely linked!

This was the wolf pack tactic that the Sarrandian people learned when fighting against the Kujit people.

The scattered desert bandits were the wolf pack that lured and drove the enemy away. The Sarrandian horsemen who formed a charging formation was the wolf king that gave the final blow to the enemy and completely tore the enemy's throat apart!

There were not many of them, but their structure and their tactics were clear.

The centuries of conflict in the Continent of Caradia had long turned these people into war machines!

The 600 knight attendants slowed down.

They discovered the desert bandits that were charging and scattering on both sides.

However, they chose to ignore them because of their own strength. However, they still drew closer to each other and held their shields to guard their surroundings. They planned to continue forward and talk to the enemy cavalries that were standing still.

It was best to be able to deal with these enemies without bloodshed. They came here to intimidate others.

Countess Agatha's order was very clear.

Destroy Baron Kant's armed forces, control this young baron, and indirectly control the Nahrin desert.

As for the merchants who came here, if they dared to resist, then kill them all. If they didn't resist, then gather together with the surrendered Baron Kant's troops and bury them alive in the desert.

There was no need for them to appear in the Nahrin Desert as well as other forces.

The leaders were two grand knights.

The basic and middle-level commanders were 40 knights, while the rest were knight attendants.

This was the reliance of the gale mercenary group, which had once roamed the three counties of the Dukedom of Leo. They were usually quiet, but as long as there was a movement, they would appear and show their fangs.

The dark hands of the Countess of the East County, Agatha, had always been known for her bloody ruthlessness.

However, they had miscalculated.

Rolf had no intention of talking to them.

Nor did he have the intention to surrender because he was at a disadvantage.

Seeing that the other party had slowed down from 500 meters away, as if to show that they wanted to negotiate, the corners of Rolf's mouth curled up into a disdainful smile. The malevolence on his face became more and more intense, and the machete in his hand was raised high, spinning slightly.

This is an attack. Don't hold back!

An order to the desert bandits.

"Pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, --"

The horseshoes struck the sand.

There was a lot of weird noise.

Desert bandits galloped on both flanks, circling the 600 horsemen, neither too close nor too far, as if they were wolves and vultures waiting for an opportunity.

However, their equipment made the knights disguised as gale mercenary group smile mockingly.

What could these cavalries in leather armors do?

In close combat, these cavalries would be chased and massacred by these knights!

Their gale mercenary group wasn't undeserving of their reputation. They had once occupied a small border town in the Silver Platter Kingdom. The armed cavalries of the town's self defense team wore leather armor, but they were forcefully cut off by them and easily slaughtered.

The advantage of equipment was sometimes so terrifying that it could control the situation on the battlefield.

Moreover, they were cavalries!

But things did not go well as they expected.

It was just like they had encountered the invincible Swadian heavy cavalries, the extremely mobile Kujit archers on the grassland or the extremely strong armor-piercing Sarradian cavalries in the desert.

Don't use your original mindset to measure your opponent. It will be fatal on the battlefield!

Today, the desert bandits would teach this group of arrogant knight attendants, what exactly a tragedy looked like!

They quickly rode around these knight attendants and attacked, surrounding these them in a circle. After the warm-up on their desert horses, these desert bandits pulled out their short javelins from their backs.

The circle that they rode their horses in gradually compressed inward.

When they They slowly approached from a range of more than 50 meters.

finally reached a range of about 10 meters, both sides could see each other's faces.

The knight attendants narrowed their eyes.



In their panic, the kite shields in their hands were instantly raised.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh --"

The sound of air being torn apart was incessant.

Numerous black shadows instantly flew out from the ring-shaped formation of the desert bandits who were galloping on their horses.

The shadows were the short javelins that they had been holding in their hands.

They were heavily nailed onto the kite shields of the knight attendants.

"Dang dang dang dang dang --"

The muffled sounds of heavy blows were incessant, and the entire shield was pierced through by the thick and sturdy short javelins.

There were even some of them who were slightly slow, the short javelins that was hurled over at high speed nailed onto their helmets. The sharp tips of the javelins instantly pierced through the helmet, breaking the skulls and directly killing the unlucky knight attendants in one strike!

The circular shooting formation that was inspired the Kujit people became a simplified version of the javelins in the hands of the desert bandits.

However, the effect was still the same.

The lethality of the javelins became even stronger because of the javelins being hurled!

Javelins could break through the armors.

At close range, within 20 meters, these desert bandits used the inertia of their high-speed attacks to throw short javelins. As long as they hit the body, it would be fatal, and they could instantly finish off the opponent's terrifying weapon!

220 desert bandits, 4 short javelins per person.

In an instant.

The javelins were like rain, splashing onto the group of knight attendants who were caught off guard.

People shouted and horses neighed, and blood splattered everywhere!

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

#### **Chapter 289: Defeated In An Instant**

Although the defense equipment of this group of desert bandits was ridiculously simple.

However, with the inertia brought about by the ring-shaped shooting formation, using the short javelin as the main means of attack, the lethality could be said to be extremely strong. If the enemies were arrogant and took it lightly, even the Swadian heavy cavalries would fall into their trap!

Not to mention these ordinary knight attendants.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh --"

The sound of air being torn apart continued.

The sturdy and sharp short javelins whizzed through the air along with the inertia.

The javelins were thrown as densely as the rain!

At the outermost periphery of the knight attendants, the knight attendants who were caught off guard kept falling off their horses in the dense shower of javelins. Even if someone reacted and subconsciously raised the kite shield, curling up on the horse's back, it was useless!

Those

who should be injured would still be injured, and those who should fall would still fall!

The javelins that were thrown in an instant stunned them.

They had once been invincible in the Dukedom of Leo. Even when they were besieged by the regular armies of other lords, they had never encountered such a strange but extremely lethal tactic in an instant. These rigid and dogmatic knight attendances had no way of reacting at all.

Even in the center, two grand knights were shouting them for defense and counterattack, but it was still ineffective.

These knight-level captain and knight attendants were all beaten up in the dense rain of javelins. They could not organize effective defense and counterattack at all. They could only raise their shields, curl up their bodies, and passively take the beating, hearing the miserable howls of their comrades around them and the neighing of the wounded warhorse, they gritted their teeth and endured the attacks.

Compared to the archers and crossbowmen's shooting, these short javelins were more lethal. Their bodies could withstand at least a dozen arrows or crossbows, but they definitely could not withstand two short javelins!

Moreover, the desert bandits were still running in circles around these knight attendants.

Some of the knights attendants made some strange movements.

One by one, the desert bandits threw the short pilum in their hands in an instant.

Relying on the inertia of the desert horse, the short javelin pierced through the wooden kite shield that was less than two centimeters at close range, leaving holes in it. It pierced through the mail armor and sank deep into the chest!

The short javelins had the effect of breaking armor. If thrown at close range, it could also break the shield!

This javelin storm lasted less than 3 minutes.

Each person had 4 short javelins. In a short 3 minutes, a total of 840 short javelins had been thrown out of the pilum.

"Wu --"

At the top of the posthouse in the distance, a dull and long horn sounded.

These desert bandits instantly turned from a pack of wolves into sparrows.

They immediately scattered their ring-shaped formation and shot out, fleeing in all directions without turning back. They were really like a flock of sparrows on a grain field. When they encountered danger, they would flee in all directions.

They would run after fighting, and retreat after taking advantage!

This was still a tactic that the Sarrandian people learned from the Kujit people.

And it was used by the desert bandits to carry forward and develop.

To be able to run rampant in the Sarrand Desert and rob the trade caravan, it was not only because of their brutal methods, but also because they were good at fighting wolf packs. They understood that when the enemy was tired, they would disturb them, and when the enemy advanced, they would retreat!

Just like now.

When it was time to retreat, to prevent the enemy from recovering and fighting back, they retreated very decisively!

They did not hesitate at all.

When the bandit groups were integrated into the regular army's combat sequence, they would play an even greater role as surprise troops.

Just like now, these knight attendants had finally recovered from the assault and lethality effects of the javelin rain. Subconsciously, they were still holding their broken kite-shaped shields, listening to the wailing sounds in their ears, and their eyes were blank.

They had not expected that in just three short minutes, they would encounter such an attack!

The outer circle was full of corpses.

The knight attendants, as well as their horses, all pierced through the javelins like hedgehogs.

The knight attendants who survived were also injured.

The unlucky ones were pierced through the chest and abdomen by the short javelins. Although they did not die, such serious injuries were enough to say goodbye to the world.

Even with the divine spell, there were very few who were fierce.

Not to mention that there were none.

600 knight attendants arrived in an aggressive manner. After wave after wave of javelins rained down, only 400 people were left on the spot. All of them were covered in dust and dirt as they listened to the gradually weakening wails. In the end, they looked around in a daze.

Looking at the desert bandits who gradually disappeared into the distance, hatred reappeared in their eyes.

Those were the enemies who had almost killed them!

"Kill!"

The two grand knights wore hoods and masks on their faces.

However, their eyes revealed an unconcealable killing intent!

In just a short moment, more than 200 knight attendants, including knights, had died in battle. It was the biggest loss in recent years and had left them with a lot of injuries. Even if they won this battle, they would still be considered as miserable survivors!

How could a bunch of trash in the desert compare to the knight attendants who had been trained for years!

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The knight attendants urged their warhorses and charged forward with hatred.

They gripped their longsword tightly.

Their eyes were bloodshot, but before they had completely dispersed, the eyes of the knight attendants in the north suddenly showed shock and fear. For a moment, they actually restrained their warhorses and tried to defend on the spot!

It was Rolf, who was holding his scimitars high, leading 120 Sarrandian horseman to charge in front!

Their long lances were held straight and awe-inspiring, already aimed at the knights in front.

"Kill --"

Rolf shouted.

Behind him, the Sarrandian horsemen responded, and the three rows of charging formation were ready.

Under the gallop of the Sarrandian horses, the long lance under their armpits exceeded the horse's head by one meter. Following the strange soft sound of the horseshoe striking the sand, they were charging towards the enemy knights at an extremely fast speed.

The distance between the two sides was less than 50 meters in a short instant.

In fact, Rolf had already given the order to charge when the desert bandits had dispersed.

Now that the distance was less than 50 meters, no matter how the knight attendants urged the warhorses under them, they were unable to drive the warhorse to its fastest speed within this extremely short distance.

In other words, even if the two sides were to collide, they would be unable to do so.

They could only take the beating passively!

"Damn it!"

The two grand knights' bodies exploded with a red flame-like glow, and their extraordinary strength instantly erupted.

They rode their horses in front.

With the help of the seemingly solid extraordinary flames all over their bodies, they wanted to block the charge of Rolf and Sarrandian horsemen. After all, as grand knights, they could still resolve the crisis brought about by this charge even if they were injured.

They had to do this.

Otherwise, their cavalry that could not move would be charged by Rolf's cavalry unit.

The casualties would be a fatal blow that could not be reversed.

Perhaps they would all be wiped out!

However, their thoughts were very good, but reality did not allow them to react at all.

Right behind Rolf, three golden lights that also possessed extraordinary powers instantly exploded. They carried a gentle and lofty aura, just like the bloodline of the gods, carrying the might of the heavens.

The heavy armor-piercing lance that was close to five meters passed over Rolf.

Three Swadian royal knights appeared.

Their plate armor was covered with fine noble engravings.

However, these engravings, along with the golden light that covered their entire bodies, made them look awe-inspiring. They brought with them an imposing manner that made one's heart tremble. They instantly appeared in front of the two extraordinary grand knights. Before they could even react, they charged forward, the fist-sized lance had already missed the bodies of the two of them.

The golden light on the lance exploded, and the extraordinary power that was as red as blazing flames also erupted.

But the bodies of the two extraordinary grand knights had left the saddle beneath them.

Their entire faces were filled with shock and disbelief. They only felt a burning sensation in their chest and abdomen. Their entire bodies flew backwards swiftly. They lowered their heads to look at the fist-sized awl lance that was shimmering with golden light on their chests. Finally, their consciousness dissipated.

The golden light pervades, the entire person's abdomen and the head are swept by the searing heat, instant death!

"Kill -- !"

Rolf did not stop his charge.

He looked at the two most powerful enemies he had ever dealt with, eyes with the crazy love of war and killing, laughing and shouting: "Kill them all!"

"Kaboom, kaboom, kaboom, kaboom, kaboom, kaboom, kaboom, kaboom --"

The sound of horse hooves suddenly became fierce.

Even the sand layer had been stepped on, causing the charge of the 120 Sarrandian horsemen to become even faster.

They pressed their lances forward.

The long lance carried inertia and pierced into the target's body in an instant.

As if having the pleasure of a thousand miles in one go, the group of Sarrandian horsemen hammered heavily onto the knights who were still helpless and had yet to react. They were still watching in horror as their two leaders were easily killed.

Then, the Sarrandian horsemen passed through the gaps. The lance in their hands pierced through three people and four people before he threw it down.

They pulled out their heavy scimitars and slashed wantonly.

But it was the current situation.

The battle situation was set!

Even the desert bandits who had already dispersed returned with their scimitars raised. They were also like a pack of wolves trying to resist, but they were unusually futile and had lost their command. They were like headless flies as they slaughtered wantonly.

The knights attendants, who had already been defeated, could not even retaliate. They only knew how to escape.

They had paid the price for their arrogance.

The price of blood!

"Wu --"

A dull horn sounded at the top of the posthouse not far away.

The massacre had finally stopped.

Corpses littered the ground, warhorse fleeing in all directions, as well as the knights attendants kneeling on the ground, begging for their lives.

With extraordinary powers, the two leaders, who were also the grand knights, were directly killed. The entire gale mercenary group was caught off guard and was directly defeated by a wave of charge. The remaining 300 or so people had completely lost their will to fight.

The creed that they had once taught with the honor of a noble had long been thrown to god knows where along with countless dark deeds.

They surrendered very cleanly.

When they had the upper hand, they could unleash their divine might and massacre.

But when they were at an absolute disadvantage and were massacred wantonly by the enemy, they could also choose to surrender without hesitation.

The remaining 300 or so people threw away their weapons.

Kneeling on the ground with their hands raised high, their dazed and terrified eyes were filled with the desire to live.

There were also doubts that came from the bottom of their hearts.

They really could not imagine why, in a short period of time, they, who had once roamed the Dukedom of Leo, were defeated by a group of simple and sparse enemies until they were completely annihilated. The remaining people did not even dare to escape and could only surrender, they could only surrender in a tragic manner.

They could not figure it out. They were just like the merchants at the top of the posthouse who were completely silent. They were staring with their mouths agape at the battle that had happened in a short span of ten minutes. It had ended so easily.

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

#### **Chapter 290: Trade Caravan That Returned In Shock**

That's right, these merchants really couldn't figure it out.

The main force formed by the fearless knight attendants was completely annihilated in front of their eyes, turning into corpses littered on the ground, as well as pitiful captives that were trampled on their dignity and miserably beaten.

They didn't know that this was the mature tactical system of the Continent of Caradia.

Cavalry formed by a group of knights attendants.

When they were in a dense traditional formation, they had the strongest attack effect!

For example, the Kingdom of Swadia had once suffered such a loss.

This was because the traditional battle tactics of the iron cavalry of Swadia were like this. Once on the plains, they worked together with footmen and crossbowmen and were almost invincible, destroying all the enemies.

But in the Kujit grassland, they suffered a great loss.

The light-armored Kujit bow cavalry was responsible for luring and attacking, causing the formation of the traditional cavalry to be scattered in the pursuit.

And just when the formation could not be restored and had completely scattered, the final attack arrived.

The Kujit cavalry responsible for close combat showed up.

The dense formation of the traditional charging formation easily defeated the cavalry that was already scattered in the formation. In this battle of pursuing and being pursued, the Kujit cavalry became the victor, killing the individual cavalry that could not resist.

Even if there were cavalry that could escape, they would not be able to escape from the archers and cavalry that were dressed in light clothes and had fast horses and sharp arrows.

Simply using the horizontal push mode of charging side by side was not completely suitable for such a vast area.

Moreover, these 600 knight attendants were arrogant.

They were destined to die!

"Boys, tie them all up and collect the spoils of war!"

Rolf shouted and got the desert bandits to jump off the desert horses. He used linen ropes to throw away the weapons and captured all the knights and servants who were holding their heads in their hands.

Countless weapons and armors were seized. Warhorses and dead bodies were gathered together.

Weapons, armors, and living warhorses could be kept and sold.

As for the dead bodies of warhorses, they could be used as food for the captives. They could also be smeared with table salt and made into dried meat in the shade. They could be used as food.

Actually, eating the horse meat was not a huge psychological burden for them.

They could eat anything they could live on.

The cruel war situation on the Continent of Caradia had trained these soldiers to be as terrifying as butchers.

This included those corpses that had been turned into hedgehogs by the short javelins and skewered into candied haws by the long lances. Their bodies were covered in blood and the smell of blood was extremely strong. They did not feel uncomfortable at all and casually arranged themselves into long rows and threw them to the side.

As for their own short javelins, this was a standard weapon that could not be given up.

As long as they looked intact, they would pull them out from the corpses and casually wipe them with a linen cloth before putting them back into their backpacks.

As for the dirty blood and the like, they did not really care.

At worst, they could go back and wash up properly.

Seeing that the battle situation had calmed down, the job of cleaning up the battlefield was also taken care of by the desert bandits. After Rolf had finished making the arrangements, he brought the Sarrandian horsemen back with him. All of them were in high spirits, and they looked as if they had returned triumphantly.



They were indeed the victors. There was no way to refute this.

The entire posthouse was completely silent.

It was as if if Rolf and the others had been disturbed, they would be severely punished.

The guards and helpers of the trade caravan who had been watching the battle in a panic, ready to escape at any time, now subconsciously stopped what they were doing. They stared blankly at Rolf and the others returning triumphantly, their eyes filled with fear.

This was a fear that did not exist in the past.

Originally, they only had fear of Rolf daring to kill. They absolutely did not have the respect out of the fear!

The glory brought by the victor.

Even on the top of the posthouse, the eyes of the merchants, who were staring blankly at all of this, were filled with respect and shock, especially when they looked at Kant. Each and every one of them recalled the information they had heard before, and they were all deep in thought.

They could see everything from the top of the posthouse.

They could clearly see how to win and how to defeat the enemy.

At the same time, they subconsciously looked at the remaining 10 Swadian royal knights by Kant's side.

Then, they turned their heads to look at the stairwell. The three royal knights who were covered in blood who were following Rolf up quickly gulped and immediately wore a humble and subservient smile.

These people might be grand knights who had grasped extraordinary powers.

Although they guessed that it was impossible for all of them to grasp it, they were certain that the three of them had grasped the extraordinary power!

They were just a group of merchants.

They were the first ones to scout the way and were considered abandoned merchants.

The reason why they could come here now was because they were close and could react quickly. That was why they were sent by the various noble families to deal with Kant. Even if there were any accidents, they would not feel distressed.

That was why they understood that their so-called backers were not that reliable.

To Kant, to Rolf, and to these three extraordinary grand knights, it was right to maintain the deepest deference.

This was their survival principle.

However, these merchants could not imagine that the 13 Swadian royal knights in front of them were really grand knights who had grasped extraordinary powers. Moreover, they were at the peak of grand

knights. If Kant wanted to, he could even confer more royal knights. Then, the number of Kant's grand knight would be more than the entire Dukedom of Leo and the entire Silver Plate Kingdom combined!

Perhaps these merchants had already made some guesses in their hearts when they saw that the equipment of these royal knights were all plate armor. However, they would not take such guesses seriously. They would just give up after thinking about it once.

After all, 13 extraordinary grand knights were enough to influence the political situation of the Dukedom of Leo.

If this Baron Kant really had them...

Why would he be exiled to the Nahrin Desert, which had such a tragic environment? After all, they did not discover any salt mines at that time!

They had a myriad of thoughts.

However, the humbleness on their faces was even more intense.

Kant shook the sugar water in his silver cup. His back was still facing them as he said calmly, "It's over."

"Yes, it's over."

Rolf was the first to report, "The enemy has lost 284 people and captured 316 people."

"Very good. What about our losses?", Kant asked.

"We have no casualties. Only a few people are seriously injured. They will recover after treatment.", Rolf replied.

"Mm.", Kant nodded.

The conversation ended. It was just a simple report of the results of the battle.

However, the merchants behind them subconsciously swallowed their saliva and looked at each other. Their eyes were filled with shock.

Seeing was one thing, but hearing it was another.

They saw Rolf destroy those knight attendants with ease, but they did not expect that they did not even have a cavalry that died in battle. They easily obtained such a victory. It was a huge victory, an epic-level victory!

It did not conform to their original views at all.

But this happened.

An epic-level victory was not enough. It could only be considered a huge victory.

If it really was an epic victory, Kant would have already obtained the glory and reputation he deserved.

After all, with Kant's development, it would become increasingly difficult to obtain an epic victory with more victories and fewer victories. Unless there were tens of thousands of people, hundreds of

thousands of large-scale battle groups, and millions of large-scale battle groups. Only then, one might obtain an epic victory comment.

But at the moment, it was still a little difficult.

Of course, Kant did not care. As long as they won, it was the right thing to do. This was already a very good result.

He turned around slightly.

Kant finally turned around to look at these merchants who had different expressions, but were all bowing respectfully.

The corners of his mouth revealed a mocking smile. "Everyone, what do you all think of this banquet?"

The merchants looked at each other.

However, they quickly reacted.

"Your lordship, you are truly powerful. How could those mounted bandits be your match!"

"This is an excellent banquet, your lordship. You have earned our respect!"

The merchants all bent down and praised him.

However, Kant sneered. He did not have the slightest interest in such flattery. Instead, he looked at these merchants and said indifferently, "Then, shall we continue to set the rules for the future trade of table salt?"

"No need! No need! Your lordship! This is not necessary! It's all up to you!"

"Your lordship, it's up to you. We're just waiting for the distribution!"

The merchants broke out in cold sweat.

Their faces and backs were drenched. They trembled as they bowed to Kant.

Obviously, they also realized that their objection at that time was now extremely laughable. Especially Rolf, who had returned with the power of victory. He was holding his scimitar and looking at them coldly. He was even more timid.

"Ha.", Kant laughed lightly, his face full of mockery.

But he didn't say anything more, he waved his hand to Rolf and arranged, "Each bag of fine white salt costs 100 great silver coins. If you want to use the golden eagle to pay, then according to the black market price, 150 great silver coins can be exchanged for one golden eagle. I don't want these merchants to think that I'm a stingy miser."

"Understood. Who would think that Lord Kant would be a stingy miser?", Rolf nodded. At the same time, he looked at these merchants coldly and revealed a ferocious smile. "Is that right, everyone?"

"Yes, yes! Your lordship is absolutely benevolent!"

The merchants bowed their heads one after another, cold sweat dripping down their faces.

They were in a passive position, so they had no right to refute.

Neither did they dare to.

"I'll leave it to you, Rolf."

Kant directly led the royal knights down the stairs and returned to his room on the second floor.

After he left, these merchants went downstairs to prepare the golden eagle and the great silver coins.

Rolf sat at the long table in the hall on the first floor and watched as these merchants dragged sacks of great silver coins and the golden eagle over. More than 30 merchants easily divided up the 400 sacks of fine silvery salt.

In order to show their obedience, they even gave Kant a few carts of supplies that they brought.

They were all small things.

Iron tools, farm tools, furs, and the like were not worth much.

Profits were useless compared to table salt!

In fact, it was also because these merchants did not dare to stay for long. After all, they had just experienced a cruel battle. These merchants were already scared out of their wits. They had to return to their own territory as soon as possible. Only when they saw their backers could they live comfortably.

Otherwise, if they encountered another group of horse bandits or bandit groups raised by the enemy noble, their lives would be in danger.

It was the nature of merchants to seek benefits and avoid harm.

Soon, the central posthouse regained its peace.

The merchants all left, leaving behind only the desert bandits who had finished cleaning up the battlefield. After a short rest, they continued to spread out into small teams of cavalry patrols, patrolling the surrounding desert area.

However, the noble families behind the merchants were destined to be unable to remain calm.

Kant had such power.

But it was completely out of their expectations!