

Oasis 291

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Chapter 291: An Inflated Confidence

The merchants from the Dukedom of Leo left one by one.

The central posthouse returned to its usual tranquility, but the desert bandits remained vigilant. A large number of teams spread out and patrolled the surrounding dune to ensure that there were no spies with ulterior motives. They continued to explore the desert.

Showing weakness to the enemy first, then bared their sharp fangs and teeth at the crucial moment and swallowing the enemy whole.

This was the cruel law passed down in the Sarrand Desert.

In a poor and harsh environment, the loser would be permanently eliminated, and only the winner could survive.

Now, Kant was undoubtedly the winner.

He could get everything!

Rolf came in and put the bulging linen bag on the table. At the same time, he reported to Kant, "Lord Kant, these are the golden eagles obtained in this trade, a total of 268."

"Yes, well done.", Kant nodded.

"It's still a slight loss."

Rolf's tone was a little regretful. "Those merchants didn't spend all their capital."

"That's enough.", Kant curled up the corner of his mouth. "Enough."

He understood Rolf's subtext.

If Kant gave the order, then this scoundrel noble would immediately lead the desert bandits to chase after them and talk to those merchants cordially. In the end, they would be able to perfectly fake the scene of the bandit gang's attack.

He did the same thing many times in Caradia.

However, Kant did not agree.

Instead, he stopped Rolf. He told Rolf to behave himself and guard this posthouse.

It was not advisable to fish in a dry pond.

Kant needed a complete trade caravan, not a broken caravan.

Only countless caravans could form a prosperous trading line. Only by cultivating basic trust with each other and forming a good relationship of interest and cooperation could it become a qualified trade caravan. It could continuously carry out business activities and earn a lot of money for Kant.

Moreover, Kant himself was a monopolist and the one who made the rules.

This was based on long-term considerations.

If he allowed Rolf to plunder the trade caravan, it would be really simple. They could indeed earn a lot of money in a short period of time.

But in the future, the trade caravan would have to weigh the pros and cons of the trading with Kant.

Was it worth to risk their lives to come to the Nahrin Desert for trade, or to travel a long distance to the Dwarf Kingdom for trade.

Even when Kant chose to face it with violence and allowed Rolf to plunder the trade caravan mercilessly, it would sooner or later arouse the hatred of the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo. Once they joined forces to attack the Nahrin Desert, the consequences would not be good.

Although he was not afraid of war, he did not like such a worthless war that should not have happened!

"Trade is the best choice."

Kant reached out his hand and picked up a golden eagle. The patterns were extremely exquisite.

These golden eagles were made of gold, and their purity was extremely high. In addition, they were carved and engraved by craftsmen. The entire eagle looked lifelike. As the light shone outside the window, one could vaguely see a small amount of golden light shimmering the patterns.

This was Kant's favorite, the world's top currency.

The golden eagles!

According to the system's rules.

For example, in the basic continent like Caradia, one golden eagle could be exchanged for 1000 denars.

And for the more prosperous Pendor, one golden eagle could be exchanged for 1200 + denars or even more!

Kant now had 268 golden eagles. As long as he waited for the arrival of Reyvadin's trade caravan, or Joslin's trade caravan to Pendor, they could bring Kant at least 268,000 denars of huge profit.

If he rounded it up, it would be a total of 300,000 denars. Such a terrifying profit!

And this was only seven days of production.

Moreover, Kant was only at the initial stage of mining the salt mines and making the refined salt. He could also increase the output by many times.

For example, the current output of 400 bags of table salt per week was just 50 civilians collecting coarse salt, 50 camels forming a caravan to transport it, a salt workshop, and the cooperation of 30 salt-making workers.

As long as they increased the number of workers and built additional salt workshops, the output would naturally double.

And according to Manid's estimation.

After these workers had gone through the adjustment period and increased their manpower, they would be able to reach the production of 1,000 bags per week next month!

After calculation, there would probably be around 700 gold eagles earned per week. And if converted it into denar, it would be whopping 700,000 denars earned per week, almost comparable to the later stages of the game, every city in the entire continent had opened the most valuable velvet cloth factory. This was a huge amount of profit that could only be obtained every week!

This was a terrifying amount of profit that even the entire Continent of Caradia would drool over.

700,000 denars per week.

One had to know that the cost of maintaining the Swadian Knights was only 50 denars.

Currently, Kant could support 14,000 heavy armored knights. They were fully armed and wore double layers of heavy chain armors. When they galloped on the battlefield, they would destroy everything like a flood.

No one in the field would be his match.

Even if they needed to dismount and battle, all of them as strong as a troop of fearsome heavy footmen!

With just this group of level 5 elite knights, defeating an ordinary army of 100,000 people would definitely not be a problem. Even if there was an army of a million in front of them, they would still blow the bugle horn bravely and directly push forward like a flood!

In the battlefield, this heavy cavalry group of 14,000 Swadian Knights would be invincible!

Kant's breathing could not help but become rapid.

Just thinking of this scene, his heart could not help but throb.

Too strong.

This was truly unreasonable strength!

As long as there were no extraordinary troop class, extraordinary attack methods, no matter how many hundreds of extraordinary grand knights there were, they would not be able to block the attack of these 14,000 Swadian Knights.

Extraordinary strength was not unlimited, it could be exhausted.

Waves upon waves of heavy cavalry attacks.

The extraordinary strength would be exhausted sooner or later.

However, according to Kant's understanding of this world, such as the Dukedom of Leo, even if Grand Duke Cameron gathered all the noble and civilian armed forces, he probably would not be able to gather hundreds of extraordinary grand knights, let alone an army of a million!

He would not even be able to gather a large number of heavy cavalries.

In the war between countries in the past, the Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom were at war on the south bank of the river.

Both sides had only invested 50,000 soldiers, of which 20,000 were from the Dukedom of Leo and 30,000 were from the Silver Platter Kingdom. Moreover, these troops were not worth mentioning, and there were many mercenaries involved.

In the feudal era, a country war similar to that in Europe, it was the most number of soldiers that both sides could gather.

The population of the Dukedom of Leo was only over 300,000.

If 100,000 people were dragged out to start a war, even if they won, the entire country would probably fall into a state of stagnation. It would take several years of recovery before it could fully recover. It was no different from losing a war.

"Wait."

Kant reached out his hand slightly and rubbed the space between his eyebrows.

His heart quickly regained its calm.

Right now, he was immersed in a kind of longing for the future. It was very unrealistic, like a flower in a mirror. Other than interfering with his normal judgment and rationality, it did not have any effect.

"I don't have such powerful strength right now."

Kant calmed himself down.

But when he thought of his inflated confidence just now, he could not help but smile bitterly. "I'm thinking too much."

He put down the golden eagle in his hand.

Kant instructed Rolf, who was in front of him, "Tie up those captives. I will bring them all back to the castle. You continue to be on guard here. If possible, I will arrange more desert bandits to help you in the near future."

"Understood.", Rolf nodded solemnly.

Kant needed to go back after he was done here.

The huge profits from the table salt trade made him extremely tempted, and he was even more determined to develop the business line.

He was now like the spokesperson of "Mount & Blade".

He was using all kinds of methods to plunder this world's precious resources.

For example, gold.

This description was very correct. Kant didn't care about such arrangements like invaders and plunderers. As long as he could obtain the final right to survive and walk to the peak of this world, so what?

The Cheat of the system belonged to Kant and was connected to him.

He knew from the beginning.

As long as Kant, the host, died, then the system would be directly exposed to the rules of this world. The relationship between the system and the rules of this world was like cold water and hot oil. The two completely different rules would directly collide. The system with smaller power, which was originated from the Earth's technological world and combined with part of the rules of the game, was destroyed to the point that not even a speck of dust remained.

Otherwise, why would the system give all kinds of hints and indicate that it would use its own energy to help Kant?

Because both parties were already on the same rope!

"You can go down first."

Kant waved his hand, indicating Rolf to leave first.

"Yes.", Rolf bowed and left the room.

There were no more important things to do.

The central posthouse returned to its usual peaceful state. As long as it continued to strictly guard and forbade outsiders from entering the desert, it would be fine.

This place had once again become the beginning of the forbidden area of the desert.

Only when a new trade caravan arrived at the beginning of the next week would it be reopened.

However, when the next trade caravan was opened, Kant could imagine that there would be more and more authoritative, and larger-scale trade caravans arriving. They would disperse the trade caravans that did not have the capital or the backing of the noble families and occupy more of the table salt.

Moreover, there would be more noble families that were unwilling to accept this, and they would take the action angrily.

For example, the 600-man cavalry that they defeated today.

They were all well-trained knight attendants.

It would be impossible without the support of the high-ranking noble families. After all, large-scale training of knight attendants was not just a matter of money. There was also time and knight instructors who could impart various kinds of experience. Ordinary small noble families did not have such a foundation.

Just like Baron Dylan. Although he was a baron, he could not afford to train these knight attendants even if he went bankrupt.

"But who exactly is it?"

Kant frowned.

Subconsciously, he excluded this "Uncle Dylan" of his.

He knew that even after a period of development, this "Uncle Dylan" of his had obtained a lot of valuable silver coins. His influence had grown a lot, but it was definitely not to the point of being able to afford 600 knight attendants.

If it was an ordinary 600 light cavalry, then Baron Dylan might have the ability to afford them.

And this was what Kant was puzzled about.

But it was only a doubt. In the Nahrin Desert, as long as the top noble did not use their trump cards to attack him, the final result would still be that he, who had the system and Caradia as his backing, would obtain victory!

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Chapter 292: Information From the Captives

The midday sun was blazing hot.

The temperature of the Nahrin Desert suddenly rose to a terrifying degree, like an oven.

Walking in such a scorching hot sun would cause one to fall into heat stroke and dehydration in just a dozen minutes. If one did not want to die, it was best to find a tent on the back of a dune to hide from the high noon temperature.

Kant didn't leave yet. He enjoyed the comfortable lunch he deserved in the posthouse.

He had just received a large sum of money from the golden eagles in the morning.

When he returned to the "Dronheim" Castle, he could exchange it for 268,000 denars at any time.

After paying off the loan of King Yarogelk, he still had more than half of it as surplus.

Plundering the gold of this world as a resource was much faster than the slave trade and production trade. If Kant had discovered this way to earn denar earlier, he would use up all his effort to open up a commercial route to the Dukedom of Leo.

However, it was not a success now.

A trade was created, and it needed to be maintained carefully in order to obtain the greatest return.

The merchants of the Dukedom of Leo needed Kant's table salt, while Kant needed the golden eagle of the Dukedom of Leo. Even if he had to exchange 150 great silver coins on the black market for one golden eagle, he would accept it and take the initiative to give away the profits.

This was to ensure that the following trade would be settled with the golden eagle.

After all, Kant's system only needed gold.

For example, the demand for materials like silver was actually not high, or it could be said that they were not accepted at all.

As long as Kant could obtain a large number of golden eagles, it would be the same as obtaining a large number of denar. He would obtain an opportunity for development and safeguard a strong future. There would be benefits but no disadvantages.

With the system and with the denar, his development would be blazing fast every day!

This was only the beginning.

He ate lunch to avoid the scorching sun.

Kant took this opportunity to take a break.

The 100 Swadian Knights were still on alert. They had not participated in the previous battle, so they still had some strength left.

After all, although the merchants were forced to the top floor of the posthouse, the guards and servants of the trade caravan were still there. If they really caused a ruckus, it would be quite troublesome. He needed these knights to keep a close watch on them.

Who knew if there were any troops lying in ambush inside the posthouse, or if they had ulterior motives?

Fortunately, there was no trouble.

Rolf also led the Sarrandian to easily defeat the enemy and win the victory.

Furthermore, 120 Sarrandian Horsemen and 220 desert bandits obtained all the experience points for this victory, especially they crushed the enemy so easily. It was enough for the desert bandits to level up.

The cost of level up for the desert bandits was 20 denars, which was a total of 4,400 denars.

Kant naturally would not be stingy.

With the confirmation, the 220 desert bandits had all leveled up to elite desert bandit.

They were wearing better-quality iron-scale armors, and the number of short javelins on their backs had also increased to six. The heavy ones were also more lethal.

The current elite desert bandit could indeed be called elite. They were fully qualified to cooperate with the Sarrandian Horsemen to launch an assault. It was estimated that the 600 knight attendants would attack again, and the consequences would be even more tragic.

After the javelin rain, the desert bandits would no longer executed the tactic of hit and run.

Instead, the elite desert bandit would support the Sarrandian Horsemen's charge, raised their spears and scimitars on both sides, and charged in as they turned back, slashing the enemy mercilessly!

However, thinking of these knight attendants, Kant could not help but squint his eyes.

He walked out of the room again.

When he came to the hall on the first floor, he found Rolf sitting on a chair.

Beside him were 30 Sarrandian Horsemen. They were holding onto their long lance and hilts in an awe-inspiring manner. They looked coldly at the 10 captives kneeling in front of them. Each of them was silent, but they were full of vigor.

Looking at the awful looks of the 10 captives, with blood at the corners of their mouths, one could tell that this was an interrogation.

And it was already over.

After obtaining the information he wanted, Rolf waved his hand. "Bring them back!"

"Yes!"

Sarrandian Horsemen nodded, walked over, picked up the ten captives, and walked out of the posthouse.

There were many tents outside for these captives, and next to them were the tents of the Swadian Knights. Their weapons and armors had already been withdrawn. But if they still dared to make the slightest movement,

they would probably be instantly massacred.

These captives had also been appointed, and they did not dare to resist in the slightest.

The attack from Rolf had directly killed these knight attendants, making them tremble in fear!

Kant did not care about these captives.

Sitting in his seat, he asked Rolf, "Where did these guys come from?"

"Oh."

Rolf's tone paused slightly.

"Speak.", Kant frowned and said, "Don't tell me you still have some hesitation?"

"Indeed.", Rolf smiled bitterly and shrugged at Kant. "These guys are called the Gale Mercenary Group. They run amok in the North and South Counties of the Dukedom of Leo. Occasionally, they even go deep into the East County. I heard that they are quite famous."

"That's right. They are indeed very famous."

Kant nodded.

This mercenary group had suddenly appeared in the past few years and had done a few big cases.

For example, they had helped some nobles kill some enemies, or they had invaded some small noble families and massacred them. Although they were not wanted by the noble court, everyone in the Dukedom of Leo knew that these horrible incidents were done by this Gale Mercenary Group.

However, anyone in the Dukedom of Leo knew that this Gale Mercenary Group was originally a group of wandering mercenaries raised by a noble.

That was why they weren't wanted by the noble court.

If it was used to be an ordinary bandit group, whether they could take over a small noble's family was another matter. Back then, if they did something that touched the bottom line of a noble, they would probably be wanted by the noble court long ago. As for the big and small nobles, even if they gritted their teeth, they would have to transfer their manpower they would still have to fight this uncontrollable bandit group.

Now, how could any noble families still want to fight this infamous mercenary group? They could be considered as the loyal dogs of the noble families, as well as the executioners for those small nobles who were trembling in fear after offending the higher noble families.

However, Kant frowned. "Looks like these guys are the Gale Mercenary Group."

"Mm hmm."

Rolf shrugged. There was no need to say more about the situation.

Kant understood.

This meant that a noble had started to target him!

The reputation of the Gale Mercenary Group was very well-known. Basically, any small nobles that they dealt with were mostly ended up in graves. In addition, they had never been captured. Therefore, their reputation alone was enough to scare a lot of people.

Now, they had appeared in Kant's Nahrin Desert with the purpose of slaughtering the Oasis Lookout.

He wanted to kill Kant!

Kant gritted his teeth and narrowed his eyes. "Do you know who the mastermind is?"

"They are very stubborn."

Rolf Shrugged.

"You didn't get it?", Kant frowned.

"No, I got it.", Rolf shrugged and said in a normal tone, "I picked 30 people and killed 20 of them. The remaining 10 guys told me everything they knew."

"Well done.", Kant nodded.

Rolf continued, "It's Baron Dylan."

Kant was stunned.

He was stunned for a moment, then turned his head and smiled in disbelief. "Are you talking about Baron Dylan at the Stone Pass?"

"That's right.", Rolf nodded.

"Then I really don't believe it."

Kant smiled and shook his head, but there was no smile in his eyes. "Those captives didn't tell you the truth."

He was very clear about Baron Dylan's background.

Although Uncle Dylan and he had to compromise due to the need to disguise themselves.

In fact, this baron of Stone Pass was equivalent to a dispensable warrior noble in the Dukedom of Leo. He was a marginalized guy. It could be seen from the fact that he had married the daughter of a businessman that he was not accepted by the mainstream noble circle.

As long as one had the ability and had some background, the wife they married would definitely be the daughter of a noble family.

The merchant's class was only slightly higher than that of the commoners!

But in the eyes of the noble, merchants and landlords, although they had the titles of gentries, were no different from commoners.

And marrying the daughter of a non-noble was a sign of self-degradation.

If Baron Dylan had the ability to train 600 knight attendants, why would he be so resentful, ostracized by the mainstream noble circle, and become a miserable marginal noble?

This was obviously impossible. Just by thinking about it, he knew that there was definitely something fishy going on!

"Something is indeed wrong."

Rolf nodded, and his tone was a little strange. "So, I used the scabbard to slap the cheeks of these captives."

"I saw it.", Kant nodded.

When he had just come down the stairs, the faces of these captives were bruised and swollen, and there was blood at the corner of their mouths.

Although their faces could be seen in front of them, they had definitely been hit by a heavy object.

Kant frowned and said, "Who the hell is that!"

He was dissatisfied with Rolf's sloppy and somewhat delaying actions.

"It's..."

Rolf had a strange expression on his face. He thought for a moment, he then said to Kant, "After interrogation, these people's backers are Countess Agatha from the Eastern County. Uh, Lord Kant, I think you should know about this countess who is famous for her cruelty and violence, because she... uh..."

"That's right, she is my aunt, the closest aunt in blood.", Kant narrowed his eyes and took over what Rolf did not say, but his tone was cold. "Ha, aunt."

The royal family had no family, so how could there be an aunt.

Moreover, Kant had not had a good relationship with this aunt since he was young.

The most important thing was that this aunt had fallen out with his father, the Grand Duke of Leo Cameron, ten years ago. Because of this, she had even changed the name of Winter County to the East County, in order to be angry with the names of the South and North Counties.

Even the communication between the two sides, such as the communication between the top-level noble, had almost stopped.

At least, before Kant came to the Nahrin Desert, he didn't know that there were any signs of reconciliation between the two sides.

"But..."

Kant narrowed his eyes, and there was a serious look in his eyes. "Why would she send troops here?"

"I don't know.", Rolf shook his head.

If it was business, then it would be good to send a trade caravan.

Directly sending troops, and even the notorious and disreputable Gale Mercenary Group, wouldn't mean that they did not have any intention of reconciling. Instead, it would be a naked renunciation of cordiality, using the most direct way of the noble's war to resolve their grudges!

Kant did not think that he and Aunt Agatha, who was the countess, had reached such a point where they would fight each other until one of them was dead.

But no matter what, the war had indeed begun.

Since the East County had sent troops, Kant would certainly not lick his face and accept the so-called favor.

His strength was enough to protect himself!

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Chapter 293: The Garrison of the Lion Knights

Kant did not hesitate for long. When the sun had slightly subsided at noon, he led the team and set off.

The camel caravan made up of 50 single-humped camels was different from when they came. It was full of all kinds of goods left behind by the merchants, such as iron tools, farm tools, and grain. Currently, the "Dronheim" Castle was in urgent need of supplies.

And just behind the camel caravan, there were long hemp ropes stretching out, and more than 300 captives with their heads lowered were tied in ropes.

These captives would become the best labor force.

Kant was telling the truth when he said that he would transport all these captives to the salt mines and make them slaves to shovel salt.

In that desolate area, no civilians were willing to go there. Even if they loved labor, they still had to rotate every month. Otherwise, the cruel and desolate salt and alkali soil would drive them crazy.

Since they were captives, there was no human rights for them.

They could not understand it.

As long as they sent a few footmen as guards, they could make these captives into obedient slaves.

Oh, perhaps it was a little different.

It should be said that if they let these captives see the depths of the Nahrin Desert, the endless saline-alkali beaches and sand seas, they would understand that without Kant's supplies, they would not be able to survive.

The cruel Nahrin Desert could obliterate the strongest humans in the endless sand sea.

The day was as hot as a steamer.

The night was as cold as an ice cellar.

There was no food, no water, no shelter, no camels.

Moreover, they had no experience of surviving in the desert.

If they fell into the Nahrin Desert, even if they escaped Kant's control and obtained their so-called freedom, it was only a shortcut to death. There was no other way.

If they wanted to live, they could only obediently choose to follow orders.

Therefore, Kant was very assured of them.

Even the surrounding Swadian Knights were scattered all around. They did not pay any attention to these captives who had their hands behind their backs as they trudged along with the camel caravan in the desert.

Just by relying on these captives who were unarmed, hungry, and extremely tired. it was not enough to start an insurrection that could not be resolved.

Moreover.

Kant did not mind killing some of the disobedient captives.

The march was not too slow.

Soon, just before the end of the new Monday, Kant and his knights returned to the Oasis Lookout with a caravan full of goods and exhausted captives in the twilight.

In the early morning, nearly 70,000 denars had been deducted for the maintenance of the army.

Kant's savings had been cut by more than half.

But when he returned to the Oasis Lookout, he received good news.

Joslin had personally led the trade caravan to Pendor, which had just returned this morning. Not only was it full of goods, but it had also brought Kant a profit of 300,000 denars.

Five whole bags of gold had been sold out in the capital of the Kingdom of Sarleon.

This was really good news.

After getting Firentis to arrange the captives and the trade caravan, Kant quickly returned to the council hall.

Joslin was waiting in the hall.

When he saw Kant enter, he immediately smiled and placed his hand on his chest. "Lord Kant, this trade did not disappoint you. On Pendor Continent, the Kingdom of Sarleon alone had bought all of the gold. Moreover, the king of Sarleon, King Ulric, expressed his heartfelt respect for opening the trade route. He even entrusted me to pass you a gift to show his respect for you."

As he spoke, Joslin took out a letter and respectfully handed it to Kant with both hands. At the same time, he lamented, "It's all thanks to you, Lord Kant. You've restored our Joslin family's reputation and restored our noble status."

"Mm, congratulations, Joslin."

Kant was slightly stunned.

Although he still did not understand what had happened, he still took the letter and sat back in his seat. He calmly said, "This trip to Pendor has yielded a lot, hasn't it?"

"Of course, it was all thanks to your wise decision.", Joslin sighed from the bottom of his heart.

"Yes."

Kant nodded and opened the envelope.

There were exquisite patterns on it. It was the traditional lion emblem from the Kingdom of Sarleon.

It was similar to the Kingdom of Swadia, but because Sarleon was stronger, the patterns were more exquisite, and the patterns were clearer. Even the texture of the paper felt delicate. The ink used for writing even had the smell of perfume.

Kant couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

The original kingdom was indeed very different from these MOD kingdoms.

The strength of the country could be reflected by these letters.

Caradia was similar to the middle of the Middle Ages on Earth, while Pendor was more like the later period. If it was the "Wind of War", it was more like the modern era with fantasy magic, so the strength of each country was different.

This also caused the MOD to bring different help to Kant.

This time, the letter of King Ulric from Sarleon.

It was filled with respect for Kant. Although it was useless nonsense, at the end, there was also a gift from the Kingdom of Sarleon, a promise from the lord.

Kant would be the honorary lord of the Kingdom of Sarleon.

He could exercise all the laws of the Kingdom of Sarleon and enjoy all the glory of the Kingdom of Sarleon.

Including the establishment of the Order of Lion.

On his retina, the system dialog box suddenly popped up.

[Ding... System Prompt]

[You have obtained the promise of the Kingdom of Sarleon. With the identity of the Lord of Sarleon, you can officially establish a knight order, Order of Lion in the estate. And because of your identity as an honorary lord, the Kingdom of Sarleon will recognize knights from other kingdoms. You can also promote them to be a member of the Order of Lion.]

[Remark: A rare item [Order of Lion Medal] and a rare item [Sword of the King] have been detected. With this medal as the foundation, you can use 10,000 reputation points and 100,000 denars to officially build the Order of Lion Garrison. In this garrison, other knights can also join the Order of Lion for systematic learning.]

Kant glanced at the system prompt.

Compared to when he first obtained [Sword of the King], there were already completely different changes.

Just like the remark at that time did not mention that other knights could also join the Order of Lion and become members. They would undergo systematic training and be promoted to a stronger troop class.

Obviously, now, after the recognition of the Kingdom of Sarleon, Kant's authority had been greatly opened up.

For example, the official construction of the [Order of Lion Garrison], this key building!

"A new level 6 extraordinary knight."

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

Based on his experience from his previous life, he naturally understood the Order of Lion very well. They were completely different from the Swadian Royal Knights. They were equivalent to a new level 6 extraordinary knight. They belonged to the Pendor Continent, the top troop class of the Kingdom of Sarleon!

They were level 6 extraordinary knights that were even higher than the Sarleon Knights!

They were on the same level as the Swadian Royal Knights.

However, even though they were both level 6 cavalries, the combat styles and tactics of both sides were completely different.

This was the limitation of national strength.

Take the Kingdom of Swadia for example. It was the number one powerful cavalry country in the Continent of Caradia. Its heavy cavalry was invincible. If both armies were to fight head-on in a flat area, no other kingdom would be a match for it.

Even the Khergit Khanate and Sarrand Sultanate, the two cavalry countries, did not dare to face them head-on.

Hence, the cavalry of the Kingdom of Swadia could charge forward without fear.

However, the Order of Lion was different.

In the Pendor Continent, the Kingdom of Sarleon was not the strongest.

Although it had inherited most of the inheritance of the Pendor Empire, this kingdom was still a rising kingdom. There were also the Kingdom of Ravenstern, the Fierdsvain, the D'Shar Principalities, and the Jatu tribe around it, there was also the Bacchus Empire, which had almost annexed the entire Pendor Continent and came from the other continents in the outer seas!

Although the Kingdom of Sarleon had a strong military force and also used the heavy cavalry as the core of their offense, when facing other strong enemies, these cavalries had to rely heavily on the cooperation of the heavy footman and the archers in order to display their greatest effectiveness.

This also resulted in the heavy cavalry of the Kingdom of Sarleon not actually launching a sudden assault to tear apart the enemy's formation.

Instead, it was a mobile heavy tank that charged into the enemy's formation and slaughtered wantonly.

It had the tactical effect of a close combat trap!

This difference was similar to the difference between Kant's two top archers, like the Vaegoir marksman who was good at shooting in groups and killing the enemy with a rain of arrows, and the Ravenstern Ranger who shot rapidly and killed the enemy with a continuous wave of arrows, it was a fundamental difference.

If the cavalry of the Kingdom of Sarleon charged into the enemy's army as recklessly as the cavalry of the Kingdom of Swadia, it was probably not because the enemy's army had collapsed, it was because their ace cavalry had suffered inevitable losses in the charge.

The archers on the Continent of Pendor were much stronger than those on the Continent of Caradia.

For example, the Ravenstern Rangers.

On the continent of Caradia, they were comparable to the strongest Vaegir Marksman.

However, on the Continent of Pendor, they were only the most cost-effective civilian archers. They were the best archers who defended the Misty Mountains and did not have much armor. They were equivalent to the uncivilized barbarians.

If the troop class was evaluated in terms of long-range troops, the advantage of the Ravenstern Rangers was they could be mass recruited.

In terms of long-range firepower.

Whether it was the Silvermist Ranger, Barclay Sapper, Ebony Gauntlet, D'Shar Djaha Archer, or the Crossbow of Order, they were all extremely terrifying existences. When their numbers reached a certain point, they could easily destroy the enemy army in front of them.

Not to mention the invincible long-range archers Noldor Elves.

There was a saying that went like this.

The Noldor Ranger's firepower could only last for five minutes, but he could shatter your steel shield from half the map in five seconds!

The problem of troop class had always been the unique highlight of each MOD, and it was even more difficult to understand.

The current Kant was unable to figure it out.

"However, I don't need to think too much about it."

Rubbing the space between his eyebrows, Kant's expression was calm.

The Swadian Royal Knights were responsible for charging and destroying the enemy.

The Lion Knights were responsible for charging into the enemy's formation and killing at will, speeding up the process of the enemy's collapse.

Such a combination was extremely perfect!

"Build."

Kant's eyes flickered as he thought about the communication system.

10,000 reputation points and 100,000 denars immediately disappeared. However, in the eastern military area of "Drondheim" Castle, on an empty space close to the military camp and the training ground, brand new buildings began to appear. They had the distinct characteristics of the Kingdom of Sarleon.

At the same time, at the top of the buildings, a golden lion with a red bottom was fluttering in the wind.

The building that could upgrade a knight to a Lion Knight was completed!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 294: The Formation of the Cavalry System

This building meant that "Drondheim" Castle would welcome a new troop class.

Combined with the rules of this world.

A level 6 troop class with extraordinary power -- the Sarleon Lion Knight!

And this transformation was very simple.

Similar to Kant's royal knight, it only required 100 reputation points.

However, during the transformation process, it was not like the Sword of King that could be converted anytime, anywhere. As long as there was a coronation ceremony, one could be converted to a royal knight. Instead, it could only be done in the designated building, the Lion Knight Garrison.

With their own honor, they swore to the flag of the Order of the Lion.

This was an oath of honor.

It was similar to the royal knights' loyalty to Kant.

The Lion Knights were not only loyal to Kant, but they also had to protect the honor of the Order of the Lion. Since they had joined the order, they became the members and represented the honor of the Order of the Lion!

Pendor Continent's strongest national knight order, the Order of the Lion!

Kant replied with a positive attitude.

In order to meet the Lion Knight, Kant chose 20 Swadian Knights to enter the garrison.

He paid 2,000 reputation points.

The bell in the Lion Knight Garrison rang.

Almost in a short moment, 20 Swadian Knights walked out once again.

However, they did not look like they used to wear two layers of chain armors. Instead, they were all equipped with the best defensive equipment in the era of cold weapons -- full plate armor.

They looked similar to the Swadian Royal Knights.

However, the plate armor on these Sarleon Lion Knights was even thicker and heavier.

The patterns on them were not exquisite decorations that symbolized the majesty of the royal family. Instead, they were mostly male lions. From the overall look, one could tell that these lion knights were all heavy armored warriors who were good at setting up traps. This was an expensive chest armors with lion patterns.

Even the warhorses beneath them were covered in thicker plate armor and a red and yellow linen robe.

Awe-inspiring!

As expected of the strongest national knight order, the name of the mighty wanton knights!

They were equipped with the Garter Medal Lion Kite Shield on their backs, and a heavy armor-piercing spear hung on their sides. At their waists, they held two weapons, the silver greatsword and the warhammer.

This represented the valor of these Lion Knights.

Charging into the enemy formation with an invincible might, using a strong melee battle tactic to crush the enemy's mental strength.

This was equivalent to a heavy tank that was good at melee combat and had mobility!

"Very good."

Kant nodded slightly, giving a positive attitude to these Lion Knights who were wearing Sarleon feather helmets.

The feathery helmet was like a royal guard.

The red feathers on the top of their heads were raised up. As they walked and rode on their horses, they swayed with the wind. The group of them looked like a burning lion's mane, which made them even more imposing.

A sharp light flashed in his eyes, and the attribute interface of the troop class appeared.

[Sarleon Lion Knights (level 6 heavy cavalry): Fearless knights inherited from the Order of Lion. They are the national knights of the Kingdom of Sarleon. They are the ultimate knights who decide victory on the battlefield.]

[Talent: 1) Lion Physique: They possess special powers. They can increase their physical attributes by 250%. 2) Belief in Honor: they will fight like a lion in a chaotic battle. They will increase their physical attributes by 50% to 300% as time passes. 3) Battle With Blood: they can plunder the enemy's essence, energy, and spirit to replenish themselves during battle in order to extend their battle time.]

Kant glanced at the attribute interface, his eyes slightly stunned.

After looking at it carefully, he finally let out a breath. "As expected of the Lion Knights, as expected of the title of the strongest national knights!"

They were really strong!

They were ridiculously strong!

They were so strong to the point that Kant was delighted!

If the royal knights were like the flood that directly broken through the dikes and rushed out of it, then the Lion Knights were the raging flood that completely destroyed the enemy's defensive line wave after wave!

Kant's cavalry combat system was about to take shape.

And that was not all.

[Order of Lion Garrison: The national knights of the Kingdom of Sarleon, the base of the Lion Knights. Use reputation points and denars to train the members of the Order of the Lion. 1) Lion Knight: Spend 100 reputation points to level up an ordinary knight to a Lion Knight. 2) Lion Squire: Spend 150 denar to level up a level-4 cavalry to a Lion Squire.]

In the Order of the Lion, there were not only level-6 Lion Knights who were extremely strong.

There were also level-5 Lion Squires.

They were also cavalry and were heavy armored knights. They wore chain plate armor and a light red feathered helmet. They were equipped with a spiked warhammer, a heavy lance, a silver greatsword, a thick kite shield, and a red armored warhorse.

These level-5 Lion Squires were the squires of the Lion Knight.

The hierarchy of the Knights was strict.

It was even stricter than the relationship between the royal knights and the ordinary knights.

Usually, the Lion Knights were in charge of training the Lion Squires. During wartime, the Lion Squires would fight closely with the Lion Knights.

And when the Lion Squires experienced a series of battles and developed Lion's Physique and other talents, these squires would have the qualifications to be crowned in the Lion Knight Garrison and become the Lion Knights!

It could be said that.

Kant could train all the ordinary Level 4 cavalry to become level 5 Lion Squires.

Then, with the help of the level 5 Lion Squires, he could gain full experience points and level up to a level 6 Lion Knight!

It was even easier than a knight leveling up to a royal knight.

Even if Kant was not around and there was not the Sword of King, as long as there were level 4 cavalry and the Lion Knight Garrison, the castle or town that this building was located in would be able to maintain a steady recruitment of level 5 cavalry and level 6 extraordinary cavalry!

This was because the Lion Knights were the national knight order, facing the entire Kingdom of Sarleon.

Kant had already obtained the recognition of the Kingdom of Sarleon.

Then, this garrison could also form a complete Order of the Lion!

"System!"

Kant nodded secretly.

Currently, within his power, the cavalry system had already taken shape.

With the Swadian Cavalry that was good at charging as the sharp edge, and Mamluke who was good at using his two-handed iron staff to heavily attack the enemy, he would act as the support of the two wings. In addition, the Sarleon Lion Knights who were good at melee combat and expanding the results of the battle would act as the backbone.

As long as these three powerful troop classes followed up, a wave of attacks would destroy the enemy's formation.

The strong cavalry countries were good at field combat.

The current Kant, after the formation of the cavalry system, was almost invincible in field combat!

According to his calculations, with just a small number of elite soldiers, if they met the Dukedom of Leo's 2000 heavy cavalry troops, they would have a chance of killing them in a head-on confrontation. If they used ambush or surprise attack tactics, the chances of victory would be even higher!

Kant followed the elite soldier policy, and his troops were already extremely strong.

Furthermore, his cavalry was the best of the best.

There were already two types of level 6 cavalries.

If it was not for the fact that the scale of his troops was still too small, and there were no servants or allies in the Dukedom of Leo to support them, he would have brought his troops to kill their way through the Stone Pass and enter the North County to wreak havoc.

His current elite troops were enough to invade the Dukedom of Leo, and they could even teleport around in a short period of time, making them invincible.

However, what was missing was the size of his army.

It was easy to conquer territory.

However, if he didn't guard the territory that he conquered, then he would only be giving it to others for free!

Therefore, Kant wasn't in a hurry. He was only 16 years old. Even if he used 10 years to slowly infiltrate the Dukedom of Leo with the help of the endless trade caravan of table salt, it wouldn't be a problem for him to cultivate his own forces and potential allies.

This was a long-term plan, not a short-term gain or loss.

"In that case."

Kant thought of the mission he had received from the pope.

After a moment of silence, he turned his head to look in the direction of the northern desert and said slowly, "Then let's set off tomorrow."

He did not intend to delay any longer.

The reward from the system was a spring eye.

It was just enough to match the lake outside the "Dronnheim" Castle, making the greenery in this oasis bigger.

After all, there was already a spring in the Oasis Lookout. Although it could supply the land of the entire oasis and maintain the lake and the canal system in the castle, it was already a little strenuous.

After all, there were a lot of water towers and canals in the "Dronnheim" Castle.

The daily water consumption was also extremely high.

In addition to irrigating hundreds of acres of land, it was still acceptable to be unable to do so.

The desert environment had a high rate of evaporation. It was not a plain or mountainous area. Even if the evaporation were limited, if they could not find another spring water source as soon as possible, it was estimated that this Oasis Lookout might go through desertification again.

In other words, the desert would erode the Oasis Lookout and turn the cultivated land back into a desert.

Kant made a decision in his heart.

After arranging for Joslin to continue his work, he decided to communicate with Pendor Continent on his own.

After thinking for a while, he still arranged for someone to call for Firentis.

Soon, Firentis, who was wearing heavy chain armor and holding a sword and shield in his hands, quickly walked to the council hall. It seemed that he had just been patrolling on the city wall. He bowed respectfully and said, "Lord Kant, I await your orders."

"Yes, I have something to talk to you about."

Kant nodded and said directly, "Do you have any suggestions for the current city defense?"

"The city defense?", Firentis was slightly stunned.

"That's right."

Kant reached out his hand and said gently, "Sit down and talk. I plan to set off for the depths of the Nahrin Desert tomorrow, but I'm always worried about my castle. I want to ask you, is there anything else that can be improved?"

Firentis was a noble from the Kingdom of Swadia.

He was a noble knight of Aaron City. Since childhood, he had learned all kinds of military-related knowledge, including the construction and layout of the city defense.

Most importantly, he had once traveled through Caradia.

His knowledge and experience were both rich.

Firentis did not disappoint Kant either. He hesitated for a moment and nodded after thinking for a while.

"That's right, Lord Kant. I think what you said makes sense. Our city defense indeed needs to be supplemented!"

"Tell me.", Kant frowned.

"It's very simple. Our city defense only has a thin city wall system."

Firentis did not hold back, he said straightforwardly, "Although there are arrow towers and towers on the city wall that could provide powerful crossbow attacks, if the enemy forcefully withstood the crossbowmen's attacks and broke through our city wall, then our castle can be said to have fallen. Other than defending the council hall, we basically lost the ability to resist."

"Very well, let's continue.", Kant frowned. He was not angry at all because this was the truth.

Firentis said, "My suggestion is to build another city wall that can cover the entire Oasis Lookout.". He paused, then said to Kant, "Perhaps the wall does not need to be built at the agricultural area, but the east gate and the south gate, these two key gates, need to be protected by extra city walls and city gates. Otherwise, if the enemy breaks through the city gates, it will be difficult for us to defend."

"You mean, the barbican? ", Kant quickly thought of a noun and explained the meaning of this term.

Firentis was slightly stunned, then he nodded and said, "Lord Kant, this is really a genius idea!"

"It's the wisdom of the ancient people."

Kant shrugged and did not hang it on his body.

After all, this was the warfare wisdom of an ancient dynasty. The construction of the barbican was indeed very good for defense.

Especially with the western ancient times, the city walls were mostly made up of arrow towers and towers. The construction of the barbican could even form a crossfire attack similar to that of a prism fortress, causing the attackers to be attacked from multiple angles.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 295: Mage Apprentice's Senses

The barbican was the fruit yielded from the wisdom of castle defense.

It was no problem for Kant to use it to build his own castle.

Only an indestructible castle could firmly occupy this desert. For example, the barbican and other fortifications with excellent defense thought could be built as much as possible.

The good defense system of the castle meant that the castle was safe, and the lord still had the right to control this place.

If it wasn't for the fact that the bastion was completely used for military purposes and couldn't take care of civilian life and regional development, Kant would have already built the walls of "Dronnheim" Castle into the shape of a bastion.

After all, a bastion with all kinds of crossfire had a strong side even in the era of cold weapons.

It also had a good defensive effect against siege towers and other weapons.

But there was no other way.

The bastion was a complete fortress, a regular defensive fortification that evolved from modern artillery tactics.

No civilians could live in it, and it was even more impossible to build a house. Apart from barracks, there were tunnels, and all kinds of ammunition depots and firing points. Even barracks were built close to the city walls, so that the function of the entire bastion could be maximized!

From the looks of it, building two barbicans were enough.

"What a pity."

Kant felt a little regretful.

In reality, his strength was still a little lacking.

The construction of the castle consumed too much of his resources. Moreover, after the construction, a large number of soldiers were needed to defend it.

Just like the current "Dronnheim" Castle. Although there were many archers, they could only focus on defending one city gate. If the enemy attacked two city gates at the same time, they would have to dismount the cavalry unit and help defend the city gate.

The gate was the key.

Without high-level siege weapons, a 10 meters high city wall was like an indestructible barrier.

No general would make such a stupid mistake.

In comparison, the gate, which was made of iron and wood, could be broken through by low-level siege weapons. For example, a siege hammer, a battering ram, or a simpler sword and axe could cause damage to the gate.

Therefore, the key to defending the city was actually the defense of the city gates.

For example, the archers on the towers and arrow towers on both sides.

For example, the reinforced iron city gates and the defensive footmen guarded behind the city gates.

Now that they were considering the construction of the barbican to strengthen the defensive ability of the city gates, it was obvious that the defense level of the entire castle had improved in quality. Moreover, with Kant's invincible cavalry as a threat, it was obviously impossible to attack the city in one go!

"Firentis, you will be responsible for the construction of the two barbicans at both south and north city gates."

Kant instructed Firentis.

"Ye.", Firentis answered.

"Be careful."

Kant frowned slightly, his heart still palpitating slightly.

Looking to the north, in the depths of the Nahrin Desert, he subconsciously touched his heart. "I keep feeling that there seems to be something bad waiting over there...", pausing for a moment, he sighed softly. "I hope it's an illusion."

But even if it was an illusion, Kant was still wary of the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

The Lost City of the age of gods was over there.

The bloodline of the Sun God, the Golden Holy City forged in the depths of the desert!

Even in the underground cave of the ancient passage, there were remnants of the Sun God, and even the demons, undead, and descendants of the ancient gods.

If there was nothing in the Golden Holy City, it would be impossible!

Not to mention the so-called saintess.

"I remember that I once killed a certain woman in the temple on the mountain peak."

Kant pondered.

That was the descendant of the god who had also appeared in the golden coffin.

However, the underground water was surging around the platform and the current was rapid, and because he did not have the technology to build a ship, he had not taken out the golden coffin, nor did he check the descendant of the god who had been killed by him.

There was also the succubus that had been killed by him.

This meant that the war between the gods and demons had long been in wars, where they fought each other to the death.

Otherwise, there would not be any god's descendant, followed the existence of the demons.

"I need to bring more elite troop class."

Kant made up his mind.

The Royal Knights and Lion Knights that he currently had were the best helpers to ensure his safety.

As for the ordinary top-tier cavalry, he did not plan to bring too many of them. After all, it was not as convenient as having a few elites. Moreover, they were heading to the unknown desert, where the Golden Holy City might be located.

30 Swadian Knights and 20 Lion Knights would be enough.

He was slightly stunned.

Kant decided in his heart, "There are still mage apprentices!"

Although the seven mages had all stayed in "Aaron" Town, the current number of mage apprentices in "Dronnheim" Castle had increased to five with the recent recruitment.

Although they were not very useful, they were at least mages who had come into contact with mysterious magic.

If they encountered something related to magic elements, they could first give Kant a warning or give him a suggestion.

Since he had decided.

"Alright, that's it."

Kant said, "Firentis, arrange the supplies for this trip."

"Yes.", Firentis nodded.

Soon, the supplies were all prepared.

Each person carried five days' worth of fresh water and food, as well as necessary kindling items and combustible charcoal, as well as leather clothing to keep out the cold and tents to shield them from the scorching sun. They were well prepared.

After all, they were all extraordinary knights. The warhorses they rode were also quite magnificent and could not be regarded as ordinary warhorses.

Their load capacity became extremely high.

Just like how knights possessed extraordinary power, these warhorses were probably contaminated with this mysterious and powerful extraordinary power.

If these horses were in the Senwaya Range, perhaps even some would mistake them as demonized creatures. After all, ordinary warhorses would definitely not be able to run at such a fast speed with fully armed knights moving at the blazing speed.

For example, an ordinary Swadian Knight charging at top speed. In fact, it was a very difficult choice to keep up with the Royal Knights' ordinary marching speed.

After noon, the scorching sun slightly eased.

The time was around 2pm.

"Lord Kant, please take care of your health and safety."

Firentis stood in front of the city gate and said with great concern, "Only your existence can prove the value of our existence."

The many knights and sharpshooters behind him looked at Kant eagerly.

If their lord needed them, they were willing to step forward and join the mission to enter the unknown desert region. They would protect Lord Kant, even if they had to die in battle!

But Kant did not need too many people.

This exploration could be considered to be light travel. It was mainly for exploration.

After passing through the alkali soil, they arrived at the unfamiliar central area of the Nahrin Desert. If they continued, they would arrive at the Devil's Land that the high-level Jackalan of the Kingdom of Gray Mane had mentioned. Perhaps that was the cause of the sandstorm a month ago.

That was where Kant intended to go and explore.

"There won't be any problems."

Kant nodded.

His two legs knocked lightly on the horse's abdomen. He held the Sword of King by his waist and said in a deep voice, "Let's go!"

The Royal Knights and the Lion Knights behind him immediately followed.

At the same time, the five mage apprentices were also riding on five sturdy pack horses. They moved at a constant speed beside Kant and advanced toward the depths of the desert. Soon, the entire team had left the range of Oasis Lookout.

With the slightly lower temperature, the journey was not considered a torture.

The journey was safe and sound.

On both sides of the road, there were a few Jackalan corpses.

They were all dirty low-level Jackalans. Their skinny appearance had been dried up by the sun.

Kant's eyes swept over them.

There was not the slightest hint of pity.

If he had not looted these Jackalans back then and directly risked destroying their camps and wells, or even failed to defend against the attacks of their cousins, the high-level Jackalans, then Kant and his troops should be the ones who had become dried up now.

No, it should be said that they would turn into a pile of useless, unobservable, Jackalan feces!

Humans were a kind of delicious and tender meat in the Jackalan diet!

The strong preyed on the weak!

This was the Nahrin Desert, it had crueller law than the jungle.

The resources in the desert couldn't sustain two forces, or even one force. It was impossible for the low-level Jackalans and Kant's castle to coexist peacefully!

There was an inevitable conflict between the two sides.

The right to survive!

Whoever wanted to survive had to occupy all the resources in the Nahrin Desert.

Just like Kant who had already obtained victory and control of the Nahrin Desert, Kant who had already developed, had obtained the final right to survive and could become a victor of a higher level.

This was the law of the jungle.

Jackalan were the weak, so they could only be eaten by Kant.

Only by eating this meat could Kant obtain a stronger body and eat the meat of other weak people.

The weak could only fail and turn into remains to show their sorrow.

But what could they do?

The strong never cared about the weak's defeat!

They traveled all the way to the camp of the once low-level Jackalans occupied. From afar, more than a dozen low-level Jackalans were fleeing, as if they had already discovered them.

However, Kant did not give the order to attack.

The current him no longer cared about these scattered low-level Jackalans.

Or rather, this group of former opponents had already lost the ability to threaten him, and could not even be considered stepping stones!

"My Lord."

Behind him, the mage apprentices pointed to the front and said, "Right there, we sensed a small amount of water elements gathering."

They were pointing in the direction of the camp.

There was a huge sand pit, which seemed to have been dug out by these low-level Jackalan.

Kant nodded. "That's right, there used to be a well there."

"Let's go and take a look."

Kant gently knocked on the horse's belly.

He led the team over. After all, this was also the place where he had fought bloody battles.

The knights behind him immediately followed.

Soon, they arrived at the former camp. The sandstorm had already blown away all the blackish ashes left by the fire. There was only a messy puddle, messy footsteps around, and the remains of bones that had been eaten.

There were sand gazelle and Jackalans.

It looked very tragic.

But Kant did not care. He stuck his head out and looked into the puddle.

There were all kinds of stones scattered at the bottom of the four to five-meter-deep puddle, but the bottom was still blocked by a large amount of sand. Only water emerged from the ground. It was a small half-meter puddle that was extremely muddy.

If Kant wanted to drink, he had to filter it.

This was the well that he had destroyed directly.

"Well, at the bottom of this puddle..."

The mage apprentices closed their eyes slightly, after sensing it, they said to Kant, "There seems to be an underground river. We sensed a very dense water element. Although we are blocked from the sand layer, we can still feel that the water is very abundant. That's why the water could seep upward and form this small puddle."

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 296: Arrangements for the Salt Mine Posthouse (second update)

"As expected."

Kant nodded, deep in thought.

This well used to be the center of that low-level Jackalan tribe.

The Jackalan Shaman was in charge of distributing the freshwater resources. With this well alone, the entire tribe population of over 2,000 Jackalans could drink fresh water on a daily basis and ensure the reproduction of the entire tribe.

Based on the amount of water used by so many Jackalans, even the original Oasis Lookout wouldn't be able to satisfy them.

After all, the water resources of the Oasis Lookout were at most a pond.

It wasn't even a big pond!

If there were so many Jackalans, no, even if it was 1,000 Jackalans, they could completely dry up the original Oasis Lookout in less than seven days. After all, the amount of daily drinking water of over a thousand people was humongous.

Not to mention that it was a Jackalan tribe of over 2000 population!

If this well could not connect to the underground river or the underground lake, it would be impossible to have so much water.

At that time, Kant had guessed this.

And now.

Without a doubt, the mage apprentices had solved this doubt!

"Since this is the underground river."

Kant muttered to himself.

His eyes flickered, and the system dialog box opened. Seeing the buildings inside, he was enlightened. "It really can be done."

Well.

But it was just the system's well.

As long as there was an underground water source, Kant could build the system well at any time.

Just like when he was at the central posthouse, the direction the system gave him was above the underground lake. That was why he was able to build the well and then build the central posthouse.

In the Nahrin Desert, water resources were the most precious wealth.

Occupying the water resources was equivalent to occupying the gold mine!

In fact, even if there was a gold mine in the depths of the desert, and there was no well or oasis around it. Then this gold mine was equivalent to useless waste. If it couldn't even be mined, what else could it be?

The miners who were mining had to drink water!

"Since there is an underground river here.", Kant turned his head to the north.

There had to be a vein in this underground river. If this underground river happened to be located not far from the salt mine, it could indeed solve a lot of problems. For example, the fresh water that had to be transported every week could be lifted. They could go and fetch water for themselves.

It would also take a day to go from the Oasis Lookout to the salt mine.

It was already dusk.

Kant intended to reach the salt mine posthouse before midnight.

There were already civilians working and living there. At the same time, there were 20 desert bandits responsible for protecting the safety of the place. They were to ensure that the hungry low-level Jackalans would not appear and attack the civilians who had worked hard all day.

"Let's go!"

Kant turned around and got back on his horse.

This place had already been abandoned, and there was not much future for development.

Perhaps when Kant's oasis became bigger in the future, this place would become a very good spreading area. After all, there was an underground river. As long as a few wells were built, the oasis could be irrigated.

However, this would take a very, very long time.

After all, it was not realistic for the Oasis Lookout to become an oasis group that spanned more than ten kilometers.

Only by completely opening up an above-ground river and using the river's powerful irrigation ability to improve the environment on both sides of the river could a large-scale oasis to be established in the desert. Otherwise, it would still be like flowers in a mirror and the moon in the water; an illusion. It would be burned up by the scorching sun in the sky, it would turn into a dry sandbar and eventually disappear.

Just like on Earth, the desert oasis group that disappeared in various eras was caused by the disappearance of the underground river and the drying up of the above-ground river.

If one wanted to obtain an oasis like a fertile plain, one needed river.

Kant had a plan for this.

However, in the current situation, it was better to develop his oasis lookout more luxuriously.

The Oasis Lookout that carried the "Dronnheim" Castle was Kant's foundation!

Time passed.

Night covered the sky.

Kant and his troops moved forward and looked up at the top of the dune in front of them. As the starlight shone, there was a faint flame flickering. That was the salt mine posthouse, a place where he and his troops could temporarily rest.

At least, it was much better than setting up tents in the desert.

The moonlight was like a soft veil.

Soon, Kant and the others were also found at the salt mine posthouse.

Ten desert bandits directly galloped over on their horses, while another ten desert bandits spread out in the surroundings. They rode on their horses and stood on the dune to observe the situation here. Each of them was extremely cautious, afraid that they would run into unfamiliar cavalry troops. If they were defeated, they could still spread out and escape, and be the first to report to the direction of the castle.

However, their vigilance was quickly lifted. The leading desert bandits saluted Kant very respectfully. "My lord, I didn't expect to see you so late. It's really an honor!"

"Mm, I just arrived too."

Kant nodded and instructed him, "Don't be nervous. Send people back."

"Yes!", the desert bandit nodded.

As the rhythmic whistles sounded, the desert bandits who were waiting for the results on the surrounding dune immediately galloped over. They all looked at Kant, their eyes filled with honor and excitement.

To them, seeing Kant was no different from seeing their own king!

They crowded into the posthouse.

Thirty peasants in linen clothes were also standing respectfully at the entrance of the posthouse to welcome Kant.

They were salt miners.

Their daily work was to pack coarse salt, which could be seen everywhere on the alkali soil outside the posthouse, into sacks and wait for the camel caravan to arrive, to carry it on the camel's back, so that the camels could quickly return and bring back the raw materials for making salt.

This work could be said to be hard work, which was why Kant had taken in more than 300 captives.

There were many slave miners needed in the salt and alkali soil beach.

Especially when the salt workshop expanded the scale of production, the production of coarse salt here had to be increased.

However, having so many slave miners could obviously relieve a lot of pressure. At least for the slaves who were captured, Kant didn't need to care too much about human rights. Even if he had to let them starve every day, they were all consumables anyway.

Since they had become slaves, they could not be treated as friends!

When the next camel caravan that delivered supplies arrived, these captive slaves would also be transported over.

Kant had made perfect arrangements.

At the same time, he looked at the 20 desert bandits and 30 Swadian peasants in front of him. There was a hint of shock in his eyes. He could not help but ask, "How many wars have you experienced?"

"Wars? No, not yet."

These people were also puzzled and shook their heads in denial. "We have not experienced wars."

Kant frowned and said, "Looking at you, you seem to have experienced battles?"

"Uh, when we came here, we once killed some low-level Jackalans. There were about 200 of them scattered here and there. They were extremely hungry and came to attack us, but they were very weak."

The desert bandits and peasants finally remembered.

After all, when they first arrived at the salt posthouse, Jackalans were still scattered around.

They were all struggling survivors in the Nahrin Desert. When Kant defeated the entire camp of Jackalan, there were quite a number of them scattered outside, even though most of them were dead. However, there were still many Jackalan who relied on a little water and food to survive, becoming walking corpses that wandered in the desert.

That's right, it didn't matter if they were walking dead, because these Jackalans didn't have a fixed source of food, nor did they have enough water. They relied on their innate endurance to survive, and when they couldn't, they would die.

Or they would be killed by the desert bandits and the peasants.

To them, these Jackalan who came to attack them were pitiful like beggars.

Even if they were peasants, they could defeat a few with the tools in their hands. The starving Jackalans were no threat to them.

Not to mention the 20 desert bandits that were specially stationed here.

After two weeks of defense, they had killed quite a few Jackalans, almost turning the surrounding Jackalans into corpses. This gave them enough experience points and allowed them to level up.

Kant didn't hesitate and directly chose the level up option.

30 Swadian militiamen.

20 elite desert bandits.

After level up, although they were still low-level soldiers, it was easier to guard this area.

Moreover, there were more than 300 captives coming over as slave miners. With these 50 guards, they could handle it. Even if they couldn't handle it, they could starve these slaves for a few days and treat them like dogs.

How could the weak slaves resist?

They slept late at night.

Tomorrow morning, Kant continued to lead the team.

There was still a long way to go to the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

According to the route reported by the captives of the Kingdom of Gray Mane, it would take three days just to get pass this alkaline soil beach, and after another five days, they would be able to see the Devil's Land.

However, the Devil's Land was extremely hot, and no one could pass through it.

The expedition army of the Kingdom of Gray Mane chose to use ten days to bypass the Devil's Land.

However, Kant went in there directly.

His mission was to enter the Devil's Land to investigate, and the so-called saintess of the Sun God sect might be in the Devil's Land. After all, the Sun also associated with high temperature, and the Devil's Land was extremely hot, both things might have a great connection!

He replenished his food and water at the posthouse and continued his journey.

Along the way, he went deeper and deeper into the Nahrin Desert, and the vast sea of sand occupied his field of vision.

The next day was filled with deserts.

The deeper he went, the smoother the desert terrain became.

More and more sand appeared in front of them, and the higher the temperature, the more Kant and the others were drenched in sweat.

Even knights with extraordinary powers and mage apprentices with elemental powers were beginning to feel a little powerless against the Nahrin Desert. All of them had fatigued expressions on their faces, and they were all enduring with difficulty.

Kant was also enduring.

"Is this the depths of the Nahrin Desert?"

He gulped.

His dry lips were no longer moistened by saliva. Even the saliva that he had managed to gulp down with great difficulty was like a knife cutting through his dry throat.

The cruelty of the Nahrin Desert became more and more obvious as they went deeper.

The forbidden zone of civilization.

The desert of the race.

At this moment, it was obvious!

With his hands under the awning, Kant looked ahead. It was still an endless sea of sand.

He could not help but take out a water sack from his pocket. He opened the stopper and took a small sip, allowing his mouth and throat to be slightly moistened. However, when the thirst in his throat became more and more intense, Kant closed the lid again.

Now was not the time to gulp down fresh water. He had to make sure he had enough water.

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Chapter 297: Anomaly At the End of the Horizon (third update)

“My Lord.”

The mage apprentices behind him urged their horses over.

The weaker ones were even more exhausted. They could not help but advise, “Let’s rest first. The environment here is really harsh. We really can’t continue trekking.”

“Then let’s rest.”, Kant sighed softly and waved his hand. “Set up the temporary camp!”

“Yes!”

The knights immediately replied in a deep voice.

These extraordinary knights had stronger physiques than Kant. After all, they had been infused with elemental energy and acquired extraordinary strength. It could be said that they could not be judged by common sense.

If they continued to walk, the mage apprentices would definitely not be able to hold on.

After all, they were flesh and blood in the real world.

The temporary camp was quickly set up. Tents rose one after another, casting a rare shadow on the sand that had been scorched by the scorching sun for a long time.

It was a shade that could allow them to have a good rest after a long journey of several days.

A handful of sand was thrown out.

A half-meter-long sand pit was dug out of the tent and covered with a thin linen blanket.

After the layer of sand on the surface was dug out, this sand pit could bring a more pleasant and cool feeling. At least after Kant laid down in it, the fatigue from the long journey immediately dissipated. After pouring himself two mouthfuls of fresh water, he could not help but squint his eyes, he wanted to lie down in this sand pit and have a good sleep.

There was no other way. They had already been in the depths of the Nahrin Desert for many days. After leaving the posthouse, they had barely had a good rest. Their minds and bodies had long been tense, and they were about to reach their limits.

This was also the reason why the mage apprentices would suggest to rest.

They were too tired.

In fact, everyone wanted to rest a little.

Even Kant had the same idea.

However, Kant still stood up with his hands on his body and went outside. The knights were building a tent for their warhorse while feeding them fresh water. They were considerate and caring towards their own work.

“Rest until dusk.”

Kant announced.

At the same time, he instructed the knights, “When you are resting, get your spirits up and make arrangements for the sentries!”

“Understood!”, the knights replied.

After that, Kant went back to his tent.

The knights did a good job.

They fell into a deep sleep.

After a while, the temperature became hot. Kant woke up with sweat all over his body.

There was some noise outside.

“Dang dang dang.”

It was the sound of a wooden spoon hitting the wooden barrel.

It seemed that the lunch had been prepared and food was being distributed according to the usual practice.

“It’s really hot.”

Kant sat up in the sand pit and stretched out his hand to pull off the linen robe outside.

Although he was wearing thin clothes inside, he still felt his whole body heating up when he slept. It was as if his entire body had sunk into a sauna, and it was unbearable as if he had been steamed.

Now, he even missed the cool room in “Dronenheim” Castle.

Unfortunately, he had yet to find the destination of the system quest. It was obviously unrealistic to go back just like that.

Kant was a bit upset.

...

[Ding... Side Quest issued]

[Side Quest: Last Wish]

[Reward: Spring eye X1]

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

...

This was a temporary side quest.

However, Kant was still exhausted. He had been in the desert for a few days. He did not know what the so-called depths of the desert was. Could it be that he had to enter the true Demon's Land?

Kant smiled bitterly.

According to the system's nature, it was really possible.

Just like the temporary side quest to explore the ancient passage, the final completion was to enter the underground city wall in the karst cave. Only then could it be considered complete, and he had even killed that terrifying abyssal demon.

This time's mission, he definitely would not be able to escape into the Devil's Land.

Fortunately, he had brought a lot of supplies.

However, if the Devil's Land still had those terrifying abyssal demons, or even an army of demons formed by abyssal demon, it would be a little troublesome to fight the enemy with only 56 of them.

To be precise, there were 50 knights in charge of the battle, one commander, and five mages who increased their status buffs.

"What a headache."

Kant rubbed his temples.

This time, they were only exploring the depths of the desert. If they encountered an irresistible force, they would just retreat.

At the very least, these extraordinary knights and mage apprentices were unable to fight against too many enemies. However, there was absolutely no problem for them to escort him away. Even if they were surrounded, they would just kill their way out!

In order to protect Kant, as the knights of the supreme lord, they were willing to sacrifice themselves!

Just as he was thinking.

The noise outside eased.

At the same time, footsteps came from outside the tent. They said, "My Lord, lunch is ready. Should I bring it in for you? You can have your meal first."

"Yes, bring it in.", Kant nodded.

The tent was opened, and the royal knight walked in with a wooden tray in one hand.

There was roast meat and toast on it. The rich aroma was appetizing. In front of Kant, there was also a bowl of porridge. It was mixed with wild vegetables and date palm, and it was stewed until it was mushy.

"You don't have to prepare oatmeal for me in the future."

Kant looked at the slightly red oatmeal in the wooden bowl and sighed. "You have to conserve your water."

"This is the treatment you should enjoy.", the royal knight comforted him. "To us, my Lord, if you can obtain a certain level of material protection, it's not a big deal even if we suffer a little."

He had a deep sense of class.

As the supreme lord, it was only right for Kant to live a luxurious life.

Even in such a situation where he had to live frugally, he had to consider the minimum amount of ostentation. He had to live up to Kant's status. It wasn't just this royal knight. Everyone outside thought the same.

At the very least, there was still plenty of food and water.

"I said cancel."

Kant waved his hand.

He took the tray and instructed the royal knight, "We don't know how many roads are ahead. We might enter the legendary Devil's Land. If you can save some water, save some."

"Yes.", seeing Kant's insistence, the royal knight could only nod his head.

He waved his hand and let Kant leave.

Kant ate the food quickly. It was not considered exquisite, but he swallowed it reluctantly.

It was standard military food.

He had been living like this for the past few days, so he was already used to it.

After eating lunch, Kant walked out with a tray. Many knights were eating lunch in their respective tents. When they saw Kant coming out, they all wanted to stand up and greet him.

"No need to be so polite.", Kant shook his head.

These guys were good at everything, but they paid more attention to etiquette.

Putting down the tray that served as the kitchen, Kant turned his head to look at the desert around him. The horizon was still looked yellow. Other than the light blue in the sky, there were very few clouds.

Clouds were formed from water vapor. With the terrifying temperature of the Nahrin Desert, it would be very difficult to form white clouds. Even if they were formed, they would be vaporized by the terrifying temperature in the blink of an eye, let alone rain, it was impossible to appreciate the appearance of the clouds even in the daytime.

Kant looked at the horizon in the north and could not help but narrow his eyes slightly.

The scorching temperature made the entire horizon seem to shake. This was the effect of the evaporation of water on the surface of the Earth.

However, he strangely discovered a little difference.

“Look ahead.”

He took a few steps back and greeted the royal knight who was standing guard behind him. He pointed at the horizon and asked, “It’s at the end of the horizon. Look, there it is. Is there something there?”

“What?”, the royal knight was slightly stunned. He looked carefully but did not find anything unusual.

“You didn’t find anything?”, Kant frowned.

When he looked at the horizon, he felt that something seemed to be hidden in the shaking image.

It was like a cheetah hiding in a dense grassland, waiting for its prey to fall into its trap. As long as it entered the ambush range, it would be a fierce battle.

“I feel... that something is wrong.”

Kant touched his chest.

His heart was beating slightly, and he couldn’t help but take a deep breath. “It’s better to be cautious.”

Everyone rested.

At dusk, they continued to set off.

However, Kant gave an order to maintain vigilance.

Especially as they were getting closer to the depths of the Nahrin Desert, he ordered everyone to be careful. They had to report any unusual situation, even if it was just a slight movement of grass.

This was the Nahrin Desert, a vast expanse of yellow sand. Where did the wind come from, and where did the grass come from!

Being cautious would not make a big mistake.

After tidying up all the tents and checking the supplies, they could still maintain drinking water and food for ten days. They had to be careful, even if it was only for fifteen days. This was thanks to the increased load capacity of the extraordinary warhorses.

Everyone continued to move forward.

Even the mage apprentices held their magic staffs tightly in their hands. They looked around nervously while riding on their workhorses.

As spellcaster, their mind power was extremely high. Moreover, the perception that they possessed also allowed them to notice the abnormality. They could not help but remind, "My Lord, the elemental power here... is somewhat chaotic!"

"That's right. We also feel that there's a chaotic burning sensation here."

The knights also spoke.

Although they were not spellcaster, as extraordinary knights, they also had extraordinary senses.

Kant nodded and said in a deep voice, "Everyone, be careful."

The entire army continued to march forward.

The dusk quickly faded.

The dark starry sky began to cover the land.

The moonlight was like soft gauze that covered the entire world, bringing with it a pure white soft light.

In a short moment, the temperature in the desert plummeted.

Everyone changed into leather clothes.

Even the warhorse beneath them wore a fur cloak to keep them warm.

The desert in front of them was a plain as far as the eye could see. If they moved a little faster, the movement would also increase the body temperature. Especially the warhorses beneath them, they no longer looked like they were exhausted by the sun.

But Kant and the others were even more cautious.

Because right in front of them, on the horizon under the moonlight, there was a group of figures marching in formation.

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Chapter 298: The Appearance of the Undead Skeletons

The sky was cloudless.

The moonlight shone on the earth like a veil.

From the visual angle, it was no less than the early morning. If they used the color difference, they could see even further!

Thus, Kant and the rest discovered that on the horizon far away, a group of figures were moving forward in a long line. Although they could not see clearly, they could vaguely make out that they were a marching group.

Moreover, according to their identification, they did not look like tall creatures like Jackalans.

Instead, they looked like...

Humans!

How could there be humans in the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

Kant was puzzled by this.

However, thinking about the so-called Golden Holy City, the so-called ancient survivors, and the so-called descendants of the gods, Kant felt slightly relieved. After all, even the abyssal demons could survive for ten thousand years, it was not impossible for the descendants of the gods to survive.

The power of the gods was omnipotent in the myths. They could even turn the world upside down. They were powerful creatures that controlled the laws of time. They could even create the Earth and the environment. Their power was extremely terrifying.

This was unimaginable in the age of chaos.

But they still needed to be cautious.

Who knew if the gods who survived after ten thousand years were friends or enemies?

Just by looking at the abyssal demons and the descendants of the gods who didn't seem to put humans in their eyes, even if they were friends, they wouldn't be any better.

Would the former rich man be friends with the slave who cleaned the toilet in his villa?

What a joke!

"Get ready for battle."

Kant took a deep breath and ordered in a low voice, "Let's go and take a look first. It would be best if we can communicate with them. If we can't, then kill them!", a fierce light appeared in his eyes

"Yes!", the knights answered.

"Let's go!"

Kant gently knocked the horse's belly and urged it forward.

So what if they were the gods in the past? This was not the era of the gods in the past.

Since they had already fallen and could be killed by conventional weapons, they better to give up humbly. Otherwise, Kant would not mind a massacre to maintain his rule. He would let these so-called gods see who the master of this era was.

At the very least, Nahrin Desert belonged to Kant!

"Something's not right."

The mage apprentices reminded him, "I keep feeling that there's a bit of coldness in this chaotic element...", after a pause, they wrapped themselves in leather clothes, they shook their heads and added, "Perhaps it's because we're too cold, but I think it's best to be careful."

"Of course, we have to be careful.", Kant frowned and waved his hand forward.

Thirty Swadian Royal Knights were in front, and twenty Sarleon Lion Knights were at the back.

They surrounded Kant and the five mage apprentices and sped up the pace of the warhorse they were riding towards the horizon. They also tried their best to slow down the sound of their warhorse's hooves and reduce the noise.

However, just the hooves of these warhorse's hooves stepping heavily on the sand layer, the sound was not too soft.

The plains could not hide their figures.

This was Kant's way of expressing goodwill.

At least compared to more than 50 heavy-armored cavalries charging over aggressively, it was as terrifying as a flood. This kind of gentle approach was more reassuring and more trustworthy.

At the same time, it could show off one's martial prowess.

The distance was getting closer.

Kant's expression was slightly solemn.

On the horizon, the group of figures moving forward seemed as if they did not see them and did not hear any sound. They were still moving forward. From afar, one could vaguely see the pale-yellow robe and hood on their heads, it was extremely eye-catching under the moonlight, adding a bit of strangeness to it!

The galloping sound of 55 warhorses was definitely not quiet at all.

Ordinary people could have heard it long ago.

They might be able to ignore it, but at the very least, they had to turn their heads to look at the source of the sound. However, not only did the figures in the formation in front not look back, but they were also still walking forward, towards the depths of the desert.

It was like a group of people worshipping, yearning for the sacredness in their hearts.

"Something's wrong!"

The mage apprentice beside Kant suddenly spoke.

Looking at the group of people getting closer and closer, he gulped, his voice trembling. "No, no, this feeling is extremely cold. It's coming from them, it's them!"

"What is it?", Kant frowned and berated in a deep voice. "Be careful!"

"Undead!"

The mage apprentices only had time to shout out this word.

And in front of them, the royal knights were getting closer and closer to that group of people.

A strange cold aura was immediately transmitted, but the royal knights at the front seemed to have noticed something. They were especially shocked and pulled the reins, shouting loudly, "Stop moving forward! The opponent is not human!"

"Hu --"

The warning of pulling the reins and making the warhorses under them stop advancing was immediately transmitted over.

However, it was right in front of them.

The long row of undead that were originally densely packed in an orderly formation seemed to have been disturbed. All of them suddenly stopped advancing. Their pale-yellow hoods and robes swayed slightly. Hundreds of people stood still on the spot.

Then, they turned around. Flickering faint blue flames flickered in their eyes.

With a hatred for the living, they opened their chins, which were only left with the bones, and let out a silent roar!

"Undead!"

Kant also gritted his teeth.

His eyes widened, and everyone's eyes widened.

There was also the mage apprentice, who couldn't help but say, "Those are the undead! They're already dead, and their obsession made them repeat what they did when they died. Now that they're resurrected, they can't be treated as living creatures at all. They're no longer human!"

His words were almost incomplete, and his vocabulary was full of flaws.

He spoke without thinking!

However, everyone understood what the mage apprentice meant.

The enemy in front of them was not a human!

That pale yellow hood and robe were clearly golden clothes that had been broken as the time flowed. In the cracks on the edges, one could still see the pale skeleton inside.

There was also a blue ghostly flame dancing in the eye sockets.

The entire skull looked extremely terrifying.

It really looked like the skeleton had been resurrected and was staring at Kant and the others in a daze. The blue soul flame in the eye sockets began to burn more and more intensely, as if the emotions were becoming more and more intense, with hatred towards the living. They began to slowly step forward, reaching out their hands and pouncing over!

There were more than a hundred of them. More than a hundred skeletons were stretching out their hands towards Kant and the others. Under the moonlight, they moved their skeleton legs slowly. It was as if they wanted to swallow any living thing alive!

This was the most basic hatred of the undead towards the living!

"Finish them!"

Kant directly pulled out the Sword of King from the sheath on his waist.

Golden light immediately burst out from the gilded gold ornaments. The aura of a king instantly flowed, causing the surrounding coldness to dissipate. It shocked the group of white skeletons, causing them to suddenly stop in their tracks.

"The positive energy has a dispelling effect on the negative energy!"

The mage apprentices explained loudly.

Kant raised the corner of his mouth. "So they are afraid of this?"

Looking at the undead skeletons in front of him cowering and not daring to go forward, it was obvious that they were afraid of the golden light from the Sword of King in his hand. Kant's expression instantly became solemn as he ordered in a deep voice, "Kill!"

"Kill --"

The royal knights also let out furious roars.

Their entire bodies exploded with flames that were exactly the same as the Sword of King. Together with their warhorses, they charged forward with a roar!

The royal knights who had been conferred the title from the Sword of King had the innate talent and extraordinary power that belonged to the king's power. They were also variants of positive energy. With the might of a brilliant emperor, they instantly charged into the group of hundreds of skeletons.

It was equivalent to a rampage!

"Crash..."

The skeletons were constantly sent flying by the lances, and then they were chopped into pieces by the longswords.

The golden light on the side of the warhorses was even denser. The skeletons seemed to have received a great impact. The blue soul fire in their eyes could not be maintained, and their entire bodies were scattered.

The blue soul fire also began to dissipate in the eye sockets.

They were like rotten weeds!

Just the 30 Swadian Royal Knights alone could easily slaughter hundreds of undead skeletons!

Meanwhile, the 20 Sarleon Lion Knights clustered around Kant and the mage apprentices. Balls of blood-red lion-shaped flames formed around them. Each of them had a cold look on their faces. They held the silver greatsword in their hands and carefully guarded their surroundings.

Some of the undead skeletons that were close to them were easily turned into piles of bone by the blood-red light.

"So weak."

Kant spoke with a calm tone.

The battle had been declared over in a short period of time.

All the skeletons had turned into pale bones, as if they had been scattered for tens of thousands of years. Their color even began to darken, turning into a pale gray appearance.

"Your knights are too strong."

The mage apprentices complimented, "These are just low-level undead skeletons."

"Too strong? That's right."

Kant nodded. This was also the truth.

Whether it was movies or games in his previous life, only the undead that looked like skeletons were the lowest level existences. They were simply not a match for the strongest level 6 knights who had grasped extraordinary powers.

In fact, according to his perception, even an ordinary peasant could kill a few skeletons with a long scythe.

They were very weak indeed.

They were so weak that even if they formed an advantage in numbers, they could not pose a threat.

"Continue to move forward."

Kant raised his head to look at the stars and the moonlight in the sky. He said in a deep voice, "Let's go!"

The horseshoes behind him started to form and the knights immediately followed.

The appearance of these undead skeletons had already turned the bad feeling in Kant's heart into reality. If there were no problems in the depths of the desert, then these undead skeletons would definitely not have appeared.

After all, a few months ago, the expedition army of the Kingdom of Gray Mane had never discovered these skeletons!

"That sandstorm."

Kant gritted his teeth.

In his heart, he had already guessed the truth of the matter.

Just after that sandstorm, demons appeared in the ancient passage, and undead appeared in the depths of the Nahrin Desert. If there was no connection between them, he would definitely not believe it!

Taking a deep breath, Kant's heart was somewhat solemn.

However, so what if they were undead.

At the very least, the 55 elites he brought along this time, even when they faced thousands of similar undead skeletons, they would still be able to charge through the sea of skeletons and open up a bloody path. This was the confidence of the elite troops!

However, Kant still felt slightly uneasy.

Looking at the depths of the desert in front of him, he subconsciously tightened his grip on the reins. "What exactly is there?"

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 299: The Slowly Rising Fog

What was in front of him.

Kant did not know, but the appearance of the undead skeletons had obviously shattered some of his thoughts.

Reality was undoubtedly cruel.

There was definitely something wrong in the depths of the Nahrin Desert!

It was not a small problem.

If even the undead skeletons had appeared, no one knew if there would be even more terrifying undead creatures.

For example, in the temple in the underground city of the karst cave, the Divine Lich that claimed to be the Pope that was afraid by the mages from the Mage Tower of the Enfath Empire that had been tested on the battlefield for a long time. This kind of strong opponent might even exist in the depths of Nahrin Desert!

"If it really appears, then it will be troublesome."

Kant could not help but mutter to himself.

The bones scattered all over the ground made him frown, but he still ordered in a low voice, "Continue moving forward."

The knights looked at each other and restrained the extraordinary aura on their bodies. They returned to their normal state and surrounded Kant. They slowly rode their horses forward, but there was a grave expression on their faces.

No matter what they encountered, they were always slightly shocked by such an inhuman enemy.

But they were still fearless.

Even if the dead were resurrected, they were still lambs waiting to be slaughtered under the horses' hooves and longsword.

So what if they were undead? They were just a pile of useless broken bones. These knights were still quite confident in their own martial strength. After all, they had completely grasped extraordinary power. They believed that they were the strongest!

These skeletons, which could even kill a few with a long scythe in the hands of a peasant, posed no threat at all!

It was even enough to be fatal just by getting close.

The positive energy flames that erupted from the royal knights' bodies were almost the natural enemies of these undead.

Not to mention that they did not use any extraordinary power, even if they relied solely on their physical attributes and armor's defense, it was enough to sweep away these undead skeletons that did not have any weapons.

The combat strength of both sides was not on the same level.

The difference was like heaven and earth!

They continued to go deeper.

Under the starry sky, the temperature suddenly dropped, and even the moonlight carried a chill.

Kant wrapped himself in his leather coat, but he still felt the coldness around his body. He could not help but pull the reins and let the white mist-spewing warhorse under his legs run slower.

Warhorse could move, and its whole body was hot.

But Kant, who was riding on his back, was undoubtedly uncomfortable with the cold.

Moreover, when he turned his head to look around, he saw that there was a white mist in the distance. Kant could not help but lower his head and say, "It's foggy."

"Yes, fog."

The mage apprentices also nodded.

They shivered and curled up on their horses, but they still held their staffs tightly in their hands. In a deep voice, they reminded Kant, "Actually, there is fog around us, and there is frost on the ground."

Kant looked down and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Yes."

As expected.

On the sand layer on the ground, faint white marks were spreading.

If one looked carefully, it was indeed frost. It was connected to the surrounding white fog. Although there was no wind, the chill was very deep.

It was the kind of the deep chill from the one that hated the living!

"The aura of negative energy is very strong."

The mage apprentice reminded.

"Yes.", Kant nodded.

Although the surrounding white fog was very weak at the beginning and could not even block out the gentle moonlight, as they went deeper into the Nahrin Desert, it unknowingly became thicker and thicker. In the end, they could not even see clearly from a hundred meters away.

Occasionally, there would be the sound of bones cracking in the surroundings.

It was as if there were undead skeletons walking around.

The sand on the ground had already turned into frost, and there was even a slight melting of the ice surface.

The horseshoes hit the sand layer heavily, leaving behind not only splashing pits but orderly footprints. The sound that appeared also changed from a simple "Pu Pu" sound to a roar that was no different from normal.

"The situation is not right."

Kant muttered.

He was not referring to the surrounding white fog and frost, nor were he referring to the undead skeletons. He was referring to the environment.

According to the description of the captives from the expedition army of the Kingdom of Gray Mane, the deeper they went into the Nahrin Desert, the less cold they would feel even at night, especially near the Devil's Land. It was almost as hot as daytime.

This was also the reason why they did not dare to walk there. Even if they brought sunshade items, they would be dehydrated from the sun until they fainted due to heat exhaustion, turning into a pile of useless mummies!

But something was not right now.

Kant thought that he should be close to the Devil's Land.

But it was still very cold in the night. It really made him feel strange and scare.

He had not noticed it before. After all, he had not thought about it for a moment. Now that he thought about it, he was clearly close to the Devil's Land. Even the sunlight during the day was getting more intense, but the night was even colder.

Even the ground was starting to freeze.

"Something's really wrong!"

Kant muttered to himself.

He looked up and saw that the fog around him had become very thick.

The white fog was like a pale white skeleton, with faint cracking sounds coming from within.

His vision was limited to a range of a hundred meters, but fortunately, the moonlight in the sky didn't seem to be blocked by much. Instead, it continued to pour into the thick fog, illuminating Kant and the others.

The mage apprentices had an explanation for this.

"These thick fog and frost are the products of the accumulation of negative energy."

The mage apprentice said, "Especially at night, when the water element at the bottom of the sand layer rises and is mixed with negative energy, it is easy to form these thick fog and frost. If it were in a swamp area, the thick fog and frost would be even more severe. At that time, even the moonlight containing negative energy would not be able to shine down."

"The Sky Veil of Death?", Kant instantly recalled the famous group amplification status and weather change form of the undead in literature. It could be said to be a signature level spell.

"Hmm... similar."

The apprentice was somewhat hesitant.

They came from the world of "Wind of War. There were also undead in their world, and they were the archenemies of the Enfath Empire.

However, looking at the thick fog around them, the mage apprentices hesitated and said, "This thick fog doesn't seem like the resentment of the creatures that were massacred with pure negative energy. Instead, it's like the super-large poisonous cloud spell cast by the cult warlocks or magic eyes. However, it's not poisonous. It's just coldness."

This indeed made the mage apprentices confused.

Kant was equally confused.

Shaking his head, his eyes stared straight ahead. Teams of black shadows appeared in the thick fog.

"Prepare for battle!"

The knight's captain issued a warning.

The teams of shadows in front had already stopped moving forward. They slowly turned their heads to look over. Even in the thick fog, one could see the blue soul fire burning and jumping. It carried the hatred of the living as it looked at Kant and the others.

It was as if in this thick fog, the perception and movements of these undead skeletons had become stronger!

"Kill!"

Kant ordered in a deep voice.

The sound of horse hooves rang out, and the layer of sand that had been frozen by frost was directly crushed.

The royal knights burst out with golden light all over their bodies. The power of the king was revealed as flames, and they directly swept across the undead skeletons in front of them. The horse hooves trampled on the broken bones, and with a single charge, they destroyed the small group of hundreds of undead skeletons.

Even if there were a few of them left, they were still approaching Kant. However, they were easily chopped into pieces by the Lion Knights.

"They are so weak."

The Sarleon Lion Knights looked relaxed.

In this mist that was filled with pure negative energy, the Lion Knights, who also had the power of blood-colored negative energy, felt that they were alright. Even if they did not burst out with extraordinary power, they still felt that they had been strengthened.

Negative energy did not represent evil.

The most typical example was moonlight, which was the most literal embodiment of negative energy.

And positive energy also did not represent justice. The scorching sun could also cause people to die from heatstroke.

Just like the Holy See of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

They did not think that the positive energy of the sun and the negative energy of the moon represented justice and death. Instead, they called the beneficial parts of the sunlight and the beneficial parts of the moonlight -- Holy Light!

This was true justice.

However, it was not the time to delve into this.

"Continue moving forward!"

Kant hesitated for a moment, but he still made up his mind.

He had to complete the system quest. At the same time, he wanted to see what was going on in this place!

The knights moved forward.

The mage apprentices also turned their senses to the maximum.

As they went deeper, the temperature dropped sharply. Thick fog and frost filled the air, and even the sand layer had frozen. It was like the surface of ice, causing the knights to release a little supernatural power to dispel the chill.

On Kant's waist, the Sword of King also released a golden light.

It covered his entire body, dispelling the chill from the negative energy in the outside world. It was considered warm in front of him.

The mage apprentices also rode on the horses. They used the elemental power they had mastered and began to spread around their bodies. They especially relied on the positive energy emitted from the knights and Kant's bodies to maintain their energy and warmth, they would not be dragged down by the long journey.

But even so, a little frost appeared between their brows that were exposed.

White mist spurted out from the warhorses beneath them.

The entire environment was so cruel that it was as if it had sunk into a land of ice.

"Rumble --"

The horseshoes heavily struck the layer of sand that had solidified, only leaving a small mark of two centimeters.

They did not rest in the middle of the night. Instead, they continued forward in the face of the cold, relying on their supernatural powers to forcefully march forward.

Fortunately, everyone had rested for the entire day and had recovered their stamina. Otherwise, even if they possessed supernatural powers, forcefully marching forward would cause them to become increasingly exhausted and tired. This would not make up for the losses.

In the successive forced marching, they encountered two groups of undead skeletons.

It was still a group of hundreds of skeletons.

They were wearing tattered light-yellow hoods and robes with a few ancient patterns.

They looked like they were on a pilgrimage, walking towards the depths of the Nahrin Desert. It seemed like they would never get tired, and that was indeed the case. The undead did not get tired. As long as their bones and bodies were not damaged, they would move like perpetual motion machines.

But soon, they also rested.

The knights destroyed every undead skeleton they saw.

Even if they wanted to go around them, these skeletons would carry a hatred for the living and launch a slow and ridiculous attack on them. It was better to strike first.

They moved forward without resting even at night.

All the way to the depths of the desert.

Just before dawn, Kant saw an unusual scene in front of him.

The thick fog was dispelled and replaced by a grayish-black fog.

Thick black clouds appeared in the sky, blotting out the sun.

The slight cold wind was still blowing.

Faintly, a tragic wail sounded in his ears. It was as if something was begging for mercy before it died, as well as cursing at everything!

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 300: The Expanding Sky Veil of Death

Kant reined in his horse and extended his hand to signal for them to stop moving forward.

The knights' faces were filled with shock.

The thick fog in front of them was rolling. Its grayish-black appearance was just like the black smoke coming out of a factory's chimney.

In the sky, the dark clouds blocked out the sky and the sun. A faint breeze blew, and the entire cloud layer moved slowly. Along with the faint screams that appeared from time to time, it really gave people the feeling of... The Underworld's ghost realm!

It was as if a bone-piercing chill came along with the wind, and the ground had already frozen solid like a frozen lake in winter.

The warhorses dug the ground beneath it.

However, the steel horseshoes, could only dig out layers of white marks.

"The Sky Veil of Death..."

The mage apprentices opened their mouths, and there was an unconcealable trembling in their voices.

At that time, the thick fog was just a small matter. Now, the black fog and the dark clouds were the real Sky Veil of Death. It was made for the undead, and it could cause diseases and all sorts of negative buffs for ordinary people with a terrifying AoE status!

They had just discussed such a terrifying undead spell.

But now, they encountered it.

Kant tightened his grip on the reins. "The world is really unpredictable."

"The negative energy inside is very dense. It has the hatred of the undead towards the living. There are even all kinds of plague toxins. If we don't have the power to resist, we will be infected with all kinds of diseases in a short period of time."

The mage apprentice warned, "Perhaps the spirit will also be infected by the Sky Veil of Death, turning into undead zombies or skeletons."

"Hmph.", the knights' faces were cold. "They have tarnished Lord Kant's estate."

Nahrin Desert was Kant's estate.

Now that an evil undead had appeared, it was an invasion, a tarnishing!

Clenching the weapons in their hands, all the knights were eager to give it a try. Even though they knew that the evil in front would be a terror that could cause death, they were still fearless. This was the embodiment of the knight's spirit.

But they were definitely not reckless.

Turning to look at Kant, the knights were all waiting.

But Kant was also waiting.

"Set up camp on the spot."

Kant raised his hand and signaled the knights around him to dismount. "We'll wait for daybreak!"

"Yes!", the knights replied.

This was the best way.

Who knew what they would encounter if they rushed into the Sky Veil of Death rashly?

Rather than entering forcefully, it was better to wait until daybreak. The sunlight would disperse the thick fog and dark clouds.

The knights quickly set up their tents.

They formed a circle around Kant's tent and guarded it in the middle.

However, even if it was an encampment, it was actually just a simple rest and food. They raised a small bonfire and boiled the water in the iron pot, allowing everyone to drink some hot water to warm their bodies. This was to prevent the cold air from going too far and freezing their limbs.

Even the warhorses needed to drink some hot water to alleviate the cold.

It was really very cold here!

Just by looking at the layer of sand below them that had already frozen, it was clear that the entire area was as solid as a plate. If they did not have extraordinary powers to protect their bodies, just by relying on the bodies of ordinary people, they would have long suffered serious injuries from the cold air eroding their insides.

The elderly and children would probably be frozen to death by the roadside after walking for a few hours!

"Damn it."

Kant exhaled white mist, his eyes filled with solemnity.

Their sleep was very simple. They would be roasted on the ground with a bonfire and then sleep around the bonfire on leather mats. Everyone would be woken up by the cold halfway through their sleep. Only by circulating the extraordinary power in their bodies could they feel warmth.

Even Kant was the same.

Holding the Sword of King in his arms, he could not sleep well. He only closed his eyes in a daze to rest.

"My Lord."

But right beside him, someone gently pushed him.

Kant immediately woke up.

Beside him was a mage apprentice. His young face had turned green from the cold. He said to Kant with a trembling voice, "It's... It's dawn now, but there's a problem..."

"What?", Kant frowned.

"The Sky Veil of Death has expanded...", the mage apprentice still said with a trembling voice.

"What expansion?"

Kant's mind had yet to react.

But in the blink of an eye, his drowsy head suddenly became clear. He turned his head and lifted the curtain of the tent. It was pitch-black outside. The gray fog and the thick dark clouds in the sky made his expression ugly.

"The Sky Veil of Death!", Kant gritted his teeth.

"Yes, the Sky Veil of Death has expanded. It has now become very big."

The mage apprentice said helplessly, "Just at dawn, the Sky Veil of Death began to expand and swallow us up." He paused, his tone was also filled with relief. "Thanks to the extraordinary power of you and the knights, it can protect our surroundings and not be affected by the negative energy and negative effect of the Sky Veil of Death."

Kant turned his head and realized that his Sword of King and the royal knights around him were emitting golden light. They just happened to form a defensive shield around the camp, causing the thick gray-black fog to be repelled to the side.

The knights were already holding onto their swords to protect them. A few bonfires were emitting some slight heat.

Kant's face was gloomy.

"The situation is a little urgent."

He said in a deep voice.

"Yes.", the mage apprentices nodded, their expressions impressively.

The thick Sky Veil of Death around them was no longer something they could comment on.

Even if mages were here, they could only barely protect themselves. Only great mages who were proficient in spells could have a slight surplus in such a terrifying Sky Veil of Death because they all knew what it meant.

In the world of "Wind of War", such a large-scale Sky Veil of Death would usually have several liches and even more terrifying undead creatures.

There was also a large number of low-level skeleton soldiers.

The undead race had always won by using the tactic of having a large number of troops.

Any living person would be declared dead in vain in front of the seemingly endless sea of undead.

With such a Sky Veil of Death, no one knew how many undead skeletons they would encounter, let alone how powerful the undead creatures would be. But just from the previous encounter, the hundreds of undead skeletons were a team, so there was definitely a lot of them!

If they were entangled and allowed stronger undead creatures to come, it would be really troublesome.

"Let's go!"

Kant immediately gave the order without saying a word.

The camp was quickly put away.

The knights moved very quickly.

However, just when the tents were all put away and they were ready to leave at any time, the thick fog rolled and spread outwards like dark clouds. Even the golden light around Kant, which was suppressed, shrank a lot inward.

Everyone gathered together and barely resisted the increasingly thick black-gray fog!

"There's a sound!"

The knights reminded in a deep voice.

"Be careful!", the knights in the north said, "The speed isn't fast. It seems that a group of undead footmen are approaching us!"

They all had rich experience on the battlefield.

It was even easier to distinguish the location by listening to the sound, even if the wind was accompanied by faint screams.

Kant narrowed his eyes.

In the thick fog in the north, he could roughly see an area of 30 meters.

"Ka Ka" sounds appeared.

One by one, black shadows broke through the thick fog with the sound of footsteps.

They seemed to be holding long halberds and wearing light yellow armors. They walked step by step in an orderly and rhythmic manner. It was as if everyone's footsteps were the same. No, their steps were exactly at the same pace.

"Elite troops.", this thought appeared in Kant's mind.

In the era of cold weapons, those who could walk in such orderly steps could be called elites.

This represented discipline.

It represented teamwork.

In fact, even the troop class of Caradia were unable to form such orderly steps.

Other than the level 5 Swadian Rhodok Sergeant, these kingdoms that paid attention to discipline were specially trained. As for the powerful footman kingdom, Kingdom of Nords, even the level 6 Royal Guards of Nords were unable to form such orderly steps.

Although it did not represent combat strength, it could represent the discipline and tenacity of the troops.

This was an elite force that could withstand the enemy's attack!

"Enemy!"

However, the mage apprentices cried out in alarm.

Their voices were hurried as they loudly reminded Kant and the Royal Knights and Lion Knights beside him, "It's the skeleton warriors, the basic combat units of the undead!"

Kant frowned. All the knights looked at the army that had broken through the thick fog in front of them.

The pale yellow armor seemed to be made of chain armor mixed with gold.

The long halberds in their hands were all gilded with gold. The sharp halberds were the terrifying weapons made of fine steel.

However, that was not the case.

The chain armor made of gold had long been tattered. It was like a rag that was draped over the body of the skeleton that was left. Under the rusted pointed helmet, the blue soul fire in the white bones' eye sockets burned with hatred for the living.

The long halberd that looked like a work of art was also rusted and cracked.

Even the front end of some of the halberds had been shattered, leaving only half of the long rod.

"Skeleton warriors?"

Kant snorted slightly.

He turned his head to look at the knights who had gathered around him and were all ready. he shouted, "Get rid of them!"

"Kill!"

The knights shouted.

The warhorses under them instantly sped up.

Their bodies were shining with golden light. The 30 Swadian Royal Knights charged fearlessly towards the skeleton warriors in the thick gray-black fog. They were still as easily destroyed as before. Rays of golden light flashed, and pieces of the skeletons were shattered.

Dozens of skeleton warriors holding long halberds were instantly annihilated.

However, Kant and the others had yet to relax.

In the thick gray-black fog, the "Ka Ka" sounds became more and more frequent.

Everyone's expressions became tense again. They held their weapons tightly and looked at each other. Then, they stared at the darkness in front of them because more enemies had appeared there!

And the number of enemies was increasing!

"Prepare to retreat!"

Kant gritted his teeth, but he did not plan to go any deeper.

If he continued to go deeper, who knew how many terrifying skeletons of the undead race he would encounter.

He wasn't afraid of these skeletons, but he definitely couldn't ignore the unknown number of skeletons. He knew nothing about the actual strength of the enemy.

Only by knowing yourself and the enemy could you win a hundred battles.

"Hum --"

But just as Kant was about to retreat, a ray of golden light suddenly appeared in the sky.

The dark clouds in the sky dispersed as if they were breaking through ice. The grayish-black fog also kept retreating and shrinking. Even the terrifying "Ka-ka" sound began to disappear in the retreating and shrinking fog.

In less than half an hour, the dark clouds and thick fog dispersed.

Kant raised his head in shock.

In the middle of his head, the scorching sun was releasing a terrifying temperature.

It was noon.