

Oasis 301

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 301: The Evil Under the Sand Layer

The sun was blazing, but it was already noon.

The frozen sand layer evaporated under the heat, turning into curling mist that rose like a gentle mist. It made the surrounding desert faintly distort, but it was quickly evaporated into nothing by the suppressed heat.

At noon, the Nahrin Desert was at its hottest, which was also the time when the positive energy was at its hottest.

The dark clouds and thick fog formed by the negative energy were unable to stop it.

The ice melted.

The undead retreated without a trace.

Kant rode his horse and stood where he was. In less than half an hour, it was as if a long time had passed.

He turned his head slightly and saw that the traces of the campsite were still there. The bonfire had not even been completely extinguished. Smoke was released from the layers of sand, bringing a different color to the space.

Looking up ahead, the endless sea of sand was still the same yellow and desolate appearance.

It looked the same as before.

But Kant knew that he could no longer return to the past.

The sand around him was full of broken bones, scattered all over the ground. There were also tattered halberds and chain armor, as well as the torn linen cloth that was slowly moving in the gentle breeze between the layers of sand.

Those were the legacies left behind by the undead skeletons!

"My Lord."

The mage apprentice opened his mouth and reported in a deep voice, "The negative energy belonging to the undead has dissipated."

"Very good.", Kant nodded.

However, his tone was slightly hesitant. He raised his head and looked forward, saying in a deep voice, "Continue to move forward!"

"Yes!"

The knights behind immediately responded.

The warhorse stepped forward. Its hooves stepped on the broken bones on the ground, sinking into the sand and leaving a mark.

Danger ahead.

However, Kant still did not want to stop moving forward. Now, it was not as simple as completing the system quest. At the same time, he also wanted to investigate what was in the depths of the desert and how many terrifying undead were there!

This was the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

The location was four days away from the salt mine and seven days away from the salt mine posthouse.

It was also eight days away from the Oasis Lookout.

If the undead here began to expand, then the "Drondheim" Castle located in the Oasis Lookout was also located on the route of the undead's expansion. Or rather, directly facing the expansion of the undead!

The Sky Veil of Death that seemed to cover the sky would spread.

Just like last night.

When Kant was camping, he was at the edge of the Sky Veil of Death.

But when he woke up this morning, he found that he was already in the Sky Veil of Death, and he didn't know where he was!

Only at noon, when the sun was at its brightest, did the positive energy gather its terrifying power and disperse the Sky Veil of Death, allowing Kant and the others to regain their light.

If this terrifying Sky Veil of Death showed up at the Oasis Lookout.

Kant wasn't sure what kind of danger his 'Drondheim' Castle would face?!

Even if it spread to the salt mines, the losses it would bring would be huge.

The salt mines that controlled by Kant would be gone. The golden eagles that were plundered every week due to the table salt trade would be cut off from their source, and there would even be a chain reaction, causing his 'Drondheim' Castle to fall into a death cycle.

If he could not resolve the Sky Veil of Death, he would not be able to obtain the golden eagles to exchange for denar, and he would not be able to maintain his army.

And if he could not maintain his army, he would not be able to get rid the Sky Veil of Death!

Back and forth.

The death loop made Kant feel like he was being strangled by the death loop!

He absolutely could not allow his development to be directly interrupted by the sudden arrival of the undead, and he could not allow his castle to become a bridgehead that would be in vain to resist the invasion of the undead. Furthermore, the human noble behind him would secretly dig a hole and bury him!

The nobles of the Dukedom of Leo, who only cared about the interests at hand, really dared to do such a thing.

Kant was certain!

As long as Kant was killed, then the desert salt mine would fall into the hands of the noble of the Dukedom of Leo. As for the undead? This group of noble, who cared nothing about the big picture, did not think that they would not be able to resist the undead.

After all, these undead once existed in some deep and ancient tombs on this road.

The noble families were not unfamiliar with undead.

Especially in the North County, tombs that could breed undead could be seen everywhere. Almost every knight's territory or noble's land would have a few places where undead could be found.

Even if it was not an ancient tomb, in a cemetery that had been around for decades, there might still be undead.

After all, negative energy converged with the resentment of the undead, so it was normal for undead to appear.

However, the number of the undead was not many. The peasants could form an organization to recruit volunteer and armed militia, and then sent a team of long lance footmen would be enough to deal with the undead. The level of danger was almost as weak as the demonized creatures in the Senwaya Range.

How could it be compared to the undead army in this Sky Veil of Death just now?

These undead had already formed a terrifying Sky Veil of Death.

Other than the knights who possessed extraordinary powers that could be ignored the effect of the veil, but the normal elites who entered the veil would have their combat strength weakened.

If it was an ordinary person or a thin peasant, it was estimated that it would not be long before the negative energy mixed with the resentment would corrode their minds and bodies, causing them to die in sickness and panic. Their corpses would even be corroded by the negative energy of the veil and become undead once again, with extreme fear and resentment, as well as hatred towards the living, they would turn into undead zombies!

This point was also recorded in some ancient books in this world. In the books in the academy, there were even examples of large-scale undead moving out, gathering negative energy, and turning the entire village's residents into zombies with resentment.

However, such examples had been around for a long time.

But in front of such examples, it still showed how terrifying the undead were!

Kant himself might be able to resist the invasion of the undead, but he definitely could not take care of the Dukedom of Leo's secret assault at the same time!

"I have to deal with one first."

Grinding his teeth slightly, Kant had already decided in his heart.

First, he had to scout the undead, first suppress their desire to expand, ensure the safety of the salt mines, quickly develop his own forces in a short period of time, and then suppress the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo. This was the best plan.

There was definitely a reason for the appearance of the undead.

At that time, in the Underground City of the karst cave at the end of the ancient passage, the Old Lich had predicted this.

"I'm so stupid."

Kant grinded his teeth and steered his horse forward with a gloomy expression.

Since everyone knew that even the Pope of the so-called Sun God Sect had become a Lich, how could the lost city, which had suffered a great disaster, which was also the Golden Holy City where the Sun God's descendants lived, did not have accidents happen?

According to the bits and pieces of information given by the demons and god's descendants, the gods and demons had fought until they were at the end of their rope.

It was just like the Third World War between the United States and the Soviet Union during the Cold War.

Both sides threw nuclear warheads at each other.

In the end, both sides suffered irreparable losses in the war.

In order to win the final victory, gods and demons used whatever means they could. Now, it seemed that they had even used the means of the undead. They did not care at all, just to kill each other.

It was a war of genocide.

But in the end, both sides suffered heavy losses. The remaining power still had an impact.

While Kant's mind was running wild, the mage apprentices next to him became more and more serious. They spurred their horses forward, stepping on the sand layer and facing the scorching sun as they continued to approach the depths of the Nahrin Desert. Finally, they seemed to have discovered something.

"My Lord!"

The mage apprentices suddenly opened their mouths.

Kant instantly came back to his senses and turned his head. "What's wrong?"

Although the apprentice mages from the Enfath Empire did not master powerful spells, they could still bring a lot of beneficial effects in terms of sensing spiritual power and magic knowledge.

For example, sensing and analyzing various energy elements were very useful.

"We know where the undead have gone."

The mage apprentices opened their mouths, and their expressions became even more serious. "There are also the dark clouds and thick fog that form the Sky Veil of Death."

"Where?", Kant frowned.

"It's... under the sand layer, under our feet!", the mage apprentice said in a deep voice.

He paused slightly.

The knights at the side subconsciously slowed down the galloping speed of their warhorse.

They all turned their heads to look at Kant and the mage apprentices.

Their expressions were solemn.

"This is not good news."

Kant could not help but mutter to himself.

His brows were already tightly furrowed. He turned to look at the mage apprentice. "Are you sure about this news?"

"Yes!"

The mage apprentice nodded. "Very sure!"

At the same time, they gave their own guess. "We went deep into the Nahrin Desert. Although the temperature of the scorching sun above our heads was still unbearable, there was a chill coming from below us. It was different from usual. This chill was neutralized by the temperature of the scorching sun. It just so happened that we could barely march at noon so that we would not suffer from heat stroke."

"That's true.", Kant nodded.

The knights beside him also noticed this subtle difference.

Because of the Sky Veil of Death, they didn't think about how they could still run under the scorching sun at noon. If it was before, they would have set up camp and hide in tents to rest.

However, this time was different. They were still marching, and there was not much heat.

There was definitely a problem!

The mage apprentices continued, "The problem is very serious! We carefully sensed the bottom of the sand layer and found that there were many ancient river channels under the sand layer. At the same time, there were also many underground rivers. It was these underground rivers that absorbed the dark clouds and thick fog, and even absorbed all the negative energy."

After a pause, Kant continued, "Including the undead skeletons. The soft sand layer can form quicksand, causing the undead to sink into the sand. When the Sky Veil of Death appears again, they will be able to push away the quicksand and enter the world."

"Ha.", Kant laughed softly, but his eyes were solemn.

This problem.

Was really troublesome!

It even gave Kant the feeling that these undead were intentionally avoiding the scorching sun.

Or rather, someone was controlling all of this from behind!

At this moment, a dialog box popped up on Kant's retina, listing a series of data.

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

[Temporary Side Quest: 'Last Wish' completed.]

[Reward: Spring Eye X 1]

[Introduction: You followed the spirit's guidance to the depths of the Nahrin Desert, only to discover that this place had long since fallen into the world of the undead. The glory of the past was no longer there. Time had wiped out everything, leaving behind only the evil that appeared due to obsession.]

Side Quest completed.

However, a new quest appeared on his retina.

It was a very special selective quest.

[Ding... Special Quest released...]

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Chapter 302: Kant's Choice to Retreat

The system popped up a dialog box on Kant's retina.

[Ding... Special Quest issued]

[Special Quest: Choice]

[Mission Choice: Advance/retreat]

[Mission introduction: You can choose to advance and go deep into the desert to investigate detailed information. You may encounter danger, or you may also get an opportunity. You can also choose to retreat and return to your castle to prepare for yourself. You can be cautious to ensure your own safety and seek more benefits in the future. The choice of all these is in your hands.]

The system was very clear.

However, this special quest from the system made Kant personally make a decision, which was still out of his expectations.

"Choice."

Kant muttered to himself.

His eyes swept across the dialog box on his retina, carefully scanning through the words in the introduction.

Unfortunately, he could not find the system's metaphorical expression. He had given the choice to Kant, allowing him to personally choose whether to advance or retreat, and then make a completely different outcome.

It was entirely his choice.

Kant pondered.

He looked up at the vast sea of sand in front of him, and finally made a choice. "Retreat!"

That was the retreat option in the system's choice.

[Ding... You have made your choice]

[You have decided to retreat. Facing unknown dangers, you need to be cautious. This is undoubtedly a wise choice. Only by knowing yourself and your enemy can you be undefeated in a hundred battles. You have decided to return to your own estate first before you consider it. However, you know very well that it is wise to focus on nurturing your own forces to resist future threats.]

The system instantly popped up a dialog box.

However, it was not the dialog box for completing the mission.

"Let's go!"

Kant understood what the system meant.

He turned the horse's head, shook the reins, and let the warhorse gallop across the desert.

The knights behind him immediately followed, their faces solemn.

This was the supreme lord's choice.

However, for the mage apprentices, they heaved a sigh of relief. Because for them, entering the depths of the Nahrin Desert directly, especially sensing the negative energy and evil at the bottom, made them even more scared.

The road ahead was really difficult, to the point that even these apprentices from the Enfath Empire were afraid!

Kant's choice was really wise.

Although they knew that they might encounter more opportunities if they continued to move forward.

But fighting the strong opponent with their current strength, the dangers ahead would be more and more terrifying!

"It's good to go back."

The mage apprentices let out a sigh of relief. They shook the reins and urged their horses to follow immediately.

Under the protection of these extraordinary knights, they felt particularly at ease. However, what made them feel more at ease was that they were still in the castle. Therefore, they suggested to Kant, "Perhaps we can study the sun disk and find a way to use positive energy."

Kant frowned. The mage apprentices had also delved into the sun disk before.

"Uh... That's right, the sun disk."

As if sensing Kant's suspicion, the mage apprentices were also embarrassed.

Their tone paused for a moment, but they still explained, "We found part of the research on the sun disk in senior's notebook. It might be able to solve the current predicament we're in. After all, the positive energy gathered by the sun disk has an extremely high ability to expel and dissolve the negative energy of demons and undead."

"Can you solve it?", Kant wasn't questioning their theory, but their practical ability.

They had a criminal record.

Of course, the mage apprentices were even more embarrassed. "The seven senior mages before us might be able to solve it."

"That's good.", Kant nodded.

If that was the case, there wouldn't be a problem. As long as the seven official mages who were still in the "Aaron" Town were quickly recalled, it would be fine. After all, the crisis of "Drondheim" Castle was the most important.

Because how to deal with the coming Sky Veil of Death was very important in Kant's eyes!

This was a higher level spell.

A super large scale spell that increased the BUFF of allies and weakened the enemy's status BUFF.

Even the combination of [Commanding power] and [Intimidation] that he currently had was only so-so!

"If I can research the positive energy in the sun disk, perhaps I can really solve the Sky Veil of Death here. But the most important thing is to reorganize the troops and continue to attack."

Kant felt a little depressed.

The threat he had seen during his trip this time made his heart palpitate.

If those unknown undead began to spread towards the south from the depths of the Nahrin Desert, Kant would be the first to bear the brunt of the invasion. He would face the invasion of these undead, and an intense conflict would break out between the two sides.

This disrupted his plans.

Originally, Kant had planned to use the trade route to gradually infiltrate the Dukedom of Leo and gain power or turn it into a colony. He would even spread his influence on other kingdoms and use the high-priced table salt trade to turn them into dumping grounds.

His goal was to earn a large number of golden eagles!

Then, he would expand his influence to the point where he could annex kingdoms, devouring the influence he had.

One step at a time, safe and secure.

But now was not the time.

Before he could successfully carry out this plan, a sudden change had come.

The appearance of the undead had disrupted his plans, and he had to reconsider.

In fact, based on Kant's current situation, he was still facing the danger of a two-pronged battle. After all, the salt mines were Kant's bottom line, and he had to send troops to protect them.

However, the table salt trade of the Dukedom of Leo would also attract a large number of armed forces with ulterior motives.

Even various bandit groups would come.

"Violent soldiers!"

Kant gritted his teeth and gripped the reins in his hands tightly.

He had to put all of his resources into the construction of the troops.

He spurred his horse and galloped wildly.

Kant turned his head and had some thoughts in his mind.

The elite troops policy was temporarily ineffective due to the possibility of a two-pronged battle. If Kant did not have enough troops, he would not be able to form a defensive line. In particular, he needed troops to establish two defensive lines for the posthouse of the salt mines and the central posthouse.

In reality, "Drondheim" Castle did not face much pressure at the beginning.

If the enemy really attacked the city wall, it meant that Kant's field troops would be completely annihilated.

At that time, this would be the last line of defense!

However, "Drondheim" Castle had a complete training camp, such as the footmen, crossbowmen, and cavalry training camps. They had all been built. It was completely possible to recruit civilians in the castle and begin large-scale training.

It wouldn't take too long for Kant to produce an army that could be put to good use.

"Let's go back first."

Kant exhaled.

He spurred his horse forward.

The scorching sun at noon was hot, but the coldness from underground dispersed the heat.

Marching was still not a problem.

It was just that this phenomenon made them, who already knew the inside story, even more fearful.

Compared to being able to march and endure noon, Kant and the others were more willing to return to their old days. They had to hide in tents under the scorching noon sun. It was easier this way!

After several days of trekking, the saline-alkali soil that covered the mountains and plains in the desert pits finally appeared.

This was once a lake.

One could still see the remnants of the ancient river course.

However, it had already dried up, and even the lake had evaporated, leaving behind large areas of saline-alkali soil. Looking from the shore, from the bottom of the foot to the end of the horizon, where one could not see the horizon, there were patches of white-colored alkali soil.

An incalculable amount of coarse salt was sprinkled in this desert, mixed with sand grains, forming a system of its own.

Even the sandstorm could not cover it up.

Even in the industrial era, with large-scale equipment and modern fluid mining, the coarse salt here could be mined for hundreds of years, let alone in the feudal era of cold weapons, which could only be mined by humans.

Just the salt beach on the periphery, not to mention the salt lake in the inner part, would probably be mined for thousands of years!

Kant would never give up his wealth.

Along the dunes that were full of salt and alkali soil, it would take another three days to reach the posthouse.

There was no rest along the way.

It was a long journey.

The occasional simple rest was mainly on the road.

Finally, they arrived at the salt mine posthouse.

Twenty desert bandits were still on alert, patrolling with scimitars in their hands.

In the salt and alkali soil under the sand dune of the posthouse, 30 ragged slave miners were working hard to dig coarse salt. There were also more than 30 well-dressed men with horsewhips in their hands.

On the edge of the alkali soil were 30 Swadian militia armed with hunting crossbow and clad in iron-plated armor.

It was often better to let the slaves manage the slaves than to let them manage the slaves themselves.

This was the way to draw and suppress the slaves.

This time, a caravan of 50 camels arrived and was transporting bags of coarse salt that had already been piled up.

When they saw Kant, the peasants, militia, and desert bandits came over to salute him. Even the slave miners in the distance, under the whips of their comrades-in-arms, kneeled on the ground in a daze and saluted him.

After cruel training, these captives had become qualified slaves.

Of course, those who were not qualified were naturally "disposed".

"My Lord."

The desert bandits, militia, and peasants all came over to salute him.

"Yes."

Kant didn't have any intention of stopping on his warhorse. "There is an anomaly in the depths of the desert. If you meet the undead, you will deal with them if you can. If you can't, then retreat to the castle!"

"Yes!", the desert bandits and the militia looked at each other and discovered the shock in their eyes.

This news was indeed shocking.

Kant also understood that it was sudden.

However, he didn't explain too much and only said in a deep voice, "Remember my words, don't slack off in the slightest!"

"We'll remain vigilant!"

The desert bandits and the militia hurriedly nodded.

The 20 peasants who had followed the camel caravan here asked Kant worriedly, "My lord, if there are undead in the depths of the desert, will it destroy our table salt trade?"

"Don't worry, I will handle it."

Kant said in a deep voice.

This was indeed the truth. If he couldn't handle it, not only would these peasants lose their jobs, but he would also lose an important boost to his development.

After all, the large-scale exchange of denars was all thanks to the gold currency, the golden eagle.

If he lost the table salt trade, Kant would lose the source of the denar.

The output and slave trade alone couldn't satisfy the expanding development. Especially the development and construction of the "Aaron" town, which needed a large amount of denars to support.

The development of agriculture and handicraft industries also cost a lot in the beginning!

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Chapter 303: A New Strategy

The situation was urgent, and Kant did not stay at the salt mine posthouse for long.

They continued trekking towards the Oasis Lookout.

It took him two weeks to get back to "Drondheim" Castle, but it was also the last week of the month. Kant did not have much time left, and it was very urgent.

On his return journey from the depths of the Nahrin Desert, he could clearly understand the advance range of the Sky Veil of Death.

He estimated that it would reach the north side of the salt mine in two months.

In four months, it could cover the entire south side of the salt mine posthouse.

In five months, it would be enough to expand to the Oasis Lookout and directly swallow the castle that stood there!

If he did not want to face a catastrophe, he had to make preparations. For example, as the mage apprentices said, one of the methods was to specifically study the sun disk, which could gather positive energy and weaken negative energy.

However, Kant would not place all his hopes on the research of these mages.

There were still three holes for a crafty rabbit.

Not to mention Kant!

He quickly returned to the council hall and did not have time to rest. He waved his hand and ordered, "Summon Firentis to meet me at the council hall immediately. At the same time, send desert bandits to Aaron to inform the seven mages temporarily stationed there to return immediately."

"Yes!", the Swadian Knight standing guard at the door immediately nodded. After receiving the order, he immediately went to do it.

Swift and decisive.

Everyone could feel the suppressed emotions in Kant's heart.

Everyone was afraid to make a mistake at this time.

Very soon, Firentis, who was patrolling the city walls to ensure the city's defense, returned.

He had originally been urging the construction team to build the urn city. Now that the plan had just been completed and a few foundations had been built, he did not expect Kant to return so quickly. Kant came to the council hall without greeting to him.

It was clear that the results of his investigation this time were not optimistic.

"Lord Kant."

Firentis lowered his head and bowed with a solemn expression.

"There's no need to be so polite.", Kant waved his hand and let Firentis sit down. He asked directly, "During the time I was away, did anything unusual happen in the castle and the posthouse?"

"No.", Firentis replied.

"That's good.", Kant took a deep breath and nodded calmly. "We have to be careful in the future. We are now facing an evil invasion. If we are not careful, we might be destroyed."

Firentis frowned. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Ha.", Kant chuckled, slightly bitter.

Kant pointed to the north and said, "It's in the depths of the Nahrin Desert. That's right. It's the Devil's Land that those Jackalans mentioned. In fact, it has really become a Devil's Land. However, what appears is not the unbearable heat, but the cold, bone-piercing undead!"

"Undead?", Firentis was even more stunned. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I once read a similar novel. It's a group of... Undead who rose from the dead?"

"That's right, it's this kind of thing."

Kant nodded and rubbed his temples with his hands. "This is really troublesome."

Not only was it troublesome.

It was also a big trouble that could kill!

If it was just those undead that did not know how to get tired and only had skeletons left, it would not be enough to attract Kant's attention. However, with the expanding Sky Veil of Death, it would be even more important!

The Sky Veil of Death was obviously corrosive and viral. It was also a large-scale negative status buff.

The Swadian Royal Knights who had positive energy could ignore it.

However, the Sarion Lion Knights who could use negative energy and had a recovery effect could only barely resist it!

Clearly, this was the source of the trouble.

If it was a normal army without the support of positive energy, when they faced the Sky Veil of Death, which was the negative energy cluster of the undead, would not only weaken their own combat strength significantly, it would also cause the entire battle situation to collapse.

The combat strength of the skeleton warriors was at most comparable to the Swadian Militia, and they still had the advantage of being tireless.

If it was a battle battle.

In other words, if both sides were to fight on the same scale, the Swadian Militia would be able to defeat these undead skeleton warriors who were armed with tattered weapons and wearing rusty armor, and they would obliterate the undead and win.

After all, a body of flesh and blood with muscles and blood was still relatively strong in a short period of time.

However, the undead had the Sky Veil of Death.

They did not know how to tire.

They could completely make use of the dark clouds and fog to attack the human troops tirelessly.

Moreover, the undead had always won in terms of numbers. The sea of skeletons that could fill the mountains and plains was like a never-ending wave that insisted on devouring any creatures that were in their way.

When the two were added together, it was equivalent to having an advantage over each other.

Kant described the information he knew in detail to Firentis.

This made Firentis, a noble born in an fictional historical world, a little dumbfounded. Fortunately, he quickly came back to his senses and accepted the current setting.

After all, he had even seen the Jackalans, so it was not difficult for the undead to accept it.

"I just feel that it's a little unbelievable."

Firentis smiled bitterly.

He reached out and rubbed the space between his eyebrows, he looked at Kant and said, "According to what you said, as humans, we are in a severely disadvantaged group. If the undead were to attack us, in fact, even if we had the advantage in the city defense, it would mean that we would have no advantage at all. In the end, we would still be defeated?"

"Perhaps, the possibility is very high.", Kant nodded. This was a conclusion based on the information he had so far, and it was not an alarmist. However, he still sighed and said, "Of course, this is the worst case scenario."

"It's really bad."

Firentis nodded and said hesitantly, "If the undead appear in our salt mine, perhaps even if we send troops over, our troops would not be able to solve the predicament of being pressed by the undead step by step."

"But without troops, we can only surrender.", Kant frowned.

"Is there no solution?", Firentis also frowned.

"Not yet... No, there is a solution."

Kant was about to deny it, but he thought of what the mage apprentices said and immediately changed his words. "There is a solution. The mage apprentices claimed that they might be able to study the positive energy in the sun disk."

"Sun disk?"

Firentis was slightly stunned and subconsciously turned his head. "You mean the golden creation placed on the top of the bell tower?"

"That's right.", Kant nodded.

The sun disk had always been installed on the top of the bell tower.

The temperature that was absorbed and released every day could balance the temperature of the entire council hall. It gave people a comfortable feeling, just like a central air conditioner that could mediate the difference in temperature.

However, most people did not mind this.

It could only mediate the difference in temperature. In fact, the effect of this sun disk was not as good as other strange objects.

For example, the pages that could summon elements, the flags that could slow down the enemy's morale, and the horns that could increase the morale of their own side.

These strange objects were more useful.

The elemental gemstones that were obtained every week were an additional source of denar.

When Kant was short of denar, he used the elemental gemstones he obtained from killing the elemental giant to exchange for a lot of denars. He endured many difficult weeks before he obtained more.

The awkward thing was that the current [Page of fertile soil] and [Page of clear spring] had a lower effect.

Although he could obtain a small amount of soil and fresh water.

But compared to the land and spring vein that the system gave him, it was practically useless.

The land that the system had given him was measured in acres. Moreover, the sand layer underground had also been changed. It was about three meters of soil instead of sand, which was why it was able to form an effective irrigation system.

Even the spring veins were connected to the water elemental plane. Fresh water was constantly flowing out.

Just a few hundred pounds of soil and a few gallons of fresh water were not of much use to Kant at the moment. Even if he had already killed the elemental giant, he was too lazy to recover the soil.

He looked outside the city walls. There was already a thin layer of soil covering the sand layer.

"Wait."

Kant suddenly froze when he thought of this.

If those mages could study the sun disk, then they could definitely study these two pages of strange objects!

After all, these two pages of strange objects had been salvaged together with the sun disk at the bottom of the well. Moreover, judging from the level of the strange objects, perhaps these two pages of strange objects could not be compared to the sun disk.

After all, the function of the pages was only to summon elemental giants.

If the mages could figure out a deeper function, it might be helpful for the upcoming battle.

It was like the mages' nature summoning.

Each time, they could summon five golems with iron hammers. If they could increase the number of summoned golems or increase the combat strength of the golems, they could make up for the current predicament Kant was in.

After all, golems were magic creations, not flesh and blood.

That was why the Sky Veil of Death had no effect on them!

This way, if he could not resolve the veil during a war, he could send these golems to the battlefield first. Even if he could not defeat the undead, he could at least slow down the speed of the advance.

Five months seemed to be a long time, but in fact, it was enough to severely injure Kant when he arrived at the salt mine posthouse in the fourth month.

After all, the current table salt trade was Kant's main source of denar!

As they communicated, Firentis also understood the seriousness of the matter.

This was indeed very serious.

He solemnly reported to Kant, "Manid led the trade caravan to Fangorn Forest and returned. They just arrived at the castle yesterday evening. The members of the trade caravan should have finished their rest by now."

"Okay, let Manid come over.", Kant nodded.

Fangorn Forest was the area of the "Lord of the Rings" MOD. It was a magical fantasy world.

A guard went to the third floor to summon Manid.

While Kant waited, he could not help but sigh, "I hope that we can bring some surprises in Fangorn Forest."

In terms of magic, the "Lord of the Rings MOD" was not a low-magic world. It looked like a low-magic world, but in fact, it belonged to a high-magic world. After all, the high gods and legendary races were not comparable to the low-magic world.

Even the magic that could create new races and destroy the world existed in the 'Lord of the Rings MOD'.

For example, the Uruk-hai created by Saruman.

There was also Sauron who could change the terrain. He had the identity of a world destroyer.

Soon.

Manid walked out of the room.

His sleepy eyes were still a little loose, but he was full of energy.

"Lord Kant!", He bowed respectfully and reported happily, "I led the trade caravan to a new world, a world different from the land of miracles and Caradia!"

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 304: The Spring of Nature of Ent

Manid's spirits were extremely high.

It was clear that this trip to Fangorn Forest's trade caravan had given him a fruitful harvest.

And that was indeed the case.

Before he could finish his sentence, Manid hurriedly reported to Kant, "In Fangorn Forest, the legendary Ent called Treebeard received us very warmly. He also expressed his heartfelt respect for you, Lord Kant, who walked in the Land of Miracles."

"Yes, I understand.", Kant nodded. This was a constant rule of the system. As long as anyone came from any MOD world, they would respect him from the bottom of their hearts. It was like they were extremely good family and would never betray the supreme.

This was undoubtedly very beneficial to Kant.

This meant that his trade caravan could be treated with respect in any world.

After all, trade caravan mainly made money.

If he went to a certain world and entered a certain kingdom or faction, not only did he not establish a good trading environment, but he was also robbed and lost the trade caravan for nothing. That would be very unlucky and depressing.

It was also a considerable loss. So far, Kant only had three trade caravans.

"Right."

Manid seemed to have thought of something.

He turned his head and took out a brown water sack from his bosom. He placed it on the table and said respectfully to Kant, "This is a gift from the legendary Ent, Treebeard."

"Huh?", Kant frowned in confusion.

The water sack on the table was indeed an ordinary water sack.

It was so ordinary that it was not even comparable to the water sack that he personally owned and had a silver edge on it!

Beside him, Firentis was also slightly stunned. He looked at the ordinary water sack made of leather and slightly shrugged. He asked Manid, "Hey, Mr. Manid, I think you have made a mistake?"

“No, no, this is indeed a gift from Mr. Treebeard.”

Manid just happened to nod.

Kant, on the other hand, frowned. He looked at the water sack and said thoughtfully, “Bring it over for me.”

The maid behind him immediately went to bring the water sack to Kant.

As expected.

This was an ordinary water sack, but it was bulging. There seemed to be something in it that was holding it. It felt soft to the touch, and as Kant shook it, there was a “gurgle” sound of liquid colliding.

It was like the kumis that was held in the water sack.

“Is it liquid?”

Kant understood, but he still looked at Manid and asked specifically, “What kind of liquid is inside?”

Manid smiled bitterly and shook his head. “Mr. Treebeard didn’t say it explicitly.”

“Treebeard is the leader of the forest Ents and the wise among the Ents. The gift he gave me definitely has a special meaning, but you have to guess for yourself. It really is the temper style of this old kid Treebeard.”

Kant shook his head helplessly.

However, there was a hint of light between his brows.

Compared to before, his face, which was solemn due to the threat of the undead and tired due to the long journey, was much more relaxed now. His entire state of mind seemed to have relaxed.

It was as if the burden in his heart had eased a little. He let out a sigh of relief.

“Pop —”

Kant opened the cork, and a soft sound was heard.

However, as the water sack was opened, a light fragrance was instantly emitted, just like the fragrance of the morning after the rain. Everything was revived, welcoming the sunlight after the rain, that delightful fragrance.

“This smell... is just like being in the dense forest of the Kingdom of Rhodoks...”

Firentis could not help but mutter softly.

“It really smells good...”, Manid nodded in agreement.

“This fragrance.”

Kant was attracted by it, as if he was tasting the most beautiful perfume in the world.

After sniffing it slightly, he stuffed the stopper back on and couldn't help but shake his head. "Even I haven't smelled such a fragrance. It's elegant yet fresh. It's even more pleasing than the rain forest and the grassland after the rain."

"That's right.", Firentis and Manid nodded with emotion.

The fragrance even filled the council hall.

Even after opening the cork for a short while, the entire council hall was filled with such a fragrance.

The guards all looked over.

Even the maids beside them couldn't help but bite their lower lips. Their big, watery eyes seemed to be flowing.

If this kind of fragrance was perfume, no lady could resist it.

"This is... the Spring of Nature?"

Suddenly, a voice came.

Kant and the others turned their heads. At the staircase, Joslin also came down and smelled the fragrance in the council hall, he said in surprise, "I once wanted to find those hidden Noldor Elves in the Pendor Continent and get the Spring of Nature for Lord Kant. I didn't expect Mr. Manid to bring it back!"

"The Spring of Nature?", Firentis and Manid frowned. This was the first time they had heard of such a thing.

But Kant was slightly stunned.

He quickly reacted and asked in a deep voice, "The Spring of Nature?"

"Yes!"

Joslin nodded. "The last thing the Noldor Elves rely on to survive. It's a pity that I didn't find them. Otherwise, with your name, Kant, I would have been able to get some from them."

After a pause, Joslin rubbed his nose awkwardly. "But even if we were to be able to find it, there wouldn't be so much of it."

Kant's water sack was filled to the brim.

If an ordinary person drank it like water, it wouldn't be a problem for them to drink it for a day.

In an instant.

The system's dialog box popped up on his retina.

[Spring of Nature (consumable) : The Spring of Nature is a legendary holy spring that flows in many worlds. Only those who love nature can have it. Effect: can accelerate the growth of vegetation. After diluted, ordinary people can obtain the divine power of nature and the energy to dispel evil and disease. The duration is related to the amount of drinking.]

The system gave a detailed introduction of the item.

Kant held the seemingly ordinary water sack in his hand, and his breathing was a little hurried. "Accelerate the growth of vegetation, and obtain... the divine power of nature to dispel evil and disease?"

That's right, the system's introduction had indeed stated that.

But as Kant's heart beat, he suddenly felt a surge of excitement!

"I have an idea!"

He slightly clenched the water sack, and the corners of his mouth curled into a smile.

As long as he had this water sack that contained the Spring of Nature, Kant would be able to ignore the undead's Sky Veil of Death. This was the method he instantly thought of, because the current Kant was facing the threat of the undead in the depths of the desert!

After dealing with the Sky Veil of Death that could cast negative status on ordinary troop class, he would be in an undefeatable position!

"Oh, I remember now."

Manid suddenly opened his mouth and patted his own head, he said helplessly, "I was in a daze. Mr. Treebeard once said that this Spring of Nature can accelerate the growth of the vegetation. It has a very good effect in agriculture and animal husbandry. If it is used by the Ents, it can completely accelerate the growth of the ancient vegetation trees and enlighten the new Ents!"

Joslin also nodded and said, "That's right. In the legend of the Noldor Elves, there was also the assistance of the Ents. Unfortunately, the Noldor Elves lost the source of the Spring of Nature and also lost the mysterious race of the Ents."

"This is really amazing."

Firentis could not get a word in edgewise.

Although he was noble, what they were talking about had already exceeded his usual understanding.

In other words, Kant's influence could no longer be limited to the traditional historical MOD world. It should move towards a higher level of fantasy MOD world.

It could be seen from the current troop class.

The original level 5 troop class of the Continent of Caradia could no longer support the main beam.

Fortunately, with the help of the level 6 troop class from fantasy MOD world, "Light & Darkness", Kant could maintain his current strength and not be defeated by the fantasy power of the local world.

If they were to really compare, the historical MOD world was indeed innately inadequate.

The world Kant had transmigrated to was, after all, the Earth Demon World, but it was also a fantasy world!

"We will understand more in the future."

Kant sighed.

In his mind, he thought of Bunduk, who was still recuperating in Aaron Town. He had been corroded into a bloody person by the demon's blood. If it wasn't for the Sword of King and the seven official mages, the consequences might have been unimaginable.

This was the direct loss caused by the supernatural power of this world.

He would really encounter more in the future.

However, Kant raised the water sack in his hand. Inside was a bulging Spring of Nature. After diluting it, it would be no problem for everyone to take a sip and obtain the divine power of nature for a short period of time.

This would ensure that all troop classes would temporarily become supernatural troop classes.

"There's also the growth of Ents..."

Kant turned his head slightly and looked at Manid and Joslin. "Could it be that this spring water can really transform ordinary trees into natural species like the Ents?"

The introduction did not explain this point.

However, the system's introduction also did not point out too many details.

Jocelyn and Manid looked at each other and nodded affirmatively. "That's right, Lord Kant. The information we received can indeed transform ordinary ancient trees into Ents."

However, Manid still added, "But we need Ents to hold the wisdom enlightenment ceremony."

"It really can."

Kant lowered his head and looked at the water sack.

At the same time, he turned his head and asked Manid, "Did Mr. Treebeard you explain how to carry out the wisdom enlightenment ceremony?", Kant's tone was a little excited. "Or how can we obtain a race like Ents?"

"He didn't say it clearly.", Manid shook his head.

"What a pity."

Kant sighed softly.

If he could really obtain a troop class like the Ents, which could be considered as a strategic class, then it would be of great help to him!

After all, Ents were no different from an ordinary big tree when he was hidden. Moreover, they were born to be able to move quickly in the forest and the mountain. This way, they would have the ability to attack strategically and hide tactically.

Opening up a path and leading regular troops to attack, they could indeed be considered as a strategic troop class!

They could be compared to the giant dragons and titans!

“When we go to Fangorn Forest next time, ask Mr. Treebeard if we can get his clansmen to accept the employment.”. Kant still opened his mouth and instructed with some anticipation, “No matter what the price, I want to invite these Ents to come to this world.”

“I will tell Mr. Treebeard.”, Manid also nodded solemnly.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 305: Baron Dylan's Attack

For Kant, obtaining the help of the Ents was extremely useful!

After all, this fantasy race had already surpassed the concept of ordinary creatures. Even if they were not used for war, even if they were stationed in the castle, they were the existence that made him feel at ease.

And this sack of Spring of Nature was also an unexpected surprise.

But there were also regrets.

Through a detailed communication with Manid, Kant actually learned that in the Fangorn Forest, the peace-loving ancient Ents did not accept denar or gold as currency. Even ordinary goods were not accepted.

Or rather, there was no concept of trade at all!

They originated from plants.

It was a natural evolution and belonged to the fantasy race.

Therefore, they did not need to eat and drink like flesh and blood. Their roots would absorb the nutrients and water in the soil. Their branches and leaves could photosynthesize with the sunlight. Other than having intelligence, they were basically ancient trees.

Just like their appearance, they could be treated as ancient trees turning into spirits.

Gold also had no value to them.

In the end, gold and silver, these precious metals, were still minerals.

Just like how humans looked at stones, in the eyes of the Ents, these golds that were found in the ground and could often be seen were just a type of stone. They only had a shiny yellow appearance.

Indeed, they had no value to the Ents.

Manid had already communicated with them.

If it were trade, other than the Spring of Nature and some wondrous items with natural divine power, the Ents would not accept any trade because they only accepted barter or gifts from friends.

They were completely an ancient and simple natural race.

They were also old-fashioned.

If they did not have these needed resources, the Ents would not trade.

Even bartering was impossible.

Just like how humans could not use their own gold to trade with the stones in other people's hands, perhaps the other party thought that they had the high-value items, but if they were useless to the Ents, then it had no value to the Ents!

Kant temporarily put aside his thoughts about Fangorn Forest. After all, with this bag of Spring of Nature, it was enough to last for a long time.

It was much better than nothing.

"Next..."

Kant's finger lightly knocked on the table.

The three people in front of the table were all solemn, while Kant said in a deep voice, "Start recruiting civilians. I need to train a group of troops that can hold up the battle situation. The quality can be slowed down, but the quantity must be able to hold up."

"Understood!", as the military commander, Firentis immediately replied in a deep voice.

His fingers tapped on the table.

Kant turned his head and looked at Manid and Joslin. "The two of you should run to your respective trade points. Right now, we don't lack denar. Buy more food, arrows, tools, and other materials."

"Yes!", Manid and Joslin also immediately nodded.

Although they could not trade in the Fangorn Forest, they could in Pendor Continent.

Joslin was able to transport all kinds of supplies through the Pendor Continent. Sometimes, it was even more abundant than the Continent of Caradia. It was enough to satisfy the current "Drondheim" Castle and quickly accumulate supplies.

For example, there was no shortage of food in the castle. There were nearly 2,500 soldiers and civilians. It was enough to feed them for more than a month.

But it was still not enough.

The danger Kant and the others were facing might not be solved in a month.

And according to Kant's idea, whether it was the Continent of Pendor, the Continent of Caradia, or the local Dukedom of Leo, they would buy food crazily, even if they had to increase the price.

It was so that when the undead came in the future, they would have a basic guarantee!

"Continue to build the barbican."

Kant pondered for a moment.

After thinking for a moment, he continued to instruct, "Dig a moat outside the city wall. Later, I will make a spring and place it inside the moat to ensure the defensive ability of the castle."

"Lord Kant.", Firentis frowned and said, "It is very difficult to dig a moat outside the city wall. After all, it is a sand layer."

"Sand layer?"

Kant frowned even more. He had never thought of this.

The construction of the city wall and the city gate was actually built on a solid layer of soil, not a soft layer of sand. This was a change brought about by the system, just like how soil appeared out of thin air in farmland.

Therefore, the construction of the city wall and the city gate was completely built on the soil.

However, the outer layer was still covered in sand.

If they wanted to dig a tunnel and dig a moat, the soft sand would collapse, and it would bury all the dug tunnels. Even if they were supported by wooden planks, the sand would collapse when the spring water seeped into the surrounding sand.

"Then let's wait for the time being.", Kant sighed slightly and frowned. "There's no need to dig the moat."

"Understood.", Firentis nodded.

Actually, there was no problem if they did not excavate the moat.

Although this kind of defensive fortification was an excellent way to defend against the enemy's attack, in front of an enemy who lacked siege equipment, even a ten-meter-tall city wall could be considered a natural moat!

As for the undead skeletons that were already dead and resurrected, Firentis did not think that they would have siege weapons!

This was also the reason why Kant gave up on excavating the moat.

As long as they could withstand the death canopy, then they would be able to face the sea of skeletons, no matter how many there were. Defending the city wall was equivalent to defending the castle!

The four of them discussed in the council hall.

There were many difficulties that they would have to face, and they needed to be very careful in dealing with them.

They talked for a very long time.

Kant then let Firentis and the others disperse.

However, they had already discussed the details. The rest was just to implement them.

This was a crucial period of time, and the situation they were facing was very tense. At least in Kant's opinion, if they could not hold on this time, the consequences would be even more terrifying than when they were attacked by the Jackalan Expedition Army!

At least when they were attacked by the Jackalan Expedition Army, they could still escape.

Now...

They could not escape even if they wanted to!

The Sky Veil of Death would devour any living creature, and the skeletons would kill any living creature with hatred.

Once the "Dronnheim" Castle was captured, the undead, who had been expanding without the slightest physical limitation or the slightest fluctuation in morale, or even the limitations of their minds, would definitely continue to head towards the "Aaron" Town.

The Senwaya Range was a natural chasm for ordinary creatures.

However, to the undead, it was just a bumpy road in the environment. Even if it took time, they would still be able to cross it.

Moreover.

Kant didn't want to escape either.

Why should he?

This was his foundation in the Nahrin Desert and in this world. He absolutely couldn't give up!

The river of time flowed.

Soon, seven days passed.

"Dronnheim" Castle was still extremely busy, but everyone seemed to have sensed the arrival of a difficult situation. Everyone's pace of work was even faster, trying to finish all the preparations before the last moment arrived.

The barbican was being built, and the construction team from Aaron was in charge.

Half of the construction was done after seven days.

The thick and heavy stones were mainly in the shape of a semicircle, just enough to hold the original city gate.

Moreover, the two sides of the city walls of the barbican were each inlaid with four towers, which could allow soldiers to garrison. At the same time, they could shoot at the enemies on the inside and outside of the barbican, greatly increasing their firepower output.

If they wanted to attack the city gate, they had to first attack the barbican.

And even if they were to attack the barbican, the archery towers and towers of the main body of the city gate, together with the archery towers of the barbican itself, would be the deadly defense line!

The dense rain of arrows would cleanse the earth like a torrential rain!

There was also the stubborn resistance of the infantrymen.

During these seven days, almost all of the agriculture and animal husbandry in the entire "Dronnheim" Castle were given to the military. 1,000 civilians put down their work and entered the training ground of the footmen to begin training.

At the end of this week, 1,000 Swadian Footmen appeared in the castle.

They were all level 3 footmen with excellent military skills.

They were the type that could go onto the battlefield and kill enemies in formation!

This was Kant's explosive force. The explosive force ability from the system allowed his troops to produce a batch of soldiers with decent equipment and rich combat experience in a short period of time.

As the war continued, if they were not completely wiped out, the troops would become more and more elite.

Trained the soldiers with wars.

The war did not bring about injuries, but experience.

As well as gaining experience points, they began to level up and transform into a higher level troop class!

As for the number of Vaegir Archers, they were few in number.

Their recruitment was 10 people per week, and it was a fixed recruitment. Even if Kant had enough denar, he could not recruit more. They could not be recruited by using more denars or recruited from the civilians like the castle, the footman training ground, the cavalry training ground, and the crossbowmen training ground.

The Vaegirs Shooting Range needed the Vaegir people.

And Kant's castle was full of Swadian people, so they had the advantage in recruiting the footman and cavalry.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

Kant indeed thought so.

1,000 Swadian Light Footman could completely form an independent army. After experiencing a few battles, they might be able to level up to the Swadian Heavy Cavalry. They did not even need to enter the cavalry's training ground.

After all, training the footman and cavalry would cost several times more than the cost of leveling up in an ordinary battle!

Kant might still be able to support a few dozens of them.

Once the number increased to a few hundred, it would cost hundreds of thousands of denars

Even Kant could not afford it now.

Even if the table salt trade was on the right track, it would still cost a lot to maintain the current military strength.

In addition, the expenditure on trade procurement, construction and building, as well as all kinds of losses, added up to hundreds of thousands of denars per week, could not be easily wasted.

1,000 Swadian Footmen was enough.

Level up to 1,000 Swadian Light Footman was also enough to form a heavy cavalry group.

Kant was ready.

However, on the last day of the month, the desert bandits from the central posthouse arrived quickly. They appeared in the council hall with a nervous expression and brought information.

The central posthouse discovered the arrival of troops from the Dukedom of Leo.

There were 1,000 of them.

And the leader was Baron Dylan from the Stone Pass!

After receiving the news, Firentis, Manid, and Joslin had already arrived at the council hall. As for Kant, he immediately made a decision. Holding his Sword of King, he ordered in a deep voice, "Firentis, come with me."

"Yes!", Firentis immediately nodded.

Kant turned to Manid and Joslin and ordered, "You guys stay behind to watch the house. For this battle plan, I will bring the newly recruited 1,000 Swadian Footmen and all the knights in the castle."

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 306: The Prelude to the March of the Troops

Kant had long expected the arrival of the troops at the Stone Pass.

He just did not expect it to be so sudden.

It had actually formed a pincer attack with the undead in the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

When Kant announced that the table salt trade would be carried out at the central posthouse and that he would silently cancel Baron Dylan's trade route, he had already made preparations to welcome the violent counterattack of this "Uncle" Dylan.

According to character as a warrior of this "Uncle", he would undoubtedly lead his troops to the expedition.

This was the most direct and effective way.

Seizing the Oasis Lookout and seizing the salt mine at the same time was the goal of this plan.

It had only been a month since then, and Baron Dylan had probably not even prepared all the resources for the expedition before brazenly taking action. It was obvious due to Kant had also secretly cancelled the trade route and he was furious.

In the past, he had resisted the pressure of the Dukedom of Leo for Kant's sake.

Now, he had actually ended up like this.

With Baron Dylan's hot temper, if he could endure for a month, he would probably explode in anger!

It was difficult to go from extravagance to frugality.

He enjoyed the white silver coins brought by the table salt trade.

Now, he could only continue to rely on the small amount of taxes and offerings in the estate. Baron Dylan felt that he was no different from a beggar. He simply did not satisfy with the income that was only worth a few hundred to a thousand great silver coins a year!

He wanted to regain the table salt trade.

Or, he could control the salt mine himself!

Even if he were to give most of the profits to the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo, it would not matter.

Anyway, the current Baron Dylan had his own backer.

Countess Agatha of the East County had expressed strong support behind him.

This countess was of the royal bloodline. If Grand Duke Cameron died and no heir was announced, then this countess, as his biological sister, even had the right to inherit his legacy. She could even compete with Kant's elder brother for the title of Grand Duke!

The inheritance law of the noble was very complicated and rigorous.

All the nobles were greedy and coveted Kant's salt mine.

Therefore, everyone was silently watching this moment.

If Kant really couldn't resist and didn't bring out enough strength, perhaps after Baron Dylan seized the Oasis Lookout, some orders from the high-ranking noble would make Kant disappear without a sound.

They could do it.

But...

They could not estimate Kant's true strength!

They could not estimate it either!

"Come."

Kant's expression was calm.

When he heard the news of Baron Dylan's invasion, he was not the slightest bit surprised, nor did he have the slightest fear.

Because he understood deeply that just this mere Baron Dylan, even if he had gone through high-level development, Baron Dylan was still not his opponent, let alone his enemy.

Even if he did not rely on the city walls to defend himself, this baron who came from the Stone Pass and seemed to have absolute strength would in fact be defeated easily.

Kant's army's strength was already guaranteed in terms of both quality and quantity!

At the southern gate of the barbican.

The army was marching out in neat steps.

Soon, under the command of their captain, the formation was completed.

Kant was riding on a warhorse.

Firentis and 11 mage apprentices were also riding their horses at their sides.

The 20 Sarleon Lion Knights had solemn faces and held swords and shields in their hands. They were riding their horses as personal guards.

In front of them, there were 30 Royal Knights leading 200 trained Swadian Knights. They formed two long rectangular charge formations and lined up neatly in the middle.

The Sarleon Lion Knights were better at close combat.

Hence, Kant made them the most suitable personal guards.

The main cavalry that was truly going to the battlefield was the Swadian cavalries that was more suitable for charging!

With the Royal Knights who possessed extraordinary powers as the awl and the ordinary knights as the backbone, the direction of the battlefield would be decided by Firentis who would wear the Order of the Lion Medal to personally charge.

The key to victory!

Kant had made great preparations for this expedition.

There were also the 1,000 newly recruited Swadian Footman who were carrying backpacks and holding swords and shields. They were lined up neatly on both sides of the heavy cavalry, with 500 people on each side.

Although they were just footmen, they could withstand the enemy's attack and were the main force of the resistance line!

On a regular battlefield, footmen could not be lacking.

This represented the degree of stability of one's own defensive line.

If one were to use a metaphor, then footmen were chopping boards, in order to let the enemy get close. Then, they would be pressed onto the chopping boards by the cavalry's sharp kitchen knives and chopped into minced meat!

But this was not the ultimate goal.

When these 1,000 Swadian Footmen experienced battles and gained experience points, that was Kant's goal.

The system's rules could bring about new changes.

Let these level 3 light footmen directly advance to level 4 heavy cavalry and display the true strength of the Kingdom of Swadia, the powerful heavy cavalry country on the Continent of Caradia!

That terrifying...

Horrifying...

Simply unstoppable...

Group assault!

Hundreds of heavy cavalry soldiers were like a flood bursting out of a dam, bringing with it a deafening roar as they charged forward, swallowing everything in front of them, destroying everything in front of them!

Including the enemy, they would all be trampled under the hooves of the horses.

Unstoppable!

No one could face the violent charge of the heavy cavalry and remain unmoved.

Even if there were tens of thousands of elite footmen, they had to treat these hundreds of heavy cavalries with caution.

If they were to make a mistake...

This seemingly small number of heavy cavalries would tear a hole in the formation of the footmen. It was like a flood that had completely burst the dike. It would cut straight through and tear the troops into pieces!

In the field, the heavy cavalry was invincible!

These 1,000 Swadian Footmen were the seeds of Kant's heavy cavalry.

They had already formed up in front of them.

Firentis spurred his horse forward and reported to Kant in a soft voice, "Lord Kant, the troops have all been assembled."

"Mm."

Kant nodded.

Looking at the elite troops that had formed up in front of him, he said calmly, "Pass down the order, let's go!"

"Let's go!"

As the order was given, the commanders responded.

The troops began to move.

The 230 Swadian Knights were the first to follow behind Kant, shaking their reins to follow.

The 1,000 Swadian Footman took a step forward, forming a five-man line in an orderly manner. They followed in a long snake-like formation, stepping on the sand in front of them, which had been stabilized by the knights. They walked orderly and quickly.

They were on the expedition.

Their weapons were in the scabbard on their waists, and the shield with the gold lion with red bottom badge was hanging on their backs.

The well-made armor was covered by a linen robe, and even the helmet had the same white linen hood as protection. It was originally the preparation for the expedition to prevent the burning of the sun.

In the backpack on their backs, there was not only food and water for three days, but also leather clothing to keep them warm at night.

This war could only be won and not lost. This was Kant's firm rule.

It was related to the future.

Therefore, Manid, who was in charge of the preparation work, was very careful.

Not only were the supplies prepared in the soldiers' bags, but at the end of the march, the camel caravan formed by 150 single-humped camels was also full of all kinds of supplies.

Including tents for camping, charcoal and firewood for raising bonfires.

And even more food and water.

For Baron Dylan, who came from the Stone Pass, entering the Nahrin Desert was equivalent to an expedition.

In fact.

For Kant, who was defending Drondheim Castle, going to the central posthouse was also equivalent to an expedition.

The reason was very simple.

Neither side had the ability to travel long distances to fight.

Even if Kant was currently taking the elite troop route, a long-distance journey with a scale of more than a thousand people had never been seen before.

They were all recruiting soldiers from the local castles and towns around the Oasis Lookout or the Senwaya Range. As for large-scale military expeditions and confrontations with the enemy, that had never happened before.

For example, Kant had only experienced a long journey and a long-range attack once.

That was when he attacked the Jackalan tribe.

However, that time, there were less than 300 people. Kant, who had yet to develop, attacked with all his might.

At that time, there were no guards left in the village.

They relied on the construction team from the Continent of Caradia to help guard the house in the village.

However, things were different now.

Five Swadian Royal Knights with extraordinary power and 100 level 5 Sarrandian Mamluks were enough to guard the castle and the Oasis Lookout.

Moreover, there were 120 Vaegir Marksmen with top archery skills and 40 newly recruited Vaegir Archers.

It seemed that there were less than 300 people, but in fact, even if there were 1,000- or 2,000-men enemy troops, it was difficult for them to capture the outer walls of the castle, let alone completely capture the main council hall of the castle!

One had to know that there were 800 civilians in the current "Drondheim" Castle.

These were the civilians who maintained the daily operation of the castle.

Moreover, every day, about 50 refugees would arrive in the Continent of Caradia and join Kant's castle. They would become new civilians and continue to fill the gap in the current population.

Residential buildings had the attribute of attracting refugees.

Therefore, at the critical moment, if the bell tower was rung, at least 800 Swadian Militia would instantly appear in the castle.

A mere 2,000-men troops wanted to attack the city?

At least 20,000 soldiers would have to come to take down the castle, but they still had to pay the price of many blood!

Moreover.

When Kant heard that the castle was besieged, he would immediately return.

The elite heavy cavalry troops would move extremely fast.

If the situation was critical, they could even give up on the central posthouse and let Rolf lead all the Sarrandian Horsemen and elite desert bandit into the battle sequence. They would directly defeat Baron Dylan at the Stone Pass and return.

In the Nahrin Desert, Kant was the overlord!

Previously, Kant and Manid had gone to the Stone Pass several times, not just for trade, but also for reconnaissance.

Now.

Kant had long known the strength of Baron Dylan.

It was estimated that even if he was ruthless this time, he could only gather 1,000 soldiers with all his resources. Or rather, he could only go deep into the Nahrin Desert to "talk" with Kant after recruiting over 1,000 mercenaries.

If they relied solely on the strength of the Stone Pass, even if they were exhausted to death, they would not be able to gather enough soldiers to enter the desert.

Did you mean those ordinary armed militia and peasant recruits?

The troop class that lacked organization and discipline, there would probably be quite a number of people escaped as soon as they exited the Stone Pass. After spending a night in the desert, a large number of people would flee due to the cruel environment.

Even if they had godly willpower to persist to the central posthouse and come into contact with the battle formation, they would collapse at the first touch.

They were just a bunch of peasant soldiers.

How could they be considered qualified soldiers?

They did not have the help of the system!

Looking at Kant's troops, not only did they already have their own elite heavy cavalry troops, but they also had an intermediate thousand light footmen. If he wanted to, he could even recruit all the civilians in the castle and train them into more light footmen!

Even on the battlefield of the Dukedom of Leo, Kant's troops could be considered as the mainstay.

Moreover, in this remote North County, they were even more elite!

This would be a battle without suspense.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 307: Baron Dylan's Cold Smile

In the central posthouse.

Rolf was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bench. He had a silver toothpick in the corner of his mouth, and his expression was arrogant.

Three Royal Knights in plate armor stood behind the bench. The full plate armor did not allow one to see their faces, but the eyes in the holes were indifferent as if they were looking at a dead person.

These were the absolute elites, the elites of the elites!

In front of them.

Baron Dylan sat quietly.

The 30 knights behind him, who were wearing double-mail armor, did not dare to look at the Royal Knights. They pretended to be calm as they looked to the side, but their hearts were beating fast.

Obviously, they understood that the three knights in front of them were wearing luxurious armors that looked like works of art.

They were grand knights!

Knights who possessed extraordinary powers!

Moreover, there were seven mysterious people wearing dark robes behind these three grand knights.

They looked ordinary.

They were like travelers who had traveled a long distance.

However, the pointed hat and the cane that was inlaid with pure gemstones in their hands attracted more attention. This caused the knights who had less knowledge but heard more to have some speculations in their hearts.

They were the mysterious mages who came from the Mage Tower!

This was indeed the case.

This was the reason why Rolf dared to slam the table with Baron Dylan.

It was also the main reason why the central posthouse had not been taken down in the past three days!

Three grand knights with extraordinary divine powers, seven high-level mages who could clearly control elements, 220 elite desert bandit and 120 Sarrandian Horsemen were enough to be considered a deterrent!

Baron Dylan sat expressionlessly opposite Rolf.

He only slowly rubbed the gold ring on his thumb against this arrogant guy.

He was waiting.

He indeed had the advantage in the current situation.

The mercenary group that he had spent a huge amount of money to recruit was indeed powerful.

If the war really started, how could this posthouse stand against the attacks of his mercenary group? He was even confident that he could hold them off temporarily with just the three grand knights.

Baron Dylan turned his head.

Behind him, there were also two knights with unfamiliar faces standing there indifferently.

These were the knights from the East County.

However, according to his own senses, these two knights were actually grand knights who had already comprehended extraordinary power. Coupled with his remaining grand knights, it would not be a problem for them to hold off the high-end combat power of the posthouse.

In a decisive battle between grand knights on the battlefield, unless the gap was too big, it would be difficult to determine who would be the winner.

This was not a competition.

It was also not a martial competition or some show.

On the real battlefield, everyone was extremely cautious, including grand knights who understood the extent of the destruction of extraordinary power. When fighting with the corresponding opponents, they would be even more cautious. Everything would be focused on protecting themselves.

He was sure that his grand knights could hold off the grand knights of the other side.

But looking at the seven mages in front of him.

"Hmph."

Baron Dylan snorted coldly, and his eyes were filled with gloom.

He really did not expect that this second son of the Grand Duke, who had been exiled to the Nahrin Desert, would do such good job. Not to mention the grand knights, he even recruited mages, and there was a total of seven mages!

This number shocked him.

A real mage, on the battlefield, was equivalent to a ballista.

And it was a high-powered ballista!

On a normal battlefield, these mages not only had shocking lethality, but they even were also the severe blow to the morale of the enemy soldiers. This was also why Baron Dylan felt that he was in a dilemma, which was quite troublesome.

Rolf had also grasped the dilemma of this Baron Dylan.

He still crossed his legs.

However, his heels were placed on the table. He said casually, "Give our Baron Dylan some sweet water. Remember to put more sugar cubes in it so that we won't be said to be stingy."

"Ha, I've been here for two days. The sweet water tastes pretty good."

Baron Dylan was cunning. He stroked his beard and sneered, as if he was implying something. "I think adding salt might bring out the sweetness of the sweet water better. I like to drink it that way."

"That's good. We don't lack salt the most."

Rolf acted as if he couldn't hear it at all. He waved to the light footman who was serving beside him and said, "Put in two more spoons and send them to Baron Dylan. You must know that Lord Kant can respectfully address this baron in front of him as Uncle Dylan!"

"Okay."

The light footman nodded. He actually added three spoons of table salt into the water cup beside him.

It looked like a white flower.

It quickly melted into the sugar water in the cup.

The light footman who was serving Baron Dylan placed the cup in front of Baron Dylan. His tone was calm, but there was nothing wrong with his etiquette. He nodded softly and said, "Your Lordship, please enjoy."

"Heh.", Baron Dylan did not even look at the cup.

He took a deep breath.

Looking at the unruly and arrogant Rolf who had his legs crossed, he said calmly, "This is meaningless, Rolf. You know that I am not representing the Stone Pass, but the entire Dukedom of Leo.". He paused for a moment, and his eyes were calm, he unceremoniously pulled up the tiger skin. "If you want, you can obtain a territory that is comparable to the Stone Pass."

Enticement.

This was the most common method used by noble families.

Rolf also understood this because in the Continent of Caradia, he would also use this method to get rid of those officials. Hence, he was immune to this method.

Moreover, his loyalty was always loyal to Kant.

"Hehe."

Rolf sneered.

He turned his head as if he was recalling something and asked the Sarrandian Horseman beside him, "The Stone Pass. If I remember correctly, it seems to be the estate that runs through the pass next to the Senwaya Range?"

"That's right.", the horseman beside him nodded and said tacitly, "That very barren land."

"Oh? Barren?", Rolf did not seem to understand.

"According to my estimation, the annual output is not even a few hundred great silver coins."

Sarrandian Horseman shrugged and said helplessly, "Only poor people would go there to become a Lord. Oh god, could it be that someone did something wrong and actually wanted to go there to be conferred a title?"

"I don't want to go.", Rolf shrugged and looked very aggrieved.

"Bang!"

Baron Dylan's hand slammed heavily on the table, making a loud sound.

The 30 knights behind him looked grim as they stepped forward one by one. They looked coldly at Rolf, as well as the knights and mages behind him. They even placed their hands on the hilts of their swords.

Because right in front of them, those knights, horsemen, and mages all raised their longsword and staffs!

The atmosphere instantly became tense!

"Bang!"

But Rolf did not show any signs of weakness.

He instantly got up and slammed his hands heavily on the table. His expression was still arrogant, and he turned his head as if he was reprimanding, "What are you doing? How dare you be so rude. Don't you see where you are?"

The Royal Knights and mages put away the weapons in their hands.

As for the Sarrandian Horsemen and the Swadian Footmen, they also put away their ferocious faces.

Rolf was very calm.

He looked like a big shot who was suppressing others. He turned to look at Baron Dylan with a smile on his face, but his tone was quite casual. "These guys are really lawless. They dare to draw their swords without looking where they are."

"Yes."

Baron Dylan's face was gloomy as he slowly raised his right hand.

The knights behind him put away their weapons.

This was not the first time they had slammed the table, and it was not the first time that both sides were at each other's throats.

When they had just arrived, the two sides had almost erupted into a fierce conflict. This was also the reason why Rolf had secretly sent the elite desert bandit to quickly return to ask for help.

If they had really fought, he was not sure if he could defend this posthouse.

But now.

After being in a stalemate for two days, they all understood each other's strength and patience.

Especially Baron Baron.

It was even more uncomfortable for him.

He had already endured until now. No matter how much he tried, he would not be able to suppress them.

But when the battle really started, Baron Dylan was somewhat unwilling. Especially after knowing that the posthouse had a high-end military force, he did not want to make a big deal out of it.

Although he had a backer, Kant also had a backer.

Baron Dylan gritted his teeth, he said softly, "Princess Sofia left behind a lot of resources... but Rolf, you have to understand that Princess Sofia has already died for more than ten years. The current situation is no longer the same as when the Silver Platter Kingdom set foot in the Dukedom of Leo. She no longer has any influence."

He was naturally talking about the secrets between the two countries.

Because Baron Dylan had already guessed it.

Kant, the immature second son of the Grand Duke, wanted to develop to such a powerful level. Without the secrets left behind by Princess Sofia, it was impossible!

And Baron Dylan was also powerless.

No matter how he tried to probe or seduce, this Rolf ignored all of it and pretended not to understand.

He was naive and cute!

But in reality, Rolf really did not know.

He was not a native of this world!

How did he know?

Looking at Baron Dylan, Rolf was still arrogant. "I don't know what you are talking about, but I know that you should go home. After all, if you often go to other people's houses, something bad will happen."

"Is that so?", Baron Dylan was so angry that he laughed.

"That's right!"

Rolf arrogantly crossed his legs.

It seemed that he was not afraid of Baron Dylan, but in fact, it was also a method.

Sometimes.

Swagger was not arrogance.

It was a deterrence to the enemy, a strategy that made the enemy confused!

If one did not have confidence, how could one be arrogant?

This was Rolf's method!

Just as the two sides were still in a stalemate, a noise came from outside the window.

Exclamations and shouts continued.

In the hall of the posthouse, the situation suddenly became tense. Both sides were on high alert, but they were also puzzled.

At the top of the posthouse, the elite desert bandit on the watchtower carried a scimitar. With a happy expression, he quickly walked to Rolf's side and whispered into his ear, "Master Rolf, the Lord has brought reinforcements!"

Rolf's face was also filled with joy. He pretended to shout, "What? Lord Kant is here? Quickly go and welcome him!"

He stood up.

The smile on his face was extremely excited. He asked Baron Dylan, "Baron Dylan, Lord Kant is here to welcome you. What an admirable lord. When he heard that you are here as a guest, he also brought many people to welcome you!"

"Hehe.", Baron Dylan laughed dryly, but there was only a grim look on his face.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 308: Malevolent Intent from the Eyes

After marching for three days, Kant arrived at the central posthouse.

This was because the 1,000 Swadian Footmen had slowed down the speed of the march.

If they were to advance in cavalry-style, they would be able to reach the vicinity of the central posthouse in a day and a half. There was no need for them to forcefully suppress the speed of the march and advance together with the footmen.

Even so, their speed could still be considered fast.

The footmen trudged at a constant speed.

Apart from resting time, they were all marching.

After walking for three days on two legs, they finally arrived at the desert plains where the central posthouse was located.

At the center of the desert plains, beside the central posthouse, there was a group of troops camping there. Behind them, there were supply convoys coming and going, looking very lively.

Obviously, that was the troop at the Stone Pass.

"Get ready."

Kant said in a deep voice.

Behind him, the messengers passed the order to the troops.

However, the troops at the back did not advance directly. Instead, under the command of their respective captain, they quickly spread out from the long snake troop formation. They moved quickly, and the entire troop spread out horizontally.

This was their battle formation!

In the middle, the Swadian Heavy Cavalry troop was the main force.

On both sides, there were two armies formed by light footmen. There were 500 people in one unit. They formed three rows in a dense mass and slowly stood still.

The light footmen were indeed the main resistance line.

However, Kant did not need them to completely stabilize the front line.

Because right behind him, there were 50 extraordinary knights and 200 top-tier knights. When they launched a frontal assault, the troops formed by the group of mercenaries below could not withstand it at all!

Those mercenaries discovered Kant's headquarters at the top of the dune.

The scale of 1,000 people was shocking enough.

They had already occupied the entire top of the dune.

Especially those knights who were equipped with heavy armor and horses. As the sunlight shone on them, even if they were wearing linen burqas, they could still feel the oppressive aura.

Lances that were nearly five meters long were erected. They were the lance that was unique to the Kingdom of Swadia. They were as thick as a fist!

They were the lances that could pierce through the armor of several people!

Kant led his troops and stood at the top of the dune. The troops formed by the mercenaries below were already terrified. They rolled and crawled out of their tents. Even the formation they formed was very messy.

They were all veterans on the battlefield. They were all mercenaries by profession.

They could analyze the situation.

Or rather, they knew what kind of troops they should not provoke.

For example, at the top of the dune, Kant's troops with heavy cavalry as the center and footmen on both sides were the type that should not be provoked. They were the type that should not be provoked!

On the dune, there were a total of 200 + elite heavy cavalries. It was estimated that one round of attack would be enough to wipe them out!

These mercenaries did not have many cavalry soldiers.

Even if there were only 200 or so cavalry soldiers, they were all light cavalry soldiers wearing iron-scale armor. They were more or less used for scouting.

Confronting the heavy cavalry soldiers who wanted to fight head-on and charge straight at them?

Don't joke around!

Facing 200 heavy cavalry soldiers, unless there were 500 of the most elite lance footmen equipped with heavy armors who dared to sacrifice themselves could stand a chance. Even so, the terrifying inertia brought by charging of the heavy cavalries, it could smash into the depths of the crowd like a giant rock thrown by a trebuchet even if their warhorse died in battle. It was estimated that 50 heavy cavalry soldiers would be able to smash through the phalanx of lance soldiers.

Right now, these mercenaries did have lance soldiers, but they were not heavy armored, nor did they have elite footmen soldiers, nor did they have soldiers who dared to sacrifice themselves to block the charge of the heavy cavalry.

There were only a group of greedy mercenaries who were greedy for money!

They would even give up their lives for money.

However, in order to earn more money, they would not throw their lives on the battlefield of their employers!

In fact, in order to earn money, if the enemy offered a high enough price, they would turn against their employer on the battlefield!

Mercenaries were extremely infamous of their unethical behaviour!

This group of mercenaries had almost a hundred thoughts running through their minds. With the great silver coins that they had already obtained in their arms, the mail armor and iron-scale armor that were distributed at the Stone Pass, as well as the various weapons in their hands, they had already prepared to run away if the situation did not go well.

Even those mercenary group leaders who had been drinking and chatting with Baron Dylan and pretending to be heroic had this plan.

No one was a fool who wanted to die.

The situation had changed.

They were indeed did not like the Rolf who had threatened them at the posthouse.

But now, they found that Rolf, this guy even dared to slap the table in front of Baron Dylan. He was arrogant enough to say that he would at most start a war. He really had confidence.

Now, Rolf's confidence had come, but their confidence had disappeared.

Completely disappeared.

When Baron Dylan walked out of the posthouse, his breathing could not help but quicken.

At the top of the dune, there were hundreds of heavy cavalries, which was very intimidating. Moreover, the fully armed soldiers on the left and right sides, who were wearing nail-studded armor and holding spatha sword and heater shield, were the main force of the footmen.

Compared to the messy group of mercenaries below, both their equipment and discipline were completely destroyed!

"Hahahaha!"

Rolf's arrogant laughter could not be stopped.

He walked forward quickly. Next to him, the elite desert bandit brought his warhorse. Rolf jumped onto the warhorse nimbly. However, he asked Baron Dylan in a reserved manner, "Do you want to go and welcome Lord Kant together?"

"Heh, no need. I'll just wait here for Little Kant to come.", Baron Dylan replied coldly.

"Please wait a moment."

The answer was still Rolf's arrogant laughter.

"Humph!", Baron Dylan snorted.

Seeing Rolf leading his team to the dune to welcome them, his face became even more gloomy. He turned to look at the vassal knights behind him. After hesitating for a moment, he came to the side of the two unfamiliar knights, he asked in a low voice, "The situation is already very disadvantageous for us. If... No, we start a war with Kant, we will definitely be in a weak position. After all, their troops look very good."

"Yes, what you said makes sense.", the two unfamiliar knights nodded. They looked arrogant, but they did not put Baron Dylan in their eyes. They waved their hands like real generals. "You negotiate with him first and find out about Kant's situation."

"Yes.", Baron Dylan nodded. However, when he lowered his head, his eyes were filled with hatred.

He accepted the support from the forces of the East County.

It also represented the forces of East County began to infiltrate his forces.

Baron Dylan, who had already lost his ability to control himself, lost the ability to fight against the forces of the East County when one of his loyal grand knights was killed.

He raised his head and looked at Kant and the huge army that were approaching.

Baron Dylan's eyes sparkled.

The forces of the East County were huge. In fact, they did not need him to join them. It was just that the geographical location of the Stone Pass was too good. It happened to be at the mountain pass of the Senwaya Range and was located at the center of the table salt trade.

If the situation were set, he, the Baron of the Stone Pass, would probably be transferred away even if he was lucky.

If he were unlucky, he would probably mysteriously disappear.

Those high-ranking nobles who ate people without spitting out their bones had always played this way.

However, he still chose to endure it for now. He walked towards his mercenary corps with these two unfamiliar grand knights and his vassal knights.

Looking at those vassal knights licking their faces to flatter him, Baron Dylan felt disgusted.

"Lord Dylan."

Beside him, the vassal knight who had been with him for a long time said softly, "Now, these guys from the East County are crossing the line. I think it won't be long before Lord Dylan, your authority will..."

"Shut up!" Baron Dylan glared at him fiercely.

He turned his head, but no one noticed them, then, he reminded him softly again, "Now, we still have to rely on them. Don't make any mistakes. If we lose them, we probably won't be able to stay at the Stone

Pass. If you don't want to be a wandering knight who need to work tons of labor like you used to be, then shut up properly."

This vassal knight was a good companion of Baron Dylan. Like the vassal knight who either died or was captured by 600 knight attendants, they were all elite cavalries brought by Princess Sofia in the Silver Platter Kingdom.

That was why the three of them were able to stand shoulder to shoulder, as close as brothers.

However, when Baron Dylan became the lord of the Stone Pass, they had more things to consider, and the distance between them also became much more distant.

The vassal knight shut his mouth.

However, his face still had a look of indignation.

Looking at those knights who licked their faces and flattered him, he gritted his teeth and cursed, "These damn fellows. When they were wandering knight, it was you, Lord Dylan, who took them in. Now, they just turned their heads and forgot about it!"

"I told you to shut your mouth."

Baron Dylan snorted coldly.

However, there was a hint of gloominess between his brows. His footsteps paused slightly. He turned his head to the most trusted vassal knight, and a hint of malevolence appeared in his eyes, but it quickly faded away. "I have a mission for you."

"Go ahead.", the vassal knight nodded.

"I need you to create some accidents... for example... like this...", Baron Dylan instructed him softly. A malevolence intent flashed in his eyes. "Do you understand?"

"But this... I will end up...", the vassal knight sucked in a breath of cold air.

"Don't worry."

Baron Dylan patted his shoulder. "I will protect you.". Baron Dylan paused for a moment and looked into his eyes, he said solemnly, "The three of us have come through the most difficult times. Now, only the two of us are left. If I cannot rely on you and cannot protect you, what friends do I have?"

The vassal knight hesitated, but looking at Baron Dylan's determined eyes, he nodded affirmatively. "I know!"

"Okay!"

Baron Dylan patted his shoulder.

Both of them looked at Kant, their eyes filled with malevolence and viciousness.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 309: Assassination of Vassal Knight

Kant rode the horse in front, and Rolf briefly reported the recent situation.

There was nothing to report.

Looking at the 100 meters south of the central posthouse, thousands of mercenaries had already gathered there. Each of them held their weapons tightly and looked aggressive, trying to resist. It was obvious that they were not friendly.

Good people would naturally not come to the barren Nahrin Desert!

“Let’s go.”

Kant nodded, and his tone was calm.

He gently knocked on the belly of his horse and urged it forward. He swept his gaze across the mercenary group in front of him and said calmly, “I’m going to meet my Uncle Dylan. Heh, what does this guy want to do?”

“He’s probably here for a short trip.”, the corner of Rolf’s mouth curled up, his face slightly malevolent. “He just brought a little too many gifts.”

“I like that word.”

Kant turned his head to look at Rolf, the corner of his mouth curled up. “Gifts.”

The warhorse beneath him quickened its pace.

The 20 Sarleon Lion Knights acted as personal guards, following closely behind Kant and Rolf. Each of them had a cold expression on their faces. Their eyes swept across the mercenary group like the eyes of a lion, fixing their eyes to the front. It was Baron Dylan and the three knights behind him.

In the perception of these Lion Knights, the threat of these four fellows was undoubtedly the greatest!

At their back, preparations were made.

30 Royal Knights led 200 knights into a charging formation.

1,000 Swadian Footmen crossed their left arms with a shield in front of their chests. Their right hands were tightly clenched with a spatha sword. They formed a four-line formation and advanced step by step with the heavy cavalries in front of them.

As they advanced, the desert was trampled firmly, and the sound of uniform footsteps could be heard.

Elite troops.

Those mercenaries who pretended to be arrogant were trembling in their hearts.

Mercenaries who pursued money, if they really started a war with the disciplined regular army, they might not have any problems for a short period of time. However, once the war became intense and their casualties were too great, their morale would definitely collapse faster than the regular army.

Protecting the country and making money were two completely different concepts!

Kant rode his horse and approached.

With 20 Sarleon Lion Knights as guards, he did not have much fear.

However, in front of him, there were still five Lion Knights riding their horses and holding their shields, blocking the space in front of them. It was the basic common sense to guard against the mercenaries who had crossbowmen secretly aimed at them.

A low-class footman with a crossbow could secretly attack and kill a noble knight.

Everyone was extremely careful.

Including Baron Dylan and the others in front.

Facing Kant and his guards who were slowly approaching, as well as the heavy cavalries and footmen who were pressing in from behind, everyone looked at each other with disbelief in their eyes.

It was enough for them to be surprised when the armors that looked like artifacts were worn on the knights.

There were also fully armed footmen at the rear!

Everyone was equipped with mail armor, a linen robe, an iron helmet, and a shield and sword. Their appearances were not inferior to the footmen that the noble families in the Dukedom of Leo's South County had trained for generations with the strength of their families!

Kant, the youngest son of Grand Duke who had been exiled, how could he have such power in such a short time?

"The foundation of Princess Sofia!"

Baron Dylan gritted his teeth.

Regarding how much hidden power the Silver Platter Kingdom still had in the Dukedom of Leo, he felt a chill in his heart. It had actually been more than ten years, and they had been strictly guarded year after year. In addition, the nobles had been purged, and now they still had such powerful strength, to be able to let a lowly little noble live peacefully in this barren desert.

He was envious and jealous. What Kant had now was what he longed for. If possible, he wanted to use the heritage left behind by Princess Sofia to obtain a new life!

For this, he shook the reins of his warhorse.

The horse trotted forward.

He forced a smile on his face and raised his right hand to indicate peace and greetings. "Little Kant, if I remember correctly, it has been a long time since we last met."

"Yes, Uncle Dylan. It's been a long time."

Kant smiled and nodded.

His attitude was very peaceful, just like in the past.

It was just that both sides were leading troops in battle, and the atmosphere was extremely strange.

Baron Dylan did not seem to be different. He stroked his beard and greeted with a smile. "You're still as handsome as ever. I wonder how you've been recently. How have you been?"

"Pretty good."

Kant shrugged. "I just ran into a little trouble."

"Oh, that's a pity.", Baron Dylan smiled. "I wonder if there's anything I can do to help?". Baron Dylan looked at Kant, he patted his chest. "If it's those Jackalan, I don't think you need to worry. I brought a lot of servants and troops this time just to help you get rid of those uncivilized bloody bandits!"

"Thank you very much.", Kant nodded again and paused for a moment. "It's just that the trouble I've encountered recently is not those Jackalan, but some other evil fellows."

Kant was obviously talking about the undead in the depths of the desert.

However, Baron Dylan's expression froze slightly.

He thought Kant was referring to himself.

He swept his gaze over the heavy cavalry and footman phalanxes behind Kant who were getting closer and closer, but he still suppressed the brutality in his heart. He coughed lightly and said, "Perhaps the trouble will be solved very soon. I believe in your ability, Little Kant."

"Of course, it can indeed be solved.", Kant smiled.

Kant was telling the truth.

The Baron Dylan and his mercenary group in front of him were really not a problem.

The real problem was the spreading undead.

However, after dealing with the Stone Pass in the south and using the cruelest methods to deter the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo, Kant could retract his forces and focus on dealing with the undead invasion in the north.

This was a strategic plan that had already been planned.

As for how to deal with Baron Dylan and his mercenary group, Kant did not take it to heart. He only looked at him and nodded faintly. "Uncle Dylan, I'm very touched that you brought so many servants and soldiers to help me directly."

"But it seems that I've overestimated myself."

Baron Dylan laughed dryly. "You may not need me now, but you can defend your estate."

"I can always defend it.", Kant smiled, instead, he said, "Since you're already here, then don't leave. In fact, there are many posts in my estate that need help. For example, digging table salt. There are a lot of miners that are lacking. I think your mercenaries are very suitable. Why don't you stay and follow me?"

"You...", Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes and swept his gaze across Kant's young face. He wanted to say something, but he could not speak for a moment. He only opened his mouth, but his heart was beating extremely fast.

Kant was still Kant.

It was just that the positions of both parties were already different.

Baron Dylan narrowed his eyes. He still had a smile on his face. "Little Kant, I... Don't understand what you mean. You know, our relationship..."

"Our relationship is very close!"

Kant interrupted him with a faint smile on his face. "So, you will help me, won't you?". As he spoke, he emphasized, "My dear, Uncle Dylan."

However, Baron Dylan's pupils suddenly shrank.

He swallowed his saliva slightly.

Cold sweat flowed out.

Looking at the young Kant in front of him, the arrogant but respectful Rolf beside him, as well as waves of heavy cavalries and footmen behind him, he suddenly realized that he seemed to have miscalculated something.

A very serious mistake!

That was...

The one in control of the overall situation seemed to be Kant, the fellow who he had thought should be a puppet!

No!

There was a hint of panic in Baron Dylan's eyes.

His rationality made him quickly return to his senses. He looked at Kant's calm face, and his heart trembled.

This was not right!

The one in control of the overall situation...

Was Kant!

This young second son of the Grand Duke was just like his father. During the empty period of the transfer of authority, he directly controlled all of the power within a short period of time!

Including the current command of these troops!

"I..."

Baron Dylan had obviously noticed this.

He opened his mouth and suddenly realized that his plan seemed to be completely laughable because of the unequal information!

Just as he was about to say something, a ball of fiery red light suddenly burst out behind him. The vassal knight actually took advantage of the moment when both sides were chatting to suddenly burst out. He pulled out the longsword at his waist and instantly pounced towards Kant with that scorching heat.

“Go to hell!”

The vassal knight’s eyes suddenly opened wide, and his figure was extremely fast!

He burst out extremely suddenly!

“Whoosh –” “Whoosh –”

However, his movements were too sudden. Beside Kant, the blood-red aura exploded even more rapidly!

The two Sarleon Lion Knights were already on high alert. The knight’s sword at their waists was unsheathed in an instant. They charged straight at the vassal knight and engaged in a melee.

“Clang –”

The blood-red aura turned into a ferocious lion.

With a crisp sound, the longsword in the vassal knight’s hand was completely broken into two.

This vassal knight had also stopped his explosive assault. He stood on the spot, but there was a knight’s sword flickering with blood-red flames around his neck, as well as the Lion Knight who was staring at him coldly.

“Explain!”

Rolf berated him coldly.

The other Lion Knights had already placed their hands on the hilt of their swords. The faint blood-red flames could erupt at any time.

Even the knights and footmen behind them had stopped in their tracks when they saw this happening. They looked over coldly, as if they were about to charge into the battle at any moment!

“I... I...”

The vassal knight’s face was covered in cold sweat.

He had never expected that he, as a grand knight, would be easily subdued in such a short period of time!

Meanwhile, the two grand knights with unfamiliar faces were also covered in cold sweat. At the same time, their eyes were filled with gloom. They had never expected such an accident to happen!

They had never thought that Kant would have so many grand knights by his side!

There was a total of twenty grand knights!

This frightened the ordinary knights. For a moment, they stood behind Baron Dylan and stared at everything in front of them dumbfounded. Their legs felt weak.

“Explain...”

Baron Dylan was still beating the drum in his heart. In fact, cold sweat was dripping down his temples.

Looking at the pleading gaze of the vassal knight, their plan of assassination failed, Baron Dylan would be in charge of it, temporarily covering up this matter.

After all, at that time, they thought that they were at an advantage.

Even if they killed Kant, the puppet, not only would they be fine, but Baron Dylan might also even be able to replace him.

However, the world was unpredictable.

It was even more unpredictable!

The puppet that Baron Dylan had expected was not a puppet, but a real demon king. The terrifying demon hiding its strength behind the scenes had even trapped him.

He wanted to stop this plan, but it was already too late.

“This matter...”

Baron Dylan’s hand was on the hilt of his sword by his waist.

Looking at Kant, he turned his head to look at the vassal knight. A malevolent look instantly appeared in his eyes. He unsheathed his sword and instantly cut the throat of his loyal grand knight friend.

Blood lines appeared.

The longsword cut the fragile throat.

Baron Dylan’s face became solemn. He said solemnly, “Attempting to assassinate Baron Kant is a capital crime!”

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 310: Betrayal

The incident happened so suddenly that even the vassal knight did not expect Baron Dylan to swing his longsword.

In front of Kant, the vassal knight who tried to assassinate him had his throat cut open. He looked at Baron Dylan in disbelief, but in the end, he could only kneel on the ground and convulse to death.

The strong smell of blood instantly filled the air.

Behind Baron Dylan, the knights were all dumbfounded as they watched everything.

Even the two grand knights with unfamiliar faces glanced at Baron Dylan’s back. For a moment, they gripped the longsword in their hands tightly, but they were afraid that the Lion Knights would stare into their eyes, so they did not act rashly.

In fact, even Kant did not expect the show to end like this.

He lowered his head and looked at the vassal knight who had fallen on the sand.

The scene was silent.

“This is the punishment for attempting to assassinate the baron and the noble!”

However, Baron Dylan spoke slowly.

He put away his longsword and turned his head to glance at the knights. He said in a heavy voice, “Even if I don’t kill him, the noble court will sentence this guy to death. They will hang him!”

The noble of the Dukedom of Leo was indeed so.

Even if a knight attempted to assassinate a noble, he would be sentenced to death by hanging. The only difference between him and a commoner was that he would be left with a whole corpse.

But death was certain.

Unless there was a high-level noble that the knight was loyal to, and he spent money and connections to make the assassinated noble forgive him, only then would he be able to survive and would not be hanged in humiliation.

“Clap Clap Clap.”

Rolf clapped his hands gently at this time.

The crisp applause woke up everyone around and broke the deadlock.

Rolf still had that annoying arrogant smile on his face. He looked at Baron Dylan and said in a very admirable tone, “Wonderful, Baron Dylan. This is really wonderful to kill your family in the name of righteousness.”

Everyone around looked at Baron Dylan.

However, Baron Dylan did not move. “He dared to assassinate Baron Kant. That is a capital crime!”

The eyes of the vassal knights behind him were cold.

All of their hearts were trembling.

Even the breathing of the two grand knights became faster.

They knew very well that the person who had been slit by Baron Dylan’s throat was his loyal lackey at the Stone Pass. He could be said to be the most loyal vassal knight.

He was killed just like that...

Who among these knights did not feel a chill in their hearts?

“But, I once understood it.”

Rolf, however, did not spare him.

He raised his head and looked at the side of Baron Dylan's face that avoided eye contact. He narrowed his eyes and said, "The assassin just now seems to have come from the Stone Pass. If I'm not mistaken, he is still your subordinate, Baron Dylan."

"That's right, he's my subordinate."

Baron Dylan nodded without hesitation. His face was slightly sorrowful. "I didn't expect him to do such a thing." He looked at Rolf and then at Kant, who had a calm expression on his face. He looked at the young face that did not seem to be moved at all, his heart beat faster, but his confidence seemed to have sunk into a bottomless abyss.

He could not see through Kant!

Kant's face was still calm. He looked at him as usual, and there was not the slightest fluctuation in his eyes.

It was as if he was looking at a dead person!

Baron Dylan gritted his teeth.

His breathing was rapid, but he still did not dare to act rashly. He squeezed out a smile in front of him, but even the way he addressed him had changed. "Baron Kant, I hope this result... will satisfy you."

"Satisfied?", Kant smiled, but his tone was still indifferent. "Oh, it's okay."

Rolf opened his mouth and said in a cold tone, "Baron Dylan, something has happened to your vassal knight. Aren't you going to pay some price? After all, this is your knight. He is loyal to you and represents you!"

"No, he has never been loyal to me."

However, Baron Dylan simply walked away. "He and I were once comrades-in-arms of Princess Sofia. However, because he was jealous that I became a baron, he secretly became a spy planted by other noble families around me. I have always been vigilant, but I did not expect that such a thing would happen now. Damn it!"

The reason was very far-fetched, and it was impossible to probe further.

Kant did not intend to investigate further. He nodded and said, "That will be all."

"Thank you for your tolerance."

Baron Dylan used honorifics.

Including the knights, they all broke out in cold sweat and bowed their heads to Kant to express their gratitude.

They all understood that if Kant were to really investigate further, even they would have to take responsibility. They might even go to the court of the noble. Even if they were implicated, the lightest penalty would be a fine. If they were unlucky, they might even be demoted to a slave!

However, their gratitude was a little premature.

Kant looked at them indifferently, the corners of his mouth curling up into a smile. "You're welcome."

However, his words changed, instead, he continued to say to them, "I can pretend that this assassination did not happen. However, why did you come to my estate and lead your troops into the territories of other lords? In the court of the noble of the Dukedom of Leo, this is only second to the crime of treason!"

"Uh...", not only Baron Dylan, even the knights behind him raised their heads to look at Kant in shock. They did not react in time. Kant had actually made trouble on this issue!

He had clearly led his troops into Kant's estate and had already tacitly settled the matter.

But now, he brought it up again.

The situation was not right!

Baron Dylan lowered his head. The vassal knight that he was familiar with was still looking at him with his eyes wide open.

Behind him, the two grand knights from the East County had a look of fear on their faces. If anything were to happen to them, they would definitely be the first to flee from this place. They would not stay behind to fight alongside Baron Dylan.

And those greedy mercenaries, they would probably have the intention to flee when they were agitated!

Baron Dylan was silent.

Finally, his eyes looked at the eyes that had died with their eyes wide open.

Even though he had lost all hope and spirit.

However, Baron Dylan seemed to be able to see that this grand knight whom he had killed with his own hands, who had actually been on guard against all this time, had revealed a mocking smile on his face, as well as a deep hatred and curse.

"Yes, that's right. You have brought your troops to my estate. It seems that you have violated my rights."

Kant, who was riding on his warhorse, lowered his head slightly. He seemed to be very hesitant. "What rights?"

"Territorial rights?", Rolf answered from the side.

"Hmm."

Kant nodded. "It seems so."

As he spoke, the troops that were slowly pressing down from behind had finally finished their formation. They had neatly changed into battle status. All the soldiers' eyes were bright as they looked at Baron Dylan and the mercenary groups behind him.

They did not have the slightest fear of war. Instead, they were all eager to try!

The Continent of Caradia, which had been in chaos for a hundred years, made these soldiers yearn for peace, but they were not afraid of war.

Moreover, being located in the center, the Kingdom of Swadia, which was the most prosperous country, was the target of public criticism. They went back and forth, and almost every year, there would be war. These Swadian people had long been accustomed to a world where war was frequent.

Now, their lofty ideal was to fight for the Supreme Lord Kant.

They were willing!

The red-bottomed golden lion instantly soared in the wind.

The flag fluttered even though there was no wind. It fluttered as if it was fluttering in the wild wind.

The soldiers' fighting spirit was soaring.

Each and every one of them had their blood boiling as they looked at the group of mercenaries. Their gazes were filled with the fervour of fighting, to the extent that they were like scorching rays. Even the mercenaries did not dare to meet their gazes.

Just in terms of imposing manner, they were already at a disadvantage.

"Honorable Baron... Kant..."

Baron 's voice began to become hoarse.

"Hmm?"

Kant looked at him, his expression still calm. "Please speak."

Baron Dylan said slowly, "This matter has nothing to do with me. Will you believe it?"

He spoke respectfully.

He even lowered his head slightly, as if he was being polite to the king.

However, Kant did not show any sign of it. Or rather, he was riding on his warhorse. Surrounded by the Lion Knights, he accepted Baron Dylan's salute as a matter of course, even though the two of them had the same title.

This was the absolute status brought about by the difference in strength. It had nothing to do with the title or the power of both parties.

Now.

Kant had the initiative!

"It's none of your business."

Kant spoke.

Since he held the initiative, then he would now be in control of the overall situation.

His gaze swept past Baron Dylan, who had his head lowered, the pale-faced knight, the two gloomy grand knights, and the mercenaries who seemed to be in formation not far away, but in fact had already lost their morale.

Finally, the corners of his mouth curled up into a smile. "Then it's none of your business."

"Thank... Thank you for your generosity, Lord Kant!"

Baron Dylan clenched his fists, but the way he addressed him was even more respectful.

Baron Dylan, who had already lost the ability to resist and the ability to plot, was now no different from an ordinary person. He could only put away his fangs and claws and become a docile domestic dog. He was quite handy on changing his attitude as he had done this many times before.

"However, I think these mercenaries have something to do with them."

Kant raised his hand and pointed at those mercenaries.

Then he turned his head, he pointed at the two grand knights from the East County. "And these two grand knights, why would they appear in my estate? If you are inviting Baron Dylan and his knights as guests, these unfamiliar grand knights and mercenaries are not within the scope of the invitation."

Kant turned to look at Baron Dylan and asked faintly, "What do you think?"

Baron Dylan lowered his head and answered, "I don't know them."

As soon as he said this, the two grand knights behind him suddenly changed their expressions. Just as they were about to burst out with extraordinary aura and escape, the roads in all directions were blocked by the Lion Knights.

Twenty Lion Knights, even if there were ten of them, could easily block these two grand knights.

The advantage of numbers was here!

"Baron Kant, what... What do you mean by this?"

These two grand knights did not even glance at Baron Dylan. They understood that this once puppet of the East County had betrayed them and bit them back!

Kant did not answer. Instead, Rolf sneered. "What do you mean?"

He turned to look at Kant. The lord nodded at him, and with tacit approval, he pulled out his longsword and pointed it forward. he shouted, "Of course I mean to kill you!"

"Woo—"

The horn was blown by the Royal Knights.

The battle began.