

Oasis 381

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Chapter 381: The Changes in the Dukedom of Leo

In just a short period, Kant quickly and completely took control of The Stone Pass.

News that the ambushers from the Eastern County had been easily taken care of and that even the four Grand Knights had surrendered had spread throughout the Dukedom of Leo.

It had become the joke of the table among the noble families' banquet.

This change had happened too quickly.

The noble families, who had been sitting on stage, had yet to react.

However, when they came to their senses, they realized that Kant had easily grasped the situation and had already torn a hole in their original arrangement.

No one had expected it. Not even the Countess of the Eastern County, Agatha, whose influence was comparable to that of the Grand Duke of Leo.

It was just like half a month ago.

That hideous performance at the end of the banquet had also become a joke among the nobles.

As the noble families spoke about Kant's conquests, they were both shocked and fearful. But, interestingly, their eyes were also filled with playful anticipation, as if they were watching a bewitching opera.

One of them was also somehow connected to Countess Agatha.

After all, she was the biological sister of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron.

Kant's biological aunt.

They were all members of the royal family.

In fact, several high-ranking noble families actively tried to suppress their influence.

Although spreading rumors did nothing to displace the royal family, the act disgusted them and deepened the conflict between Kant and Countess Agatha. Eventually, a misunderstanding occurred, and both sides were brought to the battlefield.

This was a fight between members of the royal family.

It did not have much to do with ordinary noble families.

Now.

Within the Dukedom of Leo, the Eastern County, which was already a cast-out of the traditional noble circle, quickly became a stranger in its own country because the noble families from the Southern and Northern Counties started ostracizing them.

Although economic relations and business communications functioned, as usual, political communication had been interrupted for almost ten years.

The economy was their lifeline that could not be interrupted.

And despite its importance, both sides' political parties refused to even greet each other.

It was clear how rigid and unbending the relationship between the two sides was. Yet, oddly, Countess Agatha was the biological sister of Leo Archduke Cameron and was once the most advantageous heir to the Archduke's position.

Perhaps it was precisely their closeness that caused the political relationship between the two sides to deteriorate.

As for Kant.

He was a baron with a sensitive identity.

All the noble families were waiting in peace, observing and coveting his current rise.

Even in the private chatter among the smaller noble families, Kant's rise seemed the only natural and expected outcome.

It originated from the direct princess of the Silver Platter Kingdom, the second wife of Leo Archduke Cameron.

Princess Sofia.

Only she, who had the support of the Silver Platter Kingdom behind her, would have been able to gather the power to support such a force so quickly. So even if she died, she already had an immovable foundation left behind.

They needed to carefully observe any conceivable shadow of support from the Silver Platter Kingdom backing Kant.

However, they were already faced with Kant's rise.

This was the new power of the Northern County.

The new royal aristocrat who controlled the table salt trade was naturally assured an endless stream of wealth!

Backing him was the legacy left behind by Princess Sofia of the Silver Platter Kingdom. It was a power that could make the entire Dukedom of Leo wary, and it was an absolute force that could overturn any conspiracy!

When Princess Sofia died, the power she had quickly fell apart under the attacks of the local noble families.

Now that I think about it, the fact that they were torn apart so quickly was probably just a cover-up.

They were lurking.

Waiting for the right time.

Only when Kant was exiled and discovered in the Nahrin Desert did the forces loyal to Princess Sofia rescue her flesh and blood from the muddy swamp.

They were headed for Glory, and the entire Dukedom of Leo had to face it.

A fierce power struggle was about to begin.

This was the reason why the noble families felt so amused.

They could accept Kant's rise because he was the blue blood of Cameron, the second-in-line heir to the Dukedom, the son of the first wife who had incredible discipline and obtained the title of Archduke.

If Kant's eldest brother died, then he would become the heir to the Archduke.

And in the Dukedom of Leo, which was founded on martial arts.

Similar things have happened.

In fact, there were quite a few in history!

The current Dukedom of Leo, Cameron, who ascended to the throne, was extremely close to Kant's biological mother, Princess Sofia, from the Silver Platter Kingdom.

Although it was not publicly clarified.

Only an absolute fool would not have known.

They just pretended not to know.

At that time, the struggle for the throne of the Dukedom of Leo was highly intense. The Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, like Kant now, was leading his troops to seize the identity of his elder brother's first-in-line heir by force. Silently supporting him in the background was none other than Princess Sofia, who provided financial and military support.

Many historical works of scholars argue that if it wasn't for Princess Sofia's help, Grand Duke Cameron would definitely not be an Archduke, and he probably would have perished somewhere on the battlefield.

It was precisely because of Princess Sofia's help that the title "Grand Duke of the Dukedom of Leo" was ultimately Cameron's.

However, Princess Sofia's help came at a price.

The power of the Silver Platter Kingdom began to infiltrate the Dukedom of Leo. Many thought that the two sides would quickly become closer and that after a few years, they would unite as one.

This alliance naturally meant that the Dukedom of Leo would become a vassal and join the territory of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

And that the current nobles would retain their nobility.

However, the authority of the top noble and the Grand Duke of Leo would be impacted.

This was the reason why Princess Sofia fell ill and died suddenly. The Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom engaged in direct war. Ten years ago, they had fought until the rivers ran red, resulting in the current stalemate between the two sides.

The Silver Platter Kingdom did not dare to cross the boundary carelessly.

On the plains, the cavalry of the Dukedom of Leo was admittedly powerful.

Even if they could defeat the troops of the Dukedom of Leo, the Silver Platter Kingdom would not escape unscathed. Therefore, the benefits of conquering the Dukedom of Leo did not outweigh the prospective price of bloodshed.

This was the most significant reason why the two sides were in a stalemate.

The nobles did not care.

As long as they could remain nobles, they were willing to pledge their allegiance to whoever ruled above them.

The nobles were not tightly knit and often had conflicts. They only agreed on one thing; that forcefully getting rid of one another was for the best.

Even the royal family of the Dukedom of Leo thought so.

Take the Eastern County, for example.

Ten years ago, the Eastern County still had a castle and its corresponding land south of the river.

Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, who had just ascended to the throne, chose to cede the castle and land to stabilize the Silver Platter Kingdom. However, in reality, that land was one of the fiefdoms of Countess Agatha, Cameron's sister.

In the end, it caused the winter county to be officially replaced by the Eastern County.

It was just like a divided regime.

At present, the Dukedom of Leo had already fallen into internal strife.

This was a hidden danger left behind when Grand Duke Cameron ascended to the throne. However, its effects had been delayed due to some tricks of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

And it was still being delayed.

It was not just Countess Agatha of the Eastern County territory who had her own system. It was almost the same in the Northern County Territory!

One had to know that the owner of Logue Castle in the Northern County territory, Viscount Wayne, had not been desolate here and did not have a central economic pillar. He still had to rely on the grain of the Southern County territory to survive. Otherwise, he would probably have split off long ago.

However, Grand Duke Cameron, who had long noticed but remained silent, placed Viscount Kevin in.

For example, Maas Castle, which was located between the Mountain of Leo and Mountain of Death.

This castle was like a nail, and it just happened to be stuck between the plains where the two mountain ranges met.

Even Viscount Wayne wanted to contact Countess Agatha of the Eastern County; he would have to avoid this nail. However, if he were to go around it, it would be an awfully long detour that would also take a lot of time.

It would be inconvenient while also allowing the troops of the Southern County to ambush them and ruin the commute.

Strategically, the Southern County was strong.

This was also the reason why the noble families were still living their lives in peace. They did not cause a civil war that could result in both sides suffering losses due to the problems left behind by history and the deliberate instigation of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

They were all in a stalemate. As time passed, the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, became more and more powerful.

In the end, all the problems would be resolved.

However...

There was an oversight.

A new force was rising in the seemingly insignificant Nahrin desert.

The eldest son of the Grand Duke, Baron Kant, who had been exiled, walked out of the barren desert and officially stepped onto the stage. He successfully made a name for himself and could proudly greet everyone.

It was as if he was slapping the faces of those cunning nobles who schemed and plotted but were now gloomy and uncertain.

The banquet ended nearly a month ago.

Merchants were transporting table salt to all the castles and cities in the Dukedom of Leo.

Whether it was the Northern or Southern Counties, or the isolated Eastern County, the nobles had obtained table salt through their own means. The amount of table salt was tremendous, and it was of unparalleled purity.

The highest quality table salt!

Even the Silver Platter Kingdom had traces of table salt.

As for the dwarf table salt purchased in the distant valley, it was on the verge of being eliminated and was about to leave the market.

The table salt purchasable from the dwarfs was too expensive and extremely dangerous.

There were many barbarian tribes in the wilderness that they would have to pass by to obtain it.

Every time, something would happen to the trade caravan.

Conversely, the trade caravan of Nahrin desert only needed to enter the pass of hard stones to access a large amount of table salt. Moreover, the price was meager, and it was profitable even if the table salt was sold multiple times.

The tax revenue of the entire Dukedom of Leo had increased several times because of the table salt trade!

Some of the nobles were delighted.

However, some nobles were even drearier.

This was because as the table salt trade increased, the number of bandit groups that roamed the Dukedom of Leo also increased.

Some of them might be bandit groups that the nobles had specially hired, but most of them came from the outside world, such as the Silver Platter Kingdom or the bandit groups that had heard the news from the river of Resniston.

Of course, there were also various forces supporting them.

It was complicated.

Even the nobles of the Dukedom of Leo needed to use the court of nobility to contact each other and form an alliance army to wipe out the bandit groups. Only then would they be able to chase away the bandits that appeared from time to time.

Owing to this, bandit groups that had the support of the local noble forces could escape.

But many noble families also discovered something peculiar.

No one knew when.

At the junction of the Northern County, Eastern County, and Southern County, near Maas Castle, where Viscount Kevin was, a bandit group that whistled like a gale quietly appeared and swept away all opposition.

It was a bandit group formed by light cavalry.

There were about 1,500 people.

They were experienced in fighting, and they were even more proficient at plundering.

When the nobles tried to form an alliance army to wipe them out, the mysterious bandit group vanished from the plains. They seemed to have hidden in a depression or a hill.

But when the Alliance army disbanded, they would reappear and continue to plunder the trade caravans.

Plundering was not a massacre.

Instead, it was a commission.

As long as the trade caravan paid 5 gold eagles, they would be allowed to pass. They would also help the trade caravan deal with the other bandit groups.

Not only was the bandit group not wiped out, but due to their excellent reputation, many of the trade caravan members were willing to pay gold eagles in exchange for their protection.

These trade caravans were all in the table salt trade.

After a round of trade caravan, the profits of the trade caravan would definitely not be less than 50 Gold Eagles.

Using five gold eagles in exchange for peace was definitely worth it.

If those bandit groups really encountered them, they would probably end up losing everything.

However, it was a pity.

The bandit group formed by the light cavalry was only responsible for the safety of the three Counties.

Although it was usually the most dangerous place at the border of the three Counties, the bandit groups that had been expelled happened to be scattered on the flat plains of the three Counties.

They even posed a significant threat to the villages in certain areas.

This indirectly affected the livelihood of the Lord.

Of course, these were not things that the merchants cared about. Being able to earn money was enough.

If they could hire this group of light cavalry now, there would probably be people who would be tempted to employ this group of elite plunderers directly. With them on your side, there was no need to worry about other bandit groups.

Some mercenary groups would take on the role of bandit groups when they had nothing to do.

This was normal.

Unfortunately, the light cavalry did not agree.

On the contrary, they would disappear for a few days and mysteriously appear at specific Northern or Southern Counties locations. It was as if they were scouting. It was indeed strange.

However, in the face of the enormous profits from the table salt trade, not many people cared about these oddities.

It was most important that they could make money!

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Chapter 382: Nibbling Away at the Effects of Tactics

Stone Pass, inside the Lord's official residence.

In the narrow passages and corridors, the chain-armored Swadian infantry had completely occupied this place. They held military spears that were made of custom-made materials and lined up to form a patrol or sentry team within the official residence.

In just half a month, Stone Pass had completely become Kant's territory.

The first local territory.

Although they could not build buildings or recruit troop classes, it was of great strategic significance.

This stone pass was like Kant's Tiger Prison. It could defend the natural moat, attack, or retreat. As long as this area was not lost, it meant that Kant still had the initiative against the Dukedom of Leo.

With the current strong cavalry, he could launch a tactical attack.

The plains of the northern county were like beauties with open arms.

Even the southern and eastern counties were similar.

The flat plains stretched as far as the eye could see. Occasionally, there would be farmland along lakes, streams, and rivers, including the radioactive knight territory around the castle, which was a village.

Due to the dukedom of Leo's regime, the People's livelihood depended on the military.

The village was located around the castle or city.

The village was the estate of the Knight and was responsible for protecting the castle or city.

Sometimes, there were no knights in the Knight's territory. Only the village chief, the finance officer, and the sheriff were there to help the Lord Knight manage the village. Every month, they would pay the taxes that should be paid to the Lord Knight for his daily expenses.

This led to the lack of military strength in the village.

Usually, there was only about 30 armed militia stationed in the village, and the sheriff was in charge of commanding them.

However, their duty was not to eliminate the surrounding bandits but to maintain the rule of the Lord Knight. At the same time, when the finance officer started collecting taxes, they would deal with those traitors who dared to defy the tax or hunt down those runaway slaves.

As for the bandit group that came, they would obediently take out part of their finances and pray that they would not interfere with each other.

Of course, the bandits also understood the strength behind the village.

They had a tacit understanding.

The bandit would take a fixed amount of silver coins and food and then leave.

Or they would ask the villagers if there was a trade caravan passing by, and then use the village to hide and rob those fat and greasy trade caravans. If they met a trade caravan owned by a noble who was the enemy of the noble behind the bandit group, it would be even more lucrative.

The trade caravan of the enemy noble would not need to show any mercy and would directly start a massacre.

The silver coins that they robbed would all belong to them.

There would also be people to deal with the goods.

There were even some villagers who could give them some silver coins as a reward for providing information.

Therefore, the entire dukedom of Leo, including the villages at the grassroots level, was in a strange state of free-range. This was also a drawback of the feudal era. It was completely a feudal system. Other than their lord, they did not have to be loyal to anyone.

After all, the lord of my lord was not my lord, and the vassals of my vassals were not my vassals.

That was the meaning of it.

No one cared about the estate outside of the territory.

In addition, in recent years, the royal authority of the Dukedom of Leo had been suppressed. The authority of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, had been compressed into the southern county territory. The security of the entire country had fallen into such a complicated environment.

This was also the reason why there were many bandit groups within the territory of the Dukedom of Leo.

The complicated environment naturally led to chaos.

Correspondingly, Rolf's infiltration into the dukedom of Leo was like a fish in water.

It was like a fish in water.

There was no obstruction in the infiltration process.

From the pass of Hard Stones to Logue Castle, the highest place in the northern county territory, and then down the southern side of the mountain range of lions to the west, arriving at the Marburg where Viscount Kevin was. Then, they turned north and returned along the execution mountain in the eastern county territory.

This was a triangle, and it was also the route with the most trade caravan of table salt.

But Rolf still went back and forth smoothly.

According to his words.

It was as if he was leading his troops in a military parade!

Along the way, he defeated a few bandit groups that wanted to investigate their background, and spread his fierce reputation. Not to mention that other bandit groups did not continue to have designs on them, even the noble's troops did not forcefully stop them.

Rolf did not lead the heavy cavalry troops led by Mamluke and Sarrandian Horseman.

There were only 500 desert bandits.

They came and went like the wind.

With extremely high discipline and tenacity cultivated in the desert, they beat up the enemy bandit groups until they were completely dumbfounded. In fact, during the night raids, the enemy bandit groups could only helplessly send people to make peace.

Compared to the desert bandits, who were fierce in the Salander Desert, the dukedom of Leo's bandit group was still inferior.

They were not real bandits.

In other words, there were no bandits who would run when they got something and continue to run when they could not get it. They would not fight head-on with you. They would only go around like hyenas and give you a cold blow.

If I succeed, I will make a profit. If I don't succeed, I will not make a loss.

What I did was a no-cost business.

It was so straightforward.

And during this half a month of infiltration, Rolf didn't just plunder the trade caravan. This was just a pretense.

Most importantly, he had finally searched through most of the maps of the northern county territory. As long as the troops went out, they would be able to advance according to the map Rolf provided. With Kant's memories in this life, they would pass through the entire place.

For example, the current stone pass. After Kant announced that he had conquered it, no one dared to go near it anymore.

The desert bandits that had spread out were not easy to deal with.

In addition, those batches of Sarrandian Horsemen were completely elite assault cavalry. Their abilities could be compared to ordinary knights, or they could be regarded as the best knight Squires. Ordinary troops would not be a match for them.

Moreover, those bandit groups were easily defeated one after another.

The area around the stone pass had already been made impenetrable by Kant's management.

Among them, just like Kant's previous generous tax reduction and exemption, as well as the policy of supporting small landlords, small merchants, and local civilians, any major or minor matters would quickly reach his ears.

These people had spontaneously become Kant's supporters.

Lord's mansion.

In the hall.

Kant was sitting in his seat and reading documents.

These documents were all reports from Trondheim Castle and Aaron City.

Within half a month, the castle and sent people to reopen the salt mines in the north, and continued to station troops at the posthouse of the salt mines, and arranged for new slaves to go there and continue to mine coarse salt.

The city in the Senwaya range was still under construction.

The mountaintop was filled with buildings.

On both sides of the river at the foot of the mountain, the more gentle slopes had been opened up into fields.

High-quality wheat grains were turned into white flour in the hydraulic mill. Together with the smoked meat produced after hunting and the smoked fish obtained after fishing, it became the basis for the city residents to eat freely.

It was also supplied to Trondheim Castle.

At present, the civilian population of Kant had already exceeded 20,000.

This was not even taking into account the situation of the soldiers.

The civilian population in Trondheim Castle was reduced to 3,000 people.

However, the population of Aaron City directly reached 15,000 people. The dense population even formed radiation, and it was already slightly cultivated on the mountain peaks around the summit.

Under construction, a large number of terraced fields had been built. Although they had not yet been put into use, they had gained many outlines.

Next year, they would be able to successfully plant and harvest them.

The irrigation channels had been dug, and they were just waiting for the high-tower irrigation channels and water supply trucks to be built. Then, they would be able to irrigate the cultivated terraced fields from top to bottom.

Kant had arranged for a mysterious spring to be on the summit.

Thus, as long as there was a tall tower irrigation channel similar to Rome, it would be able to satisfy the irrigation needs.

Connecting the water elemental plane with an endless supply of fresh water was exactly what agriculture needed. If it was just that small river, it might be very difficult to cultivate the terraced fields and build a complete tall tower irrigation network.

But even so, with the systematic construction and the efforts of the civilians, everything was getting better.

The second base was also getting more and more prosperous.

This was also related to geography.

Although the Senwaya range was a huge mountain range that spanned extremely far away.

But the city of Aaron, which was located on the outside of the Senwaya range, had yet to completely enter too deep into the Senwaya range. Coupled with the good road traffic, it was able to contact the Nahrin desert in time, so it was not afraid of being blocked.

The Stone Pass was also in Kant's hands, so the possibility of being blocked in the end was reduced to the lowest.

Three points and one line.

This is exactly how the Nahrin Desert is now arranged.

From north to south.

It is entirely the salt posthouse, Dronheim's castle, the central posthouse, and the pass, and then the mountain pass posthouse and the city of Aaron, which form a complete line of communication.

A steady stream of supplies passes through this line, dividing and complementing each other.

Just like Kant's original design.

It was very reasonable.

Kant was also satisfied with this.

Looking at the report above, the documents were a summary of the current construction.

Ever since they had completely mastered the stone pass, the defensive effect of the central posthouse had become much worse. It was not that it was not as important as before, but that the trade caravan and spies from the outside world were no longer able to go deeper into the Nahrin desert.

The stone pass had already blocked most of the trade caravan.

If they continued to go deeper...

Wouldn't that mean that they were spies and spies!

When the time came, they would just have to kill this group of people with ulterior motives in the Nahrin Desert.

Desert Bandits, working together with the Sarrandian Horseman, plus the elite Mamluke, ordinary spies and spies, or the bandit group that took a detour into the Nahrin Desert in an attempt to make a fortune, all died miserably.

No one could hide from the people that came out of the Sarrandian Desert. Their experience in the desert was worth it.

But for now.

Desert Bandits were still the best scouts that had spread out on the plains.

Kant put down the document.

Everything was settled.

His plan still had to continue.

For example, the chess pieces that had been spread out, Kant planned to personally go and take a look this time.

Borg from the bankrupt family of the eastern County had received the great silver coin that Kant had given him to revive his family. Moreover, he had also used the ten Sarrandian Horseman riders that Kant had temporarily given to him to make a name for himself on the river of Resniston.

Even at the stone pass in the Northern County, Kant had heard of this young businessman who had risen to fame.

However, Borg still did not send anyone to contact him.

Kant was intrigued.

“It’s good to go and take a look personally.”

He had already made this plan, and at the same time, the preparations had been completed.

Kant personally led the team, with 10 Lion Knights as guards, 50 Sarion lion attendants, and Rolf leading, the 500 elite desert bandit who had already leveled up.

Knowing oneself and one’s enemy was invincible, not to mention that there was a mysterious passage in the East Prefecture.

The passage that connected to the underground river.

If possible.

Kant planned to build a new village there.

Furthermore, he would place the water bandit’s lair there to form the core force that controlled this river.

The moment he controlled this commercially developed river, Kant’s forces could follow the river and spread out. Be it entering the South Prefecture of the dukedom of Leo or the silver platter kingdom.

It was extremely easy!

Money had always been successful in opening the way.

And Kant, who controlled the table salt trade and the commercial river, would not be short of money?

Kant liked to nibble, not swallow. Right now, the dukedom of Leo had been infiltrated by Kant’s tentacles. Looking at the current situation, the status of the northern county, which had been completely infiltrated, was probably only second to Viscount Wayne.

If it was about military power, Kant, who had a heavy cavalry group, was not inferior to Wayne at all!

At the level of a viscount, he already had extraordinary power.

Although in Kant's eyes, he was still weak.

But before he could completely swallow and leave no traces behind, he was still willing to use the delicacy of nibbling to slowly take control of the dukedom of Leo in his own hands.

As for the crown on the surface, it was useless to Kant.

The uncrowned king was enough.

Riding and hacking were his foundation!

The troops set off quietly, just like Rolf's infiltration, quietly like the wind.

Fatis continued to take care of the Stone Pass. With the suppression of the troops stationed here, even if the entire pass was filled with spies and secret agents, they would not be able to gain the upper hand in the face of absolute force.

The residents had long been bought over by Kant's money offensive and could be said to be extremely grateful.

Betrayal was impossible.

Except for those vassal knights who wanted to go one step further.

However, even the vassal knights who nominally pledged allegiance to Kant did not receive any important roles.

Even if they led their troops out and dealt with the demonized creatures or low-level jackals that they encountered daily, the troops would be a mix of the Swadian infantry and the original long-lance soldiers of the past.

Although they were nominally under the command of the vassal knights, the Swadian Infantry, as a middle-level commander, could refute them.

This also meant that they also had the right to command.

It was equivalent to flying in the air.

If Kant or Fatis completely announced that they would strip these vassal knights of their command, then these knights would not be able to take any of their soldiers away. After all, the current Swadian Infantry.., had built a good relationship with the lance soldiers at the Stone Pass.

In comparison, the superior attitude of these knights and their disregard for the lower-level infantry would not make the resting lance soldiers truly loyal.

They would be loyal to whoever paid them and to whoever treated them well.

The lance soldiers at the stone pass were not stupid.

That was the advantage of nibbling away.

The light cavalry set out quickly, disappearing into the flat plain, to the eastern territory, a long-closed land.

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Chapter 383: Ji Bolun of the Eastern County

The possession of the eastern county lay on the west side of the dukedom of Leo, immediately adjacent to the northern and southern counties.

The Senwaya mountain range served to isolate the Nahrin Desert. Due to the low terrain and regular cold air mixed with snow, the weather here was very good. The agricultural level was close to that of the southern counties, and it was once an important grain-growing area of the dukedom.

Geographically, it was just like the Mountain of Leo that separated the northern and southern counties.

The eastern county area also had the Mountain of Death to separate the east and west.

Coincidentally, to the west of the Mountain of Leo was the Mountain of Death, or the rest of the Mountain of Leo. In the middle was the nail that the southern county had planted in the northern county, namely Viscount Kevin's Maas Castle.

The Maas Castle was the center of the three counties. It was strategically important and had a higher status than Stone Pass.

Controlling the Maas Castle

was equivalent to controlling the northern county, controlling the eastern county, and coordinating with the southern county.

The entire dukedom of Leo was a place that all strategists would fight over!

However, the current Maas Castle had lost its former severity. Although ordinary people were still not allowed to enter, the surrounding area had become a paradise for bandits and bandit groups.

Even though there were no large-scale massacres and armed conflicts, the trade caravan still suffered heavy losses.

At this time.

There were almost a dozen bandit groups with different backgrounds.

There were also mercenaries hired by the Lord of the Maas Castle, Viscount Kevin, to help defend the castle and fight crime. However, in reality, they made it clear that they would not help each other.

As long as the bandit groups did not attack the Maas Castle, Viscount Kevin could pretend not to see it.

This was very strange.

But it was very correct.

In the past half month, Rolf had brought his 500 desert bandits to investigate.

However, not only was he not chased away by the Lord, but he was also attacked by the bandit group. After a few sneaky counterattacks and the complete destruction of some larger bandit forces, he was able to get back on his feet.

The Maas Castle had already lost the authority he had once held back.

Or rather...

Some of the top level noble families had tacitly agreed.

They didn't want the table salt trade from Kant to erupt quickly in a short period of time.

If the top level noble families weren't still scheming, it was likely that these noble families had already compromised among themselves and were about to make a move. They would split up the Nahrin Desert of Kant and gain more advantages.

At present, the table salt trade had already entered the silver platter kingdom.

It was also moving further and further along the river.

The table salt from Kant, which benefited from the dwarf kingdom's table salt that was extremely far away and could be supplied quickly and in large quantities, had completely seized the market of the dukedom of Leo. Furthermore, it continued to encroach on the table salt market of other human lands along the river.

Any trade caravan that engaged in table salt had already made a fortune.

The noble families behind them were all had their fat.

However, thinking about the salt mines in the Nahrin Desert, the noble families who had already tasted the sweetness, and the chief noble families who had the ability to seize it, had already made a tacit agreement.

In half a month, they began to connect with each other, and with the convenience of the coalition army, they began to integrate.

The integration continued.

After all, they had to choose a new leader for the army.

No one from the royal family could participate, because according to the rules, when their master Kant died, the salt mine they wanted to take this time would be taken over by the royal family.

Because Kant was the blood of the royal family, the second son of the royal Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron.

But the strange thing was.

The royal family did not stop the spontaneous actions of the noble.

No news was spread in the Castle of Leo, and no orders were issued. It was as if they knew nothing at all!

This was worthy of consideration. And these nobles who were connected with each other also began to form a coalition army in high spirits, just as they had stopped the invasion of the Silver Plate Kingdom back then. Gradually, they joined together to form a huge military force.

Although it was somewhat bloated, it was as heavy as fat, and it was also very intimidating.

Kant had yet to notice all of this.

For at this moment he was riding his horse across the plains.

“Boom, boom, boom -”

The sound of horse hooves rang out.

Kant rode ahead on his horse, and behind him were 30 Sarleon Lion Knights and 50 Sarleon Lion Guards. They were full of energy and watched by his side. They were very powerful and majestic and were not inferior to the elite knights of the royal family.

Even the 500 elite desert bandits behind him had their own imposing manner.

The heavy machete was at his waist.

The six short javelins on his back were neatly arranged.

The spear in his hand flickered with a cold light. As he moved forward, it was like a torrent rushing by rapidly.

Kant led his team into the eastern county territory. After three days of galloping, they had already moved west from Stone Pass. They were heading towards the predetermined location, which was the most famous landmark of the eastern county territory, the Mountain of Death.

It was southwest of Stone Pass.

After the Mountain of Death, it was the eastern county territory that had been sealed off.

The noble estates along the way were all sealed off. Only the troops within the eastern county territory were allowed to stay there and approach. If anyone else approached rashly, they would be treated as the enemy.

Although there were definitely unspoken rules and such, the merchants were very familiar with them.

But Kant couldn't do it.

Therefore, he didn't directly go west and enter the eastern county territory along the north side of the Senwaya Range. Instead, he trekked towards the Mountain of Death. He had to take a detour to that side so that he could enter the center of the eastern county territory as soon as possible.

After passing the Mountain of Death, that was the core area of the eastern county territory.

A piece of fertile land near the Resniston River.

Due to the cold air and the hot air of the Nahrin Desert, there was already plenty of underground water. In addition, the irrigation project was well-organized. It was said that after ten years of development, the agriculture of the eastern county was not weaker than that of the southern county.

If not for the strong commercial atmosphere of the southern county, the eastern county would have already surpassed the royal estate by half a head!

The details were rather vague.

Although the eastern county did not prohibit merchants from entering.

In other words, as long as they did not enter under the official identity of the southern county, they were basically fine.

However, some secret agents who had ulterior motives and went to the eastern county to gather information would also be arrested. Together with any conspirators, they would be pressed to the Mountain of Death and their heads would be chopped off by the executioners on the Mountain.

The Mountain of Death was therefore given its name.

Just ten years ago, Countess Agatha had ordered the execution of all three families of the Viscount.

Nearly a thousand people were executed at the same time. This was the only time the dukedom of Leo had been established, and it had caused an uproar throughout the country. This was also one of the reasons why the eastern county was sealed off.

Moreover, the rich eastern county only had one viscount and a few barons guarding the various areas until now.

But in terms of strength, they were still stronger than the northern county.

It could be seen from the village.

“Very rich.”

Rolf was somewhat moved by this.

They had just left a village in the eastern county. After using small silver coins to buy the necessary supplies for everyone during the journey, they chose to leave under the vigilant gazes of the sheriff and the local security militia.

Some coarse bread mixed with wheat bran, and a part of smoked meat.

There was also clear water in the water sack.

“Behave yourself. This is not the northern County.”

Kant slowed down his horse.

Looking at the flat terrain in front of them, the farmland was divided by irrigation canals. He could not help but nod and say, “In terms of agriculture here, it is better than the most fertile land in the northern county.”

“The northern county, that place is no different from Sarrand Sultanate.”

Rolf sneered, “It’s barren.”

“The Sarrand Sultanate has at least two huge oases!” Among the elite desert bandit behind him, there was a stubborn guy who stuck out his neck and retorted, “The northern county doesn’t have any water source to nourish the land!”

“I know, I know. You’re the only one who talks too much!”

Rolf turned his head and cursed.

However, he still shrugged his shoulder and said to Kant, “Lord, in fact, in my opinion, it doesn’t matter if the Northern Territory wants it or not. Only the elite desert bandits behind me can do whatever they want. Whether it’s military or economic, there’s no need to seize it. I don’t see any value in it.”

“But the northern county territory is connected to the southern county territory and the eastern county territory,” Kant answered calmly.

“Of course.”

Rolf sneered, “They dare not to provoke us.” He hesitated and guessed, “But before, I had the feeling that the joint army formed by the nobles seemed to have the intention of letting Viscount Weien Zijue be the commander.”

Kant nodded, “Yes, I know. You reported it.”

“This means that perhaps they are restless.”

Rolf shook his head. “Now that we have entered the eastern county territory, it might get a little troublesome if those guys attack Stone Pass. After all, that Fateh Guy is not good at defending the city.”

“I don’t think so.”

Kant chuckled.

Looking at this scoundrel noble, he said calmly, “It seems that you have other ideas. Why Don’t you tell me? If I think it’s possible, I can adopt your ideas.”

“Lord, I think you have always been wise.”

Rolf was the first to flatter him. “I think it’s meaningless for us to hide in the eastern county. Why don’t we go directly to the hinterland of the northern county, which is near the old man, Viscount Weien Zijue’s nest. When they form an alliance army and the rear is empty, we can strike them hard. Perhaps we can even take down Logue Castle.”

“If they seal the city gates, we won’t be able to break in.”

Kant shook his head.

Although Grand Knights with extraordinary strength were extremely powerful and could match up to 30 to 50 top tier knights.

However, this was only their destructive power. They would still be injured in the face of the rain of arrows. They would also be killed by the powerful ballistas or catapults that fired stone bullets or lance. There was no chance of survival.

It could be used as the spearhead in field battles, but siege battles were still the world of siege weapons.

“Oh...”

Rolf shook his head regretfully.

Compared to hiding, he preferred to bring a group of bandits to other people’s homes and wantonly plunder and destroy them. Even if they did not achieve much in battle, they could still intimidate the enemy. It was a great feeling.

He was a complete villain. Even if he was a noble, it had nothing to do with the so-called gentlemanly manner.

“The Mountain of Death is ahead.”

Kant urged his horse to speed up.

Looking at the protruding mountain in front of him on the horizon, his eyes narrowed slightly. “After we pass the Mountain of Death, we will be in the main city of the eastern county. At that time, we will be able to go in and see what is going on.”

His tone paused slightly. Kant frowned and said, “But on the way to the Mountain of Death, we will come across another castle.”

Gibran’s Avilis Castle.

The only Viscount in the eastern county.

That’s right. After Countess Agatha slaughtered three viscounts, the only Viscount Gibran was left.

Kant had to admit that the strength of this Viscount Gibran was actually equivalent to that of the count. This was because this old viscount, who was already 56 years old, had once shone brilliantly in the battle against the Silver Platter Kingdom ten years ago.

He had withstood the attack of the Silver Platter Kingdom’s thirty thousand main forces alone.

And his army only had six thousand men.

Among them were four thousand gathered armed militia and recruited peasant soldiers.

And the remaining two thousand main force were merely the defeated soldiers who had been defeated by the Silver Platter Kingdom on the south bank of the river. They were gathered by this Viscount Gibran and trained for a few days before being thrown into the millstone-like battle once again.

It was also because Viscount Gibran had held back the main forces of the Silver Platter Kingdom in the eastern county.

It was also because of this that the dukedom of Leo was finally victorious.

That battle where Baron dilun Nanjue rose to prominence and made the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, famous. It was also because of Viscount Gibran that the Grand Duke of Leo had successfully won the battle.

If it were not for the north bank of the river, Viscount Gibran would have fought with all his might.

He reckoned that the dukedom of Leo had already been conquered.

The Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, would also be conquered at this time.

Perhaps because he was the husband of Princess Sofia, he would be spared from execution and would still be able to retain his noble status. However, his true power would disappear forever. He would not be able to compare to his current status as Grand Duke of the dukedom of Leo!

“Viscount Gibran.”

Rolf’s tone became a little more serious. “I have heard of this Viscount’s reputation in many bandit groups, or rather, in those mercenary groups. He is a very powerful guy.”

“Yes, he can be considered a famous general.” Kant nodded.

“He is right in front.”

Rolf snorted coldly and narrowed his eyes slightly. “It is said that the true elite troops of the eastern county territory are hidden in Avilis Castle. It is precisely because this old man supports Countess Agatha that she is able to stand firm in the eastern County Territory.”

Rolf paused for a moment and looked at Kant. “Or rather, your father, Archduke Cameron, is the one who is truly afraid of him.”

“That’s right.”

Kant was not the least bit angry.

The relatives in this world were more like passers-by to him.

The royal family had no family ties to begin with. Moreover, Kant still had the memories of his former life. The so-called feelings for the relatives in this world were only feelings he had been thinking about for a long time.

And this kind of feelings had turned a little sour because of the open and hidden fights between the royal family.

Kant did not like it very much.

“Let’s go and take a look.”

He patted the horse’s belly gently.

Kant continued to ride forward. “I want to meet this famous general.”

PS: I recommend my friend, ‘to open an underground city’. He had just transmigrated and already owned an underground city. If he wanted to live a comfortable life, he would have to change the current

operating mode. Thus, while he was watching the movements of the adventurers in the city live, he was trying to improve the facilities. Unknowingly, the bustling underground entertainment city entered people's vision and gradually changed their way of life. Finally, it became the paradise that the whole world yearned for.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 384: Rugged and Shabby Dirt Road

Starting from the stone pass, they headed southwest. When they saw the sword-like peak of Death Penalty Mountain, they turned and headed west. In less than a day's journey, they would reach Avilesburg.

This was the experience of the merchants of the Dukedom of Leo.

Often, merchants would not easily tell others about similar routes. This was a secret technique that the trade caravan relied on to survive.

However, when a scoundrel noble placed a machete on the necks of those merchants, he easily obtained the specific routes and secret techniques of the trade caravan.

The routes of the trade caravan were all over the Dukedom of Leo, so they needed proper trade routes.

And it was the type that had been investigated on the spot.

It was more exquisite than the official map of the Dukedom of Leo, which was also the map of the territory of the Dukedom of Leo. Especially in the vicinity of certain areas with concentrated commerce or special products, the Merchant's trade maps were more accurate in detail.

As for Avilesburg, which was an important military town in the Eastern county, it was naturally recorded as well.

All the way to the west.

The dirt road that was trampled on simply was very rugged.

In other words, the Dukedom of Leo did not have the habit of repairing roads. These so-called roads were all solid roads that had been trampled on by people and horses for a long time. No one really repaired them, so it was inevitable that they would be rugged.

This was a deliberate act to prevent the enemy from marching.

Roads could speed up the journey.

For example, at the edge of the Senwaya Range, from Aaron City to the Yamaguchi Posthouse, Kant had built a paved road that was paved with small stones. It was solid and smooth.

Such a paved road could provide a traveling speed that was several times faster than ordinary mountain roads.

Originally, the entire day's travel time.

Relying on this paved road, they could arrive in less than half a day. It was very convenient and fast.

This was beneficial to raising the level of trade. After all, the carriages, pack horses, camels, and other trade caravans were all full of goods. Being able to travel on the paved road was far better than the rugged mountain road, or even the lack of a road.

However, moving faster was convenient and troublesome.

Especially in terms of military use.

Since the trade caravan could move fast, then the army could naturally do the same.

Moreover, they could quickly advance along the well-built roads, and even directly reach their destination to start their battle deployment.

This was the case for their own troops, and it was the same for the enemy troops. The roads had already been built, and anyone could use them. Naturally, the enemy was the same.

This was especially true for the Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom.

Naturally, they could not pay too much attention to the construction of the roads.

The Dukedom of Leo, which was mainly composed of cavalry, did not need to worry about the assembly of troops. A warhorse with four hooves could walk faster than a two-legged person no matter what. Even if there was no road, it could still move quickly.

The Silver Platter Kingdom was different.

This kingdom had a variety of troop classes. Although there was cavalry, they were also mainly infantry.

The cavalry was the main force, but the elite infantry was also the main force. Often, in the course of a field battle, before the Knights of the Dukedom of Leo could defeat the Knights of the Silver Platter Kingdom, their own troops, which were used to maintain the front line, had already been defeated.

This was also the key reason why they had suffered a crushing defeat on the south bank of the river of Resniston ten years ago.

They had only reached the north bank.

Taking advantage of the fact that the Silver Platter Kingdom's troops were halfway across the river, Viscount Gibran of Avilesburg had fought with all his might to delay the main force of the Knights of the Silver Platter Kingdom. He had also provided false information due to Baron Dilun Nanjue's betrayal of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

This had resulted in a great victory on the north bank of the Resniston river, and they had even fought back to take back the two lost castles on the south bank.

It barely maintained the dignity of the Dukedom of Leo.

Therefore.

The Dukedom of Leo was even more careless about the construction of roads.

Although it affected domestic trade, with the famous trade river, the Resniston River, even if land trade declined, it would still be acceptable. The profits brought by the river trade were also not low!

Riding on the rugged dirt road, it took a long time to see a trade caravan.

All of them were extremely vigilant.

There were more than ten carriages and more than fifty laborers holding nail sticks.

There were also more than ten cavalry wearing leather armor and holding long spears and longswords. Although they looked nondescript and were between mercenaries and regular soldiers, their movements were also very neat and fast. They were very good guards of the trade caravan.

The security situation in the Eastern county was slightly better. There were no large-scale bandit groups.

However, when they saw Kant and the cavalry...

All of them were horrified.

Especially when they saw the rebellious and fierce looks of the elite desert bandits, their hearts started to beat faster. If it wasn't for Kant and the rest riding their horses and not stopping, they would have started to fight back!

However, even if they fought back, they didn't have much of a chance of winning. Kant had the advantage in numbers.

Five hundred elite desert bandits.

This was considered a strong level among bandit groups or mercenaries.

After all, these were cavalry, not infantry. Even if they couldn't beat them, they could still flee on their horses. Moreover, they had spears, scimitars, short javelins, and iron-scale armor.

Ordinary wealthy small landlords could only gather this set of equipment.

Cavalry was not something that anyone could become.

Just raising warhorse was a matter that required money, and equipment was secondary.

Now, Kant's cavalry team could even be used as the main force among the mercenaries. After all, ordinary mercenaries did not have the strength of a knight's squire. The Gale mercenary group from before was entirely composed of knight's squires and knights, there are two other grand knights, and it was really exceptional.

Everyone knew that the force behind the Gale mercenary group was Countess Agatha of the Eastern County. The reason why this mercenary group was released was to warn the noble families of the northern and southern counties to show their strength.

An unspoken rule.

Even now.

Kant and his cavalry left the trade caravans without any intention of looting, and they knew it.

Perhaps these were the private soldiers of a noble.

Their guess was correct.

However, Kant's cavalry was all low-level light cavalry, and they were not even considered his main cavalry. If the real main cavalry arrived, the scale of the march of over a thousand Swadian cavalry would be even more terrifying!

Even the full set of heavy armor of a man and a horse, and the hooves of the horses striking the ground, were as terrifying as a flood discharge or an earthquake.

Of course.

Kant was not interested in these trade caravans.

Rolf was still a little interested, but he did not act rashly because he wanted to travel quickly.

If something went wrong and the local noble families in the Eastern county were to notice, they would be surrounded. After all, this was not the Northern county, and it was far from the stone pass. The reinforcements could not appear at all times.

Most importantly, Avilesburg was right in front of them.

Viscount Ji Bolun.

This old general was not to be trifled with. The elites under him also made Kant slightly fearful.

The only reason why they were able to stand apart from the traditional ruling forces of the Dukedom of Leo was not because of Countess Agatha's isolation. There was also the elite force in Viscount Ji Bolun's hands that was enough to deter any enemy!

A thousand-man knight regiment and three thousand elite infantry.

It was also a seeded force that had been trained from the remnants of the bloody battle ten years ago.

It was definitely not bad in terms of combat strength.

It was said that they had also made reference to the training methods of the infantrymen of the Silver Platter Kingdom. Their combat strength was extremely strong. Together with the 4-meter long lance, they formed a phalanx of long spears. Even an ordinary knight regiment would not dare to approach them easily.

Not to mention charging into the phalanx of long spears head-on. They would definitely suffer heavy casualties.

Nearing evening.

Kant had finally reached the vicinity of Avilesburg.

On the flat plains in front of them, at the top of a slightly raised hill, a towering castle was being built on top of it. The arrow towers and towers were stacked on top of each other, with the addition of thick and heavy city walls. The defense was perfect.

The setting sun's dim yellow light shone on the castle, bringing about a visual impact that was not inferior to Kant's castle.

The only Viscount in the Eastern county.

And also the only castle.

Viscount Gibran of Avilesburg.

Kant gently knocked on the horse's belly and continued to lead the team forward. Right under the castle, there was still smoke rising in spirals. It was the smoke rising from the villages of the peasants who depended on the castle to survive.

The castle also needed the peasants to supply the daily necessities.

Moreover, they could be recruited during wartime.

It was common to form poorly equipped armed militias or recruit peasant soldiers as cannon fodder to temporarily resist the enemy's attack and relieve the pressure on the main force. It was also common to adjust the tactical arrangements as soon as possible to make up for the deficiencies.

Now Kant wanted to go to the village, not to fight, but to rest.

To sleep or camp temporarily.

They were mercenaries, and at the same time, to see if the castle was willing to hire them.

Of course, the price would definitely be high. Even if Avilesburg was willing to hire them, it would be impossible to negotiate a cooperation in the end.

Kant came here only to observe the castle. It would be even better if he could meet Viscount Ji Bolun. His real goal was to go to the core of the Eastern county territory, which was the Eastern County city.

The city that stood on the north bank of the river was one of the only two cities in the Dukedom of Leo.

It was also the only city in the Eastern county.

It was also a commercial city and a port city. Many merchants of the Resniston river had made their first stop in the Dukedom of Leo. It had once been the Eastern County city. However, after Countess Agatha sealed off all contact with the outside world, more commercial businesses flooded into the Lion Heart City in the Southern county. Instead, it helped the royal family increase their tax revenue by several times.

In fact, there was a reason for this. Kant understood that the river bandits of the Resniston river were extremely arrogant in the Eastern county. After all, the southern bank was Fort Nair, which had been reduced to the area of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

The existence of the river bandits was also the reason why the Silver Platter kingdom had indulged themselves and attacked the dukedom of Leo.

Kant also had some connections with the river bandits.

The former subordinates of Princess Sofia had been left outside and could be considered as another chess piece.

He came to the Eastern county territory to see what changes had occurred in this sealed estate. His goal was to get close to Borg in the Eastern County city and use this former chess piece to complete his strategic deployment.

Kant had basically infiltrated the Northern county territory.

Next was the Eastern county territory.

After controlling two counties, the Southern county would not be able to escape Kant's infiltration.

As long as the army was strong enough and connected with the noble families, the Dukedom of Leo would be slowly eaten up like a frog in warm water, becoming Kant's territory.

Moreover, the Eastern county had an ancient tunnel that was connected to the Resniston river.

Although it is not known where in the Resniston river it leads to.

But it's very important.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 385: The Temporary Camp Near to the Village

Arriving at the village near the castle, at the far west end of the sunset, the huge and magnificent Senwaya Range completely blocked out the last sunset, and the sky was very dark in the shadows.

The horses' hooves knocked on the rugged dirt road, and the rumbling of the horses interrupted the beautiful evening of the villagers.

Kant rode in front leading the troops, he waited quietly at the entrance of the village.

They did not greet each other, nor did they make any rude moves. They were just like the travelers using the horse's hooves as a knock on the door to express goodwill to the village and at the same time, to request for communication.

It was just that they never saw a whole troop of "travelers" before.

The villagers also stuck their heads out.

Their eyes were filled with shock and uncertainty.

But they did not have much fear, they were at the famous Avilis Castle. The village was under Viscount Gibran's rule. When ordinary mercenary groups arrived, they had to be respectful and did not dare to offend them at all.

Even if the bandit group would only request to replenish their supplies and would have any ulterior motives

Very soon, there was a commotion in the village.

Teams of footmen wearing iron-scale armor and holding four-meter-long lance quickly gathered.

They gathered in the middle of the alley in the village and formed a unique lance formation in the East County. Looking at their skilled formation, one could tell that these armed militia guys were not ordinary commoners.

Even Kant nodded to himself, "They are quite well-trained."

"Indeed." Rolf shrugged.

Looking at those armed militia, his eyes were filled with curiosity, "Of course, compared to the armed militia in the North County, these guys can be considered the elite footmen of a lord."

"The East County has its own military training system," Kant said calmly, "It had been cut off with the Dukedom of Leo ten years ago."

He was once an apprentice of the academy. In order to avoid suspicion, he did not read or study any books on extraordinary powers. Instead, he learned the most about cultural history and geography.

Naturally, he knew a lot about the changes in the East County, including its military.

Kant explained, "This is the training method of the footmen learned from the Silver Platter Kingdom. They are good at taking on the cavalry." He looked at Rolf. "In the future, if you lead the light cavalry in battle, be careful. The strength of the footmen of the East County when dealing with the cavalry is not weaker than that of the Rhodok Footmen"

"Oh, of course. I've already compared these guys who use long-pole weapons to the Rhodok people." Rolf nodded.

His eyes narrowed slightly, he muttered, "Although it's troublesome for the Desert Bandits to deal with these guys, it would be better if we let Mamluke or the Swadian Heavy Cavalry to deal with them. These heavy cavalry troops with better defense can even defeat the Rhodok Spearmen, let alone these ordinary militia."

Kant said with a slightly solemn tone, "But we still have to be cautious. If we're using your method, it is still not practical."

Rolf shook his head helplessly and said, "That's why I hate long-pole weapons."

What he said was naturally to rely on the heavy cavalry to forcefully smash into the phalanx of long spears formed by these militia. Using the most violent and most convenient tactic, they would directly crush these militia and break through their formation.

However, using the heavy cavalry to crush their lance formation would be not ideal, because it would cause casualties on Kant's side too.

Especially when the first line of the charging cavalries towards the phalanx of long lance.

Even if Kant's heavy cavalries could charge in and break through their phalanx, it would cause a lot of losses.

It would be usable if they were in a decisive battle and force to use the desperate tactics to break through the stalemate. But if it were a conventional probing battle, he would definitely not use it. After all, even if he killed a thousand enemies, he would lose three hundred of his own. It was not worth it.

Therefore, the cost-benefit ratio was not high.

"A four-meter long lance."

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly and his expression was slightly solemn. "An ordinary footman troop would not be able to use this kind of weapon."

A lance footman needed to undergo strict training.

Not all footmen could use a lance. This had been proved in history.

Only a more advanced civilization could train the army and the people into a highly organized and highly disciplined team. Only then could they use this kind of weapon smoothly. Otherwise, they would just be a live target on the battlefield that was easily defeated by the enemy, just like a turtle shell that did not move at all.

Moreover, the formation of the untrained lance footmen would be easily penetrated if the enemy attacked from both sides.

However, it was different if the training was well-done.

Looking at history.

The people of ancient Greek city-states in southern Europe were experts in using the phalanx of long lance. Moreover, under the ruling of Alexander the Great of Macedonia, they became the top-notch and unbreakable footmen together with the light cavalry.

They defeated the traditional close-combat footmen on the fertile soil of the Middle East Crescent.

In the Middle Ages, the world was ruled by the lance.

A similar variant, the soldiers with Swiss halberd, putting the lance formation to its pinnacle. Even the fearsome knights of the Kingdom of France and the Holy Roman Empire did not dare to attack them recklessly.

For example, when the Knights of France fought against the Swiss halberd footmen, they dismounted and formed a corresponding lance phalanx to fight against them.

History recorded it clearly.

Even on the eve of modern times, the Spanish spear formation was still terrifying.

And in the history of China, almost all of the elite troops were long spear soldiers.

Although in Chinese history, the distinction of troop class was not very clear, the elite troops could skillfully use different kinds of spears in the battles. In addition, they could coordinate with bows and arrows, and in close combat, they were all-rounder in different kinds of weapon!

Hence, Kant felt a trace of fear towards these East County's militia.

If they did not undergo advanced footman training, they would not be so skilled and well ordered.

Rolf also noticed the difference, so he did not continue to speak. Instead, he turned his eyes and carefully observed the village in front of him. The long lance soldiers who were on alert also revealed a hostile looks on them.

As an evil general, he was not fool. He also noticed that something was wrong with the East County.

In the midst of silence, more than a dozen people hurried over.

The leader was an old man, followed by a middle-aged man, a strong middle-aged man, and more than a dozen guards. They wore better-quality iron-scale armor, holding round shields and sharp hand axes.

They were the village chief, the finance officer, and the sheriff.

"Hello."

As an elder, the village chief was naturally well-informed.

Looking at Kant and the Sarleon Lion Knights, Lion Squire behind him, as well as the 500 Elite Desert Bandit in iron-scale armor, his heart could not help but beat faster.

However, he still managed to calm his mind. After giving an eye contact to the sheriff beside him, he said, "It's already very late. Please forgive us for not being able to receive you."

His attitude was very humble.

Kant did not act unruly. He got off his horse and walked forward. calmly, he said, "We would like to stay for the night."

"Stay for the night." the village chief hesitated slightly.

It was clear that he was somewhat rejecting Kant and the others.

Although there were 50 militia elites behind him who could form a long lance phalanx, as well as more than 200 ordinary conscripted peasant soldiers in the village, it was a little whimsical to think that they could rely on these few footmen to resist Kant's cavalry unit of more than 500 people.

The sheriff's face was also slightly pale, and cold sweat was dripping down his temples.

This was not something that he could solve right now.

If anything happened, only Viscount Gibran in the castle could handle it.

After all, with his judgment, he could see that the aura of these unfamiliar cavalry troops, especially the fierce eyes of those cavalymen, was similar to that of the bandits, or a group of bandits!

"Don't be nervous, old man. We are mercenaries from the South County." Kant sensed that they were afraid.

With a slight smile, he calmly said, "When we arrived here, we wanted to ask the noble lords of the East County whether they would hire us. After all, we are close to the Senwaya Range. Perhaps there are some foreign races or demonized creatures that need to be dealt with."

"You are mercenaries." the village chief sighed in relief.

But he was still nervous.

Although Kant had already stated that they were neutral mercenaries, the old village chief understood that sometimes these mercenaries could turn into murderous bandits at any time when they were in need of money or secretly attack them at night.

That was a blur line between the bandits and mercenaries sometimes.

"We'll pay."

Kant chuckled, but his next words interrupted their suspicions. "Two great silver coins. I think it's enough to stay in the drying field outside the village. I think there are only some miscellaneous things piled up there."

"This..." the village chief glanced at the finance officer and the sheriff behind him.

However, the two people behind him were secretly delighted when they heard the two great silver coins and immediately nodded.

"Alright." the village chief saw the situation and understood.

He coughed lightly and spoke gently, "Commander, your mercenaries can rest in the grain drying field outside the village. In order to show my respect, you can obtain the well water for free in our village. Of course, if you want some food, you have to pay extra."

After a pause, he felt that his tone was a bit serious, but he still reminded Kant, "This is the estate of Viscount Gibran. All our income has to be taxed, so we can't give it to you for free."

"I understand." Kant smiled and nodded. "I won't make things difficult for you."

"That's good, that's good." seeing that Kant was so easy to talk to, the village chief smiled and stroked his beard. Soon, he left with the financial officer and the sheriff. As for the militia in the village, many of them had also dispersed.

They must have been secretly on guard. The militia were secretly on guard and did not dare to spread out easily.

This was their village.

It was their home.

Cavalry troops of such a scale were camped beside them. If they were not careful, they would most likely be attacked in the middle of the night. They would definitely not be able to hold them off. If they stood firm and waited for reinforcements, they might be able to hold on until reinforcements arrived.

After all, they were close to Avilis Castle. If anything unusual happened, the people in Viscount Gibran's castle would quickly notice it.

"Set up the temporary camp." Kant waved his hand and gave the order.

The Desert Bandits quickly headed to the grain drying field not far away and removed all the debris piled up on it. At the same time, they opened up the linen tents that they had brought, quickly forming a temporary camp made up of more than fifty tents.

It was already very dark. The stars and moon had already appeared in the sky, sprinkling thin gauze on the ground.

It was Kant's first night in the East County.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 386: Anxious Militiamen

Under the faint light of the stars and the moon, the Elite Desert Bandit scattered. They picked up some dead wood and grass in the field outside the village and used them as firewood. They then lit a few bonfires in front of the tents.

At night, the temperature in the East County was slightly lower. Although it was not as freezing as the Nahrin Desert, it was still cold.

The East County was formerly known as the Winter County. The East County City, which was originally the capital city, was once the Winter City.

The meaning came from the cold air from the south. Every year, there would occasionally be snowflakes and cold rain falling. Even the slightly larger hailstones could be seen several times a year. It was the only county in the Dukedom of Leo where one could see the obvious cold winter.

The reason why the Winter County was changed to the East County was because of Kant's aunt, the Countess Agatha who had been conferred the title of this place.

Because she did not get along with the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, after he was being conferred the title of the Dukedom of Leo, Countess Agatha directly changed the name of the county, directly changing the Winter County that was located in the west to East County. The name carried a meaning of deep estrangement between East County and Dukedom of Leo.

It meant that the former Winter County had completely no relationship with the Dukedom of Leo.

It had not changed ever since.

After ten years, Countess Agatha developed the East County as firm as an iron barrel.

Not to mention the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, who could not get his hands in, even the nobles of the other counties could not communicate with the East County through the officials. It was as if they were truly separated from each other.

The communication could be done with the trade caravan to handle matters. It was extremely troublesome.

It was practically semi-independent!

However, there was nothing they could do. Or rather, there was nothing they could do.

The official of the Dukedom of Leo, Grand Duke Cameron, was in a hurry to inherit the throne. He did not have enough time to gather the support of all the top-tier nobles. This was also why Countess Agatha, who had been given the authority, was able to divide the county.

In the feudal era, the support from the noble was especially important to the ruler.

The noble was the foundation of a feudal country.

Especially the nobles of the Western European system, they were the mainstay of the country!

As for the commoners, they were just ants that begged for their lives under the feet of the noble.

On the battlefield, they were just cannon fodder, living targets to block arrows for the noble lords. Most of the time, they were treated like servants who plowed, grazed, and hunted, and paid taxes for the noble lords!

Within the Dukedom of Leo, the noble was everything!

In reality, it was not just the East County, there was also Viscount Wayne of North County who hated Dukedom of Leo.

Ten years ago, if it was not for Cameron's decisive decision to take advantage of the North County, which was being invaded by Jackalan, and lead his troops directly to the north, displaying the threat of force, even the North County would have been semi-independent like the current East County.

But now, Viscount Kevin of the North County was still acting as a threat to the royal family and was inserted into the northern county as a nail.

From this, one could see the internal conflicts and discord in the Dukedom of Leo.

The struggle for power.

The dispute between the king and the noble.

Kant was still helpless about this. This kind of struggle had nothing to do with him, but it was also related to him.

Kant was now a top noble. He was a powerhouse among the noble families. He had troops and money in his hands and had claimed the Nahrin Desert. He was already in conflict with the royal power.

It would be even more interesting if someone from the Lion Fort asked Kant to pay taxes or provide financial assistance.

According to the rules, Kant did have this obligation.

It was just different in the beginning.

He was exiled.

Then, he received help to rise in power despite being exiled.

As a baron, the manager at the top was in name, Viscount Wayne of North County.

But because of Kant's royal bloodline, he was the second son of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron. He had the right to inherit the throne. Even a mere Viscount Wayne could not truly treat Kant as a vassal.

Moreover, Kant's Nahrin Desert was not classified on the official map of the Dukedom of Leo.

It was close to the North County and was under Viscount Wayne's jurisdiction.

Taking over was only a matter of circumstance.

No one cared about the once-forbidden area of civilization, the race desert.

Even if they knew that there was an Oasis Lookout in the Nahrin Desert that could allow living people to live, it was not proportional to the rewards of reclamation. No one really cared about who owned the Nahrin Desert.

Even before Kant went to the Nahrin Desert, the official scholar did not admit that this was the territory of the Dukedom of Leo.

The map also showed that it was a no-man's land.

It was a pure desert!

This also led to an awkward situation, Kant had no actual superior.

Perhaps Cameron, the Grand Duke of Leo, who had personally conferred the title of Kant, could be considered as one. However, as the Grand Duke and Kant's father, if he was a real noble, he should confer Kant as a viscount. The rank of a baron was too low.

He was definitely a low-level noble among the nobles.

"Ha." Kant stood on the grain drying field, his was calm.

He was not interested in the rank of a noble. In fact, he was not interested in the so-called position of an archduke or grand duke. It was true that he could live a stable life in this world. It was his pursuit to live better by relying on the "Mount and Blade" system.

The night was getting darker. The stars and the moon had already shone with all of their light.

The torches on the ground were also burning.

The fragrance filled the air.

It was the fragrance of toast, along with the fragrance of dried meat, dried sausage, and smoked fish.

Kant and his cavalries had been trekking the entire afternoon. They only had lunch at noon. By the time of evening, they were already so hungry that their chests were pressed against their backs. They started the bonfire to prepare dinner.

However, even though they were cold, tired, and hungry, the cavalries did not forget to take care of their personal warhorses.

They were the partners that they relied on to cooperate on the battlefield.

They could be treated as brothers.

The simple trough and sink were connected. The good wheat grains mixed with chickpeas and clover grass were poured into it. In addition, it was moistened with water. It was the best food and could quickly replenish the strength of the warhorse.

This was all thanks to the agriculture of "Aaron" City.

The terraced fields outside the city had long been flourishing.

For example, the wheat fields were all common crops. Crops such as chickpeas, cabbage, pumpkin, and so on had long been planted. Along with the suitable climate and good irrigation in the Senwaya Range, it brought a rich harvest.

And take the wheat fields for example. It didn't ripen once a year, but two to three times a year!

The land inside the Senwaya Range was very fertile.

It was like black soil.

The temperature of the Nahrin Desert, coupled with the slight chill at the bottom of the mountain, just happened to be neutralized at the surface.

Coupled with the rule power of the system, it made the construction of agriculture easier. The entire "Aaron" City had begun to enter a period of agricultural development. This was also the reason why the peasant farmers were so keen on reclamation.

With the development of agriculture, the livestock ate even better. Sometimes, they ate as much as the civilians.

Only good feed could breed a good warhorse.

This was a principle that the riders of Sarrand Sultanate agreed with.

Of course, excellent training and breeding were also needed. Otherwise, even if they ate high-quality feed, those poor horses or workhorses would not become warhorses. On the contrary, they would increase their weight and not be able to do their jobs well.

After feeding the feed and water, the bread and meat baked by the bonfire were also ready.

The outside of the meat was charred, but the inside was tender.

It was sprinkled with salt and spices, and the taste was even more delicious.

Kant ate it, but it did not feel simple. On the contrary, it felt like he was eating barbecue in his previous life.

He ate with Rolf and the Sarleon Lion Knights next to him without any restraint. They chatted about what they had seen and heard along the way. Occasionally, they would chuckle. Under the light of the bonfire, it felt more lively.

After entering the East County, they were close to Avilis Castle. It could be considered than half of their journey was done.

This place was not far from the East County City in the south.

Although the road was rugged, it was only a two-day journey for the cavalries who rode horses.

They continue to chat.

The atmosphere in the village, which had also lit torches, was very solemn.

The village chief, who was already old, was discussing with the slightly plump financial officer and the strong sheriff in the house. All of them were frowning, and they seemed to be very serious.

At that time, they were greedy for silver coins, but now, they were afraid.

This was really dangerous.

The grain drying field was just a short distance away from the village.

If these mercenaries who were as fierce as bandits were to cause a ruckus, with the militia in the village, even if all of peasants were to join forces, they would probably not be a match for them. If something bad really happened, it would probably be a bloodbath.

A bloody purge, plundering and massacring the entire village, and finally burning it to ashes.

Although it was close to Avilis Castle, there was still a distance to the castle

If something went wrong, it would take time for the troops in the castle to come over.

And after these cavalries finished plundering and massacring, they would set a fire and leave quickly. They would take advantage of the night to leave the East County, and when that time came, they probably would not even have the chance to take revenge.

The troops of the East County would not leave their own estate, let alone the North and South Counties.

“What should we do?”

The finance officer was regretting his decision.

He was the finance officer, and he controlled all the taxes and finances in the village. He looked like a low-level squire who was dependent on Avilis Castle, but with the help of the trade caravan around the village, he had a lot of money.

Without the current village, he would not be able to enjoy the glory and wealth!

“They had given us silver coins.”

The sheriff was a knowledgeable guy. He steadied his mind and said, “Can we still chase those guys away?”

The village chief also sighed, “We have to be careful.”

The village was peaceful.

If they really chased those mercenaries away and there was a quarrel, or even a fight, then they would be in big trouble.

They had not dealt with the matter, but they had stirred up a bigger problem, or even the worst outcome. Just thinking about it made them shudder. They were ashamed and angry at their greed at that time.

But now was not the time to blame each other.

“Do we report to the castle?”

The sheriff and finance officer frowned.

“Yes.” the old village chief nodded. “This is not a small matter. Since we are here, don’t we have the right to report to the Lord? Now that more than 500 cavalries have crossed the border, and they are mercenaries, they want to find some jobs. So, why don’t we use this reason to report to the castle?”

After a pause, the old village chief said in a deep voice, “When the time comes, if something happens, the castle will be able to organize troops to come and rescue us as soon as possible. It would be even better if they could come and investigate their identities.”

“Good, good Idea!” the sheriff and the finance officer agreed.

This was indeed a good idea.

Soon, a few capable militiamen quietly led their horses from the village and left at night.

They did not dare to ride their horses in plain sight. Instead, they carefully followed the remote path and traveled a long distance before they arrived at the road to Avilis Castle. They used their horsewhips to whip their horses to increase their speed.

They carried the expectations of the village and the safety of their families.

Avilis Castle was not far away.

It only took them two to three hours to reach there.

At this moment, the five of them rode their horses at an even faster speed. The stars were bright in the night, and it took them two hours to reach the castle.

Torches were lit on the city walls, and elite guards wearing mail armor were patrolling. When they saw someone riding their horses in the night, they did not panic. Instead, a cavalry team rode their horses to welcome them.

Avilis Castle had been peaceful for a long time. Not to mention the enemy, there were very few bandits wandering in this land.

Not to mention the attackers.

This group of well-trained elite guards were slightly on guard.

They were looked disappointed. To be honest, to them, they really wanted to have a little battle to have some fun.

However, the castle's defense still needed to be on guard. Viscount Gibran was not a benevolent lord. Although he was a little older, the prestige he had left on the battlefield was getting stronger and stronger.

Thinking of this, the elite guards of the castle all became alert and carried their weapons to the city gate.

"Stop!" the leading elite guard shouted, "This is Avilis Castle, Viscount Gibran's castle. Travelers who come here must tell us your identity if you want to get close. Otherwise, we will attack!"

His words were obviously not a joke.

The cavalry that went out to greet them were also well-trained knights and attendants.

Each of them had already picked up their longsword and lance. They looked vigilantly at the five guys who were panting on their horses. They looked at each other and lowered the weapons in their hands.

No matter how they looked, these guys did not look like attackers or bandits.

"We... We..." the captain of the militia was a little nervous.

However, for the safety of the village, he still shouted, "We are the militia of Nali Village. This evening, a mercenary group came to our village to stay. We were afraid that something bad would happen, so we came to report!"

"Mercenary group?"

On the city gate, the guards also looked at each other.

Nali Village was indeed one of the few villages under the command of Avilis Castle. However, they had the duty of gathering information for the castle on a daily basis. The so-called information was varied, and it all depended on the reactions of the villagers.

However, now that they came to report and were so anxious, there must be something wrong.

They sensed that something was wrong.

The captain of the guards shouted, "Let them come over!"

"Follow them!"

The cavalry that went out to welcome them let the five militiamen approach the castle.

However, the main gate of the castle was still closed. There was only a shed at the bottom, which could be considered as the residence of the night soldiers stationed outside the castle at night. There were also more than a dozen guards holding long lance standing there, looking at them cautiously.

After a short while, the city gate opened a crack.

The captain of the guards walked out.

"Sir knight!"

The five militiamen hurriedly greeted him.

“Yes.” the captain of the guards was indeed a knight. He just frowned at them and asked, “What’s going on? Isn’t it normal for mercenary groups to stay in your village? Why are you so flustered?”

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 387: A Misunderstanding

The militiamen of Nali Village did not dare to avoid the question of the knight in front of them. They explained everything they knew, including the fact that the village chief and the others had received silver coins.

However, the knight, who was the captain of the guards, did not say anything.

The village could accept any outsiders to rest.

For example, the trade caravan that traveled between the North County and East County, or the mercenaries that looked for ways to get there, most of them spent money to stay in Nali Village.

After all, the financial officer also in charge of taxing. The travelers spent money to stay a night could also provide taxes. It was a good source of generating income.

However, the number of guests that visited them this time were too many.

The knight captain frowned and said in a low voice, "More than 500 cavalries. That's a lot."

It was not just a lot. These militia did not have much of an idea. However, the knight captain who was from a noble family in the East County, understood that if these 500 cavalries tried to attack the castle, it would be a huge problem.

Perhaps, the guards outside the castle would all be wiped out if these cavalries launched a secret assault.

Moreover, among these cavalries, there were also horsemen, knight attendants and even knights!

From the words of these militiamen, describing the equipment of those cavalry, one could guess that they were probably more elite troops than what they had guessed at the moment!

It was indeed not a small matter.

A sense of relief suddenly appeared in the mind of this knight.

"Wait here."

He pondered for a moment.

He gave the order to the militiamen and at the same time signaled to the guards on both sides to keep a close watch on the five militiamen from Nali Village. Then, he turned around and quickly walked towards the castle.

He could not make a decision on such a matter. He had to inform Viscount Gibran.

He returned to the castle.

He quickly went to the room where Viscount Gibran was.

It was only 9 o'clock at night, and it was not time to sleep yet. This was one of the reasons why the knight captain dared to report to him.

According to his usual habits, Viscount Gibran would fall asleep at around 10:30. When that time came, he would hand over part of the night's work to the castle's butler and the knight on duty tonight. Other than major matters, he would not be disturbed.

After all, this old general who was already over 60 years old was no longer young.

"Thud thud thud." the door was lightly knocked.

As the guard captain on duty tonight, he reported in a deep voice from outside the door, "Lord Gibran, the Nali Village at the south side of the castle has encountered some troublesome matters. I am unable to make a decision, so I hope that you can give me some answers."

There was a slight silence in front of the door.

Only the guards who were wearing mail armor on both sides seemed to have no difference. They stood upright with their swords and shields.

A moment later.

Finally, a voice came from inside the room.

It was a bit hoarse, tired, and strong aura that could not be concealed. "Bertram, if even you are unable to make an accurate decision, then you must have encountered a serious problem. Come in and tell me what happened to Nali Village."

"Yes." Bertram nodded and pushed open the door.

A tall and sturdy figure with grizzled hair walked out from the inner side of the room. He was dressed in high quality clothes and sat on the main seat. He had a square and determined face. However, the grey hair on his temples and the wrinkles on his eyebrows made him look like he had experienced many vicissitudes of life over the years, he was like an old lion with extraordinary power, but he was still helpless against the flow of time.

"Lord Gibran." Bertram quickly entered the door and bowed respectfully.

He was the master of Avilis Castle, Viscount Gibran!

"Yes." Viscount Gibran nodded and waved his hand, indicating that there was no need for formalities.

Sitting on the main seat, he said with a calm expression, "Nali Village, if I remember correctly, is the village where the trade caravan is often stationed. Could it be that they saw an unfamiliar army?"

"That's right." Bertram nodded. "A group of mercenaries came."

"Continue." Viscount Gibran was still calm.

"They are all cavalry, unfamiliar faces. There are between 500 to 600 people. The militia of Nali Village sensed that something was wrong, so they sneak out to the castle and report to us."

Bertram said in detail, "A cavalry mercenary group that that have never seen before."

"How interesting."

Viscount Gibran narrowed his eyes slightly.

He had obviously noticed the difference in this mercenary group in his words.

After pondering for a moment, he raised his head. Although he was old, the aura that he had gained from the bloody battles on the battlefield was like a lion who had fought for his entire life. "What if it's compared to Count Agatha's Gale Mercenary Group?"

"Gale Mercenary Group..."

Bertram was stunned for a moment, then he frowned and thought, "It should be weaker."

His answer was a little vague, but when he thought of the words of the militia, he still said in a low voice, "It should be said that it's absolutely weaker. In that unfamiliar mercenary group, there shouldn't be many knights and knight attendants. Most of them are just ordinary cavalry."

Viscount Gibran's expression was still calm as he asked, "What kind of ordinary cavalry are they?"

"They are not very similar to the traditional cavalry of the dukedom..."

Bertram hesitated.

After thinking carefully, he said solemnly, "They are riding a relatively strong warhorse. They are wearing iron-scale armor and a linen robe. Their weapons are about two meters long spears, a hide-covered round shield, and a scimitar at their waist."

Gibran said, "Judging from their equipment, they are similar to the barbarians in the Wildland in the west."

Bertram nodded slightly in surprise. "Indeed. It's very similar to those barbarians, especially the scimitar. Those cavalry barbarians like to use this kind of equipment."

What they were talking about was naturally the Wildland in the far west.

It was covered in ice and snow all year round.

It was occupied by foreign tribes.

For example, the Beastman tribe, Jackalan tribe, and so on were commonly seen in the Wildland in the form of tribes.

However, there were also humans. However, without the Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom, as well as the few dukedom kingdoms in the south, they were simply in the form of tribes. They were also ignorant and uncivilized.

Therefore, the human kingdoms all called the humans in the Wildland as barbarians. They regarded them as barbarians that were not much different from the other races.

They gathered together to keep warm.

They formed a unique force.

Although they did not form an alliance, and the various races and tribes also fought among themselves, occasionally, when there was severe winter in the West, they would form an army to come to the East County to plunder.

However, their insignificant skills were nothing compared to the well-trained noble families of the Dukedom of Leo.

They did not have the standard of an army.

Although they could win a few small victories, the allied army of these barbarians and foreign tribes had always been defeated.

After countless battles, the East County obviously had a high understanding of those barbarians. For example, they used the hide-covered round shield and liked to use the powerful and heavy scimitars that did not require much skill.

As a famous general of the East County, Viscount Gibran had fought against the barbarians in the Wildland several times.

"If that's the case."

Bertram thought for a while.

Suddenly, he raised his head and looked at Viscount Gibran. He could not help but say in surprise, "Could they be the barbarians in the Wildland? They are starting to infiltrate our East County!"

"Maybe." Viscount Gibran nodded.

This was not unusual.

Those barbarians in the Wildland were humans after all. They were born with greater intelligence than the other races.

Even if there was no strong civilization, they were still learning.

Moreover, they had been on war with the Dukedom of Leo and East County for a long time. It had not even been three years since the last war, and they were still completely defeated. They retreated back to the Wildland to lick their wounds.

Now that they felt the strength of the human race in the Dukedom of Leo, it was not surprising that they wanted to learn advanced military technology.

The most important thing was that the Barbarians had done this before.

They had sent people to secretly learn it, but they had not touched the connection between the Dukedom of Leo and the noble classes of the human countries. They had rashly come to learn as escaped slaves. In the end, the noble families had found out, and they had all captured and interrogated them.

They had even bribed some noble families with a large sum of money and successfully learned some things.

Although it was not the most important thing, they had still successfully changed the military structure.

It was said that the humans in the Wildland had already begun to conquer. By taking advantage of the techniques they had learned from the Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom, they had conquered some low-level foreign tribes.

For example, the Snowfield Rodentman had become the slaves of the barbarians. They were fought as servants every time in the battles.

They were the cannon fodder formed by the poor people in the human kingdom.

"We can't be careless." Viscount Gibran waved his hand and ordered, "Gather the troops. Let's go over and take a look."

After muttering to himself for a while, he looked at Bertram, whom he admired the most, and said to the young knight who had not followed him for long, "Call your senior brothers. I don't want too many accidents to happen."

"Yes." Bertram nodded immediately.

The horn was blown.

It sounded a little hurried. It was the summoning horn of Avilis Castle.

At the same time, the gate of the castle was opened. Three hundred knights in mail armor and fully armed attendants quickly rushed out with long lance in hand. Leading them were five knights in better mail armor.

Including Viscount Gibran.

His grey hair was blown by the cold wind. It scattered on his wrinkled face like the mane of a lion.

"Let's go!" He pointed his longsword forward.

The warhorse under him moved forward. This troop set off quickly.

Although they did not bring more people, this troop was not something that ordinary barbarian cavalry could withstand. After all, all of them were heavy cavalry in mail armor. They were also knight attendants, elites who had been trained to charge forward and fight in close combat, they were all one of the main forces on the battlefield of the Dukedom of Leo!

Viscount Gibran was very confident that with the troops he led, even if they did not gain the trust of the other party, they would be able to live in peace with each other. After all, their strength was quite strong

In order to ensure their safety, he had brought all his disciples over.

Three of them were Grand Knights.

This was his foundation.

At that time, with the cooperation of these three Grand Knights, they would be able to match 200 knight attendants. If the enemy was timid, the combat ability of these three grand knights would be able to kill the enemy until they collapsed.

In the Dukedom of Leo, this was considered an elite force!

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 388: In the Middle of the Night

As the troops set off, the knights and servants of Avilis Castle lined up neatly and galloped on the muddy and rugged dirt road.

The five horsemen militiamen from Nali Village led the way in front. The group was very fast, and not long after, they could see the Nali Village from far away. It also included the temporary camp illuminated by the bonfires on the grain drying field.

The stars released a gentle light, mixed with the bright moonlight, and the entire land was shrouded in a veil.

The night march did not hinder or trouble them.

There was plenty of light.

Moreover, as the knight attendants of Avilis Castle, they received a daily ration of high-quality food. They did not lack fresh meat and various fruits, so they did not have night blindness like the poor.

In this feudal era, the poor had a lot of night blindness caused by the lack of vitamins.

This was especially prominent in the most barren North County.

Of course, in comparison, the East County and the South County were much better.

After all, according to what the scholar had seen and heard, the relatively wealthy free people in these two counties lived much happier lives than the small squire, small landlord, small merchant and the like in the North County. Perhaps the only difference was the size of their power.

It was just that in the current era, no one cared about this, much less the so-called human rights and life security.

The average life expectancy of a commoner was less than 45 years old. These commoners did not care about the luscious privilege.

To be able to live was their greatest and only desire!

Viscount Gibran was already 67 years old, and he was also considered an old man in the Dukedom of Leo. However, he was still the pillar of support in the East County. In addition to his daily diet and exercise, he did not look as weak as an ordinary old man.

Among the noble families, he could be considered a long-lived person. He was a happy old man who did not suffer from serious injuries.

He rode on his horse.

In front of him were black buildings lined up on the plains.

It was Nali Village, which belonged to Avilis Castle. It was not big, but it had completed with essential facilities. There were lights shone through the windows of the houses, adding a bit of liveness to this quiet night.

However, the most eye-catching thing was still the grain drying field in front of the village. Dozens of tents were illuminated by piles of bonfires.

From the looks of it, it was obvious that a large team was stationed there.

“Stop moving forward.” Viscount Gibran tightened the reins at this time. His right hand, which was holding the horsewhip, had already raised up to signal.

Behind him, many of the knight attendants tightened the reins one after another, controlling the warhorses beneath them to slow down. Although there were more than 300 people, they were all orderly and without the slightest bit of panic when they lined up.

Viscount Gibran nodded in satisfaction at this. After all, they were the attendants that he had carefully trained.

“Lord.” Bertram rode his horse closer.

He had a slightly puzzled expression. It was clear that he did not understand why they were stopped moving forward, so he asked, “We are still a few miles away from Nali Village. If we stop here, I’m afraid that even if we wanted to rush over at top speed, it will take about 15 minutes.”

They were still in the wilderness. They would still have to pass through a piece of reclaimed farmland before they could reach Nali Village.

Viscount Gibran did not explain further. He only said, “Let’s dismount and lead the horses over.”

“This...”

Not to mention Bertram, even the other three Grand Knights were a little hesitant.

This distance was not close.

They were now wearing a full set of mail armor and chain armor. If they walked all the way, it would be troublesome if they sprained their ankles on such a rugged dirt road, not to mention overexerting their physical strength.

Although they were well-trained, most of them were skilled in horsemanship, spear arts, swordsmanship, and other combat skills, they did not have much experience in trekking.

Noble lords rode horses.

Only the lowly commoners and the armed civilians, or the mercenaries who wandered around, would walk. As for the commoners who had a little money, and the wealthy free civilians, they would buy their own pack horses to carry them.

“Let’s go.” Viscount Gibran had no intention of explaining.

He directly got off his horse and led his beloved horse forward. He actually really did walk on this rugged dirt road. Under the starlight and moonlight, he strode towards Nali Village.

Behind him, Bertram and his three seniors also helplessly got off their horses and followed on foot.

This included the knights and knight attendants at the rear.

They all advanced on foot.

The sound of their footsteps was intermittent, but it was much quieter than the galloping of their horses in groups.

Especially in the quiet of the night, when they advanced on foot, not only were their voices low, but if they listened carefully, they would be able to detect the abnormal sounds around them in advance, greatly increasing their concealment.

This was what Viscount Gibran wanted, and he was very curious.

He had some understanding of the barbarians.

However, this was the first time he could disguise himself as a mercenary.

They could simply launch a surprise attack, Viscount Gibran was very familiar with the violent way. However, for the sake of the long-term stability of the East County, as well as the safety of the western border, he decided to first investigate and obtain the information he wanted.

If those barbarians really learned too much knowledge because they came into contact with the Dukedom of Leo and the Silver Platter Kingdom, then it would be worth worrying about.

As the only viscount of the East County, Gibran would definitely not show mercy.

The slaughter would break out if necessary.

Moreover, they would charge towards the higher wilderness in the west.

When they united and began to learn all kinds of knowledge towards the human compatriots of the Dukedom of Leo, these barbarians would no longer be the barbarians of the past, but civilized people who were about to be enlightened.

At that time, the Dukedom of Leo, which was bordered by most regions, would welcome a new enemy.

This was really dangerous.

They gradually approached Nali Village.

Looking at the bonfire in front of them, the group quietly moved forward, and their footsteps became lighter.

Their left hand was holding the reins, while their right hand was already holding the hilt of their sword. Under the starlight and moonlight, they emitted a faint cold light, which was very terrifying.

Viscount Gibran, including all the knights and knight attendants, did not relax.

They had already prepared for the worst.

This was their traditional concern.

When they had fought bloody battles to defeat the main force of the Silver Platter Kingdom on the north bank of Resniston River, they had been full of spirit and had made preparations before finally winning the battle and achieving success.

Even a lion would use all of its strength to hunt a rabbit.

Right now, they would not be the slightest bit careless.

The reputation of Viscount Gibran, a famous general of the East County Territory, was definitely not undeserved!

However, they were quickly discovered.

Pulling out a small half of the longsword, it flickered with a light under the moonlight, like tiny glass mirrors. From afar, the sharp-eyed Desert Bandits, who were on guard against the eastern county territory, could observe that something was amiss.

Although they were camping in the grain drying field beside the village, they had to be vigilant.

There were also many sentries and hidden sentries.

They were all on duty.

When someone noticed the abnormal reflection of light in the distance, they reported it.

The number of sentries decreased, and the patrol team hid in the tents. There were only a few people who seemed to be standing guard lazily, but in fact, they were each relying on an obstacle. They could lie down at any time to avoid long-range attacks such as bows and arrows.

As for the hidden sentry posts, they had all shrunk their guarding area and hid at the outer layer near to the tents.

Even the sleeping personnel were woken up.

They were holding their hide-covered round shields.

Their right hand was holding their spears or heavy machetes.

All of them were slightly curled up inside the tent, but they could kick their legs and rush out of the tent at any time, brazenly launching a counter-charge. Hence, the enemy who dared to sneak attack them in the night would receive an unexpected counterattack.

Even Kant, who was in the middle of the temporary camp, had woken up. He was wearing a chain armor and a linen robe.

A group of Lion Knights and Lion Squires were also guarding the surroundings.

There was no problem with their safety.

There were 30 Sarleon Lion Knights. Even the Dukedom of Leo could not gather so many grand knights.

They might be a little weak in the large-scale legion battle might be a little bad, because they still had to dodge the fatal arrow rain. But a small-scale military conflict was the best place for them to display their strength.

Just like now.

Although the Elite Desert Bandit was prepared, these level 6 grand knights and level 5 Lion Squires were also prepared.

With just 80 of them, they were enough to protect Kant and kill their way out. Moreover, they could also take advantage of the night to kill all the 300 riders who had quietly attacked. Moreover, there would not suffer too many casualties.

Kant was even more cautious. He ordered in a deep voice, "Pass down the order. Stay alert and wait for the order."

"Yes!" the Sarleon Lion Squires in chain armor nodded immediately.

At this moment, they were the messengers. They left the tent nimbly and walked quickly in the dark where the bonfire could not reach. At the same time, they passed down Kant's order so that everyone could receive it and make arrangements.

At this moment, the commander in the front row was Rolf.

He was in the tent at the very front.

Through the gap, he looked at the glint that flashed outside from time to time. His eyes were cold.

Especially when he looked at the village next to him, he could not help but snort coldly, "Looks like this Nali Village is not an honest village. It is still a vicious bandit's nest."

They paid to stay one night at the village, it was not illegal.

But at night in the village, there were troops with evil intentions approaching.

Not only did they draw their weapons, but they also sneaked over. If they weren't bandits, they still weren't good people either.

Rolf wasn't a kind general. Once in the Continent of Caradia, he was a notorious scoundrel noble who specialized in solving problems for certain factions, such as bribing informants in the village and killing them in the middle of the night. It was common to him.

Money moved people's hearts, not to mention the poor peasant in these villages.

"You filthy intruders better get ready." Rolf grinned hideously.

He turned his head to look at the group of Elite Desert Bandits and berated them in a deep voice, "Lord Kant said that those guys wouldn't launch a sneak attack, so we don't need to attack. But those guys are clearly charging towards here, so let's use your pilums to attack first!"

"Understood!" the Elite Desert Bandit answered in a low voice.

While they were speaking, they changed their scimitars and spears into pilums.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 389: Strange Red Mist

Pilum, this sharp and heavy throwing weapon was extremely powerful within 20 meters. After a long-term training, their accuracy was basically not inferior to archers' archery skills.

Even if the group of enemies charged quickly, the pilum could also be used as a short spear.

It was a very convenient and practical weapon.

But now, a group of people were wielding the pilum one after another.

The first wave of the pilum rain attack would probably be enough to kill dozens of people. Especially as the distance between them got closer and closer, the power of the pilum would also get stronger and stronger until it could kill them in one shot!

In the real world, it was no joke to be pierced by a sharp pilum that was thicker than a thumb.

Even a relatively weak bow and arrow could be fatal.

Let alone a powerful pilum!

The scene was quiet.

Only the bonfire crackled, occasionally sparking sparks.

The temporary camp was silent, as if many mercenaries had fallen into a deep sleep. Even those who were standing guard outside were tired. They leaned against each other and stood unsteadily.

Viscount Gibran and the others who came in from the outside showed a look of contempt.

At this moment, they were at the edge of the farmland.

There were low shrubs and a few trees as a cover, so they couldn't be noticed during the night.

In this observation field, the group of people who were camping was just right, not to mention that they were less than 300 meters away. If they wanted to take the opportunity to launch an attack, they could ride their warhorse and gallop over.

They only brought light equipment this time. Their equipment was not the best to protect themselves.

It was enough to deal with barbarians or ordinary mercenaries.

"Lord."

Bertram held his Knight's sword tightly.

Looking at the tent in front of him, he said in a deep voice, "I can't see the specific situation. Perhaps those barbarians have fallen asleep. This is the Avilis Castle. They are too naive to think that it is very safe."

Viscount Gibran was a little hesitant. He said with a slight pause, "It seems so."

But he did not give the order to attack.

Instead, he carefully observed the area in front of him.

The other three Grand Knights also looked at each other when they saw their teacher being so cautious. They temporarily chose to lie low. However, in their hearts, they felt that something was not right.

Or rather... fear!

That's right.

They were afraid.

Outside the village, they swept past the temporary campsite where the bonfire was still burning vigorously. However, they could not help but feel that something was not right.

Although they saw those mercenaries wearing inlaid iron-scale armor and looking lazy, they could not help but feel uneasy.

It was too easy. That group of people was too lax in their vigilance.

As the Lord of this place, Viscount Gibran was not arrogant about the strong security in Avilis Castle, he was still vigilant in defending the safety of Avilis Castle!

Especially when he looked into the depths of the temporary camp, a wave of fear surged out from the depths of his soul, bringing with it a sense of timidity. As he breathed, his soul trembled.

"This feeling..."

Viscount Gibran's breathing was rapid.

However, his entire spirit became more and more excited. "It's really strange. This feeling I once had was the fear I felt in despair during the bloody battle with the main force of the Silver Platter Kingdom ten years ago!"

He was so excited that he was like a mighty lion who refused to submit to his old age!

"Charge in!" Viscount Gibran's eyes were slightly bloodshot.

A violent emotion instantly appeared in his eyes, and at the same time, a red glow appeared in his eyes. Even as he breathed, his entire aura became violent, fanatical, and even wicked!

"Kill!" the three apprentices beside him instantly responded.

A bewitching red glow instantly appeared in the eyes of the three of them. It resonated with the eyes of Viscount Gibran in front of them. Even their auras seemed to gather together and become one.

Including Bertram and those knight attendants at the back, they all drew their longsword and got on their horses.

The surprise attack was about to begin!

The sound was a little noisy, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into the sound of a flood.

"Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom --"

The sound of horses' hooves came in waves.

It was extremely clear in the silent night.

Even in the nearby Nali Village, the cries of old people and children could be heard, especially the shadows of many people. As the five horse-riding militiamen went to deliver the message, more militiamen also rushed out.

They held a long lance and arranged themselves in a barely orderly formation, moving towards the grain drying field.

"Kill!" Viscount Gibran charged in front.

A blood-red mist, mixed with a hint of thick black, spread out from their charging bodies. However, it could not be seen clearly in the darkness of the night, but once knight attendants came in contact with this faint mist, their eyes would glow red.

There was also madness, bloodlust, brutality, and negative emotions that wanted to massacre everything!

"Kill!" The knight attendants shouted in full spirit.

However, in their minds, they still able to maintain their rationality because of their training in the past, which allowed them to maintain a tight formation.

However, before they charged into the temporary camp of the grain drying field and were still more than 50 meters away, the lazy sentries who were originally on sentry duty suddenly disappeared.

These knight attendants had doubts in their minds, but they couldn't stop now.

Instead, they were in front.

In the temporary camp, many figures appeared in the tent.

It was the Elite Desert Bandit!

They had long been prepared.

They threw the pilums in their hands at the charging path of these knight attendants.

With that "Whoosh" strong wind sound, as if in slow motion, those knight attendants themselves charge forward, just met the short pilum rain, followed by a burst of horse neighs!

"Pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft, pfft."

The pilums easily pierced the mail armor.

The sharp spearhead, together with the throwing and the charging speed of the cavalries, their bodies were penetrated by the pilum, almost none of the armors and bones could withstand the power.

Forty to fifty knights and knight attendants, who were arranged in the traditional tight charging formation of the Dukedom of Leo, fell off their horses immediately!

The front row was almost directly destroyed.

The knights and knight attendants in the back row also failed to charge because of the corpses of their comrades in front and the chaotic situation.

They continued to charge in a scattered manner for a few steps, but they could only turn their horses around in front of the temporary camp and charge to the side. However, as their speed decreased, more Desert Bandits with pilum were coming over.

The whistling sound of the flying pilums in the air sounded was as scary as the devil's grin.

The knight attendants had suffered a fatal blow!

"Spread out!"

However, Rolf's eyes were unusually solemn.

Looking at the path of the initial charge, more than a dozen figures stood up shakily among the dead. His pupils suddenly shrank, and he shouted at the surrounding Elite Desert Bandit, "Retreat! Retreat!"

The status of those dozen figures was extremely strange, but he knew that they were the enemies he could not fight against.

He had to hand them over to Lord Kant's so-called Lion Knights to deal with those guys!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 390: The Monster in the Blood Mist

Rolf did not hesitate at all. He immediately led the Elite Desert Bandit to retreat quickly.

This was definitely not because he was afraid of the battlefield.

It was because he was rational!

The pilum was thrown with great force. Even the tenacious warhorse was hit by it, and its hard skull was penetrated, let alone the rider. The enemies could not block the sharp pilums.

Moreover, when the warhorses fell down at a high speed, the force exerted would be fatal!

Just like now.

Most of the knights and knight attendants were lying on the ground, with their bodies twisting.

Their limbs were obviously twisted and deformed. Even if there were faint cries of pain, they were still weak and dying.

These knight attendants from Avilis Castle had suffered heavy losses.

They had never come into contact with such an attack method.

However, in the pile of corpses of the warhorse and rider, more than a dozen figures crawled up. As the cries of pain gradually weakened, waves of dense red mist that could be seen with the naked eye wrapped around their bodies.

It was strange like a mist of fresh blood was wrapped around them. It was extremely terrifying!

Extraordinary strength.

Rolf naturally knew that this was not something he could deal with.

Even if there were more than 200 Elite Desert Bandit by his side, they were probably not able to deal with those extraordinary monsters that were covered in red mist. They looked like they were covered in blood!

Human monsters, monsters that could kill a group of ordinary people like them!

However, no one was afraid.

Because right behind them, the sound of footsteps could be heard. The reinforcements in full plate armor had already arrived.

Although there were only 20 of them, the aura that erupted from their extraordinary strength was no less than the dozen figures that were slowly walking over like monsters among the pile of corpses.

These 20 people were all elite Sarleon Lion Knights from the strongest national order of knight on the Pendor Continent!

And around the temporary camp, Elite Desert Bandit had already raised their pilums and long spears, and with the help of the complex environment and obstacles in the camp, they engaged in a chaotic battle with the knight attendants who had already charged in.

The knight attendants' charge was blocked, and because there were too many obstacles in the camp, they only lingered around the periphery for a moment.

They could not charge in at all.

If they wanted to charge fearlessly and break the deadlock first, it would be in vain.

While these knight attendants were fighting with all their might, the elite desert bandit was not the only one resisting. There were also the Sarleon Lion Squires who held a lance or a half-sword in their hands, gradually launching a counterattack.

During the chaotic battle, these Sarleon Lion Squires were really good at battle.

They swiftly moved around the Elite Desert Bandits and killed the enemies.

More and more knight attendants fell down

The knight attendants, who had been scattered on both sides and had lost their orders and commands, were pulled off from their warhorses among the tents and obstacles. And then they were pierced through their throats and stomachs by the spears and swords mercilessly.

In the direction of Nali Village, the militiamen who came to reinforce were all forced back by the attacks of pilums.

They were ambushed during the night attack.

They ended up badly.

But there was no mercy on the battlefield.

Looking at the panicking militiamen and the knight attendants who had been shot down from their warhorses, no one held back.

The pilums were still thrown out fiercely and killed the enemies. The enemies got hit, followed by miserable howls, crying, and dying due to their serious injuries and finally stopped their struggles.

Kant just looked at the militiamen and the knight attendants indifferently.

He watched them die.

This was war!

Round after round of pilums were hurled out.

Then, one by one, the armed militiamen in leather armor or without leather armor were nailed to the ground.

The formation was broken, and then the Elite Desert Bandit charged forward with bloodshot eyes, howling. They used the spears and scimitars in their hands to carve out a bloody path!

Those armed militiamen were no match for these bandits.

Even if they were well-trained, to the Elite Desert Bandit, they were still like inexperienced newbies.

As the pilums attack continued, the already scattered formation of the armed militia instantly broke into pieces. The bandits took the opportunity to rush in and engage in close combat. The bandits swayed their scimitars, blood was splattered out from their enemies and the broken limbs kept falling onto the ground.

For a moment, the militiamen that had rushed out of the village were forced back.

Or rather, they had been defeated to the point they had to retreat!

"Kill!"

However, the Elite Desert Bandit did not pursue. Instead, they stabilized their formation on the spot.

The grain drying field was originally flat land, but Kant and his men were stationed here. For safety reasons, the tent space was not too small, but it was not too big either. Many packages were used as low walls and obstacles, establishing two layers of defense.

The Elite Desert Bandit and the outermost were the first defense line.

There were also those Sarleon Lion Knights and Lion Squires who formed an inner defense line specifically to protect Kant!

They could not be too chaotic.

Because right on the outer perimeter, those knight attendants were still attacking.

After their charge was thwarted, these knight attendants did not continue to charge. Instead, they cooperated with the armed militiamen and began to attack from sides, using their high mobility to deter

the Desert Bandits in the temporary camp, while at the same time dodging the precise and deadly pilum.

Desert Bandits with superb skills could throw the pilums accurately within 20 meters.

And the elite desert bandits, they could even be able to hit the target within a distance of 30 meters.

In addition, these knight attendants did not have the cooperation of archers. For a time, they actually did not dare to approach the grain drying field. Not to mention, now that they saw that the armed militia had been defeated and scattered, they did not even have the intention to charge.

Even Viscount Gibran's charge had been thwarted. Now that they did not know whether he was alive or dead, they did not have a clear command.

They did not know what to do!

The night was bright.

The campfire in the temporary camp was even brighter.

However, when the cold wind from the East County blew at night, it made them feel as if they had fallen into an ice cave.

The moans were lowered, but the sounds of killing continued. The battle situation in the village had already been settled. Occasionally, there would be some knight attendants rushed into the camp of the grain drying field rashly with red eyes. Then, they pierced through by the spears including their horses.

More than 200 knight attendants who had come had already been killed and injured.

However, Kant's troop didn't suffer many casualties.

Everyone was shocked.

They could not help but shudder!

They were not the barbarians disguised as trade caravans.

It was clear that they were some noble's elite troops!

Avilis Castle had suffered a great loss!

However, what made these knight attendants afraid to flee was that right in front of them, there were more than a dozen figures who stood up from the pile of corpses. They held weapons in their hands, and their bodies were shrouded in a thick blood mist.

There was Viscount Gibran.

There was Bertram the knight.

There were also three well-known knights in the castle. They were grand knights!

Now, this group of people had gathered extraordinary strength.

Even Bertram was covered in a red blood mist.

Not only him, but also the dozens of knights and knight attendants who were favored the most were also covered in blood mist.

They seemed to have just walked out of a world filled with blood. The power that belonged to an extraordinary power swept across the entire battlefield, causing the knights around them to not dare to approach or leave.

They had once heard of Viscount Gibran's secret.

Blood Warrior.

The title that he had obtained ten years ago on the north bank of the Resniston River.

Hundreds of people had exploded into such a bloody mist, and the main force of the Silver Platter Kingdom, which had thousands of people, had perished together with them.

In the end, only Viscount Gibran survived. It was said that his face had become younger and stronger, and he had also become the strongest grand knight in the East County. He was one of the best extraordinary power controllers in the Dukedom of Leo!

He estimated that there were no other unfamiliar grand knights in this temporary camp, so it was impossible for them to resist his men.

Meanwhile, in the camp.

Kant came to the front.

Rolf followed behind, the heavy machete in his hand on his shoulder. "It's them."

"Interesting." Kant smiled instead.

Looking at the figures covered in blood-red mist, he raised his eyebrows and said, "If that Bunduk was here, perhaps they would still have the intention to communicate."

"Well," Rolf also raised his eyebrows and said, "From what you said, they are the same kind of people."

"No." Kant denied it.

He smiled calmly and said, "Bunduk is an apostle of the underworld, representing the will of the underworld." He paused, and there was a hint of mockery in his smile. "But these guys are the fallen knights who were lured by the demonic power."

Rolf understood what he meant, "Lowly fallen knights."

The dozen figures in front heard what Rolf said.

They were not furious.

Instead, they were strangely quiet.

The corpses around them, be it the knight attendants or the warhorse, were all skin and bones.

All the blood essence in their bodies was extracted and turned into a blood-colored mist that gathered around the Blood Warriors. At the same time, there seemed to be some strange power descending from the void, penetrating through the space and transmitting to this place.

If the mages were here, they might be able to sense that this power originated from underground.

However, Kant still knew the true source of this power.

The abyssal demon!

This was also the reason why Kant said that Bunduk understood them.

And in front of them, the figures shrouded in the blood-red mist finally began to move. They slowly stepped forward, stepping on the corpses of the warhorse and knights, there was a clear cracking sound.

The bones-like corpses shattered under the stress.

In a short moment, these corpses were actually as fragile as if they had been through thousands of years!

The essence of life had been completely absorbed, and there was a mastermind behind those fallen knights.

The leader was naturally the white-haired Viscount Gibran.

The current him was no longer as old and decrepit as before. Instead, he was as strong and valiant as a middle-aged man.

Holding his carefully forged knight sword in his hand, he looked at Kant, who was protected by the Lion Squires and Lion Knights in the middle. A red light flashed in his eyes, but the corners of his mouth cracked into a sinister smile.

"Ah, I didn't expect it, it's Baron Kant." He laughed sinisterly.

He looked like the most terrifying monster. "So, it was you. I was wondering how you could see through my sneak attack so easily and even counterattack. You instantly exposed my current form. I really didn't expect it to be you."

"Mm-hmm." Kant nodded, but didn't reply.

Viscount Gibran didn't care, he continued to smile ferociously.

The red light in his eyes became even more intense. "But, Baron Kant, since you've seen me now, you have to keep this as a secret. After all, I don't want everyone to know about the current me."