

## Oasis 391

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

#### Chapter 391: The So-called Secret of Divine Artifacts

Hearing the hoarse voice of Viscount Gibran, Kant laughed lightly with obvious mockery.

No one standing here was a fool. Looking at the figures covered in blood mist, he slowly nodded and clapped his hands. "I really didn't expect that the famous general of the East County, Viscount Gibran, was actually the devil's lackey."

"Oh, the devil's lackey? No, no, no, I don't like this term."

Viscount Gibran, however, was not angry at all.

Looking at Kant, he continued to say in a hoarse voice, "I only prayed in despair and then received the gift of the supreme power." He paused for a moment and grinned. "You should know this very well, right?"

"I don't know."

Kant shrugged. "I'm also very curious."

He was indeed curious about this.

Although the East County was close to the Senwaya Range, he did not know when the power of demons had appeared here.

He also did not know that the legendary general of the East County territory, Viscount Gibran, was actually a user of the power of demons. Moreover, looking at his current status, he was clearly a senior demon vassal.

He had completely grasped the extraordinary power of demons.

He almost didn't look like a human!

"Heh." Viscount Gibran reminded him, "You know, ten years ago, that bloody battle on the north bank of the Resniston River, I was miraculously won. It was a battle that established ten years of peace."

"The bloody battle on the north bank." Kant raised his eyebrows.

"That's right." Viscount Gibran nodded.

"I really didn't expect it." Kant shrugged.

Seeing that the red blood mist was spreading to the surrounding, Kant still said calmly, "So it was that battle. You used this evil demonic power to obtain victory."

"No, this is not evil." Viscount Gibran laughed softly, "Only the hearts of humans are evil."

"Indeed." Kant nodded in agreement.

This was the truth.

Viscount Gibran also stretched out his hand and pointed at Kant. Then, he pointed at his own heart. "Ten years ago, I sent a message to your grandfather, the previous Grand Duke of Leo, but no one came."

He paused slightly. Viscount Gibran's smile became even more ferocious. "Then, I send a message to your father."

He led the fallen knights behind him as they walked forward.

Slowly, he said, "But your father, the current Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, also didn't come to help me."

The blood mist filled the air.

It was as if many faces were staring at Kant and the others in front of them.

It was like they were evil spirits that would never be revived.

It was also like the souls of the innocent were trapped within and were silently struggling.

Kant frowned slightly. With the Power of King and the Divine Power, he was completely walking the path of positive energy. He was somewhat uncomfortable and repelled by the evil negative energy and the supernatural power of demons in front of him.

Bunduk's underworld power could at least be restrained. This Viscount Gibran's demon power was completely overpower to the point that it seemed to have be maxed out!

"Then, I could only lead a group of despairing fellows into a bloody battle. At the same time, I prayed, hoping that the God of War, Edmund, would grant me the power to turn the tide of the battle. However, nothing changed. My soldiers were still defeated on the battlefield and slaughtered by the elite troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom. It was as easy as slaughtering a lamb."

Viscount Gibran spoke.

"Then I became frustrated, regretful, and desperate. I prayed to any existence, even the legendary demon, just to survive."

As he spoke, his eyes were red, like an evil spirit in the night.

He stared at Kant, his mouth split open, revealing a hideous smile that did not look human at all.

"At that time, did you know, Baron Kant? That was really despair, but my prayers had brought me an absolute existence, it was willing to give me a chance to live, and at the same time, giving me this powerful strength!"

Kant still nodded calmly. "What a wonderful story. Please continue."

The distance between the two sides was less than 30 meters.

The blood mist was so thick that it almost blew against his face.

However, he was not afraid.

There was no sign of panic in his eyes.

Viscount Gibran was venting his emotions, he seemed to be in control of the situation. However, in reality, Kant and the others, who were still in a dormant status, felt as if they were looking at a fool.

They were looking at a fool performing a stupid performance.

The 30 Lion Knights all thought so.

But the performer did not know it.

Viscount Gibran was still performing.

"This power is really powerful. It has broken through the normal supernatural limit. As long as I have enough power, I can impart this power to my disciples. And in the bloody battle, I will obtain a stronger power!"

Viscount Gibran came before Kant with a sinister smile.

The distance between them was less than 10 meters.

The knight sword in his hand had already been thrown away.

However, a ghastly horn of white bones had appeared on his forehead. His face had turned purple due to the blood mist, oozing with blood. He looked more like a monster.

He looked more like an abyssal demon!

"Roar --"

He roared. It was not a sound that a normal human could make.

Then, he said, "Baron Kant, the reason why I said so much is to delay time so that I can remove the human body that binds me and turn into the Supreme Lord of Hell, the Lord of Sin, the Master of Flame, and the incarnation of the power of Flensas!"

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh --" an invisible gust of wind instantly appeared.

The thick blood mist instantly transformed into the outline of a giant demon's head.

The dense red light fused with Viscount Gibran's red eyes. It carried an extreme evil aura, like a raging fire roaring toward Kant.

"Die, Kant! This is the first step of my revenge on your father!"

Viscount Gibran laughed maniacally.

His figure was shrouded within the blood mist.

Behind him, in the midst of the red blood mist and the endless flames that erupted, more than ten figures that were flickering with red light rushed out. They let out monster-like roars as they charged towards the temporary camp.

Their minds were captured by this blood mist. They were affected by the madness of a demon, as well as the rage to kill everything!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh --"

However, the sound of swords being drawn rang out.

They were retreating at an even faster speed than when they were charging forward.

No, they were not able to retreat in time. Instead, a few of them had been cut into two, and the rest were forced to retreat!

Even the blood-red demon head phantom in front of Viscount Gibran, which seemed to be about to devour Kant, was pierced by a golden and white ray of light, and then began to turn into nothingness.

"Puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, puff --"

The Sarleon Lion Knights moved forward.

The fallen knights stopped advancing, and many wounds appeared on their purplish-red bodies. Even deep wounds appeared on their chest, abdomen, and the space between their throats and brows.

Some of them could not dodge in time, so they started to slow down, and they fell to their knees.

The red light in their eyes disappeared.

Obviously, the dead could not die again!

The fervor and agitation in the eyes of Viscount Gibran, or the two-meter-tall, burly human-shaped monster, also disappeared a little. His sinister smile was faded. Instead, it was replaced by shock and uncertainty.

And a little fear!

Kant's entire body burst out with golden and yellow light.

The righteous Power of King and the Divine Power of justice condensed together.

It was the nemesis of all negative energy!

Especially the Sword of King in his hand. When he clenched it tightly, the golden light emitted from it, and it almost instantly dispersed the red blood mist around him. Even the phantom of the demon's head that was pierced through by the light and slowly turned into nothingness.

Viscount Gibran, who had already turned into a demon, took half a step back, his eyes full of fear.

"I'm sorry." Kant opened his mouth, he sighed helplessly. "I want to hear you finish those stories. After all, to me, your life experience is interesting, and even give me some inspirations. I was originally wanted to try to get in touch with you and pull you into my camp, so that I can conquer East County."

He paused slightly and looked at Viscount Gibran who had a swollen head, the sharp teeth in his mouth, and the skin with purple-red veins stretched out. He shrugged and said, "But it seems that there's no need now."

"Kant... Kant... Kant!" Viscount Gibran let out a wailing roar. Saliva dripped from the corner of his mouth. He did not look like a human at all. "I didn't expect you to have such power. You deceived everyone. Hahaha, you actually deceived everyone!"

"Yup." Kant nodded calmly. He looked at Viscount Gibran, who was standing in the same spot, his eyes filled with shock and surprise. Viscount Gibran, who was raging furiously, swaging his sword helplessly, and then a golden light shot him.

"Pu --"

The golden light was a concentrated positive energy.

The twisting power exploded on the demon body that was filled with negative energy. Half of Viscount Gibran's shoulder and his left arm directly disappeared.

That's right, it disappeared. His entire body turned into powder. He took a few steps back. He let out a painful howl, and the purplish-red blood flowed out. Only then did he realize that his arm had been cut off.

If it wasn't for the fact that Viscount Gibran's physical fitness had rapidly increased after he had demonized, Kant's sword strike just now could have directly destroyed half of his body!

"You... This power... is the sacred power of the Silver Platter Kingdom..."

The demonized Gibran's face was filled with malevolence due to the pain. His eyes that were filled with blood and red light were also filled with shock, "The divine artifact hidden by Princess Sofia... so it has already... already been obtained by you!"

"Divine artifact?" Kant frowned slightly.

His movements that were about to continue brandishing his sword paused slightly as he asked in a deep voice, "I'm very curious, Viscount Gibran. What exactly did you say my mother was hiding?"

"Ha, hahaha, so you don't know!"

However, what answered him was an arrogant and malevolent laugh.

Gibran looked at Kant with hatred. The blood mist around him became denser and denser.

A mysterious and evil power exploded in his body, and he instantly turned into a ball of red mist, rushing toward the southeast at high speed.

At the same time.

A voice was left behind.

"If you want to know, come to Mountain of Death. There is everything you want to know. Baron Kant, if you want to know the secrets of Princess Sofia, come!"

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#### **Chapter 392: The Treatment of the Villagers After the War**

The blood mist was extremely fast, almost as fast as lightning. In the blink of an eye, it had disappeared.

Kant stretched out his hand, telling his troop that there was no need to pursue. After he watched the blood mist disappear on the horizon, he turned his head to look at the bloody figure that was still in the same spot, completely trapped by the 30 Lion Knights.

As Viscount Gibran left, the strange influence of the blood mist gradually disappeared.

The madness in their eyes also gradually faded.

They were rational.

The provocation of the weak against the strong was undoubtedly courting death.

Even in the midst of madness and brutality, facing the encirclement of 30 grand knights, these blood-red knights from Avilis Castle still did not put down their weapons or surrender.

Kant naturally did not care whether they surrendered or not.

He waved his hand forward.

He casually ordered, "Take care of them."

"Yes!" Beside him, the Sarleon Lion Knights who were already prepared immediately complied.

With a fanatical look on their faces, each of them held a steel shield and a knight sword and began to press forward into the encirclement. Step by step, they looked at the blood-red knights who were gradually retreating. Their eyes were filled with ridicule.

There were still 12 targets left while they were 30 of them. They were clearly had the upper hand.

What's more, these targets were all injured!

There were even 1 to 3 pilums stuck on their bodies.

Obviously, their bodies were pierced through by the pilums that were thrown by the Elite Desert Bandits when they were attacking. Even if they did not get hit in the vital points and died, they were still heavily injured.

Their movements were stiff and slow. They were no match for the Lion Knights who were in full status!

After a few fights, there were only four of them remained on the field.

As for the Sarleon Lion Knights on the outside, only a few of them were injured. It did not affect the battle at all.

As for the blood mist that was still gathering in the field, it had been completely dispersed. Kant did not even have the intention to attack again. These knights from Avilis Castle were already panting and could not hold on.

Bertram was also among them. His legs were trembling, and his hands were tightly gripping his knight sword, but he already felt tired and weak.

Strong, very strong, very strong.

This was his impression to the Lion Knights.

His breathing was rapid, and the madness in his eyes had disappeared. But what replaced it was not fear and fighting, but rationality. That's right, he had now regained his rationality.

As the most intelligent disciple whom Viscount Gibran had once praised, he now understood the situation.

He also understood that he was the one at a disadvantage.

Bertram turned his head.

Beside him were his three senior brothers. They were also panting, but their status was better than his.

After all, they were grand knights. Their bodies were still covered in a faint blood mist. The red light in their eyes had not completely faded, but as purple blood flowed from the wounds on their bodies, their eyes were filled with fear.

After the enticement and inheritance of Viscount Gibran, these three grand knights had already completed their fallen.

They already had the demon bloodline in their bodies.

It would not change.

Even if they left Viscount Gibran's side, the demon bloodline in their bodies would not disappear, it would instead cause them to undergo a monster-like mutation. In the end. They would either turn into human-shaped demons, became violent and bloodthirsty and eventually killed by the authority.

Just like demonized creatures, the grand knights were completely demonized now!

Fallen knights.

Kant understood this.

The Sarleon Lion Knights from the Pendor Continent understood this even more.

After all, in their world, although it was in the end of magic era, extraordinary powers still existed. Therefore, there were still some void gaps connected the underworld and the Pendor Continent, which could seep out the power of the underworld.

And in the hands of some people with ulterior motives, this power became their reliance. Eventually they became the fallen knights who rampaged across the Pendor Continent.

Even in reality, the underworld invaders were also human beings who were eroded by the underworld power and eventually turned into demons. After all, the appearance of berserkers, avengers, and horsemen among these invaders were actually in human-like forms.

It was said that some cult rituals could turn the fallen believers of demons into demons.

The logic was mutual.

Looking at it now.

Viscount Gibran's transformation into a demon on this quiet night was not unexpected.

He had already turned into a demon ten years ago and accumulated the wealth of Avilis Castle. It was probably because he had obtained the power of demons. As for the Supreme Lord of the Hell, the Lord of Sin, Master of Flame, Flensas. It made Kant think of the demon in the ancient passage.

Aamon Qieke was originally sealed. In the end, Kant killed him with his large troop. In the end, even its body was burned into a pile of useless ashes.

And the broken rune sword became Kant's trophy of victory.

It was sold for a good price.

But as for the abyssal demon that appeared in the East County, the so-called Flensas, Kant had no way of understanding it.

He raised his head slightly and looked at the four people who were still persisting.

The blood mist had completely dispersed.

Other than the three people who had purplish-black skin and red eyes, there was still a hint of madness in their eyes.

The only young man left had a clear and rational look in his eyes. Although he was panting as if he had been forced into a desperate situation, he still used the defensive techniques of a traditional knight. It was very standard.

After pondering for a moment, Kant had made a decision. He waved his hand and said, "Leave that young man behind."

"Yes!" the Lion Knights immediately replied.

As the Lion Knights came closer to them, the necks of the three grand knights were instantly cut off.

A plop sound appeared. In the field, only one figure was still standing unscathed. As for the three grand knights beside him, their heads were already gone. Purple-red blood had already spurted out from their necks as they kneeled in the field.

The field that was originally intact was now filled with corpses and the thick smell of blood.

Blood flowed like a river!

As for the knight attendants who had been watching the battle, they had long fled from this place.

They had already realized that the situation was not right. Although they had sensed the power of Viscount Gibran, now that they had clearly seen the power of the demons, how could they not be afraid.

Each and every one of them rode their horses and fled even faster than rabbits. They had no intention of continuing to fight.

At this moment.

Bertram, who was still at his original spot, he was then brought to the temporary camp.



He was tied up with thick ropes, and there were ten Lion Knights watching him from the side. Although they were not afraid of the explosive power of the demons, they were still afraid that something unexpected would happen.

He was not ordinary person. If he still had power to fight, it would not be good to threaten the lord of Kant.

They were very considerate.

In order to ensure safety, Rolf checked the results of the battle and dealt with the battlefield. At the same time, he specially assigned 200 Elite Desert Bandit to stand behind the level 5 cavalry and the Sarleon Lion Squires to help guard.

There was also the village next to them, the Nali Village, which was under Avilis Castle.

It was also guarded by the other 300 Elite Desert Bandits.

No one died in the battle.

Only a few unlucky people could not dodge in time and their limbs were injured. Fortunately, it was not a fatal injury. After sprinkling the herbs specially made by Doctor James and bandaging it with two circles of linen, it was almost intact.

It was no problem for them to continue their journey on horseback, but they could not do anything too violent.

Nali Village was surrounded.

The old village chief, the fat financial officer, and the robust sheriff were now ashen faced.

The remaining armed militia had also given up resisting. They threw their weapons on the street one after another. Each of them gathered near the village houses with their families. They looked like lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

In the previous battle, more than 30 armed militiamen had died.

The rest were also injured, and their morale was low.

Even Viscount Gibran and the Knights of Avilis Castle had been defeated.

With these insignificant militiamen, even if they could kill the enemy, what could they achieve? The entire village might ended up be massacred. It was more appropriate to give up resisting and hand over all the silver coins as a token to exchange for a way out.

At the very least, even if some the villagers had to sacrifice their lives, the entire village would not be completely wiped out.

However, there was no massacre.

Rolf wanted to massacre this village.

However, considering the current situation, as well as Lord Kant's strategic plan for the East County, he gave up this plan.

Massacring was easy. Elite Desert Bandits were bandits who killed without batting an eyelid.

But in the long run, the gains would not be worth it.

It would stir up the anger of the people of the East County.

Or rather...

The noble and gentlemen of the East County, as well as the landlords, merchants, and commoners, would be estranged by this matter.

If some people with ulterior motives were to arouse, the entire East County would probably reject Kant. After all, this county had been closed for the outsiders in the past. If the government and business were to completely close off Kant, it would be equivalent to completely rejecting Kant.

This would also have a deep impact on his strategy of eating away at Kant.

When that time came, it would be difficult.

If he wanted to break it, he could only use absolute force to break the seal.

However, the rebound brought by violence would also make the rejection even more intense.

Even if Kant occupied the entire East County, he would probably not be able to remain stable for a few years. Unless he massacred the entire East County, but this was obviously not realistic.

He occupied the land and obtained the people mostly because he pursued dumping grounds and dumping people.

He used it to earn golden eagles.

Then, he would exchange it for denar in the world of "Mount and Blade".

This was Kant's goal. The so-called attacking and conquering the land was just a general concept.

Rolf was not a willful general. After giving a few orders, he drove all the villagers into the house. He did not continue to offend them. He only sent people to guard tightly and not let them move around freely.

The others cleaned up the battlefield. At the same time, they sent out cavalry patrols to scout the surroundings.

It was not suitable to stay here for long.

The scattered knight attendants would definitely return to Avilis Castle.

If they attracted the troops of the East County, they would be surrounded, and things would become utterly troublesome.

The reason why this battle could be won so quickly with such low casualties was also because Viscount Gibran had underestimated the enemy and did not expect Kant to have 30 grand knights with him.

If Viscount Gibran knew about this, with his's military ability, he would definitely bring a longbow team of several hundred archers to surround Kant.

Although grand knights were invincible in close combat, they were also afraid of the arrow rain attack.

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### **Chapter 393: Bertram's Realization**

On the battlefield, the Elite Desert Bandits walked past with a spear in hand. When they passed by the fallen enemy, they stabbed their necks and chests. After twisting half a circle, they pulled it out and continued to move forward.

This was a standard post-war method of cleaning up the battlefield. They were very familiar with it.

Stabbed the enemies one last time to ensure they were dead.

In this era, serious injury was equivalent to a miserable death.

Rather than suffering from pain and suffering, it was better to die directly.

As for those who cowardly faked their dead, since they had chosen the path of cowardice, there was no point in living. Anyway, when the Elite Desert Bandit walked over with a spear in their hands, they would stab every fallen enemy on the battlefield.

Not a single person was left alive, even if they were just the lightly injured armed militia.

No massacre was a sign of mercy.

But cleaning the battlefield was not.

It was a warning.

It was also a deterrent.

Since they had chosen to be enemies, Kant and his troop would show no mercy on the battlefield even after the battle ended.

As enemies, they had no right to live, because on the battlefield they were fighting with their own lives, either one of the sides was destined to be dead, there was no other way.

War was brutal and cruel.

At the center of the temporary camp.

Kant sat on a simple low chair made of saddle.

He rubbed his calves and looked at the young knight who was kneeling in front of him and responding to him in the most humiliating way. His face was calm, without any anger or fear.

Kant won this victory, and the initiative was in his hands.

And this young captive in front of him was like a fish on a chopping board.

This Bertram was kneeling in front of Kant as if he had accepted his fate, with his hands behind his back.

He lowered his head and let his hair fall down, looking as wretched as a condemned prisoner awaiting execution. But in fact, he was still relatively safe. At least he did not lose his life on the battlefield, which already showed that he had a reason to survive.

The cooperation now was one of the biggest reasons why Bertram could survive.

The wait didn't last long.

Outside the tent, the Elite Desert Bandit who had finished cleaning up the battlefield came back to report.

Rolf waved his hand to signal for them to leave. At the same time, he whispered to Kant about the results of the battle. Of course, Kant didn't say much about the expected glorious victory.

He just nodded and said, "I understand. Pass down the orders and do a good job of guarding."

"Yes."

Rolf accepted the order.

Rolf turned around and left. He called over the Elite Desert Bandits under his command and made some arrangements before returning to the tent.

The night in the East County was still quiet, but the sound of horse hooves could be heard. The Elite Desert Bandit groups that had scattered in small groups had already spread out, carrying spears and scimitars. They cautiously began to patrol the surroundings to ensure safety.

"There's no problem." Rolf reported with certainty.

"Very good." After arranging everything, Kant heaved a sigh of relief.

He turned his head to look at the captive who was still kneeling in front of him, he calmly said, "Alright, it's time for us to talk. As a mercenary group that has just arrived here, well, let's put it this way. We have no intention of attacking you, but why did you attack us first? This makes me very puzzled. I'm also very curious. What's the reason?"

"Why? Even if I said it was a misunderstanding. Baron Kant, you wouldn't believe me." Bertram smiled bitterly.

The reason for this attack was really a misunderstanding towards the barbarians.

"Mm." Kant shrugged. He still did not understand the truth of the matter, but the experience he had gained from the system, as well as the experience from his previous life and this life, naturally, he would not simply believe in the so-called misunderstanding.

There was a cause and effect, and words like misunderstanding could only deceive children.

"Hehe, misunderstanding is good."

Rolf laughed at the side. "This is indeed a misunderstanding."

"Ah?" Bertram raised his head in surprise. He had expected Kant's silence, but Rolf's temper and personality clearly exceeded his long-standing, gentlemanly thinking.

"This is really misunderstood."

Rolf smiled, his eyes filled with malevolence. "Then how about the battle? Is it really a misunderstanding between us, or did you take the initiative to attack us? We can let this misunderstanding go." he continued, "But how are you going to compensate us? After all, your attack gave us a fright, and we need to pay for the mental damage."

"Uh..." Bertram looked even more shock and confused.

The farmland outside the camp was still piled with the bodies of the people who had died in the battle tonight. They were all knight attendants of Avilis Castle and the militia of Nali Village. Their losses were extremely heavy compared to Kant's.

And now, he was unable to accept this so-called mental damage compensation.

But in reality, they were indeed the attackers.

They were the ones who started this incident.

"I can't make a decision."

Bertram lowered his head dejectedly but smiled bitterly helplessly. "To me, I'm only the captain of the guards, one of Viscount Gibran's knight apprentices."

"Your name?" Kant asked calmly.

"Bertram." he answered.

"I've never heard of you."

Kant shrugged. "As for your three senior grand knights, I've heard of them." After a pause, he rubbed his head and said, "I remember that ten years ago, they were also young people who were lucky enough to survive."

"That's right." Bertram nodded. "I was just a new apprentice introduced by Countess Agatha last year."

"A new apprentice."

Kant chuckled, "Your family background is quite good."

Bertram said, "It's all thanks to my father being the chief security officer of East County City." Pausing for a moment, he said with a bitter smile, "He was conferred the title of baron of the palace by Count Agatha."

"Oh." Kant raised his eyebrows.

Of course, he understood what Bertram meant.

A new apprentice who could become the famous Viscount Gibran in the East County would definitely have sufficient wealth and power to support him. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to become the disciple of this famous general.

His father was the sheriff of the East County City, or the baron of the palace conferred by Countess Agatha.

Then Kant was not surprised, this young knight in front of him had wealth, strong family background and high status

This Bertram's status was probably even more honorable. He was no less than the son of an ordinary powerful baron.

Kant's mind spun quickly. Looking at Bertram's dejected appearance, he smiled. He had also thought that this might be Countess Agatha, his aunt, trying to interfere and probe in Avilis Castle.

Bertram's father was the sheriff of East County City.

He was born with the mark of Countess Agatha.

And he was also a baron of the palace.

In fact, he had spent money to buy the title of count from Countess Agatha.

It was usually done by merchants or landlords who had once been servants or vassals, such as the treasurer, sheriff, and even the butler of East County City, as well as the leaders of the subordinate trade caravan.

In other places, such people were called gentlemen and had honorary titles.

Baron of the palace was about the same.

In fact, in terms of actual status, he was even lower than baron of boor.

After all, baron of boor had fought with real battle achievements, and he still had real power under him. He had his own troops, and if he were lucky, he would be invincible on the battlefield, and he could continue to obtain the title of nobility with great battle achievements.

If a baron of palace wanted to level up, he would have to rely on the person who conferred him the title. He was just a servant who had the title of noble.

However, he could still represent that higher-level noble.

There were only two places that could be conferred the title of noble in the palace.

There were only two places.

The center of power of the Dukedom of Leo, Grand Duke Cameron's Lion Fort.

Or the East County that was independent of the Dukedom of Leo, the East County City of Countess Agatha!

Bertram opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but in the end, he lowered his head and smiled bitterly. "That's right, Baron Kant. Your guess is correct. I was indeed a mole sent by Countess Agatha to investigate Viscount Gibran."

"Continue. I like this story." Kant nodded.

"This is not a story."

Bertram retorted in a low voice.

However, his voice was even more decadent. "After that bloody battle ten years ago, Viscount Gibran became more and more strange. He even started to become independent from the jurisdiction of the East County."

"He has the status of a semi-independent warlord." Kant said calmly, "I understand."

"That is indeed the case."

Bertram also confirmed, "He even rejected Countess Agatha's orders from time to time."

Pausing for a moment, he continued, "But coming to Avilis Castle, even if I become a newly promoted knight apprentice, I am still excluded from the entire system of Viscount Gibran."

"But in your body, there is still the supernatural power that originates from Viscount Gibran."

Kant calmly reminded, "The fallen power that comes from the Abyss."

Bertram shook his head. "I don't know what the Abyss is or what the devil is. It's too complicated for me. This is something from myths and legends. I only know that I should obtain extraordinary power."

"And you really chose this power?" Kant raised his eyebrows. "It's very interesting."

"That's right."

Bertram nodded disappointedly. "But I didn't know that Viscount Gibran would actually be so depraved."

He thought of that terrifying demonic form, and it looked just like the legends said. He couldn't help but sigh, "My three senior brothers have already been completely controlled by that evil force. Even I was close to this force and was actually controlled by Viscount Gibran's consciousness at that time. All I knew was rage, slaughter, and hysterical madness!"

In fact, not to mention him, even the knight attendants were also controlled by that force.

Usually, they only felt that it was motivated by Viscount Gibran's reputation, and he did not care even if he noticed it.

But now that he thought about it carefully, he felt a chill run down their spines. This was clearly a special effect of using extraordinary power to control the surrounding soldiers, and they fought to the death for it. It was truly an irreparable madness!

"So this is the reason." Bertram connected the dots and said dejectedly, "The truth of the victory ten years ago."

This was indeed the truth.

Only this kind of demonic strength could defeat the main force of the thousands of people of the Silver Platter Kingdom, instead of relying on a bunch of cowardly soldiers, a bunch of militia and peasant soldiers who were recruited in a short time.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 394: Information About the Crimson Cult**

War was cruel to begin with.

Well-trained troops with successive victories and high morale were the best of the best.

Unless they were met with a tragic situation that caused their morale to drop. Otherwise, they would be able to easily defeat the enemy in a normal battle with their unparalleled morale and their valor from the successive victories.

Not to mention the poor troops that were once on the north bank of the Resniston River, armed with defeated soldiers and peasant soldiers.

Using the poor troops that were on the verge of collapse to fight against the elite troops that had high morale.

Even if they fought with their full strength, there was still no way to explain how they could win.

Moreover, the commander of the main force of the Silver Platter Kingdom was not stupid. On the contrary, he was led by a famous baron in the country. He was unstoppable on the south bank of the river and even captured Nazaire Castle, which was originally under the jurisdiction of the East County.

This caused the East County to collapse, and they retreated to the East County City on the north bank.

They even had a plan at that time.

They had already begun to prepare.

The East County gave up the capital city, East County City, and led the remaining troops to escape all the way to Avilis Castle.

If they could not even defend Avilis Castle, then they would break out of the encirclement and retreat to the North County. At least at that time, the barren North County was not the first line in war, and it could be used as a place to regroup.

The battle situation at that time was so decadent that even the southern county, which was directly under the royal family, could not take care of itself.

Fort Vaulti and Fort Lobito on the north bank of the Resniston River were in tatters. It was said that more than 10,000 people had died.

Although the ones who died were mercenaries and armed militia, the real noble troops did not suffer many casualties.

However, the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, personally led the troops to launch a surprise attack. With the help of Baron Dylan, who had betrayed the Silver Platter Kingdom at that time and had held back the reinforcements, they finally won that victory.

Of course, the exact details of the victory had not been revealed. It was just that from ten years ago until now, they had lost many lands.



Many noble families also had many changes in their mind.

After negotiations, the Fort Nazaire of Countess Agatha located at the south bank of Resniston River was ceded to the Silver Platter Kingdom.

This was also the main reason why Countess Agatha and the Grand Duke Cameron had the biggest conflict. It was even the main reason why both sides were closed off, allowing the East County to be independent. They had not interacted officially with each other for ten years.

Because of the loss of Fort Nazaire on the south bank, the East County City on the north bank of the river was basically defenseless.

It could even be said that the entire East County City was wide opened, completely exposed in front of the front of the Silver Platter Kingdom's soldiers.

The key point was that even Viscount Gibran, who had once saved the East County and became a famous general, had begun to not entirely obey the orders. He wanted to become a semi-independent warlord within the semi-independent East County.

He also completely controlled the only castle in the East County Avilis Castle.

If it was truly independent...

With the military strength that Viscount Gibran possessed, it was likely that Countess Agatha couldn't do anything if Viscount Gibran insisted to. She could only watch as independence happened.

Although the East County City was the capital city and had developed its economy, it was not an excellent military city. Its military strength might only be able to protect itself. It was impossible for it to go on an expedition.

This was also the reason why Countess Agatha sent Bertram to Avilis Castle.

The art of political compromise.

It was to comfort and appease Viscount Gibran.

It was also to secretly warn and plant a mole to this famous general's castle.

Kant, who had already lived in this world for 16 years in the Dukedom of Leo, naturally knew very well about this method. These were the methods that the noble families liked to use the most, and it did not have many disadvantages.

However, no one had expected that Viscount Gibran, this old and famous general, had changed.

He had completely surrendered to the decadence of the abyssal demon!

The tent was silent.

Kant's thoughts were scattered, and no one made a sound.

They just waited quietly. Even Bertram bowed his head and knelt down as if he had accepted his fate. He no longer had the honor of being a knight. He was humiliated as if he was the most humble slave.

However, to him who was born a noble in the palace, this was not something that was hard to accept.

It was seen as groveling.

Once, his father, the sheriff of East County City, and his mother, who secretly controlled a trade caravan, had warned him that if he wanted to live, he had to grovel.

Bertram now felt that what he said was right.

As for the honor of a knight, it was useless now.

Looking at the grand knights surrounding him, Bertram felt dejected.

He did not know when it started, but there were so many grand knights who had mastered extraordinary powers existed. He once thought that it was scary enough that the three senior brothers of Avilis Castle were actually grand knights who hid their identities.

But now, there were a total of 30 grand knights here, which meant that there were even more grand knights than in the Dukedom of Leo!

Bertram's heart pounded even harder.

He thought of Viscount Gibran. He had transformed into legendary demon, which made his heart palpitate.

This was the fear of the unknown that came from humans!

"Interesting."

Kant's divergent thoughts had returned.

Looking at Bertram, who was kneeling on the ground and covered in cold sweat, Kant put on a smile. "The bloody battle ten years ago, there are indeed many secrets that we don't know. This is really interesting."

"Yes." Bertram only responded obediently.

"Then what makes me curious is," Kant finally got to the point. "The power of Viscount Gibran definitely did not appear out of thin air. There must be a reason. Then, do you know where this power came from or how it was obtained?"

"This power..."

A hint of struggle appeared in Bertram's eyes.

But he still closed his eyes and answered dejectedly, "Mountain of Death, the mountain where thousands of people were executed, has long been controlled by a religious force called the Crimson Sect."

"Mountain of Death, the Crimson Sect."

Kant heard this place name and nodded thoughtfully. "It's really interesting."

It was indeed interesting.

Previously, Viscount Gibran had mentioned this place before he left.

Mountain of Death was the symbolic peak of the East County.

Just like the Mountain of Leo of the South County and the Senwaya Range of the North County.

Moreover, when Viscount Gibran left, he said that if he wanted to know everything, he would have to go to Mountain of Death to look for him.

Of course, it would definitely not be a good thing if he went there. It was most probably a trap. Now that he knew that the Crimson Sect was secretly developing there, Kant would naturally not show up recklessly.

Even if his current army was powerful enough, it was not powerful enough, unless he mobilized the main force.

As for the Crimson Sect, Kant did not know what this organization was. Not to mention that he had only heard of the term and did not know anything about it. Even when he was in the academy, he had never heard of it.

As for associating it with the abyssal demons, Kant only knew that it had once appeared in the Dukedom of Leo, the Demon Worship Cult!

"They are the remnants of the Demon Worship Cult."

Seeing that Kant was deep in thought, Bertram did not hide it. Instead, he directly nodded and admitted it.

Although he did not come into contact with the core secrets in Avilis Castle, there were still some things that he could roughly understand. "In fact, Viscount Gibran's family has always been surrounded by the Demon Worship Cult. Although their faith is not strong, they have contact with quite a lot of people from the cult. They have also provided financial assistance. I did not expect that they would really come into contact with the existence of demons now."

"As expected." Kant nodded. This was not out of his expectations. Regarding the Crimson Sect, which was formed by the remnants of the Demon Worship Cult, he knew this enemy.

However, after the incident in the Senwaya Range, he didn't think that this was just a cult.

Perhaps there really was that so-called abyssal demon.

The Supreme Lord of the Hell Demon, the Lord of Sins, and Master of Flames, Flensas.

Perhaps it was a complete demon that had broken free from the seal and was still recuperating!

At that time, this battle would be much more tragic than the underground city. If there was no seal, the abyssal demons that could replenish their strength at any time would be enough to defeat an elite army of a thousand men without suffer serious injuries

Kant needed to pay more attention.

He frowned slightly.

He looked at Bertram and asked, "Did the Sect of God of War not react?"

"No." Bertram smiled bitterly. "The East County has been locked down for ten years. Although there is no ban on commercial activities, the officials are strictly restricted and ostracized. Even in terms of religion, they have been severely rejected."

"I really underestimated the East County's lockdown," Kant muttered to himself.

At first, he thought that it was just an official lockdown.

He did not expect that even religion had been strictly restricted.

Now that he thought about it carefully, perhaps the situation was not as he had imagined.

After all, traces of demons had already appeared in the East County territory. Even the most powerful general, Gibran, who oversaw a county, was a servant and lackey of the demons. That was the situation of the entire East County.

It was like the surface of the sea that seemed to have no waves at all, but there were undercurrents surging beneath!

"Lord." Rolf, who was listening by the side, spoke up at this moment. "Let's not go to the East County."

He said worriedly, "The current situation is clearly not as simple as we had predicted. Now, it seems that even the North County is not as complicated as the East County!"

"It is indeed very complicated." Kant agreed.

However, his eyes narrowed slightly. "We still have to go to the East County City."

Rolf said anxiously, "But..."

"There's no 'but'." Kant waved his hand.

Since things had developed into this direction, he would definitely not back down. The most important thing was the conquering of the East County. It was related to his plan to conquer the entire Dukedom of Leo. If he failed here, then he could only be locked up in the Nahrin Desert.

Perhaps in a short period of time, the strategic layout of charging out of the North County would have to postpone.

And the situation in the Nahrin Desert was even more complicated.

There were resurrected god's descendants in the depths.

There were gradually recovering abyssal demons under the mountain range.

If Kant continued to stay in the Nahrin Desert and foolishly lived his unrivalled and powerful life, then he would really be ignorance. He would probably be wiped out in the next ten years.

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

#### **Chapter 395: The Complicated Situation In South County**

Kant had already made up his mind to head to the East County

But Rolf was worried.

Although he had a tough personality, he was very concerned about his supreme lord, Lord Kant. Now that he felt that the East County was indeed dangerous, he really didn't want Kant to set foot in this place.

If something went wrong, the East County City, the capital of the East County, would be a cage full of sharp blades.

At that time, it would be difficult to leave there safely, let alone continue with the plan.

The Crimson Sect, the remnants of the Demon Worship Cult, had already infiltrated to such an extent. It basically meant that the entire East County was completely rotten, like a sieve that had been infiltrated!

Even the faces of the Sarleon Lion Knights who were guarding beside them changed slightly, and their eyes were filled with caution.

They thought of the Snake Cult on the Continent of Pendor.

The heretic cult that had once been suppressed.

It was precisely because the Snake Cult had infiltrated the entire Empire that either noble or the commoners were all believed in the Snake Cult. Thus, no matter how hard they tried to eliminate it, the Snake Cult was still plagued the Empire. It had slowly grown stronger when the Empire was facing a crisis.

In the end, even the king believed in the Snake Cult. It had completely become a religious force that could influence the politics of Empire!

Right now, same thing might had happened in the East County.

Although it had not reached that stage yet, it was almost there.

This was the reason why Rolf had stopped Kant from continuing to head to the East County City.

He did not know how many other fallen knights like Viscount Gibran, who were controlled by the demonic forces, or fallen people who believed in and pledged allegiance to the Crimson Sect were in the unfamiliar East County City.

If they were willing to pledge allegiance and worship to the abyssal demons, then they were definitely not good people.

Even if they were good people, they would become madmen and fanatics.

This was the consequences of believing in the abyss.

They would only gone crazy and brutal.

Despite the beliefs of the gods were so strict, so inviolable, and so cold and rigid, it was much better than the beliefs of the abyss. At least, there would not be any trouble.

If the gods were shepherds who treated human believers as lambs, then the abyssal demons were hungry wolves who treated humans as lambs, and they would kill at will when they were hungry!

There was a big difference between the two.

Entering East County City like this was undoubtedly equivalent to a sheep entering the tiger's mouth.

There was a slight silence in the tent. Although Kant intended to go to East County City, he also knew that things were not as simple as prediction. On the contrary, he had to be prepared to prevent a series of troubles.

Tonight's battle would probably spread throughout the entire East County in a short period of time.

It would even spread throughout the entire Dukedom of Leo.

There was no impregnable wall to stop the news.

Kant, who had sneaked into the East County, would also be known by others. After all, when Gibran left, he did not hide Kant's identity. Instead, he shouted loudly. Almost everyone in the vicinity had heard him clearly.

This included the villagers and militia of Nali Village, as well as the knight attendants who had escaped.

"There's some trouble." Kant frowned slightly.

No matter how he thought about it, the probability of encountering trouble during this trip to the East County could not be reduced.

If he was unlucky, he might have to go through a few fierce battles. At the very least, he believed that he would not have a good relationship with that Countess Agatha, even if she was his aunt.

The royal family did not have any family ties, and the internal affairs of the small dukedom in this world were very common.

"Lord." Rolf suggested, "Why don't you go back and bring more troops?"

"We'll become a big and obvious target." Kant shook his head.

In fact, not to mention 500 Desert Bandits, just 30 Sarleon Lion Knights and 5 Sarleon Lion Squires were enough to draw attention. After all, they were all plate armor and chain mail. Ordinary knights did not have such equipment!

Even if they said that they were an ordinary mercenary group, they could only fool the ignorant villagers.

As for the real nobles, they probably knew that they were a private troop secretly trained by an unknown peer.

Those noble enemies would definitely probe Kant's strength. If they had their own private troop, they would even secretly set up traps. Even worse, they would even try to annihilate Kant's troop if they had a chance.

Just like the fierce Gale Mercenary Group, it was the fearsome force that belonged to Countess Agatha.

However, thinking of this, Kant felt a slight headache.

He was the one who destroyed the Gale Mercenary Group. Moreover, he had captured the other attacking troops at the Stone Pass.

Although people didn't say it explicitly, Countess Agatha had almost become a laughing joke in the entire Dukedom of Leo. Especially after losing these two elite troops, a total of four grand knights might be enough to hurt the vitality of the East County.

One had to know that on the surface, the Dukedom of Leo only had ten grand knights at most.

But if it were really as Rolf had said, bringing troops over would not be infiltration.

It would be an invasion.

There would be a direct conflict.

Kant was not afraid of East County with his current troop's strength, even the entire Dukedom of Leo. In a field battle, Kant's troop could almost take them away in one wave. But after conquering the dukedom with violence, it would be even more troublesome to deal with the rebellions and other enemies.

One had to know that Kant didn't have many troops. It was not enough to defend the three counties.

Not to mention that there were foreign enemies eyeing them.

For example, the Silver Platter Kingdom.

Once they discovered that the Dukedom of Leo was in internal strife, they would not hesitate at all.

When the time came, the Silver Platter Kingdom would take advantage of the internal strife to launch an attack. They would attack the Dukedom of Leo in all directions and win the final victory. And finally, they could settle the score for their defeat ten years ago.

Ten years ago, the Dukedom of Leo was as united as an iron plate.

Now, it was in pieces.

In the South County, there was a battle between the Grand Duke and the top-tier noble.

In the North County, there was a battle between Viscount Wayne and Viscount Kevin.

In the East County, not only was it independent, but there was also an internal divide between Countess Agatha and Viscount Gibran.

If there was a new invasion from Silver Platter Kingdom, it was unlikely that the nobles in the Dukedom of Leo would unite to resist the invasion. Instead, they would wait for the price to be offered and see what they could gain by joining the Silver Platter Kingdom.

In any case, if the dukedom were destroyed, the noble would still be the noble. Only the rest of the dukedom would change.

Oh, one more thing, the royal family that ruled the dukedom would change.

But it did not matter to the noble. It was all the same. They were just vassals.

But no matter what, if Kant led his troop and went to the East County, the consequences would be troublesome. The entire Dukedom of Leo would probably be in an uproar, not to mention Countess Agatha.

Even though the nobles were always up to no good behind the scenes, but on the surface, they still followed the rules of the noble court.

If Kant led his troops into the East County, they would definitely clash with each other.

If things went wrong, there would be a war between the nobles, and even internal strife among the nobles of the Dukedom of Leo.

The noble court represented the authority of the top noble and the royal family. If the authority of the noble court was weakened, then there would be no scruples between the lower-level nobles. When they fought each other, they did not differentiate between allies and enemies.

After all, even if they were noble, they also had grudges to each other. Even if they didn't, they were willing to join the fight for the sake of benefits.

Kant had lived here for more than ten years. He was very clear about this.

After all, he was also a member of the noble.

"Baron Kant."

However, Bertram, who was kneeling in front of him, spoke.

Looking at Kant's slightly frowning appearance, he said dejectedly, "Perhaps it's okay for you to go see Countess Agatha. The current East County is no longer under her control."

"I don't understand." Kant frowned even more. His words were very vague.

"Countess Agatha's authority has been weakened." Bertram shrugged.

He sighed calmly and said, "It's not a secret that the Gale Mercenary Group was gone. Everyone knows that they were completely destroyed when they launched a sneak attack at the Stone Pass. The current Countess Agatha can only control the East County City."

Kant said, "Because her strength was damaged, her authority was reduced."

"Yes."

Bertram nodded. "She's not good now." After a pause, he continued, "Even Viscount Gibran was very rude to Countess Agatha in his words. At the same time, he also revealed some ulterior plans."

"It's just that he was defeated by me before he implemented it." Kant's lips curled up. "He may be very disappointed."

"That's right." Bertram had nothing else to say.

However, when he thought of the words he had heard back then, he still reminded Kant after hesitating for a few moments, "Baron Kant, right now, your strength is formidable, but the strength of the Crimson Sect is also not to be underestimated. I once heard that this sect has the ability to destroy the Dukedom



of Leo. It's only because they fear the Silver Platter Kingdom that they temporarily lay low in East County."

"Afraid of the Silver Platter Kingdom? I am more curious about that." Kant frowned, but the national religion of the Silver Platter Kingdom instantly appeared in his mind. He seemed to be deep in thought as he said, "Could it be... the Holy Church?"

"I am not sure." Bertram didn't collect much information on this matter.

However, he had already given Kant a lot of useful information, especially regarding the situation of the Dukedom of Leo and the complicated situation in the East County. He had a good understanding of it.

"You're not bad." Kant nodded.

He sat on the low stool and looking at Bertram, his eyes lit up slightly. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I still lack a friend in the East County who can help me convey my word. Perhaps you can help. I don't know if you want to."

"Of, of course, I'm willing too!" Bertram agreed instantly without any hesitation.

Only a fool would not agree.

Baron Kant was responsible for the heavy casualties outside.

If he did not agree, the consequences would probably be a cut on his neck. It would not be surprising if he were thrown into the pile of corpses outside. After all, they were the ones who launched the attack first. There was no reason to argue about it.

As for human rights and such things, they were really useless.

They were useless!

"Very good." Kant nodded in satisfaction.

There were two dark chess pieces in the East County now, but there had to be a clear one as well.

This young man, who was shocked by Viscount Gibran's fall and had doubts about Countess Agatha's strength, was the best chess piece for him. As long as he could control it well, he might be able to have a great influence.

At the very least, Bertram's father was a baron of the palace, and the connections he had could help maintain stability.

The East County was an important dumping ground for Kant in the future.

He could not afford to make any mistakes.

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

#### **Chapter 396: Arriving at the Capital of East County**

The next day, at dawn.

Nali Village was still quiet. The villagers were all holed up inside the village, waiting in despair.

The Elite Desert Bandit outside had already left, but these people were still afraid. But after a night of waiting, this fear finally disappeared quite a bit. It turned into despair and suffocation, as well as indifference to life and death.

The old village chief's face was abnormally red and ruddy. He was still sitting at his own dining table, enjoying the delicious food.

The whole family was neatly dressed in the best clothes.

In fact, the entire Nali Village was doing the same thing.

They knew that they had encountered a terrifying enemy that was difficult to fight against. It was useless even if they tried to escape.

It was better to enjoy it properly. Otherwise, when they saw the gods they believed in after death, they would not cry and complain that they were hungry. At the very least, they had to eat and drink the best and enjoy the hard-earned peace time.

In the sky outside the village, the occasional chirping of birds could be heard.

Countless birds were flapping their wings.

They looked out of the window.

There were a lot of scavenger birds. There were also pitch-black crows chirping, which added to the despair atmosphere in the village.

If it was as expected, the farmland outside the village had long become a paradise for scavenger animals. They enjoyed the breakfast to their heart's content, just like they enjoyed the feast.

However, as time went by, the sun had completely risen. The expected massacre did not come upon.

Even the cavalry who were patrolling the streets had disappeared.

"Chief!"

At this moment, the sheriff and finance officer suddenly barged in.

With a face full of surprise, he ignored the family members of the village chief who were still crying and eating breakfast. He said quickly, "They left. They left. Is it Baron Kant? He really let us go!"

"What... what..." The village chief raised his head in surprise.

Along with his son and daughter-in-law, as well as his grandchildren who were just seven or eight years old, their faces were full of surprise.

They had thought that they would die, but it ended peacefully just like that. It was really a pleasant surprise for them. Especially when they thought of the reputation that Baron Kant of being merciful, they were so excited that tears streamed down their faces.

"Thank you, Baron Kant!" They murmured softly as if they were praying. No one objected to this statement.

They all knew that they were the ones who had provoked the battle tonight.

While they were waiting for death at night, they had thought of many things, including the initial stage of blaming each other, the mid-stage despair, and the later stage of looking down on life and death and saying goodbye to each other. They were all mentally prepared.

Now that they found that they could live, they became very happy and excited.

They were also filled with gratitude towards Kant.

Stockholm syndrome.

This group of villagers, even if there were families who died as militiamen, were extremely grateful.

They originally thought that they would be massacred, but they survived. Their Stockholm syndrome was magnified multiple times, causing everyone to feel ashamed and regretful about their attempts to attack Kant.

However, this group of villagers was nothing to Kant.

He had already left Nali Village with his troop.

The temporary camp had completely disappeared on the grain drying field, and they continued to go deep into the East County.

However, they did not follow the plan to go to Mountain of Death. Instead, they bypassed that place and headed to the East County City. Finally, they arrived at the riverbank of the Resniston River, looking for the entrance in the ancient passage, and then returned to their sphere of influence.

That was Aaron City, which was located in the Senwaya Range!

This was the current plan.

However, it was not certain.

There was also a trade caravan heading to Borg to see how their hidden chess piece was doing.

At the same time, they had to contact the Pirates of the Resniston River. After all, there were still princess Sofia's old subordinates there. Controlling this water army was also beneficial for Kant to control this river channel.

Although there were small incidents in Avilis Castle and Mountain of Death, it did not affect the plan. Only the details had to be handled carefully.

Kant's identity had been exposed, so he had to be careful in the planning of the trip.

If he was entangled by those crazy devil worshippers from the Crimson Sect and was chased down by Countess Agatha, who already had a very bad relationship with him, it would be really troublesome. He had to give up too much and leave through the mouth of the river as soon as possible.

They would also have to endure the danger of exposing this secret passage at any time.

After all, this was the main road that led directly to the north side of the Senwaya Range.

However, Kant was not worried.

So what if they were exposed? The footmen tactics of the Kingdom of Rhodoks were invincible when they faced off against the enemy.

They held long-hilted broadswords that were like axes as they advanced side by side. They wore the most sturdy thick chain armor and held heavy broad shields that could cover more than half of their bodies. They were like land tanks. In the narrow ancient passage, there was simply no army that could be a match for them.

Unless the enemies used ballistae or other as siege weapons, they would be able to defeat the square formation formed by these heavy armored warriors.

One had to know, even the strongest heavy armored Swadian Knight did not dare to charge at the front of the square formation formed by Rhodok Sergeants.

Not to mention in the square formation, there would be Rhodok Snipers who held siege crossbows and had the ability to kill people from 500 meters away. Even if the enemies used ballistae, they would have to worry about whether these snipers would kill the operators one by one.

In a head-on confrontation, the Rhodok people were not afraid of anyone!

Of course, this was the worst outcome.

Kant looked at Bertram next to him.

This was the guide he had hired at the moment. After heading to East County City, he would also be his spokesperson.

In the future, Bertram would be his representative in East County by helping him deal with certain problems on the surface. Kant had taken Bertram as hostage and made him submit to his feet.

Kant also did not care about Bertram's loyalty.

The key was whether he could be used or not.

Since Bertram was useful, Kant would use him. Kant was kind enough to give any reward that he could.

If he could not be used, or even secretly trip Kant up. Then there was nothing to say. In the end, he could just send someone to kill him.

Kant, who had high-end extraordinary powers, might find it difficult to assassinate a political figure. However, assassinating this little knight was too easy. It could also give a little deterrence to those people who had evil intentions.

Kant did not care about the material things in this world.

Therefore, he could let go of silver coins and money sources.

It was the same even for the regions.

Only the world of "Mount and Blade" was what he relied on. In this world, other than his system villages, they were all equivalent to colonies.

He did not care who would manage the colonies. He also did not care who would do whatever they wanted in the colonies. However, whoever affected his profits and safety, they would be his enemy.

If Kant wanted to live comfortably, Kant could just hide in the Nahrin Desert.

However, many people in the world did not allow him to live comfortably.

He could only kill!

After leaving Nali Village, Kant led his troops to East County.

Along the way, with Bertram as a guide, they traveled very quickly and did not encounter many people.

Even if they occasionally met a trade caravan, they would pass by each other very calmly. They did not greet each other at all. It was precisely for this reason that they had a safe journey.

Soon, they bypassed Mountain of Death, and the journey was even smoother.

There was no one obstructing them.

After all, it would still take three to five days for the news to spread.

This time was enough for Kant to head to the East County City, find Borg, and put on a disguise. Finally, through the cover of the trade caravan, he disappeared among the countless merchant ships on the Resniston River.

Compared to Kant's arrival in the eastern county, Viscount Gibran's transformation into a demon was the topic in the county.

He was a famous general of the Dukedom of Leo.

The pillar of the eastern county.

Now that he had met Kant, he had actually revealed his true identity.

It would greatly to the eastern county. At that time, not to mention Countess Agatha, even the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, as well as those top noble families, would have to kill Gibran.

He was the most evil creature in the legends!

There could be no mercy.

The war god's temple would definitely be involved.

As the national religion of the Dukedom of Leo, it also protected the gods. The god of war, Edmund, belonged to the god of justice.

In the myths, Edmund was in charge of war, he showed no mercy to the evil. In many myths and legends, the god of war, Edmund, smashed the evil god of destruction and led troops to save the world. There were also countless of records of it.

Now that they had encountered the real evil, the demons that had been corrupted by the power of the Abyss, they had the responsibility to kill it.

Even the Silver Platter Kingdom was on the same page as well

If they had heard about this, they would have send over priests of the Holy Church to exorcise Viscount Gibran.

Regarding this kind of evil, no sect of the gods could be indifferent.

There were demonized creatures in this world. After the scholar's research, they all agreed that these were the animals that had been corrupted by the power of the Abyss. They were represented by strong and fierce lions, cunning and agile wolves, and thick-skinned black bears.

This was already terrifying enough.

Now that there were demonized humans with intelligence, they were naturally more threatening!

For Kant to infiltrate the East County, especially with 30 grand knights as his trump card, those nobles who did not have enough resources and did not dare to rashly fall out with Kant would definitely not act rashly. Although they would not take the initiative to befriend him, it was very possible for them to offer help in secret or turn a blind eye.

Even if some of the noble families were out of their mind and wanted to test Kant's strength, it did not matter.

Kant's troops were not to be trifled with.

Even if they were light cavalry.

However, 30 grand knights, 50 knights, and 500 light cavalries were enough to heavily injure any enemy's troops.

After all, with the help of a high-end extraordinary troop class, which was like 30 modern advanced tanks, with 50 heavy tanks and 500 light tanks, they would be able to annihilate the inferior troops that did not have advanced tanks but only a few heavy tanks and footmen.

In other words, those noble families were not stupid. They corresponded with each other and knew that they were in a disadvantageous position.

Even someone as strong as Viscount Gibran had lost, let alone them!

Therefore, Kant had encountered very little trouble along the way.

Finally, on the evening of the third day, the city wall of the East County appeared on the horizon in the distance.

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

#### **Chapter 397: The Art of Compromise**

The East County took up a large area and was second only to Lionheart City in the Dukedom of Leo.

After all, it was a trading port beside the Resniston River. Although it was not the best riverbed port due to the interruption of river channel, due to the daily maintenance and excavation of the river channel, trade was still flourishing.

Similarly, it was also the one of the few cities in the Dukedom of Leo, so it could be considered prosperous.

It was the same even after it had been closed off.

Kant led the group forward.

The wide dirt road was built smoothly, it was because of the cold weather in the East County. Thus, the road was not bumpy or muddy. Even though there were trade caravan driving on the road, it did not cause too much damage to the road.

At least compared to the bumpy dirt road in the other parts of East County or the North County, the roads near the East County City were built well.

At least they knew how to repair the rugged roads.

But the roads of the South County were still the best.

In the trading port of Lionheart City, there were all paved roads. From the city center to the port, the six-meter-wide paved roads could be considered the best roads in the entire Dukedom of Leo. This was also the reason why the trade in this city was so developed.

Kant did not care about this. It was necessary to repair the roads. It would be bad if they did not repair the roads and not engage in infrastructure construction.

It was true that military needs were the priorities.

However, economic needs also needed to be paid attention to.

Using the good economy to build a strong army to defend against the enemy's attack, or simply attacking instead of defending were far better than just using roads to slow down enemy's attack.

At the very least, they had to defend against the enemy outside the country's borders to prevent the flames of war from burning on their own land.

However, this concept was still too advanced for this world.

Or rather the feudal lords did not care at all.

They did not care about the others. Although the enfeoffment system was stable, it brought some disadvantages. For example, the inability to unify forces in a short period of time was the biggest disadvantage.

They followed the road and entered near the city gates of the East County. There were armed militia armed with long spears guarding there.

However, they didn't look like armed militia either. They wore iron-scale armors and held long spears that were wrapped in iron at the front end.

They looked more like truly trained elite long lance soldiers with iron-plated helmets on their heads. At the very least, their quality was much better than ordinary militia.

If one wanted to enter the East County City, each person had to pay a small silver coin to enter the city. If it was a trade caravan, each carriage had to pay an additional 10 small silver coins. Children or the elderly didn't need to pay.

If the economy wanted to develop well, of course, there had to be strict rules.

This was the case with trade cities.

Kant and the others approached, and the elite long lance soldiers became nervous.

Especially when they saw that they were all wearing leather armors or chain armors. Even if they were covered in linen robes, they did not look like good people. If they were just mercenaries, there would be too many of them.

These elite lance soldiers did not dare to let them into the city.

If something bad really happened, it would be a big problem!

Even on both sides of the city gate, crossbowmen appeared and looked at Kant and the others in surprise.

From their point of view, even if they were a mercenary group with a large number of people, it was still fine. But now, they didn't expect there was such a cavalry group that was strong enough to become a main force on battlefield. It was really shocking.

Even the inner side of the city gate was specially set up with a wooden fence because of the request of the guards of the city gate.

Thick and heavy logs were tied up together.

There were also sharp spear tips and sharp blades nailed on them.

If an ordinary person were to bump into them, they would definitely be pierced through the abdomen and die a horrible death.

This thing was a military tool that was specially used to guard the city. It was in charge of preventing cavalry from attacking the city gate. Of course, the purpose was also to prevent Kant and the others enter the city gate in fear of an accident.

Right in the center of the Eastern County City, within the city lord's official residence, was Countess Agatha.

The supreme lord of this place.

She was not to be offended.

However, just as this group of elite lance soldiers and the knights guarding the city gates were at their wits' end and did not know what to do with this group of cavalries, news came from the rear.

It was the news personally brought by the butler from the city lord's official residence.

"The cavalry is outside?"



The butler was a skinny old man. He walked at high speed and was so tired that he was panting.

However, he did not care about this. Instead, he reached out and grabbed the knight's shoulder. He asked anxiously, "What is your attitude towards them? Did you do anything excessive?"

"No, we kept a certain distance." the knight at the city gate shrugged.

After a pause, he looked at the butler's nervous expression, he muttered, "I just told them to wait outside. I didn't dare to let them enter the city directly. You know, they look like elite troops. If something happens after they enter the city, no one will be able to bear the consequences."

"Oh, not bad, not bad, very good." the old butler immediately heaved a sigh of relief. "It's good that they are fine."

"Old butler, why are you so serious?"

The knight at the city gate was also puzzled. "Who is the backer of the mercenary group outside?" He curiously said, "Could it be that they are from another noble family? They actually show up here. This is the first time after the lockdown."

However, the butler's reprimand. "If there's nothing else, don't ask!"

He waved his hand.

Behind him, there were guards wearing the same fine chain armor walking up.

They were all holding swords and shields with iron helmets on their heads. They were clearly the most elite guards in the lord's mansion. There were 300 of them and they quickly took over the area near the city gate. They even gathered many strong archers on the city wall and put up a strict defense.

All of this was done quietly. Even on the city wall, they were all bending down and stayed alert.

It was as if they did not want the outside world to know.

The butler walked out as well.

He casually gave a few orders to the knights and had the spearmen disperse, chasing away the trade caravan that was lining up to enter the city.

Then, he quickly walked towards Kant and the others with a humble and respectful smile on his face. "Lord Kant, I heard that you came from afar. It really makes Countess Agatha of East County happy."

"Oh, is that so? Aunt Agatha is very considerate." Kant smiled.

Sweeping his gaze over the city wall, he said in a meaningful tone, "Could it be that the East County City has encountered some trouble recently? The city walls are all so serious now, and there are so many troops deployed."

The butler hurriedly wiped the sweat off his face. "It's just a small matter. be on guard against that depraved Gibran."

"I see." Kant nodded and chuckled. "Indeed, we should be on guard."

"Yes, yes." the old butler nodded repeatedly. "Who would have thought that Viscount Gibran, the famous general of the bloody war, was actually defected to the abyssal demon and even turned into a demon himself? He had completely fallen. No one can forgive him."

"We have to prepare in advance. I heard that he's at Mountain of Death." Kant pretended that he did not see the old butler's anxiety.

Instead, he pointed to the north. "There is also some Crimson Sect. It is said that they were founded by the remnants of the Demon Worship Cult who once stirred up a bloody storm. If you want to go and eliminate them, I think that mountain is the target. Oh right, remember to bring more grand knights over. Ordinary troops might not pose any threat to Gibran."

"Yes, yes." the old Butler did not dare to say anything more about this matter.

Others might not know, but he did.

Why did Gibran turn into an evil abyssal demon?

Why did the Crimson Sect, which had once been well hidden, be exposed at the Mountain of Death?

Why did the entire East County territory fall into a strange crisis?

Wasn't it all because of this Baron Kant!

He quietly infiltrated the East County and led his troops to directly kill the elite cavalry squads of Viscount Gibran who had come to ambush them. He even forced out the true strength of Viscount Gibran.

Of course, Countess Agatha, who was in the East County City, also heaved a sigh of relief.

She had once felt that something was wrong.

She had not expected it to turn out like this.

Kant could be considered to have eradicated the biggest pest within her force.

If things were going into the wrong way, based on the descriptions of the demons in the myths and legends, the entire East County would probably be in a bloodbath. It would be filled with killing and corpses. It was estimated that there would be tens of thousands of people, and it would be considered good if there were only a few thousand people survived.

And now, the old butler had received Countess Agatha's request.

Kant could not enter the city!

That was right, he could not let Kant and his troops enter the East County City.

He had to stop them no matter what method he used. It was because he felt guilty, but at the same time, he was also afraid of an accident.

Right now, in the East County City, even Countess Agatha did not dare to go out as she pleased. She had asked the guards to protect her well because she was afraid that the people from the Crimson Sect might infiltrate.

In order to prevent any accidents from happening to her, even the wandering mages hired by the East County City had been arranged to come in.

Unfortunately, the East County did not have a war god's temple.

If there was one, Countess Agatha would ask the priests of the temple to come over and check if there were any heretics from the Crimson Sect.

After a careful search, it was needless to say that there were indeed a few servants in the lord's mansion who were heretics. After they were caught, they tried to resist crazily but were killed by the guards. It could be considered as getting rid of the pests.

However, they lost control of the vast space outside the lord's mansion.

All of the noble families.

All kinds of civilians and free citizens.

Including foreign merchants, landlords, and speculators.

Anyone could be a pagan. However, if they were captured rashly, it would lead to chaos in East County City.

Countess Agatha, who had already lost too much of her high-end combat power and could barely protect herself, was like a frightened bird. In order to protect her power, she almost racked her brains.

She wanted to prevent Kant from being assassinated by the Crimson Sect's heretics and vent his anger on the East County City.

She had also thought of every possible way.

The best way was better to tactfully ask Kant to leave.

The old butler also understood this. He took out a small bag from his bosom. It seemed to be heavy, and he handed it to Kant with both hands. He said very humbly, "Baron Kant, here are ten golden eagles. I hope you can have a good time at the port."

"Oh." Kant took the bag.

It was made of high-quality velvet, and it was very heavy. As his arms shook, the sound of metal rubbing could be heard.

Inside the bag was the palm-sized golden eagles, it was major currency of the Dukedom of Leo, or even all of the human countries. This kind of tactful compromise was very worth it to him. He looked at the East County City, he also nodded and said, "The port. That place is not bad. I like it very much, and I'm willing to take a look."

"That would be great." the old butler immediately smiled.

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

#### **Chapter 398: The Busy Port**

Since East County City did not welcome him, Kant naturally did not intend to enter.

His troops were indeed large in number and could be considered as elites, especially the 30 Lion Knights and 50 Lion Squires. With their high-quality equipment, they could be considered as the best of the best.

The guards afraid that it would be dangerous to let this elite troop in the city.

No one dared to take responsibility.

And no one dared to agree to let Kant in.

Even if they were to let Kant in alone, or if they were limited to three people, they would not be able to do so.

If there were heretics of Crimson Sect who attacked Kant, it would be a big problem. The group of elite troops in the Nahrin Desert would arouse and take revenge.

As for the other noble families in the Dukedom of Leo, they would probably just sit back and watch the show.

It would be a really good show.

How could it not be good to weaken their political enemies.

Although the East County was still the territory and region of the Dukedom of Leo, it was in fact a semi-independent warlord.

If Kant and Countess Agatha really fought to the death and both sides suffered heavy losses, those nobles would be able to take advantage of the situation and occupy both lands. Even if they gave up the East County and instead sneaked into the Nahrin Desert to obtain salt mines, it would still be good.

Now, who didn't know that Kant's power was unparalleled and was already comparable to those great noble families.

The reason was even clearer.

It was the salt mine!

If it wasn't for the salt mine in the Nahrin Desert, then how could Kant have the funds for the initial construction of his kingdom.

And in the middle period, Kant could even raise so many troops, infiltrated other places, and bought the hearts of merchants and landlords. All of these required huge amount of money. Kant, on the other hand, acted as if he wasn't worried, throwing money recklessly, not leaving any way out for himself.

It was all because of the existence of the highly profitable salt mines!

This had long been coveted by countless noble families.

There was nothing they could do.

They could only think of this.

They simply couldn't imagine that Kant didn't need the basic currency of this world.

Other than gold and some precious extraordinary items, Kant didn't need anything else. All he needed was gold.

If Kant wanted to obtain gold in the long run, which was the gold eagle that was currently circulating in the hands of the great noble merchants, he would need the support of trade. Of course, table salt was indeed the main part of the trade. It was a very popular luxury item.

Kant's trading route was the upper-class route. It was a route that only the noble and landlord merchants could enjoy.

In fact, it was the same.

Ordinary civilians couldn't afford much salt.

The wealthier citizens couldn't even eat three or four times a week.

As for those who lived in outside the city, their average age was 36 years old. There were very few peasants who lived past 60 years old. They couldn't even eat salt a few times a month. Even if they did, it was still low-grade marsh salt.

It was refined from the swamp in the east. It had a salty taste and was very bitter.

However, the price of this thing was not low.

In the western European type of feudal society.

It was really a darkness that would never rise again.

For example, in a unified society like the one in the celestial dynasty, after they mastered the technology of boiling salt and drying salt, they forced salt and iron to be despotic. The price of salt would not be too low or too high. There were not many people who could eat salt.

One had to know that in the ancient times of Earth, salt was distributed as soldiers' wages in the more advanced Roman Republic.

This world was even worse.

Salt was a necessity, and fine white salt was a luxury.

It was equivalent to spices.

Those noble families were extremely fond of the delicious and pure fine white salt.

If there was no such fine white salt at the banquet, the host would definitely be ridiculed, especially in the face of those noble families. It was a scar that could not be erased, and they would slowly lose their connections and eventually become alone.

In Kant's eyes, this was a situation where one would suffer if they insisted on keeping their reputation as being able to afford luxuries. That was a business opportunity.

The salt mine was in his hands.

The trade caravan had been supported by him.

If there wasn't an absolute threat of force, then his table salt trade would continue to increase.

As for the so-called threat of force, in Kant's eyes, it was just a joke. At the very least, in the Nahrin Desert, he was the boss, the one and only lord. Not to mention the Dukedom of Leo, even the god descendants would have to avoid him!

At the end of that battle, Kant's casualties were not too great, and they were still within an acceptable range.

But those god descendants were completely wiped out, completely wiped out!

This was the difference in strength.

It was a different time now.

In the past, the gods and demons were the rulers of this world.

But now, as their power faded, the world had long been claimed by all other races.

And it was during this period that the human race rose to the top. At least in the land where Kant was located, there were not many powerful foreign races. Even if there were, they were all driven to the most remote corners.

For example, the low-level Jackalan in the Nahrin Desert.

Or the Beastman in the Wildland in the west, and the unsociable barbarian.

Even if there was a Dwarf Kingdom, it was in the far south. It was said that they had to pass through an empty wilderness before they could finally reach it. This was also why table salt from the Dwarf Kingdom was so expensive.

If there were no obstacles and no danger, it would take half a year to travel back and forth normally.

If they encountered a Beastman or other foreign race.

The journey was possible to drag it out for a year.

Kant was not in a hurry.

His table salt trade could travel from the Dukedom of Leo to the Silver Platter Kingdom in a month, and it would be a direct round trip.

As long as they had the goods, there was no need to worry about sales. The current human countries, such as the merchant ships on the Resniston River had begun to purchase table salt in large quantities. It was because they knew that the Dukedom of Leo had found a new salt mine.

This table salt trade was a profitable business. Even if the merchants returned to their own countries and resold it, they would still be able to earn more money.

Kant and the others arrived at the port of the East County City.

The crowd was moving.

Carriage filled with goods were everywhere.

Even the ground of the port was neatly cut and paved with stones. It was a top-grade stone road, just like an ancient passage. It allowed the carriage carrying goods to move quickly.

Among them, there were many merchants in luxurious clothes walking with strong guards behind them.

Judging from the style of their clothes, they did not look like merchants from the Dukedom of Leo.

"This place is not bad." Rolf licked his lips with a slight drool.

"Calm down." Kant glanced at him.

As a lord, he knew what his valiant general was thinking. After thinking for a while, he ordered, "Find a place to wait. We have so many troops, they won't enter the port to avoid trouble."

"Understood." Rolf immediately nodded.

He understood this point.

With so many cavalries entering the port, it would be troublesome if there was any trouble.

It was still a relatively crowded port space. Even if there was a provocation, they wouldn't be able to use their warhorse.

At that time, even if there were thieves who came over and stole from them, they wouldn't be able to enter the narrow alleys of the port to chase after them. Even if they managed to catch them, they wouldn't be able to directly kill people like they did in the war.

In short, there were many restrictions for the cavalries to enter the city. They did not need to and were unwilling to go in.

However, Rolf still understood the meaning behind it.

After a slight hesitation, he still asked, "Lord Kant, you are not planning to go in by yourself again, right? According to my understanding, the East County City is not peaceful. I reckon that your identity has been exposed, it's not safe for you to go alone."

"Bring five Lion Knights with me." Kant was calm. "I'll be fine."

"Five..." Rolf was even more hesitant. He looked at the five-meter-high city wall in front of him and advised, "Lord Kant, bring five more. You can handle things easier if you encounter troubles."

"Then that's it." Kant made the decision.

These ten Lion Knights were all grand knights.

They would be extremely powerful in the port of the East County City, or even the entire East County.

Take the current most noble of the East County, Countess Agatha, for example. It was still uncertain whether she could bring out ten grand knights. She probably had not more than five of them, and they were still newbies.

It was not easy to train grand knights. They needed strict inheritance.

Kant, for example, was able to mass produce grand knights with some special methods. It was simply shocking.

This was also the advantage of the golden finger to cheat.

After all, Kant was backed by countless "Mount and Blade" worlds.

In this real world, there was nothing they could do about the scarcity of grand knights. However, in the high magic worlds of "Mount and Blade" MOD, it was still very easy to mass produce magic knights, or the grand knights in this world.

They did not dwell too much on this problem. Soon, they found a suitable place.

An entertainment area outside the city wall of the port.

That's right.

It was here.

There was a total of five streets in this area close to the city wall. There were all kinds of bars, restaurants, and hotels.

It was already evening. The streets were brightly lit. Countless pedestrians were running lazily. There was an intoxicating sweet smell in the air. It was the steam from the dessert bakery.

Of course, there was also the intoxicating smell of wine in the bars and restaurants.

There were also waitresses dressed in nude clothes.

This was the entertainment paradise.

This was the place for people's indulgence.

Many mercenaries were walking in groups of three or five, with weapons on their bodies. The others were not afraid at all. Only the elite lance-class soldiers in high-class mail armor who occasionally walked by on the streets swept their intimidating gazes over.

This place was chaotic, indulgent, and money was everything. There was not much of order in here.

The world of the strong and the rich.

There was no choice.

The port was a busy and stressful place.

The merchants and guards who came from far away also needed to use alcohol and women to relieve the pressure of being on a ship for a long time. In this colorful world, it was easier for them to lose themselves.

Kant did not like this kind of environment, but Rolf and the elite cavalry behind him whistled happily.

It was just like living in a fence in the Sarrand Desert.

"Find a few hotels." Kant gave the order.



He glanced at the group of bandits who saw the excitement of women and said in a deep voice, "No bars, no drinking. Watch your wallets, warhorse, and weapons. I don't want to find anything missing tomorrow morning."

"Yes!" When the bandits heard that, they answered helplessly.

"Understood." Rolf also nodded helplessly.

However, he still went to the front to look for hotels. There were close to 600 people, and he needed a lot of rooms. He estimated that he could buy five hotels. As the second-level commander of this team, he also had to manage the financial expenses.

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

#### **Chapter 399: Borg Chamber of Commerce**

Nearly 600 people had finally settled down, and all seven neighboring hotels had been reserved by them.

This was an extremely extravagant act. It was said that the entire entertainment district was in an uproar after hearing that they had reserved all the rooms in seven hotels. Many seductive women with heavy makeup came over, trying to make some money.

But they couldn't even enter the door and were chased out.

These women were very delicate.

Of course, this was what the Elite Desert Bandit thought.

Due to Lord Kant's order, they had to chase those women out despite feeling restlessness in their hearts. They wanted to cry. After leaving the Sarrand Desert, they hadn't completely relax and had some exciting activities.

They had the chance to have fun and relax they were strictly forbidden to do so. This kind of feeling was really suck.

However, their duty was the most important.

They could distinguish between priorities.

At the very least, after arriving at the port of East County City, there would definitely be a lot of delicious food.

The hotel also provided food. After receiving Kant's signal, Rolf also chose the more expensive ones.

For example, the most ordinary tender grilled river fish were all served in plates. The various ingredients brought from the Renistons River, such as beef, mutton and even crocodile meat were all piled up. They spent a lot of great silver coins, not caring about how much they had left.

Kant was now rich and powerful. Every month, the table salt trade brought in more than 100,000 great silver coins.

These delicious food and drink didn't cost much at all!

Rolf was also clear about this, and he had no intention of saving money.

Since they were not short of money, they could eat whatever they wanted. The entire entertainment district was even more aroused. The owners of these seven hotels almost treated Kant and the others as the emperors. They simply gave them whatever they wanted, afraid that they would stay here for a short period.

Just the dinner alone was cost more than 300 great silver coins.

The dinner was treated as the level of the Viscount's banquet.

After receiving the bonus, the chefs treated them with full attention.

For the hotel owners, the profit from tonight's dinner was equivalent to half a year's earnings on a normal day!

It was too sumptuous!

The hotel owners on the side simply watched all of this with jealousy. Their hearts were even filled with resentment. If all of this had happened in their own hotels, it would be as if they had ascended to heaven. Unfortunately, they didn't get the chance.

Even the port management department had been alarmed and had specially come to the inn to check on the situation.

However, they had yet to arrive, people from the East County City had already come over to explain the situation.

All of them were so frightened that their faces were filled with horror. They withdrew one after another. Even the patrols in the entertainment district had stopped. It was as if they had given up on the jurisdiction of this place and allowed this place to enter a completely autonomous mode.

However, they gave the warning to the gangs that frequently appeared at the port, forbidding them from causing any troubles during this period of time, they could not make a move against Kant and his men.

If they were to violate this warning, the gangs would be completely exterminated. Not a single person would be left out!

This could be said to be the most complete execution order. Its tone was stern, and its attitude was solemn. It had almost caused all the gangs in the port to be so frightened that they stayed silent. Even if they had asked someone to go to the backer behind them to inquire, they would have received a similar result.

And it was even more severe, asking for shelter as if they were afraid of catching the plague.

This made Kant and the others very comfortable.

Nothing happened.

There was not provocation from the authorities or the gangs.

They simply treated Kant and his men as invisible people. The merchants and guards from outside still having fun. The gang members still causing troubles, but they just didn't get close to the seven hotels.

Even the flow of people in front of the hotels was greatly reduced. They were afraid to get close.

Night fell.

The entertainment district of the port was bustling with people.

Kant had already left the street by now. He walked along the riverbank of the port with the ten Sarleon Lion Knights who followed him. They had changed into casual clothes, but there was a knight sword on their waists in case anything happened.

The 200-meter-wide river was a big river.

Sails were put down on the wharves on the riverbank, where merchant ships and transport ships were anchored.

This was still the scenery outside the city wall. Inside the five-meter-high city wall was the real port of the East County. Inside was a specially constructed port, where more merchant ships were anchored.

According to the records in the academy, the East County port could accommodate 300 merchant ships.

If it was during the autumn and winter season, the water speed became slower. It could accommodate even more merchant ships by that time.

There was a temporary dock outside the port, which could accommodate up to 500 merchant ships.

This was not the largest port of the Dukedom of Leo. The natural river in Lionheart City port was 500 meters wide, and its water speed was relatively slower, so it could accommodate 1,000 merchant ships in a year.

The Dukedom of Leo was a major grain exporter.

The agriculture in the South County was extremely developed.

It could almost be said that the grain in the South County could not only feed its own people but could also be exported to feed more countries.

At the very least, the human countries in the south could not produce as much grain as the South County. In addition, they had been fighting wars for many years and had conflicts with each other. They had neglected the development of agriculture and instead relied heavily on imports.

Back then, the Silver Platter Kingdom had plotted against the Dukedom of Leo for the sake of grain.

In the age of cold weapons, grain was the true foundation.

No matter how much gold and silver you had, without grain, you would have no population.

Without population, no matter how strong you were, you would not be able to maintain it for too long. In this aspect, the countries on Earth had a thorough understanding.

Although this world was backward and almost stupid, they still understood this concept.

Kant walked forward.

As he approached the city gates of the port, there were more and more people.

Torches were hung on the walls. Many laborers in simple linen clothes were still busy in and out of the port, helping the merchants unload the goods on the ships. They had to work even at night.

Time did not wait for people. The next morning, these merchant ships would leave the port.

They were either heading to the South County or leaving and return to their own countries.

It was already close to autumn, and there was a monsoon from the east blowing in. This allowed them to use this monsoon to swim upstream on the river. They did not need to use too many oarsmen which would occupy more cargo space.

This was the normal phenomena at this time, and it was also the busiest trading period in the Dukedom of Leo.

After all, autumn was also the time of harvest.

Kant did not care.

He went to the gate of the port, paid the entrance fee of 11 small silver coins, and entered the inner part of the city wall.

A more prosperous port appeared in front of him. There were warehouses everywhere, and the wide streets were filled with people. Even at night, there were merchants carrying torches and carriages full of goods coming and going.

"It should be in the east." Kant muttered to himself.

He had already sensed the location of the ten Sarrandian Horseman in his mind.

He walked forward at a faster speed. Under the protection of the Sarleon Lion Knights, he followed the flow of people to the east of the port. That should be a residential area, which could be considered as the gathering area of the Chamber of Commerce that was permanently stationed in the port.

The poor could not enter the port to live in, so they could only live in the slums outside.

These people were also the source of labor.

The civilians and the guards of the trade caravan lived in the residential area close to the city wall.

Next to it was the entertainment district. Their task was to work for the entertainment district, or to act as warehouse keepers in the port within the city wall. It was a relatively decent job.

As for those merchants who came from outside, in order to ensure their safety, they would live in the port.

That was the east district.

Many large trade caravans had their own house.

If it was a small trade caravan, they could also buy a house together and separate the floors and rooms.

This was common in the port of the East County. After all, these houses in the eastern district were not just for living. They could also be used for negotiation or business exchanges. They were also equivalent to the offices of the trade caravan.

The reason why Kant came here was because Borg's law office was here.

He could sense it with the help of the Sarrandian Horseman.

Soon, he arrived at a house.

A three-story building.

Two torches were lit in front of the door.

There were also two burly men wearing capes and holding long sticks guarding it.

When they saw Kant and the others coming in their direction with longsword at their waists, they immediately panicked. They gave each other a look and asked one of them to step back into the door. The other said in a low voice, "Hello, this is the Borg Chamber of Commerce."

"Hello, I'm here to see Borg, the current manager of the Borg Chamber of Commerce."

Kant smiled and extended his hand to indicate that he had no ill intentions.

The brawny man heaved a sigh of relief.

However, he still nodded in return and replied calmly, "Mr. Borg has already rested. Our Borg Chamber of Commerce will not be receiving guest after 7 o'clock every night. Please forgive us. If possible, please come back at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"7 o'clock." Kant chuckled. "No, I want to see him now."

"This..."

The brawny man suddenly became nervous.

However, just inside the door, the brawny man brought out an old man.

He whispered a few words in his ear and signaled the two brawny men to return to their posts. Instead, he personally came over and bowed slightly with his hands on his chest. "Excuse me, Are You Mr. Kant?"

"Yes, I am." Kant nodded.

"Then it's an honor to meet you."

The old man lowered his head. "I'm Mr. Borg's butler, the financial officer of the Borg Chamber of Commerce. I'm very honored to hear the news of your arrival. At the same time, Mr. Borg also asked me to welcome you with the most solemn etiquette."

Kant asked, "Where's Borg?"

"Mr. Borg is preparing. He's going to attend the port governor's banquet at 9 o'clock tonight."

The old butler said very considerately, "Mr. Kant, please come in with me. Mr. Borg has entrusted me to prepare a room for you. If you don't mind, you can rest first. Tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Borg will organize a banquet and specially treat you to a banquet to welcome your arrival."

"Then let's go in."

Kant chuckled. "Borg, this kid has done well."

"Of course, Mr. Kant. You may not know this, but just this month, Mr. Borg has taken over the rights to use three ports for five years, and the fleet of the Borg Chamber of Commerce has increased to five."

The old butler reminded him, "The current Mr. Borg is no longer the bankrupt businessman of the past."

"Oh, of course." Kant nodded and smiled. "I see."

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

#### **Chapter 400: An Arrogant Attitude**

The old butler invited Kant and the others into the office. The bright candlesticks had already been lit, and the burning candles carried a faint fragrance.

Kant swept his gaze across the room. The candles burning in this reception hall were probably high-quality honey wax purchased in the Silver Platter Kingdom. Even the Lion Fort was using a lesser number of this candle, but there were already 36 candles lit on the first floor of this office.

The entire floor was brightly lit, as if it was daytime.

At the same time, it also revealed the luxury of this place.

Yes, the place looked very grand.

Furniture made of all kinds of precious wood was elegantly placed on the top floor.

The surrounding walls were also painted with paint, which had some religious style. If Kant remembered correctly, it should have originated from the traditional myth of the Dukedom of Leo, the magnificent life of the god of war, Edmund.

Including the silver products and handicrafts on the cabinets, they were all extremely exquisite.

There were also potted plants and flowers piled up in the corners and exquisite oil paintings hanging on the walls.

The decoration and furnishing here was so luxurious that it was not inferior to the high-ranking nobles' houses in the South County.

The North County could not even be compared to it. Just this office hall alone was on par with the lord of the Northern County, Viscount Wayne's hall!

The difference might only be in size, but as a businessman, such an office could be considered as a manifestation of strength.

The old butler was also quite proud of this.

He came to the hall.

He extended his hand and said respectfully to Kant, "Sit here as you please. Mr. Kant, the room is already prepared. You can go and rest at any time. Of course, you must be hungry along the way. We have also prepared desserts."

"Well prepared." Kant smiled.

"That's right." the old butler smiled. "Very well prepared."

As if he could not see Kant and the ten Lion Knights behind him, he turned around and clapped his hands.

"Clap, clap."

The sound of clapping could be heard.

And the small door at the side opened gently.

Maidservants dressed in maid attire came out with silver plates.

They were obviously well-trained. They lined up in a long line and walked briskly to Kant and the others. They placed the silver plates on the long table in the middle, opened the lid, and respectfully retreated to a side, waiting quietly.

Looking at the 11 plates of food on the long table, Kant raised his eyebrows slightly. "Cream cake."

"That's right, it's the cream cake of the Silver Platter Kingdom."

The old butler smiled and introduced, "It's made of fine, high-grade flour, mixed with eggs and cheese, sugar and fruit juice." After a pause, the old butler raised his eyebrows and said, "A cream cake is worth 1 great silver coin."

"What an expensive ingredient." Kant sat on the main seat and took a bite with his knife and fork.

The soft and sweet mixture spread out.

A gentle fragrance spread in his mouth.

It was indeed delicious.

He couldn't help but nod and also praised, "This is very good."

"You flatter me." the old butler also had a smile on his face. In his opinion, Kant's praise was an acknowledgment, an acknowledgement to his employer, Mr. Borg.

After all, this kind of food was rarely seen even in the South County. Even some noble families had never eaten it before. It was an extremely precious ingredient.

If it weren't for the fact that a large merchant from the Silver Platter Kingdom had come this week and sent a box to them, it would be difficult to have a taste of it!

However, this was also part of his and Mr. Borg's plan.

He wanted to make Mr. Kant retreat in the face of difficulties and understand who held the initiative now.

He also smiled as he looked at the ten guards who were wearing linen robes, clothes that only ordinary civilians would wear, he then said, "Then, do these guards think that the cream cake is not to their taste? You can try it too. It tastes very good. After eating it for the first time, you will fall in love with this soft texture."

"Oh, they have never eaten this kind of thing. In fact, I have eaten less. Relatively speaking, the ale and roast meat are more popular with them," Kant explained.

"I see." the old butler's eyes were filled with contempt.

Of course, he didn't understand Kant's true identity, and Borg didn't tell him.

As he ate the cake with a silver fork, Kant said to the Lion Knights, "Enjoy as much as you like. This cream cake is really good and tastes very good. It's even better than ordinary desserts."

"Yes."

Only then did the Lion Knights lower their heads and start to enjoy the cake.

However, this exquisite cream cake was only the size of a palm. After a few bites, they had already finished it up.

The old butler and the maids around them felt that it was a pity for them to swallow the cake in such rude manner. In fact, even with their status, they would not be able to eat this kind of thing. But now, it was gobbled up by these guards. It was simply like sending heaven's gift away.

Kant ate more elegantly. After all, he had lived a noble life for 16 years.

He was a well-deserved top-class noble.

He finished eating.

He put down his knife and fork.

Kant looked at the old butler who was waiting with a smile on his face and said calmly, "Why isn't Borg here yet? I don't have much time. If he is ready, it would be best if he came to see me."

"Uh..." the old butler was slightly stunned. Obviously, he did not expect Kant to ask so impolitely.

It was as if he was the owner of this place.

How rude. The old butler cursed in his heart.

However, his excellent profession made him react quickly. He adjusted his state of mind and said with a smile, "Mr. Kant, perhaps you have misunderstood. Mr. Borg is not free tonight to see you. The agreed time is tomorrow noon."

"Tomorrow noon." Kant raised his eyebrows. "But I won't have time then."



The old butler was not afraid. "That's a pity." the smile on his face disappeared, instead, he said with a warning tone, "Mr. Kant, you should know that the banquet Mr. Borg is going to attend tonight is a banquet organized by the port governor-general. It is not the kind of banquet that any businessman can attend."

"Oh, it's of a very high standard." Kant nodded.

But he still looked at the old butler and asked calmly, "Then why is Borg not coming to see me now?"

He knocked on the table, wiped the corner of his mouth with a towel, crossed his legs and sat on the soft velvet cushion. He asked impolitely, "Isn't Borg still in the law firm? Now let him see me."

"Unreasonable." the old butler's patience finally ran out.

He looked a little angry, but he still suppressed his emotions and said, "Mr. Kant, this is the headquarters of Borg Chamber of Commerce. Not everyone can be presumptuous." He paused, he said in a deep voice, "Perhaps you helped Mr. Borg when he was down and out, but this is not a reason to threaten Mr. Borg!"

"No, I didn't threaten Borg." Kant revealed a playful smile. He looked at the old butler's angry wrinkles and shook his head helplessly. "Does Borg not want to come out?"

"If you want to see him." the old butler's face was gloomy.

He slowly clapped his hands and said in a low voice, "Come out and meet your old friend!"

The small door next to him opened again.

However, it was not the maids who came out.

Instead, it was ten strong figures who walked out quickly. They were wearing high-class clothes made of velvet. The clothes were fit to their body and there was graceful and luxurious symbol on the clothes. There were also silver threads interspersed in the collar and cuffs.

If one looked carefully, one could still see the iron plates under the luxurious clothes.

It was the Sarrandian chain mail, Sarrandian boots and Sarrandian gloves.

There should have been a Sarrandian helmet, a round shield on the back, a lance in hand, and a sword at the waist. Of course, there was also a Sarrandian horse.

"Mr. Kant." the old butler smiled. "I think you know these ten knights."

"Of course." Kant nodded.

These people were the Level 4 cavalry, Sarrandian Horsemen of Sarrand Sultanate.

Kant had lent them to Borg as bodyguards. How could he forget them? How could he not know?

"Now they are Mr. Borg's most loyal followers. Once, when they were surrounded by water bandits on the merchant ship, they risked their lives to save Mr. Borg. For this, they also gained Mr. Borg's friendship."

The old Butler smiled. "Now, each of them has a merchant ship."

"Oh.", Kant raised his eyebrows. "This is a big deal."

"Of course." the old butler did not see the panic on Kant's face.

He narrowed his eyes slightly. He was a little annoyed, but he still said, "Mr. Kant, I think that they have never enjoyed such courtesy when they were under you, don't you think so?"

"That's right. They don't even have extra warhorse." Kant said honestly.

"But they are very happy here."

The corner of the old butler's mouth curled up. "Moreover, they have a new helper."

Turning his head slightly, the old butler looked inside the room and said in a slightly respectful voice, "Mr. Cheshire, perhaps it's time for you to appear. I don't know if I've disturbed your rest."

An arrogant voice came from the room. "Heh, he's just a small noble. What's there to be afraid of?"

At the same time, a burly figure walked out.

He casually wore a cloak made of expensive velvet and a short sword at his waist.

He looked like a middle-aged man with a scar on his face. He swept his gaze over Kant and the ten Lion Knights in linen robes who were still sitting in their original spots and chuckled. "Just these trashes? Do you want me to personally take action?"

As he said that, he reached out his hand and a bone-chilling wind appeared.

Ice-type extraordinary power.

He was a grand knight!

"Of course not. I'm just giving them an introduction. After all, it's not easy to meet a great grand knight, let alone you, Mr. Cheshire. You're an invincible existence on the battlefield."

The old butler's tone was even more flattering.

The grand knight named Cheshire was very pleased by his words.

However, his attitude was still arrogant. He coldly swept his gaze over Kant and then swept his gaze over the ten Sarleon Lion Knights who had restrained their auras, he said faintly, "That's all. I'm still busy. Since you know existence, now you guys can get lost. Stay away from the Borg Chamber of Commerce in the future. This world is very big. Don't think that you're so great."

"Oh, is that so?"

But Kant was still calm. "Let Borg come to see me as soon as you're done. I already told you, I don't have much time."