

## Oasis 401

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

#### Chapter 401: The Silent Hall

Kant's words caused the hall to fall into a short period of silence.

Ten strong Sarrandian Horseman were already standing silently at the side, as if nothing had anything to do with them. They had no intention of opening their mouths at all.

But the old butler revealed a stunned and disbelieving expression.

Even the grand knight named Cheshire who was about to leave by the side stopped in his tracks. He was just stunned on the spot.

Shaking his head slightly, Cheshire could not help but reveal a helpless smile. He turned back to look at the old butler and asked, "Hey, did I not make myself clear just now, or did I mishear him?"

"Uh..." the old butler opened his mouth and said with some fear, "Mr. Cheshire, of course you made it very clear."

"That's good."

Cheshire turned around.

A bone-chilling chill immediately spread throughout the hall. "Little guy, I told you to get out of here, so you have to get out. This is not my request, but an order!"

The visible frost began to spread under his feet.

It was like a spider web.

Layers of white frost even made the surrounding air feel cold.

The old butler was old and obviously could not withstand this chill. He took a few steps back quickly. His eyes were filled with panic and awe, but he did not dare to say anything because he saw the anger in Cheshire's eyes.

The dignity of a grand knight was not to be provoked, and no one dared to provoke him.

He was the trump card of Borg Chamber of Commerce.

Borg spent a huge sum of money in the Silver Platter Kingdom to invite a grand knight back.

Not to mention this humble butler, even Borg himself did not dare to offend Cheshire. After all, as a grand knight who could be considered as a top-tier battle force in the Silver Platter Kingdom, it was almost an honor to invite him to come to Borg Chamber of Commerce.

It was precisely because of this that the Borg Chamber of Commerce had not been liquidated after accumulating a large amount of wealth.

This had something to do with Borg clinging onto the thighs of several noble families in the East County.

But at the same time, it also had a lot to do with the fact that Borg Chamber of Commerce had Grand Knight Cheshire permanently stationed as a foundation.

An ordinary noble family did not even have a grand knight. This was a symbol of power. For the current Borg Chamber of Commerce to have such a grand knight, they could basically do whatever they wanted in the port of the East County City.

Borg Chamber of Commerce was basically the number one chamber of Commerce in the port of the East County City!

"Oh." Kant seemed to have not noticed the chill in the air.

He glanced at the Lion Knight who had put his hand on the hilt of his sword and had an unfriendly look on his face. Kant shook his head slightly to indicate that he should calm down. Instead, he stood up and twisted his neck. "My question is, why hasn't Borg come down to see me yet?"

"You... you..." the old butler was completely stunned by Kant.

"Good, good, good." Cheshire revealed a sinister smile. "You dare to go against me."

Kant's words simply ignored him.

The calm expression on his face, as if he did not notice the cold, was even more humiliating to Cheshire. How could he, a respected grand knight, endure such humiliation.

"Also." Kant frowned slightly. "Let Borg come and see me."

"Bang!"

The frost under Cheshire's feet instantly exploded.

He was already filled with anger. He approached Kant step by step. The white frost in his originally empty hand instantly condensed into the shape of a glove, directly grabbing onto Kant's head. "I want to let you know what bone-piercing cold is!"

However, his footsteps stopped slightly.

Because someone stood up.

It was a guard wearing a linen robe next to him.

However, his body was suffused with a red glow. He held Cheshire's wrist so that even if his hand had condensed frost. He held so tight that Cheshire was not be able to move his hand further

The Lion Knight had great strength. He was even more familiar with the application of extraordinary strength. He was an even stronger grand knight!

"You actually..." shock appeared in Cheshire's eyes.

Even the old butler stared blankly at the guard who he had originally looked down on. The guard used his glowing hand that was glowing red to hold onto grand knight Cheshire's hand of ice. Cheshire could not move at all, as if he were imprisoned.

"Ignorant!"

However, another guard stood up beside him.

He also looked like a commoner who was wearing a linen robe. However, the red glow in his hand spread along with the knight sword that was half drawn out. A dangerous aura appeared along with the berating voice, "Step back!"

"Pu --"

Cheshire quickly took a few steps back.

The frost in his hand dissipated, but there were still red marks of fingers on his wrist.

He looked at the two Lion Knights and exclaimed, "You... you are both top-notch grand knights... how is this possible!"

That's right, these lion knights were top-notch grand knights.

If they crossed that line, they would be even stronger.

The extraordinary knights!

It was not the same as the grand knights who possessed extraordinary powers. Extraordinary knight was a powerful knight who was said to be comparable to top-notch mages who could skillfully use spells and even control the elemental powers of the world. He could completely destroy an elite army of knights by himself.

He was also the peak of knight-level and the strongest!

"You... you... you..."

At this moment, even Cheshire could not say anything vicious.

He had just entered the realm of grand knight. In terms of control over extraordinary power, he was not a match for the two Lion Knights. If they really started a battle, he might be killed by the two of them in a short while.

After mastering extraordinary power with great destructive power, a grand knight's battle would be much more on attacking with his power!

If he were slightly careless and revealed a small flaw, it would be death to him!

A grand knight was just like that. He had grasped an astonishing destructive power, but he did not have a corresponding defense.

And a simple armor would not be able to defend against an extraordinary power. Even the best chain armor could defend against the chop of a longsword, but it could not defend against the damage of the extraordinary power attached to the longsword.

It was an additional damage that could not be effectively blocked by physical means!

At this moment.

Kant smiled. "I request that Borg come to see me as soon as possible."

He paused slightly and looked at the old butler with a mockingly smile, "Perhaps he did not tell you how he saved the family's trade caravan that was on the verge of bankruptcy."

"No... No..."

The old butler only felt his legs trembling.

He could not imagine that Kant, who was originally a small noble, would suddenly become a terrifying enemy that could destroy the Borg Chamber of Commerce. Especially those two grand knights disguised as ordinary guards, which made his heart tremble.

The old butler gulped, he realized that he could no longer stay here. He hurriedly bowed and said, "I'll go now."

"Very good." Kant smiled and waved his hand. "Go quickly."

"Yes, yes." the old Butler immediately turned around and left the hall, almost running away in a panic.

But Cheshire did not dare to move.

His breathing was heavy.

Looking at the other eight guards who were still sitting on the chairs in front of him, his eyes showed fear. He trembled slightly and wanted to say something, but in the end, he gulped dejectedly and stood on the spot in silence.

The ten Sarrandian Horsemen beside them also remained expressionless and silent.

But their mentality was completely different.

Just like usual, there was no change at all!

They were Kant's cavalries and were only served under Borg.

Although they had their own thoughts and received Borg's almost extravagant treatment, in reality, they were always loyal to Kant and would not really choose to submit to outsiders because of any threats or inducements.

This was the most persistent loyalty in the depths of their souls, a faith that was even more loyal than the most fanatical religious believers!

"Sit down." Kant waved at the riders. "It's quite tiring to stand."

"Yes, sir." the Sarrandian Horsemen nodded.

As usual, without the slightest hesitation, they went to the chairs by the wall and sat down.

As for the maids who had already hidden in the corner, they watched all of this in panic. In their small worldview, what was happening now was like a dream.

The Grand Knight Cheshire, who was originally arrogant, stood still like a quail and did not dare to move.

The stubborn old butler fled the hall in fear like a defeated soldier.

The 10 knights who were previously indifferent chose to submit.

In the most luxurious hall of the Borg Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Kant, who was an outsider, was actually acted like the master, casually giving orders without the slightest hesitant of being an outsider.

In fact, with Kant's previous funding, he could indeed be considered the master of this place.

He was the source of the rise of the Borg Chamber of Commerce.

And he relied on it even more.

In the past, the Borg Chamber of Commerce had obtained quite a lot of quotas in the table salt trade.

However, this Mr. Borg actually felt that he had a full set of wings and wanted to completely fly solo without his control. This was something Kant could not tolerate.

No, it would never be tolerated.

To him, this hidden chess piece could easily be set up again.

It was just that he wanted to betray Kant and still enjoy wealth and glory. Yet, he didn't think it was wrong and deserve all the wealth he got.

That would not do.

Kant needed Borg to remember who was the one who was the boss.

Once in the Nahrin Desert, he could pull Borg up from the brink of bankruptcy. Then in the East County, he could similarly be pushed back him back into bankruptcy from the peak of prosperity!

This was Kant's ability. He had absolute power and could easily achieve this.

He was only dealing with a merchant.

It was not a war to destroy a country.

Even if those noble families knew, they would choose to compromise and would not use this as a pretext to make a move.

After the battle with Viscount Gibran, the entire Dukedom of Leo fell into a strange silence. Even those noble families who were originally eyeing Kant with covetous eyes calmed down and carefully measured the true strength of this Duke's second son.

After all, there were more than 10 grand knights with Kant

They were confirmed that night, this might be the strength of a top-tier noble.

The kind that they could not mess with.

Moreover, the base built by Kant in Nahrin Desert definitely had grand knights in charge of guarding his territory.

When both sides combined, Baron Kant could have 20 mighty grand knights. Even a top-tier noble did not have such power. Perhaps only the inheritance of the royal family could compare to it.

Rashly opposing Kant was not a wise choice. These noble families knew very well.

And here, Borg also understood that he seemed to have made a mistake.

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#### **Chapter 402: Borg's Despair**

Not long after, Borg appeared at the side door.

Following him were the old butler in charge of the firm, as well as the family butler that Kant had seen before, who was captured in the Nahrin Desert together with Borg back then.

But compared to their once humble and down-and-out appearance, they were clearly more spirited now.

Hair oil was smeared on their heads.

The clothes on their bodies were all top-notch noble attire.

Top-notch accessories were hung on their bodies, and there was an emerald ring on their slender and white fingers.

Other than their gloomy and unsightly expressions, if they met him outside, he would definitely be regarded as the legitimate son of a top-notch noble. The family butler beside him was also a hereditary butler that could only be passed down from generation to generation by a top-notch noble.

"Lord Borg." the maidservants who were originally standing by the wall saw their master and came over one after another to salute.

Borg did not care. Instead, with a gloomy expression, he swept his gaze over the 10 Sarrandian Horsemen who were sitting in the hall. He directly waved his hand and berated the maidservants, "Retreat."

The maidservants could not wait to leave and immediately retreated.

The room immediately became quiet.

"Mr. Borg." Cheshire also walked over and nodded, standing behind Borg.

"Mm." Borg also nodded, his expression softening slightly. However, looking at the 10 Sarrandian Horsemen who were still sitting on the chairs in the hall, he could not help but say in a deep voice, "You guys can come over too."

However, the 10 Sarrandian Horsemen did not seem to hear him and continued to sit on the chairs.

This made Borg annoyed.

"I'm not familiar with you." He gritted his teeth and snorted coldly.

He looked at Kant and forced a smile on his gloomy face. "Mr. Kant, I really didn't expect you to come to my firm. However, I can't receive you tonight because I have to attend the port governor's banquet."

"Banquet." Kant smiled calmly. "Do you like to attend the banquet at nine o'clock?"

"If I want to." Borg, on the other hand, leaned on his black cane and raised his chin slightly. His expression was slightly arrogant. "I can attend."

His tone paused. He looked at Kant, who did not have the slightest hint of anger. Instead, there was a playful look on his face. Borg narrowed his eyes slightly. "I am about to win the daughter of the port governor and obtain the title of baron. Although I am a noble in the palace, I have already established my foundation in the Silver Platter Kingdom. I can buy a village on the south bank of the Renistons River."

Kant smiled and said, "On the south bank of the Renistons River, I remember that it should be Fort Nazaire. It was occupied by the Silver Platter Kingdom ten years ago. The villages and farmland there have also been allocated to the villagers of the Silver platter kingdom for reclamation."

"But I have connections." Borg raised his eyebrows and said, "The financial officer of Fort Nazaire is my good friend!"

Kant continued to smile and nodded. "Oh, that's good."

However, Borg felt humiliated by Kant's calm appearance. The recent honor had made him a little lost. However, when he glanced at the two grand knights who were dressed in ordinary clothes but actually possessed extraordinary powers, he still suppressed his anger, he said, "Lord Kant, you have to understand the current situation."

"The current situation?"

Kant was still acted flighty, he pretended to be confused and asked, "Please answer."

"Ha." Borg gritted his teeth. He could not maintain his gentlemanly demeanor.

He took half a step forward and looked at Kant. He was not afraid at all. He slowly said, "The East County is not the North County. Countess Agatha controls everything. Even Grand Duke Cameron could not infiltrate this place."

Kant smiled playfully. "And then?"

"What do you want!" Borg completely lost his patience. "Kant, do you really think that the 2,000 great silver coins you once gave me and these 10 ingrates that can't be fed enough can buy me off!?"

"What do you mean?" Kant was not angry.

"I'll give you 3,000 great silver coins!" Borg did not hesitate.

He glanced at the two guards and gritted his teeth, "Our relationship ends here. Don't think that your table salt is what I need. If I want, I can use my own trade caravan to buy it from other merchants." He paused and then said solemnly, "My Borg Chamber of Commerce will always be mine. Even you can't interfere."

“Yes.” Kant nodded. “Of course it’s yours.”

“Mr. Borg, Mr. Kant.” The old butler said at this time, “How about this? We used to be friends. We will hold a grand banquet tomorrow and invite the noble and famous people of the East County City to come as a welcome ceremony.”

“They will come because of me.” Borg also curled the corners of his mouth.

Looking at Kant, Borg continued, “Then I will take my leave first. The governor of the port is still waiting for me. If nothing goes wrong, I will give you 3,000 great silver coins at noon tomorrow. Mr. Kant, we don’t have much to talk about, but I also want to thank you for the help you gave me back then.”

“No, no, no, it’s not like that.” Kant smiled and raised his right hand, indicating for a pause. “Please wait.”

“Is there anything else?” Borg took half a step back.

He was still afraid of Kant’s calm expression, or rather, of the two grand knights behind him, he could not help but warn, “I am now a top-notch merchant in the East County City. I am qualified to attend even Countess Agatha’s banquet. If you want to make a move, I hope you can think clearly about the current situation.”

“I heard that Mr. Kant, you have always been under great pressure from the other noble families in the North County. However, in the East County, we can become friends.”

The personal butler also smiled. “What do you think?”

“What do I think?”

Kant still smiled.

However, he said in a sarcastic tone, “Back then, you were not like this when you knelt before me like a dog. Why? Do you think that you can be a gentleman in front of me now that you have done well?”

The hall suddenly fell silent.

Cheshire looked at everything in front of him in shock.

The old butler was also shocked and didn’t know what to say.

But for Borg and his personal butler, their faces were extremely red. It was as if someone had slapped them a dozen times. In fact, Kant’s action was indeed slapping their faces.

In the past six months, Borg had never heard such vulgar words!

He pointed at Kant and was so angry that he could not speak. “You... you really... really...”

“I’m telling the truth.” Kant pulled the chair over.

He sat down directly and looked at Borg who was standing in front of him. “I don’t need 3,000 great silver coins. Remember what I told you before? Don’t choose to betray me.”

“I’m not loyal to you.” Borg’s face turned red. “You’re just a small baron!”



“That’s right.” Kant nodded. “But you’re not even a Baron.”

“So what you’re a baron?” Borg roared angrily. “This is East County. If I call my friends, you won’t even be able to leave the East County. You’ll be hacked to death in this port. Do you understand? Don’t think that just because you have two grand knights, it doesn’t matter. This is the East County!”

“It seems like your friends didn’t tell you anything.” Kant narrowed his eyes, and the mocking smile on his face became more intense. “If they had told you, I’m afraid you would still be kneeling in front of me.”

“What on earth are you talking about?”

Borg’s face turned red, but his anger strangely disappeared.

He looked at Cheshire, who remained silent like he was not involved.

He also saw the shock in Cheshire’s eyes. He slowly turned his head and saw the other eight guards in linen robes standing up at the same time. His hand that was holding the wooden staff trembled slightly, he was completely stunned, “They... they are all... grand knights...”

The red light appeared before his eyes. All of these grand knights in front of him terrified him. He did not even know what qualifications he had to oppose Kant.

Even Cheshire, who was also a grand knight, was terrified as well.

In front of these mighty grand knights, what was he?

At this time, he also remembered Kant’s words.

He finally understood why those noble friends had been a lot more cautious in the past two days.

But when he asked them what had happened, no one told him. They just told him to be more steady recently. Now that he thought about it carefully, it was clear that those noble friends had heard the news of Kant’s arrival!

Avilis Castle was a necessary route to come here and related it to the so-called transformation of Viscount Gibran into a demon.

How could Borg not have guessed that it was the infamous Baron Kant in front of him!

“You should know now.” Kant smiled.

Sitting on the chair, he looked at Borg and said calmly, “Kneel down and beg for my forgiveness.”

“Plop.” Borg knelt down without hesitation. “Kant... Baron Kant, please forgive my rudeness! Forgive my rudeness!” his whole body trembled, and he felt like he had turned back to the son of that broken businessman.

At this time, even the personal butler had knelt down, including the old butler.

“And you,” Kant looked at Cheshire. “Kneel down.”

The ten Lion Knights behind him placed their hands on the hilt of their swords and looked at him coldly. Red light flashed, and the extraordinary power that belonged to the Sarleon national knights slowly spread out with a dense killing intent.

"I... I am a Grand Knight sent by the Silver Platter Kingdom..." Cheshire gulped.

His arrogance and pride had disappeared without a trace. There was only fear, "You cannot treat me like this!"

"A grand knight sent by the Silver Platter Kingdom?" Kant's lips curled up. "I'll make you kneel."

"Plop." Cheshire only felt his legs go weak.

The premonition of death made him kneel on the ground without hesitation. "Baron Kant, please forgive my rudeness. My family was once loyal to Princess Sofia. I hope you know this."

"Oh, Princess Sofia, my mother."

Kant smiled calmly. "Very well, things are getting more and more interesting." He looked at Cheshire, he said, "Then what is your purpose in coming to the Dukedom of Leo? I know clearly that the former subordinates of Princess Sofia were left behind on the Resniston River and become the lowly bandits!"

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#### **Chapter 403: The Opportunity Given by Kant**

That's right, this was also Kant's problem.

He did not understand the current situation of Princess Sofia's old subordinates. This grand knight Cheshire actually claimed that he was also an old subordinate who stayed in the Silver Platter Kingdom, which really puzzled Kant.

There was too little information.

Kant could only analyze it by himself through the available information.

Looking at Cheshire and the so-called family behind him, he had some thoughts.

In this world, strength was still paramount. The so-called loyalty was still a gimmick of submitting to absolute force. If Kant had absolute military power, then no one would betray him.

Even the loyal vassals of the enemy would have too many scruples when facing the oppression and surrender.

The surrender between the noble and the noble was not a humiliation.

It was just a change of country to be a vassal.

The feudal era.

Or it should be called the era of the noble republic.

Even the king was only the spokesperson of the noble group, or the chairman of the board.

If this kingdom, or it should be said a company, went bankrupt and was acquired by other companies, the chairman of the board would change, but the directors would still be directors, but the shares in their hands would be diluted and reduced.

But it was still better than losing their lives. The nobles were people who cared about their dignity, and they were willing to continue this kind of life.

This was also the reason why the noble was the best at the art of compromise.

For example, Princess Sofia's old subordinates.

The power was falling apart.

Those who were lucky were stationed in the Dukedom of Leo, barely fitting into the noble circle, such as Baron Dylan.

Those who were unlucky became the water bandits of the Resniston River. They made a living by robbing, kidnapping, and extortion. They were constantly besieged by the river patrol team, and they were risking their lives to make a living.

As for what happened to the old subordinates that were still in the Silver Platter Kingdom, Kant did not know.

That was why he asked Cheshire why he was here.

The Dukedom of Leo was good.

But the Silver Platter Kingdom was undoubtedly more prosperous.

Cheshire looked hesitant.

But he saw the ten grand knights beside Kant had already put their hands back on the hilts of their swords, he could only lower his head dejectedly. "I am a grand knight sent by the Silver Platter Kingdom, the new prefectural territory, which is also the south bank of the Resniston River. It used to belong to the Dukedom of Leo, Fort Nazaire." He said it so easily.

However, Borg, who was still kneeling on the ground beside him, suddenly raised his head. His lips trembled, and his eyes were filled with disbelief.

It was clear that when Borg had gone to the Silver Platter Kingdom to discuss business cooperation, he had unintentionally saved this grand knight who had been chased down by a top-tier noble. Cheshire then followed Borg out of gratitude for saving his life.

This story was also listed as the proudest thing in Borg's life, and was often used as a topic for discussion.

It also attracted the envy of many merchants.

"Very good." Kant did not care about how Cheshire ended up here.

Instead, he nodded at Cheshire's serious answer and said with satisfaction, "Continue. Your cooperation will increase your impression in my heart. I really like everyone to follow the rules."

“Thank you for your praise, Lord Kant.” Cheshire immediately bowed.

“No! It’s not like that!” However, Borg interrupted them. “The lord of Fort Nazaire should be Viscount Taylor.” He raised his head in despair. “You... You’re clearly telling me that... you’ve offended a top-tier noble!”

Cheshire snorted slightly disdainfully at this, “Mr. Borg, please don’t be childish.”

“You...” Borg’s eyes were filled with despair.

He gritted his teeth and gripped his sleeves tightly. However, he did not have any strength left in his body. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He suddenly realized that what he had done was very laughable.

He was just a businessman with a small reputation in the East County City, but his status was still low.

Cheshire thought the same, followed Borg was just a disguise.

Cheshire bent down slightly, he looked at Kant and continued to report, “Lord, I am a spy sent by Viscount Taylor of the new county to the East County. My intention is to infiltrate the Dukedom of Leo and use the Borg Chamber of Commerce to contact the nobles who are easily buy over and willing to change side to Silver Platter Kingdom.”

“Is the Silver Platter Kingdom planning to invade Dukedom of Leo again?” Kant raised his eyebrows and asked.

“Yes.” Cheshire did not hide anything. “Princess Sofia failed in the beginning, but she still left behind a lot of secrets. It’s only been ten years now, and since those secrets have yet to disappear, it’s time to use them again.”

Kant’s lips curled up. “Very interesting.”

“This is the paradise of the powerful.”

Cheshire bowed respectfully to Kant and said, “Lord, you are the noble who is worthy of respect. You are the master that my family used to be loyal to. However, because of the internal suppression of the Silver Platter Kingdom, we lost the support of Princess Sofia. We can only temporarily rely on the others to survive.”

Pausing for a moment, he gritted his teeth and said, “But in the end, we can’t gain the trust of others. That’s why I was sent here. To be driven by a lowly merchant, this is simply an insult.”

Borg’s face turned pale as he listened from the side.

In the past, he enjoyed his success and wealth, but all of this was based on the benefits Kant had brought to him.

Even though he had coincidentally obtained the help of a grand knight like Cheshire, in reality, it was actually a plot set up by the Silver Platter Kingdom to reconquer the Dukedom of Leo.

If that day really came, then Borg Chamber of Commerce would become Silver Platter Kingdom’s insider.

Even if the Borg family didn't want to join the Silver Platter Kingdom, they couldn't do anything about it. When that time came, Cheshire, who was once a loyal grand knight, could even take over the Borg Chamber of Commerce.

After all, he was a grand knight. In a world where military power was paramount, he was equal to a superior.

It was obvious just by thinking about it.

Cheshire had deigned to become a bodyguard in the Chamber of Commerce. It was simply a humiliation, a disgrace to a grand knight. He would be ridiculed by any noble who heard of it.

No matter how good his development was, unless Borg could become a real noble, Cheshire would never be able to integrate into the mainstream circle as a grand knight. He would become the object of ridicule by everyone.

Status was the standard of the noble.

A knight was equivalent to a quasi-noble.

A grand knight was a complete noble.

If one did not have real power, he would become a palace noble. If he made contributions on battlefield, he would be a warrior boor. If he could marry other nobles for decades, he would become a respected new noble.

The status of a grand knight was actually almost the same as a real baron.

This was an advantage brought by power.

Cheshire wanted to use the Borg Chamber of Commerce to complete the infiltration of the Silver Platter Kingdom into the East County.

After all, East County was a semi-independent territory outside of the Dukedom of Leo. As long as they conquered this place, they could directly seal off the Resniston River and South County.

Moreover, in the East County, they could directly attack the North County and South County.

The force in East County could cooperate with the Silver Platter Kingdom to attack the South County.

They had almost formed an encirclement net.

It was very brilliant.

Even Kant couldn't help but nod, praising the encirclement net strategic plan.

However, this encirclement net was destined to fail. This was because the East County wouldn't be controlled by Cheshire.

Even if he had laid a lot of foundations through Borg Chamber of Commerce, it was still impossible.

Because Kant would not allow it.

The Borg Chamber of Commerce had once been on the verge of bankruptcy. If one thought about it carefully, perhaps it had something to do with the methods of the Silver Platter Kingdom. It even had something to do with some of the East County's noble families who acted as fence-sitters.

But since Kant had supported Borg and brought this chamber of commerce back to life. Then it meant that he had invested in this chamber of Commerce, and he was definitely the chairman.

Without the 2,000 great silver coins that Kant had provided, it would be very difficult for the Borg Chamber of Commerce to come back to life.

Even if the Silver Platter Kingdom helped the Chamber of Commerce to rise again from the brink of bankruptcy, Borg might not be the person-in-charge anymore. Even if he were, he would just be a puppet.

"Lord Kant!" Borg had already thought of this at this time.

He was not stupid. He was just blinded by his success.

Now that he thought about it carefully, his rise was too unexpected, and those nobles were too kind to him. It must be known that in the past, those merchants who were even stronger than him would bow and scrape before the noble.

But he actually became friends with those arrogant nobles!

This was obviously not right.

Looking at Kant, Borg begged sorrowfully, "I know I'm wrong. Please let me be your merchant again. I finally understand that there is a conspiracy. Lord Kant, please, I really made a mistake!"

Even the old butler and personal butler next to him also understood. Their bodies trembled, and their faces were filled with misery.

There was nothing they could do.

They had indeed made a mistake.

However, when Cheshire heard their pleas, his expression changed slightly, he bent down and said to Kant, "Lord Kant, these people are just lowly trashes. Please don't believe them. Since they were able to betray you once, there will be a second time. And I am Princess Sofia's old subordinate. There are even quite a number of old subordinates left in the Silver Platter Kingdom who are not doing well. I can definitely pull some strings for you and make them return to your side, restoring Princess Sofia's glory back then."

"Mm, not bad." Kant nodded calmly. There was no superfluous expression on his face.

He did not say yes or no.

Instead, he placed his hand on his chin and rubbed it slightly, as if he was thinking.

The current situation was becoming more and more interesting. The East County was becoming more and more complicated.

The Crimson Sect's development in the dark.

The quarrels between the noble families.

The infiltration of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

Of course.

Kant's forces were also infiltrating.

Many forces were intertwined, and even Countess Agatha had become a top noble in name, but the actual commanding power had been divided among the various forces.

The Crimson Sect had developed and controlled most of the military power of Avilis Castle.

The various noble families with ulterior motives controlled most of the land.

There was also the Silver Platter Kingdom, which had already placed its hands on those noble families and began to use highly profitable commercial activities to draw them in and divide them.

The Borg Chamber of Commerce was a typical example.

They had become someone else's chess piece.

"My aunt has been set up." Kant couldn't help but shake his head.

But thinking about it, there was nothing he could do. Countess Agatha, who once had a portion of the military power to support her, lost her power after losing the Gale Mercenary Group and the assault team.

The Gale Mercenary Group was an elite cavalry team. They were raised in the center of the North County and South County, as well as the East County.

If there was any situation, they could quickly rush back to support her.

Unfortunately, they were all wiped out by Kant including the assault team.

As long as they successfully controlled Baron Dylan's Stone Pass, the table salt trade would fall into her hands.

A steady stream of silver coins would appear in her hands. Whether it was to rope in the noble families or to create a more elite army, she had the resources. Even if she hired a foreign mercenary group, it would be enough for her to completely control the East County.

However, she did not expect Kant's strength to be so strong that he could ignore the Dukedom of Leo.

"But it doesn't matter."

Kant narrowed his eyes.

He did not have any interest in the regime.

If he really became a king, how to balance the noble families, feed the commoners, and develop the country would be a headache. After all, the real world was not as good as a city with the help of the system.

People's thoughts were strange, and the so-called loyalty could change at any time. It was far inferior to the NPCs of the system.

Moreover, they were also living humans after coming to this world.

As long as they controlled the core, Kant would be in an invincible position. No matter how the forces in other parts of the world developed, they would eventually become Kant's vassals, more like layers of onion-like colonial systems!

"You guys continue to develop here."

Kant smiled and looked at Borg and Cheshire. "I won't disturb you."

"Lord Kant!"

Borg, who had been lying limply on the ground, suddenly raised his head as if he had found a straw to cry for help.

"I need you to serve me. It's that simple. You can do whatever you want with the Silver Platter Kingdom. But in the end, you have to know that I want to seize the final fruit." Kant knocked on the table and said faintly, "No matter what method you use."

"Yes..." Borg and Cheshire answered with difficulty.

In their hearts, Kant was still unable to compare to the Silver Platter Kingdom.

But Kant saw through their thoughts. "The old king of the Silver Platter Kingdom is about to pass away. As the eldest son of the first wife, he has always been weak and sickly. So, perhaps I still have the qualifications to inherit the throne."

"Uh..."

Cheshire's eyes suddenly widened. "Indeed... Indeed!"

Borg looked at Kant in shock. As a merchant, he did not have the ability to come into contact with too many secrets.

Although he knew that Princess Sofia was the princess of the Silver Platter Kingdom, the law of inheritance for a noble was not something he could understand. Moreover, there would definitely be bloodshed in this.

"That's what I meant." Kant stood up.

He turned his head to look at the ten Sarrandian Horsemen beside him and ordered, "You guys can follow me back."

"Yes!" the Sarrandian Horsemen immediately obeyed.



However, Kant glanced at the ten grand knights beside him and calmly said, "You guys stay here and protect Borg. His safety needs to be protected. Of course, there's also Mr. Cheshire. I don't think the two of you will mind."

In the end, he spoke to Borg and Cheshire.

"I don't mind!" the two of them didn't dare to refuse.

It was obviously a type of surveillance. If they refused now, the consequences would be bad.

Kant didn't need them to refuse either. These ten grand knights were enough to massacre the firm's powerful military force. After the massacre, they probably wouldn't even close the city gates. They would make the group of killers leave quickly and not dare to block the port.

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 404: Borg's Thoughts**

Kant quickly left the office with his men. The sky was already very dark, and there was chill in the air. This was the chill that came from the wilderness in the west.

The hall of the office was still brightly lit.

The luxurious furniture and clothing were better than the small living room of a top noble.

But no one cared.

Borg slowly propped himself up on the ground.

The two butlers on both sides also slowly climbed up with pale faces.

Even Cheshire looked depressed. They looked at each other, then looked at the 10 guests who were still sitting on the chairs in the hall. They couldn't spit out a word.

Since things had already come to this point, there was nothing much to say.

Kant, the Supreme Lord had returned.

He had officially returned with his mighty power.

All the conspiracies and tricks were like a joke. It was like a glacier had encountered a furnace and was easily melted by the surging heat wave. All of these disappeared into thin air.

They were completely helpless with the 10 grand knights who were currently waiting in the hall with expressionless faces.

But in reality, these grand knights were not all of them.

Look at Baron Kant, he handed over the command of these grand knights to them so easily.

It was obvious that there might be more grand knights hiding behind the scenes, but not all of them were revealed. They would only show their proper deterrence at the most critical moment just like now.

"Alright." Borg took a deep breath.

He wiped the tears off his face and turned to the two butlers beside him. He said in a low voice, "Cancel the governor of the port's banquet for me. If you need an excuse, just say that I suddenly fell ill." He paused for a moment and then continued, "Send the silver artifact from the Silver Platter Kingdom on the second floor as a gift."

"Isn't that your favorite handicraft, Mr. Borg..." the personal butler dissuaded him, "You love it, but why are you giving it away now?"

"It's just a gift."

Borg closed his eyes. "Besides, the development of the Borg Chamber of Commerce needs the support of the port governor."

The old butler who was in charge of the Borg Chamber of Commerce didn't say anything.

He could see it.

This was an investment.

The Borg Chamber of Commerce indeed needed the support of the port governor.

Otherwise, as a new merchant, Borg would not be so eager to marry the daughter of the port governor. Even if he had to spend money to buy land in the Silver Platter Kingdom and become a palace noble in the East County City, he would still marry that not-so-pretty girl.

The political marriage was mutually beneficial, and both sides gained what they lacked in each other.

Now, he was also doing this for self-protection!

Borg had already betrayed Kant once.

As an intelligent person, he knew that he could no longer be accepted into Kant's core of power.

That was why he was more proactive and spent more money to participate in the port governor's noble circle. Although he would not betray Kant again in the short term, he would also not continue to fall into the same situation as he was now.

Even if he left the Borg Chamber of Commerce, there might be a way out.

If there was really no way out, he would be living a life of a poor man that was not much different from death.

Having enjoyed a life of wealth and honor, Borg would never return to the kind of life where he was on the verge of bankruptcy, helpless, and ultimately humiliated, begging others to lead him to venture to the Nahrin Desert in search of an opportunity.

Although he finally obtained such an opportunity, he became Kant's puppet.

That's right, he was a puppet.

In Borg's opinion, that was the case.

The real power was still firmly controlled by Kant. He was just a spokesperson in front of the screen, a puppet waiting for the final order, a professional manager working for the boss.

The personal butler bowed and left.

Soon, with a few servants who didn't know what was going on, they quickly left the office with the wrapped gifts.

The port governor's banquet was about to begin. They needed to rush over as soon as possible, especially when Borg couldn't be there personally. They needed to explain the situation as soon as possible and show their etiquette.

After all, they were just a merchant family.

It was already an honor to be able to attend the banquet.

The atmosphere in the office's hall was still gloomy.

However, the old butler beside them had already lost some of his arrogance. Instead, he spoke in a deep voice and did not avoid saying, "Mr. Borg."

"Yes." Borg nodded. His voice carried an uncontrollable haggard tone. "What is it?"

"Actually, it doesn't matter," the old butler said. "The merchants of the Dukedom of Leo don't have high statuses. All in all, they are tools to collect wealth for the top-tier nobles. If you think about it carefully, you have a lot of autonomy now. In fact, compared to the leaders of the trade caravan, you are more like a real leader of the trade caravan."

"Yes, that's true." Borg nodded. He did not avoid Cheshire and the 10 Lion Knights beside him. He sat on the chair and said with a bitter smile, "But only by becoming a noble can you get rid of all this."

"Perhaps." the old butler was silent.

"I'm going to rest." Cheshire shook his head.

With a mocking expression on his face, he strode towards the second floor of the firm, he walked to his room. "You guys are taking things for granted. So what if you become a noble? In the true noble circle, it's even crueler than what a businessman like you can understand." He paused, he glanced at Borg, "My family was once a great noble."

Borg was silent. Looking at Cheshire's mocking face, he also laughed mockingly. He shook his head and sighed softly. "I just want to find a way out. I don't have many ideas."

"If you're loyal to Lord Kant, you'll only receive gifts."

A Lion Knight reminded him.

"Yes." Borg just answered casually.

He understood very well.

Baron Kant was indeed at the height of his power.

He was stronger than the counties in Dukedom of Leo.

At this moment, many people had already admitted that half of the North County territory was under Baron Kant's ruling. Even Viscount Wayne, who was supposed to be the lord of the North County, could only pinch his nose and confirm this news.

Kant's forces had already completely left the Nahrin Desert and extended to the North County.

This caused countless people to be worried.

There were also reactions.

Looking at the combined army of close to 20,000 people gathered at Viscount Wayne's Logue Castle, they knew that those small noble families and schemers with ulterior motives still had a deep fear of Baron Kant.

Otherwise, they would not have gathered an alliance army of 20,000 people and allowed Viscount Wayne to temporarily control it.

This was enough to be the number of main forces on the battlefield.

Although there were very few elites, most of them were mercenaries who came from outside on the Resniston River.

But even so, they could still launch a battle that was enough to shake a county. Even if they attacked the South County at this time, with the advantage of numbers, they would probably be able to attack Lion Fort in one go.

There might be stronger existences in this alliance.

For example, wandering mages and grand knights.

They were the forces of those top-tier noble families who were unwilling to be left alone.

Their roles were to launch an unexpected attack to Baron Kant's forces. It would be best if they could let these miscellaneous forces join forces and put Baron Kant in a crisis.

Of course, at that time, the alliance would gradually collapse due to the tragic casualties.

At that time, it was time for the top-tier noble families to reap the benefits.

This was an open plot. Viscount Wayne knew all of this, and even the others understood this point.

But there was no other way. In order to ensure the safety of the estate, he had to swallow this bitter fruit. Otherwise, Viscount Wayne alone would not be able to contend against Kant. If he surrendered and lost his status as a top-tier noble, then his family would decline.

If he still relied on the strength of the Dukedom of Leo and fought to a draw, perhaps there was still hope.

This was also Borg's idea.

He had expected it.

Or rather, it was his own guess.

He did not think that Baron Kant would win the final victory.

No matter how many extraordinary powers Kant had, he would still lose to Dukedom of Leo.

This was a powerful country that had been established hundreds of years ago. They believed in the god of war, Edmund, so the military strength of this country had always been quite high. They could even resist the Silver Platter Kingdom, or even fight head-on without falling into a disadvantage.

A mere force, Baron Kant's force, could not compare to the Silver Platter Kingdom.

If Kant were defeated, Borg would need a new way to save himself.

"How sad."

He stood up and walked towards the top of the building. He just casually told the old butler, "I'll leave this place to you. Let our friend rest well. Treat them the same as Cheshire."

"Yes." the old butler bowed. As the butler, he only needed to listen.

The ten remaining Lion Knights did not care.

They all had their own thoughts.

But they also had a mission.

Since they were given order to stay and protect the safety of this place, they had to take responsibility.

However, from the current situation, they understood in their hearts that protection was secondary. The most important thing was to intimidate and guard this place for Lord Kant to prevent too much trouble.

If Borg wanted to sell off the chamber of commerce and leave secretly, they would definitely not sit idly by.

The Sarleon Lion Knight from the Pendor Continent.

They were the elite noble.

They also had some understanding of politics and business.

Although they looked cold, if Borg caused some troubles, they would not need Kant's orders to solve it. Moreover, they could handle it nicely.

They were much better than the Level 4 Sarrandian Horseman.

The night deepened.

But many people had no intention of sleeping.

In the governor's mansion not far away, the lights were bright, and countless noble families gathered inside to hold a grand banquet.

But when the personal butler went in to explain the situation, and a secret agent came in to tell some news. The entire banquet quickly ended, and it was almost discordant. Everyone left, and it was more like they fled.

The entire governor's mansion quickly fell into silence.

This was a night that was destined to not be peaceful.

However, there were still many people who were secretly colluding. They had other thoughts about the future situation.

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 405: Assassination in the Night**

Kant left the building and walked on the streets in the night.

The 10 Sarrandian Horseman had already changed their clothes and changed back into their own Sarrandian armors and weapons. They led the Sarrandian horse and walked behind silently.

They had completed their mission.

Next, the ten stronger Sarleon Lion Knights would be in charge.

In fact, Kant was not happy with the actions of these Sarrandian Horsemen.

After all, these horsemen were Borg's bodyguards and Kant's monitors. However, they did not successfully infiltrate Kant's influence into Borg's heart. Instead, it had a bad effect.

Not only were Borg in control of the situation, but they had also become his fighters.

Thinking of this, Kant felt helpless.

These horsemen were not noble.

They were only an elite troop class.

In the Sarrand Sultanate, they were only slightly higher than the commoners.

Although they were real humans, in terms of intelligence, they had become simple and straight forward because of years of battle. They could not compare to Borg, a businessman who had been trained by years of business education.

It was no wonder that Borg could manipulate these riders.

But there was one thing.

Borg also took the horsemen's duties as a pledge of allegiance.

He thought that with some power and wealth, he could let them betray Kant and turn to him.

Perhaps that was true in reality.

But these Sarrandian Horsemen did not come from reality.

Instead, they were from the world of "Mount and Blade" that relied on Kant to survive. They were the individuals from the tiny in southwest corner of the Sarrandian Desert of Continent of Caradia.

Their loyalty to Kant was unbreakable, and they would never betray Kant. Both sides had a faint sense of connection.

If the connection was cut off...

It would be death.

Or they would lose themselves due to special circumstances.

However, if their connection was cut off, it also meant that they were not an ally anymore, but an enemy.

Perhaps the second possibility could only be formed by means of mind control. However, Kant had never heard of it in this world, nor had he seen anyone used it. It was something that could not happen.

The night deepened.

The stars and moon emitted a bright light.

Torches were lit on the streets, and patrols with torches walked past.

However, when they saw Kant, they did not even have the intention to interrogate him. They went around the corner and went to other streets. Even some of the gang members who were hiding in the dark were so scared that they trembled and hid in the corners, not daring to come out.

There was not even a carriage. The entire street of the port seemed to have fallen into silence.

There was a strange silence.

"Something's not right."

Some of the Sarrandian Horseman sensed the abnormality and slowly grasped the scimitar hilt in their hands.

They looked around cautiously. Their left arm was covered with a round shield, forming a small defensive circle with each other. They even put on the Sarrandian chain armor.

Soon, they were fully armed and ready for battle.

Their warhorses were behind them.

Their weapons and equipment were all on the horses.

They already wore the Sarrandian chain armor on them.

Although they were covered in linen robes, it did not affect their flexibility in battle.

On the contrary, they formed a standard infantry defensive formation around Kant. Although there were fewer people, even if they faced dozens of enemies, they could rely on their excellent equipment and elite strength to hold them off for a while.

Of course, as a grand knight, Kant did not need their protection.

He swept his gaze across the night sky.

He only sighed slightly, "I've made a mistake."

If there were ten Lion Knights who possessed extraordinary powers, by his side, these guys would probably be just a small problem for him.

Now.

Kant needed to personally come down and solve the trouble.

His right hand was also on the hilt of his sword. Kant was still walking on the street.

The night became increasingly quiet.

The people around him completely disappeared.

The torches on the entire street were faintly burning.

However, in just a few short minutes, the torches were gradually extinguished. Even the starlight and moonlight in the sky gradually dimmed. The entire street in the port suddenly became extremely dark. It was so dark that it was almost impossible to see one's fingers.

"Shasha, Shasha, Shasha --"

The sound of something rubbing against each other was heard.

It approached from afar.

Its speed also became faster and faster.

It gradually shortened the distance around Kant and the others, as if it was going to come into contact with them in an extremely short time.

Even a slight wind with a fishy smell appeared in his nostrils. The smell was simply nauseating, like a slaughterhouse in the summer. Even Kant could not bear it.

"Whoosh --"

The sound of sword drawing appeared.

Kant gritted his teeth, and his right hand directly pulled out his Sword of King from the sheath at his waist.

A turbulent golden light surged out rapidly, and an incomparably strong positive energy poured out as if pouring out. It instantly illuminated the surrounding space, and at the same time, the energy that could completely destroy everything erupted at an extremely fast speed.

"Buzz -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu -- pu --"

Countless black shadows exploded within the powerful golden light.

Wisps of fine red fog were cleansed within the golden light or were directly turned into smoke.



"Enemy attack!"

Sarrandian Horsemen raised their longswords.

Occasionally, there would be a black shadow struggling to break through the golden light and approach them. They slashed with their scimitars fiercely, and along with a screech, the black shadow that was cut in half by their waists was instantly vanished by the golden light.

It lasted for almost a few minutes before the black shadow outside the golden light disappeared.

A thick smell of blood came from it.

It carried a slightly rotten smell.

Kant put the Sword of King in his hand above his head.

He turned his head to look at the surrounding pitch-black streets. The light of the stars and moon in the sky was still blocked.

It was a dark cloud.

He did not know when, but a thick dark cloud shrouded the sky above his head.

It just happened to cover the port.

"Lord, there are strange figures."

Sarrandian Horseman approached and said in a deep voice, "They are right in front."

"I see them." Kant nodded.

On the street in front, there were many figures in the center of the dark street.

They seemed to be wearing black robes and a black hood on their heads. They were holding a long lance in their hands. The line was very dense. It was dark, as if they were waiting in a line.

"Baron Kant."

Someone stepped forward.

He spoke slowly, his voice extremely hoarse, "You have offended the authority of our lord. According to the punishment of the Crimson Sect and the will of our Lord, you must be sentenced to death, so that your soul will be burned in the flames of our lord for ten thousand years."

"How terrifying." Kant chuckled. "And then?"

"Surrender."

That person continued to speak in a deep voice, "My lord can grant you eternal life."

Kant's lips curled up. "Interesting." He clenched his Sword of King tightly, "But how could a demon, an evil creature from the abyss, sentence me to death here? This is simply a joke. It makes me feel interesting."

"Then you're choosing death."

That person did not hesitate at all. "Kill him!"

After the order was given, those black-robed enemies with long lance in their hands stepped forward.

They acted swiftly.

They did not give Kant a second chance to make a choice.

Perhaps they all understood that Kant would not really make a choice. Their inquiry was only a probe. Since it was useless to talk now, then they would use the simplest method, which was to kill Kant!

"Imbeciles." However, Kant smiled cunningly in response to their threat.

It was very disdainful!

The reason why grand knights were called grand knights.

It was definitely not simply because they had extraordinary powers. It was also because of their terrifying destructive power on the battlefield!

The King's Power and the Divine Power circulated together in Kant's body. He himself already had these two extraordinary powers. As he erupted with his full strength, a golden light mixed with a white light of extraordinary flames was displayed without a doubt.

He was also a grand knight!

But before Kant charged towards them.

Behind the enemy, the sound of galloping horses' hooves came whistling like a flood.

"Boom Boom Boom --"

At the front.

The blood-red air wave swept up like a dazzling red light.

The figures moved quickly, and the galloping sound of the warhorse became louder and louder. The hooves of the horses beat on the ground, and even the soles of their feet could be felt trembling. It was like an earthquake, but it was more like a flood was gradually approaching!

It was the violent sound brought about by the charge of the numerous cavalry groups!

Twenty Lion Knights led the charge.

Fifty Lion Squires were the core force.

They came whistling through the stone-paved road of the port. Finally, they charged into the back of the black-robed enemy soldiers who had yet to react.

In the front row, the thick awl-shaped lance pierced through many enemies.

Even the mail armor under their black robes were pierced through.

Warhorses shook the ground.

The violent power swept across the street, destroying more than 600 enemy soldiers in black robes. They did not even stop. Relying on their extraordinary power, the Lion Knights covered in blood-red flames and pushed forward fiercely. They charged into the dense formation, stirring up a bloody storm.

After abandoning their lances, with their sharp swords and their outstanding melee combat strength, they were like a pride of lions charging into a flock of sheep and slaughtering to their heart's content!

The black-robed soldiers of the Crimson Sect were ambushed from behind, they almost collapsed on the spot.

They could not even organize a resistance.

At the front.

The enemy leader who had given the order to attack was clearly a grand knight, even though his entire body was covered in fiery red flames. However, he was killed on the spot by three strikes from the Lion Knights who were charging close to him!

On the streets, more than 600 black-robed soldiers who were holding long lance had been scattered.

They had suffered heavy casualties.

The remaining troops.

They were scared out of their wits and fled to the dark corners around them.

The Lion Knights and Lion Squires did not chase after them. Instead, they quickly came to Kant's side and glanced at the 10 Sarrandian Horsemen behind him. They could not help but frown. "Lord, we have to evacuate this place!"

"What's going on?"

Kant asked in a deep voice, "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"We were attacked!"

The Lion Knight in the lead quickly replied, "There were enemies from the Crimson Sect attacked our hotel in the middle of the night. However, due to our strict security, we did not suffer too many casualties. Instead, we took the opportunity to kill our way out. However, when we thought that you were still in the port, we came to pick you up. It was fortunate that we came in time."

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

#### **Chapter 406: The Obstacles at the City Gate**

"You guys are right on time" Kant nodded.

On the street, the strong smell of blood permeated the air. There were broken limbs everywhere. There were also many black-robed men who were not completely dead yet. They were wailing in pain and convulsing in pain, like the most lowly insects.

Legitimacy belonged to the victor; losers were always in the wrong. The losers should be punished by cruel reality.

Just like now.

Some people might pity their pain, but Kant wouldn't.

Kant walked forward and pulled out his sword. A strong golden light appeared, like a searchlight. Kant used the sword as a stick and lifted the face under a hood. It was a middle-aged man.

"City defense troop." Kant raised his eyebrows, but he also recognized his identity.

He walked to the side.

He lifted the black robe and hood on his body again.

These black-robed soldiers were wearing exquisite mail armor. In fact, one could tell from looking at the lance on the ground that they were all equipment that only the port city defense troop had.

This meant that the enemy that came to attack him this time was the city defense troop of this port.

"As expected, this place was infiltrated."

Kant shook his head.

He was not surprised by this matter. In fact, when he came to the port and went to the office of the Borg Chamber of Commerce, he even suspected that the Borg Chamber of Commerce that he supported might have been infiltrated by the Crimson Sect.

After all, although Borg had received his funding, his development was too fast.

It was astonishingly fast.

In just a few short months, he had gone from a small bankrupt chamber of commerce to the largest one in the East County.

He did not have the support of the top noble forces behind him. It was entirely Borg's luck that he had gone step by step to achieve his current achievements.

Of course, he was indeed not infiltrated by the Crimson Sect. Instead, it was the Silver Platter Kingdom that had infiltrated him.

It seemed that being infiltrated by either side looked the same, but it was always different.

Compared to the Silver Platter Kingdom, Kant was more wary of the demonic forces hidden in the dark.

For example, Viscount Gibran of the Crimson Sect had actually sided with the evil. If Kant had not accidentally discovered this, he would have been deceived and even believed in the peace on the surface of the human countries.

Now, the undercurrents were surging!

"We have to end this infiltration operation that has been exposed as soon as possible."

Kant narrowed his eyes.

He turned over and mounted an empty horse. He ordered in a deep voice,

"Let's go!"

"Yes!" the knights responded one after another.

Ignoring the thick smell of blood that was still lingering on the street, they quickly followed the road they came from and began to run toward the city gate. They wanted to leave this place at an extremely fast speed to avoid being surrounded by the enemy.

If the Crimson Sect used the official spokesperson of the noble, they would risk their lives to trap Kant here.

It was not impossible.

Hundreds of archers would attack them at the city wall.

Thousands of arrows rained down. Even grand knights would die on the spot.

If they used ballistae, catapults, and other siege weapons, with the powerful lethality of such weapons, it was possible that Kant and the rest of them would be wiped out here. They would die miserably!

Kant did not doubt that the religious fanatics would do such a thing.

He only doubted were they able to take action fast enough!

The exquisite horseshoes heavily hit the stone pavement.

Kant led the cavalry forward at high speed. Just ahead, the city gates of the port could be seen again.

However, at this time, the city gates of the port, which should have no curfew and was completely open to the outside world, were actually prepared to close slowly under the command of a few middle-level generals.

The city gates were already closed, and the latches were about to be inserted.

If it were completely closed, the city gates made of iron bars and thick wooden planks would not be so easy to open again.

Looking not far away, the middle-level commanders' expressions changed drastically, and they looked very panicked.

Now, Kant did not need to guess. He could see that the disciples of the Crimson Sect hiding in the port had finally made their move. They wanted the city defense troop in the port to keep him and the cavalry in the port!

But before Kant could give the order to charge, there was a commotion at the city gate.

The city guards on the city wall, who were holding bows and crossbows, scattered and fled.

There were even some who fell and could not get up.

These city guards had been ordered here by the commanders at the last minute. They thought that they were only helping, but they did not expect that there would be a sudden battle. The situation was even worse than facing the water bandits!

At least those water bandits would not be bold enough to attack the port.

But now, something worse happened.

Hundreds of unfamiliar soldiers charged to the city gate in the dark and threw the pilums. The confused city guards did not even have time to react before they were crashed by a wave of pilums.

Especially at the top of the city gate, many city guards were lying on the ground, not daring to stand up at all.

The night was dark, and the wind was strong.

Even with the light of the stars and the moon, it was still dark.

However, the pilums thrown by those unfamiliar enemies outside were extremely accurate. Almost anyone who showed themselves would die.

Also, in the port, there was a large number of cavalries charging over. If they did not want to die miserably, it was best to hide in a safe place and not resist and wait for everything to end on their own.

Those guys did not look like water bandits anyway.

There was another crucial point.

Even if it was a robbery, it had nothing to do with them.

Inside were the warehouses of the foreign merchants. Even if they robbed all of them, the guards would not suffer any losses. At most, they would be reprimanded for not doing their duties. As for the punishment, it was impossible. The noble above them still needed someone to watch the door for them!

"Let's go! Let's go!"

This caused the city guards stationed on the city walls to flee one after another.

As for those guys below the city gates who wanted to bolt the door, they threw the things in their hands and ran in all directions. There were even two middle-level commanders whose faces were pale. They could only turn around and flee as well.

They had appeared here because they had been coerced by the Crimson Sect.

Or rather, they were just pawns that had been exposed.

There was only one person in the lead.

The commander stood in place with a solemn expression, holding a longsword in his hand. A ball of blood-red aura burst out from his body. He was obviously an important figure of the Crimson Sect who had grasped extraordinary power and had infiltrated the port!

Now, he stood here and wanted to block Kant and the others alone!

"Get rid of him!"

Kant didn't care at all.

He turned to the left and right side and ordered in a deep voice, "Open the city gate quickly and leave with Rolf and his men. We can't drag this on any longer!"

"Yes!"

Some Lion Knights immediately nodded and urged their horses forward.

"Whoosh --"

The sound of swords being drawn appeared.

Four Lion Knights rode at the front, and the same arrogant blood-colored flames clashed.

However, the blood-colored flame that belonged to the battlefield of endless battles was definitely not something that a demon-type blood-colored flame could withstand. The commander who wanted to block Kant and the others from leaving the port by himself had also collapsed to the ground.

His head and neck were separated, and he was easily decapitated by the four Lion Knights in the instant they crossed each other.

The city gate was also opened.

Outside, a group of people were blocking the way with spears in their hands.

When they saw that it was Kant and the others who opened the gate, they all cheered. One by one, they hurriedly put away their weapons and quickly got on their horses. They followed Kant and the others and galloped on the road.

They were Rolf and the 500 Elite Desert Bandit!

"Lord!"

Rolf caught up with Kant.

He seemed anxious. He reported in a deep voice, "We were attacked. Fortunately, we didn't suffer too many casualties. After we killed our way out of the entertainment district, we came to look for you. I didn't expect that something happened in the port."

Kant nodded silently. "It seems that someone still hates me to the bone."

"Go back, Lord!"

Rolf gritted his teeth and said, "And then kill our way back!"

"Yes." Kant's expression was calm. He did not deny Rolf's words. "One day, I will return with my rage." After a pause, he looked at the dark East County City on the horizon in the distance, he could not help but take a deep breath. "And I think that this day will not be too far away!"

Rolf complimented him on the side. "When that time comes, I will be your most loyal blade!"

"I think so too." Kant smiled.

But his expression quickly became solemn. "Let's leave this place for now and head to the riverbank of Resniston River. I hope that we can find the crack from the ancient passage as soon as possible and go back through it."

"This... is a bit risky." Rolf frowned slightly and advised, "We don't know the exact location yet."

"We already know."

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly. "I can sense it."

He turned his horse around.

He led the cavalry and galloped towards the south at high speed.

Just to the south of the riverbank, if they continued to move west along the riverbank, they would be able to find the mouth of the river that had already split open.

This was indeed a reaction. After becoming a grand knight, his reaction was undoubtedly much stronger, especially towards the divine powers that he had encountered before. Even if he was quite far away, he could still sense the spread of a small amount of power.

However, at this moment, Kant also sensed that an evil power was growing the East County.

Or rather, he had already sensed it.

The moment he arrived at the East County.

A sense of oppression appeared in his heart.

He had originally thought that it was because of the cold current that came from the wilderness nearby.

But in reality, it was the actions of the Crimson Sect that allowed the demon's power to revive in the East County, especially in the direction of Mountain of Death. That oppressive feeling made people's hearts palpitate heavily.

Kant was also regretful. It would have been better if he had brought the mage along.

Their senses were even clearer.

Their mental strength was also stronger.

However, when Kant rode his horse to the vicinity of the river, the distant horizon was the long river that was three to four hundred meters wide. On the other side of the river was the estate of the Dukedom of Leo, but it was now occupied by the Silver Platter Kingdom.

This was not the most important thing. The most important thing was that Kant sensed a new power.

It was somewhat unfamiliar and particularly familiar.

Divine Power.

To be precise.

It should be mixed with the divine power of the Sun, divine power!



Kant slightly lowered his head and said thoughtfully, "If I'm not wrong, this should be the Power of Light that only the Holy Church possesses. They have just become the top religion of the Silver Platter Kingdom and even established as the national religion."

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 407: The Entrance to the Ancient Passage**

In the Silver Platter Kingdom, the Holy Church had expelled the power of the mage in the wilderness and officially brought this rich kingdom under their control. It could be said that the entire country used the Holy Church as the spiritual and religious hub.

As the saying of Holy Church, let the glory of the god of light spread throughout the land.

Of course.

It was very simple for Kant.

It was just another god similar to the god of war, Edmund, who had obtained the worship of a kingdom.

The difference was only the strength of the support. One had to know that in the Dukedom of Leo, although the faith of the god of war, Edmund, was the national religion, its influence was not too great. The church of the god of war was also a force that existed by relying on the noble system.

It was under the control of Grand Duke of Dukedom of Leo

The Silver Platter Kingdom was a little more complicated.

The inheritance of the royal power was in this rich kingdom. Because the old king was seriously ill and the successor who was about to be replaced him was weak and sickly, there was a small setback in the authority of the royal family.

This made the power of the top-tier noble, and the religion begin to rise abruptly.

Especially the Holy Church.

They expelled the mage who had originally been subordinate to the top-tier noble.

It could be said that they had already occupied the majority classes of the Silver Platter Kingdom, especially the many lesser noble and lower-tier civilians were supporting the Holy Church. In an extremely short period of time, they had grasped the power of the Silver Platter Kingdom in their own hands.

Other than not being a top-tier noble and not receiving a strict conferment ceremony, it could be said that the Holy Church had the equal power to the king!

"But that's fine." Kant muttered.

The power that the Holy Church possessed could also restrain the power of demons.

It could even restrain the power of the undead. After all, this so-called Power of Light contained the same dense positive energy, including the holy energy and the scorching heat of the fire element. It was the nemesis of all negative energy of the evil type.

This power might be able to restrain the attacks of the demons and the undead at the critical moment. At the very least, it was much stronger than the Dukedom of Leo.

But it really had reached that stage, the situation was absolutely going into a worse scenario. After all, the first target of the demons and the undead was Kant, who was in the middle of the Nahrin Desert and the Senwaya Range!

If even he could not withstand it, it would be even more difficult with the power of these feudal kingdoms to resist them.

Kant's expression turned cold.

Although his current situation was not good, it was not a desperate situation.

However, all the signs had completely indicated that the bottom of reality hid absolute danger. For example, the Crimson Sect that was still lurking in the East County could already be considered as the spokesperson of the demon forces!

If not for that, those ordinary humans wouldn't be considered a threat.

But look at Viscount Gibran's appearance after his transformation.

His entire body was purplish red.

There were goat horns protruding out of his forehead.

His entire body was bloated and carried a strong sense of violence.

His eyes were filled with evil, chaos, madness and bloodlust. Only the highest level of rationality from the humans and Kant's powerful King's Power made him retreat in the end, Escape to Mountain of Death as a place to wait for Kant to walk into his trap.

That was the lair of the Crimson Sect, perhaps even the lair of the demons!

"It's getting more and more interesting."

Kant gritted his teeth.

He spurred his horse forward. On the banks of the Resniston River, many farms were closing their main doors. Inside the watchtower on the main doors, there were also militia who lit torches, carefully guarding against the possible appearance of the water bandits.

Although they did not know what exactly happened in the East County, they were worried about the water bandits.

No one dared to block their way.

So many cavalries were trekking in groups.

If there was nothing wrong, they would not dare to come out and stop them.

These militiamen were already helpless and did not dare to fight the water bandits, who were poorly equipped and only relied on their ferocity and bravery. Now, with so many cavalries, they would be annihilated if they fought these cavalries.

One had to know that there were at most thirty to fifty militiamen in a farm.

Any more than that would be the noble's serfs.

Of course, the militiamen were also the guards, supervisors, and people who supervised the serfs to do their work. Defending against external enemies was only part of their job. In front of a truly large group of water bandits, they would probably just turn around and flee.

As for the serfs, who were equivalent to human-shaped livestock, whether they lived or died had nothing to do with the militiamen.

In fact, those nobles didn't care at all.

Slaves weren't worth much.

Having a farm was just to ensure their own food base. The ones who really earned money were the trade caravan from the Dukedom of Leo, as well as the fleets that relied on the river to shuttle between the human kingdoms.

These were the best ways to earn great silver coins.

"Things won't be so smooth in the future." Kant looked gloomy.

He reined in his horse slightly, and the cavalry behind him immediately slowed down.

Rolf rode over from behind and asked, "Lord Kant, what's wrong?"

"It's right in front."

Kant said, "The way to leave."

"In front?" Rolf frowned.

In front, it was still the vast river surface of the river.

Under the moonlight, the waves were shimmering. Occasionally, a few merchant ships could be seen forming a team, taking advantage of the moonlight and stars to slowly drift over the river. There were also guards looking at Kant and the others on the shore warily.

Obviously, they were also afraid.

However, Rolf didn't care about these merchant ships. Instead, he asked, "Lord, I didn't see it."

"It's not the river surface."

Kant smiled. "The small river ahead."

"The small river?"

Only then did Rolf realize that on the horizon ahead, on the north bank of the river, there was a slender river flowing over. It seemed to be only ten meters wide. Compared to the river of about 300 meters, it was indeed a small river.

Perhaps this was also a branch of the river that provided water.

“Let’s go.”

Kant shook the reins and turned to head north.

At the end of his line of sight, which was the source of the small river in the north. It was a protruding hill surrounded by barren hills and rocks. It was like a remnant of the mountain range, or a mountain peak made of rubble.

It was a very inconspicuous small place. The surrounding land was barren, and there wasn’t even a farm.

But it was there.

It was precisely the entrance of the ancient passage.

Kant could clearly sense that there was a faint divine power circulating at the top of the mountain.

It had a burning feeling that belonged to the sun. It was the divine power of the so-called sun god that had been passed down since ancient times, and it continued the glory that had dissipated.

After leaving the port, they rode their horses and galloped here for about four hours.

It was the border of the East County.

After the mountain.

They continued to look west and saw the wilderness.

The river that originated from the mountain had clearly demarcated the border. The land to the west had started to become barren. The soil was slightly yellowish and had the appearance of a desert. At night, there was frost that could be seen.

If they continued to look west, they would see the barren and cold wilderness.

It was a place where uncivilized barbarians lived.

Kant’s goal was to find the ancient passage at the source of the river, which was the mountain top. At that time, they would be able to return to the “Aaron” City in the Senwaya Range.

This was also very simple. After riding for less than half an hour, they had already arrived at the hill.

A crack about half a meter wide appeared.

Below it was a spring.

A faint golden light emerged from the crack, as if there was something mysterious inside.

However, the crack was not very wide. It was only the size of a fist. This was also the reason why no one had noticed the abnormality here for a long time.

But Kant was different.

His mind had once followed the golden light to this place.

He knew that inside the crack was the ancient passage!

“Whoosh –”

The Sword of King in his hand was pulled out, and a powerful King’s Power suddenly erupted. As Kant swung his sword, the entire mountain rock was instantly split open. With the powerful extraordinary power and the invincible sharpness of Sword of King, the rock that had been cut into pieces was cut down.

As the rock rolled down, the half-meter-long and a fist-wide crack suddenly opened up. As a faint golden light appeared inside, a large black hole appeared in front of everyone.

Moreover, Kant’s action was not over yet.

He continued to swing his sword.

The entire hole was destroyed by the powerful King’s Power, or rather, it was changed.

The hole completely appeared in front of them. The 10-meter-wide stone road and the 20-meter-wide subterranean river took up most of the hill. Moreover, one could vaguely see the 10-meter-wide river beside it, it was the subterranean river that originated from the ancient passage. If they could remove the obstructing rocks, the river would become wider.

The flow of time had cut off the ancient passage. Logically speaking, this place should be an exit. After all, on this hill, there were many strange rocks and traces of the Senwaya Range.

These rocks came from there.

And then they were transported here.

As expected, a building similar to a temple was built here.

Just like on the peak of the Senwaya Range, when Kant had been before, he was still protected by a special magics, but after losing that power, it instantly turned into ashes.

The temple there was tainted by the power of the demons, but there was none here.

However, time did not let this temple go.

The former glory finally collapsed. The originally exquisite pillars were also turned into stones under the ravages of time.

The combination of many stones, the close combination, the weathering, the erosion of soil, the omnipresent wind and rain, and the cover of vegetation finally turned this place into a hill.

“The next time you come here, this will be a new village.”

Kant smiled.

He turned his head to look at the cavalry behind him and directly rode his horse into the stone road of the ancient passage, at the same time, he ordered, "Rolf, you take 500 Elite Desert Bandit and stay here, and 10 Lion Knights to ensure the safety of this place. I will be back soon."

"Yes!" Rolf immediately nodded. This was not a mission for him.

So many troops stayed behind.

There were also powerful Lion Knights who could run amok in this place.

To the East County, this was a remote place. It was close to the wilderness and a corner that did not worth the attention. Even Kant would not care about the development of his force here. They would even be secretly happy that there was finally someone who could help suppress this place and help to defend against those barbarians!

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

#### **Chapter 408: The Ancient Passageway**

Rolf immediately ordered the Elite Desert Bandit to dismount. He began to set up a temporary camp here. He had also prepared to stay and wait.

After all, this was an important estuary that connected to the Senwaya Range.

If there were any problems, it would be a huge problem that would directly cause a crisis in "Aaron" City!

It didn't matter much if the city was exposed. Since Kant was preparing to conquer the Dukedom of Leo, the exposure of "Aaron" was only a matter of time. After all, this important agricultural city in the mountains had to export all kinds of goods.

"Aaron" City was the supplier of raw materials.

The ancient passage was the channel.

Goods could be exported by land and water.

Using the underground city that was once a god's descendant shelter as a transit point, they could reach the mouth of the river, connect to the vast Resniston River, and then export the goods to the entire human countries and even further regions.

Table salt and date palm were enough to make the merchants to come and trade with them. These goods were the profitable ones in trading!

Kant also planned to build a new village at the mouth of the river.

Including that special building, the lair of the water bandits. In a short period of time, it formed a force that was hard to suppress. It was beyond the imagination of the many noble families in the East County. Kant was able to completely occupy this place.

Behind them was "Aaron", a city that was suitable for the Rhodok people who were good at defend the city.

As long as the troops were gathered here.

Together with the powerful marine troops, there would be no problem in defending this place.

Not to mention the noble families in the East County, even if the Silver Platter Kingdom and the Crimson Sect joined forces, they would probably not be able to do anything to this place. Especially in the ancient passageway and was the underground city as the middle node.

At worst, they could all retreat back to the underground city and defend it.

After all, the passageway was so narrow.

With a small number of troops defending here, no matter how many troops there were, they would not be able to use them!

This was Kant's idea. Building a new village here was basically foolproof. Furthermore, there was the water bandits' lair, which was a crucial recruitment building.

Rhodok troops were defending the city on the ground.

The water bandits from Nord were defending the city on water.

As long as they could clear the rubble at the mouth of the river, remove all the obstacles, dig out and widen the small river in front of them, and merge with the Resniston River. Then, Kant's idea could be achieved.

They would officially step into the territory of the Dukedom of Leo and step onto the stage of history!

"Guard this place carefully."

Kant also paid special attention to the surroundings of this hill.

Looking at the gentle terrain of the surrounding mountains and the slightly protruding position of the ancient passage, he cautiously warned Rolf, "If anyone comes here, you must definitely guard here. You must not easily give up on this place."

Rolf also nodded solemnly. "We will guard this place to the death."

"Very good." Kant nodded in satisfaction.

He gently tapped the horse's belly and rode into the ancient passage.

Behind him, 10 Lion Knights and 50 Lion Squires immediately followed. With a cold and dark air, they completely returned to the ancient passage. Following the faint light that appeared on the stone statue on the wall, they advanced at high speed.

However, Rolf and the Elite Desert Bandits did not follow.

Instead, they set up their tents.

A temporary camp was set up around this hill.

Including the remaining 10 Lion Knights, as well as the 10 Sarrandian Horsemen who had lived by Borg's side for a long time and were familiar with the river, they stayed behind to help Rolf and the Elite Desert Bandit defend the entrance of ancient passage.

In the ancient passage, the rolling hooves of horses beat on the stone pavement. Even the sound of the river had been suppressed.

They moved forward at high speed.

This kind of neatly cut stone pavement was extremely suitable for riding horses.

It was just like the best racetrack. Although it was not a solid layer of soil, it could still withstand force of the galloping warhorses. Furthermore, the surface of the road was flat, which was a big advantage.

The muddy road in the Dukedom of Leo could be considered very bad for the warhorse.

They spurred their horses forward.

They took a short break on the way.

They reached the underground city in about 24 hours.

It was just within one day.

There was no obstruction. Other than the roar of the warhorse, there was only the sound of the river. However, as the familiar environment entered their eyes, it meant that they were on the right path.

In the vast underground space, the stone buildings that had been passed down from ancient times were standing tall.

A large amount of shimmering moss and fluorescent mushrooms were embellished within.

In the gaps between the stone slabs of the square under one's feet.

On the rocks at the edges.

On the surface and corners of the city walls and buildings.

Also, on the top of the head, there were a few stalactites that were simply treated but still hung down like inverted cones. They were all underground luminous plants that provided a shimmering light, allowing this space to not be so dark that it was impossible to see.

But at the end of the city, there were several golden lights that refracted an even brighter light source.

That might not be correct.

It should be called a light pillar.

That's right, it was a bright yellow golden light pillar, just like the light of the sun.

Together with those glowing plants, it finally made this underground city light up. Even though it was as dark as the rainy day, there was absolutely no problem with the basic vision. It didn't matter even if there was no torch lighting.



Kant and his Lion Knights, who already had extraordinary powers, also had very good vision. They could still see things in this dim environment

They rode forward.

The entire dungeon had been cleared, and there were still ashes in the corner.

Faint negative energy was still lingering in the dark, but the entire dungeon was filled with weak positive energy, as if it were spread out by the light pillars.

Of course, that was indeed the case.

"Rest for now."

Kant gave the order.

Since they had arrived at this underground city, it meant that their journey wouldn't be too far.

It would take about half a day to gallop from here to the temple at the bottom of "Aaron" City. This was already a very close distance, and it was entirely thanks to the stone pavement built from ancient times.

Even if one walked on two legs, it would take one day to go back and forth.

If one relied on boats, it would be even faster.

This subterranean river originated from the bottom of "Aaron" City, all the way to the mouth of the hill river in the East County.

When going downstream, even a merchant ship that was full of goods could go directly to the mouth of the river by following the gentle current without having to open its sails. The time needed was estimated to be less than one day.

Even if it was going upstream, it could still move rapidly between the gentle current with the paddle.

Not to mention there was a breeze.

It was the wind from the Resniston River.

The mouth of the hill river was the corner of the big river. The erosion of the current caused the air to flow through countless possible ancient passageways. In this enclosed and relatively gentle space of the subterranean river, it formed the wind that was going against the current.

The specific reason could not be studied in detail.

But in the end.

As long as it was combined with paddling and sailing, the speed of the boat was no less than that of going downstream.

This was the advantage of the new village that located at the mouth of the river in the future. The new village would directly connect to the important "Aaron" City and receive the supplies from it so that it could develop faster.

This new village would develop faster than "Aaron" that it used to be.

Kant was now capable of doing so.

The virtuous circle has begun.

Whether it was ordinary supplies or war preparedness, they are guaranteed by the establishment of castles and cities. As for the new village, whether it was used for exporting supplies or military purpose, it could receive support from Kant's castle and city.

The support included early manpower and investment, and solutions to problems encountered in the development process.

A bonfire was lit.

A little baked bread and dried meat filled their stomachs.

Water sack was also heated in the ashes beside the bonfire, providing hot water for drinking and washing.

After a short rest in the stone house, Kant and the others finally set off again, galloping along the old passage, along the once-familiar road, and moving on.

About half a day passed.

A bright light appeared in front of them.

It was the flickering of torches, and at the same time, a low wall appeared at the end.

When Kant and the others walked in, they realized that it was not a low wall. It was clearly a troop of Rhodok Spearmen holding their spears, guarding against them.

It was clear that the spearmen who were stationed in the temple at all times were very conscientious.

They noticed that there was an inexplicable rumbling sound.

They immediately organized themselves.

Not only were there spearmen at the front, but the crossbowmen also holding Rhodok crossbows, and the Ravenstern Rangers were all ready to shoot.

Of course, this war was not going on.

How could they attack their most respected supreme lord?

"Lord!"

The soldiers stationed here bowed one after another.

At the same time, they quickly disbanded their formation and made way for Kant and the Lion Knights behind them to pass through.

Even within the temple, James, who was originally stationed here, had brought elite soldiers like Rhodok Sergeants, the Rhodok Sharpshooters, and the Ravenstern Sharpshooter to this place.

They had received the news that an unfamiliar cavalry team was approaching, and they had come because they were afraid that something unexpected would happen.

"Lord Kant!"

James hurriedly bowed.

When he saw the figure riding his horse, he quickly walked over and said in pleasant surprise, "I really didn't expect that it would be you. Could it be that you came from the opposite side of the ancient passage?"

"That's right." Kant nodded. "The path has already been opened."

"This is great!" James sighed.

Their plan was succeeded.

They left the temple.

They also came to the city on the peak of the mountain.

Kant left the cave tunnel and raised his head slightly. The stars in the sky were shining brightly, and the moonlight shone on the ground. Obviously, it was night now, and the night was very deep.

"It's in the middle of night."

James also reported the time.

"Oh." Kant nodded. "It's so late."

"Please go to the city hall to rest first, my lord." James also said respectfully, "The development of the city has now reached a stable period. When you have a good rest tomorrow, you will be able to discover the perfection of this city."

"Very good. I look forward to it."

Kant nodded.

When he looked at the outline of the city in the night, he smiled happily.

The development of the city was very good.

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

#### **Chapter 409: The Changes in the "Aaron" City**

Smoke rose again in the night, and the chefs in the kitchen were busy.

The best ingredients were transported from the warehouse at the back, and the food they cooked was extremely delicious. It also had a fresh taste, which made people want to open their mouths and fill their whole bodies with satisfaction.

Especially the Lion Knights who had traveled all the way here, they were even more amazed by the delicious food.

This included Kant.

He still maintained his etiquette and finished the food elegantly.

Kant wiped his hands and mouth with a warm wet towel. With a smile on the corner of his mouth, he praised James who was beside him, "Judging from the food, I can tell that this city is on the right track."

"Of course."

James nodded. "Other than grain, which needs to be imported to catch up with the consumption of the citizens, there is no lack of fresh meat and fish." He paused and he looked very proud. "We will still have a bumper harvest of grain in the autumn. At that time, we won't need to import a large amount of it."

"Very good, very good." Kant nodded in satisfaction. "There is no need to worry about the issue of imports. When the ancient passage is re-opened, the grain from the Dukedom of Leo will continue to be transported over."

"That's great." James looked delighted. "This way, our grain gap will be completely filled."

"Mm." Kant nodded.

The population of this city had already reached 10,000 people. Most of their professions were farmer. Their mission was to reclaim the surrounding mountains, build terraced fields, sprinkle seeds and fertilization, and wait for the harvest in autumn.

Then, a small number of them were artisans and hunter fishermen.

Of course, there were also soldiers.

Currently, there were 1,000 soldiers stationed in the city.

These soldiers were the main force to maintain the stability of the region, especially in the process of expansion. They were the ones who dealt with the threats such as demonized creatures and low-level Jackalan.

"Let's rest for now."

Kant stood up.

It was already late at night. There was no point in continuing to ask about the development of this place.

It would be better to understand it in detail tomorrow. Moreover, Kant was extremely satisfied with the current development of "Aaron" City. Just by looking at the city that was well-organized in the night, he knew that it was developing extremely well.

James also stood up considerably and said, "Lord Kant, the room has been arranged for you."

Beside him, a maid immediately led the way.

The city hall had three floors and was relatively large. The top floor was also a place to rest.

Usually, it was the residence of James and some office workers. However, in order to let the Supreme Lord Kant rest, many people took the initiative to move out, so as not to affect the lord's rest at night.

This was the privilege of a lord in the feudal era. Of course, it was the same in any era.

In the largest room on the third floor.

The decoration was not luxurious, but the interior was neatly arranged.

Compared to the city of Rhodok in the game, the layout of the city hall or lord's hall, this place was much better. At the very least, the big bed made of velvet was very comfortable.

There were two dainty maids waiting at the door. The meaning was obvious.

"You can leave." Kant waved his hand.

He was not too enthusiastic about sports like sex.

Compared to being addicted to this primitive pleasure and becoming a slave of this pleasure, Kant, who had good self-control, was more willing to do such thing after he could control everything.

Moreover, he had traveled an extremely long distance. After nearly half a month, he was already very tired.

He washed up in his room and fell into a deep sleep.

It was a silent night.

He set out from Oasis Lookout's "Dronenheim" Castle and went all the way through the central posthouse, Stone Pass, Nali Village, East County City, and the port. Then, he went to the hill river of the Resniston River and passed through the ancient passage before returning to "Aaron" City.

"Aaron" was his rear base, a place where he could sleep soundly.

He went to a deep sleep until his biological woke him up.

Kant finally opened his eyes, stretched his sore body in satisfaction, yawned and sat up on the bed.

It was already bright outside the window next to him, and faint shouts and rhythmic chants could be heard. Kant grabbed his robe and wrapped his body, and he came to the window.

The bright sunlight was a little dazzling.

It was actually noon, the brightest time of the day.

Kant narrowed his eyes.

After his eyes adapted to the light, what appeared in front of him was the city that had been completed at the top of the mountain.

Most of the buildings were typical of Rhodoks's construction style. The three-story small building was like a small fort made of stone and wood. The narrow windows and doors, as well as the relatively narrow streets, were bustling with pedestrians.

Men, women, old people, children, and peddlers who were selling handicrafts with carts.

The city was very lively.

It was a brand-new city.

But it was a city that had already formed a good atmosphere.

People had their own jobs and could receive their salaries at the city hall at any time. After all, they had put in their labor and they would also receive corresponding remuneration in the form of denar.

Compared to the almost public-owned lifestyle of all the members of the "Dronnheim" Castle, it was different.

"Aaron" City was a private-owned society.

Various classes had been formed in the city.

They included the immigrant noble, the bourgeois class with small assets, and the laborer, the farmers, and so on.

As for the poor and slaves, none of them could be found here. After all, the city was still in the rapid development stage. With the help of trade with the "Mount and Blade" worlds, two sides had formed a better connection. As long as one was willing to work with their own hand and feet, they could get paid.

Most importantly, the government had built and distributed the house, which was equivalent to free welfare.

All of these were because of the system

But no matter what, the city had been reborn.

Including taxes, including all kinds of output, especially the reclamation of the surrounding land, it was far from being comparable to the "Dronnheim" Castle on the Oasis Lookout.

This was the strength of civilian cities, providing an endless supply of materials and funds.

Of course, military castles also had a distinct characteristic, that was the army.

With only military but no civilian life, it would collapse on its own.

If there was only civilian life but no military, then it would be like the fattest lamb, only attracting the greedy gaze of the jackals.

The combination of the two was the most successful, strongest, and most inviolable force. Now Kant had successfully integrated the "Dronnheim" Castle and the "Aaron" City together.

The new village that was about to be established was just the icing on the cake for the force that he had already completed.

"Very good." Kant turned around and left the window.

He put on his clothes and opened the door. There were maids waiting outside.

Seeing the Lord come out, she quickly bent her knees and greeted, "My lord, it's noon now and time for lunch. Lord James is getting people to prepare lunch. If you don't mind, please go to the the city hall and eat some desserts for the time being."

"Okay, that's it." Kant nodded and did not treat her as an outsider.

This was his city to begin with.

James was only the mayor that he had entrusted to manage the city.

If Kant could not take the initiative here, it would be equivalent to being abandoned by James and becoming a loner.

However, with the existence of the system, such a thing could not happen. No matter who it was, they would be loyal to Kant, even if it was James. Moreover, these maids did not have much thought and only listened to the arrangements obediently.

They arrived at the hall on the first floor.

The aroma of food wafted from the kitchen, making one gulp down mouthful of saliva.

Lunch was still being prepared. On the table there were sweet cakes and pastries brought by the servants.

It was a fruit cake made from date sugar mixed with the rich fruit resources of the Senwaya Range. It was a combination of flour and eggs, as well as cheese and honey. It was also sprinkled with a little wine. It became a gorgeous desert

It was baked very well. It tasted soft and delicious, and the fruit flavor was rich. It was almost as good as the cakes from his previous life.

Kant ate two or three of them in a row.

During this period of time, James also came back from his busy work outside. When he saw Kant on the main seat, he quickly bowed and said, "Lord Kant, forgive me for being late. I just went to the eastern mountain range. A hunter said that he found a wild apple forest there. After the investigation, we found that it was indeed so. In the future, we will have fresh wild apples to eat."

"How many are there?" Kant was a little curious.

"About 400 acres."

James smiled and said, "The entire mountain is full of wild apple trees. After investigating the surroundings, it seems that there are also hundreds of acres of apple trees. However, because they are wild apples, the yield is also less. It cannot be compared to the planted apple trees."

"This is already very good." Kant nodded in satisfaction. "Very good."

In feudal times, apples were not fruits.

They were a type of food.

For example, apples were boiled and eaten in the west.

In China, the apples were sliced and dried, perhaps sprinkled with salt as a side dish for the next meal.

Even in modern times, Europeans fried apples as a side dish for fried pork chops. It was enough to see the role of this fruit in ancient times, which was equivalent to a main dish.

Even the city of "Aaron" could produce a lot of apple preserves or applesauce.

As long as these it was stored well for a few months, it would not be a problem.

These apples were excellent goods.

The commoners of the Dukedom of Leo could not afford it.

However, it could be exported to other human countries through the Resniston River.

At the very least, Kant knew that the standard of living of the commoners in the Silver Platter Kingdom was slightly better than that of the Dukedom of Leo, which was still feudal. There were many commoners and bourgeoisie, they lived a better life than those poor people who served the noble.

Looking at the Dukedom of Leo, in order to maintain its huge military strength, the civilian class had already withered.

Most of them were landlords and merchants.

Or they were the knights and knight attendants who were given the title by the dukedom.

All of them relied on the noble to survive. There were very few free citizens who could support themselves on their own.

This also caused the commerce in the Dukedom of Leo to flow from the upper class. As for the commoners and poor people at the bottom, as well as the farmer who worked in the field's day and night, they did not have much purchasing power.

This was the case even for the wealthier South County.

The concentration of wealth at the upper class caused a huge gap between the rich and the poor.

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

#### **Chapter 410: A Reminder to James**

The Senwaya Range was rich in hidden resources.

The newly discovered wild apple forest was just another addition to the original rich resources, and there were new discoveries every day.

In the hall, James reported to Kant in detail about the recent changes in the city.

He had also written a brief report.

Kant flipped through it carefully and looked at the information on the construction of the city. He nodded in satisfaction. "It's been hard on you during this period of time. You have definitely contributed to the development of this city."

"Everything is for your service." James lowered his head humbly.

"My compliment is sincere." Kant put down the briefing.



He stood up, went to the window, and looked at the city under the sun.

The crowd was still bustling. Other than the lack of livestock and a large number of carriages, it was as lively as the East County. People were busy with smiles on their faces, with hope for the future.

On the city wall, Rhodok Footmen were patrolling with long spears in their hands.

Archers and crossbowmen were stationed on the arrow towers and towers.

It was peaceful and harmonious.

It was full of vigor and prosperity.

Even on the hilltop outside the mountain peak, there were many peasant farmers holding farm tools in their hands. In their respective teams, they worked hard to open up the hillsides. They worked together to transport rocks and bags of soil, building terraced fields.

There was also an elevated canal with terraced fields. They used water carts to lift water from the river to form a diversion.

They irrigated most of the terraced fields that had been built.

Looked at the agriculture, the wheat fields were already full of green seedlings.

There were also tiny vines in the chickpea fields that twined around the sticks that had been planted beforehand.

There were also daffodils, which drew out small green plants. In the autumn, its red petals would be the most important raw material for making dyes, which could be used to dye the cloth with beautiful patterns.

In this lush agricultural terraced field, the distribution of animal husbandry was also very meticulous.

Flocks of sheep were being driven by the shepherds.

Their bodies were covered in white fleece. They looked a little fat, but in fact, they were quite strong. Looking at their vigorous figures, shuttling through the mountains, eating wild grass leisurely. It could be seen that these sheep were very comfortable here.

These sheep provided wool.

In the crafts area on the mountaintop, many farmers and women were washing and knitting wool.

Wool blankets, woolen sweaters, and other similar materials had already formed a scale and industry. Now, many people were wearing wool products that were breathable and warm.

On the mountainside.

Hundreds of grouses were flapping their wings and running back and forth.

In the fields, they pecked at the pests that could bring disaster to agriculture while feeding themselves. Then they contributed themselves into eggs on the table, chicken meat, and feathers on arrows in the military industry.

Swarms of bees flew past, humming and sucking the pollen from the wildflowers in the mountains.

It was late summer.

But there were always some flowers that pollinated.

Almost every week, they would harvest sweet honey from the hive, but because of the production problem, it could only be directly provided to Kant and a few commanders. The rest would all go to the sugar workshop and be mixed into date palm candies.

Sugar was a luxury condiment that was no less than salt, sometimes it was even slightly higher priced.

No one could refuse the sweet taste.

In fact, sugar was also seen as a kind of spice.

Now the "Aaron", is increasing the diversion of honeycomb, let more bees to separate the nest to increase production faster, get more honey, make more date palm sugar cubes.

But sugar is needed to be processed, the requirements of raw materials are higher. The overall output was far inferior to that of salt-making.

After all, Kant still had an endless stretch of salt and alkali soil in the depths of the Nahrin Desert.

That was the landscape formed by the salt lakes in ancient times that gradually dried up over ten thousand years. If one used manpower, one could dig up a large amount of white and raw coarse salt. With a little filtering and boiling, it would become edible coarse salt.

If there were more detailed processes, the edible coarse salt could completely become fine, white salt that was sought after by the noble.

However, the status of "Aaron" City was increasing day by day.

Although it did not have a pillar of table salt industry.

But with the development of agriculture, a large number of resources were discovered in the Senwaya Range, and the opening of the ancient passage, all indicated that the city was about to enter its glory.

Especially the connection to the Resniston River, it brought this glory to its peak.

"Aaron" City was a well-deserved foundation.

An endless stream of food was produced.

A large number of military supplies were produced.

"Dronnheim" Castle had already completely placed the military factories here, including more handicraft and agriculture. All that was left in the castle was the military force and a small amount of subsistence agriculture.

This was why Kant praised James.

Every time he came here, he would find new changes in the city.

James was a doctor, but his management ability was also pretty good.

More and more prosperous changes appeared in front of him, this was the reason why Kant praised James, which really surprised him.

One had to know that in the beginning, this was just a small village.

Even the peak of the mountain was not fully occupied.

But at this time, this brand-new city with a population of more than 10,000 people was finally took shape.

James was the biggest contributor!

“The new village is about to be built.” Kant turned his head.

He looked at James who was following beside him. “When the time comes, Rolf will temporarily be stationed there. I hope that you can provide the necessary assistance to help Rolf stabilize the situation of development.”

“Understood.” James nodded. “I will provide the necessary help and advice on management.”

Kant nodded in satisfaction. “Very good.”

He knew that James understood the meaning in his words.

After all, Rolf was an evil NPC and a war-type general. He was not good at managing a city.

Managing an estate was okay to him. He could use force and brutality to deter anyone. He could use strict rule and cruel methods to deter potential enemies who dared to resist. All of these were very useful in the newly conquered territory.

However, in the newly established village, it was undoubtedly not possible.

Stability and passion were needed.

Cruel rule would only bring complaints.

Even if Rolf did not pose a threat to the civilians on his side, he would still reveal the rule method that he was best at.

If he was really good at managing the estate, then this scoundrel noble came from a kingdom in the east, would not be forced to come to the Continent of Caradia to make a fortune because of the bankruptcy of his estate.

And in the game, it had also been said that Rolf’s management level was poor.

After the players ruled the entire continent.

Rolf said that he wanted to return to his hometown.

But he wouldn’t be back for long, and the reason was that he had used up all the property he had earned.

This simply showed that Rolf, a general who was good at killing, had no concept of building and managing his estate. He was really suitable to be the executioner and work for the noble that he loyal to.