

Oasis 431

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Chapter 431: The Body of a Demon that Exploded

A high-end single-target spell from the Enfath Empire.

As the gem on the staff shone, lightning elements began to condense in the sky. It was a spell that was specially developed for high-level creatures. It was extremely destructive and could summon lightning!

Not to mention ordinary magic immunity, these lightnings could even break through the magic immunity skin of high-level creatures and cause a certain amount of damage!

The lightning element was the most destructive element to begin with. In addition, it was incomparably fast and fierce. When the lightning struck down, the terrifying power exploded at a single point in an instant. The power produced could no longer be measured by the cold weapons.

Perhaps the point where the lightning exploded could be compared to the explosion of an atomic bomb.

Such a metaphor was obviously ridiculous.

But it was very realistic!

And now, there were a total of 50 bolts of lightning rapidly forming in the void. In the end, they struck towards the Lord of Hell, who was entangled by many Rhodok Footmen and Sarrandian Horsemen. The flashing lightning seemed to have blocked out the other lights!

In an extremely short instant, there was no other light in the eye sockets other than the dazzling white light.

And that terrifying destructive power was spreading.

What was left behind was nothing but a huge body that was covered in scars and black smoke, swaying on the verge of collapse.

The demonic body condensed from the blood mist was not Florence's actual body, but more similar to an elemental body. But because of this, the magic immunity of an elemental body could not be compared to the actual body at all.

One had to know that the abyssal demon, Aamon Qieke that they had once met in the ancient passage.

That demon had the actual body, the lightning was almost unable to split open its skin directly.

Although Aamon Qieke had just broken out of the seal and appeared extremely weak, Kant's troop with a few of mages had still used a lot of strength to finally defeat it.

And now, this Lord of Hell, Flensas, who was holding the whip of fire, had its chest split open!

It lowered its head in disbelief.

There was a big hole in its chest.

Bright red blood flowed directly down, bringing with it traces of black mist. It dyed the entire body of Rhodok Footmen red. Immediately, raging flames and decaying energy appeared, causing the Rhodok soldiers to continuously decay.

They were decaying, or in other words, when they encountered strong sulfuric acid, black smoke emitted from their bodies, and they howled miserably as they melted!

These seemingly bright red blood contained a terrifying power that could destroy objects!

Demon's blood!

Kant was no stranger to this.

He turned his head and gave a few orders in a low voice. Following the shout of the messenger, the Rhodok footmen retreated one after another, leaving the Lord of Hell alone.

It could be seen with the naked eye that the body of the Lord of Hell, Flensas, was on the verge of collapse.

"No... why..."

Flensas cried out in grief.

Its huge eyes were filled with confusion, anger, and absolute madness. "How can there still be such powerful magic power left? Shouldn't... shouldn't it disappear with the end of the ancient era..."

However, its question could not be answered.

Because it was right in front, 30 Royal Knights and 20 Lion Knights had already spurred their horses out, raising their lances and longsword together. Then, they slowly maneuvered their warhorses, exploding their charging speed to the maximum in the shortest amount of time!

It was an incomparable charging strength, with golden and red flames erupting all over their bodies.

It charged towards the still swaying Flensas.

In the sky.

Lightning continued to gather.

The mages of the Enfath Empire could summon lightning five times a day!

This was the limit of spell slots, but at the same time, it was also the advantage of spell slots. Because of the limited number, the mages could cast the spell with full power every time!

Without the so-called restriction of magic value, these thunderbolts were the most terrifying existences with the most destructive power!

"Boom Boom Boom Boom --"

The thunderbolts struck down fiercely from above.

The terrifying thunderbolts spread.

It was like countless thunderbolts were tearing apart anything that could be torn apart, including the physical body, other elements, and even matter and space. They were completely torn apart by the dazzling white thunderbolts.

"Roar --"

Flensas let out a mournful howl.

Once again, the lightning formed a group and struck down. The terrifying power had already completely penetrated its body.

The whip of fire in its hand could no longer be held tightly. It slowly fell to the ground and turned into flames that burned fiercely. Soon after, it turned into a pool of useless blood that sizzled and corroded the earth, disappearing without a trace.

This feeling was extremely uncomfortable. It was as if it had once again experienced the tragic battles of the ancient times.

But at that time, its opponent was the once high and mighty gods.

And now, its opponent was the once lowly servants of the gods.

They were not even its race. They were just a group of lowly slaves that formed an army!

What was even more laughable was that there were even more ordinary people among them. They were just slightly stronger. One had to know that in the past, even if it was a random demonic side troop from the abyss, they would be able to directly annihilate this army.

But now, it had to endure the humiliation of this army!

Yes, it was an embarrassment.

The once Supreme Lord of Hell was being beaten until its incarnation was on the verge of collapse, and even its main body was in danger.

It was the threat of death caused by the humans that it had once looked down on. This made Flensas, this crazy Lord of Hell, even angrier. Its mind had been completely blinded by anger.

Most importantly, this incarnation was merely the condensation of elemental power, not its true form.

That was why it dared to do something crazy.

"Explode!"

Madness appeared in its eyes.

As a wave of power spread out from its body that had already been split into pieces, the terrifying elemental power rapidly exploded. Its entire body was like the biggest bomb, suddenly transforming into countless blood-colored torrential rain that rushed out in all directions!

That was the terrifying demonic blood that had an intense corrosive nature and could even corrode the earth!

"Whoosh --"

But the sound of sword drawing appeared.

In mid-air, numerous figures riding warhorses instantly rushed up.

As if they had stopped in mid-air, golden and blood-colored aura flames erupted from their bodies, filling the space with a powerful destructive power. They blocked the large spray of exploding demonic blood.

Behind them were Kant and his troops. The figures that cleaved apart the torrential rain of demon blood by were the Swadian Royal Knights and the Sarleon Lion Knights!

"Summon of Nature!"

The mages of the Enfath Empire raised their staffs.

One golem after another suddenly appeared in mid-air, forming a wall. They took advantage of the time difference when they fell to completely block off part of the demon blood rain that the Royal Knights and the Lion Knights were not able to completely block.

As the golems' bodies emitted a white mist, their entire bodies were corroded and collapsed.

Kant and his troops at the rear were unharmed.

Except for a few unlucky ones.

Most of them were not harmed by the sudden explosion just now!

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Chapter 432: The Battle Was About to End

The aftertaste of the explosion quickly dissipated.

Kant was still sitting on the saddle of his warhorse with his head held high, holding the Sword of King in his hand as he calmly looked ahead.

Right ahead, piles of golems were emitting black smoke with sizzling sounds. Most of their bodies were covered by the blood of demons that had a strong corrosive effect. Even mechanical creatures that were constructed with magic energy would be destroyed by the strong corrosion.

The specific composition of the golems was a mysterious mystery, but it did not affect the fact that such objects were half living organisms.

They were very similar to elemental creatures.

But they still considered as artificial intelligence.

Because the golems were constructed creatures that were controlled by mages, they did not have complete intelligence of their own. Most of them were pre-programmed to respond to tactical commands such as attack, defense, and retreat.

Of course, they did not hesitate to complete the movement command that was clearly suicidal.

They used their own bodies to block the explosion of the demon's body.

They were strongly corroded.

Finally, they shattered.

They turned into a pile of useless stones on the ground.

Golems were naturally made of stone. Although there were various magic constructs in them and they were the fine product of the magic intelligence of the Enfath Empire, they were still not invincible.

Perhaps if the angels, dragons, titans and other creatures were here, they would be able to ignore the self-destruction of the demonic bodies.

But that was just a thought.

If Kant really had these troops, he did not need to recruit the regular troop anymore. Sending out a dragon that could breathe fire and fly, had a huge body, was extremely strong in close combat, and also knew magic, it would probably be able to directly conquer a city or castle.

At the very least, Kant did not think that the current Dukedom of Leo was qualified to fight against such a terrifying existence!

Even if one were to think optimistically, even the demons would have to retreat in dejection under the invasion of the terrifying creatures from the world "Wind of War".

After all, Kant had already sensed that this world had fallen into the end of magic era. It could be said that the abyssal demons, who had once fought with the ancient gods until both sides were destroyed, had been weakened by several levels.

The terrifying creatures who had once occupied the abyss and hell had completely lost their former might.

This conclusion could also be used to describe the gods.

One had to know.

The demons still showed themselves from time to time.

As for the ancient gods, they were still hiding somewhere.

Even in the depths of the Nahrin Desert, where the Holy City of Gold was located, those who occupied the place were actually the descendants of the ancient gods who had already become undead. Giving up the glory of the gods was equivalent to changing their identities.

Most importantly, the undead were also existences that gathered negative energy. They were almost the same as demons.

They were born to be the opposite of the glory of the gods!

"They are all enemies." Kant spoke.

His two legs lightly knocked against the horse's abdomen. The warhorse under him immediately stepped forward and came to the front of the figure that had already exploded. There was still half of his body left. He calmly held the reins.

The corners of his mouth curled up into a slight smile. "We meet again, Viscount Gibran."

"Mm."

That half of his body was Viscount Gibran.

He responded but did not breathe.

However, it could still be seen that his bloody chest was still rising and falling slightly, and red gas appeared in his nostrils. However, the fluctuations of his soul were already very weak. It could be said that he was like a dying old man.

He looked so miserable that people couldn't bear to look at him directly.

However, Kant didn't.

He didn't look away.

Instead, he looked at Gibran who had his eyes closed and didn't speak. He smiled and said, "Then, Viscount Gibran, can I go to Mountain of Death to visit the scenery there?"

"As you wish," Viscount Gibran said straightforwardly.

He could not say much.

Because with this word, large mouthfuls of blood were gushing out of his mouth.

Kant lowered his head and the warhorse moved forward. The horse's hooves brushed past Gibran's head and stepped on him. The entire belly of the horse brushed past his body. This was an action that was close to humiliation, because only the defeated would pass under the belly of the horse.

Just like the humiliation of the crotch, to a noble, this was an incomparable insult.

If they could not take revenge, they could only redeem their already tarnished honor by committing suicide.

However, Viscount Gibran did not react. He just lay on the ground, covered in blood. The fluctuations of his soul became slower and slower. Finally, he turned his head to the side and completely lost his life force.

The Lion Knights and the Royal Knights came over and coldly observed the dead body that had completely lost its life force.

The mages nodded to each other.

Their senses were extremely strong.

Thus, they could confirm that Gibran, who was once their main enemy, was indeed dead.

Kant calmly nodded. He had already thought of this situation. He did not even care about the humiliation he had given him. Other than the completely dead body, only an extremely patient and ambitious person could do it.

Unfortunately, Gibran could be considered a crazy and famous general.

He could not be considered an ambitious person.

If that was really the case, then there would have been no need for Kant to continue his frenzied attack after finding out that it was him back in Avilis Castle.

Instead, he would directly mediate with Kant in Nali Village and explain the misunderstanding. He would not transform into his demon form and attack Kant. After his left arm was cut off, he still said such vicious words and expose the Mountain of Death's headquarters.

Then, the headquarters of Mountain of Death would be destroyed, because the main force had been completely destroyed.

The steep mountain in front of them was wide open to Kant's troops to advance.

He looked up.

He could still see many panicked fanatics running around on Mountain of Death.

Some fanatics did not participate in the previous battle, but when they saw that their side was defeated, those fanatics panicked and tried to escape. After all, there were not that many fanatics, and there were also many shallow believers.

However, Kant did not intend to give them a chance to escape.

He waved his hand forward.

Kant ordered, "Kill them all."

"Yes!"

Baheshtur nodded and led the light cavalry to charge forward.

Furthermore, the Rhodok Footmen and the Ravenstern Rangers also followed behind. They stepped on the well-built mountain road and rushed towards the steep mountain peak of Mountain of Death.

At the top, there were still many buildings, similar to temples.

It was the Demon Worship Cult's temple.

Everyone was expressionless.

They gripped their weapons tightly.

Because Kant's order was very clear. He meant to kill without mercy, which meant to kill everyone!

For this evil Crimson Sect, in order to prevent it from bringing trouble to himself behind his back, Kant meant to kill everyone and directly destroy the sect physically.

Perhaps the spiritual inheritance could not be cut off as long as there was a devil.

However, by destroying the believers from the physical level, it could also cause these evil inheritances to suffer irreparable damage!

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Chapter 433: The Shivering East County

Kill without mercy, meaning that if there were any arrests, they could be killed on the spot.

This was an extensive and profound ancient saying, even if it was in the language of this world, could also clearly and succinctly explain Kant's true thoughts. Especially his current intention of the remaining Crimson Sect on Mountain of Death!

For those soldiers who had already understood Kant's meaning, the following battle was very simple.

It was just a massacre!

A massacre of a city!

No one expressed any objection to this.

Because, they had experienced even more ruthless situations in the past.

Even the Continent of Caradia, which was slightly less intense than other worlds, would wipe out villages and towns, destroy castles and military fortresses when fighting between countries. It was simply a common occurrence.

War was cruel to begin with. It was a hell for the weak, a heaven for the strong, and the bloodiest law of the forest!

Just like now.

The strong were Kant and his troops.

Then, the Crimson Sect, which was the weak, could only bear the consequences of defeat.

And the consequence of this was a bloody massacre. Kant's troops slaughtered all the members of the Crimson Sect, leaving no survivors!

The followers of the Crimson Sect wanted to surrender and beg for mercy.

But what awaited them was not forgiveness, it was a sharp saber or longsword!

The desert bandits who were the first to rush up had already jumped off their warhorse and rushed up the stairs with scimitars in their hands. Using their bandit instincts, they began to search the locations of various buildings.

A large number of precious utensils were put into sacks. Whether they were silver or gold, they were all their spoils of war.

No one dared to truly obstruct them.

Because the believers who dared to obstruct them had all been chopped to death.

Gibran had gathered all the fanatics who could go down the mountain. They were all armed and fought with Kant's troops.

The ones left behind were all shallow believers. They were simply asked to stay behind to guard their homes or to witness the might of a supreme existence. They were truly transformed into fanatics who could be used in the future.

But no one expected that Gibran's plan to fail. He never thought that Kant's strength was so powerful.

It wasn't just the half-demon army that all died, even the incarnation of the demon lord had lost.

The invincible incarnation that he personally formed was easily defeated by Kant and his army.

What was even more unexpected was that the demon lord chose to self-destruct without hesitation. It didn't even care about the safety of the most devout believer. It even self-exploded to defeat Kant.

However, he still miscalculated and failed. Kant did not suffer a great loss from its self-destruction.

Or rather, there were not many casualties at all.

What was left behind was those soldiers who were arrogant with anger and victory.

They charged up Mountain of Death and began their cruel plunder and slaughter. In the shortest amount of time, these believers of the Crimson Sect experienced what real hell was!

The massacre was ongoing. The believers cried and fled, but they couldn't get far because Kant's troops were everywhere.

The desert bandits were only the first to come up.

Behind them, the Rhodok Footmen came up. They searched the rooms one by one meticulously. They didn't care about the treasures at all. Instead, they resolutely carried out Kant's will and killed the believers, leaving no survivors!

The mountain of death penalty was famous for hanging dozens of noble families on the peak of the mountain.

Now, Kant's Massacre had made this mountain even more famous.

The cruel massacre had never appeared in the Dukedom of Leo. Now, Kant had spread throughout the entire mountain with the threat of death. He had cut the throats of any believers who appeared in front of him and were captured.

The mountain of death penalty deserved its name. Many people were slaughtered on this mountain!

The massacre continued for nearly half a day.

Kant did not go up the mountain.

Instead, he set up a temporary tent at the foot of the mountain.

The various exquisite crafts and silver coins found in the temple of the Crimson Sect on the mountain of death penalty had been transported here, guarded by the 300 Rhodok Sergeants.

Of course, there were also all kinds of delicious ingredients, spices, and salt.

It could be seen how extravagant the higher-ups of the Crimson Sect were.

There was nothing they could do.

The Crimson Sect had already infiltrated the East County.

The Mountain of Death here was just the headquarters. In fact, although the nobles in the East County were not believers of Crimson Sect, they had more or less become the partners of the Crimson Sect.

The Crimson Sect had also plundered a large amount of wealth due to their interests.

For example, the spices and table salt here were proof of this.

The spices came from the merchants of the Resniston River, while the table salt came from the Nahrin Desert of Kant.

Without their own trade caravan and the support of the nobles, perhaps the Crimson Sect would not have been able to develop to its current stage. After all, Kant knew very well that although the newly revived Hell Lord was powerful, it was not invincible in terms of manpower. In fact, an elite army could easily wipe it out.

This was not a difficult matter for the East County. However, the reason why the Crimson Sect and the demon were able to develop to such a powerful state could not be separated from the wrangling of the noble families and their greed for benefits.

They could not shake off the tail. In the end, the Crimson Sect grew to become the third largest force in the East County.

They were independent of the noble and lord.

In fact, they had even infiltrated the noble system.

They had made the lords lose their power and combined with the large number of noble families, they controlled most of the power in the East County

Looking at the port of the East County, even the city guards had believers of the Crimson Sect. If the Crimson Sect really wanted to do something, the entire East County would be in chaos.

The nobles and lords had actually lost their ability to control everything.

However, it was not certain now.

The Crimson Sect had been easily annihilated by Kant's troops on Mountain of Death.

This meant that Kant had already obtained his own place in the East County. Even in the North County, he could be said to have control over the entire plain from the Stone Pass to Mountain of Death.

If he were to take over the original land of Viscount Gibran, Avilis Castle, it became three locations which formed a triangle on map.

All the land in this triangle would be under Kant's control!

Even if the noble families and Countess Agatha of the Eastern County had complaints in their hearts, they would not be able to say anything. After all, strength was the true reliance. Without their strength, they would not be able to contend against Kant!

Especially now, with Kant's might of exterminating Mountain of Death, the East County could only tremble!

After all, it was here.

Kant was invincible!

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Chapter 434: The Revelry of the Noble System

Just as Kant's troops were killing the members of Crimson Sect, the news of victory quickly spread throughout the entire East County along with many spies who were secretly observing from afar.

After all, this battle was the largest scale battle since the last invasion of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

The result that everyone had expected didn't appear.

It was very unexpected.

Because in this battle, even if the Crimson Sect had displayed absolute strength, a force that could instantly defeat regular troops, they were still defeated by Baron Kant's troops.

Even the legendary creature couldn't turn back the tide.

In the end, they were defeated.

And now, even the headquarters of the Crimson Sect on Mountain of Death had been captured.

A large amount of black smoke appeared on the summit of Mountain of Death. It was a building built by the Crimson Sect. After it was on fire, the thick black smoke was like columns of black smoke, rising straight into the sky in this windless weather.

Even from a few kilometers away, one could clearly see the smoke.

This was also proof.

The Crimson Sect had already been declared destroyed.

Some of the noble forces that had been secretly controlled or cooperated with this sect had already understood that Crimson Sect was once comparable to the lord and noble could now be swept into the dust.

Although they were fearful of Kant, they were more restless.

The Crimson Sect was destroyed.

However, the legacy left behind by the sect was enough to fill everyone's stomachs.

For example, the trade caravan controlled by the Crimson Sect, the warehouses in the city, the piles of goods, and the large amounts of silver coins stored in certain places would become the fat that the noble could wantonly plunder.

Even if there were still a small number of Crimson Sect's believers or fanatics.

So what?

This force had already been destroyed.

Even the terrifying, legendary and mythical demon had been defeated.

Ordinary people like them who could easily kill their believers with a longsword. The believers and fanatics of the sect would definitely not end up well. Without Kant's notice, these nobles would personally take action in order to cover up some shenanigans.

Sometimes, when a certain force was defeated, the first one to be pressured might not be the enemy force but the original partners!

Especially the so-called partners who worked together purely because of benefits!

These greedy noble families were originally secretly dissatisfied with the Crimson Sect's hand reaching into the noble system. It was only because of the Crimson Sect's strength and those crazy believers that they reluctantly tolerated it.

It was the same as pinching their noses and enduring it.

It was different now.

Since the Crimson Sect had been destroyed, no one needed to continue tolerating it.

They took back what originally belonged to them and snatched what originally did not belong to them.

By taking advantage of a huge corpse falling down, they would wantonly plunder the oil and water on this corpse to satisfy themselves and leave enough oil and water for a lifetime. That would be the greatest benefit!

As for Baron Kant, he was a newly emerging powerful noble in the East County.

It didn't matter!

He was the second son of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron.

He was also the nephew of the Countess of the East County, Agatha.

He was a member of the royal family.

He was also a member of the noble system!

Compared to the Crimson Sect, which was independent of the noble system, Baron Kant, who seemed to be extremely powerful and sharp, was very easy to accept.

After all, he was one of them!

Even if something unexpected happened, the conflict would be within the Dukedom of Leo.

The conflict between the royal families for the sake of the heir had nothing to do with nobles like them.

Standing on the right side could make the family more prosperous. But even if they stood on the wrong side, at some critical moments, it did not matter if they stood on the wrong side again. Even if they always stood on the wrong side, it was fine if they admitted their mistakes.

Noble families were all related to each other. It was a close connection brought about by marriage.

Looked back at the family tree, they could all related in some way.

Therefore, the nature of the massacre of the family could not happen in the Dukedom of Leo.

Therefore, they were calm. No matter who inherited the title of the Grand Duke of Leo, it was not too different from usual for the noble families.

The Dukedom of Leo still needed the help of the nobles to manage it. This was the noble system!

A bloody massacre began on Mountain of Death.

And then, in just three to five days, another purge that seemed to engulf all the noble families also began in the East County.

Groups of soldiers rushed into the originally hidden and brilliant buildings and burned all the oddly shaped statues. Even those who wore black robes and seemed to be clergy were thrown into the fire and burned to death.

Some of the believers seemed to be resisting, and more of them were fleeing.

But there was no way for them to escape.

It was like catching a turtle in a jar.

The soldiers in fine armor were like hunting dogs that could smell the scent.

They searched the area one by one. Any believers who dared to stop them were mercilessly stabbed to death. Even if there were some who were also soldiers resisting, the final result was that they were trapped and died in some places.

The entire East County was in chaos. Even the merchants from the Resniston River noticed it.

This was the chaos brought by the war!

Indeed, this could be called a war.

It was the war between all the noble families of the East County and the remaining believers of Crimson Sect!

The bloody massacre continued until the end of the month. Almost thousands of people had been executed in the entire East County. Just in the East County City alone, thousands of corpses had been dragged out. They were all respectable people who had once been influential.

The only port in the East County City that had not been affected had many corpses found in the river.

But at the same time.

The noble families had obtained a large amount of wealth.

Piles of silver coins and golden eagles appeared in the noble families' official residences.

Even some speculators had been richly rewarded. In this war, they had gotten what they wanted, and they had also gotten the vacant positions.

The impact of this storm had been washed clean from top to bottom.

The noble families didn't care too much.

It had even evolved into the final purge of the enemy.

Of course, in the eyes of the noble families, this was the madness before the real chaos. Thus, under the orders of a few top noble families, as well as the leader of the East County, Countess Agatha, it gradually calmed down.

The East County City was faintly independent of the Dukedom of Leo, but it was definitely not a chaotic, lawless world.

The noble represented the law.

They also did not want to see the chaos happen.

Now that they had eaten their fill, they did not want anyone to dare to cause trouble and put them in a difficult situation during the digestion process. This was absolutely not allowed!

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Chapter 435: After the War

The chaos that affected the entire East County did not last long.

In fact, Kant also did not notice the so-called chaos. This was probably because the noble families were still afraid of him and did not dare to come and create trouble for him. They did not even have the intention to communicate with him.

Kant was still stationed at Mountain of Death, including the elite troops that had just won the battle a few days ago.

After a simple rest, he had recovered his fighting strength.

Not to mention the few noble families in the East County, even if the entire East County was united, they probably wouldn't be able to do anything to Kant. Especially after knowing that the Crimson Sect had been massacred so miserably, no one dared to rashly provoke Kant.

Everyone was afraid of death, but to seek death for no reason was a foolish act. No one was a fool.

At the Mountain of Death.

Kant was still stationed at the foot of the mountain.

Tents of all sizes had been set up, and desert bandits were scattered everywhere. They fiercely swept across the surrounding plains, and any trade caravan or pedestrian who tried to pass by would be expelled.

If it was those who wanted to use their identity to force their way in, a round of pilums would be thrown to warn them.

If they still didn't listen, Sarrandian Horseman who charged on horseback would teach them a lesson.

However, no one dared to come to Mountain of Death so easily, especially after the news of the massacre here spread throughout the East County and indirectly spread to the surrounding counties. For those who were well-informed, they were not dared to continue coming.

Although no one knew about the Crimson Sect, everyone knew about Gibran, the famous general of the East County.

Even the Viscount Gibran was defeated tragically, the others were definitely terrified by Kant!

Although Gibran was known as the famous general of the East County, his prestige in the Dukedom of Leo was also very high.

He was once the reputation of protecting the East County, but now he had become Kant's steppingstone. From the high and mighty Viscount of the famous general, he had become an evil cult member who had died tragically after being defeated.

Even Avilis Castle had become a chaotic place. It was no longer peaceful and stable.

The knights swept up all the treasures in the castle and fled.

They went to seek refuge with other noble families.

Some of the knight attendants followed them, some went to find their own families, and some became mercenaries.

Even the infantrymen picked up the things that the knights disdained, wrapped them up, and left in groups of three or five. If there were any who stayed, they went to seek refuge. If not, they either became mercenaries or bandits.

The villages near Avilis Castle were all looted, and they were all committed by people they knew.

This led to the villagers fleeing.

The entire area became desolate.

No one dared to continue living there, especially when someone said that Kant's troops would continue to slaughter them. As long as they had two legs and did not want to die, they began to flee towards the North County or South County.

As for the other places in the East County, apart from those who had backing, no one dared to continue to seek refuge.

This was a matter of life and death.

They were all smart people.

They knew that the lord of Avilis Castle, Gibran, had offended Kant.

If this baron really wanted to investigate to the end, those nobles who had started to protect themselves but did not dare to oppose Kant would eventually make peace with Kant as a symbol of friendship.

As long as it was for benefits, or a so-called line of profit, the greedy noble would not care about the lives of others.

But they were obviously thinking too much.

Kant did not send troops to massacre the vicinity of Avilis Castle.

He was still stationed at Mountain of Death. The most important reason was that the treasures looted from the temple could not be transported back in a short period of time. After all, they were troops, not transport squads.

The messengers formed by the desert bandits had already sped toward the Nordic village at the mouth of the river.

The order was to organize a group of carriages to transport the goods.

Counting the time, it was about time to return.

The Nordic village that Kant had named [Wercheg] had already been built.

From the "Aaron" City, the Rhodok people were constantly transporting all kinds of goods through the ancient passage. With the help of the water bandits, they had taken over the river mouth of Resniston River in the shortest amount of time.

After repelling the water bandits of the Resniston River a few times, this place was basically safe.

It became a new outpost base.

At the same time, under Rolf's supervision, it was still being built quickly.

From the village to the military-type fortress, it probably wouldn't take too long.

If it was as expected, when Kant led his troops back, the Nordic fortress would appear in front of them, and the Nord warriors could also be quickly formed through recruitment and training.

Including the water bandits and the corresponding paddle boats, the Nords could attack all parts of the river!

With the control over the river and the Nords, it was equal to an unlimited chance of attack!

The Nords liked to do business and liked to fight, especially plundering in the enemy's camp. This was their hobby, which was why outsiders called the Nords brutal.

They had brains, but sometimes, they preferred to use the battle axe in their hands!

They had confirmed the location of outpost in the East County.

They had also infiltrated the North County.

Next, it would be the South County by the Resniston River, the estate directly under the royal family.

It was also the most elite place in the Dukedom of Leo. Not only the royal family, but the big noble families also had a lot of resources. Just looked at the bloody battle with the Silver Platter Kingdom ten years ago. The South County of Leo had fallen into a disadvantage.

Although the battle was disadvantageous, in fact, the Dukedom of Leo was still tried to fight the enemies at the country's gate.

The battlefield was located on the south bank of the Resniston River.

There were two castles in the South County. After being taken down one after another, the troops of the South County directly defeated the main force of the Silver Platter Kingdom on the south bank of the Resniston River. They obtained the final victory, causing the other battlefields to turn defeat into victory.

The victory of the East County had also come one after another.

In fact, even the title of Baron Dylan was obtained through bloody battles during this war.

The Dukedom of Leo, which had obtained the final victory, had not lost the two castles of the South County on the south bank of the Resniston River. Instead, they were still in their own hands. In the past ten years, they had built them even taller and sturdier.

Unfortunately, one of the castles on the south bank of the river was ceded.

It was used as compensation for the battle.

This was the direct source of the conflict between the Dukedom of Leo and the East County.

However, it did not matter to Kant. His power had already extended here. It did not mean that the Dukedom of Leo had lost more, but Kant, the second-in-line heir of the Dukedom of Leo, could bring more to the Dukedom of Leo!

As long as he could obtain the title of Grand Duke and gain the support and recognition of the human countries.

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Chapter 436: Noble's Thoughts

While they were waiting, 50 carriages arrived under the escort of 300 desert bandits.

They didn't encounter any obstacles along the way. Even when they wanted to replenish their food and water, the farms and villages along the way did their best to help. They even talked about the noble they served to, whether intentionally or not.

This was a sign of goodwill. Those who looked like butlers were very humble and polite.

Even the ordinary desert bandits showed great courtesy.

It was no wonder.

So many empty carriages were heading to Mountain of Death. They were definitely planning to bring back a large amount of wealth. Moreover, they were escorted by the terrifying elite troops. No one dared to rob them easily. Or rather, no one could do it at all!

It would be fine if they expressed their goodwill

They were afraid if they were still arrogant and full of malice to them. Then, Kant's troop would destroy their farms and villages when they returned on the way back. It would be as easy as if the peasant had uprooted a cabbage. It wouldn't take much effort at all.

When they knew Kant's strength, no one would dare to take revenge, because that would be equivalent to courting death!

The current East County was trying to contact Kant with good intentions.

With such reasons, they did not dare to have any malice.

Even Kant's aunt, the nominal countess of the East County Agatha, had tacitly admitted that Kant had appeared in her estate. In fact, even if she did not tacitly admit it, there was nothing she could do. She had already been dethroned.

She had once sent elites with the few remaining grand knights to attack the Stone Pass.

Her goal was to break the collusion between the noble and the Crimson Sect.

But she had not expected that not only had the Stone Pass not been taken down, but all of her elites had been lost.

Currently, Countess Agatha had completely lost the power to control the outer regions. Even her decree was only effective in the building of governor's official residence. Now, other than hiding in her official residence, she had basically given up on the East County City.

East County City was now under the autonomy of the noble families. The entire East County had also become an autonomous region for the noble families.

The noble families who were used to the existence of the Crimson Sect did not mind Kant joining them.

Because after Kant joined, they had also returned to their old times. Not only did they not have the slightest regret, but they even felt that they were worthy of following Kant, who would definitely be able to seize the position of the Grand Duke of Leo in the future. After all, he was the strongest person in the royal family!

As for Baron Kant's older brother, who was still in the Castle of Leo and was groomed as the heir of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, he was not in the eyes of the many nobles in the East County.

He was just an obedient canary in a birdcage.

He could not be compared to Kant!

Baron Kant had his own army, and his strength was definitely not inferior to a county.

Kant also had salt mines that could produce an endless amount of fine white salt that was priceless. It was as easy as flipping one's hand to obtain more silver coins. No matter how others thought about it, they could not stop the rise of a noble with such strength.

If the title of Grand Duke of Leo did not fall on Kant's shoulders, then the situation would be chaotic!

Of course, the noble families were very familiar with the conflicts between the royal families.

The title of grand duke was extraordinary.

They could give a slight nod when they met the king, let alone lead a dukedom!

Even in the Silver Platter Kingdom, they would not dare to give the title of grand duke casually, because giving the title of grand duke was equivalent to splitting the country to the grand duke. If this grand duke had good intentions, it would be fine. But if he was up to no good, and the family ran for several generations, it would be too easy to split the country!

In reality, the Dukedom of Leo was also a dukedom that split from an empire.

However, the Silver Platter Kingdom was the same.

It was a vast empire.

However, due to various reasons, it collapsed a thousand years ago, splitting into a few human kingdoms and a few dukedoms. In the end, it turned into the current human kingdoms that used the Resniston River as a communication and connection.

This was a digression. The former human empire had long disappeared in the long river of history.

Now was the most important thing.

Noble families were all shrewd. Their ability to seek profits and avoid trouble was no less than that of merchants.

They also understood that if they could get on the good side of Baron Kant, their family might be able to take a step forward! After all, Kant had a great chance to inherit the title of Grand Duke of Leo.

Perhaps, if they were lucky, they could replace the few top-class noble families in the South County who could stand shoulder to shoulder with the royal family!

If they were extremely lucky, they might even get more benefits

Kant had the right to inherit the Silver Platter Kingdom.

If they could enter the silver platter kingdom, enter the land that was far richer than the Dukedom of Leo, and become a noble among them, it would be even better than this small place!

It was not impossible!

...

At the Mountain of Death.

The 50 carriages had already arrived under the escort of 300 desert bandits.

Many soldiers personally moved all the valuable things that they had seized onto the carriage. There were bags of great silver coins, golden eagles, and gold-inlaid handicrafts, silver handicrafts, and many more!

Mountain of Death was the headquarters of the Crimson Sect that had been in operation for at least a decade.

They accumulated tons of wealth.

Even these 50 carriages could not carry all the goods.

In the end, Kant only let the soldiers choose a large number of valuable items that could be directly converted into golden eagles or pure gold and loaded them into the carriage. They were filled to the brim and all of them were fully loaded.

It was estimated that the loot would reach millions of denars!

War was the most profitable way, there was no other way.

Plundering the wealth accumulated by others for many years was the fastest way to make money.

In the world of "Mount and Blade", this was also an eternal theme. No matter how well you managed, after losing a battle, your business and wealth would be plundered and eventually benefit others.

Now, Kant would get the benefit!

And the soldiers behind him who had all completed their level up!

There were 1,300 Rhodok Sergeants, 500 Rhodok Crossbowmen, 500 Ravenstern Sharpshooters, 1,000 Mamlukes, 800 Sarrandian Horsemen.

The force that was close to 6,000 + people had been reduced by more than half.

The 4,100-man strong troop looked even sturdier and more muscular. This was because more than half of the troops had been wiped out, leaving behind only the elites, the true elites!

Most of them were top-tier level 5 troop class.

Only 800 desert bandits were upgraded to Sarrandian Horsemen.

In that battle, the desert bandits had suffered heavy losses, especially when they were fighting the enemies in the end. The desert bandits, who were not good at close combat, still rushed in with the ambition to die, dying together with the fanatic cavalries.

This also eased the pressure on the Sarrandian Horsemen, reducing their number of casualties.

In the end, it resulted in the achievement of 1,000 Mamlukes. They were an existence that was no less than a Swadian Knight.

In the desert, the combat strength of this group of Mamlukes was even stronger. In fact, when facing heavy armor units, Mamlukes used a two-handed iron staff that could break armor and blunt attack, which was stronger than a Swadian Knight who used a knight sword!

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Chapter 437: Kant Could Play with the Rules

After the war ended, they obtained a large amount of experience points, the regular troops had been leveled up.

The same was true for the irregular extraordinary troops!

Especially the Enfath Empire's troop class!

As a mage unit, Kant could recruit mage apprentices from the mage dormitories.

The 120 mage apprentices who followed him this time had obtained extremely high experience points after killing the hell lord, the incarnation of the terrifying demon. They were directly leveled up from apprentices to regular mages!

One hundred and seventy mages were Kant's strongest magic power at the moment!

An existence that could form an army alone!

According to the calculation, each person could directly summon five golems.

These 170 mages could summon 850 golems on the battlefield. They were not afraid of ordinary weapons and did not feel pain. They only knew to carry out orders rigidly. They would fight until the time they disintegrated or were summoned. Only then would they stop fighting.

These golems holding two-handed hammers were equivalent to extraordinary strength on the battlefield!

They were the most elite troops!

Together with the mages' various single and group targeted destructive spells, as well as buff spells, they were simply groups of fearless warriors, executioners who were crazily slaughtering the enemies!

No one would be able to remain calm in the face of a group of golems that would not die. They were creatures with extremely terrifying combat strength.

The regular troops would have long fled because their attacks were ineffective!

As for these mages, they were just a part of Kant's troops that fought on the battlefield!

The Enfath Empire specialized in war spells. Currently, these war mages were only showing their fangs. If it was not for Kant's inability to level up his mages, these mages would have directly leveled up to grand mages.

In that case, there was basically no need for regular troops!

Grand mages were stronger.

They could directly summon anima weapons.

And these so-called anima weapons were knives, spears, swords, halberds, axes, axes, hooks, and forks that could kill their own enemies. Not only were their attacks sharp, but they were also more flexible than being held by humans!

Most importantly, the summoning of these anima weapons was done according to batches!

One batch contained 30 anima weapons!

According to the calculations, a grand mage could summon anima weapon five times, in other words, 150 anima weapons in total!

If the mages were to form a troop with 170 people, that would be a genuine 5,100 anima weapons. They could form a terrifying metal storm and annihilate any troops that were caught in it!

This was also the strongest existence in the Enfath Empire. They could use their human bodies to fight against the reliance of other races!

Mages were favored by the heavens to begin with.

In terms of destructive power.

Even grand knights could not be compared to them.

If there was a certain distance between the two, grand knights would have suffered great loss. The grand knights had to move forward and get close to the mages in order for them to have a chance of victory. This was also the shortcoming of the mages' weak close combat abilities.

These were all the strengths of the Enfath Empire.

Kant yearned for them.

Especially those grand mages who looked like they had white hair. They were the blood and sweat of this empire.

It was just a pity.

Mages were unable to directly become grand mages.

Kant had already reached the bottleneck to level up his troop. Just like a level 5 troop class, they needed to use special methods to become a higher-level troop class, such as using the Sword of King or the Order of Lion.

However, in reality, mages were already a level up 5 troop class.

"This is very troublesome." Kant sighed.

In order to obtain a powerful troop class, he still needed to communicate with the system.

However, it was also difficult. Now that they were on the right track, the number of times the system appeared was becoming less and less. Even when Kant killed the demon incarnation, the system still didn't appear. Clearly, it was no longer able to attract the system.

And the reason why Kant had not left was actually because of this demon.

This was a hidden danger.

Kant had yet to find the hiding place of that demon.

After all, what he had defeated previously was only the demonic incarnation. The main components were the blood of tens of thousands of people and Gibran, who had already transformed into a demon. It was not the true form of that demon, the main body of Flensas!

Kant would still be worried if its true form was not destroyed.

However, Flensas did not show up.

The entire Mountain of Death had been searched, but there was no place like a shelter.

Even if it was an ancient passage, there was no cave that could go deep into the mountain. Just like this Flensas, the Lord of Hell who was known as the Master of Flame, was appeared out of nowhere.

Perhaps it was really so. Kant had no way to open the entire Mountain of Death.

He couldn't find it, he didn't have the time either. He could not dig the mountain to see if there was this terrifying demon inside or under the mountain. They were still in the era of cold weapons, such project was really too whimsical.

This kind of project was extremely difficult even in modern times!

"Lord!"

Baheshtur rode his horse over.

Sweeping over the Mountain of Death in front of him, he lowered his head and reported, "We have searched everywhere, even at the bottom of the hidden cliff. We have not found anything abnormal."

"Yes." Kant nodded. "What did the mages say?"

"There is still the aura of the demon."

Baheshtur's face was filled with shame, "The mages can sense that there is the aura of the demon at the bottom of the mountain. However, it has been seriously injured and will not be able to come out for a while. However, with our strength, we are unable to do anything to the demon at the bottom of the mountain. After all, we do not have the ability to open a cave in the mountain."

"I know," Kant asked calmly. "But did you find any unusual passages? Perhaps it was a cave, but it was carefully covered up by someone."

"No." Baheshtur was even more ashamed. "We couldn't find it."

"That's it." Kant did not have any regrets. He nodded calmly and said, "Let's go."

"Yes." Baheshtur nodded.

Right behind them, the carriages and the troops were all ready.

In truth, they had already made preparations for the return journey. It was because Kant wanted to completely eradicate that demon that they had stayed until now. However, they had not found it, and it was time to return.

“Set off.” Kant spurred his horse forward.

Everyone followed behind, and the entire army set off. Their speed was not fast.

With those 50 carriages filled with all kinds of treasures, they could not move fast either. However, Kant was not in a hurry. He was the strongest existence in the East County, and he could walk anywhere he wanted.

It was impossible for those noble families to unite. Everyone was extremely greedy.

This was an internal conflict between the noble families.

Kant certainly understood.

As long as he was still the second son of the Grand Duke of Leo, Cameron, there would be noble families who yearned for him.

They yearned for their titles to be higher, they yearned for their families to be more prosperous, they yearned for more wealth, they yearned for a higher status, they yearned for everything that they yearned for!

These are the rules of the noble, Kant understood, enough strength could also ensure that he played with this rule.

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Chapter 438: An Ambush of Unknown Troop

The journey back was very smooth. The group of troops proceeded forward, escorting the carriage filled with treasures. They did not encounter any obstruction at all. They did not even encounter any armed troops.

Even the civilians were throwing down their sickles and pitchforks in fear and surrendered when they saw so many troops passed by.

As for the military fortresses along the way, they were empty.

No one dared to stand in Kant's way, especially after receiving the warning from the noble behind them. All of them were very obedient and understood that the situation in the East County had changed. Accidents could happen at any time.

If they were not obedient now, the noble behind them would probably kill them.

Baron Kant was the person that they could not afford to offend now!

It took almost five days.

The army was finally about to arrive at the Nordic village at the mouth of the river.

The sky was almost dark. According to the speed of the daily march, they should be able to return to their village in about six hours. If they were to return alone with the cavalry, they should be able to return in less than two hours.

The carriages full of treasures was a serious drag on the speed of the march.

“Stop.”

Kant rode his horse in front.

Looking up at the sunset, he raised his hand and ordered, “Set up a temporary camp here. Rest tonight and set off tomorrow morning. We’ll try to return to the village at noon.”

“Yes!” the messenger immediately retreated and passed the order to everyone.

The troops stopped advancing.

It was almost evening.

They continued to march. Although they could return to the village in the middle of the night.

However, the troops, who had already traveled for an entire day, really needed a good rest.

As the order was given, the troops quickly moved out. The 50 horse carriages started to arrange in a square shape. The wooden planks were placed on the outside of the carriages that was filled with treasures. It formed a wall that was as tall as a person.

The inside of the carriages square formation was the temporary feeding ground for the warhorses.

The outermost side was the tent where they lived.

There was a reason for this.

As long as there was any situation, the soldiers who slept in the tent outside could quickly retreat into the carriage. Regardless of whether they relied on the defensive fortifications formed by the carriage to defend on the spot or to mount their horses to break out of the encirclement, it was very convenient.

Moreover, during the process of breaking out of the encirclement, they could also throw away the treasures to distract the enemy and save some time.

No matter how many treasures there were, it would be useless.

Only by surviving could they win the final victory.

Even when they near their village at the mouth of the river, Kant wasn’t willing to relax. Even when he knew that the noble families of the East County were all trembling in fear, he was still vigilant about this.

He was now carrying a huge number of treasures.

Moreover, there were salt mines in the Nahrin Desert.

There were countless people who wanted him dead. There were also countless people who wanted to seize his wealth, assets, and estate. Kant understood this very well, so he did not dare to let his guard down.

Kant rode his horse forward and patrolled the temporary camp that was gradually taking shape.

Tents were set up neatly.

Warhorses were also put into the square formation formed by the carriage.

However, there were still the Rhodok Sharpshooters and the Ravenstern Rangers who were on guard duty. They stood on the carriages and looked around vigilantly. Furthermore, outside the carriages and about 50 meters away from the tent, there was also Rhodok Sergeants who were on sentry duty, firmly guarding a few points of the carriage formation.

At the periphery, the desert bandits, who were completely separated into three-man teams, were also running back and forth. They were scouting the surrounding situation in batches, and they were doing a good job in defense.

“This is very good.” Kant nodded his head in approval while patrolling.

Although Baheshtur was a Khergit, he was after all the son of the tribal leader. Otherwise, when he took revenge, the Khan would not personally mediate. He also dared to take the risk of offending the Khan to kill his enemy.

Of course, this also led to him eventually escaping from the Khergit Khanate and wandering on the mainland.

Eventually, he came here and became Kant’s general.

It also brought his military experience.

For example, the current camp wagon formation was once the Khergit Khanate’s best formation. They pulled a carriage filled with all kinds of supplies, rode their warhorse and swept across the continent of Caradia like a gale, and eventually founded the Khergit Khanate.

The Khergit Khanate was good at field and guerrilla warfare, but in fact, they were also good at defense.

That was because every one of them could bend their bows and shoot arrows.

They had a great advantage in defense!

Now, although this formation was not made up of the Khergits, it was basically safe to rely on the Rhodok people who were as sturdy as rocks, the Ravenstern people who were good at rapid firing, and the powerful heavy horsemen, Mamlukes.

Kant checked around and did not find anything that he had missed.

He had just returned to his own tent.

Baheshtur quickly walked in and reported, “Lord Kant, the desert bandits that were sent out to investigate reported that there might be something in the south of us. It’s an unfamiliar army gathering and ambushing us.”

“Report carefully.” Kant narrowed his eyes. This was beyond his expectations.

“Yes.” Baheshtur nodded.

After thinking for a while, he quickly reported, "In the east, the desert bandits that we sent out to investigate discovered that there were about 3,000-men troop lying in ambush in a forest. There was also a farm nearby. It seems that it has been occupied by that unfamiliar troop. If we were to predict the worse outcome, perhaps that group of troop has 5,000 + people."

"Interesting." Kant had a playful smile on his lips. "I thought no one would dare to provoke me anymore."

"Yes." Baheshtur nodded. "But we still don't know what their intentions are." He paused and said solemnly, "But they are so close to us, which is less than half an hour away, then it's definitely not a good thing. They probably came with hostility."

"Obviously, they are here with hostility." Kant snorted.

"Then, please give the order." Baheshtur said in a solemn voice, "The troops and I are ready. We can give up building the camp at any time and switch to combat status to kill all those ungrateful guys!"

"It doesn't matter. Don't worry." Kant shook his head.

After thinking for a while, he analyzed, "I don't have too much involvement with those noble families. Perhaps the Crimson Sect wants to burn all the bridges. In order to regain their former power, they want to take advantage of our proximity to the village and while we are relaxing to launch a surprise attack. They want to defeat our main force and kill them all. They want to save the Crimson Sect in the East County."

"That might be possible." Baheshtur nodded. "The Crimson Sect must be deeply rooted in the East County. Although I haven't really studied this world, it's similar to the politics of Caradia."

"But it's hard to say." Kant shrugged. "That group of Crimson Sect fellows should be scared out of their wits."

Stroking his chin, he still instructed, "Keep watching them. Don't let them know that we've discovered them. Tell the desert bandits to be more alert and inform me when they gather."

"Yes." Baheshtur nodded. After bowing, he left the tent and went down to make arrangements.

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Chapter 439: The Attack of the Rabble

The temporary camp was still being built.

However, the troop was still on guard. Even after the construction was completed, they still maintained a high degree of vigilance.

Everyone knew that there might be a fierce battle tonight. Since the enemy wanted to launch a sneak attack, they had long been prepared. How could they let those damn guys get what they wanted?

Everyone took a short rest in the tent, trying to get enough energy to wait for the next battle.

However, dinner was still prepared.

As usual, it was bread and dried meat, dried sausage, and fresh pork bought from the market, plus some cabbage and pumpkin, as well as a mixed vegetable cooked in a large iron pot with chickpeas.

It tasted great with a little salt and spices.

There was no way to enjoy the delicious food during the march. It was time to celebrate when they returned to the village.

There was no other way.

The sun was setting in the west, and dusk had finally arrived.

The setting sun left a long shadow, as if there was terror in it. This was the shadow of war.

"It's coming." Kant muttered to himself calmly.

Dusk was the best time for war. Taking advantage of the pleasure of dinner, the troop could catch the enemy off guard, or when they slept soundly in the darkness before dawn.

The desert bandits that had dispersed came back one after another. It was dinner time, and everything seemed normal.

However, on the east side, the surveillance was still going on.

There were many forests on both sides of the river. Usually, it was mostly the logging fields run by noble families and villagers. However, there were occasionally mercenaries who were in need of money and disguised themselves as bandits to rob the passing villagers. If they formed a bigger group, they even dare to rob a trade caravan. This was very common.

Even the water bandits would often ambush the trade caravan in the forest, taking advantage of the night to attack the caravan camping in the wild. Some of the villagers were also spies.

The seemingly honest villagers would not let go of the opportunity to make a fortune. They would guard the dry land and live their lives. Year after year, they had to pay taxes for the noble and even daily labor. They also had to be cannon fodder during the war, it was very miserable.

No one could give up the opportunity to get better.

If they could leave the village and live in the city, it would be equivalent to having a safety net. Not only would they not have to worry about bandit attacks, but they would also not even have to pay the noble's miscellaneous taxes.

Most importantly, if they became citizens, not only would they be able to get jobs in the city, but they would also be easier to get in touch with the nobles and rich people that they hated before. Whether it was becoming an apprentice of a craftsman or becoming a smart scholar. It was much better than this rural poor class that was still as miserable as medieval Europe.

Therefore, some villagers who wanted to live better life were also willing to accept the olive branches handed over by the bandits and become spies and spies to help them gather information.

Just like now, the group that were lying in ambush in the forest was a group of water bandits from the Resniston River. They had gathered a five large group of water bandits and wanted to make a big move.

They were all lawless fellows. Being able to be water bandits on the river and being besieged by the water armies of the human countries, they had survived quite well. It was related to the secret collusion of some noble families, but more importantly, it was the savagery of these water bandits.

After this raid, they could escape to other places on the Resniston River for two years and enjoy themselves. It would be a great pleasure.

In particular, according to some villagers who acted as spies, a group of 50 carriages full of treasures was about to pass by. These water bandits were prepared in the shortest amount of time.

In order to arrange an escape route, they had to curry favor with some of their own backers. They even invited troops led by real knights from the silver platter kingdom.

Fifty carriages full of treasures. This was a message passed down from the upper-class noble of the East County. It was said that a lord had led his troops to defeat a certain sect. Of course, it had nothing to do with them, this group of ruthless water bandits who had no concept of a country did not care about who was who.

They didn't even care about the Countess of the East County and the Grand Duke of the Dukedom of Leo. They only cared about silver coins and golden eagles.

They did not care about anyone who fled to the river outside of Resniston River and became a landlord or a wealthy citizen.

These were 50 carriages full of treasures. They were worth at least five million great silver coins or more.

Based on the 6,000 people they had gathered, even if a few water bandit leaders and the nobles who colluded in the Silver Platter Kingdom wanted to split the majority, the rest would still be able to get around 500 great silver coins.

If more people died, then the amount of money they would get would be correspondingly more!

One had to know that a landowner who owned 50 arcs of land would only get around 30 great silver coins a year.

Even a well-run small-to-medium-sized trade caravan could only earn around 100 great silver coins a year.

Look at the elite cavalry of Castle of Leo who escorted Kant to the Oasis Lookout. They were willing to risk their lives for 2 great silver coins per person. Of course, this was also related to Kant's methods. However, the salary of 50 small silver coins a month was indeed too little.

In fact, the currency of this world was still using small silver coins. The great silver coins were used by the trade caravan to settle the bill.

As for the golden eagle, it was purely a trade currency between countries. Great merchants and great merchants, top noble and top noble.

Each person could get 500 great silver coins. They could go to other human countries to buy a house, marry a wife, and live a good life. They would not have to worry about it for the rest of their lives.

Even if they ate and drank freely, they would not have to worry about anything for three to five years. At worst, they could just come back to the river and become water bandits. They would be very familiar with it anyway!

Of course, after having lived as water bandits for so long, no one was willing to keep risking their lives again.

Now was the time, everyone were excited. They planned to take advantage of the night to defeat the enemy in the upcoming battle. If they won this battle, they would be reborn in the future. A great day was waiting for them!

“Wu –”

A short horn sounded.

This was the pre-arranged signal. In the farms and logging fields nearby, groups of regular troops appeared.

Fifty knights, Three hundred knight attendants, and 1,000 elite lance soldiers.

The troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

They were all wearing mail armor, and even the lance soldiers were the same. In terms of equipment, the regular troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom were undoubtedly stronger than the Dukedom of Leo by a level.

Behind them were nearly 5,000 rascals of the Resniston River. Their equipment was uneven. Mail armor, chain armor, scale armor, leather armor, gambeson, and even some who wore a thick leather coat.

As for weapons, longsword, short sword, machete, handaxe, short spear, short sword, dagger, and so on, there were even more. There were also quite a number of shields that were pieced together from pieces of wood.

A group of vicious bandits had gathered together, a motley of weak crew.

Just as they were moving, three desert bandits got on their horses and left on the opposite side of a hill not far away.

However, among the group of bandits, there were more than 300 people with different expressions. They walked at the back and sent a few people to the back at the same time. Soon, they became cavalry and ran in a big circle toward Kant’s temporary camp.

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Chapter 440: The Grudges of the Water Bandits

In the temporary camp, the desert bandits had returned, they quickly came to Kant's tent and reported respectfully, "My lord, they are here. There are about 500 cavalries, about 1,000 elite lance soldiers, and more than 5,000 mixed troops. They look like water bandits."

"Water bandits, how interesting." Kant's lips curled up slightly. He was not unfamiliar with this group of bandits from the Resniston River.

Baheshtur, who was beside him, also said in a low voice, "Lord, do you need us to fight in advance?"

"Of course." Kant's lips still curled up slightly. "This motley crew, could they be stronger than those fellows from the Crimson Sect?" Looking at Baheshtur, he lowered his voice. "Let the blood of this motley of pathetic crew spread across the plains!"

"As you wish!" Baheshtur grinned sinisterly.

As one of the most war-loving nomads on the Continent of Caradia and a former member of the Khergit Khanate, his favorite thing was to lead his troops and crush the enemy under the hooves of horses.

"How long will it take for them to arrive here?" Kant asked the desert bandits, "I need a more specific time."

The desert bandits thought for a while and immediately answered in a deep voice, "Most of them are infantry. It will take them one hour to march. Even if they arrive near us, it will take them half an hour to prepare before the battle."

"Very good. Go and prepare." Kant nodded in approval.

"Yes!" the desert bandits saluted and immediately left the tent.

As bandits, they were the best light cavalry after being recruited. They were also not weak in the scouting and investigation.

However, at this moment, the tent was opened again. A Rhodok Sergeant came in and reported, "My lord, there are three strangers outside. They say that... They know you."

"Hmm?" Baheshtur raised his head and frowned. He said coldly, "Lord Kant, be careful of any tricks."

"No." Kant smiled. "It seems that the spy that we arranged at the Resniston River has a certain effect." Pausing for a moment, he explained to Baheshtur, who was still puzzled, "They were the spy that we arranged back then."

"This is truly a pleasant surprise." Baheshtur lowered his head and saluted. "It comes from your wisdom, Lord Kant."

"Let them in." Kant waved his hand.

He gestured to the Rhodok Sergeant and said, "Don't scare them. However, we must let these friends know our preparation and power. Who can be sure whether they are here to gather intelligence or not?"

"Yes!" the Rhodok Sergeant bowed respectfully with a solemn expression, and then quickly retreated.

"Lord." Baheshtur said, "In fact, in my opinion, it doesn't matter what those water bandits have in mind. A group of rabbles won't be able to cause much resistance to us. This is a plain battlefield."

On a plain battlefield, whoever's infantry was strong would be able to stabilize the front line. Whoever's cavalry was strong would be able to dominate the battlefield.

At the moment, Kant's cavalry and infantry were both elites.

He was the strongest!

This was an unquestionable absolute strength, a strength that could make the enemy feel despair!

In the wilderness outside of the temporary camp, three ordinary looking Resniston Water Bandits were standing outside with their horses. They were wearing iron-scale armor and had iron swords at their waists. There was a hint of panic on their faces.

"Will Baron Kant believe us?" One of the bandits said anxiously, "He just won a battle. I don't think he will believe it now. There will be a force of at least 7,000 people who want to attack him in the evening."

"Who knows?" another water bandit said in a low voice, "But he is the son of Princess Sofia. We once pledged our loyalty to his mother, which is equivalent to pledging our loyalty to Baron Kant, who has the bloodline of Princess Sofia."

"That's right." the other water bandit nodded as well.

But what followed was silence.

How could they not know?

It was precisely because Baron Kant possessed Princess Sofia's bloodline that they risked their lives to come and inform on him. Otherwise, they would have long followed the large group of water bandits, as well as the noble army from the Silver Platter Kingdom. They could take advantage of the night to directly attack these carriages full of goods. If they were lucky, they could steal some money and obtain a few hundred great silver coins to go and enjoy themselves.

However, they were unwilling to do so. They were once knights but being reduced to water bandits had already brought shame to their family. If they did such things again, it would be the most shameful things for their honor.

They might as well have died gloriously on the battlefield back then. At the very least, they could have won honor for their family!

It was too late to say anything now.

"Hey." the leading water bandit was silent for a moment.

He suddenly raised his head and looked at the other two people. "It doesn't matter whether Baron Kant believes us or not. When we first met him, he could give us some great silver coins, which was enough for us to come here and risk our lives to report."

"Yeah." the two people nodded. "Baron Kant is indeed as kind as Princess Sofia."

The three of them were the Resniston Water Bandits who had encountered Kant in the Nahrin Desert.

Because Kant intended to infiltrate this crucial river, he had given these guys some financial help. And now, these spies had finally played their due role, even though it didn't have much benefit to Kant.

At the door, ten Rhodok Sergeants were wearing heavy chain armor, carrying broad shields, and holding heavy machetes that were like halberd. They were staring at the three of them. Under their helmets and face armor, no expression could be seen at all.

Only the vigilance in their eyes, as well as the extreme coldness, it was like they were looking at a group of dead people.

The three water bandits who were once knights shivered.

They were elites.

They had already come to a conclusion in their hearts.

In their opinion, these sergeants were even stronger than the heavy elite lance soldiers of the Silver Platter Kingdom, which they were proud of. Especially that imposing manner, it was really unparalleled!

Not long after, someone walked out quickly from the tent.

"Hey, come in!" it was the reporting Rhodok Sergeant. He said rudely, "Follow closely and don't wander around. If we find you doing anything strange," he paused for a moment, but his tone became more and more sinister. "You will know what real pain is when the time comes!"

"Okay, we understand." the three water bandits immediately followed.

They entered the tent.

The three water bandits did not look away.

However, they could not help but feel a little doubtful, and even terrified.

This was because they realized that there were already groups of infantries gathered inside the tent. Even the cavalry had already formed a formation and could get on their horses at any time. They would be able to charge out after flattening the outermost tent that was used as a cover.

Why did this look like a group that was camping? It was clearly a group that was already prepared for battle and was about to set off for battle!

This was a little unbelievable to them!

They were clear about it.

Those scouts that belonged to Baron Kant should not have discovered them.

If they had discovered them, why would they camp here so easily? They should leave as soon as possible. No noble's troops would dare to be so arrogant to face an enemy that was twice their own troops and still camp peacefully!