

## Oasis 441

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

#### Chapter 441: Kant's Absolute Strength

As they entered the camp, the expressions of the three water bandits became more and more fearful. In fact, with their brains, they had already understood that even if they did not come to secretly report the news, Baron Kant and his troop knew that they were about to face a sneak attack.

In fact, they had already made preparations!

They could attack at any time.

The group of water bandits who were still triumphant and looking forward to obtaining a massive number of treasures would be dealt a heavy blow!

Looking over, the terrifying appearance of the well-equipped iron armor made the three water bandits feel even more uneasy. After all, they did not have many trump cards at the moment. They could not get the credit of sending information over anymore.

Baron Kant did not need any messages at all. There were probably still scouts and cavalry watching the group of water bandits from afar.

Then, they waited for the most critical moment.

Victory!

They finally stopped at the largest tent.

At the door, the 10-man team of Rhodok Sergeants was guarding the door. Their eyes were cold and indifferent. Even the sergeant leading the way was also given a cautious look. They crossed their halberd and not allowed them to pass through.

They needed to report first. This was Lord Kant's tent. How could they enter and leave as they pleased!

Very soon, a Rhodok Sergeant came out and said, "Go in. My lord is waiting for you."

"Thank you for your hard work." the three water bandits nodded humbly.

Without their identity as knights, they were already rootless duckweed. They did not even dare to mention their families. They even used fake names just so that they could obtain their former honor in the future.

However, the Rhodok Sergeant coldly glanced at them, with no intention of responding at all.

The three of them also entered the tent with their heads lowered.

This was very normal.

How could a lowly water bandit be compared to such a great warrior.

They looked into the tent, Baron Kant and another person were sitting there.

They quickly walked over and respectfully half-knelt, placing their right hand on their chest and said, "The bloodline of Princess Sofia, the heir of the Silver Platter Kingdom, the great Baron Kant, we pay our respects to you."

"Yes." Kant nodded calmly.

He raised his hand and said calmly like a king, "Get up."

The three water bandits finally got up while trembling. They lowered their heads and stood in front of Kant. They did not dare to make any unnecessary movements. "Thank you for your kindness." From the corner of their eyes, they could see that there were still 10-man Royal Knight team in the tent, they stood expressionlessly in the corner of the wall. Their chain mail gloves were placed on the hilt of their swords.

They would definitely pull out their swords when they made any unusual movements. They would use the sharp blade to cut open their skin and let them know the serious consequences of offending a noble.

"Hey, you said that there are enemies attacking. What's going on?"

Baheshtur looked at them coldly.

He was playing with a sharp dagger in his hand. He tossed it back and forth and managed to catch the hilt every time. He was like a juggler. "If you're lying, you'll have to pay the price."

"We... didn't lie..."one of the water bandits subconsciously replied.

"Oh?"

Baheshtur smiled. "Then what's the result?"

"We don't need to say it. You already know, don't you?" But the leading water bandit still lowered his head dejectedly. "Lord Kant and this respected gentleman, please don't toy with us. We know that you already knew that the motley crew wanted to sneak attack you. Even if we didn't come to inform you, you would definitely be able to directly eliminate them. This is the easiest way."

"Hahaha." Baheshtur laughed and looked at Kant. "Lord, I think there are still smart people among these people. I think they can also make the most reasonable judgment."

"It seems so." Kant said calmly.

Looking at the three people standing in front of him, Kant said calmly, "We met before, in the Nahrin Desert. I gave you a mission at that time. It seems that you have not forgotten."

"We dare not forget." the leader of the water bandits quickly said, "We swear that we were once loyal to Princess Sofia, your mother, and also willing to be loyal to the Princess' bloodline. Baron Kant, it's our honor."

"Mm." Kant stood up. "Then let's go."

"Go?"

The three water bandits looked at each other.

Baheshtur grinned hideously. "Let's see how Lord Kant's army will crush the motley crew you speak of. Let them know that not everyone can offend Lord Kant!"

"Yes... yes..." the three water bandits nodded repeatedly. "We can be the spies!"

"There's no need." Kant shook his head calmly.

Lifting the curtain, he came to the outside of the tent. All the soldiers were ready. They stood in formation. An aura that belonged to the elites of the bloody battle was spreading.

"Let's begin," Kant ordered. "It's time."

"Yes!" Baheshtur bowed slightly. "As you wish."

Then, he straightened his body and got on his horse. He personally raised his spear and commanded the cavalries behind him to get on their horses. With a rumble, he walked out of the temporary camp in an orderly manner.

The warhorses of the Sarrandians were all well-trained military warhorses.

In terms of quality, they were even more outstanding than the warhorse that the Khergits were used to raising.

Therefore, the Sarrandian Horsemen's heavy cavalry was extremely strong. Just look at the 1,000 fully equipped Mamlukes and the 800 Sarrandian horsemen, this was a terrifying flood of heavy cavalry.

In this battle, Kant only planned to use the heavy cavalry to deal with the enemy.

That's right, he didn't need infantry.

So what if it was a 6,000 man army?

On the battlefield, the number of soldiers was not the only factor to a strong troop. Quality was also important!

To a certain extent, quantity was synonymous with being bloated. Once a certain place was defeated, the chain reaction would cause the entire troop to collapse. This was a very common phenomenon in the history of the world!

Furthermore, how could a group of rabble-like water bandits withstand such an elite heavy cavalry corps?

Furthermore, it was on the plains that was most suitable for cavalry charge!

Even if they fought head-on, those water bandits would probably be completely defeated by a wave of charge!

Kant, on the other hand, would personally go to the battlefield and see how the enemy was defeated by the Sarrandian Cavalries. In the end, he would obtain victory and spread his reputation throughout the entire East County.

The scattered water bandits would spread this news everywhere.

This was a good thing.

Kant had already established his own village at the mouth of the river.

It was about to develop into a fortress or a castle. He also needed to let the various forces that were ready to make a move understand that he was not a pushover, but a terrifying absolute king who could easily defeat any enemy!

Even the troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom would also be turned into a pile of useless meat under the terrifying charge of Kant's heavy cavalries.

They would turn into useless piles of minced meat!

This was Kant's strength!

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#### **Chapter 442: Baheshtur's Gift**

The horseshoes that were meticulously forged by the blacksmiths struck the flat ground. The slightly soft layer of soil sank slightly, leaving behind heavy hoof marks. They were trampled by more horseshoes and gradually merged into one.

One thousand Mamlukes lined up in a rectangular formation and pushed forward side by side in an orderly manner.

A terrifying aura had already spread out from the dense formation.

The valiance of the Sarrandian people was undoubtedly displayed on this group of top level 5 cavalries. It just like what they had done on the Continent of Caradia, holding high their fine long lance, with their two-handed iron staffs at their waists, they were ready to launch a sandstorm-like charge.

They would break through all obstacles, break through all opponents, break through all enemies in front of them!

This was Mamluke's pride!

In the distance.

Under the dark night, at the end of the horizon.

Dark figures had already appeared, like a dark tide, moving slowly through the night. The sound of footsteps had also been processed, as if linen had been wrapped around their feet. Their speed was slightly slower, but their concealment was extremely strong.

This group of Resniston Water Bandits could already be considered experts in sneak attacks.

But in reality, it was useless.

Their sneak attack had already been discovered.

Kant's troops stood on the plains.

One thousand Mamluke and horses, who were fully equipped with heavy armor, lined up in a rectangular formation. On the left and right sides, 400 Sarrandian Horsemen wore exquisite Sarrandian chain armor and rode on a Sarrandian horses that was only covered with a layer of linen. They were on standby as the cavalry.

And on the outermost side, there were more than 300 desert bandits running back and forth.

These were Kant's scouting cavalries.

They were also messengers.

The following battle was no longer the time for the desert bandits to appear.

Previously on Mountain of Death, there were a large number of desert bandits. These light cavalries had already suffered heavy losses. As light cavalry, they did not have the ability to engage in close combat. As a result, they had caused a large number of casualties on their side.

Although in Kant's opinion, killing those half-demonic cavalry soldiers was already a victory, their numbers had been severely reduced.

Desert bandits also did not have the ability to form groups and charge forward on their horses.

Otherwise, with just 2,500 desert bandits, as long as they set up an excellent strategy, Kant could use these light cavalry soldiers to forcefully crush the 6,000water bandits on the plains. The casualties on Kant's side would definitely not exceed 1,000 people.

However, Kant did not need to care about that.

He could do the same now.

He could defeat the water bandits of the Resniston River, and the casualties on his side could even be controlled in the hundreds!

He was relying on the 1,800 cavalries behind him!

"Lord."

Baheshtur spoke from behind, "They are here."

"Mm." Kant nodded calmly. He looked up and saw that the shadow of the black tide on the horizon was finally approaching, but its speed was also becoming slower and slower. It seemed that they had also discovered the cavalries waiting here and were somewhat puzzled.

Those water bandits of the Resniston River were naturally cautious and would not easily come over.

This was especially so when they discovered that Kant had already made preparations.

However, there was no turning back.

These water bandits of the Resniston River were all fervently imagining the wonderful life they would have after obtaining so many treasures.

It was definitely impossible to give up this hard-won operation just because their sneak attack had been discovered. There was also no way for them to retreat. Their eyes had long been blinded by greed!

If they retreated now, what would happen to their beautiful lives in the future?

It was impossible to retreat!

They could only fight!

This was what Kant had hoped for.

On the Resniston River, his water troop class might be fewer and weaker.

But on land, with his absolute strength, it was easy for him to defeat these water bandits who were mostly light infantry. Even if their numbers were inferior, their quality was an absolute advantage!

To Kant, it was destined to be an absolute victory even though he had a smaller troop!

“The other side has stopped.”

Baheshtur said, “They’re sending people to negotiate.”

“Negotiate?” Kant’s lips curled up slightly. Looking at the front of the water bandit troops, it was obvious that they were the regular army’s lance soldiers and cavalries. He shook his head slightly. “They are only here to probe what exactly happened.”

“Then what should we do?” Baheshtur looked at Kant. “Do you need me to deal with it?”

“Yes.” Kant nodded. “Be straightforward.”

“Yes.” After getting permission, Baheshtur revealed a sinister smile. “I will be very straightforward!”

As he spoke, he lightly knocked on the horse’s belly and urged his warhorse forward.

Right in front, there were also people riding horses from the water bandit troops.

It seemed that they were knights from the Silver Platter Kingdom, and they carried a hint of arrogance, they approached Baheshtur. “Hey, strange troops, why are you here? You should know that I know all the noble families in the East County. I don’t even know which noble the flag on your body belongs to.”

“Oh, you don’t know us?” Baheshtur smiled.

“Of course.” the knight said arrogantly, “We are the troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom. Why should we know the noble families of the Dukedom of Leo?” As he spoke, there was a hint of ridicule in his eyes.

“You are just a bunch of lambs waiting to be slaughtered.”

“These words are really interesting.” Baheshtur still smiled calmly. “Then what do you want?”

“Let us approach.” the knight revealed a greedy smile. “I know that you have obtained a lot of wealth, and now you need to contribute it. Do you understand? I’m not telling you this myself, nor am I telling you this in behave of the trash-like water bandits behind me.”

“Then who is it?” Baheshtur asked.

“All the noble families of the Silver Platter Kingdom!”

He focused his voice, pointed at Baheshtur and said, “You little fellow, you have to know what the power of the Silver Platter Kingdom is like. Even the Dukedom of Leo would tremble under the threat of the Silver Platter Kingdom!”

“Oh, it is indeed very shocking.” Baheshtur nodded, but the corners of his mouth revealed a mocking smile. “I want to give you a gift.”

“I like something more precious.” the knight thought that Baheshtur was obeying him and immediately revealed a greedy smile.

His fat tongue licked his lips. “If it was the golden eagle, I think I would be able to exonerate you. I might even be able to recommend you join the Silver Platter Kingdom and become a knight of this powerful kingdom. Just like me, you would gain the power that even the Dukedom of Leo would fear. It is all because of the powerful Silver Platter Kingdom standing behind me.”

“Of course.”

Baheshtur moved forward, but his hand reached for the scimitar at his waist.

Under the knight’s incredulous gaze, along with the sound of the blade cutting through the scabbard, a ghastly white flash appeared in the air. It was almost as if it was cutting through the tip of his nose with an agile technique, from top to bottom.

“Ah—”

The knight immediately felt a slight chill at the tip of his nose.

But immediately after, a bloody light appeared before his eyes. He subconsciously reached out to touch it, and an intense pain entered his mind. He covered his nose and howled in pain on the horse’s back. His nose had already been cut off.

Baheshtur looked at his miserable appearance and shook off the blood stains on the blade. “This is my gift. Do you like it?”

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#### **Chapter 443: The Knight Commander’s Hesitation**

The intense pain caused the knight’s face to turn ferocious, and his eyes were filled with hatred.

However, he did not dare to act rashly. He covered the tip of his nose that was in intense pain and did not even care about the tip of his nose that had fallen to the ground. He quickly urged his warhorse to walk towards his companions at the back. His anger had already gone to his head.

As the lord knight of the Silver Platter Kingdom, he had never experienced such humiliation.

And now his nose had been cut off.

In the future, he would definitely become a laughingstock in the silver platter kingdom!

Not to mention those noble families, not to mention the other knights, even those lowly commoners and even lowly slaves would talk about him behind his back. A knight without a nose did not have any dignity at all!

He covered his nose while enduring the pain, he shouted out his anger almost to the point of roaring.

At the same time, he claimed that Kant's side only had this small number of troops, there was nothing to be afraid of.

The thousand-man strong army from the Silver Platter Kingdom did not continue to move.

Even the water bandits of the Resniston River were ordered by the commander of the knights of the Silver Platter Kingdom to stand by and not to launch an attack because of the precious treasures in front of them.

The knight commander was already fearful of the fact that they were only 1,000 meters away from each other.

He was not ignorant.

In front of them, that terrifying heavy cavalry group looked like an elite force.

They were different from the main force of the Dukedom of Leo!

It was an order of knight formed by the real knights, not a knight group formed by regular knights and knight attendants. Although it was a long story, it had always been a nightmare for the silver platter kingdom.

When fighting on the plains, the elite long-lance soldiers of the Silver Platter Kingdom had to be cautious of this order of knight.

If they were being careless for even a moment, the front line would be broken, and the entire army would be wiped out.

This was not an alarmist rumor, it was the truth!

The intense conflict between the two countries ten years ago had already made it clear.

The former Silver Platter Kingdom had crushed the defense line of the Dukedom of Leo on the south bank of the Resniston River. However, in the wild, they were attacked by the reinforcements of the order of knight. The knights only revealed a small flaw, which led to their defeat.

That defeat ultimately led to the current situation, which was the battle where Baron Dylan was conferred the title.

The heavy cavalry of the Dukedom of Leo had left a deep impression on the troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

This also led to the current situation.

The Silver Platter Kingdom had always been on guard against the cavalry of the Dukedom of Leo.



Especially when their own cavalry was lacking in strength and could not do anything to the various orders of knight formed by the noble members of the Dukedom of Leo, they needed to be extremely cautious. Once their own troops were slightly impacted, then the following attacks from the knights and cavalries of Dukedom of Leo would completely crush their troops.

In the field, without the support of the infantrymen, the cavalry of the Silver Platter Kingdom would not be able to cause much damage to the elite cavalry of the Dukedom of Leo. Instead, they would be defeated and lose the important cavalry force in the battlefield.

This was also the reality. Even though the Silver Platter Kingdom had focused on the cavalry that they had built for ten years, it was still the same.

Now, he was facing the even stronger Kant's cavalry troops.

He was a little afraid.

As the knight commander of Nazaire Castle, he was one of Baron Taylor's confidants.

During this expedition, he had taken the risk to enter the territory of the Dukedom of Leo. Together with the infamous Resniston River Water Bandits, attacking the noble of the Dukedom of Leo in name, as well as being a member of the royal family, he had already been under a lot of pressure.

If they won, they would erase all traces, and they would be able to deny it even if they were exposed afterward.

But if they were defeated and leave behind as captives, then all of this would not be resolved easily.

Instead, it would be a huge problem. Even he, Baron Taylor's most trusted knight commander and one of the most powerful knights in Nazaire Castle, would have to commit suicide to redeem the lost honor and bad influence.

Of course, what was salvaged was not the fact that he had entered the Dukedom of Leo without permission and attacked the noble.

It was the despicable act of colluding with the Resniston River Water Bandits!

It did not matter how ugly were the wars between the noble families.

However, there was an unspoken rule.

He absolutely could not be involved with those dirty water bandits or any other bandits.

Although behind the scenes, the noble families would always raise such a group of thugs to deal with some shady matters, it was absolutely not something that could be put on the surface because it would ruin the honor of the noble families.

As a noble with dignity, they would always be graceful and elegant under the sun. How could there be any shady things about them?

A noble would never have such a thing!

If there was, it would definitely be a slander of their reputation!

This knight commander could imagine that even if he did not want to die, the trusted him had to die for Baron Taylor and his family. He had to use his own death to wash away this kind of slander.

Although he had indeed done it, if he died and no one admitted it, it was not his doing.

The unspoken rules of the noble were an excuse!

Hence, he was hesitated.

The knight commander, who was in the lead, could not make a decision.

The knight whose nose had been cut off and who was still in pain being bandaged by the attendant next to him roared in anger, saying that he wanted to use the death of the other party to redeem his lost honor.

The scene was a little dull, with only the elite lance soldiers on both sides, as well as the knights and their attendants breathing heavily.

They were also unable to make a decision at the moment.

“A bunch of cowards!”

Suddenly, a mocking voice sounded.

The knight commander looked back and saw that it was a group of water bandits wearing mail armor and holding a longsword or handaxe.

These were the elites of five groups of Resniston River Water Bandits. They were all veteran soldiers who had escaped, escaped slaves in the Wildland, or criminals who had committed murder. Their unique characteristic was that their methods were cruel, and their combat ability was superb.

There were close to 2,000 of them. They were a group of thugs who killed without batting an eyelid!

“Shut up.” the knight commander’s face was gloomy.

He swept his gaze across the five water bandit leaders and reprimanded them in a deep voice, “What do you know? Despicable things! The troops of Baron Kant in front of us are a group of elite cavalries. Do you think you can be enemies?”

“Huh? Are you teaching us a lesson?”

The water bandit leaders laughed out loud, their faces filled with ridicule, “A bunch of cowards. We are not those little brats under your command. If someone offends us, we will let him know what cruelty is!” The water bandit leaders laughed ferociously, “Including that Baron Kant that you are afraid of!”

“Ignorant.” the knight commander snorted coldly. Although he looked down on these water bandits, he also knew that in fact, in this battle, it was them who cooperated with these water bandits, and not the water bandits who cooperated with him.

Both sides were not subordinate to each other.

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### **Chapter 444: The Priests Among the Water Bandits**

They were only cooperating!

The water bandits revealed the information in exchange for the support of the Silver Platter Kingdom.

They fought together, and after victory, they would divide up the loot together. Then, the nobles of the Silver Platter Kingdom would help these water bandits escape from the waters near the Dukedom of Leo, these water bandits would then use their legal identity to live in other human countries.

If not for this reason, these brutal water bandits would not have any connection with the greedy noble families!

That was why these water bandits were so impolite.

Seeing that the knight commander of the Silver Platter Kingdom was hesitating, they suddenly felt annoyed.

Baron Kant's troops were right in front. Although they looked terrifying and were full of heavy armored cavalries, they did not have more than 2,000 people. Compared to their group of more than 6,000 people, Kant's troop only had very few soldiers!

They had the advantage of numbers, why should they be afraid?

"Hey!" the leaders of the water bandits revealed a sinister smile.

Clapping their hands slightly, they raised their heads and said, "Come out, my friends. Let these people from the Silver Platter Kingdom see the true power of the Crimson Sect!"

"What?" the knight commander and the other knights looked over one after another.

The group of water bandits split apart.

More than 30 people wearing black hood robes walked out.

They were holding a staff that was as tall as a person. On it, one could see that it was inlaid with pitch-black gemstones. There was also a faint dark red glow flickering within it. It carried a sense of mystery and wickedness, as well as a mind-stirring madness.

The leader of the water bandits laughed sinisterly, "These are the Crimson Sect's priests, lord knight."

"Priests of the Crimson Sect?" the knight commander snorted coldly.

The Silver Platter Kingdom had full faith in the Holy Church, and they were against other cults. They also looked down on the so-called Crimson Sect. "They are just a bunch of wild mages who have mastered a mysterious power. What kind of lord priests are they?"

"That's right, knight commander. We are just a bunch of cowardly mages who have lost their support."

The leader of the Crimson Sect priest lifted his hood.

It was an old man. His white beard and hair, his tall aquiline nose, and his eyes that were as dark as the night. He spoke in a hoarse voice. "We can use the power we once possessed to exchange for the right to escape from here. Therefore, in the upcoming battle, we will be very useful. This is the power of magic."

"The priests who have mastered the power of magic are willing to cooperate with us!" the leader of the water bandits also smiled proudly.

He looked at the more than 30 black-robed men beside him, his eyes also showed some pride.

"Although the cooperation won't last long, if we finish this job, who will care about the past? We can use thousands of great silver coins to start a new life, even if it is to buy a knight's identity!"

"Hehe, this is our common goal."

The priests of the Crimson Sect showed disdain in their eyes, but they did not refute.

This was the truth.

They had originally spread their religion in the East County.

They were in charge of secretly developing the believers and at the same time monitoring the group of noble families to prevent the Crimson Sect's businesses from being invaded, and to allow the Crimson Sect to grow stronger.

But unexpectedly, all of this collapsed last week.

The Crimson Sect was destroyed.

Even the devils of hell that they worshipped were killed.

The entire Mountain of Death had long turned into a purgatory, and everyone had become corpses.

Only the priests who had not been able to gather together in time were left behind. They were still barely maintaining the Crimson Sect. In their fear and trepidation, they encountered the onslaught again and again. Without the Crimson Sect, they were rootless duckweed.

The first ones to attack were the noble families who had been monitored and threatened by them.

The priests suffered heavy losses from the wanton slaughter and purges.

They had no chance to resist.

Even if they had magic, without the support of the Crimson Sect, they would eventually have to flee in front of the endless army of the noble families. They would leave behind the loot they had plundered and leave in humiliation like dogs.

But even so, only about 30 of them would survive.

They had to cooperate with the water bandits that they had once looked down on.

If not., they would have been massacred in the East County and turned into corpses. They would have been buried in the remote land by the noble. It would be like they had no connection with them at all, and they would have cut off all ties with the Crimson Sect.

It was good that they could survive now. Although they were not as glorious as they were in the past, they could at least live peacefully.

"Finish this job." the leader of the priests looked at the knight commander and said in a hoarse voice, "We can guarantee success because we have a mysterious spell. As long as we release it into the enemy's troops, victory is in our hands."

"That's right, this is our trump card!" the other water bandit leaders laughed loudly with fanaticism in their eyes.

"Oh..." even the knight commander was hesitant.

They were all moved, including the knight commander. He looked at Baron Kant in the distance and finally made up his mind. "Prepare for battle, we are about to launch an attack!"

"Yoo-hoo!" the water bandits shouted fanatically.

Greed filled their hearts.

Everyone saw the treasures in the temporary camp not far behind the cavalries as something in their pockets.

This was the inflated mentality of a tyrant for a long time. After all, on the Resniston River, even the river patrol teams and fleets of the human countries could not completely defeat them.

Now, they were only taking the initiative to attack the enemy who was at an absolute disadvantage in terms of the size of troop.

This was extremely simple in the eyes of the water bandits.

Moreover, there were grand knights who possessed extraordinary powers in their troops.

Including these 30 or so Crimson Sect priests who could release mysterious spells, this ensured their subsequent victory!

Although the water bandits were not familiar with land battles, they had still some experiences. After all, when they invaded the land around the river, when they robbed the commoners and wealthy merchants, they were just as ferocious.

With the famous reputation of these water bandits, the knight commander also led his troops forward.

The war had begun.

But they didn't know.

Kant had been waiting for a long time for their attack.

He was even a little impatient. He already felt a little disgusted by these people's dilly-dallying.

If the troops of the Silver Platter Kingdom and the water bandits of the Resniston River didn't attack, Kant would lead his troops to directly launch the most brazen charge and engage in a frontal decisive battle!

If that was the case, the losses of the troops would undoubtedly be greater, and it would be easier to counterattack without defending.

Kant was undoubtedly relieved now.

It was over.

The enemy formation that was attacking was not as tight as when defending.

Therefore, for his Mamlukes and Sarrandian Horsemen, as long as they went around to the back and attacked from both sides, they would be able to easily defeat the huge enemy army that was mostly composed of light infantrymen.

A group of ragtag troops, even if there were elites among them, they were still a ragtag group that could be defeated with a single strike.

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#### **Chapter 445: Forces with Ulterior Motives**

Facing the attack of the pirates, Baheshtur raised his scimitar and swung it forward.

More than 300 desert bandits, who were wandering around the periphery and waiting for orders, immediately spread out and formed a three-man team. They quickly rode their horses and rushed out like a scattered wolf pack, entering their hunting mode.

Although there weren't many of them, after they spread out, they were like floating catkins in the sky, galloping wantonly on the vast plains.

Even though these desert bandits wouldn't charge at them easily.

But the deterrent effect they had on the water bandits.

Was without a doubt absolute!

These scattered light cavalry focused on the rear half of the Reisneston River water bandits. This made the water bandits, who were also behind the light infantry, even more cautious. They didn't dare to rashly increase their pace.

They were arrogant, but they were also cautious. The experience of plundering on the Reisneston River was also suitable for land battles.

Once they were separated from the front and the back, it would be troublesome.

Even if they hoped that some of their "Companions" would die in battle so that they could get more great silver coins.

However, before they won the battle, a large number of their companions would be killed by the cavalry, causing the battle to fail. That wasn't what they wanted to see. A bunch of people would die, and they wouldn't even be able to get a single small silver coin. They wouldn't do a loss-making business!

However, it was definitely impossible to leave just like that.

Very soon.

The water bandits who had short spears or long spears were deployed to the outside.

They were also equipped with water bandits archers who held short bows. They were arranged in rows, and from time to time, they would draw their bows and shoot arrows, which in turn would deter the desert bandits and prevent them from charging forward.

The equipment of the water bandits were mostly short-handled axes or longsword machetes, but they also had short spears and long spears and handaxes.

The common short bows were also available.

After all, it was a water battle.

Before the jump gang battle, the short spears and long spears could form a line to prevent the enemy from ambushing.

The short bows could also provide long-range damage.

Although they did not have stronger bows and strong crossbows, these pirates, with their bravery and ferocity, could already pose a threat to the guards of the merchant ships. This was also what they relied on to traverse the river.

Apart from a few elite patrol ships, they weren't afraid of anyone!

Water battles were different from land battles.

This was something that they were proud of.

However, their arrogance had turned into a joke in the face of absolute strength.

Before Mamluke had even moved out, 800 sarrandian horseman riders had already charged out from the two wings. As they galloped, they quickly arrived at the two sides of the pirates.

There were 400 sarrandian horseman riders on the left and right. They lined up neatly and raised their long spears.

They could charge at any time!

The pirates became even more cautious.

Those pirate leaders had their elites lined up on the two sides.

At the very front, they had the 1,000 elite long lance soldiers that the knight commander of the silver platter kingdom had brought to guard. They slowly advanced, forming a dense phalanx of long spears to prevent the mamlukes from charging.

This was a helpless move. During the attack, the huge number of pirate troops showed their bloat.

In the history of war, it was never better to have more.

Bloating was a disadvantage.

If there were no outstanding generals and high-quality middle-level commanders, the bloating advantage could only turn into a disadvantage of improper operation, failure of command, allowing the enemy to attack, and only passive defense!

Now, it seemed like the Reisneston River Pirates and the forces of Zenarburg of the silver platter kingdom had joined forces.

There were only two forces.

But in reality.

The Reisneston River Pirates had gathered five forces.

Each of them had a face and heart that didn't agree. They were pulled together for the sake of absolute benefits.

This was also the case for the knight commanders of Zenarburg of the silver platter kingdom.

The six forces were connected by interests. If they could command smoothly like an arm, it would be too much of a test for the qualities of the generals and commanders.

Of course, it was obviously impossible.

Everyone had different intentions.

They all wanted others to go up first to die while they kept the most people in the hope of obtaining more treasures.

Their greed was spreading. Unknowingly, they even stopped advancing. Instead, they started to defend their positions. They did not trust each other and formed six formations according to their own camps.

Just like the plum petals, although they seemed to be close, they were actually very distinct.

They were not one!

Facing Kant's cavalry, they could not be united.

Everyone hoped that after the other people were attacked and fought to the death with the enemy's troops, they could go and pick up the rewards. At the same time, they would accidentally injure many of their fallen 'allies'.

Of course, it would be even better if only their own people were left behind.

"A bunch of idiots."

Mockery appeared in Baheshtur's eyes.

Before the battle, these guys were still plotting and scheming. It was a joke to him, especially when they were facing so much cavalry. If they still dared to have such thoughts, they would be courting death!

If everyone was united, there might really be a chance to retreat back to the Reston River alive.

But now?

They were only seeking their own death!

The raised machete swayed. This was Baheshtur's order.



In the distance, the desert bandits and sarrandian horseman, who had already made arrangements, began to run around the water bandits even more intensely. Each and every one of them acted as if they were going to charge at any moment, scaring the water bandits into gathering even more closely.

Meanwhile, Baheshtur reported to Kant, "Lord, are we going to start?"

"Yes."

Kant's expression was calm.

He lightly knocked his horse's abdomen and galloped forward. "Let's attack."

"Yes." Baheshtur revealed a sinister smile.

He turned his head and shouted, commanding the Mamlukes, "Under the orders of Lord Kant, all cavalry follow me. Prepare to charge! Kill!"

"Kill!" The Mamlukes shouted in unison.

A thousand meters away.

The group of Reinsnston River Pirates became even more vigilant.

At the front, the Knight Commander of Nazaire Fort had an extremely depressed expression, and there was a hint of pain between his brows. He could not help but mutter, "This time... it seems to be... bad..."

But looking at the troops under Kant's command, his heart grew colder and colder.

They were not on the same level at all!

He turned his head.

Behind him, the knight whose nose tip had been cut off was still cursing in a low voice.

Obviously, his anger had already overshadowed his heart. The others also had some light in their eyes. Their greedy expressions were obvious, almost to the point of impatience.

The other knights and knight attendants did not think that they did not have the strength to fight.

They were all newcomers.

Those new knights who had not experienced the war ten years ago.

Otherwise, they would not have been fooled. They would have followed him to the territory of the Dukedom of Leo and attacked the noble of the Dukedom of Leo. If they were discovered, even the silver platter kingdom would not admit it, not to mention the Baron of Zenel Castle who had tricked them into coming over, baron Taylor had already thrown him out. How could he bear the responsibility.

In the battle ten years ago, the cavalry of the Dukedom of Leo had shone brilliantly. Although the infantrymen had been easily defeated by the silver platter kingdom, the silver platter kingdom had also admitted that the cavalry was no match for the Dukedom of Leo.

Therefore, the troops of the silver platter kingdom that were close to the border of the kingdom were mostly equipped with elite lance soldiers.

They were there to defend against the cavalry that came and went like the wind and charged at them.

But now...

The commander of the knights thought that it would be difficult for his 1,000 elite lance soldiers to return alive.

If he really placed all his reliance on the pirates behind him and the 30 or so priests of the dark red cult who were like stray dogs, it would be too dangerous!

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

#### **Chapter 446: The Final Charge**

However, the war had already begun. No matter how regretful the knight commander was, he could not order the entire army to retreat and give up the position here, hoping that he would be able to leave the battlefield easily.

Not only would the enemy not let them off, even his current allies would not allow such a thing to happen.

The Pirates of the Resniston River had long been filled with greed.

They had a thirst for treasure.

Whoever dared to give up on this operation would be the enemy!

Don't look at how they were all on guard against each other now. They were gradually advancing in a defensive posture. They wanted to engage in close combat with Kant's cavalry group. In fact, when it came to the final attack, they would still swarm forward.

After all, it was all for the sake of money. Although they did not care about the casualties of their allies, they definitely cared about victory!

If they did not win.

That was equivalent to not having any treasures.

If they could not obtain these carriages full of treasures, then it was impossible for them to have their dream life.

The Pirates of the Resniston River understood the simple reason. This was also why they were still in a petal-like formation and were still advancing slowly, step by step, hoping to use the dense formation to disperse the threat of the cavalry.

Although the charge of the cavalry group was terrifying, it was still difficult to contend against the encirclement of the infantrymen.

It was difficult for two fists to fight against four.

The infantrymen group that had the advantage in numbers could also pile up to kill the cavalry group that had fewer men.

Moreover, in a real war, the cavalry that was caught in close combat actually did not have as strong an attack as the infantrymen. As they still had to control the warhorse, it was more inconvenient.

This was also the reason why, with a short lance in hand, they could suppress the cavalry in close combat.

Moreover.

He was still full of confidence in these elite long lance soldiers by his side.

When the silver platter kingdom's troops invaded the Dukedom of Leo, they relied on these long lance soldiers to force the knights of the Dukedom of Leo to be unable to launch a frontal assault. Moreover, in the confrontation between the infantrymen, they defeated those mercenaries head-on.

The mercenaries, who were disorganized and had no tactics or discipline to speak of, were simply no match for these elite lance soldiers.

The final result was that the infantrymen had been completely defeated.

Their formation had been shattered.

If it had not been for Baron Dylan, he would have used schemes and risked his life to defeat the silver platter kingdom's generals and guards, causing chaos on the entire frontline. At that time, Cameron had seized the opportunity to turn the tide, and it was basically impossible to determine victory or defeat.

Now, his confidence was lacking because of the elite long lance soldiers that he relied on to withstand the enemy's attack.

There were simply too few of them!

"Boom, Boom, Boom —"

The horseshoes struck the land of the plains.

The heavy cavalry had already begun to move slowly on the flat terrain. Finally, they began to sway left and right around the troops that had already formed a defensive formation and were waiting to charge.

The 800 sarrandian horseman were like 800 hungry wolves with green eyes.

They were scouting for opportunities.

As long as there was a slight gap.

In the end, these sarrandian horseman would pounce forward without hesitation and completely open the gap!

Don't look at how beautiful these six petals were. In reality, once they were heavily injured, they would be destroyed like real petals. They would not be able to withstand the direct charge of a group of heavy cavalry.

This was because Baheshtur had already led part of the Mamlukes into a distance that was sufficient for them to charge.

200 meters.

A total of 1,000 Mamlukes lined up in three rows.

Each row of 300 people was like a huge rectangular body. They carried the reflection of silver heavy armor as they slowly pressed forward. They began to gallop on their horses. They even began to increase their speed..

The rumbling sound became more and more intense as the earth shook. It was like the sound of a flood finally appeared.

The expressions of the pirates on the river changed drastically.

This was the charge of cavalry!

It was the charge of a group of heavy cavalry that was terrifying as a flood!

When they were on the river, they had never seen such a large scale charge of heavy cavalry. They also had no idea what kind of destructive power such a terrifying charge could bring.

However, the hearts of these pirates had already begun to tremble because of this terrifying charge.

Sarrandian horseman took the lead to charge on both sides!

And the target of the charge.

Was the two waves of pirates on both sides of the river!

In the petal-shaped gap, there was a gap of nearly two meters. It seemed small, but in reality, it was the easiest place for cavalry to break through when charging forward!

As long as they charged through these gaps and broke through the external defense, they could cause chaos in the defensive formation.

Next.

It was the Mamluke's turn to completely crush the enemy's Charge!

This was Sarrandan's favorite way of attacking, and the Kujits's way of attacking was similar. However, compared to the kujits who could ride a bow and shoot, Sarrandian's attack was more direct.

In terms of destructive power, it was also more brutal!

It was brutal to the enemy.

Similarly.

It was brutal to itself!

The charge began. The Sarrandian horseman, who held a lance in his hand, had already spurred his horse and charged into the gap between the two waves of Riesneston River Pirates. He rampaged and knocked away the pirates who dared to stop him.

Although the outermost pirates held short spears, they were also the most garbage cannon fodder.

The true elites were all on the inner side.

Similarly.

The short spears in the hands of these trash cannon fodder were also considered as short spears in the sense of the word.

They only used a wooden pole to cover the spearhead. Compared to those high-quality short spears forged by blacksmiths, the real military short spears were not considered weapons at all. They could only be considered as weapons used for self-defense!

This also caused the elite Sarrandian horseman to ride their horses and charge at the pirates arrogantly.

“For the Lord! For Sarrandia! Kill!”

The pirates resisted with difficulty.

The robust Sarrandian horseman and the armored Sarrandian horseman were like one entity. The scimitar in their hands slashed down fiercely, using the round shield of Sarrandian on their left arm to block. The light infantry pirates suffered heavy losses.

Although the Warhorse also suffered superficial injuries, it was only so. This kind of creature’s vitality was very tenacious.

Even if it was a deep wound, it would not die for a moment.

On the contrary, it even stirred up the warhorse’s bloodlust.

It let out a crazy neigh.

Then, in its rampage, it knocked the pirates to the sides heavily. Then, it stomped on them with its hooves. No matter how the Pirates tried to block or dodge, it still did not hinder the 400 Sarrandian horseman that charged in from both sides. On the contrary, their own side suffered heavy losses!

Even though nearly 30 sarrandian horseman riders and warhorse had fallen together, the result of the battle was the deaths and injuries of over a hundred water bandits, as well as more water bandits, who were fleeing to the side in fear!

Because the ones following behind were the desert bandits.

Along with the whooshing sound in the air.

The short javelins poured down.

These 300 desert bandits did not charge into the formation directly. Instead, they nimbly used the advantage of the light cavalry to throw at the water bandits who were gathered at the rear with short bows in their hands, killing and injuring the water bandits archers who were wearing leather armor.

In a short moment, the entire water bandits were trampled on by the cavalry.

However, no one dared to act on their own.

The leaders of the water bandits of the Resniston River shouted crazily, indicating for their subordinates to counterattack.

At the front, the knight commander was breaking out in cold sweat. He gritted his teeth and ordered the elite lance-soldiers to defend to the death, ensuring the stability of his front line. Because right in front, the group of Mamlukes had already started to move.

Kant had personally launched the charge!

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 447: The Powerful Summoning Golem**

The charge of this group of heavy-armored cavalry had finally begun.

A terrifying roar sounded. It was as if a flood had been released. With the top-notch strength of the Sarrandian people, they began to charge towards the area of the Riesnidon River bandits as if they were venting.

Kant was at the front. His delicate and well-proportioned palm was already gripping the hilt of his sword.

The mages were reporting.

Right in front.

They had sensed the aura of a spellcaster as well.

Although it had been concealed, they could still clearly sense that the spellcaster's aura came from the dark red sect. This was because only those forces that often came into contact with demons could have such a dense demonic elemental aura!

Moreover, among the Reisneston River Bandits, there were more than five Grand Knights!

This was not a threat to Kant.

It was just an appetizer.

Even the evil priests of the 30-odd dark red cult were simply food for him.

The reason why Kant could tolerate these guys and line up here leisurely was because he wanted to intimidate the nobles of the eastern county or the Dukedom of Leo!

He needed a very direct and straightforward victory to establish his authority.

And it was here!

He needed to let those noble families know who would be the future king of the Eastern County!

The Mamlukes had already charged forward, but he was 100 meters away. He did not directly charge into the spear formation set up by the elite lance soldiers of the silver platter kingdom.

Even the heavy cavalry that had armor on both horse and man could not directly charge into such a formation.

Even if they could easily break through like a hammer.

However.

The subsequent damage would still cause casualties.

The inertia of the heavy cavalry when charging was invincible. However, the long lance that was erected could also be inserted into the chest of the heavy cavalry. It completely ignored the excellent double-layer chain armor, causing the precious Mamluke to suffer heavy casualties.

This was because the effects of force were mutual.

The charge could exert force.

However, the inertia brought by the charge also added a reaction force when it came into contact with the long lance.

This was why the phalanx of long lance could effectively obstruct the charge of the cavalry. Even the well-equipped and terrifying heavy cavalry like the Mamluke and the Swadian knight did not dare to directly charge into the front of the phalanx of long lance.

Even if they could tear through the phalanx, the casualties on their side would not be small!

A wise commander would not directly charge into the phalanx of the lance.

On the contrary.

To an excellent cavalry commander.

The front of the phalanx of the lance was indeed powerful, but in comparison, the sides and rear had lost the protection of the dense spears. It was much easier to charge and attack.

As long as they broke through one point, the entire front of the lance formation would collapse.

As a powerful cavalry country.

Swadia, Sarrandian, and Kujit all understood this very well.

Without Kant's command, the Mamluke had already split into three groups and charged toward the two sides of the Lance Formation. Like cannonballs, they smashed heavily toward the Reisneston River Pirates.

The pirates on both sides did not have the protection of the lance formation, not to mention that they had already been smashed into pieces by the Sarrandian Horseman.

They were like the best targets!

As for the front.

There were still 300 Mamlukes waiting for orders within an 80-meter radius.

The battle cries continued, and the entire rear, the petal-shaped formation, had already begun to turn chaotic. Especially the Reisneston River pirates who were fighting on their own, they were easily massacred by the cannonball-like Mamlukes who had just charged in.

They stabbed with lances, struck heavily with iron staffs in both hands, and hacked with scimitars.

The pirates were also fighting back.

However, the longsword and scimitars in their hands, even short spears and handaxes, could not cause too many casualties.

Sarrandian horseman and these level 4 cavalry warhorses did not wear armor. Thus, when faced with the pirate's intentional injuring of their warhorses, they were still somewhat cautious. During this period of time, close to a hundred cavalry soldiers were forced to abandon their warhorses that had died.., they drew close to each other, holding their round shield and machetes as they engaged in battle.

However, the Mamluke did not care. Their entire bodies were donned with fine Sarrandian chain armor, and their Warhorse was also donned with Sarrandian Warhorse armor. They were basically land tanks, charging and rampaging amongst the light infantry pirates!

No one could stop them!

Even if there were pirates fighting desperately, the swords that came slashing at them would only create sparks on the chain armor.

Even the more powerful hatchets could only slightly cut through the steel chain mail. Even if there were short spears coming, they would be blocked by the steel shields of the Mamlukes and handaxes.

The entire outer formation of the Reinston River pirates had been completely eradicated, and they had even lost the possibility of integration!

The charge of the Mamlukes and their handaxes was too strong.

And in close combat, the trampling of the infantrymen was too fierce!

These heavy cavalry soldiers were even charging towards the core area of the Reinston River Pirates. The elite pirates were also panicking and wanted to dodge, but there were few who could retaliate.

Because those elite pirates and the pirate leaders had already discovered that their greed had brought about destruction.

They had no way of resisting these terrifying heavy cavalry.

They could only be massacred!

Even at the front, the silver platter kingdom troops, who were barely able to stabilize their formation, did not make a single move. These pirates were also filled with despair. They did not hate them, and on the contrary, they were very understanding.

If even the silver platter kingdom troops collapsed, then they would be completely massacred.

The phalanx of long lance withstood the pressure from the front.

However.

The pirates could not withstand the onslaught from the left, right, and back!



“Let those priests go!” Finally, the leader of the pirates was furious. They were shouting at the priests of the dark red cult, demanding that they immediately use a mysterious spell in hopes of turning the situation around.

“Black Cloud Spell!”

More than 30 priests of the crimson sect cast their spells.

Their faces were also filled with anxiety, because they could also sense the deterioration of the current situation.

Therefore, these priests did not hold back. As waves of thick black clouds rushed out, large patches of blood immediately appeared on the bodies of the Riesneston River pirates at the periphery. Clearly, the black clouds were highly corrosive.

Even the Sarrandian horseman and Mamlukes, who were entangled in the black clouds, sensed that something was wrong!

“Summon nature!”

And right beside Kant, 170 mages raised their magic staffs.

They did not cast any powerful spells. Instead, among the Riesnidon River pirates and the elite lance soldiers of the silver platter kingdom, they cast the only summoning spell, summoning those terrifying golems!

The golems were made of stone and held two-handed hammers. They were 2.5 meters tall and did not have any human emotions!

The massacre had begun!

Compared to the cavalry, these golems were more intimidating!

Because they appeared in the void, and even when they appeared, they directly crushed many pirates and lance soldiers. Then, they waved their two-handed hammers and beat up the enemies around them who were not mentally prepared!

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

#### **Chapter 448: Strength Rapidly Expanding**

The golem rampaged among the Riesneston River Pirates.

As a fully constructed creature, there was no restriction of a body of flesh and blood. This group of creatures, which were entirely made of stone and magic carvings, was, in a sense, a complete killing machine!

The two-handed sledgehammer and two-handed battle axe were held in the hands of the golem, and every swing caused a rain of blood.

There were also the pirates who were sent flying by the terrifying force of the sledgehammer.

No one was a match for them!

Even the elite pirates, who were wearing mail armor and holding a round shield and longsword, could only retreat step by step in the face of the frenzied golem. Their bodies trembled as they tried to leave.

No one wanted to die, and no one wanted to be buried in the hands of these golem statues and become a fallen corpse.

Because this place had become a bloody battlefield.

That's right.

The massacre was continuing!

The pirates of the Resniston River had mistakenly treated Kant as someone they could bully and kill.

Just like those merchants back then, they thought that they could easily win the final victory, and then quickly leave on the battleship. In the end, they would obtain immeasurable wealth and live the lives of the rich.

However, the bony reality made them understand that all of this was impossible.

The golem's massacre continued.

And on the left and right sides.

Mamlukes and Sarrandian horseman charged in again.

The original petal-like formation had been destroyed like a mud pit, and anyone could step on it.

As for the elite long lance soldiers of the silver platter kingdom, who were originally neat and relied on the river bandits of the Resniston River, they had completely collapsed under the Golem's fearless charge.

In just a short moment, the massacre began, and blood converged into a river.

The massacre.

Their lives were withering.

Even the more than 30 priests of the dark red cult were struck to death by lightning from the sky when they tried to cast their spells.

The mages of the Emfath Empire had always been paying attention to their own kind. If it was not for Kant's attempt to wipe all of them out in an instant, a single AOE spell would probably be able to wipe out many people. The mages' physiques were not high at all.

But casting an AOE spell required too much.

For example, lethal deep frost.

After casting it.

The entire area would become a place covered in cold.

The enemies in the middle of the spell would undoubtedly freeze to death, and even the people around them would be frostbitten. However, the cold wouldn't dissipate in a short period of time. Even if their own troops stepped in, it would still only cause a slight impact.

Due to the aftereffects of the AOE spell, Kant did not give the order to release it in this battle.

Just the charging formation of the golems.

And the sweeping of the cavalry was enough.

Just like now.

The battle situation was gradually becoming clear. The Riesnidon River Bandits that were on the verge of collapse were completely unable to stop the cavalry that was getting fiercer and fiercer. Even the golems were able to completely break through the formation of the bandits.

In the end, the group of water bandits of the Resniston River chose to flee.

They cried and fled in the direction of the river.

The distance was not far.

Three kilometers.

However, this three kilometer distance was the distance from the human world to hell!

How could a group of infantrymen fight against the cavalry? Even if there were a few existences who possessed extraordinary powers among the group of water bandits of the Resniston River, they were easily defeated by the royal knights.

Countless people died in the battle. Even the elite long lance soldiers connected to the silver platter kingdom were turned into corpses.

Kant did not choose to capture them.

He did not need them.

The purpose of this battle was to wake up the noble families of the eastern county.

It was to let these noble families know who was the strongest king and the true power that controlled this estate.

Apart from a few knights and knight attendants of the silver platter kingdom who fled on horseback, the remaining 5,000 people were all chased and killed by the Sarrandan people, who numbered less than 2,000. They harvested the land in patches.

Even if they fled to the two farms and the forest where they had previously stayed, it would not do.

They had already become defeated soldiers.

They could not be called an army.

There were no soldiers who could withstand the attack. The defeated soldiers who were like sheep and had been carried away by the fear of the masses were finally met with death by the machetes and spears from the Sarrandian Sultanate.

Even the peasant farmers who were waiting on the farm were slaughtered.

Baheshtur personally gave the order.

There was no other way.

Since they dared to collude with the pirates, there was no need to live.

No matter which noble's farm this was, Kant did not need to care about it. In the current Dukedom of Leo, there was almost no one who dared to fight with him!

In the temporary camp, a small group of pirates stood respectfully in front of the tent.

They put down their weapons.

They weren't captives.

The few people in the lead were the few pirates who reported to Kant.

The former subordinates of Princess Sofia had now completely sided with Kant and made the wisest decision.

They avoided the consequences of being massacred. They looked at the pirates they were familiar with, and even some of their friends, who had been massacred. Not only did they not harbor any resentment, they even gloated over their misfortune.

Having lived enough as pirates, they did not want to get involved with these pirates at all.

Now.

They were not pirates.

They were the enviable country gentry under Baron Kant!

Because just now, Baron Kant had already acknowledged their identity, and even promised to draw a piece of land for them in the eastern county. If they were willing to continue to become knights, as long as they had the means to do so, they would head to the Stone Pass.

Baron Dylan was also a noble, and he had the right to be conferred titles.

Of course.

Kant had already taken control of the Stone Pass.

Then all the local rights would be inherited by Kant, even if he was conferred titles.

But to Kant, there was no pressure at all to continue to being conferred as knights. It could even be the effect of buying horse bones with thousands of gold coins. After all, these water bandits were once knights, and were the former subordinates of Princess Sofia.

In this way, it was extremely useful in attracting the other former subordinates to join him.

Kant did not have much feelings for his cheap mother.

After all, he had not seen her too much since he was young.

However...

Those old subordinates who were scattered in the Dukedom of Leo, or even the silver platter kingdom, could be used by him.

This was only a small trick used by the noble families, especially when they completely defeated the Pirates of the Resniston River near the Dukedom of Leo. This meant that this part of the water would be completely controlled by Kant's nord village.

The nords were born merchants and sailors. Taking over the power vacuum left behind by the pirates was a piece of cake for them.

The help of the pirates was also a part of it.

Next.

Kant's goal was to completely annex the Dukedom of Leo.

After all, he had already taken down more than half of the eastern county territory and a small part of the northern county territory, including the Riesneston River in this region. Kant's strength had already accumulated to the point where he could challenge the authority.

For example, the noble system of the Dukedom of Leo, and his father, Cameron!

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

#### **Chapter 449: East County's Submission**

The massacre finally ended at the riverbank of Resniston.

Apart from the knights and knight attendants who fled on warhorse and dived into the river to swim, and received the help of the pirates guarding the battleships on the shore, everyone else had been massacred.

The scene was very tragic. From outside the forest, there were scattered corpses, and most of the fatal injuries were on their backs.

The soldiers who had already fled lost the spirit to fight back.

They were just lambs being slaughtered.

When Kant was in the camp and ordered to arrange dinner, as the sky gradually darkened, the desert bandits and Sarrandian horseman who had spread out gradually returned, together with all of Mamluke, to the camp.

It was just that unlike the previous clean and tidy appearance, most of the cavalry had bloodstains on their bodies.

Similarly, everyone was injured.

There were also a few corpses dragged back by the warhorse.

This battle was not as simple as it seemed.

If it were not for the elite cavalry, they would not even be able to break through the infantry formation formed by the water bandits. However, even now, it could be seen that even if the cavalry charged into the midst of the water bandits, they would still be injured.

At the beginning of the charge, it wasn't that the pirates didn't resist. At that time, the cavalry suffered the most casualties.

Of course.

Even if they resisted, it would be useless.

In the end, the pirates were all massacred. The scattered infantry wasn't a match for the cavalry.

Moreover, this group of pirates had already lost the mentality to resist. Facing these cavalry from the Sarrandian Sultanate, a group of genuine elites who had fought their way out of the continent of Caradia didn't have the slightest spirit to resist.

Groups of pirates were massacred, groups of elite lance soldiers were harvested, and their lives were withering.

Even the knights who had escaped had left behind quite a number of people who had died in battle.

They were also the only troops that had formed a system to escape.

The commander of the knights.

As well as more than a dozen knights who were close to each other.

There were also more than a hundred knight attendants who belonged to them.

As for the others, they had all fallen under the slaughter of these fierce Sarrandian people because they felt that they were in the rear, or were forced to be in the rear, or have simply given up. Even if they knelt down to beg for mercy, or announced their surrender, they were all slaughtered.

Kant's order was very clear. There was no need for captives. Then they would carry it out in resolution. No captives!

But there were exceptions.

Baheshtur, a young man from the KurjitKhanate, returned.

Behind him were more than a dozen captives. Beside him were the serious-looking royal knights and lion knights. With an absolute number, these more than a dozen captives trembled. They did not dare to show any signs of resistance.

Among these people, three were the leaders of the pirates, and the remaining twelve were the priests of the dark red cult.

They were all fellows who possessed extraordinary powers.

"Kneel!"

Baheshtur did not stand in ceremony.

He brought these captives outside Kant's tent and used his horsewhip to whip a slightly slower priest.

"What right do you have to stand here? A bunch of pigs! All of you, kneel!"

The 15 captives were filled with humiliation and despair. Even though their eyes were filled with hatred and resentment, they did not dare to resist at all.

Because there were a total of 30 grand knights beside them!

The grand knights who were invincible in close combat!

Although the three pirate leaders were also grand knights, they could not withstand the combined attacks of 10 grand knights.

As for the 12 priests from the dark red cult, they were even more pitiful. It was estimated that one grand knight would be able to slaughter all of them in less than two minutes at such a close distance!

Although the mages's spells were powerful, they were no different from a commoner in close combat!

No one dared to be impudent.

Therefore, they also knelt down in humiliation.

It was not that they had never suffered such humiliation before, but with their status, they had all knelt down at least ten years ago. Now, it was completely because of the fear in their hearts and their fear of death.

Whoever had absolute power had all the power in the world.

Kant walked out of the tent.

A knight immediately placed a chair over from behind.

Sitting on it, Kant looked calmly at these captives, but his gaze was on Baheshtur, who was standing beside him with a bow. "Tell me, who are these friends exactly?"

"Lord Kant, I don't really understand."

Baheshtur smiled.

But the horsewhip in his hand gently rose and fell, and he turned his head to look at the captives, his voice was also somewhat sinister. "Alright, in front of the respected Lord Kant, tell us your identities and secrets, and perhaps you will be able to live a dignified life, and not be like a lowly bastard, whose corpse is casually thrown into the wilderness and let the vultures eat at will!"

"I'll speak!" As soon as Baheshtur's voice fell, a rude guy dressed as a pirate spoke directly. He knelt down and crawled two steps forward. He said anxiously, "I'm willing to surrender and offer my loyalty to Lord Kant!"

\* smack -- \*

However, his entire body was sent flying by the horsewhip.

Face beaten to a pulp. Baheshtur put away the sturdy leather horsewhip in his hand, his voice was even more sinister. "Lord Kant needs your loyalty? You are just a lowly pig! Now tell me everything you know and your identity so that you can live!" Baheshtur said in a deep voice, "Don't talk about anything other than the problem!"

"I'll talk... I'll talk..." the leader of the pirates and the priests of the dark red cult hurriedly kowtowed. They were so frightened that they panicked and completely lost their minds.

Under the threat of death, no one dared to play any more tricks.

They could actually see it.

At the moment, Lord Kant didn't care about them at all. He only thought that they were still useful, so he captured them. If the answer wasn't satisfactory, they would definitely die.

And they didn't want to die, so they all chose to cooperate.

As expected.

The leader of the pirates was a pirate of this river.

However, the current pirate force had been destroyed by Kant. Even if they lost all of their elites on land, even if there were some pirates left in their nest, they were just a bunch of old, weak, and disabled people.

The pirates were still most powerful at water battles. However, they had given up on their strengths and came to land to compete with Kant. It was simply courting death.

The priests of the dark red cult were the remnants of the dark red cult that had escaped from the eastern county.

Kant was already clear that...

the eastern county had been purged.

Almost all members of the dark red cult that were known to the public had been purged.

Even the priests of the dark red cult who possessed mysterious powers were swarmed by a large number of troops. They were easily killed by dozens of battle bows that were more than ten meters away.

The entire eastern county was now in awe of Kant, almost ingratiatingly.

"Not bad."

Kant sat in his seat with the corners of his mouth slightly curled up.

In his opinion, the eastern county would be considered taken down. At the very least, after this battle, the noble families of the eastern county did not dare to continue provoking him.



## Lord of the Oasis

### **Chapter 450: Kant's Choice**

Under the night sky, the eastern county was very quiet.

In the distance, on the Reinston River, there would occasionally be a fleet of ships with lights on. They would move in rows, splitting the waves and splashing. They would take advantage of the dark ships to rush to the southern county of the Dukedom of Leo to sell goods and buy supplies.

As the lifeblood of the human countries, the Reinston River would never be quiet.

This was an extremely important passageway.

In reality.

Even if the human countries were to start a war, this river would not be sealed.

The nobles who controlled the trade caravan and had a lot of wealth would not easily touch this river even if they were to fight amongst themselves. This was because this represented the interests of the entire noble family. Whoever touched it would be a complete failure.

No one would let go of those who broke the rules. They would not even leave a chance to make a comeback after failure.

It was even crueler than war.

Kant understood.

Even if this was not a rule on the surface, it was no longer something that could be explained by unspoken rules.

He sat on the riverbank, which happened to be located at the mouth of the tributary that extended from the ancient passage. With the light of the stars and the moon, he looked at the vast river with waves in front of him, deep in thought.

The Reinston River, which could be said to have nurtured human civilization, had left an indelible mark in history.

However, he had other thoughts.

For example.

Sending troops to break through the defense line and forcefully attacking the key strongholds.

There were also traps and feints that could be realized through this river.

Especially since he already had a navy that was dominated by the Nords, his use of this river was no less than the use of heavy cavalry by the Swadian people.

The classic example of the Nords was using warships to storm the shores of the Kingdom of Swadia.

They had even broken through the capital of the Kingdom of Swadia, Sargos, allowing the Nords to truly set foot on the continent of Caradia, and even have the ability to unify the continent!

Now.

Kant also had the Nords.

This group of natural-born merchants, sailors, and warriors who were good at battle.

As long as he had them, he could take the warship and directly attack the southern county of the Dukedom of Leo.

Wait a minute, this was not a possibility, but reality. If Kant wanted to, he could really build a group of elite navy after successfully upgrading the fortress to level up and building it towards the castle!

Especially after more than half of the pirates on the Resniston River were eliminated, their strength could completely fill in.

Kant turned his head and looked back.

Not far away on the hill, the lights were bright.

A brand new fortress was being built in a short time with the hill as the center.

The six-meter-high stone wall surrounded an area of 500 square meters. Watchtowers and arrow towers stood in a forest. With the council hall at the top of the Central Hill as the benchmark, a complete defensive network was set up.

In the surrounding wilderness, the three-man team of desert bandits were also spread out to scout.

The entire fortress was heavily guarded.

However.

What attracted people's attention was a small river that flowed out of the fortress.

It was the small tributary next to Kant that flowed into the river, but the river was only 10 meters wide and about two to three meters deep. No matter how you looked at it, it was just a bigger stream.

But on the side of this small river, there was a wooden dock that was nearly 100 meters long.

Many people were still busy there.

Wooden pillars were nailed in the middle of the river and fixed with wooden boards and hemp ropes.

There were also wooden pillars for ships to tie up after they docked. It showed that after this dock was successfully built, it would connect to the river and become a fulcrum for the prosperous commerce.

At least on the side of the river, there were Nords hitting the ground with stones.

This was to strengthen the soil layer.

Next.

The stone slabs were laid on the reinforced soil layer.

After that, open-air warehouses would appear. No matter what goods were placed, they could be quickly connected to the merchant ships that docked at the dock. Regardless of whether it was loading or unloading, they could be quickly completed. Then, they would sail out of this small river.

The Nords had always been outstanding merchants. Their pursuit of commerce was no less than their passion for battle.

Money could allow war to be won.

And if war was won, it would bring even more money!

This was their code of conduct. This was also the reason why the Nords were passionate about business and conquest.

Even if they became pirates and thieves, it was still better than staying at home and waiting for death. This was an aggressive culture formed by the social ethos of the Nords, it was also why the Nords' Kingdom was able to gain a foothold in the continent of Caradia in such a short period of time. It was because of its strong cohesiveness!

Even if the kingdom of Nords and the continent of Caradia behind them were cut off due to the struggle for power, ordinary people continued to come to the continent of Caradia. It was something that the Vikians and Kujits could not compare to.

Just behind him, someone walked over quickly. It was Baheshtur.

"What's wrong?" Kant asked.

"The supplies from Aaron have arrived," Baheshtur replied. "Five carriages of food, two carriages of table salt, and one carriage of honey have arrived."

"Very good." Kant nodded. "Use them all as the fortress' supplies."

"Yes."

Baheshtur nodded.

Soon, the desert bandits behind him, who were the messengers, returned on foot.

"Is there anything else?" Kant looked at Baheshtur, who was still behind him, and the corners of his mouth curled up. "Recently, I saw that you were also very restless. Could it be that after that battle, things have not calmed down yet?"

"No." Baheshtur smiled, his gaze was filled with coldness. "Lord, since those pirates have already said it, we can completely let the battleships lead us to the southern county territory. As long as we capture Lionheart city, even if there is still a lion fort left, it won't be much of a hindrance to us."

"Yes, I understand your plan."

Kant nodded.

Since seven days ago, when they had eliminated the pirates and the the Silver Platter Kingdom's extended hand, Baheshtur, who was a young Kujit who was passionate about war, had already ignited the flames of fighting spirit in his chest.

Previously, they had discussed the strategy of directly attacking the largest city of the Dukedom of Leo — Lionheart City.

It was also the most important trading city in the southern county.

Capturing this place was equivalent to cutting off the economic lifeline of the Dukedom of Leo.

With the Nord warships and the tactical advantage brought about by the surprise attack, coupled with the powerful combat ability of the Nord infantrymen, capturing Lionheart city was practically a piece of cake!

However, Kant was still a little worried, so he did not launch a bigger attack and start a new battle.

The situation in the northern county was still in a stalemate.

The situation in the eastern county had just calmed down.

If they rashly started the battle in the southern county, it would be a little difficult for Kant to digest.

They needed to be on guard against the northern county at the Stone Pass. With Viscount Wayne as the main force and the mercenary group of close to 10,000 people, Fatis was also under a lot of pressure there.

The caravan here was adjacent to the Silver Platter kingdom, and was the main force of the three kingdoms.

The situation they were facing was even more dangerous.

Kant needed to make a decision.