

## Oasis 451

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

#### Chapter 451: The Crisis of Stone Pass

Northern county, Stone Pass.

After two months of development, this place had become the most important business and trade center of the northern county. In a short period of time, the flow of people had increased several times, filling up this fortress built in the middle of the canyon.

Even in the villages that planted barren land outside the pass, there were many people temporarily staying there.

The table salt trade from the Nahrin desert fed this fortress.

There was no other way.

The fine table salt produced by the Nahrin Desert had already taken over the market of table salt in the Dukedom of Leo.

Even if the quality of the mineral salt purchased from the distant dwarf tribes was not inferior to the boiled salt of the Nahrin desert, or even slightly higher than that, due to the cost problem, it had completely lost its ability to compete.

Even the human countries along the Riesnidon River began to trade the fine white salt from the Nahrin Desert.

The price was only two-thirds of the table salt of the dwarf.

But the quality was almost the same.

The fine white salt from the Nahrin desert quickly became the most popular commodity in the northern prefectural territory.

Not to mention the trade caravan of all sizes in the Dukedom of Leo, even the trade caravan of other kingdoms on the Riesnidon River began to inquire about the Nahrin desert, whether intentionally or not, and even pushed the trade caravan's base here.

Especially the stone pass, which guarded the central point of the Senwaya range, there were more than 300 trade caravan firms gathered there.

In addition, there were a large number of speculators who came to look for opportunities.

There were even spies who had ulterior motives.

There were countless laborers who saw business opportunities and gathered to look for jobs.

There were also all kinds of vicious bandits who were active in the wilderness or at the borders of the Dukedom of Leo.

They included mercenaries who acted as guards for merchants or guards for the Lords along the way. Even in the now wealthy villages, they would occasionally hire these mercenaries to guard against bandits' attacks.

After the development of the table salt trade in the Nahrin Desert, the northern county territory actually flourished in a strange manner.

It completely relied on the table salt trade.

This was an iron item.

Table salt was a complete luxury item!

This kind of modern cheap condiment was an important resource that could support the taxation of a kingdom in the feudal era. Especially in the inland areas without the sea, it was something comparable to a silver mine!

In some places, table salt could even be used as a currency. It was enough to show the value of this material.

Fatis also understood.

He stood at the top of the city wall at the Stone Pass.

Next to him, the Swadian Infantry in chain armor were patrolling.

There were also the archers of Veruga and the crossbowmen of Swadia, who were holding battle bows. They were stationed majestically in the tall watchtowers and large towers, vigilantly staring at the dense road outside the city wall.

The current Stone Pass was no longer as desolate and barren as before.

It was only crowded.

A large number of houses were being renovated. The house prices in the entire pass had already increased by three times.

The rich merchants had all bought land. They had built a spacious and luxurious office near the original market of the pass. This allowed the local merchants who were used to the poor Stone Pass to see what was truly decent.

This also brought about the upper-class atmosphere of the entire pass and began to move towards luxury and elegance.

Even the commoners wore clothes made of cloth from other kingdoms.

As for the traditional coarse linen.

Only coolies and poor people would wear it. The commoners all wore fine linen clothes.

As for the knights and country gentry, as well as the nobles who were more passionate about luxury, they even wore velvet clothes. One had to know that this was once the clothing that only the lord of Grothenburg, the highest viscount in the entire northern county, Viscount Wayne, could afford.

However, in the rich profits of the table salt trade, the big merchants revealed a little bit of oil, which made countless people very full.

It indirectly promoted economic development.

And taxes.

Not to mention all kinds of taxes at the Stone Pass.

Even from the Stone Pass to Grothenburg and Masburg, these noble families made a lot of money from taxes.

There was also Lionheart City on the Riesnidon River. Because of the table salt trade, the monthly tax revenue increased by two times. As time went on, more and more merchants came to the Dukedom of Leo, and the amount of tax revenue also increased.

According to the estimates of some scholars, it was possible to increase the tax revenue by 20 times in two years!

However.

Those noble families were not happy.

Even the trade caravan that controlled the majority of the table salt trade.

Even the taxes and tolls along the way made their mouths full of oil.

However, looking at the real gold and silver mine in the Nahrin Desert, which was still not under their control, each of them had a covetous and greedy look on their faces. They rubbed their fists and slowly gathered together, wanting to do something.

They all wanted to get a share of the salt mine in the Nahrin Desert.

Instead of being like now, where they could only eat some oil and water.

They.

Wanted to become the owner of the salt mine, even if it was just one of them!

Thus, under the pull and indulgence of some noble families, a group of mercenaries was organized, occupying some of the hills outside Lion Mountain, forming a huge mercenary group.

There were close to 20,000 people, and there were even mercenaries from other human countries outside of the river.

There were also close to 10,000 people from the Allied army of other noble families outside.

With Viscount Wayne as the leader.

Although they did not directly indulge, they crossed the threshold of Masburg that led to the southern county territory.

However, the many noble families in the northern county territory had already begun to probe the Stone Pass.

During this period of time, at least a dozen mercenary groups disguised as bandits had appeared. They had intercepted and killed the trade caravan, which had a very bad impact. At one point, many trade caravans had avoided the trade routes of the northern county and chose to go near the death penalty mountain of the southern county.

This was only the news that had been exposed. In the dark, there were many more burning, killing, and plundering.

Mercenaries were not good people.

If a Lord hired them, they were soldiers.

No.

They were bandits.

Some female mercenaries even had to act as female soldiers.

For these guys who would sell their lives and integrity for money, that was even easier.

These were all digressions. Currently, Fatis was facing an alliance army that was led by a noble and led by mercenaries. They were starting to approach the Stone Pass, and the smell of war was getting stronger.

If they were still immersed in the prosperous economic activities at the Stone Pass, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Fatis understood.

Rolf, who was originally active in the outer regions, had returned.

He brought along a large number of desert bandits and spread out as scouts to resist the light cavalry of many bandits.

As the days passed, the war was getting closer and closer. Moreover, some merchants had sent news that the Alliance Army of the northern county seemed to be moving out, and their target was here.

The war was about to start. It was in the northern county, the territory of the Dukedom of Leo.

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#### **Chapter 452: The Final News**

A team of desert bandits was galloping on the open plains.

The horse's hooves knocked on the slightly rugged dirt road. Following the fixed route, they galloped rapidly towards the north. Their faces were also filled with anxiety. Even though they were extremely tired, they did not dare to relax for a moment.

This was because they were messengers, scouts, and cavalry. They had information regarding the safety of the Stone Pass.

At Grothenburg.

At the castle of the Lord of the North Prefecture, Viscount Wayne, a large number of troops were gathered.

According to some of the mercenaries they had bribed, they had obtained new information. These 30,000 men were an army formed by countless mercenaries. Their goal was the pass.

Most of them were infantrymen, and there were a few elite knights corps. They looked ready to battle.

Of course.

The goal of the battle was their outpost.

It was also a strategic Stone Pass that guarded the north-south junction!

According to the butlers of some noble families who were heavily bribed, this battle also had the support of the southern county. Although they did not send troops directly, they did provide logistical support.

There was enough food for 30,000 people to last two months, as well as a large number of wooden shields and leather armor to spare.

There were also 50,000 arrows.

They were all strategic material, including mules, horses, and carriages used for transportation. There were nearly 8,000 of them.

It could be said that this battle, which seemed to be a mercenary group attacking and the noble system of the northern county, was actually something that the high-ranking noble of the southern county had allowed, and even the royal family had tacitly accepted.

This was a terrorist force that was enough to heavily injure the Dukedom of Leo. If it was not used well, it would be a double-edged sword.

They were able to successfully assemble.

This was because many factions had made a compromise!

After capturing the pass, there would be enough benefits to satisfy the participating factions.

It would be even better if they could go through the most important pass in the Senwaya range and enter the Nahrin Desert. They could also successfully capture the Oasis Lookout that still existed in the map and obtain countless salt mines.

The absolute benefits contained within could drive anyone crazy.

... ..

The city gate of the Stone Pass was not closed.

40 Swadian footmen were carrying a fan-shaped heater shield on their backs and holding the hilt of the Germanic sword on their waists. Through the vigilant eyes under the helmets of the footmen, they stood majestically at the city gate, sizing up the trade caravan.

Just above the city gate and at the arrow towers on both sides, there were 50 Veruga archers standing guard.

This was the current military protection of the Stone Pass.

With just these troops.

It was enough to make the trade caravan not dare to let their guard down easily.

Especially those who had ulterior motives, they subconsciously shrank their necks, lowering their heads and not daring to show their faces, afraid that something unexpected would happen and cause them to fall here, or even lose their lives.

In fact, this was also the case. This was because there were almost daily cases of missing people in the Stone Pass.

This meant that there were people disappearing without anyone noticing.

Most of them were spies who were pretending to investigate.

Whether it was the spies who were hiding in the trade caravan as guards or laborers, or the spies who sneaked in while it was dark, most of them could not be contacted for a few weeks.

It was as if there was no such person in the Stone Pass. It was very strange, and even a little terrifying.

Ordinary people would not think so.

But in the eyes of those spies, it was indeed terrifying.

Waves after waves of accomplices entered the Stone Pass. Usually, they would only be able to send out a few messages before they died.

There were even people who had completely lost contact before they could even send out any messages. Even when they sent people in to inquire, they did not discover anything. They only knew that they left in the evening and never appeared again.

After that, even the person who had asked the question had disappeared without a trace at some point in time.

This also resulted in the fact that there was still some mystery behind the StonePass.

As a result, until now.

The number of spies that still existed in the Stone Pass was very small.

Some of the spies that were sent to scout or gather information did not bother to conceal their presence at all. They simply gathered some information that they already knew and left before the sky turned dark. They were afraid that if they were a step too late, they would never be seen again after the curfew.

However, this was also good. At least the spies that were sent over suffered less and less losses.

There were even unspoken rules.

If the spies did not move.

Then they would not disappear for no reason.

This became the law. At the very least, the Stone Pass was still as calm as ever.

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“Move! Move!”

However, at this moment, the sound of hurried horse hooves could be heard from the city gate.

The 10-man team of Desert Bandits was galloping on their horses. They were brandishing their whips in a hurry, causing the trade caravan in front of them, who had been lined up neatly and were about to enter the city, to immediately restrain their horses and dodge to the sides.

Even the light infantrymen stationed at the city gate had purposely made a gap for the desert bandits to enter.

This was an emergency arrangement.

Inside the Stone Pass.

The patrolling swadian infantry had already ordered the carriage and pedestrians on both sides to make space.

This team of Desert Bandits headed to the council hall at an extremely fast speed. At that place, Fatis, who had already received the news, had already appeared in the hall, waiting for the report of this team of desert bandits.

Soon, the leader of the desert bandits, the captain, took the lead and entered.

“Sir Fatis!”

He quickly reported, “The investigation has been completed. As you said, the other party has already started to move.”

“Yes.” Fatis sat in the main seat. His expression did not change at all. He only nodded lightly. “Then, has the plan I mentioned before already been implemented?”

“Yes.”

The desert bandits captain said, “Lord Rolf has already informed us. The plan has begun.”

Fatis nodded. “Very good.”

After pondering for a moment, he waved his hand and said, “Go and rest. In the afternoon, your team will immediately head to Aaron and notify James. Let him make the necessary preparations.”

“Yes.” The captain of the desert bandits bowed and led the team away.

Only Fatis was left in the room.

His expression was calm. He turned his head to look at the candle, and the corners of his mouth curled up into a smile.

He had sent people to monitor the group of mercenaries in the northern county. Now, he had finally gotten results. Since those guys had started to gather with full confidence and even planned to directly engage in battle, then he must not give up on the Stone Pass, the core hub of the Nahrin desert leading to the Dukedom of Leo. There was no way he could retreat.

The Stone Pass was also the central hub of Lord Kant's territory.

With this place in his possession.

He could head to the Dukedom of Leo and use the Mountain of Death as a point to enter the eastern county to communicate with Sargos.

He could also head to the Nahrin desert and use the central posthouse as a point to contact Oasis Lookout and Aaron.

If this place was occupied, it would be equivalent to cutting off the city network that Kant had set up. It would even leave a serious problem between Oasis Lookout and Aaron. After all, the only thing between the two was empty desert!

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#### **Chapter 453: The Mountain Pass That Was Ready**

The mountain pass could not be lost!

Of course, Fatis understood the strategic significance of defending this place. Otherwise, Kant would not have let him, who had received a professional noble education, be in charge of the Mountain Pass.

He had even sent Rolf, who was also a noble, to lead thousands of light and heavy cavalry in support.

However, that was enough.

Even though Fatis knew about the actions of the alliance of the noble families, he did not feel the slightest ripple in his heart.

This battle would eventually appear. Since they had launched an attack before they were strong and only started to act after everything was ready, they would have to bear the corresponding consequences!

Kant had once talked to Fatis about the situation in the northern county!

Especially now.

The situation in the Dukedom of Leo was surging.

Not only was the northern county territory heavily infiltrated by Kant's forces, even the eastern county territory had been infiltrated by more than half.



If they defeated the Lord of the Northern County, Viscount Wayne, and the southern county territory tacitly agreed to gather the mercenary corps, then Kant's forces would completely occupy the northern county territory, and even the noble families of the eastern county would choose to submit.

As long as they were close to the Dukedom of Leo's direct territory, the wealthy southern county, the dukedom would be under their control!

All of this was about to happen.

Naturally.

Kant did not even have to make a choice. His enemies had already made a choice for him.

But now, Kant was still in the eastern county's Nord fortress, Sargos. At the Stone Pass in the northern county's territory, he had to completely rely on Fatis himself, as well as Rolf, who was wandering outside as support for the mobile forces.

"Inform them."

Fatis pondered for a long time in the main seat and slowly raised his head.

The guard on standby at the side immediately took two steps forward and quietly lowered his head, listening to his orders. "Warn the city defense forces to secretly enter a state of Emergency Alert. Gradually clean up the spies in the city and disperse the low-level immigrants."

"Yes!" The guard nodded and quickly left.

"Also!"

Fatis continued to speak.

However, he spoke to another guard beside him. "Immediately send people to inform Ma Nide and Jocelyn, who are guarding the Oasis Lookout, to get them ready to support." His tone paused for a moment, he still said, "If the results of the battle at the Stone Pass are not smooth, I will voluntarily give up this place and lure the enemy into the Nahrin Desert. I will take the opportunity to wipe them out!"

"Yes!" The guard nodded and left as well.

The arrangements were completed.

These guards would use their warhorse to head to their mission destination in the shortest amount of time.

They were all elite desert bandit, the most elite light cavalry. Their position in the pass was more like a messenger than a guard. As long as there was a situation, it was time for them to appear.

For example, these elite desert bandit left on their horses, turning into black dots and disappearing into the vast desert and plains.

The dark tide had already begun to surge.

The shadow of war had already enveloped the Stone Pass.

In fact, those merchants had a sharper sense of smell than the commoners or the poor.

After all, most of these merchants were the local nobles of the Dukedom of Leo. They were trained and served as employees. Although they managed the trade caravan and were rich, they were actually the spokespersons pushed to the front desk by the noble.

Sometimes, when the frontline was fighting to the death, having their brains would be blown, the people in the back would still be trading with a smile.

This was very normal for the merchants.

Money was everything.

Those people who fought bloody battles for victory were just a bunch of stupid boors.

This was even more vividly reflected in the most senior noble families. Sometimes, the two sides were still fighting intensely, to the point of a blood feud. However, in reality, once there were benefits for both sides, the flames of war would immediately cease, both sides shook hands and made peace.

This was how the noble families were. The rules that belonged to them were also the dignity of the noble families. Some senior noble families even had marriages with each other. There were people in each of their bloodlines, and the split on the surface was just for outsiders to see.

Even the royal family that was in charge of the dukedom was the same. They had long been tied to the noble families.

They were originally part of the noble system!

... ..

Half a month had passed.

The Dukedom of Leo had already fallen into a strange atmosphere.

Especially in the northern county, the dense trade caravan that used to travel on the rugged dirt road on the plains were now sparse. There were only two or three big and small cats. The number of carriages was also seriously insufficient. It was obvious that they were not a large trade caravan.

However, there were even more people on the dirt road, as well as the terrified poor people, who carried their simple and crude luggage and left.

They had all received the news.

It was said that war was about to break out at the Stone Pass.

This was something that the knights unintentionally said when they were drunk. However, in a short period of time, everyone in the pass of Stone Mountain knew about it. Therefore, these poor people, who were originally here to take advantage of opportunities and seek wealth, fled very quickly.

Even the commoners and country gentry who originally lived in the Stone Pass had taken the initiative to flee.

This included some timid knights.

That's right.

During this half a month, in just a short period of 15 days, some of the troops in the Stone Pass had already fled.

Most of them were knights who originally belonged to Baron Dylan. After Kant's arrival, they had submitted to Kant's feet. Now, facing the army gathered by the northern county, how could they not be afraid?

However, Fatis did not organize their escape.

In comparison.

Those who did not escape were the ones who should be paid the most attention to.

During this period of time, some people with ulterior motives had already captured more than a dozen of them.

In their homes, they had even found secret letters brought by spies. They were all from the conditions that the northern county's noble families had promised. For example, they would give the village as a fief and become a fief knight, not the current honorary knight.

Some even suggested that as long as they helped the other party break into the Stone Pass, they would obtain the title of hereditary knight.

The noble families of the northern county had spent a lot of money!

However.

In the end, Fatis solved a lot of spy cases.

Those knights who surrendered were also tied up in the dungeon. As for those knights who resisted stubbornly, they were directly shot to death. At this moment, Fatis did not have any mercy.

Moreover, the word 'mercy' did not apply to traitors!

During this period of time.

The impregnable Stone Pass had also been set up.

2,000 Swadian footman had already arrived here.

In addition, there were 1,000 Veruga archers and 500 Swadian crossbowmen.

Of course, this was only the scale of the city defense force. There were also 500 Swadian knights and 1,000 Swadian heavy cavalry that could charge out as a mobile force.

Furthermore, in the plains outside, Rolf's light cavalry troops and 1,000 desert bandits were roaming about.

They were ready.

Outside the city.

The 30,000 Noble Alliance army had finally arrived.

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### **Chapter 454: Viscount Wayne's Ambition**

On his warhorse, Viscount Wayne was fully covered in chain mail crafted by high-level blacksmiths. This included the complete set of neck, arm, and leg mail forged from iron. In terms of defense, he had everything.

There was nothing he could do. As the supreme lord of the northern county, he needed such protection, and he could afford it.

Behind him were 300 knights.

Their equipment wasn't bad.

On the triangular flag on the top of the lance, there was the family emblem of Viscount Wayne.

There was a red-eyed swallow holding a sword and a shield, surrounded by flowers.

This meant that he had real power, a fief, and an army. The sword and shield represented everything, and the three flower buds that could be seen in the flowers represented that his family had been around for 300 years.

However, that swallow was not something to be proud of. Instead, in the eyes of Viscount Wayne, there was a bit of irony.

The swallow represented the commoners.

This proved that his family was a noble that had made contributions from the commoners.

The red eye, on the other hand, was like the red eye of an eagle. It meant that his family had a marriage alliance with the royal family. They were one of the noble families that the royal family valued the most, and were the most important noble allies of the royal family.

The eagle and the lion were often the symbols of the royal family.

The symbol of the Dukedom of Leo was the lion.

The eagle was a branch of the bloodline that was closely related to the royal family, and it also represented the top-tier noble families.

In any case, the noble families were all connected by marriage. Their bloodlines had long permeated each other. It did not matter even if they had the same bloodline, because that was the truth. They relied on marriage in exchange for mutual support.

However, Viscount Wayne wanted to go one step further. It would be even better if he could replace swallows with eagles!

"Now is the chance."

He muttered to himself.

Turning his head, behind him and his personal knight, a bunch of mercenaries dressed in different clothes but holding weapons formed a long snake, following closely behind him. They walked quickly, each of their faces filled with fanaticism and excitement.

The desire for wealth, as well as the desire to change one's social class, had all evolved into a desire.

Viscount Wayne was the same.

"It's over there."

He looked forward. On the horizon in the distance, a majestic mountain range appeared before his eyes.

From the horizon on the left to the horizon on the right, it seemed endless. It was precisely this almost majestic mountain range that blocked the invasion from the vast desert further north.

This was the Senwaya range, the best backer of the Dukedom of Leo.

It used to be.

And now, it was!

Especially after the discovery of the salt mine in the Nahrin Desert, the Dukedom of Leo had also brought along its economic backer.

In a short period of time, the Dukedom of Leo had gotten rid of its original economic structure. It did not need to use crops and handicrafts to exchange for various goods. Just the tolls and commission from the trade caravan were enough to make it rich.

It was all because of that salt mine, the salt mine that did not belong to the Dukedom of Leo at the moment!

The noble families began to move restlessly.

He, Viscount Wayne, was one of the most direct leaders.

That's right.

Viscount Wayne, the lord of the northern county, was this person who stood out.

He was also willing to stand out, willing to be used by the high-ranking noble families of the southern county. He was even smug about it. Finally, he had a chance to come into contact with the true, most powerful forces of the Dukedom of Leo.

If he did not have any value, it meant that this guy had no value at all.

That was no different from a dead person.

On the contrary.

If he could indirectly use the others' help.

This was a win-win situation. Wayne liked this feeling very much. For this reason, he was willing to stand out.

Although he ruled the entire northern county, this vast land was so barren and dangerous. The annual output of all the farms under his jurisdiction could not even compare to the few farms by the river in the southern county.

Even the most profitable fur products in the Senwaya range could not compare to the money earned from trading by the river.

Most importantly.

Viscount Wayne's title was only Viscount.

In the southern county and the eastern county, he was only a middle-level noble. From this, one could see the status of the northern county.

In the Dukedom of Leo, it was often said that the nobles in the northern county were a group of beggars with noble titles. Even the honorary nobles in the palace were not willing to work in the northern county. It was obvious that they looked down on this barren land.

How could he, Viscount Wayne, be willing to be looked down upon by the mainstream noble circle forever?

That's right.

Even he did not join the noble circle.

The noble of the southern county was the real noble. In the past, it could be considered as the eastern county. As for the noble of the northern county, they were no different from ordinary country bumpkins. In fact, the commoners of the southern county were comparable to the knights of the northern county.

In the circle of the true noble, this was undoubtedly a disgrace to the honor of the noble.

But now, it was different.

As long as he captured the Stone Pass, then he would have the stepping stone to become a noble.

And if he occupied the salt mine in Nahrin desert, even if he had to share the spoils with the other nobles of the Dukedom of Leo, even if he contributed the least, he would not be able to get the lion's share. Viscount Wayne also knew that he would completely become a noble.

This was a chance for his Wayne family to undergo a qualitative change.

He did not need to be overly greedy.

He just needed to take things slowly and steadily.

The Wayne family began to prosper. It took them 220 years to become the supreme lord of the northern county.

It was also because of his grandfather's great contributions that he obtained the status of supreme lord of the northern county. A few years later, he passed it on to his father, who passed it on to him before he died.

In other words, it took three generations to exchange for the 80-year-old position of supreme lord of the northern county.

As for him...

He was the viscount of the new generation of the Wayne family.

He could finally obtain a new change in the 16th year after inheriting this title and estate.

As long as he didn't lose the title of lord of the northern county and marry the high-ranking nobles of the southern county, the Wayne family would be able to use the geographical advantage to grow into a true high-ranking noble.

The entanglement of interests and realistic marriages were the most reliable means for the noble to form an alliance.

There was one in each of them.

Viscount Wayne could wait.

At worst, he could become a high-ranking noble in his grandson's generation.

At that time, the Wayne family would no longer be a Viscount. It was even possible that they would become a count. Their bloodline would even be intertwined with that of the royal family. Even the archduke would have his bloodline.

It was not impossible. Just thinking about it made Viscount Wayne tremble. He could not be more excited.

"Pass the order!"

He shouted.

He turned to the messenger behind him and ordered loudly, "Tell those cute boys to work harder. I need to reach a place 30 miles away from the pass by nightfall. At that time, I will find a village to let everyone rest!"

"Yes!" The messenger nodded and immediately rode his horse to deliver the order.

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#### **Chapter 455: Sneak Attacks In the Night**

The North County's noble alliance army finally arrived near the Stone Pass.

The originally rugged dirt road was now completely devoid of traces of the trade caravan and pedestrians.

Only a few figures riding horses could occasionally be seen in the distant flat plains. They rode past in the night, and even the cavalries sent by the noble alliance army could not catch up.

These cavalries were all desert bandits. They were scattered outside, following the noble's alliance army from afar.

Their mission was to investigate.

If the noble's light cavalries came to chase them away, they would leave without any reluctance.

But when the light cavalries retreated, these desert bandits would follow them like flies.

From afar, the distance between the two sides would never exceed 100 meters. This was simply too easy for the desert bandits. Compared to the Sarrand Desert, it was even easier to follow the trade caravan.

After all, they were all bandits, elite light cavalry trained in the desert!

When they were far from the noble alliance army's outpost, these desert bandits would get close to those light cavalries and brazenly revealed their fangs. They pulled out their short pilums and rushed over in twos and threes, killing the light cavalries that did not have means of long-range attacks.

In terms of mobility, flexibility, and pilum throwing, the desert bandits were extremely confident!

They looked at the light cavalry of the noble alliance army.

They were originally full of anger.

Unknowingly.

They had entered deep into the plains and were relatively far away from the noble alliance army.

Initially, when they saw the desert bandits stop, their faces were filled with excitement. They wanted to rush up and finish off this group of sneaky fellows, but they did not expect that those sneaky fellows would instead charge over.

Before they could draw their swords and rush forward, they were dead on their horses' back when they were attacked by the pilums.

A regular battle?

To the desert bandits, this was a regular battle!

Along the way, they kept stopping and attacking the noble alliance army. These desert bandits could be considered as having fun.

Other than a few unlucky people who were too close to the allied army and were killed by the rain of arrows shot out by the powerful crossbows, no desert bandits were injured, but they still suffered losses.

At a slightly sunken ancient river in the distance of the noble alliance army, thousands of cavalries stopped.

Rolf was here.

The surrounding cavalries were also light cavalries, they were the desert bandits and the elite desert bandits.



There were thousands of them, and there were also desert bandits who had just been recruited from the Oasis Lookout. Currently, there were 600 ordinary desert bandits and 1,000 elite desert bandits who were used to harass the enemy.

The ones who had been sent out to follow the noble alliance army were the ordinary desert bandits.

And this had caused a lot of losses to the noble's light cavalries.

"Lord Rolf!"

Desert bandits quickly came over.

They respectfully got off their horses and half-knelt in front of Rolf to report, "The allied army the North County has appeared in a village about 30 miles south of the Stone Pass. They are currently setting up a temporary camp. They seem to be preparing to rest."

"Yes." Rolf sat on a chair and spread out a map in front of him. "Have you notified Firentis?"

"It has been arranged." the desert bandits nodded. "They have probably reached the Stone Pass by now. Sir Firentis has also received the news." His tone paused for a moment, he still reported, "However, that group of noble alliance army seems to be planning to attack in the dark. From our observation, some impatient mercenaries are still heading towards the Stone Pass."

"Attack while it's dark? How interesting!" Rolf sneered, put down the map in his hand and said, "Do those mercenaries think that they can easily defeat the defenders on the city wall?"

"They have siege weapons." the desert bandits reported, "It seems to be a ballista. It's in the carriage accompanying them. After we bribed some mercenaries, they told us that they also have parts for catapults. I guess these catapults are the main weapons to attack the city."

"This is difficult." Rolf touched the short beard on his chin. "Are you sure?" He looked at the desert bandits. After getting a positive answer, Rolf's eyes narrowed slightly. "Let my boys get ready. Get the linen ready. We are ready to welcome our friends."

"Yes!" the desert bandits retreated. At the same time, they spread the news to the entire cavalry unit.

This was the preparation before the battle.

Thirty minutes later.

Rolf rode his horse and led the team forward on the plains.

The spears, machetes, and short pilums were ready. There was also the linen cloth wrapped around the horse's back.

These light cavalry units moved forward quickly, rumbling like rolling thunder. However, when they were about to reach the vicinity of the village, they quickly stopped advancing. All of them followed the orders of their captain and got off their horses. They began to lead the warhorses forward.

The moonlight and starlight shone on the land. Even in the middle of the night, one could still see a very far place.

However, what they could see was blurry and could not be seen clearly at all.

It could not be compared to the day.

Therefore, Rolf and the others could slowly approach the village that was garrisoned with the noble alliance army.

They did not even need to care about the light cavalry troops that were wandering around. Naturally, there were desert bandits who went crazy and launched feints on the other side of the village. This was a part of their plan, just like what they had done in the past.

In the Sarrand Desert, feints attracted the attention of the guards of the trade caravan. Then, the main force would plunder the trade caravan from the other side!

"It's done." Rolf led his horse in front.

They didn't encounter any light cavalry who were scouting and patrolling along the way.

Because on the other side of the village, the 600 desert bandits were cursing the allied army like crazy, attracting the attention of the light cavalry. They were going back and forth, fighting and running. They didn't engage in close combat, nor did they retreat immediately, instead, they were like flies that flew back and forth, completely angering the light cavalries that belonged to the noble alliance army.

A large number of light cavalries that were originally scouting and patrolling the surroundings were all deployed, in order to hunt down the 600 desert bandits. Even some light infantrymen were sent out.

"Prepare for battle!"

Rolf's eyes were determined. He slowly pulled out the scimitar at his waist, turned his head, and said, "Start the operation!"

"Start the operation!" the captains gave their orders one after another.

They began to trot quickly, leading the warhorses as they trotted on the soft soil. In addition, the soles of their feet and the warhorses' hooves were wrapped in linen, so the sound was not loud. Instead, there was a strange muffled sound.

It was like a rock rolling. Although there was a sound, it could not travel far.

Under the night sky.

Three hundred meters away was the deep night sky.

And this short distance, to the cavalry, could be flipped up at any time and turn into charging status!

Looking at the outline of the village in the starry night ahead, as well as the many torches that lit up the tents scattered around the village, Rolf directly got onto his horse and fiercely kicked the horse's belly, shouting loudly, "Charge!"

"Kill!" the 1,000 elite desert bandits immediately pounced over!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

**Chapter 456: The Collapse of the Mercenary Groups**

Just as the group of noble alliance army were already tired from the day's march and were relaxing during their rest, their attention was still attracted. The 1,000 elite desert bandits charged at them abruptly!

A surprise attack or a sneak attack were the tactical attack that took advantage of people's unpreparedness, which was why it was also called an ambush.

And it was a night ambush.

Therefore, when Rolf led the charge, the mercenaries in the tents were still in a daze.

They were on guard, because they knew that more than half of the allies patrolling outside had disappeared. However, when the sudden charge began, they were still stunned for a few seconds. Only when the ground beneath them began to shake did they understand what had happened.

There was large troop of cavalries charging at them!

But so what if they were aware that they were being attacked?

A distance of 300 meters was a distance that heavy cavalries could enter their full charging status.

For light cavalries, they had already entered their charging status and began to run recklessly. They made use of the speed and inertia of their scimitars and spears to transform into the most terrifying killing machine!

And in the eyes of the cavalries, this 300-meter distance was only a few seconds!

"Kill!" Rolf raised his machete high, his face full of malevolence.

The warhorse under him galloped rapidly, taking the lead. It flew directly over the three-meter distance to the pile of tents. The machetes in his hands did not need to be hacked. They were placed parallel to his body. Each and every one of the mercenaries had yet to recover from their shock. As the blade stabbed their bodies, a bone-deep wound was instantly cut open due to the inertia.

However, before all the mercenaries could react to this sudden attack, the desert bandits charged forward like a flood. They followed Rolf and completely rushed into the pile of tents, wantonly hacking and stabbing with scimitars and spears.

The neighing and wailing of horses sounded at the same time. The smell of fresh blood and feces and urine filled the air.

The slaughter continued!

In the outermost tent, the mercenaries did not even get up.

Because the extremely fast desert horses had already used their hooves to stomp those unlucky fellows who were still resting on the outermost tent to death. The trampling of the horseshoes of charging horses was no less than the smashing of a heavy hammer!

Moreover, with over a hundred horseshoes crashing down, they were charging with an extremely lethal force.

Even iron could be flattened, not to mention the human's flesh.

A pile of meat paste oozed out from the tent, but it was trampled by more horseshoes.

Elite desert bandit charged back and forth in the tent, rampaging and charging. The mercenaries who had yet to organize themselves tasted the bitter fruit of the ambush, which was to be slaughtered like lambs!

These mercenaries were not familiar with each other. Some even drew their swords at their allies in order to escape.

It was normal for them to kill each other.

They even charged into the main camp of the village!

That was the core of this group of mercenaries.

However, it was all protected by the private army of the noble families. They did not allow these lowly mercenaries to get close at all!

The regular infantrymen wearing mail armor and holding long spears. They formed a phalanx of long spears on the streets of the village. The sharp spears did not care whether they were allies or not. As long as someone dared to get close, they would mercilessly stab them.

The faces of the noble families behind them were grim. For their own safety, they would not allow these mercenaries to enter.

This was because the mercenaries were already in chaos.

They had lost their rationality.

They could even draw their swords and kill their own allies just to live for a short while.

If these mercenaries charged into the village and saw that the noble was still looking at all of this, the mercenaries who had gone mad would probably be exasperated and cause an even bigger conflict.

This was definitely something that could happen. There had been many times in history, and the noble understood this very well.

The madness brought by the lower class.

This was especially true during the riots!

Mercenaries were not kind people. When there was no lord to hire them, it was common for them to be part-time bandits. In other words, they were bandits, and there was no separation between the two!

However, the situation became more and more tense.

The noble could not allow the terrified mercenaries to enter the village.

The mercenaries who were being massacred did not have the courage to fight back. Instead, they were more skilled at killing their allies and fighting for their own chance of survival.

They were killing each other. They even began to form groups of two or three to kill the noble infantrymen in the village.

However, their sharp and dense spearheads made no mercenary dare to cause trouble.

However, in just a short ten minutes, at least 800 + mercenaries were completely turned into corpses. Nearly 3,000 + mercenaries had wounds of varying degrees of severity on their bodies.

A small portion of them were done by the elite desert bandit.

Most of them were caused by themselves by killing each other.

As for Rolf and his light cavalries, they did not suffer much resistance at all.

Other than a few people who were injured by the mercenaries and fought back, almost 99% of the elite desert bandits did not suffer any casualties. After wantonly trampling on the tents of the mercenaries on the outside and turning everything upside down, they chose to retreat.

This was a surprise attack, and the mercenaries were caught unprepared.

It could not be too long.

Because during this period of time, many mercenaries who found themselves in a dangerous situation began to band together.

After all, most of the mercenaries' tents weren't damaged too much. After the initial chaos passed, each of the mercenary captains shouted to organize his subordinates and began to prepare for battle.

This left the elite desert bandit who weren't good at close combat with no good ideas.

Retreating was the best choice.

Rolf naturally would not hesitate. He was the best commander of the light cavalries.

When the ambush was encountered a difficulty, he directly gave the order to retreat. He led the elite desert bandit soldiers and left in a flash. They disappeared into the vast plains in the night and soon disappeared without a trace.

Not long after they left, the chaos outside the village gradually subsided.

The noble's regular army regained control of order.

After killing some of the mercenaries who took advantage of the chaos, the noble alliance army regained their calm.

However, everyone understood that this sudden attack had torn apart their seemingly huge advantage in numbers. Due to mutual distrust and greed in everyone's hearts, this advantage had turned into a huge disadvantage.

If it was the regular army, they would have long gathered together and formed their own formations to defend against the sneak attack.

Although they would also suffer casualties, it would not be this huge.

A 30-thousand-man army were almost crushed by 1,000 cavalries.

It was ridiculous. However, it also proved that most of the noble alliance army was a motley crew!

Of course, this was related to the lack of defense of the noble alliance army, but if it was an elite army, how could they let Rolf's night attack succeed? Without any excuses or reasons, this was a serious failure, it severely crushed the morale of the allied army right before the attack of Stone Pass.

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

#### **Chapter 457: The Internal Strife of Mercenaries**

Rolf led his horse and left. The rumbling sounds continued to echo across the plains.

This was a pleasant surprise attack. An ambush was the best tactic for a light cavalry troop to carry out. To be able to wipe out a portion of the unprepared enemies was the value of this tactic.

Now, the noble alliance army could not sleep well!

There was no other way.

They did not expect that there was such an army of light cavalry on the plains outside the Stone Pass. They were like a pack of wolves lurking in the dark. They could pounce on them at any time and give them a heavy blow!

If it was just a simple offensive and defensive battle, it would be fine.

The noble alliance army that lacked light cavalry would not really engage in a field battle.

Although the total number of knight attendants of the noble families was close to 5000, these knights and knight attendants were the family assets of the noble families. How could they be wasted in this battle?

This was what they could rely on. If they lost their military power, then their final benefits would be reduced!

After all, they were only the vanguard.

They were the ones who stood out.

The real time to divide the spoils was yet to come.

Similarly, it was the top-tier noble who took the biggest share and divided the spoils among their wounds.

These nobles understood the logic behind this, especially when there were close to 20,000 mercenaries surrounding them. Their own knight attendants and conscripted infantrymen were the only things they could rely on to protect themselves!

How could a lowly mercenary compare to the conscripted soldiers that they had painstakingly nurtured?

Thus, they did not act rashly.

There were even fewer knight attendants chasing after them.

Occasionally, there would be some exasperated cavalry chasing after them. They were also the light cavalries among the mercenaries.

They were all light cavalries formed by a group of horse bandits and bandits. For the reward of the noble families, they were willing to stake their futures, or they wanted to avenge their friends who had just died in the ambush.

But the result was the same.

They did not chase too far before they were killed by the elite desert bandits who had returned to intercept them.

The heavy short pilums that were thrown towards them were extremely powerful. After the tip of the pilums pierced through the leather armor, it could still cause fatal damage to the body. If it was to these mercenaries, it would be equivalent to a fatal injury, because there was not suitable environment for recuperation. They did not have much medicine either. The mortality rate and sequelae after being injured were even more serious than the noble's!

Close to 200 mercenaries chased after them for a short distance. As more than 80 cavalrymen were killed, they all stopped chasing after them, reined in their warhorse, and cursed a few times before returning.

The village was filled with chaotic sounds.

Footsteps.

Curses.

And the wails of the dying.

Close to 3,000 of the mercenaries had injuries of varying severity.

There were even quite a number of people whose injuries were caused by their own comrades. They wanted to run faster when they escaped, or to be more precise, someone blocked their path, so they brazenly brandished their blades to kill.

In fact, many of the 800 + corpses were caused by killing each other.

Rolf and his light cavalries did not use killing as their tactical goal.

Instead, they started a riot.

This was the night before the general attack. Their tactical objective was to strike down the mercenaries' morale.

As long as the riot happened, the mercenaries who did not sleep well for the entire night. They had lost their originally strong morale. They would continue to attack the Stone Pass. This way, they would attract pressure for Firentis on the side battlefield.

This was also a tactic agreed upon by both sides. It was an excellent tactic that complemented each other.

Now, the advantage of this strategy was also displayed.

In the mercenary's tent, the riot had begun.

In the previous surprise attack, the act of drawing a sword on an ally in order to escape had finally attracted attention.

As more and more victims began to talk to their friends, more and more mercenaries began to quarrel, fight, and even draw their swords to start a duel. It even caused internal strife among several mercenary groups!

Although mercenaries loved money like their lives, they also liked to form groups, especially in normal times.

This was the strength of a team.

Therefore, this commotion quickly turned into a riot.

More and more mercenaries began to draw their swords and confront each other. Some even died in duels.

Grudges and hatred also became more and more. Those who usually did not like each other also took this opportunity to deliberately find trouble. They even began to fight with their swords, gnashing their teeth as they cursed and fought.

The chaos quickly turned into internal strife, engulfing the entire mercenary camp.

Even the village was affected.

The noble's infantrymen firmly guarded the street entrance and did not allow anyone to enter.

The well-dressed noble also put on their heavy armor and commanded the knight attendants to carefully defend against the attacks of some furious mercenaries.

The entire village was in chaos. Everyone seemed to have forgotten why they were here.

The hatred had already enveloped everyone's heart.

No one stayed out of it.

The sounds of fighting continued.

On the other hand, the mercenaries who were about 1,000 people and were planning to get close to the Stone Pass were not implicated.

After walking for a short distance, they saw the sounds of fighting coming from the camp behind them. It seemed that there were cavalry raiding the village. They were so scared that they quickly joined the battle, using the dense formation to give themselves a sense of security.

However, they did not receive any impact. Instead, at the camp behind them, after the sounds of fighting weakened, they appeared even more fiercely.

There was even someone setting a fire!



The fire quickly swept through the tent community outside the village.

The raging flames were in the hands of some flustered and exasperated mercenaries, completely becoming the fuse that ignited this area.

The flames soared into the sky, but no one put out the fire. More and more mercenaries started to attack each other. Even the mercenary groups that did not like each other chose to brazenly start a war, frenziedly fighting and killing.

The fire grew stronger, and the mercenaries outside were dumbfounded.

In fact, many of the mercenaries inside were the same.

Those shrewd ones were collecting treasures and quickly fled toward the plains outside with their heads lowered.

Those cowards were the same. They quickly followed behind and left. They were as messy as lambs. They didn't dare to stay here. If they escaped, they had a chance to survive this madness.

The team had already fallen into internal strife. How could they have a chance to attack the Stone Pass?

Those nobles did the same as well.

They panicked and led their troops to withdraw from the village.

Even the mercenaries in front of them, who were fighting, had their knights choose to kill them.

The fire had spread from the tents to the village. Not to mention the noble knights, even the civilians who had been driven to the corner began to flee. The fire had completely ignited the tent area with the help of the linen tents, the thatched house and wooden house in the village were burning.

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

#### **Chapter 458: The Laughable Battlefield**

The huge fire could be seen clearly even from the Stone Pass. The flames soared into the sky and the entire night sky had been dyed by the red flames. Even if they did not understand what had happened, they knew that they were definitely in danger.

“Attack.”

Firentis made his decision on the city wall.

He waved his hand forward and gave the orders to the messengers behind him, “Let the desert bandits go over and scout. The heavy cavalry troops will leave the city and wait for orders. The rest of the footmen will stay in the city. If there are any unusual situations, they do not need to report and deal with it on their own.”

“Yes!” the messengers quickly left the city walls. The troops in the stone pass also started to move out.

Soon, the heavy door of the Stone Pass was opened.

Along with the sound of friction coming from the door shaft, groups of cavalries quickly rushed out from the door. All of them were wearing chain armor and barrel helmets. They held heavy spears that were as thick as a child's arm and rushed out with a rumble.

Five hundred Swadian Knights walked at the front, and behind them were a thousand Swadian Heavy Cavalries as well as Firentis and ten Swadian Royal Knights.

This was his main force.

It was strong enough.

Just based on combat strength alone, it was enough to block 10,000 light footmen.

However, their actual combat strength and the effect of the attack on the enemy were so strong that even a formation of 10,000 light footmen could not be able to compare to them.

Looked at those oversized mercenary groups who had ulterior motives and were fighting on their own, they were lacked leadership or even ineffective leadership, causing them to fall into internal strife and panic. Compared to them, this group of heavy cavalries that was made up of the Swadian people was undoubtedly powerful, they were the force that could completely destroy everything!

Just as this group of heavy cavalries appeared on the plains outside the Stone Pass, the mercenary groups that were supposed to attack the Stone Pass actually started to waver. In fact, they even scattered!

That's right, they dispersed in a hubbub!

Originally, they could still form a dense formation to resist.

However, when they saw that the village had completely burned by the red flames, their morale was heavily crushed.

Even their own headquarters had been burned down by the fire, and they still didn't know what kind of attack the troops there had received. But just thinking about it, if they could defend, then would these fires still appear?

They definitely could not appear!

In the end, there was only one result — they lost the defense!

The noble alliance army could not resist the enemy's attack, and their defenses were completely broken through.

Just in the evening, after eating dinner and marching for a day, when they planned to have a good rest, their defenses were broken through by the enemy camp, completely destroying their ability to resist and turning their headquarters into a sea of fire.

Now that they saw the almost orderly heavy cavalry troops walking out from the Stone Pass, how could they not be afraid?

Their hearts were already filled with fear.

Now, it directly turned into fear!

Just like a frightened bird, the hearts of the mercenaries were completely replaced by fear.

Morale? What was that? Now, they only thought how to save themselves. When they ran, they even threw away all their miscellaneous items, just so that they could run faster, afraid that they would be caught and killed by the cavalries.

The pursuit of the footmen by the cavalry was very easy.

However, Firentis did not have the mood to do so.

He led the Swadian Heavy Cavalries forward. He ignored the scattered mercenaries.

In the surroundings, the desert bandits, who acted as scouts, were eager to chase after them. To these light cavalries who were poorly equipped, chasing after the collapsed enemy was like riding a big dog to chase a little lamb when they were young.

This was a pleasant game.

“Spread out and scout!” However, Firentis gave an order, “The target is the village, report back immediately if you encounter a large group of troops!”

“Yes!” the desert bandits stopped thinking of rushing out to chase after the enemy. They could only quickly ride their horses forward and run towards the burning village. In the battle plan, completing the tactical goal was the most correct choice.

Otherwise, with the harsh military law, even the elite cavalry would be whipped to death!

Disobeying the will of the general was a grave mistake.

The troops moved forward slowly.

The heavy cavalries looked ahead coldly.

In the fire, the entire village had been completely burned, and countless cries could be faintly heard.

These were the cries of the villagers. In this fire, they had suffered great losses, and even their relatives had been violated. The losses were immeasurable, and it was basically equivalent to bankruptcy.

The subordinates of the noble were not good people, or in other words, the military discipline in the Middle Ages was very poor, not to mention the even more despicable mercenaries.

Stealing and robbing were considered were not the worst thing they done, what was even more terrifying was snatching the door out of the tent, as well as the door-breaking extortion.

This village originally belonged to the Stone Pass, and it had made a fortune in the table salt trade. However, because of these noble alliance armies and mercenaries, they had colluded with the enemy to extort money. Now, they were all burned by the fire. If they were not bankrupt, then what?

The landlord became a commoner who had nothing, and the poor commoner became a bankrupt commoner.

No one could escape from the disaster of the war.

Or rather, it was fortunate that they could survive.

Moreover, because they met those mercenaries who were killing red-eyed, they were directly killed.

Even if they resisted, they couldn't. A group of commoners picked up kitchen knives, sickles, and pitchforks. Facing the extremely vicious mercenaries who were used to seeing death, the final outcome was very miserable, and the noble didn't care about these commoners at all.

Finally, when Firentis and his heavy cavalries arrived, the chaotic scene was brought to an end.

The Red Flag of the Golden Lion fluttered in the wind.

The light of the fire shone.

The civilians who had lost their homes wept and complained about their suffering.

And on the faces of the mercenaries who had yet to disperse, there was fear on their faces. Some knelt on the ground and simply surrendered, while others fled towards the plain and felt that they could escape.

"Kill them." Firentis waved his hand forward.

His expression was calm. "Robbing the villagers and burning the villages. These bandits deserve to die for their sins."

"Yes!" the Swadian Heavy Knights rushed out first. They stabbed the mercenaries who were kneeling on the ground to death with their spears. Then, they chased after the fleeing mercenaries.

Although they were heavy cavalry, their chasing ability was not weak either.

After all, they were cavalry.

There was also heavy cavalry who jumped off their warhorses, wore chain armor, and rushed into the burning village with their warrior swords.

Many mercenaries were still hiding inside. They needed to find them and stab them to death with their swords. They needed to send these people who were considered bandits by Sir Firentis to meet the Grim Reaper of this world.

No survivors, no captives, left no problems.

This was what Firentis meant.

"Ridiculous."

Firentis raised his head and swept his gaze across the southern wilderness.

Countless figures were still fleeing in the dark. Those were mercenaries who had escaped from this place. They were being chased by the Swadian Heavy Cavalries and massacred as easily as hunting sheep.

He turned his head and instructed, "Get all the heavy cavalries to come back and look for Rolf. He knows what to do with the rest."

"Yes!" the messenger nodded.

Then, he took out the horn on his waist, blew out a "woo" sound and gave the order.

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

#### **Chapter 459: Intercepted the Alliance Army**

Rolf naturally knew what he should do.

When he received the news, he immediately led his light cavalries to charge out. Their target was the mercenaries scattered on the plains. Just like riding a horse to chase antelopes or elk, they hunted to their heart's content!

This feeling was very good. Nothing could compare to chasing and killing the fleeing enemies!

Even if there were many of them.

To be able to reach Rolf and his light cavalry unit, they had nearly twice the number of people.

However, how could an army that had lost all their morale and completely collapsed be considered an enemy army?

Over a thousand desert bandits spread out in groups of two. They were like a pack of wolves sweeping across the plains. Any enemies that dared to appear in front of them were slaughtered by the scimitars and spears, leaving no survivors.

Their mission was to clean up and prepare for the future battle!

These were all living forces.

The enemies.

Based on the current situation, this battle had come to an abrupt end.

The Stone Pass had already prepared for the upcoming siege battle. However, because of a small conflict, the noble alliance armies actually started to have internal strife, and even a huge fire spread out which further worsened the conflict!

This was even more intense than attacking the Stone Pass. It was completely like the enemy against the enemy!

Internal conflict was the strength of mercenaries.

After all, fighting with their employers and using money to play dead was one of their businesses.

However, internal conflict was a situation where they would fight for their jobs in the future. If they were suppressed by their peers, it would mean that they would lose their jobs. If they lost the fight, which employer would be willing to hire them in the future?

This was the valor brought about by the profession. Unfortunately, it was not used in the areas that they really needed!

"Speed up!" Rolf gently knocked on the horse's belly.

He looked at the desert bandits who were still chasing and playing around, raised his horsewhip, and pointed to the south. "The plan has changed. If we can get rid of these defeated soldiers faster, we might be able to make it to the next battle!"

"Oh ho --" cheers sounded, and the elite desert bandit cried out one after another.

Then, they pounced forward.

The scimitars and spears interweaved, turning into a bloody purgatory under the hooves of the horses.

More and more mercenaries were slaughtered.

They had won the battle against their peers because if they could survive, it meant that most of the mercenaries had killed their opponents or not been killed by their opponents.

Of course, they didn't care how many enemies they had accumulated, because mercenaries were like that.

They only needed to survive.

But.

The chances of surviving were not many.

Elite desert bandits didn't want to give these unmasked mobs any chance to survive!

Why did they let these mercenaries survive? This was impossible!

If they were the ones who were defeated at the Stone Pass...

Could they survive? Could they survive under the hands of these mercenaries who liked to fight easy battles and showed no mercy to captives and civilians? They didn't even need to use their brains to guess the consequences!

If that was the case, then why did they hold back?

Elite desert bandits were also good at killing!

The Continent of Caradia was in constant conflict. Various countries and races had been fighting each other for close to a hundred years. They had long trained a batch of professional soldiers who only knew how to kill!

Although the elite desert bandits were bandits, their desire to kill was even stronger!

Bandits who were not ruthless enough had already been eliminated.

Those who could stay, those who could still come to this world were all excellent elites!

The elite desert bandits kept swaying their scimitars, groups of mercenaries were slaughtered one after another in the darkness of the night in an instant!

Only some mercenaries manage to run away while panting from exhaustion. Very quickly, they were caught up by the elite desert bandits. The bandits raised their scimitars or spears and fiercely hacked and stabbed at their backs. After that, there was no more sound.

When the cavalry was in galloping status, even if it was just a light slash, it could still heavily injure the footmen!

This was the power that came from inertia and momentum of galloping cavalries!

It was a fatal power!

Just as Rolf gave the order to speed up the slaughter, the speed of the mercenaries' deaths also doubled.

At least by the time the moon had completely reached the middle of the sky, there were not many mercenaries still running on the plains. The rich smell of blood completely ignited the barren land of the North County.

Countless wild beasts rushed out with their green eyes, devouring the corpses on the ground.

Vultures and scavenger birds flew over without caring about their usual active times.

Even tiny bugs crawled out.

They were all enjoying this rare feast, the time to feast!

Some of the mercenaries who were lying down and pretending to be dead were attacked by carnivores. They fought with all their might, causing the ferocious carnivores, such as wolves, to pounce on them and tear them into pieces.

The animals that were eating were no less ferocious than the animals that were protecting their young!

At least 10,000 mercenaries had died in the North County.

In the distant plain, a blockade had succeeded.

The 10,000-man noble alliance army had given up on the idea of escaping. This was because in front of this alliance army, a force of close to 1,000 people had already blocked them and were waiting in formation.

The number of soldiers in the alliance army had 10 times more than their enemies, which seemed to be a huge disparity.

However, everyone understood.

That group of over 1,000 soldiers could easily defeat them!

This was because these were all heavy cavalry soldiers, and they were all clad in heavy armor. With just one charge, they would be able to pierce through their formation in this flat field. With another charge, they would be able to split them apart!

Without even needing a third charge, the troops that had already lost their command would collapse!

Heavy cavalries were the kings of the plains!

This was why the noble alliance army was so panicked.

Especially the command level formed by the noble families, all of them subconsciously gathered together and looked at the highest person, the organizer of this battle -- Viscount Wayne.

Now that they had encountered an even greater crisis, it was far more terrifying than the infighting among the mercenaries.

If they did not handle it well, then the outcome would definitely not be good!

Death was still acceptable, dying on the battlefield was also a way for these nobles to prove their honor.

But once they died on the battlefield, what would happen to their own families? These nobles were only small barons, and most of them were lords or knights who had their own fief.

They were the pillars of the family.

In this battle.

The recruits they had gathered were also in these troops.

Including their knight attendants, who were carefully trained and could resist any enemy's retinue.

If they were all left here and let the enemy slaughter them, even if they returned to the family alive, the final outcome would not be too good. Because the enemy could defeat them here, then they would definitely defeat by the enemy at the place close to the center of the North County and South County!

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

#### **Chapter 460: Nobles with Different Opinions**

Facing Firentis and the heavy cavalries led by him, the alliance army formed by many nobles of different sizes obviously felt a sense of fear. Even if they had the advantage in numbers, they still did not dare to attack directly.

This was because they knew that it would be too foolish to attack Firentis's heavy cavalries with their footmen-based troops.

Cavalry was a troop class with high mobility.

Furthermore, it was a heavy cavalry that was better at charging and close combat.

If they were to charge over, just the weight of their warhorses would be enough to make any footmen fall to the ground.

If the armored heavy cavalries were to ride their horses and stomp on them, their intestines would probably spew out from the back end. Even if they did not die, they would be severely injured!

Their main motivation was to protect their families. These noble families cherished their lives very much.



After being in a stalemate for nearly half an hour, they did not make up their minds.

In fact, they already knew.

The source of this war, who their opponents truly were and their own battle teams.

In their minds, they had already analyzed it several times and came to a conclusion.

They could not fight!

That's right.

They could not fight.

They would never really fight against the heavy cavalries on the other side.

Especially those lords and knights who owned fief villages, they came to this conclusion in their hearts.

As the lowest level noble, they could not even be considered as a real noble, because only the baron could be considered as the lowest level noble system. To accurately describe them, they could only be considered as quasi-noble, the reserve team of the noble.

However, as the lord of the North County, they had a certain degree of autonomy, which was why they led their troops to follow the alliance army.

They wanted to profit from the battle to attack the Stone Pass.

However, once they could not profit from it, they had to reconsider their choice.

If they did this and continued to fight, would it be good or bad for their own interests.

Therefore, they came to the conclusion that they could not fight.

Because their enemy was Baron Kant, the second son of Cameron, the Grand Duke of the Dukedom of Leo, the biological son of Princess Sofia of the Silver Platter Kingdom, and a rising noble who owned the Nahrin Desert and salt mines!

In the past, they had thought that this little Kant was very weak.

After all, how strong could a lord in the desert be?

But it was different now.

Just by looking at the 1,500 + heavy cavalries and their excellent armor, even some people believed that they were the top cavalry troops of the Dukedom of Leo. Other than the knights of the South County, nobody had such high-end equipment!

Just by looking at themselves and the knights around them, they knew that it was already good enough to have mail armor and leather armor as the equipment.

Many poor knights only wore iron-scale armor.

As for warhorses, most of the knights' warhorses were only covered with a layer of linen that was like a bedsheet. They did not have any defense ability at all!

How could they send these knight attendants that the knights had painstakingly trained to death and be trampled into meat paste by the horses?

Absolutely impossible!

Moreover, the most crucial point.

Kant, who possessed the bloodline of the royal family, in addition to having quite a strong army, was someone they could afford to provoke?

If they could directly defeat Kant's forces, Baron Kant would be helpless in the midst of the chaotic army and disappear without a trace. Perhaps he had "fled". If that was the case, it would really be too easy. All they needed to do was celebrate the following distribution of benefits.

However, Baron Kant did not lose the battle. Instead, he had the higher ground just like now.

The situation became extremely awkward now!

Continue to fight?

Looking at the terrifying heavy cavalry troops, they did not know what to do.

Moreover, they were facing a heavy cavalry troop. In their knowledge, there was another troop that was not inferior to this. It was the light cavalry troop that had attacked the mercenaries in the dark beforehand. They were still waiting in the surrounding plain like a pack of wolves.

These were just cavalry units. These noble families would never believe that Baron Kant did not have infantry.

Kant definitely had more than just a huge troop of cavalries.

No one knew his real power.

This added to the mysteriousness.

As a result, the noble alliance army were trapped in the plain and could only rely on the infantry to form a formation to maintain the front line. While the nobles were already quarreling in the center of the camp. They had their own opinions and were on the verge of falling apart!

That's right, these noble alliance army were also quarreling because they also had their own differences.

Just like those mercenary groups that were not solid to begin with.

The noble also had their own ulterior motives!

They didn't manage to invade. Instead, they were being counterattacked by the enemy.

And that leader of the enemy was not an outsider. He was a member of the royal family. Logically speaking, if they were connected to their own family, they would still somewhat related. The noble families only needed to trace back, they would many marriages and all kinds of relations over 50 years of families.

But it was precisely because of this reason that they chose to give up this point when it was obvious that they could unite.

If it was the Silver Platter Kingdom that invaded, they might have united to resist the invasion.

But facing Baron Kant, the second son of the Grand Duke, some of the noble families had other ideas.

They even began to unite and contradict the leader of the highest noble family. He was also the leader of this alliance army — the lord of the North County, the honorable Viscount Wayne!

The alliance army was led by three barons, six lords, and more than 20 knights with real power.

They questioned the legitimacy of Viscount Wayne in the camp.

They gathered the noble troops and had attacked the noble who belonged to the Dukedom of Leo. Furthermore, he was a baron and a royal family member!

If they did not have a reasonable explanation, they would have to go to the court of the nobles, and they might even be hanged. However, considering that it was the viscount family that had been around for a hundred years, the best way for him to maintain his honor was to go to the battlefield and die in battle.

Noble families were all sinister, but when it came to principle and moral, they appeared to be very self-righteous.

Just like now, even Viscount Wayne could not refute them.

Because this battle was indeed called by him, and the reason was not clear.

Only now did this Viscount Wayne discover why Viscount Kevin, who also belonged to the North County, did not participate in this battle. At first, he thought that the royal family was afraid that Viscount Kevin's strength had grown to a point where it could not be controlled.

But now, it seemed that they were clearly thinking of directly pushing Viscount Wayne out to die after they lost the battle!

"Damn it." Viscount Wayne sat weakly on the chair.

Facing the few nobles who supported him, as well as the few fellows who seemed to be full of righteousness, he put on a mocking and bitter smile. He already knew that the predicament he was facing was not the fellow in front of him.

It was behind him, the Grand Duke in the king's city of the South County, as well as those high-ranking nobles who supported the Grand Duke!

If he won, everyone would be rich and happy together.

If he lost, he had to bear the responsibility!