

## Oasis 651

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

#### Chapter 651: The dwarfs who came

It was probably due to both the garrison and the Elf Kingdom.

The construction of the wooden houses was coming to an end, and Kant was very satisfied with the results.

The first batch of people to move to Cumberland from Drondheim was set at about 1,300. Kant and the others picked the ones with experience in agriculture and farming as the focus and they selected suitable people from all kinds of jobs to live in Cumberland.

Of course, age was also a very important selection point. The age standard for people living in Cumberland was set at the juvenile to the middle-aged stage. However, for those who applied for the entire family to move, a special level of care would be given, depending on the specific circumstances.

After all, the main purpose of the request to cede land was to develop this place into an independent product export location. The first batch of residents, Drondheim, also represented the local labor force needed at the moment.

Kant's goal was to get Cumberland on the right track quickly and to maintain the output.

After the list of residents was released, everyone on the list received letters from Cumberland. Kant wrote at the end of the letter that he would give everyone who received the invitation a week to prepare. After a week, Drondheim's army would escort them to Cumberland.

During this week, Kant and the craftsmen would go to the seaside from time to time to explore, hoping to find a suitable place to build a harbor.

According to the map, the journey from Cumberland to Drondheim was smooth sailing. Compared to the three or four days of road traffic, the ships at sea were the best way to transport goods.

After a few days of investigation, Kant finally found a suitable place to build a harbor. However, the construction of the harbor still required the guidance of a professional designer and the help of an experienced technical team.

Kant went to neighboring countries every day for this, but he heard that no construction team in the Elf Kingdom targeted the harbor.

After asking the Foreign Affairs Minister for help, he received a reply, the only seaport in the Elf Kingdom was built by the craftsmen of the Dwarf Kingdom.

Kant had never dealt with the people of the Dwarf Kingdom before, and when he was considering whether to go back to the Elf Kingdom to ask for help.

After going to the Elf Kingdom's Port of Corias, he made up his mind to invite the craftsmen of the Dwarf Kingdom.

The craftsmanship of the Dwarf Kingdom was very natural. Every inch of the Port of Corias was as beautiful and natural as if it was intact.

The Foreign Affairs Minister gave Kant the way to contact the Dwarf Kingdom, he said to Kant, "The craftsmen of the Dwarf Kingdom have some stubborn and strange temperaments. After all, they are arrogant. If you really want to invite them, you have to cooperate with their ideas."

Kant did not care about this. He had seen many people with such temperaments. They just needed you to carefully communicate with them. Of course, in a specialized field, there was very little room for discussion.

A week had passed, and Kant had sent an invitation letter to the Dwarf Kingdom. But there was still no reply.

The people who had migrated from Dronnheim were about to arrive. Kant asked the back-office staff to move the basic supplies into the small wooden houses. He also picked a medicine called tufted grass in the mountains and made it into incense. He put a few in each wooden house to keep out insects and moisture.

When all the people arrived, the wooden houses were ready to be occupied.

When more than 100 families came to Cumberland by carriage, Kant did not go out to greet them. Because he was not used to being stared at by too many people. After leaving all the procedures of the reception to his subordinates. Kant went to the main city of Elf City alone. The Foreign Affairs Minister asked Kant to have a drink today.

Kant also took the opportunity to get away from the complicated affairs for a while.

When he arrived at the restaurant in the downtown area of the city, the Foreign Affairs Minister had been sitting there waiting for him for a long time.

Kant could still feel that the Foreign Affairs Minister admired him, but he did not know where this admiration came from.

The Foreign Affairs Minister asked unintentionally during the banquet, and said with a melancholic expression, "Actually, I'm quite envious of you. You're talented, and you're valued by your commanders."

"The Foreign Affairs Minister must also be highly valued by the Elf King. Back then, we discussed the market project. The Elf King also said that he would give his full support behind the scenes. Wasn't that suggestion originally put forward by you?" Kant replied.

"No, our Elf King has never shown his strength to the people. He's always hiding behind the curtain, unable to make any decisions. He's just happy that someone took the initiative to help him solve some of his problems." the Foreign Affairs Minister was already drunk, he answered vaguely.

As soon as he finished speaking, he fell to the side.

Kant walked out of the restaurant and asked the attendants of the Foreign Affairs Minister to escort him back to his residence.

Then he took a carriage back to Cumberland's residence. The small wooden houses that used to be dark and silent were lit up tonight.

Kant could hear the voices of the people in the houses when he passed by.

For some reason, his heart also felt much warmer.

Some people said that there were two kinds of people in the world who were the loneliest. One was the kind who would feel unhappy when he saw others happy. The other was the kind who would feel warmer when he saw the shadow of happiness in others even when he was outside.

Kant felt that he belonged to the latter kind at this moment.

He dragged his tired body to bed and closed his eyes to sleep. Tomorrow was another new day.

After a week, the new people had already familiarized themselves with their work content, although there was no real output. But if this momentum continued, Cumberland should soon become a well-organized agricultural production area.

The people of the Dwarf Kingdom sent a reply, promising to take on this project, but the treatment they requested was also very shocking.

Kant, after asking Bunduk, gave a positive answer to the Dwarf Kingdom.

On the fourth day after the reply was sent, the craftsmen of the Dwarf Kingdom arrived at the Port of Corias on a ship they had built.

Kant went to receive them personally according to the contract.

For the first time, he got to know the craftsmen from the Dwarf Kingdom.

There were about twenty people who came. They were not very tall, only about 1.3 meters.

All of them had fiery red hair on their heads, and they looked a little restless.

They had been whispering since they got off the ship. They spoke very fast, and it sounded like the language of their own race.

"Can you speak the human language?" Kant asked.

Communication was a big problem.

"Yes..." the girl at the front of the line replied.

Kant's eyes lit up. He had noticed this quiet little girl from the beginning. She seemed to be the leader of this group of dwarves.

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#### **Chapter 652: Small Developments in Cumberland**

After the little girl spoke, the dwarf craftsmen were quiet for a while.

Then, they began to clamor again until they got into the carriage, which also made the whole carriage very noisy.

Kant glanced at the girl sitting in the front row and continued to talk to her. "What's your name? Are you their leader?"

"Yes, my name is Vivian," the girl said timidly.

"Don't always talk to little Vivian," the dwarf sitting in the back interrupted.

"Why?" the dwarf sitting next to him asked.

"Because she will be angry."

"I think she will only be angry with you."

"Wrong, you are wrong. She is a stubborn and strange fellow."

"That's because you've provoked her temper..."

The two dwarfs began to argue. The red hair on their heads seemed to have turned redder. It was like the maple leaves of autumn.

Kant shook his head and looked at Vivian. He found that her face was very red. He did not know if it was because she was nervous or something else.

Thinking that this leader was quite special, he did not take the initiative to say anything more.

When they arrived in Cumberland, the dwarf craftsmen crowded out of the carriage, startling the peasants who were resting in the field.

It was also the first time they had seen a race other than Drondheim on such an occasion.

Kant took the group to the arranged residence and wanted them to rest for a night. They would start work tomorrow.

But after hearing his plan, all the dwarf craftsmen, on behalf of the leader, raised their objections.

"We want to start work immediately," said Vivian, who stood at the front of the team.

"Why? You have just arrived here. You should leave some time to familiarize yourself with the water and soil here," Kant said his considerations.

"Our country is going to move soon. We need to go back quickly," Vivian explained.

"Move? Are you going to move the entire Dwarf Kingdom?" Kant asked in surprise.

"Yes, we move every half a century."

"Why? Is there a reason?" Kant was puzzled.

"No, we just don't want to stay in the same place for too long."

Kant recalled that he had heard of dwarfs having such a habit. He was shocked when he found out. After thinking for a while, Kant asked, "So you still need to hurry back to help?"

Vivian and the dwarf craftsmen behind her nodded in unison.

“Alright, I’ll go and get the blueprints. You guys go to the construction site first,” Kant said to everyone. He turned around and left.

His subordinates led everyone to the site of the initial survey.

When Kant reached the shore, he heard the sound of steel colliding from afar.

Then he saw a group of dwarf craftsmen using various tools to cut the basic materials piled under the rain cloth into a whole line.

“You’re starting work now?” Kant asked loudly.

“These are the basic preparatory work. All of our projects started from here.” All the dwarf craftsmen were working hard. Only Vivian, who was standing idly by the side, answered Kant’s question.

Kant walked forward, handed the blueprint to her, and asked, “Miss Vivian, are you the commander in charge?”

“I don’t participate because my hands have been injured. The hands of the dwarfs are a gift from God. Without these hands, it would be impossible to complete the perfect work. How could I destroy everyone’s hard work?” Vivian explained with a smile.

“I see,” Kant replied apologetically. “I believe that Vivian will be excellent as a commander. I’ll have to trouble you with this project.”

“Thank you. Leave it to us and don’t worry,” Vivian took the blueprint.

Kant hesitated for a moment, then said goodbye and left.

He had heard the Foreign Affairs Minister’s advice that when the dwarfs were building a project, they must not interfere on the way.

Now it seemed that they did have such a habit.

He did not have to worry about it anymore.

He hoped that he could finally see the finished product in good condition.

Two months had passed, and the agriculture and livestock industry that Cumberland advocated had begun to bear fruit. After being processed into a variety of finished products, the first batch of Cumberland’s exports had been cataloged and stored.

The construction speed of the North Shore Port had also reached its peak, and it was estimated that it would be officially completed by August.

These days, although the dwarf craftsmen always start work early and end work late on the construction site, they were also much more familiar with the people who took care of their daily life and food.

After understanding them, Kant knew that the dwarfs were not only good at construction but also good at singing and dancing. In particular, their self-made dance was simply interesting and beautiful. It surprised Kant and the others.

But Kant had only seen it once because he had been traveling between the Elf Kingdom and Cumberland recently because of the business at North Market. He spent more time in the carriage than lying in bed.

But under such hard work, the market did not make any progress.

Because the refugees in the mountains did not listen to the official persuasion, it seemed that the elves' lazy nature was deeply rooted in their bones.

Not only that, the key was that the Elf King had said at the beginning that he would fully support the project, but now when Kant proposed to use real power to make the refugee bow down to him. The attitude of the royal palace had always been unclear.

Vague but not giving a final explanation, this really put Kant's mind to work.

On the third trip to the main city of the Elf Kingdom, Kant finally met the Elf King.

"Long time no see, General Kant," the Elf King greeted him.

"I've always wanted to see you about the matter, but I just haven't seen you yet," Kant said.

"I heard from the attendant that you came here for the refugees in the mountains?" the Elf King avoided Kant's eyes and asked.

"Yes, I want to request Your Highness to help me. Let the refugees in the mountains agree to the plan of this market," Kant said straightforwardly.

"Of course I will do what I said. But General Kant, don't tell me you can't think of any other way?" the Elf King said hesitantly.

"Your Highness, you must know more about the character of the elves than I do. For me, a person of other races, I really can't think of any other way," Kant said word by word.

The frustration of not being able to make any progress had been bottled up in his heart, and now his tone was even more straightforward.

"It's just that, since I came to power, I have never made any decision that affected the lives of the people. I wonder how the effect will be this time...?"

"If Your Highness doesn't try, of course, the result will be unexpected. I'm just worried that Your Highness will let down the Foreign Affairs Minister's hot-bloodedness and good intentions," Kant explained from another angle.

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#### **Chapter 653: The Elf Kingdom's Trade**

"This..." the Elf King fell into deep thought.

"I will take my leave. I hope that Your Highness can make the right decision in your heart." Kant bowed and took his leave.

When Kant's feet once again stepped on the land of Cumberland, he took a deep breath.

"I can finally stop this pointless rush."

After another two or three days, the Elf Kingdom's Foreign Affairs Minister received the news.

When the Elf King issued a new policy to end the idleness of the refugees living in the mountains, the refugees came to his door and requested to participate in the market planning.

Kant was naturally happy about this.

It was the first time that the Elf King had made such a painful decision to face his own people. It was indeed not easy.

However, it could be seen that the Elf King still cared about his own people. It was just that he did not have enough courage to do something.

After this, perhaps something could be changed.

The rules of the free trade market were all based on Kant's opinion, and they were made in consultation with the members of the Elf Kingdom.

Since it involved the interests of the citizens of both countries, it had a very strict regulation based on fairness. Moreover, a market inspection office was set up in North Market. A trial was held for disputes in the ordinary market.

The trade market was officially launched under the propaganda of the Foreign Affairs Minister.

The daily flow of people exceeded expectations, and the citizens of the Elf Kingdom would also come here to buy goods. However, due to the terrain, the main consumers of the North Market were still the people of Cumberland.

Kant found that the people who were in charge of farm work and animal husbandry always liked to go to the North Market when they were resting. Especially for families with small children, the happiest thing in the world was to go to the lively market together.

But this was probably because people were now filled with a sense of freshness towards the Elf Kingdom's goods.

When the next batch of specially cultivated and processed goods from Cumberland came on the market, it was estimated that more elven citizens would come to pick up the goods.

At least until Cumberland fully matured, there would be no problems with the daily shopping.

Before they knew it, it was already summer, and the fruits in the fields could be harvested. Each family sorted and piled up the fruits in each family's warehouse.

They waited for the official inspection and received salaries according to each family's output.

Kant also followed the person in charge of the inspection to check. The results showed that the fruits in each family were all very good, and the quality was top-notch.

It seemed that everyone did not slack off in exerting their ability and experience and came up with a good result.

After reminding the payers to give out more rewards to everyone, Kant went to the harbor.

In the past few months, he would come to visit once in a while.

Every time he saw it, he would be pleasantly surprised. It was his first time seeing the ingenuity of the dwarf craftsmen's construction, and he was truly impressed by the craftsmanship.

The blueprint was drawn by Kant himself before, and his drawing was not considered good. But the dwarf craftsmen accurately grasped the center of gravity of his design.

Looking at the construction of the harbor day by day, it was as if he saw the projection of a dream in reality.

Now that the harbor was finally completed, Vivian led Kant around to inspect the results.

"Amazing! Such a thing seems to have appeared in my dream! You guys only spent half the time to build such a perfect architecture," Kant could not help but praise excitedly.

"Thank you for your praise. Every architecture made by the dwarfs will be amazing. But the key is to maintain the appearance that it has just been built."

"Of course, we will do our best to protect it from being damaged," Kant promised.

"Well, the Deep Sea Observatory that you asked us to build has also been completed," Vivian introduced and then led Kant down the long escalator. They arrived at the observation platform 30 meters above the sea.

Kant walked to the front of the observation platform and saw a group of fish swimming past him through a layer of glass, he could not help but look surprised. "You are indeed architectural geniuses. This is just a small idea of mine. You actually built it so easily. I think everyone will like it here."

Kant walked around the observation deck three or four times before he was willing to leave.

Back to the shore.

"You have worked hard these days," Kant said to all the dwarf craftsmen. "I hope we will meet again."

The dwarf craftsmen were still chattering, just like when they came.

After slightly waving goodbye to the people, they boarded the ship that came to pick them up.

Vivian walked at the end of the line. She bowed to Kant and said, "Goodbye."

This was the first ship to sail out of the new harbor.

Kant named the harbor, Serron Harbor. He had heard it from other friends. In the west, it meant to wish you peace. Perhaps it was a good idea to use it on the harbor.

Everything in Cumberland was on the right track. After sending off the people from the Dwarf Kingdom, Kant was finally free.

He would drink in the tavern with the Foreign Affairs Minister now and then, but this leisure was quickly broken.



From the letter sent by Drondheim, Commander Bunduk requested him to return to the main city of Drondheim within three days.

Although Kant did not know why he was so anxious, he immediately began to make preparations for the return journey.

After communicating with his subordinates one by one, Kant also bade farewell to the residents of Cumberland. Some of them even went to the market and drank with him.

After spending a long time together, they gradually developed a feeling of dependence on each other.

Kant thought that he might not be suitable to be the manager of this place. As a manager, he should keep a distance from the people under management so that he could make a fair judgment at the critical moment.

However, when Kant thought that he was facing a group of civilians responsible for the production and business and not warriors who had to fight on the battlefield, he could not help but relax and get along with them.

Kant also wrote a letter to the Foreign Affairs Minister and the Elf King, hoping that they could take care of the situation in the North Market while he was away.

After arranging everything, Kant set off on the return journey to Drondheim.

The carriage traveled day and night on the road had finally arrived at the main city of Drondheim.

Outside the city, there were light cavalries who were in charge of welcoming and interacting with each other. Kant looked at the city that had been repaired after the war and was filled with emotion.

After all, this was the main city of the Nahrin Desert, the beginning of everything. After passing through the initial difficult moments, it had finally become the mainstay and the strong backing of the entire faction.

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#### **Chapter 654: The Murder Case of the Alkali Soil**

After Kant returned to Drondheim, he asked Bunduk to come and see him without any delay.

Until that evening, the two finally met.

Bunduk walked into the hall and greeted Kant, "Lord Kant, welcome back to Drondheim."

"I saw the letter you sent me and immediately returned. What happened? Did something happen recently?" Kant nodded and asked after he gestured for Bunduk to sit down.

Bunduk immediately frowned when he heard Kant's question, and a bitter expression appeared on his rough face.

"The workers we sent to the alkali soil were attacked. Seven or eight workers have died since the first incident," Bunduk said in a heavy tone.

Panic was already rampant in Drondheim after such a large-scale attack happened in the country.

He was also very busy because of this matter.

“Hmm?” Kant’s heart was struck. As a new force that was constantly expanding, Drondheim was actually detonated in the country. “Have you found out anything from your investigation? Is it a personal force, or...”

Bunduk replied, “According to the cause of death of the workers discovered, this should be the work of the undead that lurked in the desert at the border.”

When Kant heard this, his expression became even more solemn than before.

“Are you sure?”

In Kant’s impression, although the undead had high attack power, they did not have much self-awareness.

Now, they suddenly chose to attack Drondheim.

This indeed made people suspicious.

“Yes, based on my experience in fighting against the undead, the injuries on the workers’ bodies were indeed caused by the undead’s attack pattern. The medical soldiers’ test results are also the same as what I thought,” Bunduk replied.

In fact, he was already certain that this attack was planned by the undead.

“When was the last attack?” Kant thought for a moment and asked.

“Early this morning,” Bunduk said.

“Yes. Then tonight, bring a team of soldiers to the dune near the alkali soil and set up an ambush. We’ll see who’s behind this,” Kant ordered.

“Yes, Sir,” Bunduk replied. He had wanted to do this before. However, Kant had yet to return to the main city, so he needed the lord’s permission to move the army.

“Go and pick someone from the elite troops. You’ve seen undead soldiers on the battlefield before, so this operation is quite dangerous,” Kant instructed.

Bunduk nodded, then bade farewell and left.

The sky outside the house was slightly gloomy. Dark clouds covered the sun completely.

A thirty-man army, neatly dressed, set out from the main city and walked to the outskirts of the alkali soil.

Bunduk had come here many times before with his men, so the route was already well-established.

When they were almost at their destination, Bunduk ordered the entire army to immediately find cover and lay in ambush.

When the armored soldiers were hiding in the dune, he led a few soldiers dressed as workers and continued to walk forward.

It was summer now, and the bark of the wood and alkali soil trees in the alkali soil had a layer of white salt frost.

Bunduk put on the equipment of the salt pickers and took out a knife to scrape off the layers of salt from the trees and store them in a small bucket.

The others imitated Bunduk's actions, busying themselves in the alkali soil.

Occasionally, they whispered to each other.

Until the moon rose high into the night sky, there was no sign of anything unusual around them.

One of his subordinates walked to Bunduk's side and said, "Commander, have those guys already left? They haven't appeared for so long."

"It's still early. Don't slack off. Hurry up and get to work," Bunduk looked around and said in a low voice.

The soldier walked to another tree without saying a word and continued to pick salt.

"I don't know how long we'll have to squat here in the wilderness. I was called out from the army without having dinner today," a soldier complained to the person beside him.

"You must be used to being lazy. You've never left the main city before. It's much more tiring to fight outside," the soldier who heard this retorted.

"Anyway, I haven't seen the shadow of the undead yet. Collecting salt will use up all my strength."

The two of them seemed to be quite close. They chatted one after another.

"Stop talking nonsense. If you're hungry, go pick a few dates from the jujube tree over there and eat them. I heard that many workers usually eat these. They can temporarily fill their stomachs."

The soldier who spoke first was overjoyed when he heard that. "Thank you, Lord!"

"You should thank me instead," another soldier said helplessly.

However, the other party did not finish listening to him and went to the jujube trees on the west side to pick dates.

After a while, the soldier who was working on the spot turned around and looked at the trees on the west side. He wondered in his heart, "How much does this kid want to pick? Why isn't he back yet?"

With this thought in mind, he often glanced in that direction.

After a while, he saw a familiar figure running out of the jujube forest.

"Oh my God!" a scream startled everyone.

Bunduk ran quickly towards the source of the sound.

"What's wrong?" Bunduk asked.

The soldier pointed to the west and said with a pale face, "That's the undead, right?"

Bunduk also looked in that direction.

He saw groups of undead chasing after a soldier disguised as a worker in the desert.

“Target has appeared! Prepare for battle!” Bunduk commanded.

His voice was heard outside the alkali soil, and the Swadian soldiers hiding behind the dune began to reorganize their equipment.

Their muscles tensed up as they entered the battle status.

Once the undead entered their field of vision, they would immediately attack and kill them.

Bunduk raised his broadsword and mounted his horse.

He rode his horse to the front of the group of undead and attracted their attention.

There was not much undead, and they were about the same size as an ordinary undead warrior. They did not seem to be equipped with any weapons. However, the current time was the most active time of the day for them.

Just the astonishing jumping and biting abilities were enough to cause the human troop class to fall into disarray.

There were still three hours before daybreak. During these three hours, the most important thing was to maintain their physical strength and not let these undead escape easily.

“Get on the horse!” Bunduk stretched out his hand to help and said to the soldier who was running for his life.

The soldier looked at him with fear and trepidation. He grabbed Bunduk’s right hand tightly and jumped onto the horse’s back.

“Hold on tight!”

The undead behind them was still chasing after them.

Bunduk increased his speed and escaped towards the desert.

The soldiers who had been lying in ambush in the alkali soil had already taken off their workers’ clothes, revealing their shining armor. They carried the newly modified shield and silently walked out of the alkali soil, reuniting with their comrades who were hidden behind the dune.

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#### **Chapter 655: The Battle under the Moonlight**

When they arrived at the ambush location, Bunduk took the soldier behind him off his horse with one hand.

He said to him, “Take your weapons and get ready for battle.”

Then, he turned around and chased after the undead in front of him.

Just as the seven or eight undead warriors were about to pounce on them, the hidden army formation came out and surrounded them.

There were also a few Rhodok sergeants who immediately stood behind the high wall of shields. They were holding a few long lances in their hands.

“Second level formation!” Bunduk ordered loudly.

The soldiers who were originally in a square formation had now shrunk the distance between them and the undead warriors.

The two layers of shields surrounded the group of undead warriors tightly.

The narrow space seemed to make the spirits of the undead even more excited. They roared and used their bodies to hit the shields of the Swadian soldiers.

The Swadian soldiers gradually became more and more exhausted as they endured the violent impact.

On the other hand, the spirits of the undead became more and more excited, and the strength of the impact also increased.

“We can’t relax! This is our only chance to win,” Bunduk encouraged.

Based on his previous experience of defeating the undead warriors in the Elf Kingdom, this method was currently the only feasible one.

All the soldiers were shocked when they heard this, and they braced themselves. They mobilized all the strength in their bodies to block wave after wave of attacks.

When the undead warriors were a little weak, Bunduk commanded the Rhodok sergeants to throw and attack.

The lances brushed past the undead warriors and pierced the ground.

When Bunduk saw that the first wave of attacks had failed, his face couldn’t help but darken. Compared to half a year ago, this group of undead warriors was much more cunning and agile.

Including all of Rhodok sergeants, they also felt the difference and couldn’t help but become nervous.

They focused their minds in one place, hoping to shoot down one of the enemies.

After a while, when they saw all the undead warriors gathered in one place. Bunduk ordered loudly, “Attack!”

Rhodok sergeants threw out the long lances in their hands in unison. The undead warriors in the formation could not dodge in time and used their muscular hands to protect their heads.

However, they still underestimated the power of Rhodok sergeants. The long lances pierced through their arms and their skulls.

The injured undead let out a pained cry and then fell to the ground.

“Hah!” The Swadian soldiers in charge of defense cheered happily.

Seeing the light of victory, everyone could not help but feel refreshed.

Bunduk also praised happily, “Well done!”

After this wave of attacks, only four undead warriors were left. Looking at the corpses of their companions, they stopped moving and gathered together.

Bunduk saw their movements and cursed in his heart.

The four undead warriors were leaning against each other's backs. They were moving slowly on the battlefield.

"Attack!" Bunduk ordered, a trace of unease appearing in his heart.

Rhodok sergeants obediently threw out the long lances in their hands.

However, this sharp weapon that tore through the air with a whistling sound was just as Bunduk had expected, all of them were caught by the undead warriors.

Seeing that the horizon had already turned white, a faint sense of despair surfaced in Bunduk's heart.

"Maintain your distance, square formation!" Bunduk shouted.

All of the Swadian soldiers immediately spread out and returned to their original square formation.

The undead warriors hugged tightly together and charged towards the southwest corner. Even though their shields were still solid and reliable, however, with the strength of just a few people, they were completely unable to defend themselves.

Everyone could only watch helplessly as the undead warriors broke through the encirclement and fled into the distance.

"Commander, we..." the Swadian Sergeant who was hit by the undead warriors immediately apologized to Bunduk.

"Stop talking. It's normal that you can't stop them. This group of undead warriors is no longer the same as before," Bunduk waved his hand and interrupted them.

The dawn shone on Bunduk's face, but his eyes were still gloomy.

The reinforcements from the main city had arrived at this time. It was said that Kant had sent them.

Bunduk commanded a large group to search near the border to confirm that the undead warriors had indeed escaped from Drondheim.

Some soldiers dug out a few missing workers' bodies in the jujube forest.

Most of them were already incomplete.

Judging from the overall situation, this group of undead soldiers should have wandered from the battlefield to this place. They discovered that the workers who worked here liked to go to the jujube forest to pick fruits to quench their thirst. It was a good place for an ambush, so they had been lying in ambush here, living on human flesh.

Bunduk reported the results of this discussion and the process of the battle to Kant.

The two sat opposite each other in the hall.

They both felt a chill in their hearts.

The silent atmosphere lasted for a while.

Until Kant said, "I didn't expect the undead's consciousness to awaken to such an extent. It's really creepy."

At the moment, the military power Dronnheim had could only confront the Undead Kingdom on a direct battlefield.

According to the right time and place, it was not certain who would win.

However, the undead now seemed to have evolved. Before, they only knew how to use knives and axes to slash and so on.

Although it was still in the initial stage of activating thinking, it was enough to make Dronnheim raise his guard.

"I wonder how far the undead will expand in the Nahrin Desert," Bunduk said worriedly.

"We can't let them continue to grow," Kant said calmly, but his eyes were incomparably sharp and determined.

"Lord, what do you mean?" Bunduk's heart trembled, and he subconsciously asked.

Kant flicked his sleeves and stood up, looking down at him. "Dronnheim can begin to prepare for the final battle with the Undead Kingdom."

A few days passed.

The training ground had become what everyone called an Asura Field.

The case of the alkali soil workers had been concluded, which made the residents of the main city of Dronnheim feel at ease. But recently, the news that Dronnheim was going to conquer the Undead Kingdom came out from the army.

This news made the hearts of the people rise again, and they were divided into two factions because of different opinions.

One faction thought that they had helped the Elf Kingdom and defeated the Undead Kingdom. This time, they would easily win the battle.

The other side thought that they were trying to obtain freshwater resources in the Elf Kingdom. This time, they were sending troops to the land of the Undead Kingdom. For Dronnheim, who was in the process of developing, the constant war would do more harm than good.

The argument reached Kant's ears, but Kant remained indifferent.

In his opinion, this war was inevitable for Dronnheim, who wanted to take root in the Nahrin desert.

Rather than waiting for the fully developed Undead Kingdom to come to him, it would be better to take the initiative to attack when they were weak.

## Lord of the Oasis

### **Chapter 656: Pep Talk for the Training Ground**

Because of the orders from above, the soldiers in the training camp were also suffering.

The daily mission quota had increased by two to three times compared to before.

However, even Kant went to the training ground to patrol every day, accompanying them in the sun and wind.

Everyone didn't dare to complain too much. After all, the Lord was accompanying them, so they couldn't say anything.

One day at noon, Kant arrived at the training ground earlier than usual. Bunduk, who was in charge of training the soldiers, handed over the task of being to the soldier in the lead. He walked forward and saluted, "Lord Kant."

Kant nodded, indicating for him to stand up.

The two of them walked around the training ground.

Kant walked up to the general's platform and asked Bunduk beside him, "How is it? How are the soldiers?"

Bunduk leaned over to his ear and said, "I estimate that at that time of setting off, only two-thirds of the soldiers here will be able to use their strength on the battlefield."

Kant calmly nodded and said, "Are you sure two-thirds is enough?"

"We will definitely take down the enemy and return!!" Bunduk puffed out his chest and said confidently.

"The battlefield this time is dangerous. You must not underestimate the enemy. You must take into account the safety of our soldiers," Kant instructed.

"Yes, sir."

"How long until the training ends?" Kant asked.

"After more than a month of training, the time for the soldiers to complete the mission has gradually shortened. The training mission this morning has almost been completed." Bunduk replied.

"Mm." Kant nodded and pondered for a moment. He then said to Bunduk, "After the soldiers' training ends, I want to say a few words to them. Help me organize and gather them."

Bunduk nodded and replied, "Then I will go and inform the captains of the teams now."

After Bunduk left, Kant stood alone on the main general stage.

When the sun in the sky rose a few inches higher, the selected soldiers who were about to go into battle also lined up neatly in front of him.

"Hello, everyone. I am the Lord of Drondheim, Kant." Kant's voice echoed in the empty field.



“Thank you for your recent training. But I still want to tell you that I hope you know what you are doing for. Our country, Drondheim, is definitely not a lazy country that doesn’t want to make progress, slacking off and waiting for others to bully us. The life of an adult is not easy. In order to protect our family and hometown, we must take the burden and pressure on our shoulders. As the Lord of Drondheim, I always feel that if we don’t think about doing something right now, we won’t be able to reach any part of the world. In a few days, you will set off, and I hope you will fight bravely on the battlefield and then return in triumph! Drondheim will always be behind you!!”

“Drondheim! Drondheim!!” the soldiers shouted in unison. Everyone’s blood was boiling.

Thousands of people’s voices surged toward Kant like a tide.

Kant nodded and continued, “Alright, I’ve said what I wanted to say. You guys go and make preparations before the expedition. From now on, every minute and second must be in your hands. Only then can you bring out your best status in the battles.”

“Yes!” the soldiers below bowed and left the training ground under the lead of the leader of their respective teams.

Kant walked down the main general stage, and Bunduk followed closely behind.

After the two of them stepped out of the training ground’s door, Kant said to Bunduk, “I’ll be going to another place soon. The affairs of Drondheim can only be left to you.”

“Lord, are you going?” Bunduk asked in surprise.

After all, Kant would not be absent every time he sent troops.

“You have to prepare for the expedition, and I have to make plans for you during this time,” Kant said, “But don’t worry, I will try my best to rush back before you go on the expedition.”

Bunduk nodded and agreed to Kant’s request.

The matters were not important. After all, he had been in Cumberland for half a year, and he was already used to handling some government affairs.

But before the great war, where was Kant going?

Watching Kant’s back disappear from his sight, Bunduk could not help but wonder in his heart.

A few days passed.

Kant left Drondheim on the second day of the oath ceremony.

Bunduk, on the other hand, was extremely busy. It was still too difficult for him to take care of both the army and the people’s livelihood.

It was only on the day of the expedition that his troops bid farewell to the civilians who had come to send them off and rode their camels out of the castle gates. Bunduk finally heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

There were about three thousand soldiers on the march. They moved forward in the hot desert and formed a long line.

This time, it would take about half a month to reach the undead's territory. The army had prepared sufficient supplies before they left.

The army walked out of the castle gate using the compass for about half an hour.

Bunduk noticed a group of people rushing towards him from the west.

"It's Lord Kant!" his subordinate reported to him after he saw who it was.

"Tell all the troops to stop." Bunduk ordered.

The soldiers who received the order stopped to rest and reorganize. Bunduk stood at the front of the troops and waited for Kant's troops to arrive in front of them.

There were more than twenty elves behind Kant, and four of them were carrying some boxes.

Bunduk walked in front of Kant's camel and saluted first. Then, he pointed at the soldiers behind Kant and asked, "Lord, what are these?"

"These are the medical soldiers sent by the Elf Kingdom to assist us. You should have seen them before on that battlefield." Kant jumped off the camel's back.

He walked up to a few of the elves and asked them to put down the chests.

Bunduk recalled that on the previous battlefield, the elven medical soldiers had indeed played a great role.

"The Elven King has sent over one-third of the country's medical soldiers." Kant opened the chest in front of him as he spoke. "Come here, I want you to take a look at this."

"Lord, you went to the Elf Kingdom this time?" Bunduk asked with his mouth agape.

This matter had truly exceeded his expectations.

Bunduk obediently walked to Kant's side and watched him take out a weapon that looked like a crossbow from the chest.

"This is?"

"This is a rainbow crossbow. I asked the craftsmen of the Dwarf Kingdom to help me make it. It was originally left for the soldiers of Cumberland to use as weapons. The crystals inside are sealed with the spiritual power of different elves, and each of them is extremely powerful."

Bunduk took the rainbow crossbow and shot an elemental arrow into the distance as if he was using an ordinary crossbow.

The arrow that was shot out blew the sand on the ground and pierced through the trees in the distance, leaving a large scorched hole.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 657: Reinforcements From the Elves**

“Wow!!” A burst of exclamations erupted from the troop.

Bunduk also stood on the spot in slight shock. He did not expect that the magic spells of the Elf Kingdom and the craftsmanship of the Dwarf Kingdom would have such an impressive impact.

“Lord, how did you know there would be such powerful weapon?” staring at the rainbow-piercing crossbow in his hand, Bunduk asked.

“This is introduced by an employee of the Dwarf Kingdom. It was their weapon to defend against the enemies. It has been modified using a different model.” Kant introduced.

The dwarfs were short in size, and they were solitary in nature. They did not have any practical interactions with other races. Therefore, creating weapons with extraordinary power became their main military defense method.

However, in the past, most of the magic weapons produced by the dwarfs were sealed with the power of nature. This time, the power of the elves was sealed in the rainbow-piercing crossbow, which was a new development.

“This rainbow-piercing crossbow is indeed extraordinary.” Bunduk sighed again.

“Well, you can choose a team from Rhodok's barracks to train them to use this weapon. This way, they will be ten times or even a hundred times more deadly on the battlefield.” Kant praised.

“Indeed.” Bunduk placed the rainbow-piercing crossbow back into the chest and said excitedly to Kant, “Lord Kant has been working hard these past few days to find such powerful backup for us. We are truly grateful.”

“After all, there are only a few wars like this. Naturally, we have to be extra careful. However, what I can do is only a small amount of my strength. The main contribution is still the warriors who sacrifice themselves and fight. I hope that you can reduce the casualties as much as possible and return victorious.” Kant said seriously.

Bunduk raised his right hand to his chest and nodded solemnly.

After Kant handed over the Elf Kingdom's reinforcements to Bunduk's troop, he and the accompanying guards rode on camels and set off towards Dronheim's castle gate.

Meanwhile, the army heading towards the Undead Kingdom and continued their long journey.

Compared to the battles on the battlefield, the long journey of half a month seemed to be more torturous. However, thanks to the special training from before, there was still no sign of soldiers falling behind until now.

It was currently summer, the temperature difference in the desert between day and night had become even more extreme.

Bunduk and his subordinates began to search for a place to set up camp in the evening every day.

This was because the temperature was relatively mildest during the day.

When the sky turned dark, the hot roasted sand had cooled down, and sometimes there was even a thin layer of frost. In order to adapt to such a temperature difference, everyone would wrap a cotton coat and light a bonfire.

The warriors of Dronnheim preferred to talk. They were usually restrained in the military camp, but when it came to the time for battle, the atmosphere was very lively.

Under such circumstances, other than stipulating that they needed to rest on time, Bunduk did not say much else as a commander.

Therefore, during these days, the warriors would organize some small activities to deepen their relationship and communicate with each other.

The people of the Elf Kingdom were relatively quiet. After receiving their portion of supplies, they hadn't seen them in the crowd.

Bunduk had known these people in the previous battles. Although he didn't really know them, he was still familiar with their habits.

It seemed that in the Elf Kingdom's army, the level of the medics was lower than that of the ordinary soldiers. Therefore, this group of medics belonged to the silent category in their own country. However, their work style was still quite reliable.

This was enough for the current Dronnheim army.

According to the reply from the leading team, their current location was in the northwest direction of Undead City. It would take them about a week to reach the perimeter of the watchtower.

One morning, Bunduk picked a dozen warriors that he thought highly of from Rhodok soldiers.

Then, he began to study the effects of the rainbow-piercing crossbow.

The body of the rainbow-piercing crossbow was lighter than a normal crossbow. However, it was still not easy for Rhodok soldiers to ride a horse while controlling this weapon.

Bunduk could only supervise and help them complete their shooting training every day.

Under Bunduk's strict requirements, the soldiers' training became more effective.

At least on the night before they arrived at the Undead City, Bunduk had fully raised his confidence and courage to win.

"Commander Bunduk, we have arrived near the detection area of Undead City." a subordinate who had been assisting Bunduk in handling military affairs all year round reported.

"Alright, then let's rest here for the night. We will prepare to attack the Undead City tomorrow." Bunduk ordered.

On the eve of the war, the camp was no longer as noisy as before.

Some of the soldiers' tents were still lit up until late at night.

Early the next morning, Bunduk led his team and set off.

The soldiers responsible for scouting at the frontlines had already seized the watchtower in a corner of the Undead City, ensuring that Bunduk's team of several thousand people would not be discovered by the undead before they reached the city gates.

Dronnheim's troops were arranged in a formation below the main city gates of Undead City.

The undead soldiers guarding the city walls began to panic. After all, they were still very unfamiliar with Dronnheim's soldiers.

The undead soldiers hurriedly ran down the city walls, wanting to send a message.

However, they were pierced through the skull by Bunduk's arrow and fell to the ground miserably.

The Swadian soldiers began to attack the city gates with wooden logs.

The archers were behind him to protect him, preventing the soldiers on the tower from poking their heads out.

Bunduk couldn't help but narrow his eyes. He felt that something wasn't right.

They chose to attack Undead City in the morning, and so on. Ordinary undead soldiers were no threat to them. However, this was only a sweet appetizer before the high-level undead soldiers arrived.

What followed was the true bitter battle.

A burly undead who was taller than ordinary undead soldiers jumped down from the city wall.

His movements were extremely smooth, as if his limbs were tightly stuck together.

The arrows from the bow and arrow brushed past him.

When his feet touched the ground, his right hand raised a sharp greataxe.

His hand raised the blade and slashed down, immediately shattering the wooden logs that were attacking the city.

Standing near him, the Swadian Sergeant could not help but be shocked. He immediately took out his shield to protect himself.

Bunduk was stunned. He had never seen such an undead warrior before.

Within the warrior's originally pitch-black eye sockets, there was a hint of blood-red light.

"This is?"

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

#### **Chapter 658: The Battle Outside the City Gate**

Bunduk rode on his horse and looked at the undead warrior who was running amok at the front of the team.

He could not help but think of a witchcraft that he had seen when he was traveling back in the day. It was said that it could push the human body's skills to the extreme within a certain period. It was almost invincible. However, this kind of witchcraft was extremely harmful to the human body. After being immersed in it for a long time, the human organs would also rapidly decline in a short period of time. Therefore, only people with strong physiques could withstand the stimulation brought by this witchcraft in its early stages.

Its characteristics were not much different from what this undead warrior was currently displaying.

Bunduk could not help but wonder, "When did this undead clan start using this kind of witchcraft?"

As what they planned, a group of cavalries rushed out from Bunduk's right wing. They formed a straight line and rushed towards the undead warriors who had jumped down from the city gate.

They gathered together with the Swadian soldiers on the ground and surrounded the enemy tightly.

Following that, one after another, giant undead warriors jumped down from the city walls.

Every time they landed, there would be Swadian soldiers swarming over.

"Continue to attack the city gates!!" Bunduk commanded.

He finally saw clearly that these undead warriors were cannon fodder who had come to lead the charge.

Even though their combat strength was outstanding, they were still no match for the dozen or so Swadian soldiers.

Once the effects of the medicine on their bodies wore off, there was nothing to be afraid of.

Instead of wasting energy on them right now, it would be better to directly break through the city gates and investigate the situation.

"Rumble!" a group of soldiers brought out a war chariot loaded with wooden stakes from the rear of the camp and headed straight for the city gates.

Seeing this scene, the large undead warriors who were surrounded by the soldiers began to howl even more impatiently.

"Bang!" With all their might, they rammed into the shield formation of the Swadian Sergeants, knocking two to three of the soldiers who were relatively lighter over two meters away. The cavalries who were hiding behind them found an opportunity to rush forward and used their spears to pierce through the skull of the large undead warriors.

The giant undead warrior's body froze, and his whole body seemed to have become stiff. He waved his arms, which were full of veins, wanting to chop the cavalries off their horses.

Seeing that the giant undead warrior was still standing, the surrounding soldiers followed suit and stabbed the sharp blades into his body before sprinting forward.

Finally, the giant undead warrior fell into a pool of blood. He closed his eyes unwillingly.

The moment he closed his eyes, he recalled how he was brought out of the dungeon with handcuffs on. He was forced to drink a tube of medicinal liquid.

He recalled how a noble undead in luxurious clothes said to him with a smile this morning, "If you don't want to die, go and clean up the people outside the city gate."

"Damn it..."

"Clang!!" the city gate of the Undead City was finally cracked, and the wooden gate fell to the ground.

"Charge!!" Bunduk waved his horsewhip and gave the order.

"Charge!!" The thousands of warriors behind him responded in unison, raising their weapons and following the leading team into the city gate.

Bunduk rode his horse into the city gate of the Undead City. However, he found that the entire city was lifeless. There was no panic, or the escaping residents. There were no undead warriors who had come out to face the enemy.

The buildings on the streets were not much different from those in human cities, but there was no trace of the smoke and fire of a bustling city in the human world.

The air seemed to be covered by a layer of temperature difference.

In this gloomy atmosphere, Bunduk got off his horse and led the soldiers forward slowly.

After walking through the entire street, there was no sign of any undead.

"Commander Bunduk, there seems to be something strange here." a subordinate beside him said suspiciously.

"Take a team and search the city. Where did the undead hide? All of them suddenly disappeared. It's impossible for not a single trace to be left behind." Bunduk instructed.

"Yes! Follow me!" After the subordinate agreed, he picked a row of warriors from the team and followed him.

The group walked towards another street.

Bunduk walked forward for a while, and suddenly thought of something. He looked shocked. "Wait..."

"Huala!" A colorful firework bloomed under the gloomy sky.

It was a means of communication between the Drondheim warriors. The multi-colored firework represented safety, the yellow represented alarm, and the silver represented danger which warned them for retreat.

From the location, it seemed to have come from the center of the city.

Bunduk watched in doubt as the fireworks disappeared into the sky.

He suddenly thought of something: since the start of the battle, he had not received any reply from the scouts on the front line.

This was really strange. Normally, the scouts should have returned to the troops and fought alongside their companions.

Bunduk recalled the faces of the scouts he sent out, but he did not recall anything.

“Florent.” Bunduk called out the name of a subordinate. This person was often responsible for the management and distribution of military supplies.

Florent obeyed and saluted, “Yes, Commander.”

“Do you remember the names of the scouts sent out this time? I can’t remember who they are.” Bunduk asked.

Florent thought for a while and replied, “There are nine scouts sent out this time. Aldrich is the captain, and Angelo is the vice-captain.”

“Aldrich... Angelo...” Bunduk muttered the names of these two people.

He gradually remembered the identities of these two people. Aldrich was a soldier who joined the army five years ago, while Angelo was a platoon leader in the cavalry battalion four years ago.

Thinking back to their previous battles, these two people’s performance had always been very outstanding.

Therefore, after the routine health check a year ago, they were transferred to the scout troop.

In Bunduk’s impression, Aldrich was a very calm person. He didn’t speak much, but his age was about the same as his. Bunduk pondered for a moment, and then asked, “What about the other few? Who are they?”

Florent looked troubled and said hesitantly, “The others are freshmen who have joined the army in the past one to two years. I don’t really remember them. I’m sorry, Commander Bunduk.”

“Freshmen?” Bunduk’s expression darkened.

In that case, it was possible for the freshmen to lead the way and not obey the army’s discipline. However, this made Bunduk a little dissatisfied. These young people really didn’t know what was important.

“In the future, try not to let the freshman who are on the battlefield for the first time go to the front line to do reconnaissance.” Bunduk warned.

“Ah, okay, yes.” Florent wiped the sweat from his forehead and replied carefully.

In fact, these freshmen were quite familiar with him. They were usually quite lively in the army. When they heard that they were going to fight this time, they begged to go to the battlefield no matter what. However, they were obviously not familiar with military operations.

Florent had no choice but to give them a few spots on the training ground. He told them that they had to complete training missions every day and not drag their feet before they could go to the battlefield.

He did not expect these devilish kids to actually survive.



Florent had to put them in the less risky scout camp.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 659: A Sudden Predicament**

Bunduk led the team towards the location where the signal was sent from.

Finally, they stopped in front of the main city's imperial palace.

Bunduk was able to recognize that this was the imperial palace of Undead City, but that was only because it was located in the center of the city. The area it occupied was indeed wide enough, and there were towering guardrails surrounding the estate.

If Bunduk was to comment on the appearance of this imperial palace, he would probably describe it by one word — strange.

The entire palace of the Undead Kingdom was made of stone, giving off a heavy and sturdy feeling. Furthermore, its appearance was very strange. It seemed to only have one entrance, and one could not see where it led to.

“Aldrich and the others sent the signal here?” Bunduk asked.

The soldier who was accompanying him replied, “Based on the estimated distance, they are indeed here.”

Bunduk frowned. “Then where are they? In the palace?”

The soldier who had just answered the question stood at the side. His lips were tight, and he was so nervous that he could not speak. He cursed in his heart, ‘The scouts this time are really troublesome.’

The doubts in Bunduk's heart grew deeper and deeper. After he calmed down and thought about it, Bunduk was more and more certain that the scouts were not just fresh and playful, but that there were other reasons why they had not appeared.

There were probably people lying in ambush in this palace.

But why didn't they fight against Bunduk's team outside the city gates in the first place. Instead, they chose to stay quietly in this strange-looking palace. Could it be that this palace really had some advantages that allowed them to make such a decision?

Bunduk felt a faint sense of unease in his heart.

After he thought about it for a while, he said to the soldier beside him, “Go and find another team of soldiers who are searching in the city. Tell them to come to this palace to meet us.”

The soldier who received the order heaved a sigh of relief in his heart and quickly walked towards the fork in the road. He disappeared from Bunduk's sight.

“Everyone don't act rashly. Rest here.” Bunduk ordered.

It was close to noon now, and the sun had risen to its highest point. The soldiers of Drondheim sat down on the ground one after another. All of their expressions were tense as they waited for Commander Bunduk's next order.

After a moment, a scream came from the intersection where the soldiers who had just received the order to search for the person left. "Ahhh!!!"

All the soldiers of Drondheim immediately stood up, took out their weapons or mounted their horses.

"Lizard... lizard people!!" At the intersection, the soldier dragged a warrior covered in blood on his shoulder as he ran towards the large group.

Another soldier beside him seemed to have lost consciousness and allowed him to drag him.

Bunduk immediately ran to the front of the group and stared at it carefully for a while. Only then did he realize that the one who was injured was his subordinate officer.

"Krytor!!" Bunduk called his subordinate's name and wanted to help support his body. However, he was stopped by the soldier beside him.

Behind the subordinate officers and soldier, there was a large group of lizardmen.

They moved in a large and tense group, as if it was about to fill the entire street.

The bodies of those lizardmen were like flowing water, in front of them, the two soldiers were like sand that could be washed away at any time.

All the soldiers of Drondheim were so shocked that they stood rooted to the ground, and they couldn't come back to their senses. The two soldiers had already been swallowed by the tide of the lizardmen.

"Why, why are there lizardmen here?" The soldiers beside them were completely flustered. They had never had the experience of fighting the lizardmen. In this hot weather, it was torture for them, but for the lizardmen, it was like a fish meeting water. All of them were full of energy and could come and go as they pleased.

What else could there be? The lizardmen were obviously the reinforcements that the undead had invited.

They were indeed a race that was transformed from cold-blooded animals.

A while ago, they were allies that fought against the invasion of the undead, but now, they had agreed to help the undead to frame them.

With so many lizardmen deployed, they really didn't know how much the undead had given to those lizardmen.

"Everyone, get ready for battle." Bunduk said calmly.

The warriors of Drondheim had all returned to their senses at this moment, but their expressions were more or less scared.

Fighting with the lizardmen in such a narrow alley was practically smashing their heads against the wall.

The Swadian warriors who stood at the forefront of the team had already set up their formation. They held their blades in their left hand and raised their shields in front of their chests with their right hands.

Every single soldier was staring intently at the enemy in front of them.

The lizardmen who were facing them, on the other hand, had a relaxed look on their faces. The smile on their lips carried a hint of mockery.

Just as the battle between the two sides was about to erupt, a tall man walked out from the lizardmen. When Bunduk saw that face, he felt as though he had seen him somewhere before.

He could not remember exactly where he met the man.

That man walked straight to Bunduk and grinned. "You still want to attack the city. Can't you see that it's an obvious trap for you guys? With a commander like you, Drondheim is probably finished in the Nahrin Desert."

"Despicable scoundrel." Bunduk snorted.

"You guys feel pretty happy after defeating a few big guys at the city gate?" the man mocked. "They were condemned criminals who couldn't even eat three meals. In the end, they were actually beaten to death by you guys. However, as the lowest existence of the undead race, it's reasonable for them to take a few soldiers of Drondheim to be buried along with them."

Bunduk stared into the man's eyes and gritted his teeth, but he didn't say anything.

The man from the lizard race seemed to be satisfied when he saw Bunduk's resentful expression. After pausing for a while, he said again, "Forget it, today is not our lizard race's home ground. I won't say anything more. The host here is in this imperial palace. You guys might want to go in and take a look."

Bunduk pushed the man away and walked to the entrance of the palace of the undead race.

He tried his best to calm down the anger in his heart. After taking a deep breath, he walked into the palace.

The man from the lizard race watched as Bunduk walked in. The corners of his mouth curled up and he laughed softly.

Then, he looked up and saw the warriors of Drondheim who surrounded him with unfriendly eyes. He said arrogantly, "Your lives are now in the hand of your boss. Why? Are you in such a hurry to die?"

After saying that, he pushed a warrior away and walked out on his own.

Under the scorching sun, the two sides sat opposite each other.

The man of the lizard race walked back and forth, thinking about something.

He still hoped that the commander of Drondheim not be too stubborn and admit defeat to the leader of the undead clan.

In this way, they could easily complete the mission and return home to get their share of the reward.

## [Lord of the Oasis](#)

### **Chapter 660: Breaking Through the Siege of Lost City**

Bunduk entered the palace of the undead alone.

The warriors of Drondheim looked at each other in dismay when they saw this scene.

Not long after Bunduk entered the palace, the Swadian warriors also started to move.

After all, letting Bunduk enter alone was practically sending a sheep to the tiger's mouth. Even though Bunduk's combat strength was astonishing. But from the way he fought this time, it was unknown what kind of strange checkpoints the undead had arranged ahead.

Almost a few hundred soldiers followed Bunduk closely.

The lizardmen at the side noticed their movements and wanted to stop them. But they were stopped by the man who came out to negotiate.

"Let them go in. In any case, there's only death ahead." the man said lightly.

The moment they entered the palace of the undead, they felt the temperature of the air around them drop by several degrees.

Although the entire building was sealed with stones, there were wind blowing through the hall from time to time.

The visibility in the room was low, which was more than enough for the undead. However, for the warriors of Drondheim, it was a little difficult for them to move in such dim environment.

They leaned against the wall and carefully walked with the light in their hands. But the road seemed to be longer than anyone could imagine. It was not until the soldiers could not help but start to whisper to each other that they finally saw a room with an open door in front of them.

The military officer at the forefront looked inside. Although they did not know what it was, the view in the room was much clearer.

Commander Bunduk was one step ahead of them and was already standing on the wide-open space in the room.

The military officer took the lead and walked in, stopping beside Bunduk.

There was a burst of exclamations behind him, and the military officer looked back without knowing why. He found that everyone was looking up at the roof of the room. The military officer also looked up. After seeing the scene on the roof, he could not help but gasp.

What was reflected in his eyes wasn't a pitch-black ceiling or gorgeous decorations. Instead, it was a sea of stars in front of him. Compared to what he usually saw with his naked eyes in the wild, it was more than ten or a hundred times clearer.

"Commander, what is this?" the subordinate officer couldn't help but ask.

Bunduk didn't answer. Instead, he stared at the altar in the middle of the room with a solemn expression.

After a while, the figure of a man walked out from behind the altar.

"Is the way of the surrender of Drondheim always been so special? I thought it was only commander Bunduk." the man said.

The soldiers behind Bunduk suddenly quieted down, their eyes locked on the enemy who had suddenly appeared.

"As you can see, we will not surrender." Bunduk said slowly.

The man seemed a little surprised, but his expression only stayed on his face for a moment.

"Then I won't say any more nonsense. If you step into this palace today, you will die." the man said viciously.

"Clang!!"

The mechanism hidden on the stone wall revealed its original form. The secret door was opened, and thousands of undead warriors walked out.

The warriors of Drondheim could clearly see that the undead warriors here were completely different from the undead warriors they had met on the battlefield.

Their skin was covered in a layer of fluorescent light. That layer of fluorescent light seemed to have become their strongest defense. It stuck close to their bodies.

The Swadian warriors immediately walked to the front from the back of the team. They either squatted or stood up straight. They picked up the shields in their hands and lined up in formation.

Bunduk's brows were tightly knitted. From the moment he entered the room, he could sense that his physical strength was inexplicably draining away. After seeing the star formation on the roof, he felt that things were even worse.

However, it was already too late to back down now. Drondheim's army could not accept the curses after surrendering, and Bunduk himself could not accept returning in defeat just like that.

Now that things had come to this predicament, he could only force his way out. They had to crush the undead one by one.

Bunduk watched as the man stepped onto the stone stairs and walked to the top of the altar.

This lit up a glimmer of hope in his heart.

"Warriors, don't give up. Drondheim is waiting for us behind, let us rush out of here together!!" Bunduk raised his arms and shouted.

The warriors behind Bunduk responded in unison, holding their weapons tightly in their hands.

"Kill!" the man on the altar gave the order.

The undead warriors standing on the ground heard this and rushed to the front of the Swadian Sergeant's formation.

They used the swords and axes in their hands to hack at the newly modified shield.

"Bang!!" If there were ordinary people with weaker physiques present, they would probably have their ears ringing from the collision of the swords and shields.

And under the pressure of this wave of impact, the Swadian Sergeant was tired.

The situation seemed to have become troublesome.

As the Swadian Sergeant made a defensive formation, he used the weapons in his hands to attack the weakness of the undead warriors while coordinating with the cavalries.

But this time, it did not seem to pose any threat to the undead warriors.

One of the Swadian warriors' shield was smashed and torn apart. Immediately after, the undead warrior grabbed his neck, wanting to kill him.

However, he was stopped by Bunduk. Bunduk took a spear from the cavalry and stabbed it deeply into the undead warrior's knee, causing him to fall to the ground.

After an undead warrior lost his attacking power for a short while, the Dronnheim warriors immediately surrounded him and attacked him together.

The battle continued for a while. Bunduk wiped the sweat off his forehead.

His gaze calmly swept across every place where the soldiers were fighting. No matter what, the number of casualties of the soldiers of Dronnheim was far greater than that of the undead. They were in a disadvantageous situation.

Bunduk locked his gaze on the man standing on the high platform again.

That man had been standing there since the beginning of the battle.

A wave of doubt rose in Bunduk's heart. He realized that the highest point of the altar was also where the starlight gathered.

After thinking for a while in his mind, he had a clue about the way to break out of the predicament.

Bunduk once again threw himself into the battle and silently moved closer to the altar.

Behind him were a few officers and subordinates who were close to him, providing cover for him. When the few of them sneaked near the stone stairs leading to the altar. The people around them almost did not notice their approach.

Bunduk led the few soldiers to step onto the altar.

The man who was high up had already noticed their movement.

At this moment, he waved his right hand on the astrolabe in front of him.

Four undead knights covered in flames appeared in front of Bunduk and the others. They blocked their path.

Bunduk gripped the weapon in his hand tightly. He steeled his heart and shouted loudly, "Charge!!"