

Oasis 671

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 671: Decision-Making After the Battle

After spending a night in Cumberland, the Elf Kingdom's troops would set off for the Elf Kingdom's main city.

Bunduk and Derrick were also in the formation. As the commanders of the main reinforcements, they also needed to report the results of the battle to the Elf King.

Furthermore, they also needed to know how to deal with the lizardmen and jackalans.

Three days later, the elven army arrived at the main city of the Elf Kingdom.

Before Gable could return to the camp, he was summoned by the Elf King. He brought Bunduk and Derrick into the palace.

"It's been hard on all of you," the Elf King consoled after receiving the greetings of the three.

"The plan to exterminate the enemy went smoothly. I didn't feel tired," Derrick replied peacefully.

Upon hearing this, the Elf King smiled and said, "This great victory is a first-class good thing for the Elf Kingdom and Drondheim. I have already sent a message to Lord Kant regarding the outcome of this battle."

"The Elf Kingdom and Drondheim are very far apart. I wonder when we will receive a reply from the Lord?" Bunduk asked.

The Elf King thought for a moment, he replied, "We will receive a reply from Drondheim in about three days. I mentioned in my letter about the expedition to the lizardmen and jackalans' territory. I wonder what Lord Kant will reply. Until then, I can only trouble you two to stay in the Elf Kingdom for the time being."

Bunduk thought for a moment and replied, "Yes, then we will wait for the Lord's reply in the main city. I hope that Your Highness can summon us when you receive the reply."

"Of course."

Bunduk and the other two stepped out of the royal palace's door.

"Commander Bunduk and Commander Derrick, what are your plans next?" Gable asked.

Bunduk replied, "We should find an inn nearby to stay. In short, there will be a letter from Drondheim in three days."

Derrick nodded in agreement with Bunduk's idea.

Gable said apologetically, "Since the two commanders have your own plans, I don't need to worry about you. Besides, my manor near the military camp is really shabby. I'm afraid it's not good enough to entertain the two of you."

“Thank you for your kindness. Staying near the royal palace will allow us to know the news ahead of time. This is what we hope for the most at the moment,” Derrick said.

“Okay.” Gable fell into deep thought before continuing, “I wonder what kind of orders Lord Kant will send. In that case, I’ll take my leave first. See you in three days.”

“See you in three days.”

Bunduk and Derrick booked a guest room at the inn closest to the palace.

They went out for a walk every day, and in the evening, they would rest early after chatting. It could be said that they were very free.

On the morning of the third day, Derrick sat at the dining table in the guest room and made tea. Today, neither of them planned to go out. They sat in their rooms wholeheartedly, waiting for news from the palace.

Bunduk drank a whole cup of tea and told Derrick, “I didn’t expect that I wouldn’t be able to adapt without the army’s mission.”

“Commander Bunduk, you haven’t had much rest in the past year, have you? You’ve been fighting wars or handling government affairs for the Lord in the main city,” Derrick said with a smile.

“But it looks like you never really thought of going out to play. There’s a lot of pressure of becoming a new commander, right?” Bunduk also joked back.

“I’m different from Commander Bunduk. When I was an officer, I would take a break from my busy schedule.” Derrick gave Bunduk a sly look, then he took a sip of his tea with a sense of ease.

Bunduk chuckled and didn’t say anything else.

Over the past three days, the two of them had chatted quite a bit about their experiences. They gradually became more familiar with each other, no longer as distant and isolated as before.

Not long after the two of them quieted down, the sound of an inquiry came from outside the door. “Excuse me, is this the room of Commander Bunduk and Commander Derrick?”

Bunduk hurriedly stood up and walk to the door, and he saw an elf dressed in a guard’s uniform standing outside the door.

After the elf guard bowed, he said to the two of them, “His Highness the Elf King asked me to summon the two of you into the palace. He said that Drondheim has sent a reply.”

Derrick and Bunduk nodded together and said, “Then, I’ll have to trouble you to lead the way.”

When they reached the main hall of the palace, Bunduk and the others met Gable, who was dressed in military uniform, at the door. It turned out that the Elf King had summoned the three of them to enter the palace together.

After greeting each other, they entered the main hall one after another.

“Your Highness, I heard that you received a reply from the Lord,” Bunduk went forward and asked the Elf King.

“Yes.” The Elf King took out a letter from his pocket and said, “Take a look with Commander Derrick. There are some instructions for you to read.”

After quickly reading it, Bunduk handed the letter to Derrick and turned around to ask, “Then, are we leaving for Cumberland immediately?”

The letter said that Drondheim’s troops would head to the lizardmen and jackalan’s territory together with the Elf Kingdom’s troops.

“Yes, but I want Gable to lead the march with you,” said the Elf King.

“The march has been prepared according to Your Highness’s instructions,” reported Gable.

“Then it means that the preparations have been made. I wonder how the lizardmen and jackalan troops that were left behind to defend the city will react. However, the main purpose of this trip is to search for the results of the battle. I hope that you can return safely,” instructed the Elf King.

The three replied calmly, “Yes!”

After leaving the palace, Bunduk and Derrick boarded the carriage prepared for them and headed to Cumberland with the assembled elven soldiers.

After receiving the message from the main city, the Cumberland soldiers also began to prepare seriously.

Training was necessary.

The citizens of Cumberland provided them with a wide field as a training ground. The leading officer would lead his team to meet the daily training targets.

Kant said in the letter, “the supply this time was provided by Cumberland. To be able to provide 10,000 soldiers with rations on the way to the lizardmen and jackalan’s territory in a short period of time according to the requirements, it could be seen that Cumberland’s development in just half a year was astonishing enough.”

Kant also learned about this fact from the financial account books that were uploaded every month.

By the time Bunduk and the others arrived in Cumberland, all the soldiers were ready.

On the morning of the fourth day, nearly 20,000 soldiers set off from Cumberland, heading for the lizardmen and jackalan’s territory.

The lizardmen and jackalan’s territory was not far from the Elf Kingdom’s boundary.

The three countries were close to a coast and could be reached by walking straight along the coast.

However, the journey will take about four or five days.

The soldiers march during the day and encamp at night.

They marched at full speed towards their destination.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 672: The Discovery of the Lizardmen's Main City

The 20,000-strong army formed by Drondheim and the Elf Kingdom finally arrived at the lizardmen's territory on the fourth morning after they departed from Cumberland. The continuous trekking for several days didn't diminish the enthusiasm of the soldiers.

Bunduk and Derrick led the army behind them and stood at the city gates of the lizardmen's main city.

On the city walls stood a line of lizardmen soldiers. When they saw that the troops were at the city gates, they immediately raised their white flags.

The two squads that the lizardmen had excluded had fallen at the hands of Drondheim. At this point, the soldiers left behind to defend the main city weren't enough to fight the troops outside the city gates. There was even a high possibility that the troops would be defeated.

Bunduk and the others did not expect the lizardmen to surrender so easily. At this moment, the main city gates had already been opened by the lizardmen's soldiers. Gradually, several rows of lizardmen soldiers walked out. The lizardmen standing at the front seemed to be the captain of the team. The captain of the guards held the white flag in his right hand and acted as if he was begging for mercy and surrendering.

Bunduk dismounted his horse suspiciously and asked the leader of the lizardmen, who was the representative of surrendering, "Are you here to surrender on behalf of the lizardmen?"

"Yes, all the remaining warriors of the lizardmen are here," the lizardman replied.

When Bunduk heard this, he raised his head and roughly counted the number of lizardmen present. There were only about seven to eight hundred of them.

With such combat strength, if he were to fight head-on with his own troops, it would be like throwing an egg at a rock.

At this moment, Gable walked to Bunduk's side and asked the leader of the lizardmen, "Where is your Lord?"

"The Lord has already abandoned the city and escaped," the lizardman pleaded pitifully. "You can have anything you want, but can you spare our lives?"

Bunduk's expression did not change. He had seen this situation countless times. Since he had chosen to become a warrior and fight on the battlefield, how could his hands not be stained with blood? At this moment, the lizardman was acting like a defeated person. He could understand, but he would not sympathize.

Gable was frowning at the side. He called for his troops to tie up the lizardmen soldiers with ropes and temporarily take them as captives.

The lizardman leader was held hostage by a few soldiers and entered the city with them.

After entering the main city of the lizardmen, Gable said to the lizardman leader, "Did your Lord run away by himself? Or did he bring his treasures with him?"

"The Lord ran away with a few of his personal guards. As time is tight, they didn't seem to bring much," the lizardman leader replied in a panic. "I know where the Lord's treasure vault is. If I bring you there, will you let us go?"

"Hmph, let's find it first," Gable snorted softly.

The leader of the lizardmen then brought them to the palace of the main city of the lizardmen.

Although it was called a palace, its appearance wasn't as shocking as the palaces that Bunduk had seen before. It was unknown if it was due to a lack of budget or something else. The appearance of the palace was very simple. It felt like an ordinary residence that took up a slightly larger area.

The group walked to the entrance of the palace. Gable ordered his elven soldiers to carefully search the main city for resources that could be used.

As for Bunduk and Derrick, they didn't do anything. They were only here to gather actual results. Natural resources weren't particularly useful to Dronnheim, which was far away.

Therefore, they didn't need to think about getting a share of the spoils.

The space in the palace was still relatively small, so only Bunduk, the other two, and a few other warriors entered to take a look.

"Your Lord is certainly living a simple life," Gable finally commented as he surveyed the furnishings in the palace. The kitchen in charge of food in the palace was probably only the size of a toilet in the royal palace of the Elf Kingdom.

The lizardman soldier shook his head and said with a wry smile, "You'll know when you follow me down."

Under everyone's astonished gazes, the lizardman opened a secret door. There was a corridor inside.

Bunduk and Derrick followed the lizardman into the secret door. The space inside the door was pitch-black.

"Eh? Why is there ventilation here?" Derrick felt a chill blow across his face as he asked in surprise.

"This section was originally illuminated, but because the cost of lighting is too high, and the items inside aren't suitable for an open fire environment, they were abandoned."

The group followed closely behind the lizardman as they headed to the other end of the corridor.

"There seems to be quite a lot of space in here," Gable said. As his words fell, they could faintly hear an echo.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at an empty plot of land.

The walls of the empty plot of land were inlaid with high-priced fluorescent stones, allowing everyone to see clearly.

“Wow!” Derrick couldn’t help but exclaim when he saw the boxes filled with expensive treasures stacked together.

“The Lord didn’t take his treasures away. He was probably worried that he would attract the attention of others,” the lizardman said from the side.

“He hid so many treasures. If the people around him knew about it, they would probably feel jealous.” Bunduk then asked the lizardman, “How did you know where your Lord hid the treasures?”

“I just accidentally barged in.” the lizardman lowered his head and said.

“Then why didn’t you bring your soldiers and bring these treasures away? This is enough for all of you to enjoy for a few lifetimes.”

“Some of the soldiers’ families are still in the city. It is impossible to migrate the entire city,” the lizardman replied, “instead of that, I might as well give up these treasures to you. Perhaps I can exchange them for a chance of survival.”

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded and didn’t comment.

The soldiers waiting outside the palace were called into the secret chamber. They were in charge of sorting out the treasures.

The soldiers that had been sent out to search previously had sent someone back to deliver a message. They had discovered a Freshwater Lake and an iron mine on the outskirts of the lizardmen’s main city.

Gable was overjoyed as he said to Bunduk in a relaxed manner, “The reason why we were able to wipe out the lizardmen this time is mainly due to the army of Drondheim.”

“It should be the victory of our cooperation,” answered Derrick modestly.

“No, no, no. Without your assistance this time, the elven army wouldn’t have been able to achieve such fruitful results,” Gable couldn’t help but continue praising, “I’m truly grateful to every Drondheim reinforcements.”

After Derrick smiled and declined, he finally accepted Gable’s sincere gratitude.

The number of financial reports stored in the secret room was indeed astonishing. More than a hundred soldiers had to work in the secret room for a long time before they could finally complete the task of sorting out everything and recording it down.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 673: The Final Result of the Battle

“Commander Bunduk, may I ask you to transfer a group of people from the troops of the Drondheim soldiers to guard the spoils of war with the remaining troops of the Elf Kingdom in the main city of the lizardmen?” Gable walked to Bunduk’s side and asked.

Bunduk faced Gable and nodded, saying, “Of course.”

“That’s good. In a while, I’ll have the guards gather in front of the palace gates. Commander Bunduk, bring the soldiers of Drondheim with you,” Gable suggested.

“Okay, I’ll send someone to give you the names of the soldiers,” Bunduk replied calmly.

“Based on my experience working with you this time, Commander Bunduk is indeed very reliable,” Gable praised.

“I just did what I was supposed to do,” Bunduk said politely, and continued, “this time, we captured the lizardmen’s territory. How does the Elf Kingdom plan to deal with the remaining lizardmen?”

“According to the usual practice after a war, they should be exiled. Anyway, they can’t be allowed to return to this city,” Gable replied after pondering for a while.

“Yes.” Bunduk nodded and didn’t say anything else.

In the current situation, it wasn’t suitable for him to say too much. Moreover, the Elf Kingdom’s way of handling matters could be considered very slow. In the past, many countries fought in all directions. Every place they went to, they would ferociously choose to massacre the entire city. In their eyes, perhaps this was the only way to completely win a war. And even now, many countries would completely destroy the armies of the defeated countries after they won the war to ensure that they would be unable to recover.

Bunduk had never done something like slaughtering a city before. After all, when he saw those ordinary people who had nothing to do with war or politics, he would pity them.

After the distribution of personnel and supplies was settled, other than the soldiers who were in charge of keeping watch, the rest of the people once again embarked on the journey to the Jackalan Kingdom.

The two countries were not far from each other. After two days and a night, all the soldiers arrived at the gate of the jackalans’ territory.

Before they got close, the gate of the Jackalan City opened wide. Many armored jackalan soldiers rushed out from inside. After lining up in a row, they stood in front of everyone.

This was the most common offensive formation used by the jackalans.

However, facing more than 10,000 soldiers, this formation did not bring much offensive momentum.

The Lord of the jackalans was at the center of the formation. He belonged to a race that focused on strength and explosive power. As the leader, he was very eye-catching among the jackalans.

“Charge!” the Lord of the jackalans roared angrily. The sound he made was more like the roar of a wild beast.

The jackalan warriors crashed directly into the shield of the Swadian soldiers at the front. They wanted to destroy their formation.

However, after one of the Swadian soldiers fell, new soldiers came forward.

Under the absolute suppression of the number of people, the energy that the jackalans exploded at the end of their lives could not save them.

The cavalries and elven warriors at the back row continuously used long-range attacks to put pressure on the jackalans.

Many of the jackalans fell to the ground with wounds all over their bodies before they could charge forward.

The eyes of the jackalan lord flashed with green light of hatred when he saw this scene. He flew forward and used the astonishing strength of his right arm to cut down a cavalry under his horse.

Behind him, many jackalans also leaped forward, trying to bypass the defense of the Swadian soldiers in the front row and cut straight to the mages and cavalries on horses in the back row.

With their astonishing jumping ability, a portion of the jackalans finally achieved their goal. They successfully disrupted the formation at the back row.

When the Lord of the jackalans first jumped into the rear formation, Bunduk and the others launched a joint attack and beheaded him.

Seeing that the front line was gradually collapsing, they ordered loudly, "Second defensive formation!"

Upon hearing the order, the Swadian Sergeants leaped onto the backs of their comrades and stacked their shields on top of each other.

Under the tough defense, the jackalans couldn't break out of the encirclement again.

They could only watch as the other party gradually shrank away from them.

In the end, they were completely surrounded.

After the smoke of the battle, there were only dozens of elven medical soldiers left on the battlefield.

Bunduk took off his helmet and jumped off his horse. He said to Derrick, "I never expected the jackalans to last until the end and fight us head-on."

"The lord of the jackalans is so different from the lord of the lizardmen," Derrick replied.

After the war ended, Gable led a group of people into the city.

As for Bunduk and Derrick, they stayed outside the city gates and didn't follow him in.

They organized their soldiers to set up a tent and it was done when evening arrived.

Gable also walked out of the city gates with his soldiers carrying suitcases.

Outside the city gates of the jackalan race, smoke rose from the chimneys. Bunduk and the others had their first meal of the day.

After dinner, Bunduk, Derrick, and Gable gathered in the tent.

"Commander Bunduk, Commander Derrick, the results of the two searches have been recorded in the book." Gable took out two books from his pocket and handed them to Bunduk and Derrick, reminding them to keep an eye out for them.

"Thank you." After taking the books, Bunduk said, "Actually, we can't tell much. We'll have to leave this matter to the military officer in charge."

“Yes. The expedition this time is almost coming to an end. It’s really my luck to be able to carry out the mission with the two of you,” Gable said.

“General Gable, you’ve said this many times,” Bunduk replied. “There’s no need to be so polite with us. The Elf Kingdom has been in close contact with Drondheim for the past year, and the border of Cumberland has always been under your care. If we want to thank you, we’ll probably have to say it for a few days and nights. In the future, we might meet on the battlefield. Since we’ve made friends, there’s no need to thank us in this way.”

Derrick stood to the side and nodded in agreement with what Bunduk said.

Gable was embarrassed to continue. He extended his hand and said, “Alright then. I hope to see you on the battlefield again in the future and become comrades-in-arms with you.”

The next morning, Bunduk and Derrick worked out a route back to Cumberland before leading the army on their journey.

The treasures they found were divided into 40-60 percent and loaded onto the carriage.

Kant’s letter said that this was the result of his discussion with the elves. Furthermore, in order to reduce the burden of the march, the treasures didn’t need to be brought back to the main city by the army.

Upon arrival in Cumberland, it would be brought back to Drondheim by men appointed by Cumberland.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 674: Preparation for the New Empire

Bunduk’s army stayed in Cumberland for less than half a day before leaving.

The Elf King even personally came to the city gate to send them off.

After half a month, the army led by Bunduk returned to Drondheim.

Kant led the guards of the palace to welcome them and announced that a party would be held in the city tonight.

This was the news Kant had immediately informed the citizens of the city upon receiving the news of victory.

He was preparing a surprise for the victorious soldiers when they returned to Drondheim.

It was also to make everyone feel proud of the soldiers of their country.

“Lord.”

“Lord.”

Upon arriving at the palace’s Senate Hall, Bunduk and Derrick bowed to Kant once again.

“Thank you for your hard work,” Kant consoled them. “Derrick, how do you feel after winning two battles in a row on your first expedition as a new commander?”

"I'm happy that our country's military is strong. I also feel very pressured by my current position," Derrick replied.

"It's normal to feel pressured. It's good enough to gain confidence from the soldiers under you," Kant said. "There shouldn't be any more battles in the near future. You have to familiarize yourself with it in the military camp as soon as possible."

"Yes, thank you for your wisdom, Lord," replied Derrick.

Kant nodded and continued to ask them about the details of the march. Then, he let the two of them go back to rest.

Drondheim was filled with lanterns and streamers tonight. The bustle was almost the same as during the New Year.

On the way back, the two met many soldiers who were able to stroll around because of the evening party.

Under the constant invitations of these soldiers, Bunduk and Derrick were also crowded into the restaurant.

"Drink to your heart's content tonight. It's my treat," said Bunduk after sitting in the lead seat and toasting everyone.

"Yoo-hoo!" The soldiers happily banged the table and jeered.

"This, do I have to treat you together with me?" asked Derrick as he leaned into Bunduk's ear and said carefully.

Bunduk was feeling a little embarrassed by the soldiers' heckling. When he heard Derrick's words, he was stunned for a moment. Then, he said apologetically to Derrick, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, I was just saying. No one cares anyway." After taking a sip of his wine, Derrick said to Bunduk with a smile in his eyes, "Just treat it as you treating me once."

With that said, Derrick poured the wine glass over and shook it up and down, indicating that Bunduk had finished his drink.

Bunduk smiled and didn't say anything else.

After Bunduk and Derrick left, Kant sat alone in the hall, correcting the documents until late at night.

After sorting out all the administrative matters for today, Kant took out the topographic map that he had sent to survey the borders.

The founding of the Caradia Empire should indeed be put on the agenda.

Now, in the Nahrin Desert, Drondheim stood alone. The troops wandering in the desert posed no threat to it at all.

The relevant details were ready.

All this was carried out in silence by Kant and several ministers.

Now, it could be announced that it had been confirmed and brought to the surface.

Kant wanted to wait until the army had calmed down from the continuous battles over the past six months before gathering everyone to tell them about the founding of the kingdom.

The original city of the Undead Kingdom had also been completely renovated.

Kant was prepared to set off to see it in a few days. In his impression, the undead had no concept of the public facilities of the city. It was estimated that there were many undeveloped or half-developed resource areas in the main city of the Undead kingdom.

These were also important for the establishment of the Caradia Empire.

Kant imagined the future of the Caradia Empire in his mind.

He felt both excited and uneasy.

It felt like everything was starting to make sense, but he couldn't figure it out completely.

Kant just let his imagination run wild until he fell asleep.

In the next few days.

Kant would often take time out of the day to go to the military camp to take a look.

These two battles were led by Bunduk. Although it wasn't obvious, he was pleasantly surprised to be able to obtain such a result.

The spoils of war brought back from Cumberland were indeed astonishing, but what made Kant even happier was that according to Bunduk's description, Drondheim's army had gradually mastered the ability to adapt to tactics, and their combat ability was constantly improving.

In order to increase the distance between them and the soldiers, Kant chose to visit the military camp frequently.

"Lord, you're here again." Bunduk stepped forward and bowed.

"Your tone makes me feel as if I've been here many times," Kant said with a smile.

Bunduk covered his mouth in panic, then shook his head and said, "I didn't mean that."

Kant smiled and asked, "How's the training in the army recently?"

"I feel that everyone's physical fitness has improved, and the progress of completing the mission is much faster than before. Now, a few of us are considering whether to increase the difficulty of the training," Bunduk said in detail.

"That sounds good. What about you? What have you been doing recently? Why is it that the person who came to my place to summarize for me is Derrick?" Kant continued asking.

"I'm training with the soldiers. I feel that this mission suits me quite well. Different things should be handed over to the right person," Bundk replied.

“Oh?” Kant raised his eyebrows in puzzlement. “If you say that... I don’t know what to say. It’s just that I can clearly sense your lack of confidence in your words.”

“Lack of confidence? I don’t think so,” Bunduk denied.

“Don’t be in a hurry to deny it. Some words are easy to say but difficult to understand. Even if you say it yourself, you may not be able to understand its meaning in your mind,” Kant warned Bunduk with a deep meaning.

Kant had two lifetimes of experience in dealing with people. Standing in front of Bunduk, he could see through his thoughts in an instant.

However, he wanted him to solve it himself and not rely on others.

“I’m going to the Undead Kingdom the day after tomorrow. At that time, if you need to submit any documents, just hand them over to my appointed minister,” Kant changed the topic.

This was another thing that he had come to inform him about recently.

“The Undead Kingdom? Lord, why are you going there?” Bunduk asked in surprise when he heard this news.

“The place is almost repaired. I’m going to take a look at the results,” Kant replied casually.

“Oh, Lord, will you be staying there for a long time?”

“No, I’ll probably be back in less than a month,” Kant replied. “I’ll leave the army to you.”

“Yes, my Lord,” Bunduk bowed.

Kant helped him up and bid him farewell.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 675: Investigation of the Undead City

Kant rode on a camel and walked out of the city gate under the cover of a guard dressed in plain clothes.

However, no one recognized him as the lord of Dronnheim despite the noise of people outside the city gate.

Kant and his group, disguised as a trade caravan, traveled in the desert for seven days and arrived at the Undead City.

The sign of the territory of the undead at the city gate had been replaced with the sign of Dronnheim’s territory.

Kant’s guards called the city guards above the city gate to open the gate. Under the welcome of the city guards, Kant walked down from the camel’s back and asked the captain of the soldiers, “Where is General Adonis?”

“Reporting to the Lord, the general is leading a team to patrol the city. He should be on his way here now,” the captain of the soldiers bowed his head and replied respectfully.

“Mm, take me to your barracks. I’ll wait for him there,” Kant nodded and said.

“Yes,” the soldier replied. After instructing a soldier beside him to send a message to General Adonis, he got on his horse and let Kant follow behind him.

Kant rode on his camel and moved forward slowly. On the way, he also browsed through the city planning and design of the undead race. It was slightly different from a normal human city.

After a short observation, Kant found that it was as he had expected. The undead race’s cities were all made of stone houses. The distance between them was uneven, and the width of the land was also very different. The streets were also distorted by the construction of these houses.

However, the houses on both sides of the street had been completely dismantled by the repair workers sent by Drondheim. Kant was only observing the exposed foundation and the stone laid on the street, in his heart, he could roughly imagine the original appearance of the Undead City.

Along with the sightseeing, Kant also had a rough idea of the repair project in his heart.

Walking into the military camp, Kant sat down at the main general’s seat and waited quietly.

“Lord Kant!” Following a shout, a tall soldier wearing a war uniform walked into Kant’s tent.

“General Adonis, long time no see.” Kant stood up and greeted with a smile.

Adonis walked to Kant and bowed, panting, he said, “I heard from the soldiers guarding the city that you have arrived here, so I rushed over immediately. I thought that you would only arrive tomorrow, after all, there have been frequent strong winds in the desert recently. The bad weather is not suitable for traveling.”

Kant smiled and replied, “I haven’t been here for long before you came. Why are you in such a hurry? Take a breath and rest first.”

After saying that, Kant ordered the guards to bring a glass of water to Adonis. After Adonis thanked them and took it, he immediately drank it.

“Pardon my rudeness,” Adonis wiped his mouth and said apologetically.

Kant knew that this was his nature. He did not say anything and shook his head with a smile.

“Is the Lord here for the renovation project?” Adonis asked.

“Probably. I don’t plan to stay here for long. I’m just here to see how the progress is.” Kant suddenly thought of something and quickly turned his head and asked, “This place... hasn’t been named yet, right?”

“Yes.” Adonis scratched his head and said, “Someone in the team reported the proposal of the city’s name to you, but didn’t receive a response. We also don’t know what to call this place specifically.”

“Oh, oh. Maybe I missed something.” Kant seemed to recall something and nodded.

In fact, the documents from the ministers or other territories would be classified into various grades because of the large number of documents. Kant was only responsible for dealing with the upper three

grades. The rest were handed over to the high-ranking ministers who usually discussed national policies together.

Such a simple and complicated matter like naming was probably passed to the minister in charge and then ignored.

However, Kant did not say that he did not see it. The ministers and officers who submitted the documents only knew that they had to mark the important grades of the documents according to the priority of the matter. However, they did not know that a portion of the document would not be sent to the Lord.

Now that he thought about it, Kant felt that this process was indeed not very strict, and mistakes could appear at any time. After the empire was built, the newly issued constitution had to be amended so that the empire's machinery could operate without any mistakes.

Adonis did not think too much about it, he only replied, "I heard that Lord, you will be in the Senate Hall every day to revise the document until late at night. Recently, Drondheim had to go out to war often. Lord, forgetting such a small matter is unavoidable, right?"

"Have the rumors about me spread to such a faraway place?" Kant said in a joking tone, "Why don't you discuss the name of this city and decide for yourself. After all, you guys are the ones who have been guarding this place."

"Really?" Adonis was a little surprised. They should be the first batch of soldiers who gets to decide the name of the country's territory.

"Yes." Kant nodded. "But before you name it, you have to check the background of the name. Don't name it's just because it's pleasant to hear."

"Okay, thank you, Lord," Adonis answered excitedly.

"Tomorrow, I will go with the troops in charge of the repairs to the scene to supervise the work. Go and inform the troops in advance. Tell them to do whatever they need to do. Don't mind me," Kant said to Adonis in detail.

"Yes," Adonis bowed and agreed.

Kant's short-term residence in the main city of the Undead Kingdom was not in the military camp. Instead, it was at the newly built civilian residence next to the original palace.

Kant's room was arranged on the third floor, while the other guards were resting on the second floor.

After Kant walked into the residence, he looked around, then climbed up the stairs and walked into his own room.

This room was very spacious, and all kinds of facilities were fully prepared.

"Unfortunately, there's nothing outside the window," Kant stood by the window and commented as he looked at the ruins of the old palace that had been demolished.

The atmosphere here was completely different from that of Cumberland. Judging from the current trend, this place would be built into a typical industrial city in the future. It would be responsible for providing raw materials and processing.

However, this place and Cumberland had indeed made up for Drondheim's shortcomings.

"Knock, knock!" The guard knocked on the door of the room.

Kant shouted for him to come in. The guard opened the door and placed a few stacks of blueprints on the table in the living room, he said respectfully to Kant, "My Lord, this was sent by Adonis from the repair staff. Please have a look."

Kant nodded, indicating that he understood.

The soldier took the candlestick closer to the blueprints and took his leave.

Kant sat down and began to pick up the design and look at it carefully.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 676: The Establishment of Durandal

Kant woke up early the next morning. After washing up, he asked someone to lead the way to the construction site.

A large group of uniformed army workers were gathered in the workshop. They were probably preparing to assemble.

Kant and the attendants walked to the end of the line and stood still. Many workers around them noticed the luxurious clothes they were wearing and looked at them.

But no one knew that Kant was the Lord of Drondheim. The workers only talked to each other and guessed the identity of the two men. They did not go forward to talk.

The daily gathering would be held after breakfast. The leader of the repair team, Kloritz, would speak at this time. The garrison led by Adonis would also be present.

When Kant and the others entered the field, Adonis locked his gaze on the two men.

However, he remembered what Kant had said before, that he did not want the workers to notice his identity as the Lord. So, he did not go forward to greet them.

When the gathering was over and the workers received their tasks and went to look for the team on their own, they dispersed.

Adonis summoned Kloritz and walked to Kant. He bowed his head and said, "Hello, Lord."

"Mm." Kant glanced at the two of them and nodded. Then, he said to Kloritz, "I'll have to trouble you this time."

"It's our honor for the Lord to come here to survey. We won't feel troubled," Kloritz shook his head and hurriedly said.

"Hehe." Kant smiled. Thinking that today was the first time he met Kloritz, he didn't say anything else.

"What about General Adonis? Is there anything you want to report?" Kant turned his head and asked Adonis.

"Yes, Lord. Yesterday you have asked us to discuss the name of this city internally. The soldiers and I have come up with one. We want the Lord to hear it," Adonis said in embarrassment.

"So soon?" Kant raised his eyebrows. "Then let me hear it from you. What name do you want?"

"Durandal," Adonis said, and then he cast a cautious look at Kant.

Kant nodded. He had heard of this name, Durandal. It had an unchanging meaning. The former Holy Knight, Roland's sword, was also called this name.

"As expected, it's a name that was thought of by people who came from the military," Kant said affirmatively. "It's quite good, and it also matches this city. If I didn't think of it, I would use this."

"Thank you, Lord," Adonis said with gratitude.

"Take this as an urgent report to Dronnheim. The craftsmen in the main city will make a suitable plaque for Durandal," Kant instructed.

"Got it," Adonis agreed, and then he left.

"Durandal is such a good name," Kloritz said, "This city will also become a sharp sword that Dronnheim expects."

"I hope so," Kant said thoughtfully. "I didn't expect Captain Kloritz to read such a long history of heroic poetry."

"No, I just saw that some soldiers liked it very much, so I was influenced and learned a little about it," Kloritz heard Kant's ridicule and hurriedly declined.

"Well, I also read 'The Song of Roland' a long time ago. The words in the poem could easily stir up the blood in everyone's hearts. Captain Kloritz learned something very good," Kant continued.

"Thank you, Lord, for your praise," Kloritz replied with embarrassment.

"Where should we go today?" Kant asked as they got back to business.

"I want to bring the Lord to take a look at the coal mines in the outskirts of the city. That place hasn't been developed by the undead before," Kloritz replied.

"Yes." Kant nodded and agreed.

Not long after, Kloritz's men brought a carriage and horses.

"Don't we need to ride camels?" Kant asked curiously. Speaking of the suburbs, the distance should be quite far. He roughly recalled the distance between the center of the city and the boundary marked with the coal mine on the paper he saw last night.

"The workers in the army have already built a shortcut in the city. If we take that road, the distance will shrink quite a bit, and the road is very flat," Kloritz explained in detail.

After Kant heard this, he boarded the carriage in peace.

Accompanying him were his personal guards and soldiers.

The space in the carriage was relatively wide, and the cushions were covered with silky and soft brocade. This cushioned the bumpy road to the greatest extent.

The area of the Undead City was relatively wide, to begin with. Kloritz rode his horse in front to lead the way to the mining area in the western suburbs.

After an hour or so, while sitting in the carriage, Kant looked through the window railings, he saw that the buildings had become sparser and sparser. The surrounding scenery had become a desert filled with yellow soil, and the temperature in the carriage was constantly rising.

After a while, the carriage stopped.

"Have we arrived?" Kant asked in his heart.

The coachman who was in charge of driving the horse raised the curtain of the carriage and said to Kant, "My Lord, we have arrived at our destination. Please get off the carriage."

Kant nodded and tidied his clothes. He stepped on the stairs and got off the carriage.

When he saw him, Kloritz said to him, "Lord, the construction site of the coal mine is in front of us."

Kant's line of sight passed Kloritz and looked at the newly built workers' dormitory in the distance.

"Yes." Kant continued to look around and replied, "Then let's go to the site to take a look now."

The group set off towards the coal mining site.

"This time, we discovered an open-pit coal mine, so it didn't take much time to prepare for construction. Up until now, the amount of coal stored in the factory has reached dozens of tons," Kloritz introduced to Kant as he walked.

"Are we still using manual coal mining?" Kant asked.

"That was before, but after applying for assistance from the main city of Drondheim, the workers have already begun to learn how to use portable machines to mine coal," Kloritz replied.

Kant glanced at the staff dormitory in the desert and continued, "This kind of working environment is still too harsh. Did any employees report to you any suggestions from the workers?"

"Not for the time being." Kloritz thought about it and shook his head.

"Then I'll arrange a task for you. Go to the workers and do a detailed investigation in the next week. See if they have any requests. After you have checked, summarize the document and report it to me," Kant arranged.

"Got it." Kloritz nodded and reminded his subordinates to quickly record it in words.

Kant panted as he looked up at the sun hanging in the middle of the sky. He could not help but sigh in his heart. He had been sitting in the palace for the past half a year and did not do any exercise at all. His physical fitness had indeed decreased a little.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 677: Visiting the Coal Mine on the First Day

A group of people walked past the staff quarters and the warehouse where the coal was stored. Finally, they arrived at the coal production site.

Kant stood on the high ground and looked down at the entire mine.

All the workers were busy moving in and out. Some were responsible for mining with machines, some were responsible for measuring, and some were responsible for carrying.

“Based on the results so far, what is the annual output of this coal mine?” Kant asked Kloritz.

“About 1,200 tons. This is an estimate based on the premise of mitigating the geological damage caused by coal mining,” Kloritz replied.

“Yes, for our current technical level, this output is indeed astonishing.” Kant could not help but nod his head and comment, “Then the quality of the coal produced, what is the result of your inspection?”

“We brought samples from the coal bunker.” Kloritz handed Kant a pair of worker’s gloves, and then the subordinate behind him pushed out a small basket of mine coal.

After Kant put on the gloves, Kloritz moved the coal basket forward, and while introducing it to Kant’s warrior, he said, “This is the mined coal that has been filtered by the factory and stored in the warehouse.”

Kant weighed a piece of coal and carefully observed it. From the appearance, the quality of the coal was indeed not bad. It was bright black, and under the natural light, it was wrapped in a layer of luster. The degree of coal melting was relatively deep. Kant broke a small piece of it and rubbed it on a piece of wood, crushing it into powder. When he saw that the scratches on the wood were also dark gray, he let out a sigh of relief.

He stood up and said to Kloritz, “Conquering the Undead Kingdom has brought many unexpected benefits. If you have more detailed reports, you don’t have to let me read them. If you need people to take charge, I will ask Drondheim to send people to assist you.”

“Thank you, Lord,” Kloritz bowed and replied.

Then, the group walked down the highland.

Kloritz walked in front of the group and led Kant and the others to browse through the operation sequence of the entire assembly line in the coal mining factory.

It was not until late in the evening that the group of people walked out of the factory.

They boarded the carriage and returned to Durandal.

"Today's work will be over," Kant said to Kloritz as he stood in front of the residential building where he was resting.

"Lord, please go back and rest well. I'll take my leave first." Feeling the weariness in Kant's words, Kloritz took the initiative to say goodbye.

"Yes, you too. You've worked hard," Kant replied.

The two of them said goodbye to each other. Kloritz watched Kant walk into the building and then turned to leave.

Kant returned to his room and saw a large pile of documents on the round table in the living room.

It seemed that the messenger had brought them from Drondheim.

Kant walked to the chair beside the table and sat down.

When he came to Durandal, his schedule for the whole day was even more packed.

Kant picked up the document that was placed at the top and began to read it.

"Knock, knock." There was a knock on the door.

"Please come in," Kant said without raising his head.

Until he heard footsteps approaching in front of him, Kant raised his head and looked at the other party.

The official messenger stood in front of him and greeted, "Lord, you're back."

"Yes. Did you send these today?" Kant glanced at the document on the table and asked.

"Yes. This is the document that arrived in the Senate Hall within a week from the day you left for Durandal, Lord," the messenger explained softly.

"Yes, there are indeed quite a few." Kant said with a headache, "Then when are you going back?"

"I originally wanted to go back tonight, but the road conditions in the desert have been worsening recently. I could only stay and ask the soldiers by the city wall. They told me that the weather will improve tomorrow, so I plan to go back tomorrow night," the messenger replied carefully.

"Well, then I'll give you the corrected copy before you leave tomorrow night," Kant pinched the bridge of his nose and said thoughtfully.

When the messenger heard Kant's words, he looked at the small mountain of documents on the table. He couldn't help but reveal a look of shock. However, he had been by Kant's side for a long time, so he understood Kant's temper. After a moment of silence, he hesitated and said, "Lord, isn't it too rushed?"

"It's fine. The ministers who submitted the report are probably also a little anxious from waiting for a reply. In order to resolve it as soon as possible, we still have to quickly correct it and bring it back to them," Kant shook his head and said.

"Alright then." The messenger's eyes were slightly worried as he agreed, "Then I'll go and make a pot of tea for you, Lord."

After saying that, he bowed and left Kant's room.

Kant took out ink and began to carefully review the documents he had read.

He did not even notice the messenger knocking on the door. Sensing Kant's concentration, the messenger carefully put down the teapot and left with the door closed.

"Lord Messenger, has the Lord not rested yet?" When the messenger walked to the first floor, one of the attendants sitting in the hall, who was chatting idly, took the initiative to talk to him.

"The Lord probably won't sleep tonight. Are you in charge of keeping watch?" the messenger replied.

"Yes, it's our turn to stand guard today. It's quite boring," the attendant who had spoken earlier replied after being questioned.

"Is the Lord busy dealing with the government affairs sent from Drondheim? It's really hard work." The attendant sitting on the other side said with a sigh.

"The Lord has been on the road for a whole day and is now in his room to approve the documents. You two stay in the hall on the first floor quietly and don't disturb the Lord," ordered the messenger.

"Yes!" replied the two soldiers.

The messenger nodded and walked back to his room on the second floor to rest.

At noon the next day, after feeding the camels with food and water, the messenger walked into the residential building.

The weather was great today. According to the soldiers of the city tower, the storm in the desert had finally calmed down, and the visibility was several times better than last night.

The messenger walked to the stairs on the third floor and was about to report to Kant that his departure time was about to be advanced.

But he happened to meet Kant, who was going out with a pile of documents.

"Well, you are here?" Kant asked. He was about to hand over the documents that had been approved.

The messenger saw the slightly haggard lord and replied, "I'm here to report the departure time to you, Lord."

"Are you going to set off? Coincidentally, I can pass these directly to you. Be careful on the way," Kant said as he handed the documents in his arms to the messenger across from him.

"Ah, thank you for your hard work, Lord," the messenger thanked him.

Kant smiled and shook his head. He turned his head to look out of the window by the corridor and said, "The weather today is really good."

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and went back to his room.

Perhaps he was so sleepy that he couldn't take it anymore. The messenger thought as he stood on the spot with his arms full of documents.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 678: Leisure on a Normal Day

After Kant returned to his room, he collapsed on the bed.

He slept until the next morning.

Because he did not make an appointment with Kloritz in advance, he did not have any plans for the day.

After Kant had a good night's rest, he went out alone with a full spirit.

Not far from the residential building was the old palace of the Undead Kingdom.

Although it had been demolished into ruins, Kant still wanted to take a look inside.

When he stepped into the entrance of the palace, there were many workers busy with their work, so they did not notice Kant who was shuttling between them.

Kant raised his head and looked around. The stone roof of the palace had been removed by the workers of the renovation team. Because the entire inner wall of the palace was connected, when the roof was destroyed, some of the walls collapsed.

Kant walked into the long corridor that the original expedition team had walked through and arrived at the battlefield of chaos.

The altar in the center of the room had also been torn down, but the open fire platform had been preserved. It seemed that the workers would also come here at night to work.

The ground made of stone bricks with the emblem of the Undead Kingdom was smashed, revealing the soil underground.

Some of the soil was darker as if fresh blood had seeped into the ground.

Kant sighed in his heart, silently praying for the soldiers who had died in battle. He then left the room.

Kant stopped at the door leading to the long corridor, hesitating whether he should go to the dungeon and infirmary that Bunduk had mentioned before.

He gave up after some careful consideration.

He immediately walked out of the palace.

Kant continued to stroll casually on the streets, while he browsed both sides of the street.

On the streets, there were workers in charge of transporting goods. It could be considered quite lively.

Kant followed the flow of people and strolled through the streets, spending the most relaxed time he had in recent times.

He only returned to the residence before dinner time.

He met Kloritz who had come to look for him.

"Hello, Lord," Klortiz greeted him.

“Yes.” Kant nodded and sat down on a chair in the hall to rest. “When did you come?”

Before he left, he received news from the guards that Kloritz had come to look for him while he was resting. He then asked someone to send a message to Kloritz, saying that they would meet at the residence at dusk.

Kloritz didn't expect him to arrive so early.

“I haven't been here for long, and you've arrived, Lord,” Kloritz said.

“Then stay and have dinner together. If there's anything, we can talk about it after dinner,” Kant suggested.

Kloritz nodded in slight surprise. “Thank you, Lord, for the invitation.”

When it was close to dinner time, the number of people coming and going in the hall and the kitchen increased.

Some of the assistants who worked for the chef had to help deliver food to the workers who were working in shifts at the construction site.

Kant led Kloritz to the private room on the second floor of the side hall and sat down. Then, soldiers continuously brought the prepared food from the back kitchen.

This meal was very reserved. Kant had the habit of eating without saying anything, so after he picked up the bowl, he did not speak again.

Kloritz usually ate with the noisy workers in the military camp, but he was not used to this slightly cold atmosphere.

After a few mouthfuls, he put down his bowl and chopsticks. He said to Kant, who was sitting across from him, “I'm done. Lord, enjoy.”

Kant heard the voice and raised his head. After chewing a mouthful of food, he asked, “You ate so quickly? I saw that you didn't even take any dishes.”

“Well, maybe it's because I've been staying outdoors all day. The weather is too hot, so my appetite isn't very good,” Kloritz explained with an embarrassed nod.

“Hehe, I guess you're not used to eating with me,” Kant teased with a smile.

Kloritz shook his head with a smile.

“If I had known earlier, I would have eaten with the soldiers in the lobby on the first floor. That way, it wouldn't be so awkward,” Kant said as he scooped the soup into his bowl.

“No, no, it's better to follow the Lord's habits,” Kloritz hurriedly denied.

Kant smiled and slowly drank the soup in the bowl.

When the soup bowl reached the bottom, he took a napkin and wiped his mouth. He said to Kloritz, “I'm done too. Let's go to the study and talk.”

The two walked from the second floor to the study of the third-floor suite.

Kant didn't usually use this room, and the bookshelf was empty.

The fence outside the window contained some flowers and plants with a faint fragrance.

Kant walked to a chair and sat down, motioning for Kloritz to take a seat.

Looking at the gradually darkening sky outside the window, Kant said, "What are your plans for tomorrow?"

"I've read the Lord's notes on the attachment to the manuscript. Perhaps tomorrow we can go to Half Moon Lake to take a look. That's the only freshwater resource in Durandal," Kloritz said after thinking for a moment.

"Freshwater resources. Hmm, the problems there are also related to the development of this city," Kant said.

"Although the underground water resources of Half Moon Lake are indeed abundant, if we want to build an iron smelter in Durandal, it is still a bit tight," Kloritz said.

"If we want to build an iron smelter in Durandal, the current conditions may not be enough," Kant commented.

"But if the coal mining industry here wants to develop, it must form an industrial chain," Kloritz continued Kant's words.

"This is indeed a bit difficult," Kant said.

If they wanted to transfer water from the coast thousands of kilometers away from here, it would take a lot of work.

After all, there were a series of uncertain factors such as the terrain, the rock layers along the way, and the processing of the seawater.

Kloritz also roughly guessed Kant's thoughts.

He had previously thought of transferring water resources from other places, but after a deeper understanding, he realized that the process was not that simple.

Thinking of this, Kloritz also revealed a distressed expression.

"There's no need to rush the matter of ironmaking. After more information is obtained, we can make a decent conclusion," Kant finally said.

"Mm." Kloritz also had no clue and nodded in response.

"Do you think it's a good time to let the people of Drondheim move over?" Kant asked.

Kloritz thought carefully. "Right now, the population that Durandal can support is indeed up to a standard. However, the city's infrastructure is still in the construction stage. I guess there will be a shortage in supplies to provide the people if they move in at this time."

"Recently, the number of people who came to me to petition to move to Durandal has increased. Most of them are the relatives of the soldiers who sacrificed themselves. I really don't know how to answer them." After a moment of silence, Kant sighed softly.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 679: The Journey to the Freshwater Lake

The next morning, after Kant had breakfast.

A familiar carriage stopped in front of the residential building. Kant walked out of the door and saw Adonis, who was dressed in plain clothes, sitting in the seat of the original coachman.

When Adonis saw Kant, he immediately got off the carriage and bowed. "Good morning, Lord."

"Why were you alone in the carriage? Where is Kloritz?" Kant asked.

"Captain Kloritz's leg was accidentally injured. The Freshwater Lake is closer to the coal mine that we went to the day before yesterday. I will lead the way for you, Lord," Adonis replied.

"Then I am the only one who can sit in your carriage." Kant smiled and waved his hand. He dismissed the guards who were following him. "But this is also quite good. It is easy to travel light."

Adonis nodded and helped Kant into the carriage.

Along the way, Adonis would occasionally talk to Kant, who was sitting in the carriage, and ask him about the recent situation of Bunduk and the others, as well as the details of the battle at the border of the Elf Kingdom. He had not returned to Drondheim for three months, and a lot of the news was scattered. He was not very clear about the situation in Drondheim.

"Do you want to go back?" Kant asked.

"Yes, I do. I wanted to go back after staying here for less than a month. But now that I have stayed here for four months, I don't think about it anymore," Adonis replied.

"Because of the war, the main city did not have enough people, so I did not gather the troops to replace you. In fact, I should have let you go back to rest a long time ago," Kant said. "Do you still have family in Drondheim?"

"Yes, I have a wife and child. My wife would send me letters every half a month. My child is still young. I guess he still doesn't know why I left," Adonis said. "Actually, it's not hard here. Rather than going back, I want my family to come here and take a look."

"Drondheim has a ban on leaving the city. This matter will fall through," Kant said.

The wind and sand were getting stronger and stronger. Even if they were less than a meter apart, they still had to shout to hear each other's words.

"That's a pity," Adonis said.

If it was possible, he would rather bring his family to stay here. However, his wife and children probably wouldn't be willing. After all, the bustling life of Drondheim always seemed to be attractive.

The two of them spent a lot of time chatting as they walked. When they reached the side of Half Moon Lake, the strong wind gradually weakened.

So Kant stood by the lake and carefully looked at the appearance of Half Moon Lake.

The surface of the lake was dark blue, between two dunes. As his vision extended, Kant estimated that this Freshwater Lake was about ten square kilometers.

It was indeed quite rare.

The undead that lived here before probably did not pay much attention to the water source like the elves did.

It allowed it to develop to its present scale naturally.

The more Kant thought about it, the more he felt that this original Undead City was a treasure.

Kant squatted down and probed the lake water by the shore. The lake water was cool and refreshing. When it was near the surface of the water, there seemed to be a breeze blowing by.

"Lord," Adonis called out to Kant.

Kant stood up, but his figure was a little absent-minded.

"Be careful!" Adonis quickly went forward to support Kant.

"I'm sorry, my body seems to have become a little weak recently." Kant stabilized himself and said to Adonis with a smile.

"Lord, you have to take care of your body," Adonis said worriedly.

Kant nodded and accepted his kindness. Someone turned to look at the surface of the lake. "This lake is really beautiful. It's even more valuable than an oasis in the desert. Durandal is truly lucky to have such resources by its side."

"In a few months, the period of rainfall in the Nahrin Desert will come again," Adonis said.

"Before the period of rainfall comes, we must build a reservoir to store water," Kant came to this conclusion after observing the place on the spot.

"If that's the case, it's true. I forgot about this on the planning paper. I'm really sorry, Lord," Adonis apologized to Kant after thinking about this.

"No rush. You can't handle this with the manpower in the city," Kant replied. "After staying here for two days, I feel that it's much more complicated than I imagined to build Durandal into a typical industrial city."

At least, several problems needed to be solved with a lot of manpower.

"I really want to solve all these problems before the founding of the country." Kant thought silently in his heart.

On the way back, Adonis' speed in driving the carriage was much slower than before.

Firstly, the fierce wind in the desert had stopped, and secondly, considering Kant's physical condition, he didn't want to cause any discomfort to Kant while traveling.

Kant sat in the carriage for a while and felt that it was a little stuffy inside.

He walked out and sat beside the carriage driver's seat.

He looked at the scenery of the desert.

In the end, he found a group of wandering jackalans on the horizon in the distance.

Kant could not help but frown. He thought to himself and asked Adonis, "Did the soldiers guarding the city not find anything?"

"It's quite common for other races to be wandering outside like this. However, they don't seem to dare to get close to Durandal. I don't know if they are afraid of the undead or the soldiers under Bunduk's command," Adonis replied.

The soldiers led by Adonis were responsible for patrolling the city and the border.

So far, they had not been attacked by these wandering races.

Kant heard what Adonis said and nodded. "However, you still have to be careful. The security guard tower hasn't been completed yet. The only ones guarding this city are the soldiers stationed here."

"Yes!" Adonis replied loudly.

When Kant looked in the direction he had just been, the group of jackalans had disappeared.

In the evening, Adonis' carriage arrived at the gate of the residential building.

After saying goodbye to Kant, Adonis continued to drive the carriage to the military camp. He still had a lot of military affairs to settle.

Kant went back to his room after dinner.

He began to write down what he had seen and felt in the last few days.

He drew a circle of resources on the paper, trying to figure out what to do with the resources he had at hand when he returned to Drondheim.

After all, the investment required for each project is connected.

He had to distinguish the steps in order to properly distribute the resources.

Until late at night, Kant was still sitting at the table, making plans for the future Durandal. A pile of discarded paper was piled up beside his elbow.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 680: An Arduous Return Journey

For the next month, Kant followed Adonis or Kloritz around to investigate. Occasionally, he would go to the site of the repair unit to help supervise the work.

The messenger would bring new information about the main city from Drondheim every other week and travel between the two cities.

As the scheduled time for the return journey approached, Kant's mission to Durandal was also about to be completed.

After avoiding the storm period in the desert, Kant officially set off on his return journey one afternoon with a pile of information he had personally collected.

"Lord, be careful on your journey," Kloritz said.

"Alright, I'll leave the matter of Durandal to you," Kant mounted his camel and said to Kloritz and Adonis, who were walking out of the city gates to see them off.

"We will definitely complete the project of Durandal as you requested, Lord," Adonis said.

"Yes, goodbye," Kant nodded in satisfaction and replied.

As soon as he finished speaking, the attendant leading the team at the front began to ride the camel forward.

Under the gaze of Adonis and Kloritz, Kant's team left the city gate and disappeared into the barren desert.

It would take about a week to get from Durandal to the main city of Drondheim.

Under the scorching sun, Kant felt that his sweat was about to soak through the innermost layer of his clothes. He could not help but think that perhaps there should be a shortcut between the two cities. Such a journey was too tiring for the migrant workers who had to travel between the two places.

"How long will it take to get to Drondheim?" Kant asked the waiter who brought the dishes during dinner time.

"According to the discussion of the guards, we should be able to get there before dark the day after tomorrow," the attendant replied carefully.

"Okay, I got it." Kant nodded and signaled him to leave.

After dinner, Kant walked out of the tent and strolled outside. After hearing the news that someone fainted after dinner that night. He immediately walked to the captain of the guards and asked, "I heard that a soldier fainted today. Is it because of heatstroke?"

"Reporting to the Lord, the soldiers indeed fainted because of heat stroke," the captain of the guards reported.

"Other than the one who suffered from heatstroke, do the other soldiers feel unwell?" Kant asked.

"There is only one person who fainted. When we were collecting dinner today, two soldiers called in sick. It seems that they are also not feeling well because of the hot weather," said the captain of the guards.

"What about the medical team that came alone this time?" Kant thought of something and asked.

“After receiving the news, the medical soldiers have already gone to take care of these three people,” the captain of the guards answered.

Kant listened to the captain of the guards and was temporarily relieved.

“Take me to have a look,” Kant ordered.

The captain of the guards listened to the order and took Kant to the tent where the soldiers who suffered from heatstroke were placed.

Kant saw that the three soldiers were all lying on recliners. Each of them had two medical soldiers to examine and treat them.

When the person in charge of the medical soldiers saw Kant coming, he quickly got up from the chair at the side and walked to Kant. He bowed and greeted, “Lord.”

“Yes.” Kant continued to look around the room and asked, “How are the soldiers’ statuses?”

“The other two are fine. After taking a dose of medicine, their body temperature gradually returned to normal,” the captain of the medical soldiers said. “The fainted soldier’s status is a little troublesome. His consciousness is still not clear. The medicine did not have any obvious effect.”

“Is the side effect of heatstroke so serious?” Kant asked doubtfully. “You must do your best to treat him and keep an eye on his status at all times. Hmm... just in case, the other two soldiers who have already eliminated the danger are arranged to rest in other tents.”

It should be impossible for heat stroke to cause such a serious follow-up reaction. Kant had already decided in his heart, although he did not know why the soldier in front of him clearly had other symptoms that caused him to become like this.

If it was an old illness in the body, then the situation could change at any time.

He had to pay attention to it.

After Kant gave careful instructions, he returned to his own camp.

It was already quite late, and it was almost time to rest.

Kant put out the candlestick in front of the bed and slept with his clothes.

“Lord! Lord!” in the early morning, someone shouted outside the tent.

Kant was woken up with sleepy eyes, and his mind was in a mess.

When the person outside opened the door and walked in, Kant put on his coat neatly.

He was woken up so early in the morning, and Kant still held a little anger in his heart.

However, when he saw that the person was the captain of the medical soldiers, Kant began to feel uneasy.

“What’s wrong?” Kant calmed down and asked.

“There’s a strange phenomenon on the unconscious soldier’s body,” the captain of the medical soldiers replied while panting heavily.

When Kant heard this, a chill rose from the bottom of his feet.

The thing that he was most worried about had happened.

After stepping on his boots, Kant immediately rushed to the tent he had been to last night.

Two medical soldiers stood outside the tent. When they saw Kant, they immediately stopped him and said, “Lord, the soldiers may have been infected by the plague. You can’t go in now.”

“No, I want to go in and take a look,” Kant replied with a firm look.

“Yes.” The two soldiers looked at each other as if they were in a difficult position. Then, one of the medical soldiers took off the closed medical uniform he was wearing and handed it to Kant. “Then I’ll have to trouble you to wear this.”

Kant quickly took it from the medical soldier’s hands and quickly put it on. He opened the door curtain and walked in.

There were several medical soldiers busy working in the tent.

Everyone put up an isolation curtain near the sickbed for the soldier who was infected with the plague.

Even so, all the people in the tent were still wearing the same work clothes as Kant.

Not long after Kant entered the tent, the captain of the medical corps also hurried over in his work clothes. He followed Kant.

“When did you find out that the soldier was infected with the plague?” Kant asked.

“Before dawn today,” the captain of the medical corps replied.

After Kant learned the specific time, he nodded and walked toward the soldier.

“Lord.” The captain of the medical corps slightly stopped him.

“It’s okay.” Kant waved his hand.

Kant lifted the curtain around the hospital bed and walked in. He saw the soldier who was still unconscious on the hospital bed. The soldier’s exposed skin was full of rashes as if it was some terrible skin disease. Even though Kant was wrapped in his overalls, he could still smell the stench at the tip of his nose.