

Oasis 681

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 681: The Effects of the Plague

Kant shook his head at the end, lifted the curtain and walked out.

He walked out of the tent.

Kant took off his work clothes and asked the captain of the medical team, "Has it been confirmed that this soldier was infected with the plague?"

"Yes. It's confirmed." the captain of the medical team replied solemnly.

"Then, did any of the medical soldiers who took care of this soldier last night also get infected with this disease?" Kant asked hesitantly.

The medical team captain took a deep breath and replied, "Although we haven't found the initial signs of this disease outside the body, in order to ensure that the virus is not leaked, the three soldiers who took care of this soldier last night have been taken to other tents and isolated. We will confirm their physical condition at any time."

The incident that happened on the way back was a heavy blow to the person in charge of the medical soldier.

He could only pray that the situation was still under control.

Kant nodded and asked worriedly, "Based on the current situation, will the illness of the soldier in the camp pose a threat to his life?"

"The patient's body temperature has far exceeded the standard of a normal person. The functions of the various systems in his body are gradually weakening. He may not last more than two days." the captain of the medical unit replied.

Kant frowned tightly. The severity of this plague that appeared out of nowhere was far beyond his expectations.

"The plague is still within the range of a few people. We must not let it continue to spread." Kant warned sternly.

"Yes." the medical captain replied.

After returning to his tent, Kant immediately sent a message to the captain of the guards, asking him to come immediately.

Kant sat in front of the desk, holding his forehead with his hand, immersed in worry.

"Lord." After a while, the captain of the guards arrived in front of the tent.

"Come in." Kant said.

The captain of the guard team walked to Kant's desk and squatted down to salute.

"You know what happened in the army, right?" Kant asked after he signaled him to stand up.

"Yes, I heard the news from the medics." the tone of the captain of the guard team was a bit heavy.

"Did your soldiers also know it?" Kant raised his head and asked.

"No, in order to prevent a panic, the news did not spread." the captain of the guards replied.

"Yes." Kant nodded, "I asked you to come here this time to ask you to help me search for information about the soldiers being infected with the plague. "You will personally go to the companion of the infected soldier and ask: This soldier began to feel uncomfortable a few days ago, where is his main activity area during these few days?"

"Roger, does Lord have any other arrangements?" the captain of the guards asked.

"Yes, issue an order to all soldiers, do not casually approach the tent where the infected soldiers are. Those who violate the law will be dealt with by military law." Kant ordered sternly.

"Understood."

After receiving the mission, the captain of the guards immediately retreated and left the camp.

In Kant's heart, he knew the extent to which the plague's harm could spread. Even in the glorious city of the ancient civilization, an outbreak of the plague had almost destroyed everything.

Today, they were still trekking in the desert, and the medical equipment they brought with them was relatively simple. In the face of such an infectious disease, it was of no use at all.

The lives of the soldiers who were infected with the plague could not be saved. They could only hope that they would not mistakenly bring the people who carried the virus into the main city.

In the afternoon, the captain of the guards returned to Kant's tent with the information he had gathered.

"How is it?" Kant asked.

"Two soldiers who were close to the infected soldiers said that about three days ago, this soldier's physical strength seemed to have become weaker. He often coughed and told the others that his chest hurt. However, they thought that it was a common disease caused by the difference in temperature in the desert, so everyone just suggested that the soldier go to the medical team to get a set of cough medicine. They didn't care anymore. It wasn't until later that the soldier didn't eat or drink for a whole day. When the soldier with him noticed the abnormality and brought him back to the tent to rest, the soldier fainted due to heat stroke."

"Well, then did the soldier drink the cough medicine that the medical team gave him?" Kant thought for a moment and asked.

"No. We found the original bottle of medicine in the soldier's storage cabinet. The medicine inside was not touched." the captain of the guards replied and added, "I heard from others that the soldier didn't seem to like drinking medicine."

"Okay, go on," Kant replied.

"Then I asked them about the range of activities of this soldier in the past few days. They said that they didn't know much about it. "Because the soldier usually strolls around the military camp after eating lunch and dinner. They haven't followed him to see where he went." the captain of the guards continued.

"Then the cause of the plague is a mystery." Kant said silently.

"The soldiers traveling with me don't seem to know that someone in the army is infected with the plague. When I told them not to go near the tent where the medics are stationed, they asked me how this soldier is doing." the captain continued.

"Okay, quickly inform the captain of the medical team about the information you know. This is important information for them." Kant said.

"Yes." the captain of the guards replied.

Kant followed the captain out of the tent and watched him leave.

He looked at the sky outside. It was almost dusk.

Because of such a sudden incident, the progress of the day was delayed.

He did not know how the medical soldiers were handling the situation.

Kant was strolling in the barracks when he saw the medics wearing protective clothing. They came out of a tent with a bunch of soldiers' clothes, equipment, and so on. They walked to the outside of the barracks and threw everything into the bonfire.

Kant took a few steps in that direction and heard a guard following closely behind the leading medics shouting, "Why did you burn all these things?!"

The medic did not say a word but continued to throw the things in his hands at the fire silently.

Thick smoke rose from the top of the fire. The medic soldiers near the fire hurriedly took two steps back. The guard who kept shouting questions was also dragged away by a few medic soldiers.

Kant witnessed the whole process and sighed in his heart.

In the end, even the body of the infected soldier would be buried in a bonfire in the wilderness.

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Chapter 682: Difficult Decision

Late that night, all the soldiers were woken up and ordered to gather in the open space in front of the military camp.

The light and shadow of the bonfire danced in front of everyone's faces. Everyone could sense that the situation was not good from the captain's expression.

When the entire place was shrouded in a low pressure.

Kant walked out of the tent slowly, his face tense as he walked to the captain of the guards and said a few words.

After saying that, he left the group and walked back to the camp.

After listening to Kant's instructions with a solemn expression, the captain of the guards stood up and watched him leave.

After Kant lifted the curtain of the tent and walked in.

The captain of the guards turned around and examined the faces of every soldier.

"Among you, who entered Clyde's tent and then escaped?" the captain of the guards said through gritted teeth.

In his eyes, there was resentment, heartache, and anger at being provoked by his subordinates.

At night, the medic in charge of patrolling came to him in a panic and said, "That was someone sneaked into the tent of the infected soldiers."

His heart almost jumped out of his chest.

He simply could not imagine that if the virus spread, more soldiers would be infected. How would he apologize to Kant?

The captain of the guards waved his right hand when he saw that not a single soldier made a sound.

He took a lunchbox filled with food from a medic and raised it in front of everyone. He continued, "The medic who was in charge of patrolling today saw a soldier in uniform leave Clyde's tent in a hurry. He also found the lunchbox that was distributed by the army on the table in the tent. Who violated the rule? Come out now. Don't force me to interrogate you all one by one."

The soldiers of the guards listened to the captain's words. They whispered to each other and looked around. They were guessing who would do such a thing.

After a while, a soldier standing at the back of the line walked out of the line step by step and stood in front of the captain of the guards.

The medic standing next to the captain of the guards saw the face of this soldier and could not help but frown. This soldier was the one who had been following them this afternoon and stirring up trouble at the side.

"Bart." the captain of the guards called out his name when he noticed the soldier who had stepped out of the line.

"It's me." Bart raised his trembling hand and said.

"How dare you disobey my orders." the captain of the guards reprimanded him sternly.

"I'm just afraid that no one will take care of him. A few days ago, there were clearly many medics helping in Clyde's tent. But until yesterday, no one had gone there anymore. Even today, the medics came to take all of Clyde's things and burn them all." Bart squatted down and cried. "I'm afraid that one day when Clyde dies, his body will be burned like this without any foreknowledge. Then he died too miserably."

The captain of the guards was a little moved in his heart, but he still said seriously, "You still can't disobey the order and charge into Clyde's tent. Do you know how much damage it would cause if you were infected with the plague and indirectly brought it to others? The whole Drondheim might suffer because of this."

"I'm sorry, I was wrong." Bart buried his head between his knees and sobbed. "I just wanted to send him one last meal. I didn't expect that things would be so... serious..."

"No matter what, what you've done cannot be undone." the captain of the guards sighed softly. "Now you have to undergo the same quarantine inspection as Clyde. Moreover, since you've violated the discipline of the army, even if you're not infected with the virus, you can't continue to be a soldier."

This was what Kant had told him before. Strict measures must be taken against soldiers who violated the military regulations.

After hearing the punishment given to him, Bart knelt on the spot and wailed loudly.

In the end, he was carried away by the soldiers of the medical team.

The rest of the soldiers were still standing there, silent.

They had learned the whole story and the fact that some of the soldiers were infected with the plague.

The captain of the guard looked at the group, "I didn't tell you because I was afraid it would cause unnecessary panic. But now, you should understand what happened. Tomorrow, we will try our best to travel as fast as possible and return to Drondheim as soon as possible. After returning to the main city a doctor who can be trusted will examine you. You don't have to worry too much, understand?"

"Understood!" the soldiers replied in unison.

"Go back and rest. We still have to get up early tomorrow. Dismissed!!"

The next day, Kant and his group advanced in the desert with all their might.

The mood of the soldiers was much gloomier than before. They were all focused on the yellow dirt road under their feet and did not chat with each other anymore.

When it was getting dark, the soldiers at the forefront finally broke out into cheers when they saw the main gate of Drondheim. "We're here!!"

Kant also looked up. The fatigue in the corner of his eyes disappeared when he saw the sign of Drondheim.

The soldiers on the city wall noticed Kant's group and immediately opened the city gate to pass through.

Kant's group returned to Drondheim a day earlier than expected, so there was no welcoming group behind the city gate.

The group rushed to the location of the barracks.

Kant also followed the soldiers to undergo a physical examination.

While waiting for the results, he asked the captain of the medical unit beside him, "Where is the infected soldier now?"

"When we went to check this morning, the soldier's vital signs were already gone." the captain of the medical unit replied.

After Kant heard this, he was silent for a moment. Then, he asked, "Where is his ashes? Did you bring them back?"

"Yes, we have already handed the urn to the captain of the guards." said the captain of the medical corps.

"I hope that the compensation brought by the imperial court can make up for the broken hearts of the families of the soldiers." Kant said with emotion.

After the examination results showed that Kant was not infected with the virus, Kant boarded the carriage and returned to the palace.

Before he left, Kant told the medical captain to report the results of the test to him.

If something unexpected happened, he had to respond in time.

When he arrived at the palace, Kant finally felt relieved.

When he returned to Dronnheim, it meant that there were more generals and civil servants around him who could discuss with him and help him make decisions.

It was too difficult to fix all kinds of sudden changes by himself.

Kant prayed in his heart that the troubles in recent days would be an interlude that could be calmed after the rectification.

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Chapter 683: Daily Routine Had Been Restored

The second day after Kant returned to the palace.

Early in the morning, an attendant came up to the palace and reported that Commander Bunduk and Commander Derrick like had entered the palace to seek an audience.

Kant asked the attendant to bring them in.

"Lord." the two commanders walked up to Kant and bowed.

"Long time no see." Kant smiled and nodded, motioning for them to get up. "How's the army?"

"The soldiers have roughly familiarized themselves with the new training plan. Their current mental status and so on are all very good." Bunduk replied.

"New training plan? Oh right, when I was in Durandal, I received your plan." Kant thought for a moment and said, "It's pretty good. It seems that I have to go and take a look personally one day."

"Yes, the soldiers in the army are ready to be personally examined by the lord at any time." Bunduk replied.

"Lord." After exchanging a glance with Bunduk, Derrick said to Kant, "I heard that when you came back, someone was infected with the plague on the way back. is the current situation alright?"

"There was indeed someone infected with the plague. Furthermore, the soldier died from the virus and was cremated," Kant replied. "Fortunately, from the results reported this morning, none of the people accompanying us were infected, which means that the plague has been controlled by us."

"That's great." Bunduk said. "I didn't expect to be infected with a special infectious virus in the desert."

"At present, the source of the virus has not been investigated, but this incident has reminded me. Regular health checks must be carried out in all parts of Dronnheim, including Cumberland and Durandal," Kant said calmly.

"But if this is provided by public funds, the expenses shouldn't be small," said Derrick in doubt.

"Take it from the people and use it in name." Kant didn't explain further. "The specific matters should be arranged clearly after our country's constitution is promulgated. I went to Durandal this time and realized that there are still too many things that need to be prepared."

"The reply from Adonis said, 'Lord, your body appears to be a little weak because of all the effort you put in all day.' I hope that you don't carry everything on your back, Lord. Just order us wherever we can help you," Bunduk said.

Adonis and he could be considered close friends. They would not exchange letters or anything like that.

"Hehe," Kant said with a smile, "You don't have to worry about that. I will take good care of my body. Besides, haven't I given you my tons of works in the past six months? It's necessary to put in the effort before the empire is built. I'll just do as I see fit."

"Alright then." Bunduk still couldn't let go of the worry in his heart.

Kant didn't continue to broach the topic. He turned his gaze away and said to Derrick, "Derrick, how's the training of your soldiers?"

"Yes. They usually train together and perform quite well," answered Derrick.

"I know that you know quite a number of soldiers who do logistics under you. Contact them to prepare together. Soon, you will be going to Dronnheim," Kant explained.

"To Dronnheim?" Derrick appeared a little nervous.

This was the first time he had been sent out of Dronnheim by himself after becoming a new commander. The last time was when he went to the Elf Kingdom with Bunduk.

"Yes. When more projects were invested in Dronnheim, the manpower in Adonis might not be enough. I'm prepared to provide every team of soldiers with the opportunity to request a vacation to return to Dronnheim. Therefore, we have to join other forces." Kant explained.

"But..." Derrick said worriedly.

He could only be considered acquaintances with Adonis. He had previously heard of his style of doing things. It was said that he was a rather bold and direct person. For a new commander like him to take over the city he had been stationed in for three to four months, Adonis might not be obedient to his commands.

Bunduk had also thought of this. His eyes revealed a hint of worry.

Adonis had a lot of prestige in front of his soldiers. If a commander like Derrick, who had yet to become famous in the army, it might not be easy for him to gain the trust of the army.

Kant knew what they were thinking, but he still asked, "If you want everyone to trust you, you have to take action. Otherwise, it's impossible for you to succeed as a commander."

"Yes, Lord." Derrick finally agreed.

Kant told him to make preparations in fifteen days and set off in half a month.

After the two received the order, they bid farewell and left.

In Kant's mind, the path that Bunduk and Derrick took was different. This could be seen from his previous observations of the two.

The two's personalities could complement each other. Be it Bunduk's broad mind or Derrick's meticulous mind, they were both very important to a marching army.

However, if Derrick's strategy couldn't keep up with Bunduk's military strength, then such a combination would not be effective.

Therefore, in terms of personnel matters, Derrick's training was indispensable.

Kant had given Derrick such a high position, but he didn't want to see him fail.

Kant sat alone in the hall. After sorting out his thoughts, he began to grind ink and had the guards beside him summon the imperial messenger.

"Lord." the messenger arrived.

"Please wait for a moment." Kant was still writing rapidly.

"Yes." the messenger replied and stood quietly at the side.

After a while, Kant finished writing the letter. After carefully covering the seal with paint, he got up and handed it to the messenger.

"This is a letter to Durandal. Please pass it to General Adonis." Kant ordered.

"Yes, Lord," the messenger replied as he carefully put the letter in his pocket.

"You must be careful when you travel in the desert. I hope that you can return to Dronnheim as soon as possible." Kant instructed.

"Thank you for your concern, Lord. I will definitely deliver the letter as soon as possible." After bowing, the messenger walked out of the hall.

Kant had written two things in the letter. One was the introduction of Derrick. Second, he had Adonis and Kloritz organize a health checkup for all Durandal's members.

The source of the virus could be somewhere in the desert. If anyone in Durandal encountered a similar situation, they had to be treated as soon as possible.

Kant sat back in his seat and began to read the documents sent to the front of the hall today.

Although there was still a mountain of work behind him, such days were the most peaceful and normal for Kant.

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Chapter 684: Derrick's Farewell

After Kant returned to Drondheim, many high-level meetings were held to resolve the engineering problem in Drondheim.

According to Kant's findings, Drondheim had abundant geographical resources and had enough potential to develop into a well-connected heavy industrial city. However, Drondheim was still in a period of steady growth, it was still a little difficult to invest a lot of manpower and financial resources into it.

"Dronnheim is self-sufficient at the moment, and with the freshwater resources transferred from Cumberland in the south, there is no need to add more burdens on it." a minister said in a strong tone.

"But the population in the main city has almost reached a critical point. If we don't expand the territory in the next two years, the living space of the citizens of Drondheim will become precarious." another minister retorted.

"Although Durandal has enough coal resources, we can use it as a reserve of raw materials, we want to build Durandal into a complete industrial city. But with our current abilities, we can't do it." another minister stood out.

"Industry is the backup force that supports a country. In the early days of the founding of the country, we should try our best to nurture it regardless of the cost. If we miss this opportunity, then Drondheim's future will be unpredictable." a minister argued.

Kant sat silently in the chief seat as he listened to their debate.

Buduk and Derrick also sat in their seats, seriously considering the conditions that the various ministers had proposed.

However, the meeting still didn't reach a definitive conclusion.

When the civil servants, who were divided into two factions, left the senate hall with a puzzled look on their faces.

Derrick walked up to Kant and bowed. "Lord."

"Yes." Kant nodded. The past few days of meetings had left him in an awful state.

"I'm here to bid you farewell." Derrick said respectfully.

Kant rubbed his temples and asked, "Are you ready to set off?"

"Yes. I'll set off for Durandal tomorrow morning." Derrick replied.

"Be careful on your way. I've been busy these past few days, so I won't be able to send you off tomorrow." Kant said as he looked at Derrick.

"Lord Kant, you've worked hard. This is the first time I've attended such a meeting. I've also been shocked by the momentum of the various ministers' heated debates." Derrick described to Kant.

"It's the same as before. They were doing at their best at their positions." Kant replied.

In fact, the intensity of the ministers' opinions this time had surprised him.

The meeting continued for a few days, but the heat of the debate had yet to subside.

It seemed like Durandal's investment had quite a deep impact.

"It's still you, Lord, who made the final decision on this matter. I wonder what you think after listening to the opinions of the ministers, Lord?" Derrick asked probingly.

"The construction in Durandal is indeed troublesome, but it's also unavoidable. What kind of city does Durandal need to be built into may be the key. For now, maintaining the local natural resources is the most important thing." Kant didn't answer directly, instead, he made a summary of what the ministers had said.

"Yes, I believe that Lord Kant will make a suitable decision in the end." Derrick said to Kant after listening to the summary.

"How many people are you planning to bring to Durandal this time?" Kant changed the topic and asked.

"About eight hundred people. This is the number of people I selected from my own subordinates after I learned about the recent situation in Durandal from Commander Bunduk." Derrick answered carefully.

"I see. You've thought it quite thoroughly." Kant nodded in agreement. "It will probably be late autumn by the time you return from your trip to Durandal. You must pack your necessary luggage and take care of your health. Convey my condolences to the soldiers accompanying you." Kant instructed.

"Yes, Lord." After receiving the order, Derrick took his leave.

By the time he returned to the barracks, the evening training was about to begin.

Derrick supervised the soldiers' drills and training tasks as usual.

When the command from the main general's platform sounded, all the soldiers needed to gather below the stage.

After disbanding the other soldiers, Derrick left behind the 800 soldiers who were to follow Derrick to Durandal the next day.

"We will be leaving tomorrow. Please prepare yourselves before we leave tonight." Derrick commanded.

"Yes!"

"Lord sends his regards to all of you on his behalf. He hopes that no accidents will happen during the few months that you will be stationed outside the city. You will be able to complete all your missions in Durandal. Do you hear me?" said Durandal.

"Roger!" the soldiers replied loudly, "Thank you, Lord!"

"Alright, dismissed!" Derrick saluted the soldiers below the stage and said, "Everyone, return to your dormitories and rest early."

After the meeting was adjourned, Derrick walked out of the training ground by himself.

He discovered that Bunduk was standing there waiting for him.

"Commander Bunduk." Derrick greeted Bunduk as he walked in front to him.

"Commander Derrick, you're going to Durandal tomorrow, right?" Bunduk asked.

"Yes."

The two of them walked side by side to the resting area of the military camp.

"I heard that in most area in Durandal City are construction areas." Bunduk said worriedly.

"Construction sites are much better than sleeping in the wilderness during war." Derrick said with a chuckle. "I heard from the Lord that General Adonis still wants to stay there."

"Actually, it's better to leave such a task to me. You are still not completely familiar with the military management of the main city. You should have more time to manage the military camp in the center." Bunduk voiced his doubts.

"Lord must have noticed my current weakness and wants me to train more outside of comfort zone. There will always be you taking care of me in the main city. Nobody would even notice if I slacked off." Derrick reflected.

"How can that be? I feel that I didn't help you in any way, and you've been working hard all this time." Bunduk shook his head and said, "I feel that you will definitely become a better commander than men in the future."

Derrick denied, "I'm already very satisfied to be able to stand on the same level as you, Commander Bunduk. As for surpassing you, that is something I can't imagine."

Bunduk continued shaking his head and didn't say anything else.

When they reached the entrance of the rest area, the two bade each other farewell and returned to their respective residences to rest.

The next morning, Derrick led his troops and set off from the military camp. Derrick said, "Let's go."

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Chapter 685: Final Result

After Derrick's troops reached the city gates, Bunduk rushed over with more than a dozen soldiers to send them off.

While Bunduk was encouraging the soldiers who were about to head to Durandal, the city gates opened.

A number of commoners swarmed into the streets.

Derrick sent people to inquire about the reason for these commoners' arrival.

After asking, they realized that these people were the family members of the soldiers who had died in battle.

They had long heard that Lord Kant was sending people to Durandal. This morning, when they saw a line of soldiers set off for the city gate, they hurriedly followed.

The family members of the soldiers held some offerings in their hands.

They were unable to cross the desert to visit the graves of the soldiers, so they could only ask the soldiers under Derricks to bring these to the graves of their relatives.

Seeing this scene, Derrick felt mixed emotions.

The soldiers under stared at Derrick. According to the army's rules, if he didn't agree, they couldn't accept such a request.

Derrick thought for a moment, then nodded and said, "Put them in the reserve carriage."

All the soldiers who received the request solemnly put the offerings they had received into the carriage at the back of the army.

After being delayed at the city gate for a while, Derrick bade farewell to Bunduk and the others before leading the army into the desert. They disappeared into the vast sea of sand.

A few days after Derrick and the others arrived in Drondheim, a messenger from Derrick sent a message, saying that the reservoir project in Drondheim had officially begun.

This was the result obtained by Kant after the ministers of the two factions had fought for it.

The other projects in Durandal would be discussed again after the reservoir was completed.

Derrick and the others also took part in the reservoir construction project with the army.

It was expected that the first results would be seen in two months.

Kant sat in the palace's senate hall and watched the progress of Drondheim's development every day.

A few days ago, Kant had received a sample of the national emblem chosen from the people. This time, the designs of the national flag and national emblem was collected from the people. There were a lot of proposals that were well designed.

Kant chose a proposal that was the most in line with his original vision.

He would let the officer of the palace make the corresponding finished product.

He planned to wait until the founding of Caradia Empire was announced, and then officially start to use it.

The commoners who designed the final national flag and national emblem were naturally also richly rewarded.

The port route of Cumberland was officially opened, but so far, this port had only reached an agreement with the Elf Kingdom, connecting them to each other. But it still greatly reduced the distance between the main city of the Elf Kingdom and Cumberland. In the past, it would take a carriage to travel three days. But now, it would only take a day to arrive by ships.

In a few days, it would be Kant's birthday.

To Kant, such a day was no longer important.

However, the ceremonial officer in the palace was extremely attentive to this.

On the day before Kant's birthday, the palace was decorated with lanterns and decorations.

"Lord." the ceremonial officer came to the front of the senate hall once again.

It was lunchtime now. After Kant finished his dessert, he rinsed his mouth with tea. He sighed at the ceremonial officer, "You've been a frequent visitor recently."

"I'm sorry to disturb you during Lord's mealtime." the ceremonial officer bowed respectfully.

"It's fine. You came at a good time. I've already eaten lunch." Kant replied, "What's the matter this time?"

"The list of ministers invited to tomorrow's birthday banquet has been prepared. I'll pass it to you to review." the ceremonial officer replied.

"Well, it's pretty good." Kant nodded after roughly looking at the list.

After saying that, he handed the list back to the ceremonial officer.

"In addition, we made a new set of formal clothes for Lord's birthday. I hope you can personally appraise it, Lord." the ceremonial officer lowered his head and said.

"Actually, you don't have to go through so much trouble." Kant frowned.

"Lord's birthday is a day that equally important to the new year. We naturally have to prepare for it." the ceremonial officer insisted.

Kant couldn't help but stroke his forehead. In the past few days, the ceremonial officers in the palace had been busy coming in and out. The entire imperial court and the people all knew that Lord's birthday was coming up.

Even Derrick from far away in Durandal had sent a congratulatory letter.

Kant wasn't used to such an atmosphere.

"Then show it to me first." Kant compromised.

The ceremonial officer nodded, "Yes."

Then, he retreated to the side and clapped, "Present the new gown."

The two ceremonial officers carried a wooden stake with the gown and walked into the hall. They placed it neatly in the hall and then pushed it aside.

Kant looked up, and his eyes revealed a hint of praise.

“This ceremonial robe is made from the national emblem that Lord chose a few days ago. With the cinnabar color as the base, the patterns on the brocade robe were made overnight by several skilled female workers, and the lines were smooth. Overall, it’s simple and elegant, and it’s very compatible with your temperament, Lord,” the ceremonial officer introduced from the side.

“Well done,” Kant praised, “But the cost of such a gown is very high. It’s better not to focus on it in the future.”

Kant naturally had his own worries in his heart. Drondheim seemed to have a good future. That was because of his own ability and the sacrifice of many soldiers. It was because the people of Drondheim had a beautiful vision for the future.

But as a lord, he could not forget the cruel reality behind this prosperity, and now was only a good beginning. Kant would not be satisfied with current status and would not stop here to enjoy it.

He wanted to convey to everyone, not only his ambition, but also his determination.

If anyone noticed his extravagance, then Drondheim’s hard-won forces would gradually become loose.

For Kant, the material requirements were as follows: he could sleep in a comfortable bed every day, and his meals consisted of delicious red wine and delicious food. That was enough.

If he wanted more in this area, he had to match the capabilities of his own country.

That way, both the people and the officials would be convinced.

Kant asked the guards to come forward and move the dress to the side hall.

When the ceremonial officer saw Kant take the dress, he took his leave and left with his subordinates.

Kant sat in the senate hall and thought, “According to the schedule, there will be a big meeting tomorrow.”

At the meeting, Kant will address the people in the city and the high officials of the court.

It was rare to have such an assembly during the year. Most of the time, it was on new year.

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Chapter 686: The Founding of the Empire

Kant thought about it carefully: in order to celebrate the victory of the expedition team, they held a celebration in the main city. His birthday was this year’s second national assembly.

Kant picked up a seal on the side, with his fingers rubbed on its surface, engraved with the national emblem of the same gold lion.

After thinking for a while, Kant decided to announce the completion of the Caradia Empire at the celebration tomorrow.

With this in mind, Kant dug out the constitutional document presented by the Ministry of Justice a few days ago.

He looked it over carefully.

This constitution was made by Kant in consultation with all the ministers that served in the imperial court.

It stipulated the centralized political system of the Caradia Empire.

It also listed in detail the organizational principles and powers of the state institutions, the basic rights and tasks of the citizens of the empire.

The ranks of officials and the division of departments in the imperial court were all readjusted.

The transfer of personnel still took some time to get used to, but now the court was probably on the right track to apply the provisions of the constitution.

After Kant carefully read the constitution, he was more certain in his heart that he would open up the idea to the people tomorrow.

Drondheim was now a peaceful place in a desert oasis, and this would be the first time Kant had presented his vision to the people.

A centralized country relied heavily on leadership at the top, Kant wanted to use Drondheim as the center to convey to the people who lived on the land of the Caradia Empire the belief that under a centralized system, the people also needed to participate.

This was Kant's balancing choice at the top of the centralized power. He believed in his ability to lead such a system.

Until late at night, Kant was still busy in front of the case, preparing for tomorrow's publication.

On his birthday, early in the morning, the ceremony officers came with their men to bathe and change Kant.

Under the service of the ceremonial officers, Kant put on the dress he had been given yesterday and walked out of the palace.

Outside the palace stood a high platform that had been built overnight. At the same time that the palace door opened, a band stood on both sides of the door and began to play music.

The sound of cannon salutes followed: pink petals covered the entire open space.

Kant walked to the high platform under the eyes and cheers of the people and officials.

After the usual etiquette ended, Kant cleared his throat and signaled for everyone to be quiet for the time being.

The officials below the platform had already received the news and were mentally prepared.

Meanwhile, the people who did not know the inside story had curious looks on their faces as they looked forward to Kant's follow-up speech.

"I, the Lord of Dronnheim, Kant, announce that Dronnheim is no longer an ordinary colonial estate. Instead, it is the capital of the Caradia Empire that you and I built together! Each and every one of you are citizens under the protection of the Caradia Empire!" Kant said solemnly word by word.

"Eh?!" Among the crowd below the stage, after Kant finished his first sentence, there was a series of surprised exclamations. In the end, when Kant finished his words, everyone's faces revealed a pleasantly surprised expression. Then, they hugged each other and cheered.

Seeing that the reaction of the people was much more positive than expected, Kant was relieved.

After Kant's speech ended, the elected representative from the high officials stood on stage. He introduced the nature of the Caradia Empire to everyone and read out the newly formulated constitution.

"Today is not only Lord's birthday, but also the birth of the Caradia Empire. I hope everyone can spend it happily." the minister concluded.

Kant's birthday celebration ended here.

From now on, on this day every year, everyone in the country would take a day off.

When the Caradia Empire grew stronger and took in more people, this day would become an even more precious day.

After Kant returned to the palace, he leisurely sat down in the side hall of the senate hall.

It still required a lot of energy to make a speech in front of thousands of people.

Kant, who had been dealing with political affairs in the palace all day, was also extremely tired.

After sitting for a while, a ceremonial officer brought his men in one after another. Each of them held a tray in their hands.

"This is?" Kant asked.

"This is the folk snack made by various merchants at today's gathering," the ceremonial officer replied.

"Alright, put them down." Kant nodded and said.

"Yes." the ceremonial officer replied. Then, he instructed everyone to place the dishes in their hands on the dining table.

Kant was not used to having so many people watching while he was eating. He said to the ceremonial officer, "It's alright, you can leave now."

The ceremonial officer glanced at the dishes on the table and nodded hesitantly. Then he left with his people.

According to the procedure, the ceremonial officer should have made an introduction of the various dishes. But when he saw Lord Kant's tired face, he thought that Lord Kant would not be in the mood to listen to him. So he did not make another suggestion.

Kant sat down at the dining table and began to taste all kinds of snacks by himself.

Each dish had a soft texture and a good taste.

Unconsciously, Kant also began to taste carefully and wholeheartedly into this dish.

In the end, the stomach in the body could not take more burden, and the mouth could no longer swallow it. Only then did Kant put down the cutlery in his hand.

He took a sip of tea and rinsed his mouth.

Kant sat at the table, and his eyes unconsciously looked toward the door of the senate hall.

It was noon now, and the outside of the palace was very lively. During this rare holiday, there should not be any officials coming to him to report on government affairs.

Usually at this time, there would be civil servants or generals coming to him to discuss government affairs.

Kant sat quietly for a long time. After making sure that no one would come, he returned to the side hall to rest.

In this world, almost no one had the habit of taking a nap. Kant used to have this habit, but after managing Drondheim, this habit gradually disappeared.

Now, he could not think of any other place to sit in front of the bed. Although the bustle outside the palace was caused by him, it was not suitable for him to participate. Although his birthday wasn't a special day, it would be too sad if he had to deal with his own affairs on this day. Kant was a politician and a military strategist, not a workaholic. Moreover, today was a national holiday, so no text was sent into the palace.

After closing the thin quilt and lying down, Kant began to try to get himself back into the habit of taking a nap.

His brain still seemed excited, and scenes from the past kept appearing in his mind: his father and mother, the stalemate he faced when he first came to Drondheim, the anger and nervousness of being defeated in the battle to reinforce the Elf Kingdom.

Kant's thoughts were fading, and he fell into a deep sleep.

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Chapter 687: Dinner With the Ministers

Kant had a dream. He was standing in a tunnel, and it seemed that there was a strong wind blowing through the tunnel, but his body did not feel anything. No one around him seemed to see him. Kant's heart gradually rose with fear and panic. He tried to run out of the tunnel. But no matter how hard he tried, he could not escape.

When his heart began to despair, a pair of hands pushed him out of the tunnel, causing the light of the sun to shine on Kant's body again. Kant wanted to turn around and see who the owner of those hands was, but he could only see a blurry figure.

"Lord." Kant heard someone call out.

After opening his eyes, Kant saw the ceremonial officer anxiously walking beside the bed.

After seeing Kant open his eyes, the ceremonial officer said happily, "Lord, you are finally awake."

Kant looked out of the window. The sky had completely darkened. He asked, "What time is it now?"

"The evening banquet is about to begin. Lord, you have to start preparing quickly." the ceremonial officer explained the current situation.

Kant nodded and got up from the bed.

The ceremonial officer immediately went forward to change his clothes. The attendant beside him brought a basin of water and asked Kant to wash his hands.

After everything was prepared, Kant led a group of people to the banquet hall.

The banquet hall's guest seats were already filled with ministers who had been invited into the palace. After Kant arrived, the scene began to play music.

"Congratulations on Lord's birthday!" after Kant sat down, the ministers stood up and greeted him in unison.

"Well, thank you very much. Hurry up and sit down." Kant greeted them.

"Serve the dishes!" the ceremonial officer standing outside the banquet hall announced.

A row of orderly ceremonial officers walked to the front of the hall with dishes in their hands. They placed the fine wine and dishes on the tables of the various guests before respectfully leaving.

"Well." after seeing that the dishes were all served, Kant nodded and said, "As the leader, let me first toast the ministers with a cup of wine. Thank you for coming to participate in this banquet."

As Kant said that, he raised the wine glass in his hand and drank it all in one gulp.

When the ministers saw how straightforward Lord Kant was, they also raised the wine glass on their table and drank the entire glass.

"On behalf of the army, I'll toast to you, Lord." Bunduk sat close to Kant. At this time, he had already filled the second cup and raised his cup to Kant.

Kant smiled and nodded.

Following that, more civil servants and generals would propose a toast to Kant.

After Kant drank a few glasses, he felt that he was unable to hold his liquor. Hence, he called off the toast and invited everyone to eat together.

During the meal, many ministers took out their gifts.

Some of the items were really rare, especially a bow. The shape and the strength of the bow was top grade. It was unknown where the minister had found such a weapon.

Kant was not interested in these, while Bunduk watched from the side.

People who had been on the battlefield for a long-time loved weapons more than ordinary people. In Bunduk's eyes, this bow could be treated as a treasure collection.

The process of displaying the gifts had opened the eyes of all the ministers.

There were some who were proud and some who were envious.

It added a lot of fun to the banquet.

In order not to disturb the happy atmosphere, Kant accepted all the gifts from the ministers.

However, when the banquet was over, the gifts would be returned to the officials who gave them.

After the meal, everyone put down their bowls. They started to listen to Kant talk about his ambition to build a country.

In Kant's eyes, the territory of Caradia will never be restrained at the Nahrin Desert.

But a journey of ten thousand miles begins with a single step.

The Nahrin Desert is the starting point of the Caradia Empire.

To make it an oasis of multiple meanings is the primary goal at present.

The development of the capital, Drondheim, is now in full swing. Both military and business were developing greatly.

Kant believed that they had enough strength to achieve their first goal.

Only after they had jumped to a new level would they have a chance to continue to carry out the blueprint of the Caradia Empire.

Everyone couldn't help clapping.

Although they were all high-ranking officials, most of them were in their twenties or thirties.

At this age, when they chose to enter politics, the hot blood in their hearts was indispensable.

Kant's words were exactly what they had expected.

None of the ambitious younglings would expect their boss to be a man who followed the rules and was willing to be ordinary.

The minister let go of the burden and began to speak one by one of their own minds about their own position.

Kant sat in his seat and sipped wine as he listened.

They talked until late into the night, until most of them passed out at the table.

Kant then arranged for the crowd to disperse and watched the guards carry the officials out of the banquet hall.

Perhaps it was because he had eaten too much today compared to the past, Kant did not immediately return to the palace where he was resting. Instead, he strolled around the palace accompanied by the guards.

He did not go back to rest until it was late at night.

The next morning, Kant got up early and went to the senate hall to begin his new day.

However, there was only a mountain of paperwork on this day.

Kant sat down at the table.

On the table, he saw a letter.

It was from Durandal.

Kant asked the attendant beside him, "When did this letter arrive?"

"It was sent to the palace by the messenger four hours ago." the attendant replied.

Kant nodded, silently opened the envelope, and carefully read it.

After he finished reading and put down the letter, a trace of joy appeared on his face.

Durandal's reservoir had been built before the rainy season, and Durandal's staff had sent a survey report: this year would be the year with the highest rainfall in the past decade.

For Caradia Empire, which had just taken over this area, this was indeed a happy thing.

After Kant sat there and thought for a moment, he immediately wrote a reply.

In the letter, he instructed Derrick to arrange for the troops under Adonis to be sent back to their hometowns for the holidays.

He also asked Derrick to always remember to report on the operation of the reservoir and the water quality investigation report for the freshwater lake.

The information reported by Durandal would be evaluated by the relevant departments in the imperial court before it was finally summarized to Kant.

At the end of the letter, Kant instructed, "Don't forget to reward the soldiers who travel with you."

Kant was truly surprised that this project could be completed ahead of the expected deadline.

After Kant sorted out the letter, he handed it to the messenger. He ordered the messenger to pick out a few guards and take the boxes of supplies to Durandal.

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Chapter 688: The Day After the Founding of the Empire

The news of the founding of the Caradia Empire naturally spread throughout the Nahrin Desert and the coast where the Elf Kingdom was located.

The Elf King had sent over a dozen boxes of congratulatory gifts and a greeting letter.

Cumberland and Durandal also sent congratulatory letters.

Meanwhile, Kant was busy mobilizing personnel from the main city to the local areas.

The current capacity of Cumberland had increased by dozens of times, and it was almost time to select the second batch of expatriates.

Kant asked the minister in charge of household registration, Kylak, to discuss with him.

Before Kylak was announced into the hall, Kant handed over the report sent by Cumberland to him for reading.

After reading it, Kylak said to Kant, "Cumberland's development is really fast with each passing day. It seems that the local officials have come up with a lot of good ideas on local policies."

"Yes, but the first batch of relocated population is only for the experimental stage. According to the current situation, we should be able to start the second batch of recruitment." Kant argued with Kylak.

"Yes, we can start, but based on the environment in the city, who knows how many people are willing to move to Cumberland?" Kylak said worriedly.

"Let's test the results first. Even if the number of people is up, we have to find suitable candidates according to different age," Kant instructed.

"Yes, Lord." Kylak replied.

The next day, the news of the second recruitment spread in Dronnheim.

In short, there were still many people who came to the household registration office with their families to register. But the merchants in the city reacted more coldly.

Although the free-trade market had a bright future, if they squeezed in as the second batch of merchants, they would not get any good food.

Dronnheim was the main city of the political center, and it was not easy to get a foothold here, so why go there again.

Most of the people who signed up were from agriculture and industry, as well as some logistics practitioners. These people usually shuttled between agricultural land and the market, and they had familiar connections in the merchants of Dronnheim. So for them, this relocation edict might be a rare opportunity.

Kylak was in charge of the final intelligence report, after reading the letters sent one by one. He reported the names of the people involved to Kant.

"Out of more than 6,000 people, 1,580 people were chosen. Those who were chosen should feel very lucky." Kant said as he looked at the data list at the end of the list.

"It seems that I did worry too much before. I'm really ashamed." Kylak said embarrassedly.

"Perhaps for Cumberland, this is the upper limit of the number of people that can be carried within the territory." Kant said to Kylak as he flipped the pages. "You've chosen well."

“Thank you for your praise, Lord.” Kylak bowed and saluted.

“Let’s arrange according to this report. It’s just that with so many people’s household registration changes, I’ll have to trouble you and your subordinates again.” Kant handed the report back to Kylak and instructed.

“It’s our duty.” Kylak took the report humbly and continued, “This matter requires the cooperation of the officials of Cumberland. We will definitely hand over the new report to Lord as soon as possible.”

“Yes.” Kant nodded in response.

Under the arrangement of Kylak, the selected residents received the official reply and began to prepare for the migration according to the previous procedure.

The departure of one or two thousand people was not a big change for Drondheim.

After sending off the group of people with the firecrackers and fireworks, Drondheim returned to the usual situation.

It was just that everyone was looking for new people to replace the former position of the people who had left.

For the imperial court, there were three or four officials who came to Kant to apply for transfer to Cumberland.

As long as they had performed well since taking office, Kant respected their personal development aspirations and did not force them to stay.

After the next batch of documents were given to the officials, they passed the matter on.

Half a month passed. The soldiers who had been stationed in Durandal for half a year finally welcomed their first vacation.

When they returned to Drondheim, Kant did not greet them. Instead, he asked Bunduk to help greet them.

After the soldiers returned to the barracks and put down all the supplies belonging to the army, they returned to their respective homes.

The vacation this time was about fifteen days. After fifteen days, they would return to the barracks. As for whether they would train in the army or be sent to Durandal for a second shift, it would have to be decided based on the circumstances of the time.

The leader of this team was Adonis. He had also returned to Drondheim.

Because he knew that everyone was homesick, Adonis did not arrange any gathering. He ordered the troops to disband at the military camp.

After the troops were disbanded, Adonis brought the news sent by Durandal to the palace.

“Lord.” Adonis greeted.

“Why are you here?” Kant raised his head from the document and asked.

“I’m here to hand in the report.” Adonis bowed and handed the report to Kant.

“You can ask the messenger to do these things.” Kant said after he finished the document.

“Lord messenger is running back and forth in the desert. It’s really too tiring. Taking advantage of our return trip, I took over his mission and settled him in Drondheim so that he can have a good rest. I hope Lord won’t blame me.” Adonis carefully explained.

“The weather in the desert has been unpredictable recently.” Kant nodded slightly. “You haven’t returned to Drondheim for half a year, right. “Now that you’re back in the city, you still have to come to the palace. I’ve really troubled you. I’ll take this report. You should hurry home to see your family and children.”

“Thank you, Lord,” Adonis said gratefully.

After saying goodbye, he left the senate hall.

Kant sat back down and picked up the documents of Durandal to read.

Before he knew it, the sky outside the window had completely darkened.

“Lord, it’s time for your dinner.” the guard at the side couldn’t help but remind him.

“Well, you all go and eat. I’ll finish reading this part of the document and then have my dinner.” Kant ordered with a frown, his eyes still focused on the document.

Hearing Kant’s words, the guard at the side consciously didn’t say anything else. Instead, he stood quietly at the side and waited.

An hour later, Kant finally stood up from the table and handed the revised document to the attendant.

He slowly walked to the dining table in the side hall and sat down.

A team of attendants came in with dishes and placed them on the table.

The kitchen had already distributed the dishes that they had prepared earlier, and they had made new dishes for Kant not long ago.

Kant shook his head when he knew about it. It seemed that he would have to find someone to discuss with the kitchen in the future and not prepare dinner for himself too early.

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Chapter 689: Inspection at the Military Camp

Drondheim's coal resources were constantly transported to Drondheim. They were processed by the state-run factory on the outskirts of Drondheim.

Of course, this was under the conditions of maintaining the amount of coal stored in the Drondheim coal factory.

After being processed by the factory, the refined coal was sent to the military camp and other places, displaying its outstanding quality.

In Durandal's letter, Derrick mentioned the cooperation intentions of the Elf Kingdom's organization to the Durandal coal factory.

This really surprised Kant a little. He didn't expect Elf Kingdom to propose such cooperation first.

However, he still needed to carefully consider it before deciding to cooperate.

After all, this might affect the international relations between the two countries.

Kant was quite troubled by this matter.

One evening, after dealing with today's documents.

Kant decided to go to the military camp during this free time.

Adonis' army had finished their vacation and returned to the ranks. He didn't know what the status of the training was.

With this thought, Kant took his guards and went to the training ground of the military camp without informing anyone beforehand.

The afterglow of the setting sun sprinkled on the flagstone road of the palace. Kant, who was sitting in the carriage, could not help but open the curtains and look at the afterglow of the setting sun.

"Could they be resting?" Kant asked the guard who acted as the drayman.

"It shouldn't be. It's still quite early to the end of the training at this time." the guard replied.

These guards were all elites who had come out of the army. They had a very clear understanding of the life of the army.

Kant nodded when he heard this.

After arriving at the military camp, Kant got off the carriage and walked to the training ground.

No one was allowed to ride a horse instead of walking in the military camp. Therefore, Kant followed the rules of the army in a low-key manner even if it was not necessary.

He just walked to the front of the training ground. Kant heard the shouts of the people in the training ground.

"Lord." When Kant led a group of guards into the training ground, Adonis had already noticed them. He walked across half of the training ground and came forward to greet them.

"Hmm. How is the training of your soldiers? I heard that this training mode was only introduced in the army after you went to Durandal." Kant asked Adonis.

"Yes. The soldiers had just started training in this mode. Everyone felt that it was quite novel. However, the plan that Commander Bunduk and the other officers discussed is indeed very good. Most of the soldiers are already familiar with it," Adonis replied.

"Yes, it looks really good." Kant said as he glanced at the soldiers in formation in the distance.

"Lord." Without knowing when, Bunduk had already walked to Kant's side. At this moment, he spoke and bowed.

"Commander Bunduk, I asked you to compile a list of the soldiers who went to Durandal the day before yesterday. You haven't given it to me yet." Kant reminded him after he noticed Bunduk.

"I'm sorry, Lord. I'll definitely give you the list by tomorrow." Bunduk said with some difficulty.

"It's hard to gather the opinions of the soldiers, right?" Kant continued.

"The soldiers did indeed say some of their own opinions. But the situations of their families are different. It took some time to understand them all." Bunduk replied hesitantly.

"Mm. Then you can hand them over to me after you've sorted them out. There's no need to worry about time." Kant replied after thinking for a while.

"Thank you, Lord." Bunduk heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

Under the leadership of Bunduk and Adonis, Kant inspected every soldier in every formation. After the inspection ended, it was unknowingly time for the afternoon training to be dismissed.

Before Bunduk went on stage, he asked Kant if he wanted to say a few words to the soldiers in the army. Kant shook his head and rejected the suggestion.

"Lord, it's already dinner time. Are you going back to the palace?" After the soldiers dispersed, Bunduk walked off the stage and asked Kant.

"Yes, it's time for dinner." Kant said, "Then the three of us can eat together."

After saying that, he pointed at Adonis beside him.

"This should be the first time I'm eating with you, right?" Kant asked Adonis.

Adonis was a little surprised by Kant's suggestion. He could only nod at Kant's question.

"So, are we going to...?" Bunduk hesitated and asked with a difficult expression.

"Eat with the soldiers, just like you usually do." Kant replied.

Kant dismissed the guards around him and asked them to find their comrades in the army to reminisce.

On the empty training ground, only Kant, Bunduk, and Adonis were left.

"Where is the military camp's dining hall?" Kant asked. His gaze turned to Bunduk.

After meeting Kant's eyes, Bunduk walked in front of Kant in fear and trepidation and said, "Lord, let me lead the way."

"Alright."

The decoration of the dining hall in the military camp was still not bad. Kant walked in and nodded in satisfaction.

The soldiers lined up in front of the windows of the various dishes. There were also quite a number of people who had rushed to the front who had already sat in their seats and started eating.

The room was filled with the sounds of soldiers talking and the collision of knives, forks, and dishes.

Bunduk led the other two to an empty seat in the corner and sat down.

"Lord, please wait a moment." said Bunduk. After saying that, he gave Adonis a look and then walked to the kitchen.

Kant nodded as a response and quietly waited in his own seat.

Adonis was asked by Bunduk to stay by Kant's side, and he was a little uneasy at this strange situation.

Kant looked around the entire dining hall, pointed to a long line in a corner on the right, and asked, "What are those soldiers queuing up for?"

Adonis followed Kant's hand and looked up. After seeing the situation clearly, he replied, "That's where the beer is held. It's quite popular among the soldiers, right?"

"Beer?" Kant asked.

"Yes. Beer brewed from fresh wheat shipped from Cumberland. It was only provided in the barracks a few months ago." Adonis explained.

"It sounds pretty good. Can you help me get a cup?" Kant asked.

"Of course." Adonis listened to Kant's words and immediately stood up to follow the long line.

Kant's body seemed to be shrouded in a powerful aura. Even during his free time during meals, it still persisted.

Adonis walked behind the line of soldiers and secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

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Chapter 690: A Delightful Dinner

Actually, when it came to Kant's drinking habit, he usually only drank red wine and was not very interested in beer.

It was just that the atmosphere just now was a little awkward. In order to let Adonis relax a little, Kant decided to ask him for a small favor to break the awkwardness. At the same time, he left some buffer time.

At this time, Bunduk had already walked out from the kitchen. Behind him was a helper pushing a dining cart filled with plates.

After walking in, Bunduk saw that there was only Kant on the dining table. He said with some dissatisfaction, "How can this Adonis leave you alone, Lord?"

"I asked him to help me get a beer, and now he is still working hard to line up. It won't be a problem for me to sit here alone." Kant explained, then called the helper to start serving the dishes.

"I see." Hearing Kant's words, Bunduk relaxed. He pulled out the dining chair and sat down.

"When he comes, let's eat together." Kant said.

"Yes." Bunduk replied, and then he looked back at the line in front of the beer machine. He thought of something and said, "Lord, in my impression, you don't really drink beer."

"Yes, because I really don't feel like drinking." Kant said with a smile. "But just now, I felt that General Adonis was sitting beside me and didn't seem very comfortable. So I thought of asking him to help me."

"As expected. Lord, you are really too meticulous." Bunduk seemed like he had expected this situation. Then, he explained for Adonis, "Although his personality is rather casual, he is also a little reserved. Lord, don't mind him."

"I went with him to Durandal's field survey before. He is indeed a very easygoing person. I don't know why, but after returning to the main city, he seems a lot more reserved in front of me." Kant waved his hand, he indicated that he did not mind.

"Perhaps the atmosphere around here has changed," Bunduk mentioned.

"Yes." Kant nodded and said, "You and General Adonis are old friends, right?"

"Yes. Initially, he joined the army about half a year later than me. After that, he has been helping me. Our personalities can be considered to be on good terms, so we have been good friends for many years." Bunduk answered with a smile.

"That's good. After all, if you are not familiar with him, it doesn't make sense for the two of us to discuss behind his back." Kant joked. "Why didn't General Adonis go with you when we went to the Undead City?"

Bunduk was about to say something, but Adonis's voice interrupted him. "I'm back."

Bunduk smiled apologetically at Kant. He turned around and looked at Adonis, who was carrying a plate with three cups of beer and walked over.

Adonis placed the plate on the table and placed the beer in front of the three sides.

He asked Kant and Bunduk in puzzlement, "Why aren't you talking? I saw you chatting happily when I was in line just now."

"Just now, Lord Kant asked about you, and you just happened to come back. So, it's not convenient for me to answer on your behalf." Bunduk explained with a smile.

"Huh? Lord, what are you asking?" Adonis sat down in his seat with a puzzled look.

"I'm asking General Bunduk why he didn't take you to war when you were under him." Kant replied after taking a sip of beer and savoring it carefully.

This beer tasted pretty good.

"Ah, that time in the Undead City?" After understanding the topic, a hint of awkwardness appeared on Adonis's face.

"Yes." Bunduk chimed in.

"That time, I accidentally got injured, so I wasn't included in the list of candidates." Adonis said hesitantly.

"Injured? Is it because of training?" Kant asked. From Bunduk's snickering, he already understood the reason for Adonis's awkwardness.

"No, it's because I sprained my leg during a competition with my soldiers." Adonis said with difficulty.

"Oh." Kant replied thoughtfully and continued, "Actually, you still want to follow along to the battlefield, right?"

"Yes. After I received the command to go to the military camp, I immediately registered with Commander Bunduk." Adonis said unwillingly. "In the end, because of a moment of impulse, I could only be transferred to be the logistics."

Hearing this, Bunduk could not help but laugh. After Adonis glared at him, he covered his mouth with his hand.

"Hmm, have you recovered from your injury?" After listening to the whole story, Kant asked with a faint smile on his lips as he opened the cover of the plate on the table.

"I have completely recovered," Adonis replied, "When Bunduk went there, I often wrote to him."

Kant had already picked up his knife and fork, indicating that everyone could start eating.

"Why?" Kant asked after cutting off a piece of smoked chicken.

"Because I want to know what the situation at the front line is like..." Adonis earnestly narrated the content of his letter.

Kant would occasionally make a few remarks, but during the meal, it was mostly Bunduk and Adonis who were talking, and Kant quietly sat at the side and listened.

To be able to see the subordinates he valued to act freely and naturally in front of him, to be able to show their true side, this was already enough for Kant.

After dinner, Bunduk and Adonis brought Kant out of the dining hall.

Kant's personal guards had already stood in line and waited outside the door.

"How do you feel about eating with me this time? It's not too awkward, right?" Kant said to Bunduk.

Bunduk lowered his head in embarrassment and said seriously, "I'm very happy to be able to have dinner with Lord."

"Mm, the dishes you prepared are also very delicious," Kant said jokingly, "Then I'll return to the palace. I didn't let you drink too much just now. After all, there are still soldiers training at night. After today's mission is completed, rest early."

"Okay, thank you, Lord." Bunduk and Adonis replied in unison.

Kant nodded and led the guards out of the main gate of the military camp.

Outside the gate of the military camp, the carriage that Kant had come in was still parked.

After boarding the carriage, the guards drove the horse to the palace.

After returning to the palace, Kant didn't immediately take a bath and rest. Instead, he practiced calligraphy on the table in the senate hall.

The saying that practicing calligraphy could cultivate one's temperament still held some truth in Kant's mind.

At this time, as the tip of the brush crossed over the paper, Kant's heart gradually became enriched and calmed down.