

Oasis 189

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 189: Release of the Main Quest

Kant's expression was grave.

If it really was an enemy at a level comparable to that of the underworld invaders, then it would be troublesome.

According to Pande's prophecy, a seven-man underworld invasion team could easily slaughter a regular army of 300 people. Even if all of them were the powerful Sarion Lion Knights, the final result would be the tragic end of all of them being wiped out.

It would be difficult for a regular human to fight against the Nordo Elves at sunset, let alone a real underworld demon!

At this moment.

The system dialog box instantly popped up on his vision.

[ding... Main Quest released]

[main quest: The Secret in the cave]

[reward: 50,000 denar, 5,000 reputation, 5 honor]

[introduction: there seems to be evil hidden in this cave. You have decided to lead a team to explore and find the hidden secret. Although the road ahead is unknown, with the heart of a brave man, you think you will find a little surprise.]

Kant's eyes flashed, "Main Quest."

The main quest had not appeared for a long time.

Now, it was actually right in front of this cave, directly announced by the system.

Kant's heart wavered.

He thought of what the Ravenston Ranger had said, as well as the ruins of the lost city that he had found when he had just arrived at the peak of the mountain, and even the sun disc that had been absorbed by the system.

"Something's not right."

Kant looked at the deep and dark Cave and slowly clenched the Knight's sword in his hand.

However, he still planned to go in and take a look.

After all, this was the system's main quest, not a temporary quest that could be abandoned. Although he did not know how much danger was inside, Kant still turned his head, ordering the soldiers behind him in a deep voice, "Tell the 50 Rhodoks peasant to put down their work and wait for orders on the hillside."

"Understood." One of the Rhodoks people nodded and picked up his Pitchfork to climb up the hillside again. He went to gather the peasant who were still working with their scythes and went to the edge of the west side of the mountain to wait for orders.

If anything happened.

These weak peasant might be able to hinder the enemy's efforts.

It was not because Kant was cold.

It was because they could only play this role in battle.

At the same time, the peasant used this time to prepare simple torches made of wooden sticks and old clothes. They doused them with oil found in the storeroom of the council hall and swiftly made 20 torches, enough for three hours of lighting.

Everyone was ready.

The torches were lit. The two Rhodoks tribesmen held them and slowly walked into the cave.

These two people were the first to investigate.

Although their combat strength was very poor, they could immediately retreat if they found anything unusual. After all, they were only wearing thick leather robes. Compared to the Mamluke tribesmen who were wearing Sarrandian heavy chain armor, they were completely light-armored units and were naturally more agile and swift in speed.

As for the Rhodoks tribesmen who were born in the Rhodoks Mountain region and had undergone a little military training, they turned around and fled when they encountered danger that they could not deal with. Obviously, there was no problem at all.

Kant had told them in advance that they were allowed to flee when they were in danger.

This was also the confidence of the two Rhodoks tribesmen.

The first tribesman held a torch in his left hand and a sharp butcher knife in his right hand. His companion beside him looked nervously at the interior of the cave. His two hands were tightly holding onto the grass pitchfork that had polished the front end until it shone with a cold light. Each step he took was quite steady, and he did not dare to relax even a little.

There were piles of white bones on the empty ground outside. Even inside the cave, they would stumble upon the bones from time to time.

With their weight.

The bones they stepped on inside the cave cracked against the ground.

This sound reverberated in the cave.

It was as if even the darkness had solidified.

The low growls that had originally lingered in their eardrums also disappeared, which made the two of them even more solemn.

There was definitely danger.

However, the two of them still walked forward slowly.

According to their calculations, they were probably already a hundred meters deep into the cave.

And it was from the top down.

It was a downhill path.

However, the air in the cave was still relatively fresh, and there was not the slightest stench of decay, which made the two of them feel a little more at ease. No strange smell meant that there were no wild beasts. At the same time, the air was fresh, which meant that there might be flowing water in the cave, or other cave openings, that allowed the air in the entire cave to flow.

This was the experience of those from the Rhodoks mountain area.

However, the two of them stopped.

The torches were still burning, and there was a slight burnt smell.

The two of them looked at each other.

They saw the fear and uneasiness in each other's eyes.

They were already quite far into the cave, nearly a hundred meters deep. Their entire bodies were cold, and with two layers of leather jackets on, they shivered uncontrollably.

They were deep into the ground of the mountain. Otherwise, it wouldn't be so cold.

What frightened them was still ahead.

Their instincts as the Rhodoks people told them that perhaps they shouldn't continue forward.

In the area just beyond their torchlight, the darkness seemed to be frozen. They turned their heads to look in the direction they came from. Only a few white spots were still visible, giving them a sense of direction and a sense of security.

"Something's wrong."

The Rhodoks holding the torches gulped.

Looking at the darkness in front of him, he clenched the slaughtering knife in his hand. "I keep getting this feeling that there's danger ahead. Perhaps it shouldn't be a territory we should step into." Pausing for a moment, he asked in a low voice, "Why don't we go back?"

"But..." the other Rhodoks also gulped. "The mission that Lord Kant gave us hasn't been completed."

"Let's leave." The Rhodoks holding the torch took half a step back and looked at the darkness in front of them, he became more and more fearful. "Lord Kant told us that if there is any danger, we can leave. He is merciful. We are only the lowest-level militia. We are not even regular infantry. Lord Kant won't punish us if we leave after sensing danger."

"Is... is that so..." The Rhodoks nodded, his face pale. He held his pitchfork tightly with both hands and nodded. "Then let's go back..."

They decided not to continue going forward.

They had covered enough distance.

Although they did not discover anything useful.

In their perception, if they continued to walk down this cave and to arrive at the legendary underworld, where only the dead could live, they would stay there forever, enduring the endless torture of entering the underworld without permission.

Thinking of this, they hurriedly turned around and retreated.

They ran as fast as can as if escaping from a lost battle, their faces filled with panic.

Perhaps they were scaring themselves.

But they felt that there was no harm in running faster.

But when they ran for more than ten meters, an extremely violent emotion seemed to be transmitted from the frozen darkness behind them. Pairs of scarlet eyes instantly opened in the darkness. With a certain kind of anger, they let out low roars, which were extremely clear in the cave. The sound reverberated, bouncing off the surrounding walls.

"Roar --"

The two Rhodoks tribesmen in the cave ran even faster.

Their faces were filled with extreme panic and fear.

Only now did they realize that they had made a wise choice to turn around and flee.

As they ran, they turned their heads to look behind them, wanting to see what exactly happened in the depths of the cave. When the torch-holding Rhodoks tribesman swept his gaze behind him, he only felt his scalp go numb, and his entire mind went blank for a moment. Subconsciously, he picked up the torch and smashed it fiercely into the depths of the cave, and his fleeing figure went even faster!

The two of them panted as they escaped from the cave.

With their minds blank, they did not even know that they should bow and report to Kant.

But Kant did not care.

"Pull them out." Kant frowned and ordered in a deep voice, "Forest patrollers, prepare to shoot."

The Mamluke who stood guard at the entrance of the cave with a two-handed iron staff in hand directly dragged the two of them, who were paralyzed from fear and that extreme running running, and stood in front of the cave in an orderly manner. His eyes under the helmet were extremely cold, and there was also a hint of solemnity and shock.

Right behind the seven steel-like Mamlukes.

The 10 Ravenston Rangers had already drawn the heavy battle bows in their hands into a full moon.

The Awl Arrows had already been nocked on the bowstring. The dense arrowheads were aimed at the inner side of the cave. Their eyes were fixed on their target, and their breathing had already slowed down slightly. This was their shooting posture.

Even Kant held his Knight's sword tightly.

He gazed into the interior of the cave.

About 50 meters away, the torch was still burning, dispersing the darkness within.

But they could clearly see it.

Right opposite the torch, in the darkness of the depths of the cave, pairs of scarlet eyes were staring outside. Their eyes were filled with unconcealed brutality and hatred, as well as viciousness to slaughter all that enter their sight.

And that coldness poured out of the cave in greater and greater measures.

It faintly enveloped Kant.

He did not expect that at the bottom of his Aaron village, just a short distance away, there would be such a huge danger entrenched. If he did not handle it well and this wasn't discovered by the careful Mamluke, he reckoned that some time after he leaves, the Aaron village, which had yet to mobilize its troops, would be destroyed by the enemy. All the soldiers stationed there would be killed!

The owners of those scarlet eyes inside.

They were all demonized creatures!

Moreover, they were the demonized wolves who most liked to band together hunt in groups among the demonized creatures!

Kant was sure.

Although he didn't understand why these demonized wolves were afraid of that small torch.

But Kant knew that as soon as that torch is extinguished, those demonized wolves will rush out of the cave and charge towards them!

"Howl --"

A mournful wolf howl sounded.

It was similar to the wolf howl of Jackalan, but also completely different.

It was filled with the extreme brutality, hatred, and desire to tear everything apart!

The torch has extinguished.

The layers of scarlet eyes in the cave rushed out like a flood. The sound of claws hitting the ground was accompanied by low growls, and it grew louder and louder, enlarged by the cave.

"Fire!"

Kant swung his sword forward without hesitation.

The 10 Ravenston Rangers, who were already prepared, immediately released their bowstrings.

The Awl Arrows tore through the air and instantly reached inside the cave.

A few pairs of scarlet eyes fell to the ground.

But the Ravenston Rangers did not stop. They pulled out the awl arrows from their waists and continued to fire with the heavy battle bows in their hands. One arrow after another was fire continuously, like a semi-automatic rifle.

The scarlet eyes were getting closer and closer, but they were also getting fewer and fewer.

"Face the enemy head-on!"

The seven Mamlukes were still unafraid. They raised their iron staffs with both hands and faced the pitch-black wolf head that was already faintly visible. They smashed down heavily.

Along with the heart-wrenching wolf howl, blood splattered everywhere, and chunks of brain tissue flew in all directions.

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Chapter 190: Detecting Something Wrong

The two-handed iron staff was a variant of Salander's two-handed war hammer.

From the handle to the hammer's head, the entire body was made of fine iron. When swung, even if one was wearing the most top-tier heavy plate armor, the weak inner abdomen would still be heavily injured for several months.

Even a demonized wolf, which had undergone demonization and became far stronger than ordinary wolves, would still have their dark red blood mixed with the grayish-white brain remains splashed on the entrance of the cave, covering it layer after layer pathetically with each swing of the Mamluke, who had near-perfect close-combat skills.

The entrance of the cave was only three meters wide and two meters high.

No matter how crazily the demonized wolves in the cave attacked, they could not move beyond the Mamlukes, who stood firmly in the same spot.

Even if they gritted their teeth and swung their sharp claws, they could not cause any harm to the Mamluke who were wearing the heavy chain armor of Sarrandian. Other than scraping the wrought iron plate with exquisite patterns and tearing open the extremely dense links, they could not break through Mamluke's defense in the end.

The seven Mamlukse stood in two rows, and groups of demonized wolves fell at their feet.

As more and more demonized wolves pounced out, the Mamlukes even took out their elite machetes and held the steel shield in their left hand, raising a wave of dense steel shadows, slaughtering these demonized wolves more efficiently.

The cavalry of Sarrandian Sultanate all used the machetes as their melee weapons.

It was made for this very moment.

The two-handed iron staffs could not kill these demonized wolves as effectively.

The elite machetes, which were known for their sharpness and could cut off the claws of wolves, could make these seven Sarrandian horseman knights look like indestructible gods. Even when their bodies were stained with a large amount of dark red blood with a strong stench, and the demonized wolves' corpses had reached their knees, they still refused to retreat.

They firmly guarded the entrance of the cave. They would never let these extremely dangerous demonized wolves rush out!

Lord Kant's "Aaron" village was right above their heads.

If they retreated, the village would be massacred. These crazy and violent demonized wolves would definitely use the blood of humans in exchange for the price of rushing out of the cave. Only after killing all the peasant farmers in "Aaron" village in a frenzy and devouring them whole, would the demonized wolves finally be able to return to peace.

The Mamlukes would not see such a tragic scene.

Kant, as the Lord, would not allow such a tragedy to happen!

"Front row, back row, back row, forward!"

He ordered in a deep voice.

The Mamlukes, who were originally in two rows, immediately changed their formation according to his order.

The three Mamlukes at the front of the cave retreated, while the four Mamlukes at the back took large strides forward. They continued to swing their sharp machetes, slaughtering the demonized wolves one after another with their scarlet eyes wide open, chopping off heads and bodies, leaving only a thick pile of corpses and blood under their feet.

Even the Ravenston Rangers held two-handed greatswords in their hands and slashed at the demonized wolves that were lucky enough to escape Mamluke's slash. The exquisite swordsmanship that they had gained in the Misty Mountains could almost compare to their archery skills!

The low howls of the demonized wolves gradually turned into wails.

"Howl..."

As the demonized wolves behind them turned around and fled into the depths of the cave, the originally frenzied wolves suddenly stopped their attacks and retreated one after another. They howled miserably in low voices and fled from the cave entrance like defeated dogs.

The near-frenzied succession of attacks finally eased, and the exhausted Mamlukes let out a sigh of relief.

"It's finally over."

The Mamlukes in the front row put down the machete in their hands.

In the short span of ten minutes, the number of times they swung the machete had almost reached a couple hundred. It had completely reached their limits.

As real men made of flesh and blood.

They would also feel tired and their arms were sore. They might even have pulled their muscles.

"Send a few over."

Kant put the Knight's sword back into its sheath and instructed the Rhodoks beside him, "Go and help them back to the council hall to rest. Also, arrange for the peasant to prepare food and dinner. It seems that we will have to spend the next few days here."

"Understood." The Rhodoks nodded and moved quickly.

They helped the Mamlukes up the mountain peak with respect.

At the same time, the peasant carefully used tools to form a mountain path that was barely walkable on the slope at the foot of the mountain peak. From the edge of the mountain peak to the cave halfway up the mountain.

That was a dangerous place that was worth paying attention to.

At the entrance of the cave.

The thick smell of blood was accompanied by a fishy smell. Corpses were piled up all over the ground, but because the cave entrance was high and the cave was low, the blood flowed into the cave like a stream.

In this battle, Mamluke and the Ravenston Rangers combined had killed almost 200 demonized wolves.

Of course, the main combat force was still these level-5 cavalry.

Even if they dismounted to fight, they were still several times stronger than the Level 4 Sarrandian Horseman!

If the Sarrandian horseman were to face this battle, they would probably lose two or three people in order to successfully stop the terrifying frenzied charge of this demonized wolf pack. After all, their equipment was not full-body armor, only armor covering the main parts of their bodies. In this aspect alone, the two could not be compared, not to mention the difference in battle will and fighting skills.

"Dig out the gems in the hearts of these demonic wolves."

Kant ordered the Rhodoks peasant who came down from behind.

These peasant immediately complied, but when they squatted down and used the round sickles in their hands to peel open the chest of the demonic wolves looking for the hearts, their faces were filled with confusion and strangeness.

"What's going on?" Kant asked.

A peasant pulled out his bloody hand and said with some puzzlement, "My Lord, there isn't the gemstone you mentioned."

"What?" Kant frowned.

"Indeed there isn't." The peasant of Rhodoks continued to reach in, grabbing. Some even took out the heart of the demonized wolf and used the round sickle in their hands to chop and mash it up. There was still nothing but dark red blood dripping, the strong smell of blood with a slightly rotten smell filling the entire entrance of the cave.

"This is impossible." Kant's expression flickered slightly.

He quickly walked over and personally reached out to pick up a demonized wolf. The Knight's sword in his hand ruthlessly cut open the belly under the ribs. Dark red blood with a fishy smell immediately flowed out.

However, Kant was not afraid. He reached into its chest and searched for a moment. His expression suddenly looked awful.

He grabbed the heart with one hand and pulled it out of the chest of the demonized wolf. However, when he crushed the heart viciously, he still did not find the two pitch-black gemstones in the hearts of the demonized black bear and demonized lion.

"What is going on?"

Kant lowered his head and narrowed his eyes. His expression was a little awkward.

These pitch-black gemstones were the most precious things about these demonized creatures. They were deeply loved by the mages in the Mage Tower. With these in hand, it was equivalent to sacks of silver coins!

However, there were no such black gemstones in the hearts of these 200 demonized wolves.

Kant felt a deep sense of incomprehension.

That there was a black gem in the heart of a demonized creature. This was not something he only just knew. Even when he was studying in the academy, he already found out this secret in books. Even the hunters in the villages south of the Senwaya range who were lucky enough to kill a demonized creature would know to check the heart and look for the black gem. Then, he would exchange it for a great silver coin from the merchants, buy more than ten acres of land and become a well-known farmer!

But no matter what, there should be such a black gemstone inside the demonized creatures.

Dark red blood was still dripping from the gaps between his fingers.

Kant casually threw the heart remains on the ground.

He ordered the peasant in a deep voice, "Hide all the corpses of these demonized wolves and burn them. I don't want such a strong smell of blood to attract other stronger demonized creatures."

"Understood." The peasant nodded and began to move.

Kant shook his head gloomily.

"My Lord, wipe your hands." The Ravenston Ranger handed over a wet towel. It was probably soaked in clean water and had just been taken down to wipe the longsword or armor that had been stained with blood, to prevent the blood from sticking and causing corrosion.

"Yes." Kant nodded and took it.

The wet towel was quickly dyed dark red by his blood-stained hands.

However, while Kant was wiping, he lowered his head to look at the dark red blood on the towel. His expression was slightly stunned as he subconsciously looked towards the entrance of the cave. Under the corpse of the demonized wolf that had been dragged, there was dark red blood all over the ground, even on the stone wall beside him, there was a small amount of grayish-white brain matter that had been smashed out by the two-handed iron staff.

Raising his eyebrows slightly, the doubt in Kant's eyes deepened. However, when he looked into the depths of the cave, he also had a flash of realization in his heart. He finally understood why the demonized creature that he had killed did not have any gemstones in its heart.

"They're not real demonized creatures."

Kant spoke slowly, his tone somewhat solemn.

He had once seen a similar explanation in the academy's books on demonized creatures.

A real demonized creature would grow pitch-black scales all over its body, and its skin would turn pitch-black. Its body would grow rapidly, and its strength, speed, and physical strength would all increase.

At the same time, the blood flowing in its veins would turn pitch-black.

The brain matter in its head would also turn black.

Just like the demonized black bear that Kant had killed, and the demonized lion that took a lot of effort to kill at the top of the mountain, they all had the same pitch-black blood and brain matter.

Even their hoof tendons and muscles were black!

Although these demonized wolves with dark red blood were much stronger than ordinary forest wolves, they still didn't reach the terrifying level of the legendary demonized wolves.

According to the lucky survivors.

The demonized wolves that were good at group battle and speed were the most difficult demonized creatures to deal with.

Although the demonized black bear's skin was rough and its flesh was thick.

Although the demonized lion's strength was formidable.

A large number of demonized wolves was actually the greatest threat to humans!