

Oasis 115

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 115: Rich Battle Returns

The Ravenstern Ranger on the top floor had already seen Kant.

Before they reached the city gate, Firentis had already brought the Swadian Heavy Cavalry to welcome them.

The 50 heavy cavalry soldiers who were on standby, including their horses, were all heavily armored, even though they were covered in a layer of linen to block the scorching heat from the chainmail. The hooves of their horses shook the sand layer. Every step they took caused sand to splash out, leaving behind shallow holes, it looked truly terrifying.

They were known as the Class 4 cavalry with the best defensive measure and were the strongest in a group battle. This reputation was there for a reason.

"Lord Kant, welcome back in triumph."

Under the leadership of Firentis, everyone bowed respectfully to Kant.

"Mm." Although Kant was tired, he still tried to cheer up and nodded.

From the start of the journey to the salt mine, he had experienced battles and spent two days and two nights to return. It was indeed an extremely arduous journey.

Kant turned his head to look at the afternoon sun, the day was approaching dusk. Although the sun was not as hot as it was at noon, it still made him sweat profusely. Kant waved his hand and instructed, "Quickly prepare some food and water. Don't forget to give some fresh grass for the warhorse."

"Lord, everything has been prepared," Firentis replied. He was always very well-prepared.

"Very good." Kant was satisfied.

"This is my job."

Firentis bowed his head respectfully. His excellent manners stopped him from being arrogant.

At the same time, he turned his head and looked at the low-level Jackalans that were tied together. They were skin and bones, he frowned and said with a slightly apologetic tone, "Lord, I didn't know that there were so many captives. Therefore, their food and water can only be prepared after they are in the fortress."

"Don't worry about it," Kant replied.

These Jackalans were very tenacious. They wouldn't die in a short time.

To be on the safe side, the food and water that Kant only gave very little of food and water to these captives during the two days and two nights of the return journey. That could only satisfy their basic needs. They couldn't be full and energetic.

They were escorted back to the Oasis Lookout.

Manid, the merchant leader, and the infantrymen who were stationed at the city gate also came and waited respectfully.

As for the busy peasant, when they heard that their lord had returned in triumph, they all dropped their work and rushed to the city gate. They stood behind the soldiers and cheered to welcome him.

Kant rode his horse into the fortress.

There was a smile on his face. Although this was just a formality, his soldiers and the peasants were celebrating his return from the bottom of their hearts.

Vanity immediately filled his chest, he was kind of drunk on pride.

Kant sighed in his heart, "No wonder all those who are in power like to be welcomed. This feels really great."

He did not only feel special. The explosion of vanity in his mind could make him lose his head. It turned the once astute monarch into a muddle head and the general who was good at fighting into a big-head. Many people were destroyed by vanity.

Kant understood that and calmed down very quickly.

It was not because he was very rational.

It was the current situation of Drondheim that sober him up instantly.

There were not enough military buildings, the city walls were not high, there were no arrow towers, sentry towers, belfries, or weapons workshops. There was not even a military camp where soldiers can rest. At night, they could only sleep in tents that were lit by bonfires.

There were not enough houses. The few houses could only accommodate 50 peasant women.

The other 200 peasant women also had to sleep in tents.

From the outside, it looked like the Oasis Lookout was surrounded by the city walls, the soldiers were standing guard, and everything was in good order. However, in reality, the most backward northern territory in the Dukedom of Leo, the most remote Stone Pass, had a much better environment than here.

He got off the horse, and a Swadian Infantryman immediately came over and took the reins.

Kant also instructed, "Feed more water."

"Understood," the infantryman nodded and led the warhorse to the temporary stables.

The warhorses that traveled with them could not compare with camels.

Camels were known as the Boats of the Desert, and they were fed with enough food and water before the journey, they would be fine if they did not eat or drink for two days.

Warhorses were more delicate and could not do that.

During this three-day journey, Kant, the new military horse that had been meticulously nurtured in the Kingdom of Swadia, had slimmed down. It had lost its spirit from before the journey. It was obvious that this trip in the desert had exhausted it.

The Sarrandian horses of the Sarrandian Horsemen and the elite Desert Bandits' desert horses were also quite tired.

Trekking in the desert consumed three times more physical strength than trekking in the plains.

Pulling the feet out of the soft sand layer would consume physical strength, and every step was tiring. Compared to the stone or dirt roads on the plains, the sand was harder to deal with.

This was another reason why the camel-riding cavalry in the desert was stronger than the cavalry with warhorses.

Back at the Council Hall.

After Kant sat down, the peasant men and women who served as servants quickly brought him all kinds of food.

But it was still the same.

Stewed mutton, roasted bread, roasted sausage, cabbage soup.

But to Kant's surprise, there was also a layer of reddish-brown syrup on the toast, which seemed to be melted date honey sugar cubes. It tasted crisp and sweet, and together with the mutton that was also stewed with the sugar cubes, it was even more delicious.

This was not a bad cuisine.

After getting used to eating the salty and hard roasted dried meat and roasted sausage, these sweet foods were even more appetizing.

It was just that the quantity was a little small.

Just like the dishes at the king's banquet, they were famous for their delicateness and small portion.

Kant finished these sweet foods in two or three bites, but his stomach was still rumbling. He shook his head helplessly and asked the peasant women waiting beside him, "Is there any other food?"

"Yes." A smile soon decorated the peasant women's chubby faces, "It's being prepared in the kitchen."

"Then hurry up and serve the dishes." Kant nodded and urged.

These were the 50 peasant women from the Kingdom of Swadia. All of them were around 30 years old, just like the peasant men. They were quite healthy, strong, and had no problem going to the fields.

The standard Swadian women were not those delicate girls from the city. They were useless apart from being good-looking.

Soon, the following dishes were served.

The peasant woman twisted her waist that was as thick as a water bucket, her two strong legs were moving extremely fast. On her arms, which were comparable to Kant's thighs, she carried a tray and walked over to serve the food. There were two silver plates.

"Lord, this is the fried fresh fillet of antelope and fried eggs."

With a smile on her fat face, the peasant woman said proudly, "My lord, I made them myself."

"Oh, very good." Kant lowered his head, picked up the knife and fork, and ate them silently.

The taste was not bad.

The fried fillet was sprinkled with a little spice and salt, and the heat used for frying was just nice. It was also served with a sauce made of honey and cabbage. The combination was perfect. Compared to the time when it was either roasted or stewed, the taste had gone up a level.

The fried egg next to it was the same. Although it was an ordinary poached egg, it was as good as a delicacy for Kant.

The peasant women and men were still waiting for him.

Kant ate quickly, enjoying the relaxation and satisfaction of being home.

The delicious food brought a pleasant feeling to his mind, he couldn't help but let his thoughts run wild.

If this was a novel, perhaps those readers who had been looking forward to getting married would like these peasant women very much. If they married those women, not only could they have sex, but they would also have help with the housework. The peasant women could even pick up a kitchen knife and be their husbands' bodyguards, protecting them from bullies.

"Hmm, those who don't have a girlfriend will definitely like them," Kant thought silently.

After finishing the food quickly, Kant let out a breath in satisfaction.

These fried foods were much better than the coarse roasted food.

The peasant woman next to him also thoughtfully brought him a cup of hot water that was boiled with date palm powder. This was an after-meal drink, and it could also be treated as tea. The date palm flavor was very strong, and the taste was good.

Compared to those clumsy peasant men, the peasant women were better at serving people.

The fatigue from the journey was slightly alleviated.

Kant wiped the corner of his mouth with a handkerchief and ordered, "Clean it up."

"Yes, my Lord." The peasant women walked over and immediately started to put away the plates, they would take them out for cleaning.

Meanwhile, Kant stood up and walked out of the Council Hall.

The aroma of the food outside was very strong. On the street, tables and chairs were put together and piled up with food.

The Sarrandian people were eating happily. Obviously, the lamb cooked with oil was more delicious than the roasted dried meat and dried sausage. They had eaten enough of those along the way.

Manid's arrangement was also very proper.

When Kant walked out, the leader of the trade caravan hurried over to greet him, "I hope the food is to your liking."

"Very good." Kant nodded in satisfaction. "The fried food is very good."

The oil must have been purchased by the leader of the trade caravan. After all, only his trade caravan had this kind of material.

As if he was reading Kant's mind, the leader of the trade caravan smiled bitterly and shook his head, "Lord, Mr. Manid didn't buy the oil from me. He only bought a large amount of grain and linen."

"Huh?" Kant was curious.

"Those sand gazelle are very fat. It's goat oil extracted from fat."

Manid smiled and replied, "Although it has a little smell of mutton, after being covered by honey and spices, the fried food tastes pretty good. It's much better than simple baked food."

"Well done." Kant couldn't help but praise.

The price of a can of oil in the trade caravan was 500 Denars.

This was the oil that was refined from the fattest slaughtered pigs in the Continent of Caradia. Even Kant thought that it was expensive. That amount of money just to improve the food made his heartache.

After all, the weekly maintenance fee for 50 Desert Bandits was only 800 Denars.

Of course, Kant was not short of money now.

He turned to the trade caravan leader and smiled, "I have more than 300 Jackalan captives here. I can't wait to have those lovely Denars reappear in my hands."

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Chapter 116: Thoughts About Slave Hunters

To Kant, the Jackalan captives that were worth 30 Denars each were the fastest way to get more Denars at the moment because as long as he wanted, countless Jackalan tribes were waiting for him in the Nahrin Desert or the Senwaya Range.

This was also the reason why he never worried about money ever since he discovered that Jackalan could be sold as captives.

"It's my honor to be able to help you solve your problems."

With a smile on his face, the leader of the trade caravan lowered his head and complimented him.

Jackalan captives were the most popular commodity in the Kingdom of Vaegirs. The owners of the Snowfield mines loved them. Although they ate a lot, most of them seemed to be honest and willing to work. One Jackalan was equal to five ordinary human miners.

They were very cost-effective.

Therefore, he asked the peasant who worked as a servant in the Council Hall to summon a guard in his trade caravan.

Soon, the door of the Council Hall was opened.

A young man wearing a linen robe, who looked energetic and capable, walked in.

He stood in front of the table and bowed respectfully. He put his hand on his chest, and said earnestly, "Good afternoon, the great Lord Kant, Mr. Manid, Uncle Joslin."

"Hello." Kant and Manid nodded in response.

Then, Kant chuckled and said in a self-deprecating tone, "I only find out that your name is Joslin now." He looked at the leader of the trade caravan and said helplessly, "I have always liked to call you 'leader of the trade caravan'."

"This is my profession, and I love it," Joslin replied with a smile.

His answer was very clever and did not make Kant feel awkward.

After all, Kant had a deep understanding of Mount & Blade in his previous life, to the point that he liked to use the title of his profession in the game to address Joslin. He also attributed the title, "leader of the trade caravan", to him alone.

It was not wrong to say that. Currently, Joslin was the only leader of the trade caravan.

"I see."

Joslin instructed the young man whom he admired the most, "Count the number of captives and feed the new captives some food and water. When the number reached 500, I will let you lead the team back to Reyvadin."

"I won't let you down, Uncle Joslin." Joy was written all over the young man's face.

"Go." Joslin waved his hand.

"Yes, sir." The young guard immediately bowed respectfully and left. From his jubilant look, one could tell that he was very eager to lead his team back to Reyvadin.

"Your nephew?"

After he left, Manid smiled and said, "He looks a little too young."

"Yes, he's already 17 years old, but he's still so easily agitated." The leader of the trade caravan nodded helplessly. He understood what Manid meant, he sighed and said, "Let him try this time. At least, with Lord Kant's reputation, not a single bandit gang on the continent of Caradia dares to rob the trade caravan from the land of miracles. This could be his training."

"It's always good for young people to get more training." Kant nodded.

Although he was only 16 years old, he had lived for two lifetimes. Summing up the years he had lived, he was already over 40 years old. He could be considered as a middle-aged man.

"I think so too." Joslin nodded, sighed, and said, "He is the son of my former comrade-in-arms. However, my comrade-in-arms died in the war with the Khergit people. Before he died, he asked me to help look after his son. His son is pretty good. He is proficient in riding and swordsmanship. He has inherited his father's bravery."

"A brave father will never have a weak son." Kant nodded and comforted him.

The atmosphere in the Council Hall was a little sad.

Manid noticed that and switched the topic to business.

As the most outstanding descendent of the Nord merchant family, he was completely able to control the situation during the conversation.

The joyous atmosphere was back.

Soon, the young man returned.

Again, he bowed respectfully and reported to Kant and Joslin, "There are 322 Jackalan captives. If they are purchased at 30 Denars each. The total value is 9,660 Denars."

"Close to 10,000 Denars?" Kant raised his eyebrows slightly. Although he was already prepared, he was still shocked.

Although most of the Jackalans he killed along the way to the salt mine were in small numbers, there were more than 1,000 of them added together.

Now that he thought about it, those that had been killed were not Jackalans.

They were 30,000 to 40,000 Denars! But they had been casually slaughtered and discarded in the desert. They had become worthless!

Shaking his head slightly, Kant thought about the Jackalans in the Senwaya Range. He couldn't help but lick the corner of his mouth, "It seems that I really need to set up a slave-hunting team in the future."

Manid nodded in agreement, "That's a good idea."

"Yeah." Kant frowned. Perhaps this idea could be implemented.

The current Oasis Lookout was quite barren. The only commodity that could be produced on a large scale was probably salt.

However, although salt was precious, Kant knew that there were restrictions.

The system would not accept the materials produced in this world at all. In the end, the salt could only be traded with the merchants of this world. At most, it could be converted into silver coins and become Kant's capital so that he could rapidly establish a business circle with Oasis Lookout as its center.

According to Kant and Manid's ideas, the most they could do was to wait for the economy of this world to be sufficiently developed and use silver coins to start purchasing gold that was allowed to be exchanged for Denars. However, this would not only be troublesome, but it would also easily cause turmoil in the already perfect financial world, this would then affect the business circle that Kant had established in this world, and the impact would be quite significant.

The business was scaled.

Exchanging silver coins for gold on a large scale would ultimately cause the price of gold to keep rising.

The rise of gold price would also affect other businesses, such as economic exchanges between countries and commodities trading. This would then destroy the entire business structure, from top to bottom.

In ancient times where there was no concept of business, the consequences of the collapse of the business chain were quite serious.

"Manid, remember the plan about the slave-hunting team."

Kant turned his head and looked at the Nord business genius he trusted the most. "Perhaps we should discuss it with Firentis tonight. I think this plan is feasible."

"I agree." Manid nodded.

At that time, the leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, had also finished counting the number of captives and the Denars that they would be paid.

He pondered for a while and turned his head to report to Kant, "Lord Kant, currently you have captured 442 Jackalans. If you can capture another 58 Jackalans, then King Yarogelk's entrustment will be completed."

"58 more?" Kant nodded and frowned, "That's very simple."

The special quest arranged by King Yarogelk of Vaegirs had a final reward of five Honor Points.

Kant was quite covetous of this.

Five Honor Points represented five chances to draw a lottery. He would never let this chance slip by.

His fingers were tapping gently on the table. Kant ordered with a solemn expression, "Somebody, send my order to Firentis, and ask him to lead the Swadian Cavalrymen to patrol the surroundings of the oasis and get more Jackalan captives back."

"Yes, sir."

The Swadian Infantrymen, who were standing guard at the door, immediately answered.

They were guards, but they were also messengers.

They pushed open the thick wooden door and walked outside. Kant's order was conveyed and carried out.

Many Jackalans were hiding just behind the dune not far from the Oasis Lookout. Some were run out and killed before, some escaped. These were the targets Kant planned to capture.

Although the Swadian Cavalrymen were not as efficient as the Sarrandian Horsemen, they were able to go deep into the desert.

However, when patrolling at close range, these 'land tanks' were extremely efficient.

Furthermore, with Firentis leading them, it would not take long for them to complete the mission. Perhaps during dinner tonight, they would be able to capture a large number of Jackalans. As long as they crushed those stubborn Jackalans who resisted with their horses' hooves, the other Jackalans who were famished would definitely choose to surrender. This was really simple.

Kant muttered to himself.

On his retina, his current balance was shown.

[Balance: 15,614 Denars]

The cost of the Desert Bandits' level up and the cost of building the canal had been taken into account.

However, after selling the Jackalan captives twice and together with the balance from before, Kant's savings had increased to nearly 16,000 Denars. Basically, he had enough money for the construction of the stronghold this month and the expenses of the troops.

"Lord, we'll be heading out for the time being."

The leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, bowed and left the Council Hall with his nephew.

The trade caravan that was currently deployed in the grocery store still had important matters to deal with. Especially with so many captives, Joslin was not comfortable at letting his subordinates handle all of them.

"Okay." Kant nodded to indicate that he understood.

Only he and Manid were still in the Council Hall.

With a frown, Kant raised his head and told Manid beside him about his arrangements, "In that case, arrange for some peasant men and women to boil the white salt as soon as possible tonight. You can set off tomorrow morning."

"Understood." Manid nodded.

"And the posthouse." Kant frowned and said to Manid, "Let seven Swadian Infantrymen and ten Desert Bandits station there. If the Stone Pass wants to open up a trade route, tell them that our trading station is there. If they continue to go further, they will enter the Baron's private estate that is not open to the public."

"Understood." Manid nodded. These were the plans that they had already discussed.

Knocking on the table, Kant was still a little worried.

He looked up and said to Manid, "Put more charcoal when boiling the salt to absorb the impurities. I don't want my salt to be bitter. Or else, other than those serfs who have never eaten salt, it will become a joke that the noble loathes."

"Please rest assured." Manid solemnly guaranteed, "This will not happen."