

Oasis 119

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 119: The New Situation Before the Banquet

The evening gradually came to an end. The glittering stars accompanied the moon, dazzling their own light in the sky.

It was like a soft gauze falling on the ground, brought upon the gender night.

The wooden stick was wrapped in linen strips and soaked with oil. The Swadian light footmen of the patrol team made some simple torches and held it in their hands. They were patrolling along the outer dune of the Oasis Lookout before nightfall.

On the streets within the city walls, the same torches were lit and inserted into the specially-made notches on both sides of the walls.

The torches were brightly lit, as if it were daytime.

The entire street was clearly visible.

This made it easier for the busy peasants and peasant women to get busy with their work.

Tables and chairs were moved out of the house.

At the same time, wooden bowls and plates, as well as knives, forks, and spoons, were prepared.

The rich aroma of food permeated the air. Ten roasted golden sand gazelle were brought to the table, including sliced bread in small wicker baskets, and white salt sprinkled with a little spice on the wooden plates.

And there were tubs of cabbage soup, it was steaming hot and had a tempting smell.

It was time for dinner.

And it was a feast specially prepared to celebrate the victory.

There was also that fascinating malt liquor.

It was all goods from the Reyvadin trade caravan.

For tonight's banquet and to celebrate the successful establishment of the fortress, including the launch of the table salt trade, Manid took the initiative to purchase 10 barrels of malt liquor. Although the price was slightly expensive which reaching to 250 denars per barrel, it had a very good relaxing effect for those who had been busy for a long time, like the soldiers and civilians who were stressed out.

Manid had already reported it, and Kant also agreed.

It was already soaked in the cold spring water, and it could be pulled up and opened when the meal began.

Taking a sip of the amber-colored liquor, the slight malt sweetness spread in his mouth along with the coolness. He swallowed it in one gulp and let out a satisfied burp. Before the satisfaction feeling gone,

he used a small knife to cut a piece of roasted golden lamb, dipped it in salt, and put it in his mouth, it was very delicious.

Just thinking about it could make ones' felt like their mouth and stomach were going to explode tonight!

Everyone's faces were filled with joy.

Food and wine, the eternal rule of all things.

The soldiers who were off-duty also came over to help.

The malt liquors that were cold in the spring water were all scooped up and placed neatly beside the long table. The wet wine barrels had yet to be wiped clean, and a circle of water had soaked the sand and soil under their feet.

They could not wait to taste the liquor.

No one could refuse the amber-like liquor flowing down their throats. It was refreshing and addicting.

However, Lord Kant, their lord had yet to come down, so no one would really drink the malt liquor, even if it was just a sip.

This was respect for the worthy lord from the bottom of their hearts.

After patrolling, the Swadian footmen returned with torches. After confirming that there were no problems, they exchanged duties with their companions, put down the burden of a busy day, and walked toward the streets in groups of three or five.

The light footmen who took over the duties stood at the city gates or the city walls as sentries.

At night, they just needed to carefully guard the city walls and the key points.

However, there were still elite Swadian footmen wearing heavy armor to form a patrol team to patrol the interior of the fortress.

The patrol was loose on the outside but tight on the inside. Safety was the first priority.

Everyone was waiting for orders on both sides of the street. Those who were familiar with each other sat together, chatting about interesting stories from the past. From time to time, they even laughed out loud. The atmosphere was very lively.

The banquet was about to begin.

As the host, Manid stood at the chair of the long table and nodded to himself when he saw the lively atmosphere.

From the looks of it, this banquet was already halfway to success.

"Has Lord Kant not come down yet?"

After Firentis had arranged for the night sentries and patrols, he quickly walked over.

However, he did not see Kant. He could not help but turned his head to look at the towering council hall at the side. He said to Manid somewhat helplessly, "Didn't anyone call for Lord Kant? Perhaps he fell asleep because he was too tired."

"No.", Manid was also helpless. "Lord Kant told me not to call for him for dinner."

"But, this banquet might be disappointing without Lord Kant.", Firentis was slightly stunned, then shook his head and smiled bitterly.

This was a celebration banquet.

Currently, Oasis Lookout had held the largest banquet.

Roasted sheep, roasted meat, dried sausage, and all kinds of food were piled on the table.

There was also cabbage soup and malt liquor. They were all quite luxurious food.

In order to successfully host the banquet tonight, many spices were added to the food. For the current Oasis Lookout, this was equivalent to sumptuous banquet condiment.

But now, Lord Kant didn't show up.

The owner of Oasis Lookout, the Lord of Drondheim fortress, he had to show up at the banquet.

"Wait."

Firentis's pupils shrank.

He turned to look at the corner at the edge of the city wall and said in astonishment, "I don't remember there being... That's..."

"What?", Manid also turned to look.

The soldiers who were still chatting had also noticed something. They all stood up and looked around with widened eyes, as if they had discovered something.

However, their eyes were filled with joy.

"Is that the arrow tower?"

Firentis's voice burst out, and his tone was full of surprise. "There are also city walls attics?"

"That's right.", Manid nodded in agreement.

Everyone inside and outside of the fortress nodded in affirmation, especially the Swadian people, who were even more surprised.

The arrow tower that was made entirely of stone, as well as the city wall attics were made of solid wood, had a strong style of the Kingdom of Swadia. How could these Swadian soldiers not reminisce and touch?

"This is Lord Kant's miracle."

Manid opened his mouth, everyone at the banquet cheered up instantly.

In their impression, this was a supreme power that only a god could achieve.

And they also knew it.

Lord Kant, the lord who followed by those in the land of miracles, could also do it!

Everyone's faces were filled with joy and smiles. The appearance of these buildings represented the rise of the city defense system once again, and it was a guarantee of their safety. Especially the peasant and peasant women, they were so excited that they wept.

This meant that they had a chance to survive.

Under the enemy's attack, they had the strength to fight back.

In the rectangular fortress, arrow towers appeared on all four corners. The height of the tower was 10 meters, which was the same as the council hall. The width of the tower was 5 meters, and it was divided into three levels. At least 30 archers could be stationed there. It was like a giant covered with thorns, guarding the fortress with its chest out.

The stone wall, which had only a concave and convex arrow-blocking wall, had changed greatly.

The most eye-catching part was its height.

The stone wall, which was 5 meters tall, had become 7 meters tall. The attic was made of wood, it was 2 meters tall. Not only did it increase the height of the wall, but it could also block the wind and rain, and even block the rain of arrows from the sky.

This was the attic where the archers were stationed. It really was developed from the normal attic where the people lived.

It not only improved the survival of the archers.

When the war had not started, it could be used as a resting place for the archers, and they could guard their posts day and night.

If the war came.

These archers pushed open the window-like shooting holes, and they could turn this attic, which was usually blocked by the wind and rain, into a giant beast of death that spewed countless arrows. They could let the attacking troops know what the anger of the city defenders was.

"Wu --"

The sound of an alarm horn suddenly sounded from the top of the council hall.

The Ravenstern ranger stuck his head out from above the wall, pointed to the east and shouted loudly, "An unidentified army is approaching!"

"What?"

Firentis was slightly stunned, and there was still some doubt on his face.

But he immediately clenched his fists and shouted to the surrounding soldiers, "Everyone, get into battle status. Immediately set up a defense on the city wall. Before receiving new orders, maintain the defense on the city wall!"

"Understood!", the soldiers on the streets who were still waiting for the banquet to begin roared in unison.

Everyone's expressions were death serious.

This was because the unidentified troops were still heading towards the Oasis Lookout. At the moment, all they could thought of was that the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane from the Mannheim Coast was here to conquer their enemy troops!

"Wait, it doesn't seem to be the enemy!"

At the top of the council hall, the Ravenstern ranger stuck his head out and shouted.

Looking at his comrades who were ready for battle, the ranger looked a little embarrassed, but he still shouted at them, "It seems to be the troops of the Kingdom of Vaegirs and the Kingdom of Swadia. Send someone out to take a look."

The soldiers who were rushing towards the city wall subconsciously stopped in their tracks.

The Kingdom of Vaegirs..

And the Kingdom of Swadia?

The leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, was stunned. He was a Vaegirs.

Firentis frowned, he reprimanded the ranger, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

The ranger replied apologetically, "Sorry, I didn't make it clear."

"Make it clear next time!", Firentis snorted.

But he didn't continue reprimanding him, he turned to the soldiers around him and ordered again, "Disarm the alarm and send a few light footmen to investigate. If it's the troops of the Kingdom of Vaegirs and the Kingdom of Swadia, bring them here. To be able to come to the land of miracles means that they are brave warriors who are willing to follow Lord Kant and help us."

"Yes.", the four elite desert bandit replied and quickly ran to the stable.

After finding their own desert horses, they untied the reins and mounted the horse. They immediately ran out of the city gate and headed towards the dune on the east side.

Right behind the dune, a 100-man army was walking in an orderly formation. Other than the little noises of stepping on the sand layer and pulling out the sand, the entire army was silent. They only walked towards the direction of the Oasis Lookout.

Although the formation was tight, these 100 people were clearly divided.

50 people were Vaegirs archers.

And another 50 people were Swadian crossbowmen.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 120: Soldiers in High Spirits

Four desert bandits galloped on their horses and soon appeared at the top of the sand dunes.

Holding the desert horses in their legs, they looked ahead, cold sweat instantly dripping down their temples. The hand holding the reins slowly lifted the hilt of the knife on their waist, but without any impulse. They swallowed saliva and rode their horses quietly on the top of the dunes.

Out of the dunes below, within a range of nearly 100 meters, hundreds of archers had lined up.

Arrows and crossbows had also aimed at them now.

Although they had not drawn their bows and pulled the trigger, these fierce men who fought over the battlefield knew that if they showed any hostility or pulled out their machetes to charge, in less than a second a shower of arrows would cover the top of the dunes where the four of them were, completely turning them into real hedgehogs with arrows or crossbows .

The indifferent eyes of the hundreds of archers were fixed on the four of them.

The slightest movement would make a shower of arrows.

Even turned around to escape they wouldn't, nor would they dare run away.

The speed of four-legged desert horses was indeed fast, but they were nowhere near as fast as a shower of arrows that could fly through the air.

Moreover, there still had a mission.

"Don't be impulse," the chief desert bandit spoke slowly.

And his hand, quite slowly, loosened from the hilt of the knife at his waist, and re-tightening the reins, he tapped the horse belly lightly to give it two steps forward, and he said: "This is the fief of Lord Kant, strange troops from the Kingdom of Virginia and Swadia, tell me your intentions."

His words seemed to have worked.

The longbows and crossbows that were aimed at them initially were all lowered, and also showed their goodwill.

This was a slight relief to the four desert bandits.

It seemed really not the enemies.

And among the hundred people, two of them looked at each other and seemed to be the leaders. They came out at the same time, put down their weapons completely and spoke in unison.

"We are 50 crossbowmen from the Kingdom of Swadia, came to following Kant's honor."

"We are 50 archers from the Kingdom of Virginia, came to following Kant's honor."

These words officially identified them.

The four elite desert bandits completely relaxed, shaking their reins and walking down the dunes, a smile and a nod to them: "We are here to greet you, our new friends from Swadia and Virginia. Welcome to the Land of Miracles!"

If not enemies, then friends.

Both sides put away their weapons. After all, they knew the Sarrandan people well enough.

Soon, the elite desert bandit took them back to the sentry oasis.

The Swadian light infantry, who was standing guard at the city gate, smiled at them and, without hesitation, directly asked the gate to be opened and let in all these archers.

Both are the same arms of the Kingdom of Swadia, a look could tell true or false.

"Welcome."

Fhartis also came outside the street to greet them.

Looking at these energetic archers, he nodded with satisfaction: "Your arrival, so that our defense system can finally come into use." Shrugging slightly, he pointed with a smile at the rampart attics and arrow towers: "Without you archers and crossbowmen, our fortifications would be useless."

"Glad we could help," the crossbowmen replied humbly.

The atmosphere became very harmonious.

The crossbowmen from the Kingdom of Virginia and Swadia had also heard of the tales of Fhartis.

This former wandering knight was one of the few nobles on the continent.

Many lords wanted to enlist this knight with noble blood who had honed himself while wandering, but for reasons of ideological Fhartis did not accept the title and instead came to the Land of Miracles to serve Lord Kant.

And for all of us, this was the highest honor.

The banquet continued.

More chairs and tables were moved out, and the sounds of welcoming new friends rang out.

The leader of the caravan from Reyvadin, Jocelyn, was also entrusted by Manide to help greet the newly arrived Virginia archers, and they chatted with each other which made the atmosphere more lively and cheerful.

There was no such thing as a tense, war-ready atmosphere.

In fact, that was a misunderstanding.

"Dang dang dang."

There was a knock on Kant's door .

"Lord Kant, I hope it didn't disturb your rest."

Manide stood outside the door, heard a voice from inside and whispered: "The banquet is about to begin, and just now 50 archers from the Kingdom of Swadia and 50 crossbowmen from the Kingdom of Swadia came here to follow you."

Inside of the room, Kant opened his eyes in a daze.

There was no candles lit in the room, so it was relatively dark.

Through the narrow opening of the window, he saw a blaze of stars and a seemingly frozen darkness.

"Oh, I fell asleep?"

Kant's sleepy eyes burst open and his mind was suddenly awake.

Only then did he realize that his mind had risen to the sky at the time, and after opening the perspective of God to build the building, he actually fell asleep on the bed groggy and only woke up when Manide came knocking at the door.

"Lord Kant?" Outside the door, Manide tapped twice more.

"Yeah, I heard that," Kant replied.

Fortunately, he had not taken off his clothes. He stood up, stretched, went to open the door and saw Manide with a wry smile: "This is a mistake worth remembering. I actually fell asleep."

"It is a result of fatigue."

Manide bowed slightly, stepped half back and looked at Kant: "Lord, the banquet will begin soon."

"We are going." Kant led the way.

Manide hurried to follow.

Candles were lit in the stairs of the ruling chamber, so there was plenty of light

Kant walked down the stairs quickly and came to the outside of the ruling chamber.

The torches were burning, releasing more light and the whole street was as bright as a day. Kant stepped out of the dim hall, his eyes even a little unable to adjust and he couldn't help narrowing his eyes and stood there for a second or two.

But in the street just ahead, the soldiers, who had been bragging and laughing, burst into cheers.

"Good evening, praiseworthy Lord Kant!"

"Good health, my Lord!"

"Great Lord Kant, how excited to see you!"

They all looked at Kant enthusiastically with the most fervent reverence, and even when they looked at the king of their own country, they did not have such fanatical and reverent gazes, as if they were looking at the only faith and reliance of the world and the spirit.

This was the constant loyalty from the system.

There was also the legend of miracles that Kant circulated in caladia.

"Hello."

Kant nodded and reached out to respond.

With a smile on his face, he walked to his main seat and sat down: "Sit down, all of you, and make this banquet lively." And at the same time to Manide and Fhartis: "And our new friends. I hope there is enough food."

"Enough." Manide nodded affirmatively.

In the kitchen, the new desert antelope had been dragged out and roasted. Although a hundred more people there, the number was definitely enough.

The desert antelope, which appeared at the end of each month, was a rich source of prey.

"Let's start."

Kant held out his hand to signal the banquet to begin.

Cheers immediately were emitted from the mouths of the soldiers, farmers, and peasant women.

The sound of wolfing down food also appeared. Roasted mutton and dried meat, sausage, bread, and other items on the long table in front of them were torn into pieces by the hungry men.

At the same time, the lid of the malt liquor was lifted.

A bowl per person.

Not much or even drunk, but limited each person one bowl of malt liquor, just to be on the safe side.

No one was allowed to drink more.

Even Kant led by example, downing his bowl and not continue to drink these paralyzing drinks and refraining from drinking anything too alcoholic, for safety's sake.

Danger lingered on his side, and only fools would celebrate.

It was a lively banquet.

But it was also a yearning for a better life in the future.

Want to eat this delicious every day.

In addition to hard work, there was endless cruel fights.

Holding a piece of roasted and charred lamb in his knife, Kant dipped it in salt sprinkled with crushed spices. It tasted good after his mouth, and the feeling of the oil soaking in the salt and spices and melting in his mouth made him breathe out after swallowing.

It was a delicacy, and he loved it.

The banquet ended in excitement.

The peasant women cleaned up a mess of tables, chairs, and the floors.

He did not want his oasis to turn into the grubby look of the Stone Pass, which was unacceptable to him coming from a modern age, not to mention the poor sanitation would cause a plague.

The oasis was the only concentration of deserts.

If there was a plague, there would be no hiding in such a small place.

Hygiene, therefore, had always been a key issue for Kant.

Fatis continued to patrol the city wall before going to sleep.

Manide supervised the salting work.

And after the banquet, the leader of the caravan, Jocelyn, stood at the city gate.

Not far away was his nephew and his entourage of 12 sentries.

Three carriages took the lead in the return journey, returning the more than 500 Jackalan slaves that Kant had captured back to Reyvadin.

"It's going well."

Kant stood at the top of the ruling chamber, next to the 20 rangers of Ravenston.

Smiling slightly, he exhorted the rangers: "I've got Virginia and Swadia archers to be stationed in the attic and arrow towers of the city wall, but your task is still arduous."

"We will be vigilant," the rangers answered firmly.

"Very good." Kant nodded.

These rangers, after all, were tier 5.

Although it looked like it was only one level away from tier 4, actually they were worlds apart.

With these rangers stationed at the top of the ruling chamber, Kant slept soundly.

He walked down the stairs.

Kant returned to his room.

Looking at the dark night outside the window, he lay on his bed and thought: "Tomorrow is the day of the caravan's departure, this week can be sorted out all the trivial matters. Just wait quietly for the expeditionary army from the Graymane Kingdom to arrive."

He frowned slightly.

There was a grim smile on Kant's lips.

He still had the confidence to win and obtain the hegemony of the Nahrin desert