

Oasis 129

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 129: Distribution of Troop Class

Kant nodded to himself.

Mamlukes were indeed worthy of being the top troop class of Sarrand Sultanate. They were the assurance of the foundation and security of a nation.

Although there were only five of them, the energy and spirit of these five Mamlukes almost crushed the Sarrandian horseman and elite desert bandit next to them.

They were all Sarrandian.

As the level 4 troop class, the 15 Sarrandian horsemen were the regular army of Sarrand Sultanate. They were doing not so bad.

But the 25 elite desert bandits was even more unbearable.

They were once the rebellious bandits. Now, they rode on horses next to the Mamlukes, the difference between them was like a desert quail compared to a mighty falcon. They no longer as arrogant as before.

Mamlukes were the strongest regular army to begin with.

In the battle sequence of the Sarrand Sultanate, they were the most elite and could be said to be a king-level existence.

They were the troop class that was used to break through the enemy's defense line and obtain complete victory.

The wild monster and the unrated elite desert bandit obviously could not be compared to these trump cards.

Only the Sarrandian horseman still maintained a bit of grace.

They were regular army.

Although they were currently used as light cavalry, they could also be classified as heavy cavalry.

In fact, in the battle sequence of the Sarrand Sultanate, these Sarrandian horsemen were once heavy cavalries who charged forward together with Mamluke, tearing apart the enemy's front line.

Kant had positioned them as light cavalry because the number of cavalry in the lookout oasis was too small.

And they were very weak. It was not because of the Swadian heavy cavalry unit. But it was because of the light cavalry unit made up of desert bandits were too weak in close combat.

Other than a round of spear-pincer charge, the bandits could only used scimitars for close combat, and they only wore leather armor as defense. In fact, once they were caught in the enemy's formation and

could not broke through in time, they would be in danger if they were caught in the formation. They would be cut into meat paste by the enemies, including horses and themselves.

Thus, Kant incorporated the Sarrandian horsemen into the light cavalry as the main force.

The effect was very good.

In the previous battles, both sides cooperated very well.

"If that's the case..."

Kant lowered his head slightly. He still needed to recruit more cavalries for the current combat sequence of the troop.

Mamluke would not longer to be integrated into the light cavalry. As heavy cavalry, they would be integrated into the heavy cavalry unit with the Swadian heavy cavalries. It was their job to be able to defeat the enemy on the battlefield.

After muttering to himself for a while, Kant communicated with the system and said, "Recruiting 20 desert bandits."

[Ding... system prompt]

[Twenty desert bandits recruited. Requires 600 denars.]

[Yes/No?]

The system dialog box popped up and appeared on his retina.

"Recruit!"

Kant's response was very affirmative.

And as the 600 denar disappeared, a mysterious power descended on the desert bandits' camp.

On the inner side of the street, next to the bell tower that was about to be completed, the thick wooden door of the desert bandits' camp was pushed open. Twenty ferocious figures were wearing brown leather armor, covered in linen robe and carrying scimitars. They were striding outside of the door while holding leather shields and spears in their hands. They turned their heads to look at the 20 desert horses that also appeared in the stable, and then walked quickly towards Kant.

They were desert bandits from the Sarrandian Desert.

They had just been recruited by Kant.

"Mamluke."

Their footsteps paused slightly, and their faces froze.

The desert bandits held back their arrogance, and they were as smooth as the elite desert bandits, or even more timid.

Just like the flock of sheep in front of the lion, and the quail in front of the falcon.

The strength of the Sarrand Sultanate was supported by these Mamlukes. These desert bandits, who could not even defeat the Sarrandian horsemen, did not have the slightest confidence to be at ease.

"Respected Lord Kant."

The 20 desert bandits quickly walked in front of Kant. They were still as respectful as before. They bowed simultaneously and said, "Before we met you, your reputation has already established a great impression in our hearts."

"Welcome to join us.", Kant smiled and nodded.

This group of desert bandits were very tactful.

Although these bandits had already started to lag behind with the development of Oasis Lookout.

But as the only light cavalry that could be recruited in Drondheim fortress, and the only development sequence of the Sarrandian cavalry, they held an important position for Kant.

These desert bandits were very qualified as light cavalry.

Scouting, harassing, quick assault, attacking military logistics, and cutting off supply lines.

These were all the specialties of the desert bandits.

Although they were poor in close combat and incomparable to the Sarrandian horseman or the Swadian heavy cavalry, the advantage of the light cavalry was fully displayed by them.

Light cavalry wouldn't interfere in a frontal assault.

The heavy cavalry unit formed by the Swadian heavy cavalry was the main force in a direct battle.

They were fully armored, charging forward like tanks. They would gain the upper hand in the battlefield and win the final victory.

It was not the case for the light cavalry.

The desert bandits in the Sarrandian Desert liked to rob trade caravans and the civilians, they did not like to fight head to head.

They avoided the conflict.

They drew their knives and rushed forward to chop off a piece of meat before running away.

This was their favorite tactic.

Of course, Kant liked to recruit these desert bandits. The most important reason was the desert bandits' camp. Every week, they could provide 20 qualified cavalry for recruitment, which was 80 people in a month.

The more the merrier.

If they were in the real world, would they be able to have 80 qualified light cavalry in a month?

It was simply a pipe dream!

Moreover, these rebellious bandits could quickly grow up and obtain promotions, as long as they were honed on the battlefield and won a few victories under the command of the commander.

For example, they could attack the enemy's supply line.

They could charge at the enemy's flank at the crucial moment.

They could even ambush the enemy at the crucial location and disrupt the enemy's marching plan.

As long as they won, the experience points of these desert bandits would soar by a large margin. Although there would definitely be casualties in the end, they would become the elites of the elites if they played a major role and survived in the battle.

Just like the five Mamlukes who were all wearing the Sarranian chain mail!

"Distribute the troops now."

Kant looked at the newly upgraded and recruited cavalry and placed them into the combat troops.

"Mamlukes go the heavy cavalry combat sequence, and the desert bandits go to the light cavalry combat sequence."

"Understood.", the five Mamlukes and 20 desert bandits answered together.

"Everyone dismiss.", Kant waved his hand.

The troops immediately scattered and joined the combat sequence that had already been assigned to.

The five Mamlukes obviously placed with the 50 Swadian heavy cavalries. All of them were wearing heavy armor. Although they were not from the same race or nation, their combat styles were very similar. They relied on their strongest charging and frontal combat ability, they charged through the enemy's front line and led the follow-up troops to victory.

As for the desert bandits, they were light cavalry to begin with. They were also the only light cavalry.

They formed the backbone of the light cavalry.

Usually, they were responsible for the security around Drondheim fortress, maintaining the daily patrol work, and acting as a quick reaction force. If there were any problems, they would take the initiative to attack and stabilize the situation.

These desert bandits could be considered the most efficient light cavalry.

The miscellaneous matters were settled.

The cavalries split up and returned to their respective groups. Kant looked satisfied.

Oasis Lookout regained its peace.

Thanks to the advance development plan, Kant had discussed with Firentis and Manid about the construction of the buildings and the upgrade of the troop class to ensure that there were no omissions and mistakes. If there were any problems, they could be remedied in time.

Of course, Kant's decision was right for now, which made him feel at ease.

This week passed very quickly.

A new week had arrived.

Just early in the morning, Kant opened his eyes on the bed.

"Dong -- Dong -- Dong --"

A Swadian footman ,who was in charge of the bell tower, shook the bell hammer and knocked on the bronze bell. The bronze bell outside the window let out a clear sound, announcing the arrival of a new day. The bell reminded everyone to get up and wash up, and no exception to anyone.

Half an hour later, there would be the next bell.

This bell would be the reminder for work.

And an hour later, when the bell rang again, it would be time for breakfast.

The timing was very reasonable.

In the 50 houses, the sleepy peasants and peasant women all walked out of the room, carrying wooden basins neatly and began to wash up. They poured the water on their faces to completely shake off the sleepiness and made them relaxed.

They could not be tired while working. Although there were no supervisors, they would felt uneasy if they slacked off for a bit.

These Swadian civilians were quite honest.

[Ding... as the morning sun rise, a new week begins.]

[Income: You collect 190 denars in Drondheim (fortress)]

[Expenditure: You pay 7,788 denars for the wages of all the troops]

[Financial summary]

[Main income: 190 denars head tax were collected from civilians in Drondheim. No businessmen pay taxes, no factories pay taxes. Income methods are severely lacking.]

[Main expenditure: Swadian heavy cavalry (50 people) 1600 denars, Swadian footman (50 people) 800 denars, Swadian light footman (37 people) 333 denars, Swadian recruit (10 people) 100 denars, Mamluke (5 people) 255 denars, Sarrandian horseman (15 people) 435 denars, Elite desert bandit (25 people) 625 denars, Desert bandits (20 people) 400 denars, Ravenstern rangers (20 people) 1540 denars, Swadian crossbowmen (50 people) 750 denars, Vaegirs archers (50 people) 750 denars. Firentis 100 denars, Manid 100 denars.]

The system gave a summary of the income and expenditure.

The expenditure up to 8,000 denars did not made Kant's expression change at all.

Instead, he let out a slight breath and lifted the wool blanket covering his body. Kant said in a low voice, "System, 20 desert bandits have been recruited this week. They belong to the light cavalry."

[Ding... system prompt]

[20 desert bandits have been recruited. Cost 600 denars]

The system did not asked and directly recruited them.

However, in Kant's retina, a dialog box suddenly popped up.

[Ding... Side quest released]

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Chapter 130: The Crisis Hidden In the Undercurrent

The system dialog box popped up on his retina.

[Ding... Side quest released]

[Side quest: The undercurrent comes]

[Reward: 10,000 denars]

[Introduction: When you choose to develop, an undercurrent will come. In the face of this new challenge, will you and your estate be able to withstand the attack of the undercurrent like a reef? Be careful, be careful, be careful!]

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

Kant swept his gaze across the introduction that was both moving and grinding.

"Undercurrent?", he muttered softly.

Even in the system's introduction, there were three "Be careful" words that were used to mark the importance of this side quest. It made Kant's heart feel as if it was being gripped by an invisible force. He could not help but squinted his eyes, "Is it that... serious?"

Yes, it was very serious.

Kant understood in his heart. Otherwise, the system would never have given such a notification.

He muttered to himself for a while.

Kant looked towards the north, deep in thought. "Where is it?"

North of the Nahrin Desert, in the direction of the Mannheim Coast, the location of the Kingdom of Grey Mane had been known for a long time. Those high-level Jackalan form the expedition army were starting to march towards the Oasis Lookout.

At this moment, the system suddenly gave out a side quest.

The purpose was to remind Kant..

They're here!

If it wasn't for the expedition army of the Kingdom of Gray Mane, those high-level Jackalan who had their own civilization, Kant would never believed that the system would give such a serious reminder

and release a side quest with such a warning. At the same time, the reward of the side quest was directly raised to high price of 10,000 denars.

In the third week of this month, the enemy was finally going to appear in front of Kant.

He stepped forward.

Kant quickly returned to the council hall and waved to the guard at the door. "Go and find Knight Firentis. Inform him that there is an emergency waiting to be dealt with."

"Understood!", the guard saluted and quickly turned to leave.

He sat on his chair.

Soon, Firentis pushed the door open and quickly entered with a solemn expression. "Lord Kant, you were looking for me?"

"Yes.", Kant nodded.

His expression was equally solemn. He extended his hand and said to Firentis, "Sit down and talk. It seems that we are really about to face a new test. I think we should be prepared for everything."

"The Kingdom of Gray Mane?", Firentis narrowed his eyes and guessed the truth of the matter.

"That's right."

Kant nodded and tapped his fingers on the table with a very serious expression, "That's them."

Firentis frowned.

His heart beat faster.

But there was no panic or fear on his face. They had deduced the possibility of the attack from the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane more than once. Taking a deep breath, Firentis said in a deep voice, "I'll go prepare."

"There's no need for that for now.", Kant shook his head and frowned. "They haven't arrived yet."

"There's still time?", Firentis asked with a frown.

"That's right,", Kant replied.

The system's introduction had already given an obscure expression.

The undercurrent was about to come.

The word "about to" obviously meant that it had not happened yet. Combining that with this sentence, Kant could easily guess the system's hint that there was still some time before this danger reached here.

Perhaps for a long time.

Perhaps for an instant.

Firentis's expression was serious as he said slowly, "We must not let down our guard."

A hurried bell sounded.

The rush and clear sound of the bronze bell echoed inside and outside the Oasis Lookout.

Agricultural area.

The peasants and peasant women who were originally busy turned their heads to look in the direction of the fortress in shock when they heard the bell. Their eyes were still somewhat blank, clearly not understanding what had happened.

But in the blink of an eye, the meaning of the bell had already appeared in their minds.

Cold sweat instantly appeared on their skulls. They threw down the tasks in their hands and ran towards the direction of the fortress gate.

Their running speed was very fast.

It wasn't just them.

There were also the Swadian footmen who were originally patrolling in the agricultural area and the pastoral area.

These level 3 troop class were the main force that formed the patrol team. Basically, the current oasis lookout was relying on their patrols to maintain stability and ensure the safety of the civilians.

But now, they were running, carrying the armor on their bodies.

They were panting as they ran, and they couldn't even maintain their formation.

They rushed into the fortress through the two city gates. At the same time, they saw their comrades were holding longbows and crossbows, they were guarding behind the shooting windows in the attic of the city wall. Their eyes were bright as they looked into the distance. Clearly, they were very serious.

Their hearts skipped a beat.

War was coming.

Peasants and peasant women gathered in front of the bell tower, waiting silently.

On the street next to them were all the troops that Oasis Lookout currently had, including Mamluke, the Sawadian heavy cavalries, the Swadian footmen, the desert bandits, and even Manid, who was still inspecting the sugar workshop.

This was the bell of the emergency assembly bell.

It only sounded urgently when there was an emergency order.

It was completely different from the usual bell sound.

Just like the Lord was urging them.

In the bell tower, Knight Firentis walked out with a solemn expression. He swept his gaze across the troops that were all on standby except for the archers. In the sheath by his waist, the awe-inspiring knight's pulled out his sword .

"Lord Kant's subjects and soldiers."

Firentis took a deep breath and said in a deep voice, "The war is about to begin."

This was an emergency gathering.

It was natural for this knight who was good at military affairs to announce the state of war.

Kant had given him the task.

Firentis did not hesitate. This was his area of expertise.

He gave orders after another.

All the soldiers were mobilized. The entire fortress was put into the highest alert mode. Any slight movement would attract the attention of everyone. War was the priority.

The civilians also received the order.

All the valuable things were moved into the fortress, and all the livestock were separately listed out in the city wall.

Including the 5-arches chee grass beach on the west side of the small lake, the peasant and peasant women were also required to harvest it in the shortest time possible and store it as fodder.

As for the date palm tree that had already bloomed and would bear fruit in less than a month.

They could only hope that the Jackalan would come slower.

Although the stone walls of the current "Drondheim" fortress had been built, they could not completely cover the entire area. In fact, even if it was built into a luxurious castle, the walls would not be built over a single date palm jungle. This was not cost efficient and was unrealistic.

The best way was to cut down and burn the surrounding trees.

It was to prevent the enemy from building siege weapons.

For Kant, if the Jackalan expedition army was really coming, he would not hesitate to order them to cut down all the date palm trees and not leave a single one behind.

He did not expect that the high-level Jackalan did not have siege technology.

They had already established the Kingdom of Grey Mane.

They had their own civilization.

How could these high-level Jackalan not have the skills to make siege weapons?

Moreover, they came here.

Their goal was to conquer the human kingdom and plunder the wealth of the humans. How could they not have siege weapons, or even craftsmen who knew how to make siege weapons?

So much good wood.

Even if they could not build siege weapons, just by using the tree trunks as stairs. It was enough to climb up the seven-meter-high city walls and attic, allowing the Jackalan used the stairs as stepping stone for them to invade the fortress and conquer the Oasis Lookout!

Desert bandits rode their horses and rushed out of the city gates.

Three people in a group, spread out and began to scout towards the north.

The dark clouds of war shrouded the Nahrin Desert.

Meanwhile at the natural salt mine, 300 Jackalan pirates had escaped the devil's zone and trekked over. They weakly looked at the torn tents on the ground around them, as well as the white bones full of teeth marks that were strewn all over the place.

According to the plan.

There should be a high-level Jackalan team in charge of supporting them in this salt mine.

They looked at the bones fiercely.

Their faces were extremely ferocious.

The white bones with teeth marks were obviously caused by chewing. From the bones, one could tell that it was the leg bones of the Jackalan. The teeth marks on them were also caused by the fangs of the Jackalan.

They were furious.

The low-level Jackalan tribe of the Nahrin Desert was indeed a barbaric tribe.

These Jackalan pirates had already made the judgement in their hearts.