

Oasis 133

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 133: Medal from the Mission

That's right.

Just to the east, behind the dunes, the cowering crowd, Kant determined, was the refugee.

Standard swadian attire.

It was exactly the same as the refugees who had come to the sentry oasis.

Although the civilians of this world were dressed similar to the civilians of the Caradian land, they are in fact very different from each other in detail, with their own national style, if you look closely at them.

This made him frown a little: "What a fuss?"

The 40 desert bandits had gone out.

Many of them had drawn their machetes at their waists, as if in close combat status.

Even Kant, standing here on the top floor of the ruling chamber, could have detected the glint of the drawn scabbard on the Salander's customary scimitar.

But at that very moment, a dialog box popped up on his retina.

[Ding... Temporary quest issued]

[Temporary quest: Pre-war refugees]

[Reward: 1,000 reputation points, 1 honor point]

[Introduction: In war, any refugees who seek refuge will be a burden. You have encountered such a situation. This group of innocent and pitiful refugees want to seek refuge with you. Do you choose to accept them?]

The dialog box was a temporary quest.

Kant frowned slightly.

He guessed why there were refugees. After all, most of the 50 houses were still empty.

Given the passive nature of the house, so many empty houses would definitely attract many homeless refugees, adding to the civilian population of the "Drondheim" fortress.

Just like now, 300 or so refugees were squatting on the ground pitifully.

Without Kant's order, they wouldn't be able to become civilians here.

Or rather...

They would need Kant's confirmation to complete this temporary quest.

The system was right.

During war, these refugees were all burdens because they had no chores to do and no daily tasks to arrange. Even if there was a tower that could recruit these peasant into the front of the battlefield, they would probably be slaughtered by enemy and die as cannon fodder.

Even if these refugees became civilians, they would only waste food.

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

Just when he made up his mind and was about to communicate with the system, he heard footsteps coming from the stairs behind him.

Firentis walked up quickly and solemnly reported: "Lord Kant, there is a group of Svaldiya refugees outside the fortress, 310 in number, have heard of your benevolent reputation and want to become your subjects, together with you to resist the enemy's attack and to contribute their own meager strength."

"Well." Kant nodded slightly, "I see it."

His thoughts of communicating with the system paused.

The mind turns slightly.

Kant looked over his shoulder at Firentis who was behind him, clenched his fingers slightly and asked calmly: "Firentis, do you think it is necessary to accept these refugees? After all, we are facing an unknown and powerful enemy."

"I think so," Firentis replied solemnly.

"Tell me what you think," Kant said.

Although Firentis was compassionate, he was not pedantic.

If Drondheim really could not take in these refugees, definitely he would not have agreed to accept them.

Slightly pondering.

Firentis organized his words and reported: "Lord Kant, these refugees will become our back-up personnel, in the continuous war, can act as fresh blood to replenish the blood of the war-damaged troops. They can very well avoid the passive situation where our troops can not even replenish their strength after a long period of war."

"Reserve forces and war potential." Kant squints slightly, "That's a good point."

"This is my thought, Lord Kant."

Firentis nodded and the same time he looked out at the cowering refugees in the sand dunes, terrified by the cutlasses of the desert bandits, said gently: "And we have enough food at the moment."

Kant did not answer. He thought quietly.

After a long while, he asked Firentis: "How long can our food last?"

"Three months," Firentis replied.

"Three months?" Kant frowned slightly, "This time is still a little short."

Although in the game, the war would only last four to five days.

But in the real world, the war could go on for years.

The "Drondheim" fortress, not even an enclave, which was in the territory of the dukedom of Leo, but was a lonely city without reinforcements. Once the enemy surrounded it, it would probably take months.

Even if Kant occupied the only water source.

But he wondered if there might be something special in this world of transcendent power.

Just like the [Page of clear spring], he could obtain clear drinking water.

Kant clearly understood.

The world he was currently in was not the world of science of the previous earth.

Instead, it was a fantasy world with swords and magic!

Once they were besieged for too long, Kant's troops might run short of food. This was the most terrible thing in war. History had shown that lack of food could not only bring the morale of the troops to the extreme, but also lead to flight and rebellion.

Kant, of course, did not take such risks

He sometimes would gamble, but he didn't like to turn himself into a chip.

Standing on the top floor, Kant looked over his shoulder at the refugees behind the eastern dune.

At the same time, he looked down at himself, which was only half a hectare inside the city wall. "I understand what you mean," he said softly, "We are actually more short of people than food."

"Yes." Firentis nodded.

"That's it." Kant made a decision in his mind and said to him: "Let these refugees go to the lake to bathe, change into clean clothes, and prepare food for them. I will accept them."

"You are wise." Firentis stroked his chest respectfully and immediately went to arrangements.

At the same time, a dialog box popped up.

[Ding... temporary quest completed]

[Temporary quest: Pre-war refugees]

[Reward: 1,000 reputation points, 1 honor point]

[Introduction: These homeless refugees thank you for your kindness. As your subjects, they are willing to give their lives for this place. Even if the enemy has already raised their butcher's knife and charged

into the fortress, they will do everything in their power to resist. When you choose to accept them as your subjects, then this is their home.]

Instantly received 1000 reputation points and 1 honor point.

Kant's face was calm.

At the dune below, Firentis was arranging for these refugees to head to the lake on the west side.

Hearing the news of their acceptance, they cheered with gratitude from below, thrilled that they had met the kind Lord, and that it was their good fortune.

However, the acceptance was not due to Kant's kindness.

Accepting them did not mean that they were lucky.

Confronted with the expeditionary forces of the Greymane Kingdom, Kant's "Drondheim" fortress stood in the sentry oasis, destined to be the main battlefield of the bloody battle. Since these refugees chose to turn to Kant as civilians, they could not escape either.

The same to go up the city wall to form a defensive line at the critical moment with the sound of the emergency bell.

War was always cruel.

It was not known how many of the seemingly numerous civilians who would survive.

Blood and fire would give birth to elite soldiers.

But in the process, they would first become corpses, paving the way for blood and fire.

The 40 desert bandits had all dispersed, and only 10 people were left to supervise. Under the arrangements of Firentis, they led the refugees to wash up at the small lake in the west pastoral area, making their dirty appearance clean.

At the same time in the refugee package they found the cleanest clothes to wear on the body.

These refugees once again became the peasant of Swadia.

With a happy smile on their faces.

There were not many lords to collect the refugees in the war-ravaged Caladian land. In the long war, the first consideration of these lords was the safety of their castles and towns, which was enough, because these two things were the basis for them to dominate the mainland and maintain their authority.

As for the villages and the peasants, they were at most dispensable. As long as they had the upper hand in the war and obtained the peace that they had not seen for a long time, there would always be a front row of desperate peasant who would seek refuge.

That was why Kant's kindness was so precious.

Like most of the previous arrivals, these 310 refugees were all men, without any women, children or old people, and made up of a sturdy labor force.

However, according to the system's nature, it didn't matter if there were women.

Same like the 50 peasant women he currently had.

With their thick arms, powerful thighs, and bucketlike waists, these women could carry logs for hundreds of meters without effort. Carrying a bag of salt in each hand is a carload, and their strength was no less than that of men.

The women who rode and hacked were no different from men.

"Watch out."

Kant instructed these rangers of Ravenstern and walked down to the top floor of the ruling hall.

After obtaining 1 honor point, the system mall opened for him once again.

"Start the draw."

Kant's thought was communicating with the system.

On his retina, a treasure chest that contained colorful lights was opened with a coin toss of 1 honor point.

[Ding... you have acquired the item pack]

[You have opened the item pack and found the "Lion Knight Order Medal"]

[Lion Knight Order Medal: This is the honor symbol of the Lion Knight Order of the Kingdom of Sarion. Attribute: When a cavalry general wears this medal, it will shorten the charging distance of the cavalry by 30% and accelerate the charging stage. Remark: This medal seems to hide other secrets, but it has yet to meet the requirements.]

This was a free reward, so Kant did not take it to heart.

But when he opened the treasure chest at any time.

The appearance of the prop left Kant slightly stunned: "The Kingdom of Sarion..."

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Chapter 134: Enemies on the Horizon

Kant was naturally no stranger to the Kingdom of Sarion.

It was not the first time that the Lion Knight Medal that represented the Kingdom of Sarion was related to the influence of the MOD from "Pande's Prophecy".

In fact, sentry oasis currently had the only tier 5 troop class and the archers, the rangers from the Kingdom of Ravenstern were related to the kingdom of Sarion because they were once part of the Kingdom of ancient Pande.

Only later, due to the change in Misty Mountain, the Kingdom of Ravenstern became independent.

But it always came from the same origin.

In terms of military strength, as the successor of the Kingdom of ancient Pande, the Kingdom of Sarion still had to suppress the Kingdom of Raventern, relying on the powerful heavy cavalry troops and the strongest national knights, the Lion Knights.

It was the troop represented by this [Lion Knight Order] medal.

Kant held the medal in his hand.

The entire medal looked like a fan shield, with a lion that represented fearlessness and strength on the front.

A golden lion with a red background.

The overall paint was similar to Kant's [intimidation] .

The difference was only between flags and medals.

But this medal represented the Lion Knight Regiment of the Kingdom of Sarion.

One of the best in the group battle of the heavy cavalry troops and perhaps even the Swadian Knight was at a disadvantage. Only the legendary Swadian Knight could contend against the powerful heavy cavalry troops!

"A timely assistance."

Kant could not help muttering to himself.

This medal, on behalf of the Lion Knights, fits well with the kingdom of Swadia.

Both countries are dominated by cavalry, with heavy cavalry at the top.

Both man and horse wearing heavy armor, armed with thick long lances his horse, with continuous speed between horses running, reached the state of the full charge with running speed brings its own start and inertia weight, and 3-meter lances sharp spear head, such as avalanche blunt past, swept away all obstacles in front of the enemy, rounded off!

Not to mention, this [Lion Knight Legion Medal] also had a special features.

[Features: When worn by a cavalry commander, this medal shorten the charge distance of his cavalry unit by 30%, speeding up the charge phase. Note: This medal seems to hide other secrets, but it has yet to meet the requirements.]

Kant scanned this column of introductions.

It was precisely the characteristics of this medal that made its value soar.

Especially in the hands of a Commander who was good at leading the cavalry into battle, it could play the role of a divine weapon!

Shorten the charging distance by 30%.

Speed up to enter the charging status.

These two key sentences represent that the cavalry commander could, in a shorter distance, drive his horses to launch a massive charge, so that all the heavy cavalry into a state of charge that could destroy everything!

On the battlefield, the overwhelming heavy cavalry was the greatest source of fear.

No Army dared to stand in their way.

This was because the heavy cavalry who had entered the status of charge could not stop this attack freely.

Only to crushing everything.

Before it stops.

The troops in front of them would be as inescapable as sheep from a flood of broken banks, pierced by lance after lance, knocked over by their armored steeds, trampled over with their horseshoes, and turned into a pool of unrecognizable flesh.

Kant already had the perfect man for this cavalry invincible weapon.

The knight who once wandered and was forgiven by his father, Firentis.

This knight who came from the military noble of the Kingdom of Swadia and had received all kinds of elite education since childhood and had been training on the continent for several years was actually the best person to wear this [Lion Knight Order Medal].

Kant believed he could make the most of it.

It came from trust and affirmation.

And also came from Kant's self-knowledge.

For a battlefield with a complicated environment, Kant was basically a novice, unable to command the large troops to fight correctly.

He was good at strategy, not tactics.

Most important.

Kant would not personally lead the heavy cavalry troops to charge.

Because he was a noble, a Lord with a deployment.

All he had to do was sit back to coordinate and wait for the outcome, just made the most reasonable decision, let the subordinate generals deal with it by themselves, and then gave him the best result and victory.

"Inform the Firentis Knights to come."

Kant came to the first floor, sat on his chair and gave an order to the guard.

"Got it." The guard turned and went away.

It was not long before phatis hurried in and saluted respectfully: "Lord Kant, just after accommodating the refugees, the guard said you were looking for me."

"Yes, come closer."

Kant nodded and placed the medal in his hand on the table beside him: "Come and take a look at this medal."

Firentis walked over and respectfully picked up the [Lion Knight Order Medal] on the table, with a hint of surprise in his eyes and gulped: "I seem to feel a sense of power... in this medal."

As a knight, he could feel the power displayed by the characteristics of the medal.

"You should be able to use this power wisely."

Kant stood up and nodded to Firentis: "This medal is in your custody for the time being."

"Thank you for your trust." Firentis immediately bowed respectfully.

This came from the Lord's Trust.

He did not hesitate and stuck the medal on his chest.

The red gold lion on the medal was imprinted directly on the linen robe under his chain-mail, but when the robe was lifted it revealed that the medal was also on the chain mail.

Kant mused.

This medal wasn't pinned to the clothes, it was something between a soul binding.

"Go on with your work, and be on your guard."

Kant waved to Firentis, indicating that he could leave.

But before he left, Kant suddenly thought of something, and frowned: "How long do you think it will take them, at Jackal's walking speed, to go from the ruins of the tribe to the sentry oasis?"

"Around three days," Firentis thought and replied.

"well." Kant bowed his head slightly.

This was the same as his speculation. After all, it took them nearly four days to lead the infantrymen to the first battle of the tribe.

Considering the Jackal's endurance talent and pace, 3 days was about the right amount of time.

The brows were furrowed, and Kant's fingers drummed on the table. "If I'm not wrong, the time when they arrive at the sentry oasis is probably tomorrow?" he said solemnly.

"That's right." Firentis nodded.

"Okay." Kant drummed his fingers slightly sharply on the table.

He had received a warning from the system yesterday.

A Day and a half had passed since then. If he counted it as three days, the Jackals would arrive tomorrow.

The last day of the week.

“Get ready.” Kant put a little more emphasis on it: “Double the sentry at night.”

”Sure.” Firentis nodded solemnly.

Nothing more, he saluted and hurried out of the hall. The whole fort was so well defended that Kant felt sure that Firentis was the right one to do all this work.

No one knew the military arrangements of their country better than the military noble of Swadia.

Sentry oasis was ready for war.

Except for the city wall made of stone, the oasis had been completely cleaned up by the civilians.

The lush date palm forest had been completely cut down.

The luxurious beach of Achnstria splendens had been also harvested clean by the scythe.

The agricultural and pastoral areas were left bare, and even the walls, half a meter high, were torn down by careful peasant women, who picked up the stones and carried them back to the fortress, to the attic tops of the walls, where they were carefully piled up.

At regular distance there were piles of rocks.

If necessary, these stones would be smashed down in an emergency to deter the enemy’s attack.

It was getting dark.

Torches would be lit inside the fortress.

The night sentry was very spirited, watching the dunes from the city wall and the arrow tower.

The light from the stars and the moon was soft, but it was still visible.

Even in the darkest hour before the dawn.

Firentis also arranged for sentries to be on guard. There was also a patrol team formed by the Swadian infantry. They walked in the attic in their chain-mail boots, making ear-piercing noises that would sometimes wake up the archers sleeping on the city walls.

This was the patrol that Kant had specifically entrusted to Firentis.

Kant, who was good at attacking before dawn, was also very vigilant at this time.

Fortunately, everything was fine.

The Jackal troops did not arrive.

Dawn pierced through the darkness in the east and appeared in the sky.

The sun rose.

Sunday came.

The last day of the week was also the time when the Jackalan was likely to appear.

"Dong-dong-dong"

The bronze bell of the bell tower was routinely rung by the Swadian light infantry in charge..

Along with the rising sun, a clear sound covered the entire oasis.

15 Sarrandian Horseman, 25 Elite Desert Bandits, and 40 desert bandits, a quick-reaction light cavalry, had all waked up, washed up, and gathered quickly in the clearing on the east side.

The horses had been fed with forage and water as early as midnight.

Now, they just happened to be full of energy.

The light cavalry checked their weapons, quickly mounted their horses, and roared out with the open gates.

An early morning patrol.

Groups of people, spread out in a cone, heading north.

However, just as everyone entered deep into the desert and reached the limit of their vision, which even the arrow tower could not detect, they climbed over layers of dune, the desert bandit at the front tightened his reins abruptly, his eyes shrinking slightly.

"Hu —"

He reined in hurriedly, halting the desert horse under its legs.

The companions behind him did the same.

Far away on the horizon, black dots were moving, like ants in the sand, not quickly, but either not slowly, toward their southern position.

And this represented the troops on the march

The enemy was coming!