

Oasis 163

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 163: The Latest Data Interface

The system displayed the interface of the troop class on the retina.

The soldiers in Drondheim had just been through a battle and won. Therefore, the experience points they received was definitely enough to level up, and it was even possible for them to level up consecutively.

Except for 10 Swadian militiamen who were responsible for guarding the posthouse, they did not receive experience points.

The rest of the troop class that had not yet reached the top level could all level up.

“Level up.”

Kant communicated with mind communication system directly and gave the order.

There was no need to be long-winded.

Since all the troop class’s experience was sufficient, Kant would not be petty spending his denars!

[Ding... system prompt]

[All troop class’s level up, a total of 36,510 denars.]

[Yes/No?]

The system immediately popped up a dialog box.

“Choose to pay.”

Kant had a lot of savings at the moment, obviously he did not hesitate.

Along with the crisp sound of metal coins colliding, the number of denars in his mind immediately decreased.

The data flow spread.

Outside the council hall, many troops that were still waiting for orders and cleaning up the battlefield were instantly covered by this data flow. In just a short moment, these troops that were scattered along with the data flow had undergone an earth-shaking change.

Their bodies became sturdy, and their weapons and equipment were completely new.

It was an earth-shattering change!

The Swadian militia received the most experience points after they desperately defending against the enemies and led to severe casualties. The remaining 188 militiamen skipped the level 3 troop class light footman, and were directly promoted to a Level 4 Swadian heavy cavalry.

This was as expected.

It was these level 2 militiamen who had risked their lives to stabilize the defense line when they were defending against the Jackalan's attack on the city walls and city gates.

If they had not fought to the death...

Once those crazy high-level Jackalan charged in, there would be unimaginable consequences.

At the same time, the 50 Swadian footmen stationed behind the city gates had received the strongest attack from the high-level Jackalan, they had paid the price of 37 deaths. The remaining 13 footmen had all been upgraded to a level up Swadian sergeants.

They had become the most well-equipped and luxurious level up 5 footmen in the entire kingdom of Swadia, or in other words, the continent of Caradia!

It was not just the footmen.

The archers who had stubbornly resisted on the city walls and arrow towers had also changed greatly.

All 63 of the Vaegirs archers had been upgraded to 63 marksmen who held the Vaegirs battle bow. They wore mail armor and wore a pot helmet on their heads. Their faces were resolute, and they had the power of level 5 archers. They were no weaker than the Raventern rangers who were also level up 5 archers.

As for the Swadian crossbowmen who had suffered heavy losses on the city walls, the remaining 10 of them had all been upgraded to Swadian snipers.

They were all level 5 archers.

Although they held heavy crossbows in their hands, their power was weaker than the snipers of the Kingdom of Rhodoks.

However, their rich experience over a long period of time had allowed them to have their own style of fighting among the level up 5 archers. At the very least, in terms of long-range sniping experience and skills, these Swadian snipers were no weaker than those Rhodok sharpshooters.

This was a qualitative change in the army.

It also included the last sweep, the cavalry which completely destroyed the enemy's morale.

87 Swadian heavy cavalries had used up tens of thousands of denars just to level up, but the result was 87 terrifying Swadian knight. They wore double layers of heavy chain mail, and even their strongest warhorse wore heavy chain mail from the top to bottom. Their lower chest and abdomen were covered by the chain armor until their calves. They were the strongest heavy cavalry that had never met any enemy on the plains.

Including the previous 10 Swadian knight, Kant now had 97 heavy armored tanks that were made of steel in the age of cold weapons!

It meant that they were invincible in this age of cold weapon!

The only one that could be compared to these knights was the Mamluke of Sarrand Sultanate. They were the king of steel in the desert. They were better at using two-handed iron staffs to fight in close combat.

The 40 original Sarrandian horsemen were all upgraded to Mamlukes.

Kant's absolute trump card.

The 97 Swadian knights were invincible in a frontal charge.

The 45 Mamlukes charged into the enemy's formation and fought efficiently.

The 120 Sarrandian horseman could also be considered heavy cavalry, they were all wearing Sarrandian chain armor and holding a military spear. The only drawback was that the Sarrandian horseman didn't have any armor, and it was only covered with linen.

This was the consecutive level up of 40 elite desert bandits and 70 desert bandits.

In the current battle sequence.

The complete light cavalry unit had temporarily disappeared, but they didn't need to wait too long. The desert bandit camp now had 40 desert bandits per week. As long as Kant had enough denar, they could quickly reappear in this vast desert.

The current Drondheim fortress was no longer the same as before.

No force could be like Kant.

Even if they had gone through a brutal battle, as long as they could forcefully hold on and obtain victory, it would be a rebirth for his stronghold. They wouldn't just blindly exhaust their strength and cause casualties from both other.

Kant had cheat.

In the true sense, Kant could use battle to nourish the battle!

Just like after this battle.

The 'Drondheim' fortress had entered a new stage of development. According to Kant's speculation, by the end of this month, he could even complete the construction of all the buildings and completely upgrade the fortress to a castle!

He already had a pass to level up.

Among the special gift pack that he had obtained from the lottery, the [level up (Castle)] card was still floating quietly in his mind. As long as he completed the construction of all the buildings, this originally simple fortress would immediately be upgraded to a castle. It would become a regional building that could truly defend a strategic location!

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

The dialog box on his retina quickly refreshed.

He was excited. He calmed his emotions and ordered the system in a deep voice, "Open the data interface."

[Ding... the data interface is opening...]

The system immediately replied.

On Kant's retina, a new data interface appeared.

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[Drondheim]

[Lord: Kant]

[Balance: 112,520 dinars]

[Reputation: 13,700]

[Honor: 0]

[General: Firentis, Manid, James]

[Type: Swadian Fortress]

[Current population: 1,050]

[Building: Council hall (Fortress class), house (50) , tavern, bell tower, grocery store, sugar workshop, salt workshop, linen workshop, training ground, mill, fence, well, canal, posthouse, stone city wall, city gate, arrow tower, desert bandit camp, ranger camp, Vaegirs shooting range, camel farm, stable]

[Constructions available: Barracks, city walls, city gates, arrow towers, weapons workshops, cells]

[Level up: Training ground]

[Construction pack: Paved roads, council hall (village)]

[Agricultural resources: Date Palm Jungle (30 mu) , wheat fields (50 mu) , chee grass beach (20 mu) , alfalfa grass fields (20 mu) , flax fields (10 mu)]

[Animal husbandry: single humped camel (10) , desert bee (5 hives) , sand grouse (50)]

[Current troops: Swadian militia (10) Swadian sergeant (13) , Swadian knight (97) , Swadian heavy cavalry (188) , Mamluke (45) , Sarrandian horseman (120) , Ravenstern ranger (7) , Vaegir Marksman (63) , Swadian sniper (10)]

[Recrutable: Swadian militia (council hall) , 40 desert bandits/week (desert bandit camp) , 10 Ravenstern rangers/week (Ranger camp) , 10 Vaegirs archers/week (Vaegirs shooting range)]

[Comment: In this barren desert oasis, the 'Drondheim' fortress stands tall. It seems to be in good condition. The clear spring water flowed into the lake, and then through the canal, it nourished hundreds of arcs of land. The people living in the fortress were busy with smiles on their faces. Their movements were light and skilled. They could find jobs here and make a living from it. The city wall was strengthened by the attic, and the arrow towers were neat and perfect. The city defense was well-

arranged, and elite soldiers were stationed on top of it to guard it. This was a vibrant fortress, and it had a great future. But what was worth noting was that there were very few women in the fortress]

[Remark: not included in the statistics.]

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Looking at the data on the system interface.

Kant smiled, and his eyes were filled with self-satisfaction.

In the final comment of the system, there were no sarcastic words. Instead, it fully affirmed the development of the fortress. This represented the success of Kant's military-oriented development path.

The military development would lead to the continuous development of the estate.

With sufficient self-protection ability, they could use this power to safely develop agriculture or the economy.

"Dang dang dang."

There was a light knock on the door. Swadian sergeant in double-layered chain armor stood outside.

With only 13 people left, they did not go to the defense of the city wall. Instead, they stayed alone in the council hall as Kant's personal guards, they also served as daily messengers. "My Lord, dinner has been prepared in the kitchen downstairs. I wonder if you have time to participate in the celebration banquet?"

"Of course I have time," Kant replied.

He turned his head to look out of the window. The sunlight was no longer fierce, and the shadows of dusk could already be seen in the horizon.

He stood up, opened the door, and walked down the stairs.

Even the hall was filled with the fragrance of food. After he walked out, the streets were filled with tables full of various of food. It seemed like they not concerned about the cost, even the black pepper and white salt that was dipped in food were mixed in small plates. Anyone could eat these precious luxury condiments.

The peasant women were busy, and the new civilians were also helping.

Manid was arranging the command.

At the top of the attic not far away from the city wall, Firentis and James were standing side by side, leading a team of Vaegirs marksmen on patrol. They were sizing up the situation outside, looking extremely cautious.

"This is good, isn't it?", Kant had a smile on his face.

This was his estate.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 164: The End of the Month Arrived In the Blink of an Eye

Time flew by, and three weeks passed quickly.

It was the end of the month.

Oasis Lookout was still busy, but it was full of vitality.

The civilians were busy in the agricultural area and the livestock area on the north side. No one could relax, but no one complained about such days. Instead, they wore happy smiles on their faces, full of love for the construction of their home.

They were full of energy.

At the celebration banquet, Lord Kant, the lord of this place, promised.

"Dronnheim" would not mistreat any of its citizens!

This statement was said by my Lord himself. It was absolutely authoritative. The civilians who had been plagued by exploitation and war in the continent of Caradia gave an absolute applause.

That was why they treated the Oasis Lookout as their home and worked diligently.

Moreover, this was the land of miracles.

Lord Kant's reputation was spread throughout the continent of Caradia. Under the praises of the bards, everyone knew that he was a young, benevolent, and philosophical lord. Even the noble would be awestruck when they heard his name, thus, they would never deceive ordinary civilians like them.

And when they came here, they also noticed Kant's kindness.

Because these civilians only needed to pay one denar per week for the head tax.

They were usually given food, drink, and accommodation.

In Caradia, those greedy nobles would not care about the lives of the civilians in their own estate, they were so greedy that they would break the bones and suck their marrow. They only knew how to levy all kind of taxes, and then expand their army to build stronger troops to plunder other lords. Or they responded to the king's call and attacked the territories of other kingdoms.

"May God bless Lord Kant."

Thinking of this, the civilians who were still busy with farm work prayed in their hearts.

It was rare to see such a good lord.

At this moment.

Kant was walking in the attic of the city wall.

Inside, the Vaegirs marksmen who were scattered in the city wall and the arrow tower came to Kant respectfully and bowed to him. They did not put on the airs of a level 5 troop class and were unusually complimentary to Kant.

"Did you find anything unusual?"

They came to the top of the arrow tower in the northeast corner.

Kant stood within the 10-meter tall arrow tower, looking at the continuous dune to the north.

The marksmen behind him replied, "No, my lord, everything is normal."

"Very good."

Kant nodded, and at the same time, exhorted, "Keep an eye out for me."

"Yes.", the marksmen replied.

Although they had defeated the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane and sold all the captives as slaves, basically wiping out these Jacakalans from the Mannheim coast, they still had to be vigilant.

Who knew if those high-level Jackalan would continue to send people over.

After all, the Kingdom of Grey Mane on the Mannheim Coast was an independent kingdom. Sending people over to inquire about the results of the expedition army was very simple.

There was also the most crucial point.

Manid, 30 one-humped camels, and a camel team of 20 desert bandits had already gone deep into the Nahrin Desert to collect coarse salt from the natural salt mines. It had been three days, and they should be back soon.

The speed of one-humped camels in the desert was not inferior to that of desert horses.

Kant spent 20,000 denars to buy the other 20 one-humped camels which were similar to the previous 10 camels. They were all boats of the desert, elves that could walk briskly among the dune.

Moreover, their ability to carry things was even more outstanding.

"There's a situation."

Kant was just about to walk down the arrow tower.

At the same time, the sharp-eyed Vaegirs marksman who was looking into the distance noticed something. After careful identification, he immediately reported, "In the north, Mr. Manid's camel team has returned!"

"Huh?", Kant also turned his head to look.

After passing through the lush 30 acres of date palm jungle, the endless sea of sand was still at the end of his gaze.

He squinted.

Kant naturally knew that these Vaegirs marksmen would not lie to him.

He waited for a moment.

Finally, at the end of his eyesight in the north, a tiny black dot appeared in his eyes. Although he still could not see it clearly, Kant still smiled and praised, "Well done."

The vision of the Vaegirs marksmen was much better than his.

Kant left the arrow tower and sped up his patrol of the city wall.

In fact, there was no need to patrol. The soldiers were all very conscientious.

Rather than saying that this was to patrol the city wall, it was better to say that Kant was venting his energy. After all, since the end of the city defense battle at the beginning of the month, along with the various construction arrangements in the fortress, the Oasis Lookout returned to peace. As a lord, he had nothing left to do.

All he could do every day was to walk around and look at his newly changed estate.

There were only so many places that could change.

After three weeks, Kant was already a little bored.

Although the previous days were a little tense and somewhat depressing, he was still quite fulfilled. Now that he was suddenly relaxed, he was not used to it.

After patrolling the city walls, Kant walked down the stairs.

Three Swadian sergeant followed behind him, swaying their burly bodies.

These were his guards.

"Good morning, Lord Kant."

"My Lord, how do you do?"

"Good morning, my Lord."

The civilians on the streets greeted Kant warmly.

"Good Morning.", Kant nodded in return.

As a noble, it was only right for him to enjoy such respect. After all, he was the lord of the continent of Caradia. If these civilians greeted the lord in an impolite manner, they would be punished according to the Lord's temper. Either they would be given a whipping, or they would be captured and thrown into a prison cell to squeeze out a ransom that was enough to bankrupt them.

However, Kant scoffed at this. A group of lords who had gone mad because of the war.

They walked along the street.

A faint sweet smell was spreading. It was the sugar workshop that was brewing date palm honey.

Those careful peasant women and the citizens who knew how to measure already boiled sugar on a large scale and cut it into thumb-sized pieces of sugar. The sugar pieces were placed in rattan baskets and placed in the cooler underground storeroom to prevent it from being melted by the high temperature.

There were now 20 baskets of date palm sugar in the storeroom of the council hall. They were all boiled during this period of time.

They were waiting for Manid's caravan to bring back coarse salt.

All of the coarse salt was processed into expensive fine white salt in the salt workshop before being transported to the Stone Pass.

Not only was the Dukedom of Leo lacking in salt, but it was also lacking in sugar.

These coarse date palm honey was also a precious sugar.

Moreover, the sweetness was more intense and prominent than pure honey. It would definitely be like the salt, becoming a separate business with the Stone Pass. The amount of trade would also be larger.

Of course, if Kant wanted to expand the trade, more than 3000 sets of mail armor and two-handed battle axes that he had seized could be sold at a sky-high price at the Stone Pass. Even Baron Dylan could not "eat" all these items alone. He would need the entire northern county of the Dukedom of Leo, or the southern county, which belonged directly to the king, would be able to buy them all.

After all, according to the proportion of the Jackalan's body size.

A set of mail armor could be cut into two sets that were suitable for humans. A two-handed battle axe could be smelted and forged again, and at least four longsword could be made.

This was a huge strategic resource!

Kant would not sell it rashly, which would arouse the suspicion of the Dukedom of Leo.

There was no need to cross the Devil's land to reach the nearby "Motherland". It would take more than 30 days of trekking through the desert to reach the southern part of the Nahrin Desert. If those greedy noble wanted to, they could appear outside the walls of Drondheim in a week.

Although his elite troops could ensure that he was no longer afraid of the threat of these nobles, they would still disrupt the development of Drondheim.

Currently, the buildings that had been upgraded were being built in full swing. The construction workers from Suno were in charge of the construction. The most time-consuming barracks would be completed on the last day of the month.

At that time, it would be the time for Drondheim to be officially upgraded to a castle.

Before that, he planned to personally lead a team to the Stone Pass and continue to communicate with his uncle, Baron Dylan. At the same time, he would explore the way and familiarize himself with the terrain in the Senwaya Range. He planned to build a village in a hidden place.

This was his main goal.

At the beginning, he had thought that even if there was no village, he would still want to build a logging field in the Senwaya Range.

Especially after defeating the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane.

Kant had completely brought the natural salt mine under his control, and increasing the production of fine white salt had to be put on the agenda.

This would also consume a large amount of firewood. The daily cooking of a fire and the brewing of sugar in the sugar workshop all required firewood as fuel. It was obviously not enough to rely solely on the date palm tree that had been cut down previously.

The establishment of a new village would alleviate this problem.

Although it was unknown which country the village would be randomly located at first, Kant had already planned to establish this village in the Senwaya Range as the location of the logging and slave-catching fields.

To provide a large number of high-quality charcoal for the Oasis Lookout.

And to provide Kant with a large number of low-level Jackalan.

After all, in this mountain range that separated the Nahrin desert from the Dukedom of Leo, who knew how many small groups of low-level Jackalan tribe were thriving within it. If they were to really talk about it, the number was even more than the Jackalan tribe in the Nahrin Desert.

After all, although the mountain range was barren, compared to the desert, it was obviously easier to live in it!

Back at the council hall.

Kant didn't wait for long before Manid and his caravan rushed back.

After properly arranging the task of the salt workshop, Manid took off his linen robe and tidied up his appearance. After making sure that he didn't lose his manners, he quickly entered the hall.

"Lord Kant, I'm back."

Manid first bowed and greeted Kant.

"Well done.", Kant nodded with a smile and reached out his hand. "Sit down, drink some water and eat something."

"Thank you very much."

Manid continued to respectfully put his hand on his chest to express his gratitude.

The peasant woman who had prepared food beside him brought it over and placed it in front of Manid.

Fresh toast, as well as sweet wheat porridge, fresh fried mutton and fried eggs.

It was quite a sumptuous meal.

Manid was starving and he did not hesitate. He was familiar with Kant's personality. After thanking him, he quickly finished his meal. However, in front of Lord Kant, he still maintained the most basic etiquette.

After finishing his meal, he wiped the corner of his mouth and said apologetically to Kant, "I hope I didn't offend you, Lord."