

Oasis 165

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 165: Return of the Natural Salt Mine

Manid came from a noble family of merchants in Nord's mainland.

As a member of the wealthy class, he had naturally studied the noble etiquette. After all, his elegant speech and vast knowledge could help these merchants win the trust of unfamiliar nobles and business partners.

Thus, Manid paid more attention to etiquette.

He could maintain his elegant posture while swallowing down his food.

After filling his stomach, he exhaled in satisfaction. However, looking at the lord who was waiting for him to finish his food, he immediately picked up a towel and wiped the corner of his mouth. He said with an apologetic tone, "If I have offended you, please forgive me for my rudeness."

"No," Kant replied with a smile. "You did well."

"Thank you very much." Manid was relieved.

The peasant woman next to him walked over and quickly cleaned up the empty wooden bowls and plates on the table. At the same time, she wiped the table clean with a wet towel and a dry towel, making the long table clean again. There was no trace of oil or food residue.

Next was the time when Kant and Manid talked.

This was business.

After chatting for a while, the topic of their conversation also turned to natural salt mines.

Manid, who had just returned, reported first, "On this trip to the salt mines, 30 one-humped camels brought back a total of 180 bags of crude salt. After our processing and refining, we will get 120 bags of the purest refined white salt."

"Well, 120 bags of white salt.", Kant nodded and smiled with satisfaction. "Not bad."

Just simply looked at this world.

From the Oasis Lookout to the natural salt mine, the round trip cost was less than two great silver coins.

Even if the salt was processed and purified, and then transported to the Stone Pass where Baron Dylan was located, with the cavalry acting as the guards of the trade caravan to escort it, the total costs would not exceed 10 great silver coins.

And according to the contract with Baron Dylan, he would receive 50 great silver coins for each bag of white salt.

120 bags of white salt would be 6,000 great silver coins.

It was an extremely terrifying number.

It was also an extremely terrifying profit.

In Kant's hands, the natural coarse salt, which was originally in the alkali soil deep in the desert, was equivalent to a free gift. After a little processing and purification, its value had increased by hundreds or thousands of times. The word 'terrifying' was extremely appropriate!

"Make preparations today."

Kant opened his mouth and pondered for a moment. Then, he instructed Manid, "Tomorrow, we will set off for the Stone Pass."

"Understood.", Manid nodded.

This was a planned arrangement. He would know when he went to the natural salt mine.

The profit from this white salt was extremely huge.

To be able to have such a huge profit, it could not be separated from the shiny and cute valuable great silver coin. Otherwise, if these salt was simply saw as condiments and luxury goods, it could only be considered a little thing that could stimulate the tongue that was would circulate in the noble's kitchen at most. It was not a valuable precious item that could move anyone's heart!

At the very least, from the perspective of Baron Dylan from Stone Pass, he already tasted this profit that he could not refuse. It was obviously impossible for him to directly reject all of Kant's requests.

He bought it at the price of 50 great silver coins per bag and sold it for 300 great silver coins.

He roughly earned a profit of 250 great silver coins.

If he excluded the commerce's own operating costs, the expenses for the many lords, and the payment to some local bandits, the net profit of 150 great silver coins per bag of white salt would reach Baron Dylan in the end!

For the northern county of the Dukedom of Leo, which already had a harsh environment, the desertification of Stone Pass was extremely severed.

Several arcs of barren field, no matter how hard the serfs and farmers worked for a whole year, they would not be able to earn 50 great silver coins!

If this place was really rich and the land was fertile.

He would not had the chance to be in charge, he was a noble warrior with a sensitive identity after all.

Kant was certain.

The cooperation between the two sides would become closer and closer.

Before they completely fell out with each other, Baron Dylan would be easy to talk to and protect Kant to the death. He would guard his Stone Pass, and control the most important and the only passage in the Senwaya Range. He would completely monopolize the table salt trade with huge profits in his hands.

No one would give up such a huge and endless amount of long-term profits. Even if the two sides had a blood feud for generations, they were still able to fake a smile and sat down to negotiate while secretly stabbing each other.

Moreover, Kant and Baron Dylan did not have any enmity to begin with.

In a short period of time, with the support of such a huge amount of profits, the relationship between the two sides could only get better and better. And it would not get worse and worse.

Kant had been a person for two lifetimes. In this life, he was still a noble. He had seen many honeymoon periods with entanglement of profits. Or rather, Baron Dylan already treated Kant's Oasis Lookout and the natural salt mines as his own family property. As long as his strength grew stronger, he would be able to take over Kant's property after certain "accident".

It was a popular trick among the noble families, carrying the naked killing intent and greed. Even the fake smile on his face could not cover up the fragile balance line during this honeymoon period.

But the honeymoon period had not passed.

There was no need to worry about the two sides falling out. After all, if Baron Dylan wanted to develop to the point where he could conquer the Oasis Lookout, Kant's troops would have destroyed the Dukedom of Leo before that.

With the system's blessing, Kant was not afraid of fighting for his future!

Miscellaneous matters were finished for today.

The salt workshop also lit up firewood and began to boil salt. Using the Sarrandian method to purify it, they obtained the most expensive refined white salt. In one night, they could complete it all.

For this, Manid also arranged for 20 peasant women and 10 citizens to be in charge.

These townfolks who came from the cities were obviously much smarter than the peasants who came from the countryside as refugees. Moreover, they all knew how to read and write, so they were qualified technical talents.

Night fell.

Oasis Lookout was sprinkled with soft muslin.

However, in the crafts area, the sugar workshop and the salt workshop were still busy.

The sweet smell of sugar and the sour smell of salt brine mixed together, and the smell was quite strange.

Anyone who walked past here were subconsciously cover their mouth and nose.

The doors and windows of the houses near the residential area were tightly closed, and the gaps were even clogged with linen. They were afraid that these two different smells would drift into the rooms, disturb their sleep, and affect their work tomorrow.

A lot of houses in the residential area had been built now.

During these three weeks, the Oasis Lookout had been greatly built.

As a house that could live and attract people, 50 houses were not enough to accommodate thousands of civilians.

So while Kant was building barracks, weapons workshops, and cells, he built 150 houses, and completely filled the residential area inside the city wall, forming five main streets and more alleys.

The 200 houses could accommodate 2,000 people.

If all of them were converted into overcrowded bunk beds, even 5,000 people could sleep.

Of course, Kant did not have to worry at the moment.

Now that there were enough houses, five people could be allocated one house, and there were additional public living rooms and toilets for people to use. Even if they got married and had a wife and children, five rooms in a house and 15 people living in it would not be a problem.

Good planning in advance could often be beneficial for the subsequent development.

Council hall.

With Kant as the leader, Firentis, Manid, and James were having dinner together. At the same time, they were chatting about some topics, telling jokes to each other, as well as the secret things that they heard. The atmosphere seemed to be harmonious.

There was no oppressive atmosphere at all.

And the food was also very fragrant, sweet, and delicious, which made people's appetite soar.

Until the end of the dinner.

"Burp..."he burped lightly.

Kant wiped the grease at the corner of his mouth with a napkin in satisfaction and said with a smile, "The chef's skills have been strengthened. This fried lamb chop tastes very good, especially the honey and date palm, as well as the sweet and spicy sauce made with spices. I like it very much."

"It comes from the skills of the citizens."

Manid answered with a smile, "Among them, there are tailors, blacksmiths, and chefs."

"They are much better than ordinary peasants.", Firentis nodded and praised. "I have to admit that technical work is more suitable for the citizens to sit up, while peasant work is more suitable for the farmland."

James was older and more mature. He did not speak, but he nodded in agreement.

Kant also understood this point.

Just like the continent of Caradia, the development of handicrafts was often driven by the citizens.

As for the peasant, they were mostly in charge of agriculture in the countryside.

These literate citizens had their own specialized professions. When they received technical instruction, they could often accept it quickly and complete the task perfectly. Just like now, the sugar and salt workshops were taken over by these immigrant citizens.

The peasants were in charge of the agricultural area and the animal husbandry area.

"Tomorrow, Manid and I will head to the Rock Pass. We will be back at the end of the month."

Kant opened his mouth and brought the topic back.

Looking at Firentis and James, his commander and doctor said, "When the two of us leave, you will be in charge of the Oasis Lookout. If there are any problems, it is best to handle them carefully."

"Understood.", the two nodded.

The four of them talked about the work arrangements that they were going to do next.

"That's it.", Kant turned his head and saw that the sky had completely darkened, so he walked towards the stairs.

He needed a good rest tonight.

They would set off at dawn tomorrow morning. After at least three days of trekking, they would arrive at the Stone Pass.

This journey was not short.

"The dinner was delicious.", Manid also left, but he did not go to sleep. Instead, he inspected the salt workshop and sugar workshop to ensure that there were no problems before returning to his room on the second floor of the council hall to sleep.

They weren't going to the pass to travel.

They were going to trade.

As the fully-authorized merchant of Oasis Lookout, Manid naturally couldn't be careless.

At the same time, he was already calculating in his heart what he should buy when he arrived at the Stone Pass to meet Baron Dylan and his trade caravan to ensure the replenishment of supplies for Oasis Lookout.

Although he was a merchant, he was Kant's subordinate.

Everything had to be done for sake of Drondheim.

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Chapter 166: The Salt Camel Caravan at Dawn

"Oh Oh -- Oh --"

At dawn.

As the first ray of sunlight pierced through the solemn darkness, the sound of sand grouse sounded throughout the oasis.

This was the sign of the dawn.

The sleepiness of the entire Oasis Lookout was cleared. People opened the house and windows, stretched their bodies, greeted each other, and joked about their daily jokes, welcoming a brand new day.

The citizen responsible for the clock tower had also woken up.

After putting on his clothes and looking at the sun in the sky, he estimated the time in his heart.

It was about five in the morning.

Walking out of his room, he quickly walked toward the clock tower.

The citizens and peasant figures had also appeared on the street. They greeted each other with smiles on their faces. Although they had come from different places, since they had come to the Oasis Lookout, they were their own people now.

They were the residents of the Oasis Lookout, the close compatriots of Miracle Land, and the subjects of Lord Kant.

The peasant women carried buckets to the spring water.

They woke up early to prepare breakfast for the many civilians and soldiers.

This was not an easy job.

The citizens in charge of the bell tower sighed. After all, it was the food for more than a thousand people, three meals a day, and supper for the night guards. If it weren't for these strong peasant women being busy in the morning and in the dark, then soldiers or civilians would definitely be starving.

After breakfast, there would be lunch, and after lunch break, there would be dinner.

After dinner, there would be supper prepared.

In addition, everyone's wooden bowls, plates, knives, forks, and other cutlery needed to be washed.

For this, the 50 peasant women all applied to James, who oversaw the current trivial matters, and mobilized another 50 citizens to help. Otherwise, there would be too much work to be done, and there would be very little time for sleep and rest.

When he thought of the fact that his job only required him to ring the bell, the citizen was glad.

He arrived at the bell tower.

Next to it was the towering council hall made of stone.

The citizen subconsciously swallowed his saliva.

There were two Swadian sergeants standing at the entrance of the council hall. Under the linen robe, there was a bulging double-layer chain armor. Just the heavy heater shield in their hands and the heavy bastard sword at their waists gave him an aura of elite fierceness.

This was the strongest elite footmen in Swadia.

Any man who wanted to make a name for himself was secretly envious of their existence.

But he did not forget his work.

He entered the top floor of the bell tower.

A bronze bell was hanging in the middle of the top floor. Next to it was a wooden ram. As he gently applied force with his hands, he swung the ram according to the rhythm that he had already memorized in his heart and hit the bronze bell with force.

"Dong -- Dong -- Dong -- Dong -- Dong -- Dong --"

The gentle sound of the bell instantly appeared in the middle of the bell tower.

As the bell walls vibrated, the bell ring that represented time also entered the ears of everyone in the oasis.

It was five o'clock in the morning.

After the citizen finished ringing the bronze bell, there were chairs beside him. He sat down and looked at the busy figures that appeared on the streets below with a satisfied smile on his face. His next task was to ring the bell every half an hour, he just needed to hit the bell again and again. Although it was boring, it was extremely easy for him as he was in charge of the bell tower in the city before he emigrated.

He leaned against the wall in boredom.

He raised his head slightly.

At the top of the bell tower, on the first day he came to work here, he found a yellow disc embedded at the top. It seemed to be made of gold and was covered with strange and mysterious patterns.

The footman who was in charge of telling the time had warned him not to touch this golden disc.

Because this was the private property of Lord Kant.

Of course, he understood.

He also did not dare to touch it.

The private property of a noble was sacred.

If anything happened, he, a small citizen, would probably have to pay with his life.

There had always been many citizens who went bankrupt and died because they offended a noble in the Continent of Caradia.

But today, he could not help but frown.

He did not know why, but he found that the golden disc today seemed to be much brighter than when he first came to this bell tower. As the sun rose, the brightness golden disc embedded in the top floor and attic was getting denser and denser, as if it was absorbing the sun's light and secretly storing it.

He was a little confused.

While he was thinking, there was a lively sound coming from the street outside.

Shaking his head, he did not pay too much attention to it. He just took note of it in his heart.

On the street under the clock tower.

Lord Kant was walking out of the council hall and standing in front of the door, giving some orders. At the same time, someone brought a warhorse and slowly walked towards the south gate under the protection of 40 Sarrandian horsemen.

30 single-humped camels full of sacks followed behind under the urging of 10 peasant.

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At dawn, the temperature was still slightly cold, but it was a good time to set out in the desert.

Breakfast had been eaten half an hour ago.

Fresh baked bread, antelope meat, and a lump of mutton oil mixed with salt and spices were to ensure physical strength during the next trek. At the same time, it was also to not quickly go hungry because of easily digestible food.

After leaving "Drondheim", there would not be much enjoyment.

"Please be careful."

Firentis and James stood in front of the city gate to send them off.

"Okay.", Kant waved his hand and led his troops and camel caravans towards the depths of the desert to the south.

He looked at the horizon in the distance.

He did not know if it was an illusion, but the endless hills of the Senwaya Range seemed to be vaguely visible. But to them, that was indeed their destination, the location of the Stone Pass.

The 40 Sarrandian horsemen were scattered in all directions.

They held a refined military spear tightly in their hands and looked at their surroundings with a cold expression.

Occasionally, there would be skinny low-level Jackalans appearing. As if they had discovered a new world, they would lightly knock on the horse's belly and rush over. As the mournful howls ended abruptly, their spear was stained with bright red blood and they returned to the formation.

These horsemen who wore Sarrandian armor were more powerful than the desert bandits.

After all, they were heavy cavalries.

Moreover, they were the more agile assault cavalries amongst the heavy cavalries.

If the low-level Jackalans encountered these horsemen, they would die.

Kant rode his horse forward and looked at these Sarrandian horsemen. In his mind, he recalled the first time he went to the Stone Pass. There were only five of them, and the rest were desert bandits. Their fighting abilities were significantly different.

If they were in danger.

It was estimated that these 40 Sarrandian horsemen were enough to defeat most of the enemies head-on.

This was a display of strength.

It was also a guarantee of the safety of the trade caravan.

The caravan behind them was made up of 10 peasants and 30 single-humped camels.

The camels carried 120 bags of fine white salt as trade goods, equivalent to four bags for each camel, plus four additional bags of food and water for each camel, as well as food for the warhorse and camels.

The name "Boat of the desert" did not come for nothing.

Just like now, it was like a small boat carrying goods and sailing briskly in the sea of sand.

The march was neither fast nor slow.

The speed of the journey was very balanced.

A mere three days of desert trekking was enough for a warhorse, let alone these single-humped camels.

From the Oasis Lookout to the Stone Pass, it was very easy for these camels.

After all, these desert "Fairies" are better at trekking long distances, using their incredible endurance and strength to traverse entire deserts, than transporting goods over short distances. Compared to the single-humped camels that once lived in the Middle East and traveled to Eurasian continent, Kant's "harsh" journey was a bit of a fuss, killing the chicken with a cow knife.

Kant couldn't help it.

At the moment, the only trade target he had was the Stone Pass.

If he had a trade target in the north of the Nahrin desert and the Mannheim Coast, needless to say, a caravan of at least 50 single-humped camels would directly cross the desert easily.

According to the high-level Jackalan captives, the Mannheim coast, which was close to the Sea of Stars, was also one of the prosperous areas in maritime trade.

Every day, hundreds of merchant ships docked at the port of the Kingdom of Grey Mane, unloading a large number of materials from overseas into warehouses. At the same time, various specialties of the Mannheim Coast were loaded onto the merchant ships, forming a complete trade chain.

Just thinking about it made people excited.

Take the Dukedom of Leo, which Kant was most familiar with, as an example.

The 200 meters wide Resniston River originated from the Great Swamp of the east and it nourished the soil on both sides of the river. In the busiest month, only dozens of merchant ships traveled every day.

As for the port of Lionheart City, which focused on river trade, there were no more than 30 merchant ships docked every day.

This was also due to the fact that the South County, which was directly under the Dukedom of Leo, was a grain-producing area.

If this Reniston River, which had been used for grain transportation, appeared in the desolate North County, it was estimated that there would be no more than five merchant ships every day. Most of them would be transporting materials to the North County, where the products were scarce. Instead of engaging in mutually beneficial trade, a large amount of important grain would be transported along the river to the borders of other dukedom or kingdoms to earn great silver coins.

"I really want to see the scenery of the Mannheim coast."

Kant's face was filled with anticipation.

A region that mainly engaged in maritime trade that was dominated by humans.

It was really quite attractive to him.

However, this was only an idea, a simple idea. After all, the current "Drondheim" had just finished off the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane and was basically in a hostile status with the Mannheim Coast.

If they really went to the north of the Nahrin Desert rashly.

The end result would probably not be to harvest trading partners, but to be hunted down by the sensitive Jackalan troops.

For safety, Kant would not go to the Mannheim Coast for the time being.

After he completely built the Oasis Lookout like an iron wall, so that even the Dukedom of Leo had to acknowledge his existence, Kant would choose to send a few elites to the Mannheim coast to scout the situation.

What he needed now was to become stronger as soon as possible.

After absorbing the dividends of this battle.

First, he upgraded "Drondheim" into a castle. At the same time, he set up a new council hall in the hidden area of the Senwaya Range. This would allow his force to spread and grow at the same time!