

Oasis 167

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 167: The Demands Of the Posthouse Militiamen

Kant led a group through the Nahrin Desert.

However, the journey this time was much easier than before.

It was all thanks to the camel caravan formed by 30 single-humped camels.

Without having to personally carry a large amount of supplies and water, the warhorses felt relaxed and able to walk quickly on the top of the dune. In addition, there was sufficient water and fodder, as well as a linen robe that could shade the sun. After a day's journey, these warhorses were all quite energetic.

Very soon, they climbed over layers of dune and saw the posthouse that used to be in the sand plains.

The sky had already darkened.

The bright starlight and moonlight could not block the light that rose from the posthouse.

From the Oasis Lookout to the Stone Pass, only the posthouse here could provide accommodation and replenish the important drinking water. It could be considered an important part of Kant's original plan, and now it had also played a great role.

They immediately led the camel caravan and cavalry over.

The 10 Swadian militiamen who were in charge of guarding the place had already noticed the cavalries coming from the north.

Although the night was dark, it did not blind people's eyes.

Following the urgent shouts, these militiamen all carried heavy spears in front, wore iron-scale armor, and carried large wooden shields. They lined up neatly in front of the posthouse, but they were not ready for battle.

They were welcoming Kant's arrival.

The camel caravan and cavalries climbed down the dune. They were not slow either.

Kant rode his horse and walked in front.

These militiamen had sharp eyes. After all, as half a long-range shooter, they needed to have eagle eyes.

After seeing Kant, they hurriedly took a few steps forward and bowed respectfully. "Seeing you is like seeing the greatest sun in the world. My lord, we sincerely welcome your arrival."

"Mm.", Kant nodded with a smile. "No need to be so polite."

At the same time, he got off his horse and looked at the ten militiamen. He shook his head slightly and asked Manid beside him, "When did these ten simple militiamen become so fond of flattering me?"

"I think they are right," Manid answered with a smile.

“Is that so?”, Kant smiled and shook his head.

Everyone loved to hear flattery, but he was not interested in it.

After all, he had lived two lives.

He had the ability to resist puffery and flattery. They could not treat him like an ordinary 16 years old noble young master. Of course, he was willing to listen to flattery occasionally to make his mood a little happier.

Seeing Kant chuckle, Manid shrugged. “It’s all because they’re stationed here.”

“They don’t like it?”, Kant nodded in understanding.

“They don’t like it very much.”, Manid smiled helplessly. “The last time I came, they applied to me, hoping that there would be other militias to replace them. It would be best if they took turns to be on duty instead of having 10 of them here all the time.”

“It seems that we don’t have enough troops, right?”, Kant raised his eyebrows.

“That’s right, I have also explained it.”, Manid said.

After a pause, he shook his head helplessly and smiled bitterly. “These militias are probably going crazy from holding back here.”

“It sounds really sad.”

Kant shook his head and smiled. Looking at these militias with anticipation, he said helplessly, “You guys continue to persevere. When I return to the Oasis Lookout, I will arrange for people to take turns with you.”

“Hooray!”, the militias immediately cheered.

Kant understood this.

Facing the vast sea of sand, there were only ten of them in the entire posthouse.

There was no entertainment on weekdays, and there was also no rich food to ease the growing agitation. Other than waiting for a trade caravan to pass by, hoping to learn some new things, they also hoped to be transferred out of this posthouse.

But for Kant, the ten militiamen really did not have a good area to move to.

At present, the Oasis Lookout was not too dangerous.

There was also not much area to look after. Even if there were a few accidents caused by low-level Jackalans, the newly recruited 120 desert bandits could deal with it in three weeks. Their performance was much better than these militias.

“This is also a troublesome matter.”

Kant shook his head. But after thinking about it, it wasn’t difficult to solve it.

Next was the strategic decision to develop the Senwaya Range. Let the troops bring these 10 militiamen into the depths of the mountain range to experience a few battles and upgrade to a higher level troop class. This way, it would be convenient for them to be integrated into other troops.

With an idea, Kant felt much more at ease.

They entered the posthouse.

After the cavalries and the accompanying peasants settled the warhorses and camels, they all walked in.

Not long after, the militiamen brought out hot food.

The porridge was boiled to a pulp, the baked crispy bread and the chopped cabbage was fried with minced antelope meat. There was also a boiled egg for each person. It was quite a sumptuous supper.

It had just been made.

It was easy to digest, and it could ease the fatigue of Kant and the others.

For Kant's comfort, the militiamen even brought a bucket of bath water from the well. After heating it, they placed it in the room prepared for Kant so that he could take a bath before he went to sleep.

Kant did not refuse.

As a feudal lord, he could not serve the people all the time with especially with his privilege.

He quickly finished his supper.

Kant returned to his room alone.

Manid was naturally in charge of taking care of the other cavalries and peasants.

The wooden bathtub was huge. Kant took a nice hot bath and washed off his fatigue before coming out. He wiped his body clean and then lay down on the soft bed to sleep.

With the wool blanket covering his body, the cold of the night could not invade.

The cavalries and the accompanying peasants also slept in their respective rooms.

After the tiring journey in the desert, it was already a happy thing to be able to rest in bed.

No one was picky.

And no one complained.

When all 10 militiamen were mobilized, they stood at the top of the posthouse and at the door, keeping watch for Kant and the others. All of them were in high spirits. Although they knew that there would not be any accidents around them, even there were only a few low-level Jackalans, but for the sake of safety, they still maintained their utmost vigilance.

Nothing happened that night.

The next day, at dawn.

Kant, who had already formed his biological clock, woke up automatically.

There were some noises outside the room. It was the sound of the cavalries who had woken up talking to the peasants accompanying them. There was also Manid arranging fresh water supplies and leaving some food supplies for the posthouse.

When Kant came out, breakfast was served.

It was not porridge that was easy to digest.

Instead, it was sliced bread and barbecued meat. As long as he ate this greasy breakfast, he would be able to stay up until noon.

The militiamen were very considerate.

They even helped to feed the 40 warhorses and 30 single-humped camels outside.

Everything was prepared very well.

“You all did well.”

Kant finished his breakfast and nodded in praise to the busy militiamen.

This made the militiamen look even happier.

Of course, Kant also understood what they were thinking and pondered for a moment, he said to them, “I will set up a new village in the Senwaya Range. At that time, there will be a lack of defensive forces there. I think if you don’t mind, maybe you can go there and try. Although there are dangers, there are also opportunities.”

“We are willing to go!”, the militiamen nodded one after another.

They did not care about the dangers.

Because danger often came with opportunities. Just as Kant said, if they went to the new village in the Senwaya Range, they might be lucky enough to gain a lot of experience points and upgrade to a higher level troop class.

This was also their lifelong wish.

Doing nothing was not the pursuit of the Swadian people!

After giving a few more instructions, Kant led the group and set off again.

Manid followed behind the caravan, while the 40 Sarrandian horsemen rode around on their Sarrandian horses to defend the surroundings. In the next day or so, they would be on their real trekking. There would not be any posthouse anymore to provide them with accommodation and supplies.

This posthouse represented half of the journey.

As long as they could hold on for another day, they would be able to reach the Stone Pass.

They had already been through this many times and had gained experience.

Time slowly passed, and the sun was setting in the west.

At dusk.

The entire outline of the Senwaya Range was finally revealed on the horizon. Its towering mountains were layered on top of each other. It was unknown how many mountains and valleys were hidden within it. It carried a great power that could stop the erosion of the desert, protecting the Dukedom of Leo.

The Senwaya Range was also known as the shield of the Dukedom of Leo.

It was precisely for this reason, Kant led the team to speed up their journey.

Soon, they found a canyon that was as sharp as a knife. The cliffs on both sides were quite smooth. In the deepest part of the canyon near the North County, there was the Stone Pass, firmly blocking the connection between the Nahrin Desert and the Dukedom of Leo. It was the most important fortress.

The canyon seemed to have been cleaned up.

The messy trees and piles of soil had disappeared.

What appeared in front of them was a dirt road that was barely enough to travel with the carriage.

It was obvious that this was Baron Dylan had built the dirt road to ensure that Kant's trade caravan could pass through the canyon and enter the Stone Pass quickly.

It was all done by the militias, and it did not cost much.

"Very considerate."

Kant urged his horse forward, a slight smile on his face.

"Perhaps.", Manid shrugged.

Both of them understood that this road could be the aid of the trade caravan, and it was also the passage for the troops.

Since this road had been built, they might have to send people, either openly or secretly, to follow Kant and the others back to the Oasis Lookout. They would also explore the possible natural salt mines and record them on the map for future use.

Based on Kant's understanding of Baron Dylan, of course he knew that this was the real purpose!

He would never underestimate the greed of the noble.

Soon, they arrived at the north gate of the Stone Pass.

Kant looked up and saw that there were more than 20 conscripted militias standing on top of it. Compared to when they first arrived, the security work was much better. However, when they saw such a large number of troops arriving, they were still a little flustered.

But they were quickly stabilized.

A middle-aged man wearing mail armor and dressed as a knight appeared on the city wall.

When he saw Kant and Manid, his face was still expressionless. Only when he swept his gaze across the 40 Sarrandian horsemen did he finally narrow his eyes, carrying a kind of suppressed shock.

He could see that under the linen robe of the cavalries, there were pure iron armors and the boots in the stirrups were chainmail boots.

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 168: The Shock of the Vassal Knights

This was exactly what he was shocked about, because even he did not own such boots. Even when he was on the battlefield, he only wore leather boots inlaid with iron. Now, 40 cavalries had come, and all of them were wearing iron armors.

And the warhorses under them were all fat and strong.

They were completely different from the malnourished thin horses in the Stone Pass.

Perhaps the warhorse that Baron Dylan raised himself could be compared to the warhorses that they rode on.

"This is really Kant."

He gulped. He thought of the last two times when the Oasis Lookout sent people to here, there were not these many heavy cavalries. Moreover, all of them were elites, who were comparable to the vassal cavalry that served under Baron Dylan in the Stone Pass.

As a vassal knight, he was also a little unwilling.

But he had to admit it.

In fact, whether it was their weapons and equipment, or the warhorse they rode, these 40 heavy cavalries were much better than them. Their differences were like between a real noble and a wanderer.

"Unfamiliar troops, please stop!"

He gulped. Although he knew that it was Kant and Manid, he still did not give the order to open the city gates, instead, he shouted, "This is the territory of Dukedom of Leo, the Stone Pass in the North County, Baron Dylan's estate. If you want to enter, please state your intentions and show sufficient goodwill!"

Kant led 40 heavy cavalry soldiers. One could tell that they were valiant and elite troops by looking at them.

He did not dare to casually put them into the Stone Pass.

If not for these city walls, even with those peasant recruits and armed militias, over a thousand people would not be able to stop these 40 heavy cavalry soldiers. They would be massacred one-sided, even if the vassal knight himself would not make any difference if he joined the battle.

This was an absolute advantage in quality.

Hearing the vassal knight's question on the city wall, Manid looked at Kant.

This was diplomatic language.

At the same time, it was a way to show each other their identities.

Kant nodded at him. "You go."

"Understood," Manid replied.

After getting Kant's permission, he urged his horse forward. Looking at the vassal knight on the city wall, he shouted calmly, "This is the second son of the Archduke of Leo, Cameron, the baron of the Dukedom of Leo, the lord of the Nahrin Desert, Lord Kant!"

The vassal knight on the city wall had long seen that Kant was at the bottom.

His face was covered in cold sweat.

As he sent someone to inform Baron Dylan, he gritted his teeth, he struggled to open his mouth and said, "Your Lordship, Baron Kant, May I ask why you led your troops to the Stone Pass? Forgive my rudeness. To allow your 40 heavy cavalries entering Baron Dylan's estate, we have to be reported and approved by the Baron."

Kant said to Manid, "Tell him that I understand."

"Lord Kant expresses his understanding."

Manid nodded, he immediately replied, "Our purpose here is to carry out trade. I hope that you can inform Baron Dylan that we are leading these 40 heavy cavalries only to deal with the large number of Jackalans in the Nahrin Desert to prevent the goods from being plundered. I hope that both sides can understand each other."

After exchanging a few more words, the person who informed them finally returned.

At the same time, Baron Dylan and his vassal knights were also here. They were all wearing mail armors and were all in high spirits. Their faces were glowing. Compared to when Kant first saw them, not only were their equipment upgraded, but their physiques were also stronger.

It was obvious that they had been living well recently.

Baron Dylan came to the city wall.

The vassal knight wiped the cold sweat off his face and reported everything in a low voice.

"You did well. When you go back, ask my butler to give you 20 great silver coins."

Baron Dylan nodded. Although his face was expressionless, it made the vassal knight feel at ease. "If there is such a situation in the future, you should still do this. You represent the Stone Pass. This is very good."

"Thank you for your compliment.", the vassal knight was delighted. He bowed his head to express his gratitude and then left.

Baron Dylan did not care about him anymore.

Instead, he lowered his head to look at the 40 heavy cavalry soldiers who were in formation 100 meters away from the city wall.

There was a hint of surprise in his eyes. He also looked at the full set of chain armors, the Sarrandian helmets in their arms, and the strong physique and the majestic warhorses. There was a hint of desire in the depths of his eyes.

These were the heavy cavalry soldiers that even he did not have.

However, he quickly regained his calm. His emotions were very stable.

"Open the city gates!"

Baron Dylan waved his hand and looked at Kant below. He then swept his gaze past the peasant recruits behind him. There was some indignation on his face, there was also a slice of reprimand in his tone.

"That is Baron Kant. Have you all forgotten? This is the friend of our Stone Pass! How dare you not open the city gates? Open them now and let our friend in!"

"Understood.", the peasant recruits did not dare to refute.

They had no way to refute.

As they opened the wooden bolt that held up the city gate, the iron chain pulled open the city gate.

The two heavy wooden gates were slowly opened. Baron Dylan also walked down the city gate. He brought the vassal knights behind him to come down and personally greet Kant and the others, his tone was very happy. "Dear Little Kant, I feel that we haven't met for a long time. I'm so happy to see you again!"

"I'm happy to see you too, Uncle Dylan."

Kant had a sincere smile on his face, as if he was not angry about what had happened before.

The two of them chatted as they walked arm in arm into the Stone Pass.

Their relationship was very close.

Behind them, Manid led the camel caravan to enter first. The bulging sack on the camels' back made the smile on Baron Dylan's face deepen. However, when he carefully swept his gaze across the 40 heavy cavalry soldiers, a hint of fear appeared in the depths of his eyes.

The stone floor of the Stone Pass had already been swept clean. At the very least, the dirty dirt was gone.

The refugees with colorful faces were still waiting in the straw shacks on both sides.

When they saw Kant and Baron Dylan riding on their horses, they looked at them expressionlessly. They only bent their backs and placed their hands on their chests casually. There was not much so-called sincerity in them. It was as if they were just dealing with them.

Baron Dylan also pretended not to see them.

These lowly peasants were simply dispensable to him.

When he returned to the official residence built close to the mountain range, the soldiers guarding the door walked over and took Baron Dylan's Warhorse.

There were also servants who came over and helped to take Kant's warhorse.

"There's no need."

Kant declined politely. He turned his head and said to the Sarrandian horsemen behind him, "You guys take the horses to the stable. There's no need for so many people to follow me. At the Stone Pass, Uncle Dylan's estate is very safe."

"Haha, of course, Little Kant. You can treat it as your estate here!"

Baron Dylan laughed loudly.

The Sarrandian horsemen automatically divided into two groups. Thirty people led their warhorses and followed the servants to the stable at the back. The remaining ten people stood behind Kant. It was obvious that they wanted to follow him as a guard.

Baron Dylan did not mind. He waved his hand and said, "Come in, all of you. It seems that you are good lads."

"Of course.", Kant nodded with a smile.

However, he still arranged for Manid, "Manid, you go and deliver the goods to Uncle Dylan's trade caravan leader.". As he said that, a slightly apologetic smile appeared on his face, "This time, I brought a lot of goods. It might be a little troublesome."

"Hahaha, I am not afraid of trouble!", Baron Dylan laughed loudly.

The more goods he brought, the more he earned.

The profits from the last batch of refined white salt made him so excited that he did not sleep for a whole night.

"I asked someone to arrange dinner.", Baron Dylan said as he held Kant's arm like an elder, the smile on his face became brighter. "If you had come earlier, I would have been able to hold a banquet to welcome you. But tomorrow, I will also invite the famous gentlemen from Stone Pass to hold a grand banquet."

"Thank you so much.", Kant pulled his hand out without leaving a trace, a smile on his face.

They walked into the slightly depressing official residence.

This building was actually built with the specifications of a small fortress.

Although it was not as tall as a castle, with the complete defensive facilities and the narrow gateway, a few hundred elite soldiers would be enough to guard this official residence and ensure that the Stone Pass would last until the last moment.

They entered the Lord's Hall.

Torches were lit one after another and inserted into the blackened stone wall.

On both sides of the long table in the hall, the lord's main seat and the guest's table each had a silver three-pronged candlestick. The three candles on the candlestick were lit, emitting a steady and bright light.

"Don't you miss it?"

Baron Dylan smiled and invited Kant and the ten Sarrandian horsemen to take their seats.

At the same time, he brought his vassal knights to take their seats as well, with a smile on his face, he said to Kant, "These are silver candlesticks bought in South County, and these honey candles are all rare luxuries in our North County. However, you are the son of Archduke Cameron, so you should have seen a lot of these things."

"Very good.", Kant nodded with a smile. He sniffed slightly, but his brows were slightly furrowed.

"What's wrong?", Baron Dylan noticed his furrowed brows. The smile on his face was slightly restrained. He frowned and asked, "Little Kant, did you discover something?"

"Honey candles?", Kant asked.

Baron Dylan's expression was a little awkward. He turned his head and glanced at the chubby butler next to him, who had a blank look on his face. He had an answer in his heart. Baron Dylan's face was pale, however, he still nodded and said, "That's right. When I was buying it, the merchant from South County told me that this is the purest honey candle. It's also the favorite candle used by the noble families of South County at the banquet."

"Well, Uncle Dylan, perhaps you have bought a not-so-pure honey candle.", Kant shrugged slightly.

Baron Dylan was puzzled. "Is it a fake?"

"No, it is indeed a honey candle.", Kant shook his head, he frowned and said, "But the texture is not pure. It should be the wax liquid that melted after the original honey candle was burned. After it was collected, it was heated and melted, then reprocessed into a honey candle. From the light and the pungent smell produced by this candle, it can be known that this is a fake made by those merchants."

"These dirty bastards from South County actually dared to lie to me!", Baron Dylan seemed to be very angry.

Kant's expression was regretful and shame, "This is a small trick of those merchants from South County. It can be considered a scam. I didn't expect that Uncle Dylan, you also encountered it."