

Oasis 77

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Chapter 77: Memories of the Lion Kingdom

Nevertheless, Kant had to be prepared.

Kant never took his safety for granted.

"I will lead the team on this mission."

Kant's fingers gently knocked at the table.

However, his brows were furrowed. After pausing for a moment, he said, "The five Sarrandian Horsemen and the 10 Desert Bandits that we currently have will come with us to the Stone Pass to protect us."

"Alright." Manid nodded. He would follow the Lord's arrangements when it came to military matters which he was terrible at.

On the other hand, Firentis frowned, he was worried. He suggested to Kant, "Lord, aren't you going to bring along more people."

"There's no need." Kant smiled and said, "We have enough manpower."

The nobles of the Dukedom of Leo would not allow a large unfamiliar troop to appear in their territory. In Kant's impression, the baron at the Stone Pass was a new baron who was granted knighthood after performing meritorious deeds in a battle. However, compared to those experienced nobles who knew how to endure and compromise, he was more impulsive and overzealous when it came to defending his territory.

"Noble boor." Kant shook his head helplessly, but there was a hint of mockery at the corner of his mouth.

It was a very derisive term given by the Dukedom of Leo to those who did not have a noble background and only knew how to fight and kill to obtain military achievements. It was the same term used for merchants who donated money to obtain noble status.

Without the so-called noble heritage, the background that was built upon the marriages among the nobles, one would not be truly accepted into the noble circle.

Actually, this did not just only happen in the Dukedom of Leo. The other human kingdoms had a similar situation.

"Should we bring the Swadian Heavy Cavalry? "

Firentis was still trying to persuade him, "The members of the elite heavy cavalry, even if there are only ten of them, will still deter those who harbor ill intentions. "

"Even so, it is too ostentatious."

Kant shook his head. He glanced at the two members of the Swadian Heavy Cavalry who were standing guard at the door and sighed in his heart.

The heavy cavalry was indeed an elite force.

They had flat-top helmets that covered their faces. Each of them wore a chain mail armor made of iron plates and thin rings, a linen robe on the outside, and a gray cloak that hung down to their calves. Besides, they also had lock gloves, leather boots that were inlaid with iron, and a spiked war hammer that hung from their belts. The cavalry's shield under the cloak and the cavalry's lance, which was held tightly with one hand and stood on the ground, were like a bright lamp in the night.

The outfit was way too eye-catching!

Moreover, even the military horses under the cavalry were covered in mail armor and linen coats. They made a rustling sound when they walked. They looked like steel puppets and this added to the visual impact of these heavy cavalry soldiers.

This set of equipment and attire was good enough even if they were compared to the Dukedom of Leo's elite order of battle.

Only the knights who were in the noble families' reserve forces were allowed to have this kind of equipment.

Captain Rowan, who escorted Kant, and the 19 cavalry soldiers under him were only wearing chain mail armor, and that was only because they were Cameron, the Duke of Leo's household cavalry.

The ordinary cavalry could only wear mail armor made of iron rings.

"We are there to start a trade."

Kant shook his head and sighed. "It's not good to be too ostentatious. "

Firentis understood Kant's concern and could only nod, "It's a pity."

However, if he thought about it really carefully, the Sarrandian Horsemen was also a Class 4 troop, their combat strength would not be too bad. There would be no problem for them to lead the 10 Desert Bandits to protect Kant and Manid.

They would encounter any enemies in the Nahrin Desert.

The most important function of the guards was to intimidate those who harbored ill intentions when they arrived at the pass.

For example, the ubiquitous thieves, burglars, or those bandits who dared to appear in the wild to rob houses. In fact, the Dukedom of Leo had not been a safe place because of the war that had been raging on for years.

Due to the Stone Pass' proximity to the Senwaya Range, there were many demonized creatures and Jackalan tribes, the public security was even worse.

Even in the villages under their jurisdiction, the farmers sometimes rob too.

When they had jobs and farm work to do, they were well-behaved peasants. Once they didn't have any jobs, and during the farm slack season, to provide for their family or to make a small fortune, they would form groups and become the outlaws. It was a common phenomenon.

And there was a reason for this.

The Dukedom of Leo was divided into three counties, the North, the South, and the East County. The North County, where the pass was located, was the poorest.

Although the Senwaya Range acted as a barrier, the heat of the Nahrin Desert still had an impact.

The land in North County was relatively barren, and it was also slightly desertized. Only to the south and across the plains behind the Mountain of Leo, there was the most fertile land in the country as it was close to the Resniston River and a vast swamp lake. It was responsible for 50% of the country's grain production and was in the South County which was directly under the reign of Cameron, Duke of Leo.

The East County was under the Countess Aishara's jurisdiction. Although she was Kant's aunt and Cameron's cousin, they were estranged and did not stay in touch.

Thinking of this, Kant came back to his senses.

Firentis and Manid were still quietly discussing the safety issues with each other.

Kant couldn't help but laugh at himself, "You are just overthinking. "

The purpose of this trip to the Stone Pass was only to explore the route. He had no intention of going deep into the Dukedom of Leo.

Not even in the future.

As long as Kant found the sales agent he wanted and handed everything over to him, the interests of the Dukedom of Leo would have nothing to do with Kant himself. He was only responsible for delivering the goods and not getting involved in the maelstrom that would eat people alive.

Kant was very clear about it.

He was also testing the bottom line of the Dukedom of Leo.

He would use the table salt trade and his contact with the Stone Pass to test how the noble families would view him after he chose to leave the Castle of Leo and exiled himself to the Nahrin Desert. What would they think of someone who survived the desert and was lucky enough to obtain a natural salt mine?

Venturing into the heart of the Dukedom of Leo?

Kant would not do that.

He was not stupid.

Before leaving, Kant also made some arrangements for the few government affairs of the Oasis Lookout.

He inspected the construction site and the deployment of the troops.

After everything was settled, he was relieved to hand over the authority of the Oasis Lookout to Firentis.

Kant put a lot of trust in this Swadian Knight and had never doubted his ability.

Kant did not doubt the troops and generals that the system recruited.

However, these people who came into the system had their own emotions and wisdom. They were all very much alive. Although they were absolutely loyal to Kant, they had to be assigned carefully because they had very different abilities.

For example, if a careless person was given an important position of a night sentry; if a weak and incompetent soldier was assigned to be the vanguard in a war which was the most important position; if two people who had conflicts and secretly hated each other would be assigned to work together on a mission, it would be a wonder if they didn't fail to fulfill their duties!

The game had already clearly illustrated this issue. It was just like if two generals, who didn't have the same personalities or didn't like each other, were forced to work together, within a few days, one of them would choose to leave the team.

This was Kant's worry.

Fortunately, the soldiers he had now were all leveled up through blood and fire, and they were all cold and strong warriors.

Firentis and Manid were also friends with similar personalities.

Kant was thus relieved.

Since there was nothing to do in the afternoon, Kant spent 300 Denars to recruit 10 Desert Bandits in the Desert Bandits' Camp, this week's quota. At the same time, he assigned five higher-level Sarrandian Horsemen to lead them to familiarize themselves with the environment.

And the reward, 10 uni-humped camels, were also materialized by Kant.

These camels were the main force of the table salt trade in the future.

They would also contribute to supplying raw materials to the Oasis Lookout. They were the most important means of transportation to bring the raw coarse salt from the salt mine in the Nahrin desert and the charcoal from the Senwaya Range under the hot temperature.

The camels were given the title, the Boat of the Desert, for a reason.

Everything was ready.

They would take off the next day.

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Chapter 78: Another Journey in the Desert

The next day, at dawn.

Kant had finished his breakfast and packed his luggage. He walked to the street corner.

Manid was waiting for him.

Five Sarrandian Horsemen wearing chain mail armor and linen robes were also waiting, followed by ten Desert Bandits who were wearing leather armor and holding spears. However, their rebellious appearance was constrained by the Sarrandian Horsemen.

That was the difference between soldiers and bandits.

Although the Desert Bandits were fearless, they were still inferior to the well-equipped and skilled Sarrandian Horsemen.

Both of them were light cavalry, but they had completely different roles.

The role of the Desert Bandits was to disrupt the enemy's infantry formation or to attack the enemy's supply line with their desert horses' high mobility and their short javelins. Their goal was to cause a psychological blow to the enemy instead of fighting head-on.

The thin leather armor on their bodies was not enough to protect them during the violent close-quarter fighting after charging.

The Sarrandian horsemen were the main attacking force, they were able to completely destruct the enemy's formation. Although they were no match to the Swadian Heavy Cavalry, they were still very powerful.

"Looks like you guys are all ready."

Kant said while looking at them and nodding with satisfaction, "Then let's set off as soon as possible."

"Understood," Manid and the others replied.

"Have a safe journey, my Lord."

Firentis and the soldiers in the Oasis Lookout who did not have important guard duty came to bid farewell to Kant. Even the 200 construction workers were reluctant to part with him.

Kant was, after all, the Lord of the Oasis Lookout. He was a majestic existence in their hearts.

"Alright then."

Kant waved his hand and urged his horse forward with a spur.

Manid also cracked his whip and followed.

The five Sarrandian Horsemen and the ten Desert Bandits followed them at a relaxed pace. They were vigilant, they scanned through the surrounding dune and were constantly on the lookout for any abnormalities.

As guards, they were much more serious than Rowan and his men who were in charge of escorting Kant.

The horses' hoofs clattered.

A Sarrandian Horseman led the way.

These desert clansmen were very experienced in dealing with the Nahrin Desert.

They were moving forward along the edge of the dune at a very fast speed.

"This is the feeling. "

Kant tightened the hood on his head. The scorching sun made him sweat profusely, especially since it was almost noon.

However, this reminded Kant of the pain he had suffered when he first left the Stone Pass and came to the Nahrin Desert. Thinking about the foundation he had built in the Oasis Lookout, all sorts of feelings surfaced in his mind at that moment.

It was very difficult to start up a business, not to mention a business in the desert. It was like walking in the fire.

"My Lord, it's almost noon. Let's get to the back of a dune and rest for a while."

The Sarrandian Horseman who was leading the way held his Sarrandian horse and slowed down beside Kant. Looking at the endless sea of sand in front of him, he advised, "We cannot only focus on the speed when marching in the desert."

"I understand." Kant nodded. He instinctively licked his dry lips and said, "I'll listen to you. Set up a tent and rest."

"Yes, sir."

The Sarrandian Horseman, who was leading the way, let out a sigh of relief. He continued urging his horse forward to look for a suitable spot.

Soon, they found a slightly larger dune. They came to the back of the dune and dismounted. They quickly spread out the tents they took out from their bags and used a spear to prop them up. They dug a cool sandpit and a temporary camp was formed.

Marching in the desert was not only about speed and distance.

They had to also ensure that they had enough physical strength and stayed hydrated.

Those who did not know these things had long become dried corpses in the desert. They were buried miserably in the sand and would not see the sun ever again. Perhaps when the sandstorm hit, the dune would move and they would be exposed again.

They consumed some fresh water under the tents.

They also ate some bread, dried meat, and date palm for lunch.

After resting for two hours and waiting for the day to become less hot, Kant led the team and carried on with their journey.

According to the plan, they had to reach the Stone Pass in three days.

They were traveling with a cavalry, their speed was naturally fast.

If there were infantrymen and the accompanying supply carriage in their team, it would take seven days.

Kant and his men continued to quickly move forward under the scorching sun. Especially as the sun was setting, the heat from the sun was slowly reducing. They were like fish swimming in the water.

Dusk was approaching.

The sky was about to turn dark.

The horses that had been trekking in the desert for the entire afternoon were also snorting, and their eyes revealed that they were tired.

"Rest for two hours. "

Kant let out a breath and raised his hand as a signal for his men to stop. "Let the horses rest as well. "

His team members behind him stopped one after another.

Manid, who was born and raised in a merchant family, was lying on the horse's back and slowly got down. After a day-long bumpy journey, both of his legs were sore, and he looked strange when he walked.

"Are you alright?" Kant asked. He valued his business partner very much.

Manid gave him a wry smile, "I'm alright."

"It'll be fine once you are used to it." Kant nodded and said thoughtfully, "At night, put something soft on the saddle. "

"Thank you." Manid sighed. "I hope it won't delay things. "

In reality, if a person who was not good at horseback riding rode on a military horse that was bumpy on a long journey, his whole body would probably fall apart. Even the inner part of his thighs would be bruised, and he would not be able to walk at all.

Manid was a businessman, he did not have the horse-riding skills that Firentis had as a result of the training that had begun since he was a kid.

He was even worse than Kant, the second son of a nobleman.

After all, Kant had to learn sword skills, riding skills, and etiquette. Although the scholar who taught him did not take him too seriously because he was the second son, he was still much better than Manid, a pure businessman.

Well, when Manid first arrived at the Lookout Oasis, he was riding a docile packhorse.

The men set up tents, ate dinner, and rested.

They then continued their journey.

Although it was cold at night in the Nahrin Desert, it was not totally unbearable.

It was much better than the scorching heat during the day. At the very least, if they wrapped themselves up in warm clothing, they were able to withstand the cold breeze.

The team continued to move forward.

The bright moonlight and the splendid starry sky gave them quite some light.

There were no clouds in the Nahrin Desert, so it was very bright.

Kant was riding on the horse, and white mist came out of his mouth and nose. His whole body was cold, and even when he swallowed his saliva, he did not feel much heat. Moreover, the feeling of tiredness brought about by the darkness at night also made him feel exhausted.

"I haven't reached my limit."

He swallowed his saliva and looked at Manid and the cavalry behind him.

Thoughts gradually emerged in his mind because of the tiredness due to the long journey. Seeing that the moon had already reached the center of the sky, he asked, "Who knows what time it is now? "

His voice was hoarse, and he sounded a little weak.

This was normal after a long march, not to mention that they were marching in the Nahrin Desert, which consumed a lot of physical strength.

"It's almost midnight, " answered a Sarrandian Horseman.

"Midnight." Kant took off his hood and his breath formed a condensed white mist from the cold air. He murmured, "So, we have traveled for a day and a night? "

"About half of the journey," one of the Sarrandian Horsemen estimated and said.

Manid also nodded weakly and said, "According to the calculation, we have already traveled more than half of the total distance."

"Okay," Kant swallowed his saliva.

Kant closed his eyes, his thoughts quickly connected to the system in his mind, "Can we build a posthouse and a well here?"

"You can build a posthouse but not a well," the system replied.

This answer made Kant frown, "Why can't we build a well?"

"There's no underground water," the system's answer was straightforward.

Kant was stunned.

There was indeed such a rule for the construction of a well.

He looked at the vast sea of sand around him under the bright moonlight. He couldn't help but laugh bitterly, "How would there be underground water in such a damn place? "

Manid and the others behind him kept quiet.

Even the Sarrandian Horsemen and the Desert Bandits, who were born and raised in the desert, were unable to quickly locate the underground water in the unforgiving desert.

Locating the underground water required some sophisticated skills. Luck also played a part.

There was a vast area of nothing but sand. Finding shallower underground water?

It was no different from finding a needle in a haystack!

However, the system replied, "There's an underground lake three miles ahead, a well can be built on it. "

At the same time, Kant's retina also displayed some abnormalities.

A light blue line extended from the bottom of Kant's feet all the way to the south. It seemed to be the location of the lake three miles away that the system mentioned.

"Let's go. "

Kant swallowed his saliva and gave the order.

Of course, he chose to trust the system.