

Oasis 79

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 79: Letter from Veruga

The system would never make a mistake.

Following the light blue line, they soon arrived at a place where the sandy ground was relatively flat.

Kant tightened the reins. His face had become even paler due to the cold. However, his eyes were burning as he looked at the ground in front of him. "This is it."

The light blue line indicator stopped extending in the area in front of them.

It obviously meant that the underground lake indicated by the system was hidden under the vast layer of sand around this area.

"Build a well."

Kant's thoughts connected to the system in his mind.

This time, the system did not decline his request. Instead, a dialog box popped up.

[Ding... System prompt]

[Well construction, 100 Denar and seven days required for construction.]

[Since multiple buildings are being constructed at the same time, an additional 100 Denar is needed.]

The sound of metal coins clanging appeared. Another 200 Denar were subtracted in Kant's mind.

On the flat sand layer, at the location where Kant's impression of where the well was supposed to be built, lime powder appeared out of thin air as if someone had spread out lines and formed a circle of half a meter out of nowhere.

Kant's expression was calm. Of course, he knew that the half-meter circle would become a well in seven days.

His heart had slightly eased.

Originally, Kant was worried that if he built a posthouse and set up a well here, some troops from the Dukedom of Leo would come over with ulterior motives. Then, they would use the water here to invade the Oasis Lookout.

Now, he could see that the scale of the well was much smaller when compared to the Jackalan tribe.

A diameter of half a meter would not be able to sustain the water needs of many people. It could only be used as a resting place during journeys.

Even if enemy troops invaded, as long as they used stone slabs or stone pieces to plug the well, they could easily disable the place. After all, the most likely scenario for those trying to dig up the well again in this area within the desert was that the stone slabs and pieces used to build the well would collapse.

This would cause the surrounding sand layer to collapse inside, burying the well in a ridiculous amount of sand. By then, it would be impossible to dig it up again.

The sand layer was not a layer of soil. They flowed and moved. It was almost impossible to dig.

Kant nodded to himself. At the same time, he connected his thoughts to a card in his mind and said, "Build the posthouse. "

It was the building that he had drawn.

In the game, the function of the [Posthouse] was to inform the players to return as soon as possible when the enemy arrived with the intention to loot the village. Paired with the watchtower that could delay the raid, it could be said to be very useful.

Now in the real world, a [Posthouse] also had a similar function of scouting and informing.

Data spread.

A two-story building appeared next to the well. It was a structure made of stone and wood. It was a standard Swadian building style, sturdy and durable. There was also a platform on top of the roof that where one could use to observe the surrounding situation.

"I can sleep in it tonight."

Kant looked at the 300 square meter building and smiled.

Nights in the Nahrin Desert were cold. The thin linen tent could not block the bone-chilling coldness.

"That's great. " Manid also nodded as he trembled. He subconsciously tightened his clothes. As a young merchant, even though he was robbed of his goods and was forced to wander in the Continent of Caradia, he lived a good life. He had never experienced such a tough military life.

Now that a posthouse had appeared, it was like a warm paradise had appeared in the hellish desert.

It was not only him, but the soldiers behind him also felt the same.

"Tie up the horses and remember to give them some water."

Kant stretched out his hand and ordered, "After you are done, we can make a fire and have a good rest in the rooms inside. "

"Hip hip, hooray!" The soldiers from Sarrand cheered.

After unpacking their bags, the five Sarrandian horsemen carried their sharp scimitars inside to check. After confirming that there were no problems, they found the straws and firewood stored in the posthouse. They took out their flints and struck them together a few times, causing sparks to fly. Then, they lit a bonfire in the fireplace inside the hall.

A hard-earned warmth immediately filled the room as the flames rose.

A few pine oil torches were also lit and were inserted into a few grooves in the room.

These were torches used for lighting. The grooves were distributed reasonably. With the torches inserted into the grooves, the entire hall began to brighten up.

The ten desert bandits tied up everyone's horses and poured fresh water into the trough to let the warhorses get some food. One by one, they rubbed their hands together while walking into the posthouse with cold air coming out of their mouths. Later, they simultaneously went to the fireplace to warm themselves, they did not care that the choking smoke generated by the burning firewood was a little too much. Instead, a relaxed expression appeared on each of their faces.

"Manid, drink some hot water."

Kant also brought a water sack that was heated by the fire and handed it to Manid, who was slumped on the chair with his legs spread apart. Kant smiled and said, "It seems that you have never experienced a life like this before."

"That is certainly true." Manid smiled wryly. "It's really too difficult."

After grabbing the water sack, warmth spread all over his hands. Manid withdrew his separated legs to make himself more presentable and polite. However, the pain of his inner thighs made him frown. Then, he shook his head helplessly and said, "I will get used to it in the future."

"It will get better in the future. "

Kant shrugged and turned his head to look out of the window. As he did this, he slightly furrowed his brows together.

He seemed to have heard the sound of footsteps.

Beside the stove, the desert bandits who had put down their bags and luggage reacted even more intensely than the rest. They reached out to pull out the scimitars hanging on their waists. Then, they pointed their shiny blades at the door with grim expressions.

"Who goes there?"

The five horsemen wearing Sarrandian chain armor and Sarrandian helmets also pulled out their sharp scimitars.

The gear they were equipped with made them the equivalent of heavy footmen, as such, they were not afraid. They raised their shields with their left arms and placed them in front of their bodies. They glanced at each other before walking to the door while shouting angrily, "We heard your footsteps. Don't sneak around. Come out and show yourself!"

"Lord, lords of Sarrand... Don't, don't be rash... We are on the same side!"

Outside the door, a trembling voice emerged.

The owner of the voice sounded extremely afraid. He was even stuttering as he spoke. "We, we are from the construction team of Veruga. We received a mission to build... Build a well here!"

"Huh?" Kant was slightly stunned. He turned his head and looked at Manid.

The expressions of the desert bandits who had already drawn their scimitars turned from grim to calm.

However, the five Sarrandian Horseman at the door walked towards the door quickly. They carefully held their shields in front of them. When they saw ten people wearing linen robes, holding tools, with a carriage full of materials behind them, their expressions finally relaxed.

They turned to Kant and reported, "Lord, it's the construction team from Veruga."

"Let them in."

Kant waved his hand. He understood that these were the construction workers that the system had arranged to build the well.

The reason he was stunned was that he did not expect these construction workers to be from Veruga. Kant thought that they would be the Suno construction workers that he had seen before.

Veruga was a city of the Kingdom of Rhodok, while Suno was a city of the Kingdom of Swadia.

The distance between the two cities was relatively large.

"Construction workers are selected from random cities?" Kant nodded thoughtfully.

The workers walked in from outside.

They were dressed no differently from the construction workers from Suno. The only difference was that there was a slight change in their accent. It carried the sharpness and euphemism of the mountain area of Rhodok. Regardless, they could still be understood.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, my Lord."

The leader of the construction team bowed respectfully.

"Right." Kant smiled. "I hope I didn't trouble you guys for making you come all the way from Veruga to build a well."

"No, no, it is our honor."

The leader of the construction team quickly bowed and saluted. "To be able to serve you, Great Lord Kant, it is an honor that we can talk about all our lives. We will definitely build your well seriously."

"That is wonderful to hear." Kant nodded with a smile.

The people of Rhodok came from a complex mountainous area, but their personalities were quite simple and their compliments were also somewhat sincere.

Kant had nothing to do, so he also had a few words with him.

The leader of the construction team also saw Manid, who was next to Kant, and could not help but be slightly stunned. "Ah, it's Lord Manid."

"You know me?" Manid asked curiously.

The leader of the construction team said, "Of course, you have been to Veruga before. All the girls in Veruga are saying that you are handsome."

Kant, who was next to him, smiled and shook his head.

Manid could be said to be the most handsome man on horseback. He was handsome and had a powerful family background. Although he was left to wander the lands, no one could say when he would take off again. So naturally, he was popular with girls.

With regard to this, Manid turned his head around in embarrassment. "Is that so... I always thought that the people of Veruga were very passionate. "

Then, the leader of the construction team suddenly thought of something.

He took out a letter from his pocket and handed it to Kant on the table. Then, he said respectfully, "Lord Kant, through the construction workers, Sir Firentis' father found out that his son, Sir Firentis, was working for you. Therefore, he entrusted me, who had come here, to pass this letter to you. I hope you can pass it on to Sir Knight Firentis."

Lord of the Oasis

Chapter 80: Arriving at the Stone Pass

The foreman's expression was sincere.

Kant, on the other hand, was slightly stunned.

He did not understand why Firentis' father did not go through the construction workers from Suno, but instead went in such a roundabout way to ask the construction workers from Veruga of the Kingdom of Rhodok, to submit a family letter?

This was undoubtedly unnecessary.

However, on his retina, the system's dialog box suddenly popped up.

[Ding... Side Quest issued]

[Side Quest: Firentis' Family Letter]

[Quest Reward: Troops recruitment doubled (Permanent)]

[Introduction: Family ties are indelible emotions. When the wandering child continues looking for redemption, the old father whose hair had grown gray longs for the child who had made a mistake to return to his side.]

A side quest appeared.

Kant first scanned the introduction and could not help but sigh. "So, it is like that, huh?"

It was just as the introduction described.

It was a gray-haired elderly father longing for his child who had made a mistake.

He understood the plot, and he also understood the story of Firentis.

The originally radiant eldest son, whom an elderly father adored and entrusted the most, had accidentally killed his own brother because of a promiscuous socialite. He felt immense pain after he regained his senses. After that, he chose to exile himself in search of redemption.

However, as an old man and the father of the two brothers, was he not feeling more pain and sorrow in his heart?

To Firentis, he had lost a younger brother.

To his father, he had lost two sons.

The estrangement they felt diluted as time passed. The old noble had entered his old age. He constantly worried about his son who had made a mistake. He hoped that his son would return to his side; to inherit the family, and start his life anew.

"I will pass this letter to Firentis."

Kant opened his mouth and spoke. At the same time, he picked up the thin family letter and placed it on his chest.

"Thank you for your help, Lord." The foreman immediately bowed.

After all, a commoner like him asking Kant, a noble, to pass a letter was the equivalent of being disrespectful. If he were to encounter a stubborn old man with a bad temper, it was absolutely possible that the soldiers beside him would have to drag him out and whip him a few times.

"It's fine." Kant waved his hand.

Turning his head to look out of the window, Kant found that it was already deep into the night.

The light of the stars and the moon sprinkled down as if adding a thin layer of silk on the world.

"Everyone, rest."

Kant stood up and walked towards the second floor.

Manid and the five Sarrandian Horsemen followed. They were all sleeping on the second floor.

After all, it was a posthouse, and it could occasionally be used as an inn. There were three rooms on the second floor. If one were to tidy the place up, it would become three large bunks. Not to mention them, even if the ten desert bandits were to be included, they would still be able to sleep well.

But for safety reasons, the ten desert bandits were better off staying on the first floor.

The soldiers had no objections to the arrangement while the construction workers would not dare to make any objections even if they had any.

They brought blankets from Veruga, and they could make beds easily by laying them on the floor. Moreover, there was a fireplace in the living room. The burning wood emitted enough heat and made it much better than sleeping in the sand pit.

On the second floor, Kant had his own room.

After saying good night to Manid and the five Sarrandian Horsemen, he closed the door and lay on the wooden bed.

He did not take off his clothes.

Kant reached out and touched the letter in his arms.

His expression was a little gloomy and uncertain.

Although he agreed to it firmly in front of many people, he was a little hesitant. It was because Kant did not know if his current general would choose to leave if he were to hand this letter to Firentis.

Such a thing had never happened in a game before since those had been virtual worlds controlled by programs.

But now, it was the real world.

Firentis had his own thoughts and beliefs. He also had regret for his dead brother and guilt towards his old father. Perhaps he would really leave Oasis Lookout and return to Suno in the system.

Now, to tell the truth.

Kant did not want to give this letter to Firentis even if it meant that the the temporary side quest had to fail.

“Doubled troops recruitment.”

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly as he glanced at the reward of the quest.

So what if the number of recruits doubled? It would still not be able to match Firentis’ value.

This was a knight who was a military noble and familiar with the Kingdom of Swadia’s troop configuration. He was the equivalent of a general who would lead the Kingdom of Swadia’s troops in the future. How could he let him go so easily?

Kant let out a deep sigh. His eyes were filled with gloom. “Troublesome.”

Compared to the virtual world where data was king, reality was really troublesome.

Manid, the soldiers, and the construction workers all saw Kant accept the letter.

Even if Kant could give the order and prohibit them from telling anyone, Firentis’ father had entrusted this construction team to deliver the letter. This meant that he could also entrust other construction teams to complete this task. It was not something that could be hidden for too long.

“Forget it, it’s just a letter.”

Kant closed his eyes and decided to simply not think about these troublesome things.

He understood Firentis’ character. He was definitely the standard of a knight of justice.

During the start-up phase of the Oasis Lookout, during their most difficult time, if this general of his who had been entrusted with high hopes were to choose to leave, it was possible that an indelible influence would be left deep in his heart.

Kant opened his eyes. Then, he closed them again.

He knew that Firentis was a good man.

A good man would have ideals and principles.

Fortunately, he was not one.

The night froze.

The light from the posthouse pierced through the window and illuminated the sand outside.

Time passed little by little.

The distant horizon lit up with a touch of white.

At dawn.

The fragrant smell of food had emerged from the kitchen of the posthouse.

The desert bandits were using the charcoal in the fireplace to bake bread and dry meat.

Just outside the posthouse, the construction workers from Veruga had already finished unloading the materials on the carriage. They were busy with their tools and were cautiously digging the well beside the posthouse.

Kant also woke up.

He walked down the stairs and saw that Manid was handling some trivial matters.

After chatting for a while, he asked the Sarrandian Horsemen and the desert bandits to head over and have breakfast together.

They still had a lot of things to do.

“My Lord, are you leaving soon?” The foreman was also a little surprised.

Kant nodded. “That’s right, you guys work hard over here. We have left some food and water for you. I saw that you have brought also your own bread and water, so we left some dried meat for you.”

“Thank you so much, my Lord.”

The foreman immediately bowed deeply to thank him.

Kant chuckled. “Do your best and dig the well. By the time we come back from afar, I hope that we can drink fresh and clean water from the well.”

“Definitely.” The foreman nodded with gratitude.

Without saying anything else, Kant continued onward and led the team forward.

The posthouse was only one of the quests. Even after Kant reached the Stone Pass, he would still have to inspect the surrounding Senwaya Range to look for an empty space that could be used for a lumberyard. He would then have to send camel squads and peasant farmers over to cut down the trees and transport the lumber back.

Charcoal was absolutely necessary for the brewing of white salt.

The sun rose and time passed.

Morning, noon, afternoon, dusk.

Just as the sun was setting in the west, emitting layers of dim yellow light through the clouds and dyeing the desert golden, the originally faraway Senwaya range that looked like a gigantic majestic dragon was already within reach.

Kant's route was correct.

And as he gazed into the distance at the connected and consistent Senwaya Range, a gap suddenly appeared in his sights.

It was said that it was a canyon that appeared due to the wrath of the gods.

However, now, it was the only link between the Nahrin Desert and the northern county of the Dukedom of Leo.

The Stone Pass was located within it.

It was built on the south side of the canyon, near the Dukedom of Leo. It was built entirely from stones and wood of the Senwaya Range. It could not be considered as a strong and well-defended castle. However, against the Jackalans who did not have siege weapons and possessed few armor pieces and iron weapons, it was more than enough.

"We're here."

While continuing to lead Manid and the cavalymen forward, Kant let out a sigh of relief.

The wide canyon was right in front of them.

The mountain rifts on both sides were quite smooth. It was as if they had been sliced open before being moved to the sides, forming the two cliff walls.

The wind had brought and spread yellow sand into the canyon.

Crushed rocks and sand were everywhere. There were also many withered trees that had fallen from the cliff at the top of the mountain. No one had cleaned them up. As the years went by, debris accumulated and made it somewhat difficult to walk on the road.

Luckily, around a thousand meters of the canyon could still be considered empty.

They had to spur their horses to travel a considerable distance.

Then, around a thousand meters in front of them, a stone wall connected to the cliffs of the Stone Pass on both sides appeared in front of them.