

Oasis 89

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Chapter 89: Two Different Conspiracies

When Kant led his team out of the official residence and headed towards the city gate, many spies who had been waiting outside the official residence immediately left in the shadows.

The five hooded men who were already targeting Kant when they arrived at the Stone Pass were among them.

However, they were not the only ones who were watching.

A few civilians in tattered clothes who were walking among the pedestrians outside the official residence also left in a hurry with their heads lowered.

Nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary.

However, in reality, something was lurking in the dark in this small Stone Pass.

In a basement.

The five skinny men with hoods were reporting their findings.

The man sitting on the chair nodded and said in a lazy tone, "So, you don't know what Baron Kant and Baron Dylan were talking about?"

"I'm sorry, Lord. There's nothing we can do."

The leader among the five skinny men looked ashamed.

"No, there's no need to apologize." The leader sitting on the chair shook his head slightly, "The five of you did a good job. After all, Baron Dylan, that country bumpkin, values his mansion very much. It's impossible to get a few spies in his mansion."

The flame of the candle on the table flickered, and light appeared in the room.

Silence fell upon the basement.

The leader of the spies sat on the chair and pondered for a moment. He made up his mind, "Wait for me here."

"Yes, sir." The spies replied.

He pushed himself up from the chair with both hands. He grabbed the crutches beside him and limped toward a wooden door on the side. Obviously, he was a cripple.

However, the five spies did not dare to show their disdain and continued to wait respectfully.

The leader of the spies slowly pushed the wooden door open.

Another basement was on the other side of the door.

There were cabinets, tables, and chairs, as well as a few other wooden doors. It was like an underground maze.

The leader of the spies was already familiar with the route.

He took out a box which had the size of a human head from a hidden compartment of the cabinet. After opening it, a huge crystal ball that was beaming with a faint blue light could be seen in the box. He moved his hands around the ball, and it gradually emitted layers of light.

A low voice could be heard in the room.

The voice sounded like it was talking to the crystal ball.

After a moment, the light around the ball faded, and the room was again filled with silence.

The spy leader put the chest back into its original place and returned to the room where he was before. He limped to the chair and sat down, he then said faintly, "Bring Miss Jacqueline along with you guys. In the desolate desert, a young hero will lend a helping hand to a beautiful lady who is being bullied. "

"Yes, Lord." The five spies nodded.

"Go do your job." The leader of the spies waved his hand, telling the spies to leave.

In the empty room, a hint of mockery decorated the corner of his mouth.

These young noblemen who just gained their power were willing to show off their strength and pride, like the heroes from the classic scenes in novels. The hero saving the damsel in distress, simple and effective.

In the slum area of the Stone Pass.

Dirty sewage flowed wantonly on the street, and a faint pungent smell came from the huts on both sides of the street.

The pedestrians were in ragged clothes.

They were bankrupts and poor people who lived here. Their eyes looked cold and lifeless.

Even if they were alive, they were barely living.

However, deep in the slum area, more than 40 skinny men gathered in a slightly larger house made of wood. All of them looked respectfully at the four burly men sitting on the chairs in front of them.

If Kant and the others were here, they would recognize these four burly men.

Kant had met them in the Lord's Hall last night at dinner and this morning at breakfast.

Although they did not speak, he could still vaguely recognize them based on their faces.

These four guys were Baron Dylan's vassal knights!

They were also the four knights who looked at the Sarrandian Horsemen greedily in the Lord's Hall. They left a deep impression on Kant, who was actually very vigilant. He couldn't forget them in a short period.

Kant predicted, at that time, that he might run into trouble.

And now, his prediction turned out to be true.

"After this job, we can get out of this damn Stone Pass."

The leader of the vassal knights opened his mouth and said with a gloomy expression on his face, "I know that Viscount Wayne, who is the commander of the North County, is very dissatisfied with Baron Dylan. If we join him, we might have a chance to obtain our own knight's territory."

Another person also said, "That's right. Viscount Wayne will definitely give us the villages near the Stone Pass as our knight fief, unlike that darn Dylan, who did not once mention awarding knight fiefs even after five years we've been stationed here!"

Speaking of this, all four of them had a sullen expression on their faces.

They had been stationed at the Stone Pass for about five years. Although they were recruited as vassal knights, they were not given their own fief.

Without a fief, they were not truly recognized as a knight. They had to rely on Baron Dylan completely and followed his commands. It was just like a nomad knight who could be hired with money.

A knight who had a knight's fief and a knight who did not have a fief had absolutely different statuses!

The former was the real reserve force of a noble.

The latter was just a mercenary who had superb military strength.

Therefore, the four of them had long been dissatisfied with Baron Dylan. They were no longer willing to stay in this barren Stone Pass. They wanted to join Viscount Wayne's gang and become real knights by causing discord between the two, they would obtain their own knight's territory and their own fief.

"Now that we have so many people, let's do it!"

Finally, the four vassal knights made up their minds. They looked at the 40 skinny men in front of them. They all looked hungry, but as long as they were armed, they would still be powerful enough.

They acted on what they said. They were not some kind souls, to begin with.

Before becoming vassal knights, they had killed many people on the battlefield and even robbed trade caravan for money.

Even after they came to the Stone Pass, they would still occasionally take up their old jobs.

Sometimes, bandit groups appeared in various places and disappeared mysteriously after robbing. They were the vassal knights who were short on cash. The lords knew about it but they chose to turn a blind eye.

Well, their own trade caravan was not robbed. If they interfered too much, they would only get the reputation of being stingy.

This was also the main reason why commerce in the Dukedom of Leo was not developed.

Even on the Resniston River, there were occasionally river bandits in disguise. If it wasn't for the river patrol team set up by the City of Lion's Heart, the economy of the Dukedom of Leo would probably be even worse.

The bandits had created a really serious problem in the Dukedom of Leo.

Of course, Kant didn't know that his whereabouts had already been targeted by these people.

He was still buying some things in the market at the pass with his team.

For example, logging axes and farm tools were urgently needed in the Oasis Lookout. He would just buy 50 pieces of tools that would be useful, whether it was for logging, farming, or gathering coarse salt.

However, on the mountain paths on both sides of the Stone Pass, two groups of people were heading to the desert without leaving a trace.

They had to be prepared in advance.

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Chapter 90: Fortuitous Encounter After Leaving the Desert

The market of the Stone Pass was located next to the slums.

Since commerce in the North County was not developed, the market was not big. In fact, there were only very few things. The main stalls were the ones that were selling necessary farming tools or smithies that repaired weapons for the soldiers.

It was close to the Senwaya Range. To resist the demonized creatures and Jackalan, weapons and armor wore out rapidly.

Because of the system, Kant did not need many weapons.

But to discover new talents, he wanted to see the skills of the blacksmiths at the Stone Pass.

Kant looked at the faces of those who were smiling flatteringly, their eyes were glimmering as they thought that he, a nobleman, was a big customer. They took out swords and axes made of bad quality iron as if they were offering a treasure, Kant could not help but roll his eyes. When he saw the bloated and useless thickened iron-scale armor, he immediately sighed.

"Enough."

Kant waved his hand as he sat on the warhorse and kicked the stirrups gently, "Get ready to take off."

"Understood," Manid and the others answered.

The weapons and armor made by these blacksmiths were trash to Kant who was used to the high-quality products produced by the system. They were not worthy of his attention at all, and he would not spend silver coins on them.

There were probably no skilled blacksmiths in such a poor place like the Stone Pass.

Although it was a world of swords and magic.

However, excellent craftsmen, blacksmiths, and armor makers were all precious resources in the war. If their craftsmanship was good enough, they would be able to live a much better life in those large noblemen's castles or cities with flourishing economies than in poor places like the Stone Pass.

"Pleasure working with you. "

Manid had finished bargaining with the stall owner. He took out three Great Silver coins and tied up the sack that held the bad quality iron tools. The Desert Bandits worked together to put everything on the horses.

Although the 50 tools were heavy, they could still be easily carried by the 10 horses.

Of course, they had already prepared the drinking water and the food that was needed to cross the Nahrin Desert for everyone that could last for five days.

"Lord Kant, everything is ready."

Manid rode his warhorse to Kant's side and reported.

"Okay, let's go." Kant nodded and gently kicked the stirrups, spurring his warhorse forward.

The entire team headed towards the northern city gate.

As the northern side of the pass was close to the Nahrin Desert, Jackalan tribes would occasionally attack the city gate. Therefore, the northern side of the Stone Pass was basically a slum area. It was dirty and messy as dirty water was flowing everywhere. The smell was rather unpleasant.

Kant frowned as he swept past those skinny poor people who quickly dodged. He now knew how good life was in the Oasis Lookout.

He created the "Drondheim" village in the Oasis Lookout.

Although it was small in size, it had everything. And although everything in there was still new and not fully formed, it was undoubtedly a utopia for the residence there. They could enjoy the comfortable life they imagined.

Although there were wars, at least there was hope.

It was way better than the life of the poor people here who had no hope in their eyes.

"The task is too difficult."

Spurring his horse forward, Kant sighed in his heart.

Oasis Lookout was his base. If he didn't want it to become like this, he could only work harder.

He wanted to be successful.

The thick and heavy northern gate made of logs was opened.

Under the supervision of a few captains dressed in iron-plated scale armor, the peasant recruits, who were pale and wearing loose leather armor, used all their strength to pull the winch to open the gate. They also respectfully sent Kant and the others off.

They knew that these were Baron Dylan's distinguished guests.

Moreover, Kant's status as a baron was also the reason why these civilian soldiers were kneeling before him.

"Let's go."

Kant did not care about the flattery.

The warhorse under him seemed to understand what he was thinking. After leaving the city gate of the Stone Pass, its handsome figure stretched out. Its four hooves stepped on the sand-filled canyon road, and it started to gallop.

Manid and the 15 horsemen quickly followed him.

They left the canyon safely.

The billowing sand sea of the Nahrin Desert appeared before their eyes. The desert stretched as far as the eye could see to the north.

But the desert was like a home to Kant and his men.

The Stone Pass was not within their sphere of influence after all. It did not feel good to live under someone else's roof, especially when it involved noble families' interests. After sealing the deal, they quickly left.

Although the Nahrin Desert was still a no man's land, it was like Kant's territory.

The horsemen and desert bandits from the Sarrandian Desert were more familiar with this kind of desolate environment.

The only one who felt awkward was probably Manid.

There was a tingling sensation on the skin between his legs on the warhorse. He could only sigh and put up with it. He planned to return to the Oasis Lookout and polish his riding skills up. He would not be this embarrassed in the future.

To alleviate his pain, Manid started to speak to divert his attention, "Lord Kant."

"What's Wrong?" Kant turned back.

"The deal between this Baron Dylan and us won't last long in my opinion," said Manid.

"That's right," Kant nodded. He was not surprised, "No one is willing to give up the precious salt mine. Even if they had gained a huge profit, they'd still want to completely own the salt mine themselves, only then will they feel at ease."

Kant understood the mentality of Baron Dylan, who was unwilling to accept the fact that he was stuck at the Stone Pass.

And greed was one of the reasons that the cooperation between them was successfully established.

“But we have to speed up our development, my Lord.” Manid knew that Kant had a plan in mind, but he still reminded him. “In my opinion, this is a dangerous game.”

Kant chuckled, and mockery crossed his young face, “That’s right, it is a dangerous game.”

Baron Dylan was using trade to gain power.

Once he had enough strength, the cooperation between them would be torn apart, and the table salt trade would crumble to dust.

When the time came, the greedy Baron Dylan would definitely be the first to make a move on Kant, who was in the Oasis Lookout. He would use his power to completely control the salt mine that Kant owned and let his caravan monopolize the table salt trade.

Kant did not even need to predict, he could be sure that such a thing would definitely happen.

Greed was endless.

However, when Baron Dylan thought that his development was rapid, he absolutely could never imagine that the one who developed even faster was Kant!

Kant, who had a golden finger, was already standing on the shoulders of giants and could soar to the sky at any time. How could he develop slower than Baron Dylan?

Baron Dylan could help Kant withstand the pressure from the Dukedom of Leo.

He looked back.

In the Nahrin Desert, Kant’s Oasis Lookout had expanded into a force that even himself had to be careful. He was even at a slight disadvantage. When the time comes, it would be obvious who would win.

Kant led the team into the depths of the desert.

The traces they left when they came were still faintly visible. As long as they followed the right direction, they would arrive at the posthouse at night.

That was a place where they could rest.

However, the Sarrandian Horseman leading the way had a slightly tense expression. He tightened his grip on the reins and slowed the Sarrandian horse beneath him down. At the same time, he said in a deep voice, “Something’s wrong, Lord Kant. We’ve got a situation ahead.”

Kant narrowed his eyes.

He also saw that at the bottom of the dune ahead, a dozen horsemen were moving rapidly in this direction.