

## Oasis 147

### [Lord of the Oasis](#)

#### Chapter 147: The Lucrative Slave Trade

At the natural salt mine, the light cavalries were rushing back at top speed.

In the white and alkali soil behind them, a long line of footmen was forming a slightly curved formation as they walked towards the dune in the south. Their speed was neither fast nor slow, as if they were calm and steady.

This was a marching pattern that only elite troops had.

While ensuring the marching speed, they also able to ensure that they had sufficient stamina. This was something that normal troops not able to do.

This required a high degree of discipline.

The 10 desert bandits sped up their horses and their return journey.

This was because they all knew that this was the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane from the Mannheim Coast in the northern part of the Nahrin Desert. They wanted to occupy their homeland and enslave them to become colonial army!

This important information needed to be quickly returned to the Oasis Lookout and reported to Lord Kant!

They had to rush back at night.

It would take at least an entire day to rush back.

The Oasis Lookout was still heavily guarded. At night, there were Swadian militia with heavy spear in hand and a large wooden shield on their left arm. They were in neat rows patrolling the inner side of the city wall. They were in teams of ten and were extremely cautious.

Especially the prisoner of war camp, which was strictly guarded.

For the sake of these 2,000 Jackalan captives, every militiamen were filled with nightshift and reduced their rest time.

Time slowly passed.

The late night was gradually replaced by dawn.

"Woah Woah Woah --"

The male grouse began to crow like a chicken. It stood at the top of his chicken coop and flapped its wings, proudly declaring its ownership of the chicken coop and the female grouse.

The first light appeared in the sky. It was already dawn on the second day.

A new month.

It was also a new week.

"Dong Dong Dong."

The wooden door of the room was knocked lightly.

Kant, who had not fallen asleep, woke up very quickly. He opened his eyes and asked, "What's the matter?"

Outside the door, a Swadian footman was standing there respectfully. He reported respectfully, "My Lord, Mr. Joslin of Reyvadin and his trade caravan have arrived."

"Yes, I understand."

Kant nodded, sat by the bed and quickly put on his clothes. At the same time, he instructed, "Let Manid be in charge of welcoming them."

The footman outside the door replied, "Mr. Manid is already receiving them."

"Well done.", Kant praised.

After the footman finished reporting, he left on his own and stood by the stairs as a guard again.

Kant put on his clothes, washed up, and walked down the stairs.

On the first floor of the council hall.

Manid was chatting with the leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, with a smile on his face. Occasionally, he even let out a few laughs. Although it was still dawn, the atmosphere between the two parties was very harmonious.

Kant walked down the stairs, and the two of them stood up to greet him.

"Good morning, Lord Kant."

"Good morning.", Kant nodded.

He said on the chair and to Joslin with a smile on his face, "You came at the right time this month."

"It can't be helped. The Kingdom of Vaegirs is too short of slaves."

Joslin shrugged with a helpless smile on his face. "Lord Kant, the last time we brought back more than 500 Jackalan slaves, in less than a day, they were all snatched by the mine owners of the snowfield iron mine."

"Well, this means that they are very popular, right?", Kant chuckled.

"Of course.", Joslin nodded.

At the same time, he stood up, took out a letter from his pocket, and respectfully placed it on the table. "Lord Kant, this is a letter personally written by King Yarogelk to express our most sincere gratitude to you."

The peasant woman who was waiting on the side walked over, poured a cup of date palm water for the three of them, and handed the letter to Kant.

"Let me take a look."

Kant tore open the envelope and looked at the beautifully drawn envelope.

It was written in the language of the Vaegirs.

However, he still understood it.

On the letter, King Yarogelk expressed his gratitude. He said some words of friendship with a hint of flattery. At the same time, he also pointed out at the end that if Lord Kant was free, he very much hoped that Kant would be a guest at Reyvadin. He would use the most ceremonious national etiquette and led all the noble families to welcome Kant's arrival.

After putting down the envelope, Kant said to the leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, "Help me thank King Yarogelk for his kindness."

"It's my honor.", Jocelyn nodded.

"And."

Kant's expression became slightly solemn. He turned his head and said to Manid, "You will be in charge of counting the captives. All of them will be handed over to Joslin before morning. It's best to settle all of them before morning."

"They are already being counted.", Manid replied.

"Very good.", Kant praised.

Manid was meticulous in his work. It was not without reason that he could become a business genius at such a young age.

He then continued to report to Kant, "When Mr. Joslin's trade caravan arrived at the fortress, he had already arranged his nephew and the footmen I sent to count the Jackalans at the captive camp. If there are no accidents, the count will be completed soon according to the time."

Kant raised his eyebrows with a smile on his face. "As expected of my trusted Manid."

"You overpraised me.", Manid lowered his head humbly.

The three of them chatted happily.

After a short while, the wooden door was pushed open and the Swadian footman walked in.

The footman who acted as the guard at the door reported in a deep voice, "Lord Kant, the nephew of the merchant, Joslin wants to see you."

"Let him in.", Kant replied.

"Yes.", the footman nodded and turned to leave.

A young man walked in quickly. It was the nephew of Joslin, the leader of the trade caravan.

His face was filled with joy as he bowed respectfully to Kant in the council hall. "Seeing you in the morning is like seeing a warm sun. Good morning, my Lord."

"Okay.", Kant nodded.

However, he looked at Joslin and smiled. "He wouldn't talk like that in the past."

Jocelyn smiled awkwardly. "I found a teacher in Reyvadin who teaches noble etiquette. After all, he's going to lead his own team in business. These basic etiquettes are necessary."

"That's true.", Manid nodded with a smile.

Kant smiled and asked, "Is the result out?"

"It's done."

The young man nodded and bowed respectfully. Then, he reported, "There are 2,096 captives this time. As the payment of 30 denars per captive, we will pay 62,880 denars."

"More than 60,000.", Kant raised his eyebrows.

This was a huge amount of money!

In the game, this amount of money was not a small number. Even a noble would be moved by it.

After all, the value of this money was enough to sustain a large number of elite troops for several months!

"Yes, a total of 62,880 denars."

The young man repeated.

However, there was some hesitation on his face. He looked up at his uncle and said slowly, "But there are 293 jackalan captives here. I can't distinguish their value, so I haven't counted them."

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#### **Chapter 148: The Return of the Scout Cavalries**

Hearing his nephew's words, the leader of the trade caravan, Joslin, was stunned. "Jackalans that can't be distinguished by their value?"

In his impression, he didn't know about the existence of the high-level Jackalan.

"It's the high-level Jackalan, right?"

Beside him, Manid explained, "It's like this. We recently captured a new batch of Jackalan. They have their intelligence and their own civilization, and they understand the human language. Other than their appearance being similar to the Jackalan, they are actually no different from us humans. They even have their own kingdom, so they call themselves the high-level Jackalan."

"High-level Jackalan.", Joslin, the leader of the trade caravan, lowered his head slightly.

"That's right.", Kant nodded as well.

"Is that so?", after pondering for a while, Jocelyn asked, "Lord Kant, what's the difference between the strength, stamina, and endurance of these high-level Jackalan and those beggars like Jackalan?"

“There’s no difference.”

Kant replied. After thinking for a moment, he shrugged his shoulders and said, “Perhaps it’s better because they have sufficient nutrition.”

“I see.”, Joslin nodded. After pondering for a moment, he raised his head, with a smile on his face, he said, “If that’s the case, then these slaves will definitely be more popular. I’ll buy them at 50 denar per captive. If Lord Kant can provide such high-quality slaves for a long time, then I’m also willing to maintain the slave trade for a long time.”

This was an affirmative answer.

Kant smiled and nodded. “No problem at all. I’ve never lacked captives.”

Not only did they not lack captives, the captives also appeared in large numbers.

Most of the low-level Jackalan in the Nahrin Desert had been captured. The rest could only go to the Senwaya Range, which had a complicated environment. The difficulty, cost, and time had increased by a lot to search for them over there.

However, a new source of slaves had come.

It was the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane from the Mannheim Coast, which had passed through the Nahrin Desert.

They were also strong Jackalan who were good at endurance.

These intelligent high-level Jackalan were definitely more popular among the mine owners than those beast-like low-level Jackalan!

“Let’s make the deal first.”

Kant smiled and said to Joslin, “It’s a pleasure to work with you.”

“It’s been a pleasure.”, Joslin stood up and bowed with his hands on his chest. He sincerely agreed.

For him, Kant did not put on too much noble airs and was very easy to get along with. Moreover, Kant did not have any improper thoughts towards his trade caravan. He was completely a benevolent lord, and earned admiration and respect in people’s hearts.

62,880 denars from the low-level Jackalans obtained.

14,650 denars from the high-level Jackalans also obtained.

A total of 77,530 denars.

Just short of 3,000, the denars would be close to 80,000. Just short of 30,000, the denars would be able to reach 100,000 goal!

At this moment, Kant finally understood why there were countless black slave trading ships Earth’s Atlantic Ocean, crazily transporting black slaves. This black slave trading line that made up of the blood and tears of the slaves and corpses was maintained for nearly 200 years.

Because the slave trade was really too profiteering!

And the profiteering of the high-level Jackalan shocked Kant even more.

2,000 + of low-level Jackalans were only sold for more than 60,000 denars.

Less than 300 of high-level Jackalans directly bought close to 15,000 denars.

The profits of both sides were not on the same line.

But for Kant, whether it was high-level or low-level, they were all his Jackalan captives, bringing him sufficient denars and solving his current predicament of running out of oil and urgently needing denar.

The grayish sky gradually brightened.

The sun appeared in the Nahrin Desert.

The cold air quickly rose again, and the entire Nahrin Desert became warm.

The captives were filled into the three carriage in turn.

They stuffed all 2300 Jackalans into the carriage just like they were some divine artifacts, as if it was a world of its own.

Joslin's nephew didn't wait long. After breakfast, he left the Oasis Lookout and led the Jackalan slaves toward Reyvadin, selling them to the snowfield iron mine owners who were in desperate need of slaves.

Although the majority of the profits would go to the noble families of Reyvadin, they could still make a small profit.

Oasis Lookout returned to its peaceful and cautious state.

Manid continued to purchase a large amount of grain from the trade caravan. Most of it was stored grains and dried meat.

This was an early plan.

They didn't know how long the war would last. Perhaps they would have to go through the encirclement of the enemy. Therefore, they had to ensure that they had sufficient food and water.

Oasis Lookout naturally did not lack water.

Large amounts of spring water came out from the spring water behind the council hall every day.

The most important thing was food.

As the number of people increased, the quality of the troop class increased, and the demand for food became greater and greater.

Just like the Swadian militia.

They were once peasants, they ate two pieces of bread, one piece of dried meat, and one bowl of thick soup every day.

Now, they ate eating four pieces of bread, two pieces of dried meat, half a piece of dried sausage, and two bowls of thick soup. They also ate some fresh roasted antelope meat to replenish the energy they used during their daily training and patrol.

Everything was to prepare for the war.

Time continued to pass.

Kant stood at the top of the city wall and looked in the direction of the Senwaya Range.

There was some doubt on his face.

Because the sand gazelles were supposed to arrive at the end of the month, but it had become quite rare. As if the sand gazelles knew that a war was going to break out here, there were only four or five small migration groups at the end of the month and the beginning of the month.

The total number was less than two thousand, which was much lesser than the tens of thousands of sand gazelle.

“But that’s good.”

Kant turned his head and looked towards the north of the desert.

The doubt on his face faded away, and his face became serious.

There were not many sand gazelles, it was not a big deal to him. After all, the skin and meat of the sand gazelle were not needed by the Oasis Lookout, which meant that it could be dispensed with.

If a large number of sand gazelles entered the depths of the desert like the migration before, he would be very anxious.

The expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane was about to arrive.

If these sand gazelle became supplies for the Jackalan, these ready-made antelope blood and meat would become food that guaranteed their vitality after the cruel journey in the Nahrin Desert. That would be ridiculous.

However, Kant’s eyes suddenly looked to the north.

He narrowed his eyes slightly.

He seemed to have discovered several small black dots that were speeding towards him at the top of the dune.

“It’s the desert bandits that we sent out!”

The Ravenstern Ranger behind him had a better eyesight.

Looking at the ten small black dots in the north, they raised their heavy bows and reported to Kant, “My lord, these desert bandits who are in charge of scouting have returned!”

“Yes.”, Kant narrowed his eyes.

These were the ten desert bandits that he personally ordered to be sent out.

Of course, he understood what the return of the 10 light cavalries who had been scouting at the natural salt mine meant.

Slightly clenching his fist, Kant ordered in a deep voice, "Send the 10 desert bandits to the council hall. At the same time, go and look for Firentis and Manid. Tell them that I will summon them at the council hall."

"Understood.", the Swadian footman that followed him immediately responded and turned around to pass on the message.

This was an emergency!