

Oasis 83

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Chapter 83: Filthy Slum

Kant had stayed for one night in an inn at the Stone Pass in the past.

However, he had not truly ventured out before.

As a noble, a conferred Baron, there were some things that he did not have to do personally.

From the Lion Fort in South County, he rode on a comfortable carriage to reach the Stone Pass in North County. Swadian peasants who accompanied him along the journey were in charge of purchasing goods. They completed these miscellaneous chores wonderfully.

The next day. At dawn.

It was still early, so they took advantage of the cold to enter the Nahrin Desert and begin their journey.

Kant turned around and looked at the butler beside him who was leading the way.

The middle-aged man's expression was normal, it was as if he had already become used to this sort of dirty environment as well as the slightly pungent smell. He walked forward as if he did not mind at all, even when his leather boots stepped into a puddle of sewage water, causing turbid liquid to splash all over the place.

Stopping his footsteps briefly.

Kant avoided droplets from the splash of sewage.

At the academy surrounded by an academic atmosphere, or in the castle that was always cleaned, Kant's status made it so that he had never come into contact with the life of a bottom feeder. It was filthy, messy, and just plain terrible.

Even at the Oasis Lookout, because of the system, it was kept particularly clean and hygienic.

The leather boots rubbed against the rocks.

After everyone had entered the Stone Pass, Kant immediately mounted his horse.

Manid and the cavalymen behind him also mounted their horses. They frowned as they looked at the dilapidated houses around them, as well as the poor people in shabby clothes. Their rating of the Stone Pass had gone down a bit.

Although the continent of Caradia was plagued with wars, hygiene was, at the very least, still guaranteed.

This was probably due to the design of the Turkish couple.

Kant, of course, knew this very well.

To be honest.

Whether it was the academy, the Castle of Leo, or the bustling City of Lion's Heart, all the places that Kant had lived in were considered clean.

As for the places he had not yet visited.

For example, small villages, a knight's fief, or other gathering places outside castles...

The environment of those places would probably be similar to this place.

A large number of bankrupt peasants or people without any assets lived in these slums. Their clothes were ragged while their bodies were just bags of bones. Their bulging eyes due to hunger had no life in them, instead, they revealed an indifference to life along with fatigue of powerlessness.

This world of swords and magic was similar to that of Medieval Europe on Earth.

Kant narrowed his eyes slightly.

The butler leading the way had also got on a skinny old horse.

He turned around and continued to humbly lead the way and greet Kant. At the same time, his eyes swept over to glance at the desert horses that the Sarrandian Horsemen and the desert bandits were riding behind him. He could not help but feel a little envious.

He could not help but exclaim, "They are all high-class warhorses. I imagine only the Lion Fort has them, right?"

It was clear that he had misunderstood something.

Kant did not know how to explain. He only said faintly, "As long as they are well-fed, they are high-class warhorses."

The butler noticed the distance in Kant's words. He nodded humbly in agreement and did not continue to say anything further.

The butler also had an idea of what was going on.

He was just a servant. Although by relying on Baron Dylan, he could be arrogant towards those poor people, it did not mean that he could be rude, even if a little bit, to Kant who was beside him.

Kant, the Baron of the Nahrin Desert, the King of the Dukedom of Leo, the second son of Cameron.

The blood of lions flowed in his veins.

He was, essentially, a noble.

Even if rumors among the nobles spoke of Baron Kant as someone who was exiled to the Nahrin Desert, it was not something that servants like him could talk about. It was the difference in status, the suppression of classes.

They continued along the street and went deeper into the Stone Pass.

The fortress at the pass was actually quite well-built.

The lumberyards and quarries at the Senwaya Range provided a large amount of high-quality stone and wood materials to this place.

For example, when entering the south side of the pass, the number of houses built with stone and wood also increased.

The outfits of pedestrians were no longer shabby or ragged. Although they still looked rather skinny, one could detect vigor in each of their eyes. Obviously, these were civilians in the Stone Pass who were considered useful.

In other words, these people had jobs. They were taxpayers and back-up recruits during wars.

If they were in the city, they should be called citizens.

Now, the civilians were still surprised by Kant's arrival from the north. They looked curiously at the Sarrandian horseman and the desert bandits riding on their majestic warhorses.

At the same time, they also expressed their admiration for their clean and tidy outfits.

However, there were also people with very sharp eyes.

As the five Sarrandian Horsemen rode and urged their horses forward, their linen robes fluttered in the wind, revealing the iron hoops and armor plates that were tightly wound together – the Sarrandian chain mail. Those who had looked closer and carefully widened their eyes as they saw these.

No matter who it was, those who could wear iron armor were all brave soldiers.

In fact, their guesses were also correct.

As a Level Four troop class, the Sarrandian Horseman was considered a core force in the later stages of the game.

As for top-tier Level Five troop classes such as the mamluke, they were only considered elites due to their scarcity. They were usually sent into battlefields cautiously and could only be treated and used as consumables in the final battles.

Thus, the Sarrandian Horsemen could completely stand on their own.

However, amidst the admiring crowd, a few skinny figures were hiding in the shadows in the corner.

Looking at Kant ride his horse towards the mansion of Baron Dylan, their faces seemed a little solemn.

Clearly, they knew each other.

They exchanged glances with each other. Then, they nodded slightly, put on their hoods, and left separately.

Wooden houses where civilians lived filled both sides of the street.

These figures in hoods were not attention-grabbing. The main reason was that North County was frequented by sandstorms and it was very convenient and common for people to put on a hood.

They made seven or eight turns.

Finally, they arrived at a hidden alley somewhere.

After turning around and ensuring that no one was around, they went into a wooden house in the alley, found a basement, and entered it in a single file.

The expected narrow storage basement did not appear.

Instead, it was a slanted passage leading downward. The stairs went underground for about five meters. After that, another wooden door appeared. The leader pushed the door open, and illuminated by the light of the candle, a different world was revealed.

It was a space of around 50 square meters and logs were used to support this underground basement.

Another door was on the side. It looked like it would lead to somewhere else.

However, in the middle, a hooded man wearing a hood sat on a chair. He held a quill and was writing something quickly. Nonetheless, he still sensed that they had returned. He asked, "What happened?"

"Lord."

The leader took a step forward and bowed his head respectfully. At the same time, he said, "Baron Kant is here."

The quill stopped moving for a brief moment.

A drop of ink dripped and left a mark on the slightly yellowed straw paper.

"What?" The man raised his head. He was middle-aged, but his eyes were unusually sharp.

"Baron Kant is here. He wants to meet with Baron Dylan at dusk. Right now, the butler is leading him to the official residence. 26 people are accompanying him. According to my observations, there is one servant, five cavalymen wearing iron armor, and 10 cavalymen in leather armor."

The man reported quickly. It was simple, quick, and the content was clear.

"Hah! He didn't die in the desert."

The man sitting on the chair nodded. The quill pen which was originally used to write at an incredible speed was also placed on the side.

He lowered his head slightly. The hood hid his entire face in the darkness. Only his voice could be heard. "I understand. You guys continue to follow Baron Kant. If any situation arises, remember to report it in time."

"I understand." The skinny figures nodded.

"Leave." He waved his hand.

As the people left, the room instantly became empty again.

The sound of the door closing filled the space.

The candlelight flickered slightly in the wind.

The light in the room also flickered.

“Interesting.” The person murmured.

He raised his head slightly, and his eyes also flickered with the candlelight. With a playful tone, “After the death of Princess Sofia 16 years ago, how many of those who infiltrated the Silver Platter Kingdom remain?”

If a higher-ranking noble were present, he would easily remember many things from these words.

Princess Sofia.

The eldest princess from the Silver Platter Kingdom.

A duke of the court with royal blood conferred by the Silver Platter Kingdom.

The second lawful wife of Cameron, the King of the Dukedom of Leo.

And...

Baron Kant’s mother, who died early from illness.

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Chapter 84: Provocation in the Hall of Lords

The butler led the way.

Kant and the others soon arrived outside Baron Dylan's official residence.

Kant raised his head to look at his Uncle Dylan's official residence. The corners of his eyebrows twitched.

Baron Dylan's official residence was rather exquisite and well-built.

Compared to the surrounding civilian buildings made of stone and wood, this building was as tall as a four stories building. It was wholly made from stone and was clearly divided into three stories. Calling it a mini castle would have been more accurate.

The mansion was built on one side of a cliff and the wall was connected to the south side's Stone Pass wall.

However, the connection area was three meters higher than the city wall. They were connected by a retractable wooden bridge made of thick wooden planks and chains.

The watchtower was ready and the arrow tower stood tall.

The outer wall also had an opening for archers or crossbowmen to shoot.

The front door of the mansion was also very narrow.

It was only less than three meters high and two meters wide.

It could only accommodate a carriage or a charging cavalryman whose head had been lowered.

A small castle with a typical architectural style highlighted the tenacious spirit of wanting to resist the enemy with a small number of troops, doing their utmost best to prolong and extend the enemy's siege until reinforcements arrive.

Manid sighed.

Kant shook his head.

They finally understood why Baron Dylan did not pay attention to the defense on the north side of the pass.

With this small castle, why would he be afraid of Jackalans?

If they could not win, they would just recruit civilians into his official residence to continue resisting, completely abandoning the outer areas. They would strap in to defend the fortress and wait for reinforcements to arrive. With the food they had accumulated, it would not be a problem even if they had to defend for a few months.

In less than a few months, reinforcements from other counties would have also arrived.

"Please come in, Lord Kant."

The slightly plump butler hurriedly bowed and extended his hand to Kant, inviting him in.

In front of the main gate, there were already servants waiting respectfully.

"Okay." Kant nodded and stepped forward.

Not far from the main gate was the patrol team.

Unlike the skinny and sickly looking soldiers holding spears outside, the soldiers of the patrol team looked strong and sturdy. They wore iron-plated scale armor that fit them perfectly.

In the arrow towers on both sides of the official residence, archers holding longbows looked down below with vigilance.

It was obvious that they were fearful.

It was because even they were able to tell the difference between a troupe of trade caravan guard and a squad of elites from the battlefield.

The five Sarrandian Horsemen and ten desert bandits were exactly that.

However, due to prior instructions, they knew that these were Kant's guards and did not act excessively.

The warhorses were handed over to the ten desert bandits. They were in charge of watching over and feeding them in the stable. The five Sarrandian Horsemen followed Kant and Manid into the official residence as their personal guards.

However, something interesting caught their eyes.

The spears, shields, and other pieces of equipment were all placed on the Sarrandian horses. They only carried their scimitars with them.

The butler glanced at this and did not say anything.

In the Dukedom of Leo, which was founded on the basis of fighting, asking others to hand over their weapons was the equivalent of one of the deepest humiliation.

He naturally did not dare to ask that.

He led them into the official residence.

Due to the military-oriented architectural style, the light was a little dim.

Kant blinked his eyes before getting used to the light.

"Please follow me. Dinner is being prepared, and Baron Dylan should be waiting for you in the hall."

The butler continued to lead the way.

Kant and the others followed.

After walking through a stone-paved corridor, the butler pushed open a wooden door.

It was a space of about 200 square meters. Ten pillars stood on both sides. They were completely made of stone and were connected to the logs and boulders of the ceiling, making the room seem spacious and sturdy.

At the same time, a long table sat in the middle of the room between the stone pillars on the sides.

The table was extremely large. Chairs were set aside on both sides. At a rough estimate, it could accommodate 30 people eating at the same time.

It looked like this was the Lord's Hall at the Stone Pass.

"Baron Dylan is probably dealing with something and hasn't come yet. Lord Kant, Please take a seat and rest first. I'll go prepare some fresh water. You must be extremely thirsty after coming all this way."

The butler was a little embarrassed and quickly tried to remedy the situation.

"Alright, that's fine." Kant nodded and waved his hand, indicating to the butler that he could go and prepare.

The butler quickly lowered his head and left. At the same time, he waved his hand and asked the maids to prepare some fresh water.

Kant sat in the seat that the guests should be sitting in.

Kant looked at the torches burning on both sides. The light in the hall was still considered sufficient.

He turned his head and glanced at Manid and the five Sarrandian Horsemen. He said, "What are you standing there for? Put down your things and take a seat. Rest! Aren't you tired after traveling for such a long time?"

"Yes, Lord." The Sarrandian horsemen nodded, obeying his instructions.

Manid also sat down.

He looked around at the Lord's Hall. With a nostalgic shrug, he said, "it doesn't look much different from the castle halls in the continent of Caradia."

"It's just a little small." Kant chuckled.

Although they did not possess extraordinary powers, the original version of the continent of Caradia and the construction of the castle could still be considered magnificent.

While its performance in the game was relatively bad, the images were still quite extremely magnificent.

Kant, who had lived in this world for 16 years, could also determine, after comparing them in his mind, that this small castle at the Stone Pass could obviously not reach the scale of a real castle, even if it could accommodate a lot of people.

"Someone is coming," Manid suddenly said.

Kant looked in the direction that Manid pointed to. It was the wooden door of the hall.

The sound of leather boots stepping on the ground emerged.

There was quite a number of people.

Moreover, rude and loud voices came from the corridor outside.

This kind of building was not soundproof.

"What? Baron Kant? Ha, isn't he just a little guy who was exiled?"

"It's already surprising that he didn't die in the Nahrin Desert, but now, he actually said that he is coming as a guest. I really want to see and ask if he is coming to take refuge. Remember how he was scared to the point where he almost wet his pants when he encountered the Jackalan in the Nahrin Desert? I almost wet my pants with laughter!"

"Hey, shut up! You guys have to pay attention. This is Duke Cameron's second son!"

"Hahaha, you should say that he's the king's second son. Anyway, our leader is Baron Dylan. Do I have to remind you what the king did to us back then?"

"That's right. He became a king while we became country bumpkin knights in a barren place like this!"

There was no attempt to conceal the mocking tone at all.

It was rude and filled with dissatisfaction, but more of it was contempt.

As the footsteps and voices became louder and louder.

The door was pushed open, and more than ten burly figures walked in. Each and every one of them looked unruly. They grimaced as they looked at Kant, who was sitting firmly in the hall with his back facing them.

Nonetheless, their expressions changed.

It was because this group of rude and unruly individuals also saw the five Sarrandian Horsemen seated on both sides of Kant with hostile expressions.

Burly and strong bodies.

On the table were Sarrandian helmets made of iron.

And from the bulges on their linen robes as well as the silver light revealed through the gaps, it was obvious that they were also wearing full iron armor under these robes.

Most importantly.

These five Sarrandian Horsemen had already placed their palms on their scimitars.

Their eyes were cold and filled with killing intent.

These warriors who had experienced the bloodiness and cruelty of the battlefield had already caused the dozen or so burly men who had just pushed the door open to freeze on the spot. The sinister smiles and impudence on their faces had also turned into solemnity and worry.

All of them wore ordinary linen robes, not iron armor that could protect their bodies.

Similarly, they were not carrying any weapons.

Although there were many of them, these five elite warriors would have no problem slaughtering the lot of them.

Thinking of what they had said just now.

The atmosphere instantly turned cold.

A strange silence filled the Lord's Hall.

"It's dinner time."

Kant's voice appeared. He said without turning his head, "Sit down obediently."

The five sarrandian horsemen retracted their cold and indifferent gazes and returned to their seats. Their expressions were cold and they did not say anything. It was as if they were ice-cold killing machines that naturally brought a sense of dignity around them.

The muscular men at the door also gulped.

It was a step.

Seeing that the other party had withdrawn their murderous gazes, they also exchanged glances with each other. The smart ones did not continue with the provocation and returned to their seats, which were the chairs on both sides of the main seat.

The Sarrandian horsemen were all elites who advanced after going through the mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

In terms of imposing auras, they naturally had it.

And it was quite terrifying!