

## Oasis 95

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

#### Chapter 95: Food in the posthouse

The horses ran on the sand and formed long, shallow lines. A team of 33 horses marched through the desert.

Kant and his team started the way back.

Two Sarrandian horsemen led the way, while the others followed.

The environment of the Nahrin Desert was harsh, but it was normal for the desert race, Sarrandian. They able to navigate using the dune and the sun to make the most correct route, while enduring the extreme heat,

They had already traveled far away from the Stone Pass.

After a whole day trip, it was already close to dusk, yet they did not encounter any accidents.

This was the Nahrin Desert.

It was once a desolate forbidden place of civilization, even escaped slaves would kill themselves rather than set foot in this cursed land.

It was impossible to see a living soul here.

Kant reached out his hand to take out the water sack, removed the lid, and poured himself a mouthful of warm water. As his throat was nourished by the water, the tried young man became a little more energetic.

“Lord, we will arrive at the posthouse by eight o’clock at night. ”

Manid lightly tapped the stirrup, and his horse moved slightly faster. He caught up with Kant and said, “It will be easier once we get to the posthouse. ”

“Indeed.” Kant nodded.

Kant squinted his eyes and looked ahead. The vast sea of sand stretched into the sky.

This scene seemed vast, and it was a beautiful scene in this desolate land. But in reality, anyone who lived in the desert would understand the cruelty of this land.

When Kant arrived for the first time, he truly felt from his heart that he was exhausted.

“Luckily it’s safe now. ”

Kant felt relief in his heart and sighed lightly.

He tapped the horse, and his warhorse ran faster. The group heard his voice, “Speed up, all of you. We need to move faster and strive to rest at the posthouse tonight! ”

“Understood, ” the cavalries replied.

Their speed instantly increased. They were all riding forward, which was much faster than walking.

As for the captured horses, they were not as strong as the other three breeds, the Swaldian warhorse, the Salander horse, and the desert horse. They transferred most of the items to stronger horses, so the load of captured horses was reduced, and they can move faster.

Kant was thinking that it was time to get more horses.

Perhaps it was because of the system's rules, the upgraded cavalry had much better endurance compared to the cavalry in the real world.

Just like the Sarrandian Horseman.

On the basis of a Sarrandian horse as the main warhorse, they should add two other horses which were the horse for carrying loads and the horse for riding.

The Swaldian cavalry normally rode an armored warhorse, so they need another two horses for carrying loads, one horse for riding, as well as a warhorse for replacement.

In the Middle Ages of Europe, this was how the heavy cavalry was equipped.

There were even servants who took care of their daily lives, retinue cavalry that followed them in the war, and a small number of elite footmen that followed them.

After all, being able to become a heavy cavalry was equivalent to being a noble. At least they were as rich as a wealthy landlord. It was true that ordinary civilians did not have the money to buy this expensive full-body armor, and they could not afford the warhorse that needed delicate care.

Of course, the system did not have so many strict requirements when recruiting and upgrading cavalry soldiers.

Their endurance must be much stronger than the regulars.

They could refer to the breed line of warhorses in recent years for comparison.

The endurance, charging speed, and physical strength of the warhorses were all top-notch.

The augmentation of the system's rules had solved Kant's problem.

Think about it, even the transported existed and they were real, so it wasn't hard to accept the support from the system's rule. If he really wanted to equip each cavalry with three horses or even five horses, then it would be too cumbersome and expensive.

Kant was satisfied with it.

Of course, with more horses, they could increase their speed, and they can form more efficient tactical attacked and tactical shifted.

This was just Kant's idea. Perhaps in the future when he gained more power, he would be able to make a deployment like this.

Everyone continued to move forward.

After the sun in the sky emitted its last light in the dusk, the magnificently bright galaxy had taken over the night sky.

The bright moon slowly rose into the sky.

The temperature suddenly dropped.

The white mist spurted out of their noses and mouths, mixed with the hot air, and condensed into tiny droplets.

Kant and the cavalries had already changed their warm woolen sweaters and thicker linen covers during the dinner. They could keep their bodies warm even in the cold desert.

They continued their journey.

Their warhorse ran through dune after dune.

After they climbed over the new dune, a flat sand layer appeared in front of them.

“Is that...”

The leader of the Sarrandian Horsemen raised his head and looked forward. He stared into the distance and saw something unusual.

In the middle of the flat and layer, a two-story building stood still.

Light shone through the tightly shut doors and windows. Even though they were far away, they could still see the flames clearly under the bright starry sky.

“We’ve arrived at the posthouse,” Kant spoke out everyone’s thought.

This was precisely the desert area with the underground lake.

And that two-story building was the posthouse that Kant built a few days ago.

“That’s great.” Manid’s lips curled up slightly, and he looked relaxed.

“Let’s go.”

Kant urged his horse down the dune and led the team charged forward quickly.

It was late at night.

The construction workers at the Posthouse finished their day with work. They were chatting and resting by the fireplace.

They didn’t fall asleep yet.

But soon, they were awakened by the sound of horse hooves.

One by one, they instinctively grabbed any things around them and nervously stared at the main door.

The continent of Caradia was constantly in chaotic wars. There were bandits and marauders everywhere. Now that they had come to this world, how could they not be nervous when they had a sudden encounter in the middle of the night.

“Relax, friends of Rhodoks.”

Kant pushed the main door, lifted his hood, and said with a smile, “We’re not the enemy.”

“Oh, it’s Lord Kant!”

“Lord Kant, Good evening. It’s so nice to meet you.”

“It’s You, my Lord!”

Immediately, the construction workers from Veruga put down the chairs and wooden sticks in their hands. With their sincere looks, they put their hands on their chests and bowed in embarrassment, trying to apologize for their rude behavior.

“It’s alright.” Kant waved his hand. Of course, he wouldn’t care about such a small matter.

The cavalries moved the warhorse and the supplies into the posthouse accordingly. After a long day of travel, they were eager to rest.

But soon, the atmosphere in the posthouse became lively.

“It smells so good.” Kant sniffed. He didn’t smell it when he first came in because of his freezing nose. But now that he recovered his smell, the entire posthouse was filled with the fragrance of delicious food.

“Lord Kant, it’s toast, dried sausage, and cabbage soup.”

The construction workers quickly answered.

At the same time, they brought over the tables and chairs for eating and served the freshly cooked food from the grill.

Initially, these construction workers were planning to enjoy supper while sitting around the fireplace. It happened that Kant and the others came over with their empty bellies, so they could enjoy these free meals.

The construction workers were also willing to offer this food to Kant and the others.

“Thank you so much.”

Kant rubbed his cold face and smiled at them.

After riding through the freezing wind for the whole day, their stomach had been empty for a long time.

Now that they could eat hot food, and it was like heaven to them. Kant and the others didn’t feel ashamed, they sat down and started swallowing up every food quickly to replenish their strength.

Late-night canteen?

Kant could not help but smile. “It’s fun.”

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**Chapter 96: Firentis' Principle**

After finishing supper, Kant and the others returned to their rooms to sleep.

The posthouse was divided into two floors. Each room was used as a large bunk, which could accommodate 30 people and allow them to rest.

If the spacious living room was included, accommodating 50 people was also definitely possible. If they had opened an inn on a busy commercial road, accommodation at the inn would most likely be full every day, and they would collect so much money their hands would go weak.

However, in this civilized desert, the inn could only let Kant and the construction workers rest.

Lying on the bed, Kant rested comfortably.

He was drowsy.

When he woke up the next day, the sky outside was already somewhat bright.

Noisy sounds passed through the windows and reached his ears. Listening to the sounds, it should be from the construction workers digging the well. With a hint of laughter, it seemed that the water had already been dug out.

Kant got up and quickly put on his clothes.

When he went down to the second floor, he found out that the hall was empty. Only then did Kant realize that everyone had gathered at the construction site outside the building.

“Water is gushing out. Hurry up and use stones to cover the bottom. Don’t let the sand sink in.”

“Quick, quick, quick! It’s almost done. Ge me more stones.”

“It’s done. Just build up the walls with the stones. The bottom is already built.”

The workers were cheering.

Clearly, they achieved considerable success.

Even Manid and the cavalrymen who were watching nearby applauded.

“The well is done?”

Kant walked over.

The outlines originally drawn with lime had now become a well.

Construction workers climbed out of the well. At the same time, they steadily lay stone bricks to build the well’s wall. Under the mysterious support of the system, the well was completed. The mouth of the well even extended beyond the ground for up to half a meter. They also made a water lift out of wood and hemp rope.

“Lord Kant, the well that you instructed us to build has been completed.”

The foreman was delighted.

“Very good.” Kant nodded with a smile on his face.

The construction workers turned the water lift with all their might and pulled a bucket of well water out from the well.

The fresh well water was not muddy at all. It was undoubtedly high-grade underground lake water. The water had been nicely protected by the layers of sand and was not evaporated by the sun, becoming the lifesaving water of this desert.

“Lord, it’s all good water.”

A Sarrandian cavalryman took a sip from the bucket. Relaxed, he nodded at Kant and said, “It’s drinkable.”

“Replenish the water sacks and make sure the warhorses are given enough fresh water.”

Kant nodded. At the same time, he ordered, “We’ll set off later.”

With this posthouse and well, there was finally a transit station between the Oasis Lookout and the Stone Pass. One could even argue that, as the salt trade flourishes, another trading village could even be formed here.

After all, the Nahrin Desert was Kant’s estate in name.

Soon, the water sacks was filled with water.

The warhorses were also fed with water and fodder, and all preparations had been completed.

“You can leave at any time after the construction is complete. I will have new personnel come to the Posthouse.”

Before leaving, Kant also gave instructions to the construction workers.

“Yes, Lord Kant. ”

The foreman nodded and said apologetically and gratefully, “Lord, please do not forget to pass the letter to Sir Firentis. Thank you so, so much.”

Kant smiled gently and answered, “I won’t.”

After handling matters of the Posthouse, Kant rode his horse towards the north.

It would take at least a day to get from here to the Oasis Lookout.

However, Kant’s heart was a little more complicated.

The letter that Firentis’ father wanted to pass to Firentis was still in his pockets. Kant was still hesitating. If he lost Firentis, it would mean losing a good general from Swadia. This was, undoubtedly, a huge loss.

However, it was an unsolvable situation.

Shaking his head and smiling bitterly, Kant sighed.

It was just a letter from home. He should just go ahead and hand it to Firentis.

If another letter from home came in the future and he was found to have concealed a letter from Firentis' home in the past, the situation would be quite awkward.

He narrowed his eyes slightly.

Kant's eyes flickered slightly.

Moreover, according to Firentis' personality, the current Oasis Lookout was growing. There was a chance that he would choose not to abandon him and go back. After all, Firentis who had fully embraced and put the Knight's code and spirit into practice was not someone without principle.

Trust was also one of Firentis' principles.

With mixed feelings, Kant led his team and they galloped across the Nahrin desert.

After a break at noon, they continued to travel in the afternoon.

Finally, they saw the outline of the Oasis Lookout in the evening.

This tough and perilous journey was finally over, and it was also a complete success.

Before long, Kant and his team's return was discovered by the constantly vigilant sentries.

Ten Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen rushed over from the Oasis Lookout. Their faces were filled with joy under their flat helmets. "Lord Kant, it is truly a joy to see you again. Welcome back."

"Thank you," Kant replied with a smile.

At the same time, he looked at them, puzzled, and asked, "Where is Knights Firentis?"

"Knights Firentis is currently leading a team to patrol the northern region. We have recently discovered traces of Jackalans again. We have already repelled their assaults several times, but they are still constantly ambushing us. It is very troublesome."

The reply of the Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen made Kant frown.

"Jackalans are actually ambushing and attacking us?" Kant was in disbelief.

"Yes, but the number of Jackalans isn't high. Each time, there are only dozens of them. We can easily defeat them." The heavy cavalryman's tone was very relaxed, because he had personally killed at least ten Jackalans.

That beast-like species was simply not an opponent that could withstand a frontal assault of the Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen's attack.

Not to mention, there was the god-like flag of war, [Intimidation].

Returning to the Oasis Lookout.

It was as peaceful as ever, no different from when Kant left.

The only difference was that the Swadian soldiers maintained a higher level of vigilance and patrolled more frequently.

This was especially so for the 41 Swadian footmen, who continued to remain on standby status.

As for the 20 Ravenstern Rangers, they ate, drank, relieved themselves, and everything else on rooftops. With their archery skills and vigilant personalities, apart from being the first to fight and kill the Jackalans in close combat, they would shoot and kill the Jackalans in the desert with their heavy bows.

The charred bodies of the Jackalans were piled on top of each other and were ready to be used on the wheat fields as fertilizers.

“Lord Kant.”

Before long, Firentis, who had received the news, rushed back.

Some blood stains were on his body. Apparently, he had just been through a battle. Firentis did not hide anything and reported directly, “Those Jackalans have been attacking us like crazy. This is the second wave that we defeated today.”

“Is it that serious?” Kant frowned.

“Yes.” Firentis also nodded to Manid and said in a low voice, “There seems to be a change in the north.”

Kant was silent. His brows furrowed together.

He did not expect to receive such bad news the moment he returned to the Oasis Lookout.

“By the way.”

Kant seemed to have remembered something. He took a letter out from his pocket and handed it to Firentis in a seemingly normal manner. “This is a letter brought by the construction workers from Veruga. I believe it was commissioned by your father. Firentis, hurry up and have a look at it.”

“My... Father’s letter?” Firentis stared at the letter with a stunned expression.