

Oasis 111

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 111: The Unstopped Crises

Kant was a man of his word.

Moreover, reoccupying the salt mines was the main strategy for the development of Oasis Lookout.

Kant didn't want to see such a situation, allowing the defeated Jackalan to regain their strength in the salt mines and tribal ruins. This would give them time to develop into a strong tribe again.

Although the Nahrin Desert was vast, its resources were extremely scarce.

Kant only allowed one force to survive and develop in this barren land, and that was himself.

As for the lives of the Jackalan.

What did it have to do with him?

After lunch and a short rest, assemble order was given.

Twenty Sarrandian horsemen and twenty-five elite desert bandits were all present. They were waiting outside the east gate of the city. They were riding on horses and whispering to each other, with a sinister smile on their faces, it was obvious that they did not take this expedition to seriously.

This group of Sarrandian desert bandits had always been fearless.

With Kant around, they did not have to worry about falling into danger because they underestimated the enemy.

They were all desert bandits who licked blood on the blade. They always underestimated the enemy due to their unruly habits. Although life and death were up to fate, none of them really thought about it. With Kant leading them, they would only be more cautious.

This time, clearing out the Jackalans who had occupied the well and salt mine was just one of the tasks.

It also included the coarse salt in the salt mine. They had to bring some back and boil a batch of it.

Stone Pass did not have much patience to wait.

"Are you ready?"

Kant walked out of the city gate and looked at the 55 cavalries in front of him. He looked relaxed.

Time did not wait for them.

It would take a day to go from Oasis Lookout to the tribal ruins, not to mention that they had to go to the natural salt mines. It would take a long time to go back and forth, boil salt, and then lead the team to the Stone Pass.

It would take a week.

Firentis followed behind. When he heard the slight anxiety in Kant's voice, he said, "Everything is ready."

This attack was arranged by him. After thinking for a while and confirming that there were no mistakes, he said with certainty, "The camels and supplies are also fully prepared. Once we reach the natural salt mine, we can directly mine the coarse salt and bring it back."

"Well done.", Kant nodded in satisfaction.

Not far from these Sarrandan people, ten one-humped camels were standing there quietly.

On the backs of the camels hung bulging gunny sacks. They were all food, water sack, and bags used to store coarse salt for this trip to the deep of the Nahrin Desert. All the things were taken care of by ten peasants, and they were quite well-prepared.

The Swadian footman brought Kant's warhorse.

Stepping on the stirrups, Kant nimbly got on the horse, pulled on his hood, and ordered, "Prepare to set off."

"Prepare to set off!"

When the Sarrandian Horseman heard this, the leader of the group immediately shouted.

The originally neat cavalry formation gradually dismissed. The Sarrandian horse beneath them began to move its feet, breathing heavily. With the pull of the reins, it turned its head and slowly walked in the right direction.

Firentis, on the other hand, took a few quick steps and said to Kant, "Lord, do we really not need to bring more people?"

"No.", Kant shook his head.

Looking at the Swadian footmen standing by on the city wall, as well as the light footmen patrolling around the oasis, Kant's expression was more solemn as he said, "Your task is to defend the fortress. Communicate with Manid and assign your own areas of responsibility. I don't want to come back and find my own estate in a mess."

"Understood, Lord Kant.", Firentis said with a serious face.

But he still looked worry.

Firentis had patrolled the deep of the Nahrin Desert for many days. He clearly understood that even if the Jackalan tribe was defeated, there were still had some small Jackalan tribe that was scattered in the desert.

"Don't worry.", Kant noticed his worry and shook his head with a smile. He patted his side and said, "I still have this."

It was a long rod-shaped object that was stored in a slender linen bag.

It was as long as a lance or spear used by cavalry, but it was slightly bloated on the outside, as if it was wrapped in something.

[Intimidation]

What Kant currently possessed could be said to be a divine artifact.

Seeing the folded flag, Firentis worried expression eased slightly, but he still reminded him, "Lord, fighting on the battlefield is very dangerous. If possible, please pay attention to your safety first before considering the outcome of the battle."

"Yes, I will be careful.", Kant nodded, shook the reins, and turned his horse and galloped.

The horse's hooves stepped into the sand, leaving a shallow pit.

The entire team began to speed up, heading deeper into the Nahrin desert.

Time was tight, so they had to use their fastest speed to head to the tribal ruins.

That was the only water source around. The Jackalan who had been defeated and scattered would definitely regroup in the ruins. Although the group was not as large as before, and there was no Jackalan shaman who had mastered a mysterious power, there were still quite a lot of ordinary Jacklans.

With the current 20 Sarrandian horsemen and 25 elite desert bandits, even though they were light cavalry, it would not be a problem for them to directly charged into the formation of these ordinary Jackalan and crushing them once again.

There were two times when a bird was startled by a bow.

Moreover, [Intimidation] wasn't something to be trifled with.

It could be used to weaken the spirit of the enemy by the first round. As their comrade kept dying, the spirits of the enemy continued to drop. They could kept reducing the spirit of the enemies for few more round until it became negative. How could they continued to put up a desperate struggle and fight Kant and the others to the death?

This was simply impossible!

The footprints and traces left by the expedition last month were still clearly visible.

There was very little wind in the Nahrin desert, so the footprints and rut marks on the dune could not be removed unless there was a once-in-a-century sandstorm. Otherwise, the traces would be removed after the wind blow for a period.

But it would take at least a few months.

Therefore, Kant and the others did not worried that they moved in a wrong direction.

Following the traces of the past, the team moved forward quickly. It was quiet on the way, and they did not meet too many Jackalan.

Normally, thirty to forty Jackalans would turned around and ran when they met Kant and the others. They looked panicked, obviously afraid of Kant and his light cavalry, and did not dare to fight against them.

At first, Kant ordered to his men kill them.

However, it was a waste of time and did not yield anything at all.

Therefore, when they continued to move forward, they did not pay any attention to the small group of Jackalan. Unless there were about a hundred of them, which might cause some harm to the Oasis Lookout. Kant would give the order brazenly and raised the flag of the golden lion with a red background, he would lead the team to crush them and slaughter them all in the desert to prevent future trouble.

The speed of the troops was still very fast.

Sarrand horse and desert horse were both suitable horses for the desert.

The single humped camel was also known as the ship of the desert. Although its short-distance burst was not as good as that of the horses, its had better endurance which was suitable for long-term journey.

This was the main factor to ensure the speed of progress.

Fortunately, Kant's camel and warhorse did not caused any accidents.

According to the experience of his previous life, horses were extremely sensitive to the smell of camels and would be very afraid of them. On the other hand, camels would be irritable towards horses. If the two were put together, it would probably be a chaotic situation.

This was also why the camel cavalry was the absolute nemesis of the warhorse cavalry.

This was precisely the reason.

However, this kind of troop class could only appear in the desert. After all, in flat grasslands or other plains regions, the highly mobile warhorse cavalry was not afraid of the slow-moving camel cavalry.

However, in the desert, the camel cavalry was extremely powerful.

This had once been shown in the deserts of some regions on Earth.

Historically, the Arabs rode camels and defeated the elite warhorse cavalry of countless empires in the desert, including the Byzantine Empire, the Sassanid Empire, the Ottoman Empire, and so on.

To be honest, Kant was quite interested in this.

However, thinking that there were no standard camel cavalry in the current cavalry, he could only choose to give up.

The troops moved very fast.

They rested at dusk and prepared dinner. After nightfall, they continued to set off and did not sleep until late at night.

They traveled at dawn and soon approached the tribal ruins.

From the Oasis Lookout to the ruins of the Jackalan tribe, the cavalry could arrive in just one day. Even if there were footmen accompanying them, two days was enough. The distance was not too far.

Kant rode his horse up the dune, followed by ten Sarrandian horsemen as his guards.

“There are no sentries.”

These Sarrandian Horsemen, who belonged to the standard army, reported.

Kant snorted, “It seems that these Jackalan think that we will let them go?”

They did not even have sentries. They were really bold.

He stared at the bottom of the dune. On the originally flat desert, there was still a large area that was pitch black due to the fire. There were ruins everywhere, and there were ashes everywhere.

However, in the ruins, there were also tattered tents.

“Wait, that is...”

Kant narrowed his eyes. He discovered something unusual.

Among these tattered linen tents, there were more than ten tents made of brand new linen. Even when Kant’s eyes glanced over them, these brand new tents had a clear demarcation line with the other tattered tents.

It was just like the Chu River and Han border. Although they were close, the two did not cross paths at all.

Even the Jackalan in those simple tents did not dare to come close.

It was as if there was some kind of great terror.

Kant was not surprised by this.

Because he had already discovered that the people who appeared in these brand-new tents were Jackalan in mail armor and holding two-handed battle axes. Their fur was clean and neat. They were definitely not low-level Jackalan who lived in the desert.

“High-level Jackalans, is they coming again?” He said slowly.

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Chapter 112: The Invincible Charge

Tidy hair, strong and sturdy body, bright eyes, thick and powerful arms. These were the characteristics of the high-level Jackalan who had built the Kingdom of Gray Mane on the Mannheim Coast.

These were the characteristics of civilized people, civilized races, and people who knew modesty and etiquette.

Kant's eyes told him the truth.

The forces of the Kingdom of Gray Mane, who had once been in an unknown location, did not know where they were, and did not know when they would arrive, had already spread their forces to the south side of the Nahrin desert, carefully exploring this place.

"Damn it."

Kant squinted his eyes, lowered his head, and cursed softly.

Those ten or so brand new tents were enough to fortold that the crisis had come again.

Without the merchants, Asage, they still managed to reach this place based on the map and route map they had obtained,. They had also contacted the Jackalan that had been defeated previously and settled down here once more, establishing the foundation of the outpost base.

After thinking about it carefully, Kant was certain that when the expedition army had arrived, it would be the time to attack the Oasis Lookout.

"My Lord."

The Sarrandian horseman beside him spoke with a heavy tone, "Do we need to be ready for battle?"

"Yes.", Kant's eyes were gloomy. "I mean, right now."

"Understood.", the light cavalry behind them nodded silently. They packed their weapons, tidied up their armor, and continued to wait for Kant's orders. They gripped their spears and scimitars, ready for battle.

The slaughter would continue. This was a war for survival.

Kant would not allow the Kingdom of Gray Mane to occupy the Oasis Lookout and then attack the Dukedom of Leo.

It was not simply the responsibility of the Baron of the Nahrin Desert and as a noble of the Dukedom of Leo.

It was not for his father, Cameron the Grand Duke of Leo either.

It was for himself.

Losing the Oasis Lookout was equivalent to losing the Nahrin Desert. Losing the Nahrin Desert was equivalent to losing his fiefdom. Losing his fiefdom was equivalent to losing his noble title. Losing his noble title meant that his life had come to an end.

The gallows would eventually appear before Kant's eyes.

Within the Dukedom of Leo, the noble forces who had been glaring at him with hatred would personally place the gallows on Kant's neck and pull the trigger, let the suffocated corpses to sway like a pendulum.

Kant's expression returned to calm, but there was a thick haze in his eyes.

This was the consequence of losing the Oasis Lookout.

"It must be impossible."

His chest heaved up and down as Kant picked up the flag that was wrapped in a special long bag.

He turned his head to look at the Sarrandian light cavalries who were ready behind him, their faces looked serious and excited, he said in a deep voice, "Come, my cavalry. Let our friends know who is the true master of the Nahrin Desert!"

The flag made of velvet was pulled out, and a golden lion with red background instantly began to flutter in the wind.

[Intimidation] , activate!

"Everyone charge!"

Kant shook the reins with one hand and roared as he took the lead.

"Charge!"

Behind him, 20 Sarrandian horsemen and 25 elite desert bandits also roared as they shook the reins. A straight spear was clamped under their armpits. As the warhorse charged in high speed, they quickly passed Kant and formed a cone formation to protect him in the middle.

The cone formation was the most famous formation of the cavalry in the era of cold weapons.

It was like a sharp arrow, and also like a long awl.

The 20 Sarrandian horsemen who were fully armored were assault team, while the 25 elite desert bandits who were holding spears were the main force.

Without the slow movement speed of the footman, the entire cavalry ferociously pounced down the dune, piercing into the enemy's body with their sharp blades, completely tearing apart the enemy cavalries and their attempts to resist.

Before the enemy could even react, they were crushed!

"Rumbling--"

The sound of rolling thunder was incessant, it was weird to hear a thunder in this dry desert.

Those high-level Jackalan who were used to the warm climate of the Mannheim coast walked out of their tents and looked up at the sky in surprise. However, the expected thick dark clouds, rolling Thunder, and heavy rain did not appeared.

This made them very shocked since they came to the southern part of the Nahrin Desert, the high temperature and desolation of the desert almost driven them mad.

"It's not a heavy rain?"

Some high-level Jackalans asked in their language.

However, their companions were confused and doubtful to answer, and they had anxiety due to the high temperature.

They did not saw the fear and anxiety on the faces of the low-level Jackalanx in the tattered tents beside them. With their higher status, they had always looked down at the low-level Jacklans. They would not pay attention to their uncivilized sibling at all, despite the low-level Jackalans had become very frightened and nervous.

The tremors under their feet were getting stronger and stronger.

The rolling thunder was also getting clearer and clearer in their ears.

It even made them subconsciously think of the continuous muffled thunder when a storm appeared on the Sea of Stars.

The Kingdom of Gray Mane, did not have many overseas trade and port to begin with. Unfortunately, because the private boats of the Lizardmen and the sea patrolling of the Elven Parliament became more and more strict, they had basically lost all the possibility of sailing on their own. They could no longer see the Sea of Stars, the storm that terrified countless captains and sailors came from the supreme power of the storm monarch.

"Roar --"

The panicked howls of the low-level Jackalans broke their thoughts.

These high-level Jackalans turned their heads in confusion.

The tremors under their feet became more and more intense, and the sounds coming from their ears became louder and louder, so much so that they even felt that something was wrong. They turned their heads in shock to see dozens of figures rushing down from the dune, and their confused eyes instantly shrank.

They finally realized what the rolling thunder was the cavalry of the human race!

A rare troop class on the Coast of Mannheim.

The only ones that were similar to them were the Moondeer bow cavalry of the elf race. However, they had never seen heavily armored humans. They rode their horses with their spears and rushed over like a flood that had broken the dam, wanting to crush them into pieces!

"Awoo, awoo!"

The low-level Jackalans' terrified cries could be heard. There were even Jackalans who turned around and fled.

They had lost the confidence to continue fighting.

This made the high-level Jackalans who were still stunned to come back to their senses. All of them gathered together with solemn expressions. They held their battle axes in both hands tightly. This heavy weapon made them feel confident in their hearts.

They were not those ignorant and uncivilized low-level Jackalans.

Looking at the charging speed of the human cavalry, they knew that they could not run far with their own legs.

They could only fight back!

With their sturdy and strong bodies, the strongest melee race in Mannheim Coast, how could the high-level Jackalan warriors with two-handed battle axes lose to those weak humans?

Even if they were riding on horses, these strong Jackalan warriors only looked ferocious and fearless.

In a head-on fight, they had never been afraid of anyone!

However..

The human cavalry was getting closer and closer, and the rolling sound of thunder swept through their minds.

They can felt the faint tremors became stronger and stronger under the sand they tampered on, and even their feet could feel the violent tremors.

This caused them to lose their courage for some unknown reason.

The hearts of the 30 over Jackalan soldiers, who were holding onto their battle axes, wearing mail armor and linen robe, were beating fast.

Their mouths were dry and their tongues were parched.

They felt a strong urge to urinate in their stomachs.

As they watched the human cavalry approaching, their figure becoming clearer and clearer, and even seeing the red flag in their hands, the high-level Jackalans soldiers felt ashamed of themselves of being cowardly.

However, they couldn't change anything.

The human cavalry became faster and faster, and the rumbling thunder became louder and louder, and the vibrations became more and more intense.

The 3-meter-long spear approached closer and closer.

Finally, the two sides came into contact.

The spear pierced through the chest of the Jackalan. Their seemingly sturdy mail armor couldn't block the sharp spear, and it pierced through the back of the Jackalan easily. Along with the irresistible force of inertia, the spear continued to pierce into the chest of the another high-level Jackalan at the back, pushing them to retreat. They looked at front of them in despair, unable to retaliate at all.

The spear that pierced through them in an instant also took away all their strength. They that had been invincible in the Mannheim coast, yet they could not even held the two-handed battle axe and could only let it fall to the ground.

The horses neighed in their ears. These Jackalans could even see the human faces on the horses.

Indifference, coldness, and undisguised disdain in their eyes.

Because they could not fight back at all.

Because their bodies were continuing to stepped back.

Because all of their chests were strung up by long spears, they were pushed and knocked by the human cavalry. They retreated helplessly, and did not have any strength to fight back. They even no longer held their weapons, and they fell to the ground shamefully.

"Ka-cha... Ka-cha... Ka-cha... Ka-cha... Ka-cha... Ka-cha..."

A series of crisp sounds appeared.

The long spears hooked by the Jackalan sent them flying for a few meters. Finally, due to the instant blast and inertia, these refined military spears could no longer withstand the force and weight, and they broke apart with ka-cha.

However, the horsemen were already prepared.

They were all well-trained and the most elite cavalry.

Without hesitation, they abandoned the broken spear and urged their horses to knock away the Jackalans that had been strung together. They continued to rush towards the open space behind them and slowed down. They turned their horses around and stretched out their hands to pull out the scimitars on their waists.

Once they were ready to charge again, the cavalries tightened their reins and stood still.

Because of their charge..

The regrouped high-level Jackalan had all been wiped out.

They fell to the ground miserably.

The broken spear pierced into their chests, and fresh blood dyed the sand red.

No one could stand up.

And no one could survive.

The leading high-level Jackalan struggled to turn its head, and used its last bit of strength to look at the human cavalries with scimitars in their hands. Its eyes were filled with extreme fear and disbelief.

"This... is this the human's... cavalry..."

It slowly opened its mouth, but the blood gushing out of its throat was unable to make it say a single word.

However, fear was in its mind.

This was completely different from the human sailors they met on the Sea of Stars or in the port of the Mannheim Coast.

Those humans might be a little cunning, but they were not powerful.

There were no such warriors on horseback on the merchant ships. When they were being blackmailed by the Jackalan officials, they would only smile. Even if they encountered Jackalan pirates, they would at most wave their longsword to resist.

They definitely had never encountered such a brazen and almost invincible charge.

"No... impossible..."

The heart that had been pierced and destroyed by the spearhead could no longer supply blood, causing its brain to start suffocating.

Its eyes had also lost sight, and it could only laid on the sand.

This was very uncomfortable, but it could not did anything anymore. A thought suddenly appeared in its final consciousness, and that was that the Kingdom of Gray Mane had used up all its strength to put together an expedition army that would set off in a month's time. It seemed to be in great danger.