

## Oasis 113

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

#### Chapter 113: Orders to Destroy the Well

"Whoa ---"

Kant tightened his grip on the reins, and his warhorse finally slowed down as he moved forward.

The Sarrandian Horsemen and the desert bandits beside him also slowed down their horses and gathered around Kant. Some of them held their machetes tightly in their trembling right hands, and their expressions were extremely cold.

They had just experienced a battle, and the enemies who dared to block them were crushed.

Even now.

These bandits from the Sarrandian desert were in disbelief.

They didn't understand why these Jackalan Heavy Infantrymen were so confident that they dared to face the spear of the cavalry head-on when the cavalry was charging at its maximum speed.

If they spread out, they wouldn't be annihilated in the first round of charging.

That was why Kant's men's right hands were trembling.

It wasn't because they were excited, nor was it because they were afraid. It was because of the reaction force when they came into contact with the Jackalan's Heavy Infantrymen during the charge. It caused their right hand and arm, which had been well trained, to suffer a considerable impact.

It would probably take two to three days for them to fully recover.

They could continue charging at such a large scale and intensity, but their arms would suffer irreversible damages.

Fortunately, the battle had already ended.

"It's over."

Kant's voice sounded with a hint of fatigue.

They had traveled all the way here and had to go into battle before they had time to rest. Most of their energy was used up.

The thirty or so Jackalan that dared to resist were killed on the spot.

The three hundred low-level Jackalan around them fled in great disorder. They didn't even dare to resist before vanishing into the vast sea of sand around them. They seemed to have suffered severe psychological trauma, so they couldn't organize a counterattack in a short time.

In fact, no Jackalan organized a counterattack.

No one would go on a suicide mission, even the savage, and uncivilized lower-level Jackalan.

They all knew fear.

"Lord Kant, do we still need to chase after them?"

The Sarrandian Horseman beside him spoke.

The surrounding Sarrandian Horsemen were also eager to give it a try. Their eyes swept across the dunes around them and were gleaming with undisguised excitement and obvious intention to kill because they felt that they had reached a critical point.

A quantitative change would cause a qualitative change. This was considered the critical point of rebirth.

However, Kant rejected their request to pursue, "There's no need."

Slowly letting out a breath, Kant ordered in a deep voice, "Let our caravan come over. Let's rest here and set up a temporary camp. Those fleeing Jackalans could never outrun our Warhorse. I don't want any accidents to happen."

"Understood," An elite desert bandit nodded and immediately rode his horse towards the dune where they were charging from.

When they charged, they left behind the caravan and the peasants.

The single-humped camels loaded with supplies and the peasants holding a long scythe were not the valiant and invincible cavalry on the battlefield. They could not even fight the low-level Jackalans holding a spiked club, not to mention the high-level Jackalan warriors.

Kant no longer needed the low-level infantrymen to risk their lives for the future.

These Sarrandian Light Cavalrymen were enough to deal with most of the problems.

Soon, the 10 peasants hiding behind the dune carried long scythe in their arms and led the 10 single-humped camels down the dunes. Joy was written all over their faces, they knew about the victory of this battle.

"Set up the tents."

Kant looked at the empty space around them. At the same time, he gave detailed instructions, "Go and check the well out. I hope there's no problem."

"Understood." The accompanying peasants immediately took action.

The elite desert bandits also dismounted and helped setting up the tents. At the same time, they also found some temporary stoves and started to prepare food. They had not eaten breakfast yet and were starving.

The Sarrandian Horsemen were responsible for cleaning the battlefield.

Even without Kant's arrangement, they could still do their jobs in an orderly manner.

The tent was set up.

The sandpit inside was done.

The old tent was set on fire. With the addition of the wood they brought, the temporary grill was officially completed.

Slices of bread, dried meat, and dried sausage were placed beside the bonfire to be heated up.

Together with a few date palms, breakfast was ready.

Of course, everyone also had a piece of date honey sweet, which had just been made successfully yesterday. The delicious and sweet taste filled their mouths, and the soldiers, who were used to eating salty and hard dried meat, were very satisfied.

There was also cool well water from the well, which was used by the soldiers, who had traveled for a long time, to clean themselves up and to scrub their bodies.

With this kind of leisure, it did not feel like a war, but more like an outing.

This was the treatment of a victor.

After breakfast, Kant also washed up a little. The cold well water was applied on his face and body with a towel. The tiredness from last night's journey seemed to have been washed away, and after this enjoyable battle, he became energetic.

He walked toward the well nearby.

The edge of the well was blackened by the fire, but the water wheel that was burned had been replaced with a new one.

It seemed to be changed by the high-level Jackalans.

The water was not only needed to keep their bodies hydrated but also to wash their body hair. Compared to the low-level Jackalans who didn't know what etiquette was, these high-level Jackalans cared more about their appearance.

"Lord, we can't keep this well."

The Sarrandian Horseman behind Kant said with a solemn tone, "This will become the enemy's aid."

"That's right," Kant nodded.

The high-level Jackalans had appeared here again. Asage, the captive, said that the expeditionary army would soon appear in the south of the Nahrin Desert, and this well would be their first stop.

It would probably take 30 days to cross the edge of the Devil's Land that had no water or vegetation.

Even if they brought a large number of supplies, those would probably be used up when they were here.

The expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane would urgently need to replenish their water supply. This well was two meters in diameter and was directly connected to the underground water. The well that was once able to meet the needs of close to 2,000 Jackalans would be a life-saving straw to them.

It would also be the greatest help in conquering the Oasis Lookout.

Oasis Lookout was the most suitable outpost, and those Jackalan definitely wouldn't give up.

"I must destroy this well."

Kant made up his mind.

He could have the caravan bring more water sack to solve the drinking water problem, but he wasn't willing to let this well become the enemy's supply station.

Leaving the well would be irresponsible and would lead to the most serious consequences.

Fortunately, they discovered it in time and sensed that the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane was coming. They only needed to dig up the edge of the well and pour a lot of sand into it. They could level the well with the surrounding ground, and no one would see any traces of it.

And if Kant won the battle in the future, or if he wanted to continue to develop this place, he only needed to look for the well carefully.

The walls of the well were all ready-made.

By then, they only needed to dig along the stone walls of the well and dig up the sand again. This well, which was connected to the underground water, would continue to exist in the desert and become Kant's aid.

Of course, only Kant knew about this.

Those low-level Jackalans could not tell the exact location of the well.

This would make the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane, who reached the southern part of the Nahrin Desert after a long journey, helpless. They would continue to advance toward the Oasis Lookout with their exhausted bodies. Eventually, they would be destroyed by the desert, and Kant's victory would be achieved.

They did as they were told. The peasants and cavalrymen who had finished their breakfast came over to help.

After replenishing their sacks with the well water, they started to cover the well up.

It did not take much effort to fill a well in the desert. The amount of sand on the surrounding dunes was immeasurable.

Sacks of sand were poured into the well and blocked the bottom of the well.

This was not a small project.

They worked from the morning until noon. After resting, they continued to work. When it was almost afternoon, more than 60 people finally completely filled the well with sand. They even tore down the stones that formed the wall of the well and threw them inside. They continued to fill the well with sand until the place was completely flattened and no traces of the well could be seen.

They continued to rest. After eating dinner, Kant ordered, "Let's go."

They had other important matters to attend to after a busy day.

They still needed to clean up the Jackalans in the natural salt mine. The linen sacks carried by the 10 one-humped camels had to be filled up with coarse salt, and only then, was their mission accomplished.

Taking advantage of the dusk, they continued to move forward in the desert.

As the stars appeared, the coldness had already penetrated through their clothes, it was unbearable.

After they had traveled nearly half the distance, Kant ordered them to set up camp.

They didn't know if there were still Jackalans at the natural salt mine, or if there would be more high-level Jackalans. Therefore, it was critical to maintain their energy and physical strength on their way to the salt mine was

Nothing happened during the night.

They woke up early the next morning.

After breakfast, they went on with their journey and soon arrived at the salt mine in the morning.

In the vast desert, the white salt and alkaline land spread to the horizon. These were all precious resources formed after the salt lake dried up.

Kant looked around and didn't find any Jackalan.

However, the tents they destroyed the last time they came and the bodies of the Jackalans had disappeared.

The exact situation was unknown.

However, according to Kant's understanding of the Jackalan that lived in the desert, when they were hungry, even their own kind would be listed on their menu. So, they would not care at all about eating corpses.

"Peasants, collect the coarse salt. Hurry up."

Kant turned his head and ordered. At the same time, he said in a deep voice, "Sarrandian Horsemen, stand by. Desert Bandits, spread out and scout."

"Understood!" Everyone replied.

Kant had less and less time left.

He needed to improve his strength as fast as possible.

Kant was not confident about relying entirely on the protection of the current Oasis Lookout when the expeditionary army from the Kingdom of Grey Mane arrived. After all, he did not know how many troops there would be.

However, since these troops could carry out expeditions, they would definitely be in large numbers and would not be too weak.

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

#### **Chapter 114: The Tragic Fate After Defeat**

The expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane was like the Sword of Damocles hanging above Kant's head. It would appear anytime, putting him in the most dangerous situation. One wrong step and he would be in the abyss of eternal damnation.

Time was not on Kant's side because he did not have the initiative and could only passively accept it.

This was undoubtedly the reason that made Kant the most anxious he had ever been.

He had not become the strongest. To the enemy, Kant's Oasis Lookout and the "Dronnheim" that had changed from a village to a fortress, was still weak. Even if he had the power to fight back, it was still not enough to make the enemy worry.

This was contempt, confidence in their own strength, and they were underestimating Kant.

And to Kant, this might be the enemy's flaw.

He must return to Oasis Lookout as soon as possible and try to be fully prepared.

The experience gained from this attack and the coarse salt that he brought back could all become Kant's strength in the shortest amount of time, preparing him for the next battle.

After the small battles along the way and the battle at the tribal ruins, the original five Sarrandian Horsemen were already very well prepared and could be upgraded to Kant's another Class 5 troop at any time. This type of heavy cavalry was as good as the Swadian Knight in the original version which was the king in the desert, the Mamluke!

Kant's only Class 5 troop was different from the Class 5 Raventern Rangers. As archers, they only had a supporting role in the war.

On the other hand, these heavy cavalry, which was the strongest in the desert, were the true force that could charge into the enemy's formation. They were invincible and could tear apart the enemy's troops and destroy them. They were the symbol of true power!

Although there were only five of them, they were like the sharpest blades among the longswords.

This was because they had already become the most crucial and terrifying weapon.

These five Mamlukes led Kant's current 50 Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen, as well as the 15 Sarrandian Horsemen, 25 elite Desert Bandits, and perhaps the 20 desert bandits who could be recruited every week in the future.

This was like breaking the surface through a single point.

A cavalry of fewer than 100 people was enough to crush an army of more than 1,000 people from the front and directly cut it into halves.

Moreover, with the experience of the others, their power was likely to reach its peak.

Before the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane arrived, Kant would have this Sarrandian Cavalry clear the desert.

They would intercept and kill small groups of Jackalans.

It would also help them obtain a large amount of experience as soon as possible and finally go to a higher level.

The Sarrandian Horsemen and elite Desert Bandits were both light cavalry. There was no need to worry about the Swadian Heavy Cavalry. Although they were a Class 4 troop, they could not go deep into the desert to fight alone, but as long as they brought enough food and water, they could fight everywhere.

Therefore, what Kant lacked was time.

“What a pity!” He frowned and sighed in his heart. “The power is not in my hands.”

While he was thinking, a Sarrandian horseman quickly came over and reported, “Lord, everything has been collected.”

“Hmm, that was quick.” Kant nodded and praised.

On the salt-alkali land not far away, the peasant used tools to collect the coarse salt that could be taken anywhere. All of it was packed in sacks and carefully tied up. They were placed on the backs of the 10 one-humped camels that came with them. The bulging sacks were filled with coarse salt and were put on the camels steadily. They looked heavy, but to these camels, who were used to carrying things, they were nothing out of the ordinary.

Back then, the Arabic merchants relied on these one-humped camels, known as the Ship of the Desert, to form a large-scale caravan. They crossed the vast desert and harsh desert, selling goods from the east and the west. The profits were quite substantial.

“Inform the surrounding desert bandits.”

Kant opened his mouth and instructed the Sarrandian Horseman beside him, “We are preparing to return.”

“Understood.” The Sarrandian Horseman nodded and immediately rode off.

The elite Desert Bandits had already spread out, forming a five-man team to repeatedly scout the surroundings. They were either holding machetes to chase after and kill the small groups of Jackalans who thought that they were lucky and stayed nearby. While ensuring the caravan’s safety, it also happened to increase their battle merits.

Of course, these battle merits were what Kant understood as a battle experience.

No one would be willing to accept the status quo.

They were all living people with their own ideas.

Becoming a powerful and respected Top-Class troop was their lifelong pursuit. Of course, they were willing to work hard.

Moreover, they all saw their hope.

In this miracle land, under the leadership of Lord Kant, there were already seniors who were about to become the Mamluke.

This was a goal that every Sarrandian soldier was after.

“Harrumph —”

The desert horses beneath them snorted, and the elite Desert Bandits that had dispersed gradually retreated.

However, they weren't fast.

Because beside them, Jackalans with their heads lowered were walking side by side. Their bodies were covered in tattered animal skin and linen, and the spiked club that was in their hands had disappeared.

It seemed that these low-level Jackalans had been captured. They even let go of their weapons and chose to surrender.

They returned to the salt mine.

Kant looked at the prisoners, there were close to 300 low-level Jackalans. He was also stunned.

Turning his head to look at the elite Desert Bandits, he could not help but shake his head and laugh. He asked, “This really puzzled me. Why did you bring back so many captives when you went out to investigate? And these Jackalans actually obediently surrendered?”

“In fact, Lord, as you can see.”

These elite Desert Bandits shrugged and said helplessly at the same time, “They really surrendered.”

The Sarrandian horsemen were standing guard at the side. Although their spears were broken during the charge, the shiny Elite Scimitars were tightly held in their hands as they were vigilantly watching those dirty and sloppy low-level Jackalan. If there were any unusual movements, they would just barge in and kill them.

Even Kant found it hard to believe, not to mention the others, that these uncivilized, savage low-level Jackalans actually chose to surrender to them.

Just like it was theoretically impossible for Kant and his Oasis Lookout to surrender to the expeditionary army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane and the high-level Jackalans from the Mannheim Coast.

They were not of the same race. They were even hostile races who fought for the hegemony of the desert and survival.

There was not much difference between surrender and death. The final result was still the same...

Death!

It was just a matter of time. If they resisted, they would still have a small chance of surviving.

But once they surrendered, how could Kant let them go?

Kant snorted and stretched out his hand to instruct the elite Desert Bandits, “Since they have chosen to surrender, bring all of them back. The mine owners of the Snowfield iron mines in the Kingdom of Vaegirs were never short of Denar!”



Leniency?

It did not exist for Kant.

Which race and which power would be lenient and let their enemies go when they were on the rise?

It was just like an ancient country that had developed since ancient times, it had almost occupied half of Asia, and its enemies had been reduced to ashes one by one. Could it be that these territories were all given to it as a reward?

What a joke.

Being merciful to his enemies was being cruel to himself.

Kant preferred to eradicate the roots of the problem!

“Yes, My Lord.”

The elite Desert Bandits responded, but their actions were not polite at all.

They pulled out their scabbards that were hanging on their waists and slapped the back of these low-level Jackalans’ heads or cheeks. Those Jackalans, who had lost their morale and wildness, quickly gathered together.

Some people brought hemp ropes to tie up the Jackalans’ hands and feet.

Although they were Jackalans, they looked no different from 300 dogs.

Kant looked at these Jackalans coldly.

He felt extremely complicated. The losers of the battle were so miserable. Only the winners had the right to be arrogant. If he didn’t want to be like the losers, other than winning the difficult battles, he needed to become stronger.

“Let’s go.” Kant got on the horse, turned around, and left.

“Let’s go.”

The elite Desert Bandits also yelled. They used the scabbard in their hands to hit the faces of the slower Jackalans.

Some used too much strength and the Jackalans were badly mutilated. Even a few of their teeth were knocked out.

But so what.

The Jackalans who had chosen to surrender and become captives didn’t have the slightest bit of courage and savagery that they used to have. Although they were generally more like animals than humans, under the threat of death, they behaved more rationally.

Since they had surrendered, they did not want to die.

The whole team began to turn back.

Their speed was not fast because of the load on the caravan and the Jackalan captives.

They still ate their meals on time, set off at dawn, rested at noon, traveled in the evening, and slept at night. Their schedules were very regular.

There were no longer any Jackalans in the tribal ruins that had been destroyed by Kant.

After losing the well, this place had lost its value of existence.

In the vast desert sea, there might be oases with other water sources, but they were extremely rare. It was extremely difficult for these low-level Jackalans to find them, and even if they found them, they wouldn't be able to support too many Jackalans.

The Nahrin Desert was known as a desert for civilizations, a forbidden area for other races. It didn't exist in the poems that the poets sang but in the lessons of blood and tears.

The days of these low-level Jackalans, even if they were patient, became more and more miserable.

Of course, Kant did not care.

It would be better if all these Jackalans died in the desert so that he would not have to go back again in the future to eliminate them.

Two days and two nights passed.

The troops led by Kant finally returned to the Oasis Lookout.

They had tonnes of coarse salt but were short of water and food. The 300 Jackalan captives could not even walk properly anymore.