

Oasis 131

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 131: Pirates of the JACKALAN

"Howl –"

Hoarse and hateful wolf howls appeared at the salt mines.

The head of Jackal pirates chief, his scarred face was filled with the wrath of an outcast.

They carried supplies themselves around the Devil's Zone, from the Mannheim coast to the southern part of the Nahrin Desert, even didn't find the corresponding team, let alone the camp that should have been built.

They had been almost exhausted, whose heart gushed out endless killing intention.

It wasn't easy to make the long journey to get here.

The clean water in the water sacks had long since been drunk, and now were filled with stinky urine, but even this kind of filth, which would have made them vomit and been spurned by any civilized high-level jackal, was the guarantee of their current lives.

This was because their supplies had already reached the desperate point of exhaustion.

In the vast dunes, no one knew which one would be their grave.

"Something's wrong."

The head of the pirates chief stopped howling and his eyes were bloodshot.

He looked down and swept his gaze across the white bones scattered on the ground, looking at the teeth marks, stepped on them with his full of gray furry claws. He stomped hard on them, and the slender leg bones smashed into bone slag with a "click".

The other Jackal pirates one after another gathered around.

With ferocious looks on their faces.

Since they were dispatched to the southern part of the Nahrin Desert, they were ready to die.

But not for lack of water.

The pirate leader looked down at the dune, where the trail was clearly stepped on, pulled out his two-handed battle-axe from his back, and growled in a low voice, hoarse from lack of water: "To that low-level tribe of the Jackals, we will use our battle-axes to get clean well water, and... a lot of cannon fodder rushing in front of us!"

"Howl –"

The howls of despire, almost like a beast were emitted from the throats of the Jackals .

They were ready.

Since the squad of soldiers dispatched in advance, had encountered with an accident.

In such extreme conditions, the camps prepared for them were destroyed, and their corpses were eaten by these uncivilized low-level Jackals in the desert. It was obvious that an irreversible conflict had occurred between the two sides.

“Let’s go.”

The pirate leader led the way down the dune.

The Jackal pirates stepped behind them.

Many took out the water sacks in their arms which were quite shrivelled, and obviously there was not much left, but they still pulled out the stoppers for the rest of the trek, letting the stinky liquid pour into into their stomachs along the thirsty throats.

The malevolence on everyone’s faces grew stronger.

They came to the south of the Nahrin Desert in order to conquer the human kingdom and establish a colony dominated by the higher Jackals, not for fun and easy outings.

A full set of chain-mail and two-handed axes were necessary for the expedition.

Therefore, they did not have much food and water.

This was also why, when the Graymane kingdom failed to contact Asage, they immediately dispatched a new team of elite Jackal warriors over here, in order to take the lead in establishing a camp for the following up troops.

This trek, after all, would last a full 30 days.

They would also have to carry heavy weapons, as well as personal supplies to bypass the dangerous and scorching Devil’s Zone.

They had reached their limit at the salt mines.

Just as they were now.

According to the plan, the elite teams that arrived in advance would set up camp.

They would also establish an alliance with the Jackal Shaman, who had the same wisdom in the largest lower Jackal tribe. After the arrival of the real expeditionary force, they would be included into the cannon fodder forces, becoming a stepping stone for the higher Jackal to conquer the human kingdom. It was a perfect plan and took many factors into consideration.

Just unexpectedly, there was still an accident.

A day and a night later.

300 Jackal pirates dragged themselves, exhausted, to the lower tribes of Jackal that existed on the map.

However, they looked at the flat desert in front of them with shock and confusion.

The entire flat sandy ground was covered with burning ashes, and there were charred corpses all over the ruins, even the bits of bone that had been gnawed on.

Those low-level Jackals weren't afraid to use their own kind as food.

"What is this?"

The pirate leader's eyes were stunned.

The anger that had already been ready to fight off all these lower Jackals dissipated as quickly as a sandtower washed away by the waves, leaving only the despair and disbelief from the bottom of their hearts.

What was already certain was not what they had imagined at all. It was these lower Jackals who had brazenly killed their elite squads and expedition caravans in defiance of their enslavement.

Their inferences turned out to be wrong!

"This..." The elite Jackal pirates were also staring in horror at the ruins .

Their drinking water had been completely depleted.

Including the stinky urine.

Even after drinking the water, they couldn't urinate much because the heat of the Nahrin Desert had evaporated the water in their bodies along with the sweat, never turning back into urine, a life-saving liquid.

"Roar..."

But not far away from the ruins, there was a howl of uneasiness.

At the same time, down in the earth, a group of low, silt-covered Jackals crawled out of the pit. Looking at these 300 strong higher Jackals, they let out a whisper like wild beasts.

It was like a warning and a declaration of the sovereignty for their own territory.

"The lower races."

The pirate leader muttered a curse in Jackal language.

"That... Look at those guys' chins!" But behind him, the Jackal pirate's voice was tinged with excitement: "Chief, look at those damn lower races, they seem to have drunk water!"

Many Jackal pirates pulled out their two-handed axes behind them.

All of them were breathing fast.

Even the pirate leader saw the lower Jackal that had crawled out of the hole, his gray fur dripping wet, and dripping from his chin and neck.

Apparently, these lower Jackals had just drunk the water.

"Roar —"

The pirate leader's eyes immediately were scarlet, filling with malevolence.

And, with a wild roar, he and his subordinates darted forward, causing the dozens of lower Jackals to wail in horror and flee toward the surrounding dunes like cowards who were pissing their pants.

These Jackal pirates didn't care about these lower races.

In their opinion, these lower Jackals should be afraid of them.

Arrived at the pit, there were sand and stones scattered everywhere.

At the bottom of the pit, which had been dug down by claws to a depth of nearly seven meters, the sunlight shone in and a small pool of water, the size of a washbasin, could be clearly seen seeping out.

But this was indeed water.

It could survive!

The Jackal pirate leader, who was extremely thirsty, directly jumped down and gulped down the little fresh water at the bottom, his eyes extremely ferocious, but he did not drink much for too long.

Back to the top, he growled in a low voice: "Three sips each, quickly!"

There was not much fresh water trapped by sand at the bottom .

That was about three sips per person.

It was even insufficient.

At last there was only wet sand left in the pit, but even this was stuffed into the mouths of some pirates who had not drunk enough water and sucked hard to absorb the water their bodies desperately needed.

If they did not drink water, these higher Jackals would all die of thirst.

"What exactly happened?"

The Jackal leader could not help but mutter to himself.

It looked around at the still dark ruins, obviously the marks of the fire.

His mouth was still thirsty, but its emotions were extremely complicated, and even fear was in his eyes: "Could it be, those human kingdoms have already discovered our plan?"

The Jackal pirates beside him were silent.

After drinking the water, now they no longer had the despair that they could go all out at any time like before.

Instead more desire to live.

No one was really willing to die.

But they all knew that it was impossible for them to return to the coast of Mannheim now and that they had no resources to return, for they had lost this water source, and that all the pirates who came here would die of thirst in three days. It was the same no matter how much their talent made them endure.

Without water, one would die of thirst, the basic element of life.

"Sentry Oasis, let's go there."

"Take a day's rest here, then we'll go south, where the map indicates an oasis with springs and desert antelopes for food." He spoke slowly and gravely, looking to the south.

The Jackal pirates behind him were extremely moved

They had all heard of this point on the map and it was also the place where the expedition army would build an outpost base in the future.

But now, they were all out of spirit.

And also physical strength was almost exhausted.

The only way to reach the sentry oasis after a three-day journey was to get a small amount of water from the excavated puddle, or to fill their own water sacks to strengthen their mental and physical strength.

They did not have enough physical strength to travel through the desert at their top speed.

There was madness in the eyes of the Jackal pirate leader.

He had already made up his mind.

Even if there were human troops in the sentry oasis, he would take his subordinates and easily slaughter those extremely weak humans in close combat, just like on the sea of stars.

On the deck of the merchant ship, the humans were not their opponents.

Now they were on land that the Jackals do best.

He believed that even if its subordinates lost the combat effectiveness due to the lack of water, the same is not those weak humans can compare. They would easily win!

"Howl –"

The howls echoed through the surrounding dune, carrying with the vague language and despair of the lower Jackals, as well as the words of a beast that did not know what to say.

The lower Jackals had no words or language, so their voices were much higher than those of the beasts.

"The lower group of races."

The pirate leader's eyes looked at the lower Jackals that stuck its head out from behind the surrounding dunes and grinned ferociously: "Ready-made cannon fodder."

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 132: Refugees Who Arrived Before the War

The scorching sun was burning in the sky.

The sun's mighty power enveloped the Nahrin Desert, as if even the air was about to be burned up.

It was noon.

But just north of sentry oasis, among the continuous dunes, a squadron of ten desert bandits roamed on their horses, spears clutched in their hands, their leather shields strapped to their left arm.

It was obvious that this patrol had prepared them for battle.

"Harrumph..."

This was the sound of the desert horses snorting in annoyance.

The sun in the desert was already quite strong. It was noon now, and the temperature was soaring rapidly.

With a tap on the horse's belly, the ten desert bandits shook the reins and turned the horses' necks, ready to return the way they had come and finish their patrol deep into the desert.

Their patrol was serious and careful.

Make sure there was no problem in this area before they choose to leave.

However, they didn't know that right at the tribal ruins, the expedition army from the Kingdom of Greymane had already sent an advance team, which was the 300 powerful Jackal pirates, and successfully trekked there.

And took over the well in tribal ruins and worked together to extract more groundwater.

The news did not come through.

Kant did not set up a sentry post or posthouse in the tribal ruins.

But the system had given a warning. The "Drondheim" fortress was ready, all troops were on standby, ready to meet any enemy troops may appear at any time.

The Desert bandits rode back to the Sentry Oasis.

The ruling hall with a height of 10 meters and the arrow tower with four corners were the first to enter the eye.

Then there was the seven-metre-high wall reinforced with lofts.

The awe-inspiring defense had been completed. Soldiers stood on the entire city defense, from the arrow towers to the attic, or to the top of the ruling hall, the archers were all vigilantly scanning the area they were in charge of.

No army would be able to approach the sentry oasis quietly.

The archer's eyesight was always very good.

The city gate opened slowly.

Ten Swadian light infantry walked out with spears.

Not far away, the desert bandits who had spread out to scout and patrol had all returned, and under the supervision of these light infantry, were walking into the heart of the fort with their desert horses.

The "Dronnheim" fortress had been placed under high martial law.

The management was extremely strict.

This was a good habit brought upon the Caradian land.

Martial law was common in fortresses and towns during the chaos of the war.

Not only did entering the fort require queuing up on foot, rather than riding in on horseback, but any soldier or civilian who wanted to go out had to ask for permission from their superiors in advance.

This was to prevent spies from giving away internal information.

Although it was impossible for the current "Dronnheim" to have spies, this habit was still maintained.

It was always good to be strict.

The aroma of cooking began to spread, and lunch was ready.

Strong peasant women carried their lunches to the wall with wicker baskets on their backs. The crossbow men would take their meals and rest in groups to ensure that the guard level did not decrease.

So did the infantry and cavalry in the tents already raised under the walls.

Inside the ruling hall.

Kant sat in his chair eating the food on the table in front of him.

Manide and Firentis sat on opposite sides of the long table, also eating.

A hearty lunch was delivered from the kitchen, consisting mainly of toast and fried mutton chops, with a side dish of fried eggs and stewed gruel of mince and wheat, and, for dessert, honey-covered croutons.

The trio's lunches, sprinkled with increasingly rare spices, were delicious.

But Kant looked calm.

Although he was skillfully eating the lamb chops with a knife and fork, he asked: "Have you noticed anything unusual recently?"

"No," Firentis replied.

"Everything is normal," Manide replied.

Kant's eyes twitched: "This is really not good news."

The discovery of the enemy meant that he had already grasped the enemy's movements.

And the fact that he had not discovered the enemy all this time also meant that the enemy was still out of his grasp and in an unknown state, which made Kant anxious, and even the delicious lunch could not feel the taste of it at all.

Firentis frowned: "Lord, why don't I lead a team to investigate further?"

"It's too dangerous." Kant overruled his proposal.

Swallowing the mutton chop he was chewing, Kant said in a low voice: "Perhaps it will take some time for our enemies to reach the sentry oasis with his troops. After all, it is still two days' ride from the natural salt mines."

"On foot, it will take three days," Manide added.

Kant nodded: "That's it."

There was silence in the hall.

Kant raised his head again: "But we have to make preparations."

Manide and Firentis looked up at him.

"If I remember correctly," Kant narrowed his eyes slightly and said, "My fellow countrymen should have done all the work in the morning, bringing in the contents of the whole agricultural and pastoral areas."

"Yes." Manide nodded.

Kant was talking about *Achnatherum splendens*, which could be used as green fodder, as well as chicken nests, beehives and so on.

But he still reminded him: "Lord Kant, the five acres of date palm tree on our north side are still unfelled. If the enemy does come, we will not be able to cut them down in a short time."

"There is no time..."

Kant put the lamb chops in his mouth, looked at Firentis beside him and said calmly: "Then burn them all."

"Got it." Firentis nodded.

They will not leave anything behind to help the enemy with the possibility of a siege.

Although the troops in the fortress were well-equipped and well-trained veterans, Kant was not sure in his mind if he would be able to have the advantage in close combat when faced with the strong Jackals who had mail armor and two-handed battle axes.

The battle for the city wall could begin only after the enemy had exhausted themselves.

If they wanted to fight for the city wall at the very beginning...

It meant that the soldiers stationed in the fortress were too lax to give up so obvious a weakness and a vital point to the Jackals, which was absolutely unacceptable to Kant.

"In that case," Kant ordered, "Ask all the civilians to cut down all the date palm tree in the afternoon."

"Got it." Manide nodded.

But with some reluctance on his face, he hesitated: "The date trees are in flower, the bees can still gather honey, and the dates can be produced in a month at most."

"Cut it down." Kant repeated, shaking his head.

This was something that could not be helped.

To be safe, they had to lose something.

Just like the date palm tree in these five acres of land, if they succeeded in harvesting it, they would obtain 240 baskets of dates.

If the caravan of Zhivardin had bought the dates, the total value of the 240 baskets would have been 12,000 dinars, which was more than the village mine balance in Kant today. It is a huge amount!

The most important thing was that, mixed with honey, Kant could brew a large amount of date palm sugar.

This kind of product that could bring sweetness and satisfy the tongue was also a luxury that the noble families in the dukedom of Leo, who could only rely on fruit and honey to obtain sweetness, were passionate about and pursued!

Even turning dates into candied fruit could sell at a high profit!

In the Kingdom of Lion, which lacked seasonings.

The value of salt, sugar, and spices often represented a huge sum of money.

Kant chuckled. Although there was still regret in his eyes, he still said calmly: "We will get more date groves in the future. This is just a trade-off for the sake of war."

"Yes." Firentis and Manide nodded.

Lunch was over soon.

Manide was the first to leave. He had to arrange for the peasant to cut down the date palm tree and try to complete the work before nightfall.

After reporting the arrangements for the city defense, Firentis also took leave.

They are both very busy.

The most leisurely, perhaps, was the Lord Kant, who spent much of his day inspecting the various points of the fort, or listening to reports from both, making final decisions, and making arrangements for himself.

It was just like cutting down the date palm forest.

As a Lord, he did not have to put in all his effort, but he had to grasp the overall situation.

This was Kant's creed.

With the sweep of the logging axe, large patches of date palm tree were cut down.

After a simple renovation in the agricultural area, the thickest trunk was carried into the fortress, carefully placed against the walls and tents were made of linen to protect the straight logs from the sun.

After all, the main trunk of the date palm tree was the high-quality wood.

The material was sufficient to make beams and planks, as well as gun and arrow shafts, and the leaves were collected and used as fuel in the sugar mills.

The whole body of the date tree is made of usable materials.

Today passed quickly.

The civilians and soldiers fell asleep after a busy day.

However, on the city walls and arrow towers, there were the archers on guard to ensure that they would not be attacked at night.

Caution was necessary.

But the next morning, at dawn, there was a loud noise.

The whole sentinel oasis was rapidly transformed into a state of combat readiness.

Even Kant was awakened by the sound of the guards knocking on the door. He quickly dressed and asked: "What's the matter? What's going on? Is the enemy attacking?"

"No, Lord Kant."

The guard's tone was serious. He said seriously at the door way: "There are refugees coming."

"Refugees?" Kant frowned.

After dressing on, he walked out of the room quickly without having time to wash.

But instead of going down to the ruling hall, they ascended the stairs to the top floor, where 20 rangers of Ravenstern, with their bows in their hands and looking eastward, greeted Kant with a salute.

"Well, what's going on?" Kant came to the concave arrow-blocking wall.

Just to the east, behind the dunes, close to 300 refugees were gathering in fear.

40 desert bandits, holding spears and riding horses back and forth, were watching the refugees as closely as ferocious desert vultures were watching the poor little quails.

Kant couldn't help but frown: "Refugees really?"

PS: I realized that I haven't thanked everyone for their rewards for many days. Recently, you have given me a lot of rewards. I will resume the plot rhythm first and thank you all after the plot rhythm of the story is smooth. After adjusting the outline, it was indeed not so awkward to write.