

Oasis 135

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 135: The Heavily Guarded Fortress

Sunday, the last day of the week.

Drawing on the reins to stop the horses, they stood on the top of the dune, overlooking the horizon.

The desert bandits in the patrol did not expect that they would actually find the enemy troops advancing in the morning. Moreover, the horizon was covered with the enemies' silhouette, it was obvious that they had traveled quite a distance.

Based on the speed of their advance, they would reach the Oasis Lookout within two hours.

The enemy troops had already entered the desert bandits' patrol zone.

"Don't just stand there."

The leader of the team opened his mouth and spat to the side.

Although he was mentally prepared for the enemy's arrival, he was still surprised to see them so suddenly. He couldn't help but clench the spear in his hand, turned his head, and berated, "Damn it, we should go!"

"Go, go, go." The desert bandits all nodded.

They were not afraid of the enemy or trying to avoid the battle.

But, as scouts cavalry, they needed to quickly inform the Oasis Lookout about the enemies' arrival.

Turning their horses around, they quickly returned.

There was no need to send a signal to inform the other teams because the desert bandits in other regions must have noticed the arrival of the enemy's troops that were heading south on the horizon.

These desert bandits had an extremely acute sense of smell.

Or rather, those foolish ones had all died under the encirclement and suppression of the army of the Sarrand Sultanate.

They rode their horses at the top of the dune.

They returned to the Oasis Lookout as fast as they could.

And on the arrow tower, the Vaegir archers in charge of guarding the fortress soon discovered that they had all returned.

This was an unusual situation.

Usually, these desert bandits would patrol until noon before returning.

And them returning in a rush could only mean one thing.

The enemy had arrived!

The Swadian crossbowmen on the city wall also sensed that something was wrong. They all gathered together, holding their crossbows as they stood behind the window, vigilantly staring at the agricultural area to the north, which was already evacuated, as well as the dune to the north.

“It’s an emergency. Open the city gate!”

All the Swadian Light Cavalrymen had a solemn expression. They pushed open the heavy city gate.

It was not that they were not flexible.

The desert bandit at the front rushed into the fortress with a solemn expression on his face. The people on the street saw him riding his horse so fast and made way for him. He stopped in front of the Council Hall.

“Stop! You are not allowed to enter!”

The two Swadian Infantrymen who were standing guard put their hands on the swords hanging on their waists and warned, “Soldier, tell us why you’re here!”

The Council Hall was the center of the fortress.

It was the heart of the fortress. Moreover, Lord Kant was living there, it was not easy to get through.

The guards’ first consideration was safety.

“I need to see Lord Kant!”

The desert bandit who was the first to discover the enemy dismounted and said in a hurried tone, “When we were patrolling, we discovered that the enemy’s troops are approaching the Oasis Lookout. They would probably be here in less than two hours!”

“One moment please.” The soldier instantly frowned.

He had already sensed the seriousness of the situation, but just to be safe, he still turned around and went in to report.

It didn’t take too long. In less than two minutes, he walked out and said to the desert bandit through the door, “Lord Kant summoned you. Come with me.”

“Yes, sir.” The desert bandit immediately followed him.

In the hall, torches were lit.

Kant was sitting in his seat.

After receiving the news, his face hardened. He stared at the desert bandit who was brought in by the guards and asked right away, “Did you note down the size and composition of the enemy?”

Kant went straight to the point.

There was no need to talk nonsense now.

“I’ve noted it down clearly,” the desert bandit immediately nodded.

“Tell me more,” Kant said.

“Yes, Lord Kant.”

The desert bandit quickly reported everything he saw in a concise way, “The Jackalan troops are marching towards us in the desert to the north. According to our estimations, there are about 1,500 to 2,000 people. They are all infantrymen. If our calculations are correct, we will see them from the top of the city wall in less than two hours.”

“So there are about 2,000 soldiers?” Kant’s heart beat faster.

“Yes.” The desert bandit nodded. He knew that he was not mistaken.

These bandits who relied on plunder for a living had eyesight that was as good as the Vaegir archers.

“I got it.”

Kant tapped his finger on the table and gestured at the desert bandit, “Return to your team.”

“Understood.” The desert bandit saluted and was about to leave.

“Wait.” Kant said to him, “Tell Firentis and Manid to come immediately to the top floor of the Council Hall after setting up the defense system. I will wait for them there.”

“Yes, sir.” The desert bandit nodded and left.

The Swadian Infantryman who was standing guard at the door also left and returned to his post.

All the soldiers of the Oasis Lookout were mobilized.

Vaegir archers occupied all four arrow towers and waited in formations on the top floor inside the towers. They were holding longbows and looked outside the city walls vigilantly. They would shoot any enemy that appeared.

The Swadian crossbowmen were also holding crossbows in the attic on the city walls.

Each of the two long-range troops would be on the arrow tower and the city wall respectively.

The longbows were either for curved trajectory or rapid fire.

The crossbow was for collineation and aimed shots.

In coordination with the 20 Ravenstern Rangers at the top of the Council Hall whose firepower could provide support at any time, the city wall could be defended against the enemy’s approach for a short period.

Not to mention that even the peasants had climbed up to the top of the attic and were holding long scythe to help defend.

Although their combat strength was relatively weak, they had rocks beside them.

The power of throwing the rocks from the top of the 10-meter-high wall was no less than that of the shooting of a ballista. No matter how strong the Jackalans were, their heads would probably be split open, exposing their brains.

For the sake of their home, they would do their best.

“Everyone, stand by and wait for orders. Inform me immediately if you see the enemies.”

After examining the already stable defense system, Firentis’ expression relaxed slightly. He said to the few captains who were following him, “I’ll go see Lord Kant. I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“Understood.” The captains nodded.

They were all commanders at the basic or middle level.

Firentis left the city wall.

He met Manid, who had just finish making arrangements for the peasant men and women, and walked towards the Council Hall together.

The two of them nodded to each other solemnly and did not communicate much.

They entered the council hall.

They walked quickly to the opposite side of the long table and bowed gravely, “Lord Kant.”

“You’re here.”

Kant nodded and said to the two of them, “Sit down. The situation is urgent. There’s no need for so many formalities.”

“Yes, sir.” The two of them did not refuse.

They sat on both sides of the long table and continued to look at Kant solemnly.

This was the real city defense since the establishment of the Drondheim fortress. They had to treat this batch of enemies with caution.

Just like when Kant personally led a team to attack the Jackalan tribe.

But now, the situation was even more dangerous.

“Is everything ready?” Kant asked in a deep voice.

“Everything is ready.” Firentis and Manid nodded.

These affirmative words made Kant nod slightly, but his voice was still heavy, “We cannot lose this battle. If the defense fails, I think you both understand the consequences.”

“We... will do our best.”

Firentis and Manid looked at each other, then nodded affirmatively.

The price of failure was too great.

It would be like falling into an abyss. Although they came from the Continent of Caradia, they understood that once the Drondheim fortress, which was at the crucial to the Oasis Lookout, fell, everything they had built would crumble.

Their current strength was not enough for them to bear the consequences of losing the war.

Currently, the military force of the Dronnheim fortress consisted of 37 Swadian Light Infantrymen, 50 Swadian Infantrymen, 50 Swadian Heavy Cavalrymen, 50 Swadian crossbowmen, 50 Vaegir archers, 20 Ravenstern Rangers, and 5 Mamlukes, 15 Sarrandian Horsemen, 25 elite desert bandits, and 40 usual desert bandits.

324 soldiers in total.

And 500 civilians and 50 peasant women could be recruited if necessary.

There were less than 1,000 soldiers.

Their number was at a disadvantage.

But Kant was not too stressed.

He had even thought of an idea to fight back and destroy the army of more than 2,000 Jackalans outside the city gates.

Of course, that was a risk that Kant would not take.

This was what made him confident.

The troops that Kant currently had were elite troops.

The infantry, cavalry, and archers were to be commanded by a baron in the Dukedom of Leo. After all, full armor, warhorses, and those precious crossbows were important resources. Ordinary craftsmen could not make them, and they were so expensive that they could not be used to equip the soldiers.

Back then, Baron Dylan's vassal knights were willing to betray him for the sake of the Sarrandian Horsemen's chainmail armor.

That was enough to prove how precious the equipment that Kant's soldiers had was!

On the battlefield, these weapons and equipment could easily guarantee the enemy's defeat!

"Good weapons bring victory." was always true.

In a war, excellent weapons and armor would guarantee victory.

Thinking about this, Kant stopped tapping the table with his fingers. Instead, he raised his head and solemnly proposed to the two men, "I plan to let the light cavalry leave the fortress. Each of them will carry food and water that is enough for three days, they will form small groups to harass the Jackalan troops of the Kingdom of Grey Mane. Just like what the Khergits did, harass them until they become extremely tired."

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Chapter 136: Kant Was Stunned

Firentis agreed with Kant.

As the order was given, the two city gates of the Drondheim fortress were opened. With a sinister smile on their faces, the light cavalry rode their horses and left one after another. They called out to each other and disappeared into the vast dunes.

They might not be very proficient in city defense with rigid tactical requirements

However, they were equipped with light equipment. As long as they split up into smaller groups, they would be as free as the fishes that jumped into the water. They could easily apply the various methods they used in the Sarrand Desert.

Although they were Kant's light cavalry, they were once the bandits in the sea of sand that drove the entire Sarrand Sultanate crazy!

They split and attacked.

This was their specialty!

The Sarrandian Horseman and the desert horses, which were good at surviving in the desert, stepped lightly on the sandy ground and moved quickly among the dunes. With this speed, they were not much slower than moving on the plains.

With the 15 Sarrandian Horsemen at the center, 25 elite desert bandits and 40 desert bandits spread out over a wide area.

They could only see the other teams from a dozen meters away.

But the distance was not a problem. They had a way to communicate with each other, and they were surrounded by teammates. As long as someone rode up the dune, shouted, and greeted with a special tune that only the Sarrandian bandits would know. With the tacit understanding that they had cultivated in their plundering career, they would know what other comrades had in mind and react quickly.

Or they could spread out and attack the enemy's troops.

Or they could gather behind a dune and form an orderly charging formation, charging straight at the enemy with a spear.

However, at the moment, they were best at hiding.

Kant stood on the top floor of the Council Hall, while Firentis and Manid behind him. They gazed into the north and could clearly see the desert bandits spreading out behind the dunes, they were like slippery loaches shuttling through the cracks at the bottom of the dune.

"They're not bad," Kant's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

"Perhaps," Firentis nodded.

His tone was indifferent. It was the arrogance brought by his country and the contempt brought by education.

To this Swadian Knight, although the desert bandits were notorious in Sarrand Sultanate and were considered as the light cavalry that everyone feared, he knew that they would not be of much use on the battlefield.

Even the Sarrandian Horsemen could hunt them down, not to mention the Swadian Heavy Cavalry who were fully armored.

Pausing for a moment, Firentis realized that his reply to Kant was rather rude, so he explained, "But these Sarrandians can cause some trouble and chaos to the enemy, which is pretty good."

"That's right, that's the goal."

Kant chuckled, not minding that Firentis misspoke himself.

He did not have high expectations for the desert bandits.

After all, they were only more or less a Class 3 cavalry. To be more precise, they were around Class 2.5. Only elite desert bandits could be considered as Class 3 cavalry, and their combat strength was not considered strong.

His only request for them was to harass the enemy troops.

These desert bandits could definitely do it.

Four short javelins per person might not be a lot, but 40 desert bandits would have 160 of those, and those were very effective in harassing the enemy.

Moreover, there were 25 elite desert bandits.

They were equipped with six additional short javelins per person. Although there were only 25 people, there were 150 short javelins.

Therefore, Kant was confident.

These 300 heavy short javelins were thrown out one by one. The effect was much better than arrows and crossbows. Although they were short-ranged, only 10 meters in total, the destructive power was huge.

Moreover, the momentum of the running horse boosted the strength of the arm, the short javelin that was thrown out could pierce through armor.

It was estimated that it could even pierce through the chain armor worn by a Sarrandian Horseman and form a bloody hole.

On top of that, according to Kant's understanding, the high-level Jackalan warriors of the Kingdom of Grey Mane were generally equipped with mail armor. Although it could shield the soldier against cuts from swords and sabers, it was not as effective against stabbing.

Due to its structure, mail armor was not as effective against arrows and crossbows as lamellar armor, chain armor, or scale armor.

Now that those Jackalans had to face javelins that could even destroy shields and chain armor, they could only hope for the best!

"They're here."

Firentis suddenly said and narrowed his eyes.

Kant and Manid's expressions were solemn as well. They followed Firentis' gaze and looked toward the north.

Among the dunes in the north, countless black dots were appearing at the top of dunes. They seemed to be moving slowly, but they were moving rather quickly towards the Oasis Lookout. Their dark silhouette covered seven or eight dunes.

"Doom doom doom... Doom doom doom... Doom doom doom..."

The bronze bell was rapidly struck by the Swadian Infantrymen who was in charge of it, and the clear sound of the bell reverberated in the fortress.

The soldiers who were on standby all stood tall.

The archers on the city walls and arrow towers all pointed their weapons toward the north.

Groups of civilians also lined up and waited in the open space right next to the city walls. If the fortress entered a state of emergency and the gate was about to be breached, then the special function of the bell tower would be activated, turning the 550 civilians into recruits with basic equipment.

Although they could not withstand the powerful attack, they could still keep the front line at bay with their own lives.

"They're finally here."

Kant narrowed his eyes and put his hands on the uneven arrow wall with both hands, but he was calm, "The expeditionary army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane."

He had been waiting for this day for a long time.

Asage had been captured after they defeated the Jackalan tribe. They had discovered that to the north of the Nahrin Desert, there was the Mannheim Coast. After learning about the Kingdom of Grey Mane, which was composed of high-level Jackalans, Kant knew that today's battle was unavoidable because the other party had malicious intentions. In essence, they were here to plunder and fight.

These high-level Jackalans of the Kingdom of Grey Mane had no intention of negotiating or trading.

Kant also didn't want those.

War was the best choice.

If those high-level Jackalans of the Kingdom of Grey Mane came here to build a friendship, and chose to negotiate, trade, and do business, who could Kant, who was only nominally a baron of the Dukedom of Leo and lived in the Oasis Lookout, represent?

He could represent no one!

On the contrary, he would be in grave danger because of the profits brought by the Jackalans.

Why would the nobles who exiled Kant to the desert let him have an opportunity to reappear in the upper-class society, smile hypocritically with them, talk to them, and then cut their throats with a knife?

Just look at the heirs of the Dukedom of Leo who died every year.

No good person could become a noble!

And the most important thing was the natural salt mine. It was an extremely crucial resource for Kant's future development. He would not give it up to anyone, even if it meant war.

This salt mine represented the future!

The only valuable thing in the barren Nahrin Desert was this salt mine.

Kant would not let go of it.

His heart beat faster because of his thoughts. It was not because of fear or excitement, but just pure palpitations. Especially when he saw the enemy troops getting closer and closer, as well as his light cavalymen who were hiding in the surroundings, carefully observing. Kant slowly clenched his fist and said in a deep voice, "Tell everyone to get ready."

The Jackalan troops were less than 2,000 meters away.

Dark figures spread across the dunes.

The grey fur unique to the Jackalans was quite eye-catching. They had a slightly hunched back and a beast-like head.

If it was at night, their eyes would be filled with a green, dense light.

Dense and terrifying.

However, Firentis frowned. His gaze swept across the group of Jackalans and was finally fixed at the center. His brows furrowed even more. He suddenly felt that something was wrong.

"Huh?" Kant's brows also furrowed.

Even Manid, who was not good at military affairs, could not believe what he saw.

"What's going on?" Someone muttered to himself.

His tone was puzzled.

This was what everyone was thinking, and even their tone was with a hint of shock.

There were indeed a lot of Jackalans, they arrived in a dense mass. According to Firentis' estimation, the number definitely surpassed the 2,500 the desert bandit estimated. Even when he was looking down at the dense formation from above, he saw at least 3,000 people.

Otherwise, they would not have formed such a large-scale army and covered several dunes.

That was why Kant and the others were puzzled and shocked.

They were also a little incredulous.

Because the 3000 Jackalans were all familiar "old friends"!

They had long sharp teeth on their jaws, grey fur, a head that looked like a wild beast, tattered linen and animal skin on their bodies, and spiked club that was laced with gravel and inferior iron in their hands.

Low-level Jackalans!

These low-level Jackalans were the favorite preys of Drondheim, the favorite cargo of the Kingdom of Vaegirs, the favorite slaves of the iron miners of Snowfield, and Kant's favorite Denars.

That was the surprise.

That's right, the army was made up of these low-level Jackalans.

300 low-level Jackalans could be hunted down by just 40 desert bandits who were galloping on horseback and holding machetes!

They launched an expedition against Kant's Drondheim, gathering so many tribesmen as if they were going to risk their lives, use the spiked club in their hands to destroy this stone fortress in one go.

"Huh, is this a joke?"

Kant slightly narrowed his eyes and swept his gaze over the huge group of Jackalans.

The Jackalans formed a dark and dense patch, but as Kant got closer, he saw their messy formation that didn't have any tactics to speak of. Kant couldn't help but clench his fists, he said in a deep voice as if he was insulted, "Now I wonder, what about the expeditionary army from the Mannheim Coast of the Kingdom of Grey Mane?"

In Kant's eyes, those were his enemies.

As for these low-level Jackalans, they were just a bunch of trash that could be defeated at any time!