

## Oasis 139

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

#### Chapter 139: Unexpected Surrender

"Roar --"

Finally, some Jackalans could not hold back their hunger and thirst. They ran quickly and continued to rush towards the lake that was filled with corpses. Even the water was dyed red with blood. They drank large mouthfuls of the lake water that carried the smell of blood.

Hundreds and thousands of these low-level Jackalans continued to rush forward like a swarm of bees.

Their thirst made them go crazy.

Even on the city walls and arrow towers, the Vaegirs archers and the Swadian crossbowmen continued to shoot arrows, causing the arrows and crossbows to fill up the bodies by the lake like layers of white straw. But it still could not stop the large pack of low-level Jackalans rushing over to drink water.

In order to save more high quality awl arrows, the Ravenstern rangers had already put away their bows and stopped shooting.

However, the rain of arrows was even more intense.

50 archers and 50 crossbowmen had all gathered on the west side of the city wall and the arrow tower.

The rain of arrows continued, causing the lake shore 30 meters away to be littered with the corpses of low-level Jackalans. Layers upon layers of blood flowed into the lake, dyeing the originally clear lake pink.

This group of unarmored low-level Jackalans simply couldn't block the arrows and crossbows!

"Crazy."

Manid couldn't help but speak.

The low-level Jackalans in front had been shot to death, while the ones behind were still moving forward.

For the sake of drinking water.

Or to come into contact with the lake water that had already been dyed red with blood.

This survival instinct made all the low-level Jackalan's eyes turn red. The entire formation completely collapsed. The originally dark and large furry fleet completely disappeared into nothingness as more and more low-level Jackalans fell into a frenzied fight.

They continue to kill each other.

They ruthlessly smashed the head of their companions using spiked club.

The brain matters and blood gushed out form the heads.

Death was everywhere, and there would be arrows rained down on them at any time.

This made them even crazier.

These Jackalans were completely gone crazy! !

Kant stood in place and calmly looked down at the riverbank where blood flowed like a river. As the archers on the city wall shot, a Jackalan hit by arrows fell down at every moment, but there were still more Jackalans pouncing on them, layer upon layer, they seemed fearless. But in the end, their bodies were floating in the lake, and hundreds of them died.

This was a farce.

A farce that was worth laughing at.

However, Kant's expression was calm, and his eyes were filled with anger.

When he saw that more and more of these low-level Jackalans died, the anger in his heart grew even more.

Kant clenched his fist and said slowly, "This is the enemy that I asked for strict defense. I really didn't expect that my enemies were these lowly Jackalans, trash that even new recruits could defeat."

Manid smiled bitterly, "They are indeed vulnerable.". He had nothing to say.

"Yes."

Kant nodded and sighed softly, "They really are vulnerable."

At that time, he chose to leave this lake outside the city wall and only left the spring water inside the city wall, in order to lure the enemy troops to drink water who were extremely short of water after a long journey. He wanted to use the advantage of the city wall and arrow towers to deplete the enemy's strength.

This was a decision he made himself.

However, he didn't expect it to be so good now.

The lack of water made these Jackalans gone crazy and completely lost their rationality.

Kant should be happy and enjoy the battle where the enemy was sending themselves to their deaths. However, he couldn't be happy because he didn't treat these low-level Jackalan as an opponent at all.

This was because he had led more than 300 low-level footmen to destroy the Jackalan tribe.

Now that he had more elite troops, why would he treat these low-level Jackalan as his mortal enemies?

Kant had prepared this trap, but it should only be enjoyed by those high-level Jackalans!

It was prepared for the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane, the high-level Jackalans from the Mannheim Coast!

"Report the results to me when it's over."

Kant turned around and left the top floor of the council hall without hesitation.

Firentis, who was not far away, had already led five Mamlukes and 50 Swadian heavy cavalries to prepare in formation. Their charging route was towards the low-level Jackalans who were fighting for water in the lake.

Although there were only 50 people, the charging effect would not be too bad.

This was not a battle between the armies.

Instead, 56 regular heavy cavalry soldiers were about to slaughter a group of beggars who had lost their will to fight.

It was a massacre!

The warhorses stomped heavily into the sand, and the soft sand instantly caved in. However, it brought an effective strength, making the warhorses ran faster and faster. In just a few seconds, it had covered a distance of 40 to 50 meters, it entered full-speed charging mode and crashed heavily into their target!

"Long live Lord Kant!"

Firentis charged at the front, raising the knight's sword in his hand high up as he took the lead in charging.

The sound of the hooves behind him came in waves. The warhorses stepped on the sand caused a faint thunder-like roar from the ground.

Five Mamluks protected Firentis on both sides, while the 50 Swadian heavy cavalries behind him lined up in a row, side by side. They stepped together in a neat charging pace and began to charge forward in a frenzy.

It was like heavy cavalry crushing light footmen!

"Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang --"

The fully armored warhorse easily knocked away the Jackalans that could not dodge in time.

The sharp lance easily pierced through the Jackalan that was reckless was still trying to resist.

The warhorse moved forward, and the horseshoe stomped heavily on the corpse, shattering its tendons and muscles. Even the unlucky ones who were still alive eventually died by the continuous trampling of the horseshoes.

The most straightforward one was probably the Jackalan whose head had been crushed by the horseshoes.

At least it didn't have to suffer!

Even a well-made lance couldn't withstand the impact of the horses' charge, and it broke one after another.

But either Mamluke or the Swadian heavy cavalries didn't care at all. They pulled out their two-handed iron staffs and warhammer, smashed heavily at the panic low-level Jackalans who were scrambling to survive.

Their heads were knocked into a pit, and their brains were splashed out.

The two-meter-tall Jackalan was like a perfect target. The heavy cavalry did not even need to bend down. They just needed to raise their arms and kill them one by one.

As for the low-level Jackalan's counterattack.

These beggars had not drunk or eaten for a long time, they did not had the chance to break through the defense of the chain mail they raised their spiked club!

In an instant.

The 56-man heavy cavalry chased after thousands of Jackalans and massacred them.

There were corpses everywhere trampled on.

[ Intimidation ] activated.

The golden lion on the red background seemed to have come to life. It moved without any wind, showing its might.

This was the activation of a special characteristic.

Looking at the Jackalans that were slowly collapsing, it was obvious that their morale had been reduced to a terrifying bottom. It was even close to the bottom of the valley. They had no intention of continuing to resist at all. They only knew to run aimlessly.

Fear was like the deepest abyss, opening its bloodthirsty mouth towards them, and they could only scrambled.

Just as Kant had said, this could not be a battle.

It was just a massacre.

And in the dune on the west side, the 300 Jackalan pirates left as soon as possible and escaped from the lower races. They became depressed and gloomy. They raised the battle axes in their hands and gathered together, breathing rapidly.

The desert bandits had already surrounded this group of Jackalan pirates.

80 light cavalries surrounded 300 heavy footman soldiers. It was somewhat laughable.

But it was indeed so.

These Jackalan pirates wore mail armor and held two-handed battle axes, it was obvious that they were elite Jackalan pirates. The desert bandits had their eyes on them. When these pirates quietly escaped, the bandits immediately brought people to surround them.

Not far away, a few short pilums were stuck in the sand. It seemed that they did not succeed.

However, these Jackalan pirates still not dared to make any moves.

This was because in their formation, two of their companions were crashing onto the ground. Their chests and lower abdomen were stabbed by the two short pilums. The mail armor on their bodies did not have any defense effect.

The inertia of impact caused the pilums pierced deeper into their chests. They did not even dared to pull them out.

These Jackalan pirates were very experienced in fighting for their lives in the Sea of Stars.

Of course, they knew that if they pulled out the pilums that pierced into their bodies, they would definitely bleed out. If they were not prepared, they would die.

However, they couldn't do anything about it.

The pirate leader's eyes were filled with violence and despair.

The other pirates were the same.

Looking at the desert bandits, they could already sensed that these humans riding on warhorse had become so strong, so fast, and terrifying lethal!

Even the elves riding on Moon Deer weren't as fast as these human cavalry!

"These humans... why are they different?"

Endless doubts rose in the hearts of the Jackalan pirates, but these doubts made them even more desperate.

After walking more than ten meters, they wanted to rush over and fight, but the human cavalries did not gave them the chance to get close. Like agile sparrows, they spread out in all directions and took the opportunity to throw short pilums instead. The humans immediately made their two comrades lose their fighting ability, and most likely going to die.

They wanted to leave, but the desert bandits rode their horses and circled around them.

This feeling made them feel like a pack of wolves.

As long as there was a chance, the pirates would pounced on them and fiercely bit off a piece of their meat. Every time they threw javelins, there would be a life-long pirate comrade fell down, waiting for death.

The common riding and shooting tactics from the Khergits could drag down all footmen.

Right now, it made the Jackalan pirates anxious, but they couldn't make any choice in their despair.

Because when they moved, they revealed gaps and flaws. There was a dozen of whistling pilums, piercing through their armor, and causing the valiant and skilled elite pirates of the Sea of Stars to fall to the ground in humiliation.

In a short period of time, more than ten Jackalan pirates were hit by the pilums and fell to the ground.

"Humans... we surrender!"

The pirate leader looked at his subordinates who were filled with despair and had no hope left. He sighed softly and swallowed his saliva in his dried mouth. He said in a dry and hoarse voice that was emitting smoke, "We surrender..."

### Lord of the Oasis

#### **Chapter 140: An Epic Victory**

The battle ended before noon.

The Sun was scorching hot.

The thick smell of blood spread along with the high temperature.

Outside the western city wall, Jackalans corpses filled with arrows were everywhere. They were trampled by the hooves of the horses, like torn sacks, lying on the edge of the lake.

Layer upon layer, it was like a Jackalan slaughterhouse.

These were nearly thousand of corpses.

Fresh blood formed into a stream, flowing through the soil into the lake. This small lake, which should be called a pond, was dyed red. The water channels let the polluted water flowed into the agricultural area, dyeing the cultivated wheat fields with layers of blood color.

There was a bright and seductive red colors everywhere, the blood flowed out from the countless Jackalan corpses.

It was a cruel battlefield.

At this moment, there was no killing force at the scene.

Only the peasants from Swadia were holding their long scythe tightly and stabbing at the Jackalan corpses on the ground. The scythe was shining with a cold light and had already been sharpened. They pressed hard on the throat of the corpses, the weak throat along with the muscles were completely cut open, exposed the white cervical vertebrae. It was extremely terrifying.

Since they had already fallen, they would die quietly. There was no need for them to stand up.

Because Lord Kant had already issued an order.

"Dronenheim" fortress didn't need any badly injured Jackalans with not value. Sending them away and giving them a quick death was the only thing that these kind-hearted and simple-minded peasant could do.

Oh, that's right.

They also had to fish up all the corpses floating in the lake.

It was no good to let these bloody Jackalan corpses became the source of plague. They would be chopped up with long scythe and buried in the fertile fields of chee grass. The microbes in the soil would quickly decompose these fragmented corpses.

As long as there was sufficient water to irrigate them, after a month, there would be plenty of chee grasses flourished on the five-acre fields.

The young leaves and stems of chee grass were the favorite green fodder for livestock.

Unfortunately, the five-acre date palm jungle that used to be the spinning forest in the northern part of the agricultural area had been completely cut down. Only some wooden stakes stood on this barren sandy land, and there was no greenery at all.

It was difficult to cultivate a similar-sized date palm jungle.

It would take at least five to ten years for the saplings to grow into mature trees that produced fruits.

It was indeed a pity.

Not far away from there, all the footmen who were responsible for escorting the captives looked at the bare date palm jungle angrily. They felt annoyed, some of them even took out their scabbards and heavily slapped the faces of the Jackalan captives.

The scabbards made a muffled "Peng Peng" sound when they slapped the cheeks. They used strong force with their arms, and the lips of the captives were torn apart after a few slaps.

There were even some of them pulled out the fangs of the Jackalan captives.

37 Swadian light footmen and 50 Swadian footmen. Although there were only 87 of them, intimidation of their refined armors scared the Jackalan to the point that they did not dare to speak. They obediently lowered their heads and walked forward.

These Jackalan captives had already been bound by linen ropes.

In reality, they didn't have the ability to resist anymore.

The surrendered captives had no enough water or food for almost a month.

They were exhausted and had reached the limit of their strength.

If not because of the Jackalan's talent for endurance, they had already starved to death or died of thirst.

When Kant had occupied the Oasis Lookout, annihilated the tribes, and filled up the water well, these low-level Jackalans had completely lost their supply.

Although they could get water from other places.

They could live by eating the corpses of their own kind.

But they definitely reached their limit considering thousand of them survived until now.

The choice of surrender was an option in their stupid heads.

So they really surrendered.

Lying in the desert, exposing their soft bellies and weak throats. Just like their own kind, when they fought for a water source, the defeated tribe would show their submission.

If they were lucky, they would merge into the winner's tribe.

If they were unlucky, they would become food.

Jackalan's diet had a wide range, including their own kind.

This was their survival rule.

However, just outside the escort of these Swadian footmen, there were also heavy cavalries riding warhorses and wearing full armor. They stared at them coldly, warning this group of Jackalan who chose to be captives, not to do anything funny.

Just half an hour ago.

These heavy cavalries swept through these Jackalan like plows on the battlefield.

If not for the severely inadequate of heavy cavalries and the Jackalans able to surrender in time, the Jackalan corpses under the hooves of the horses would probably cover the entire desert!

These heavy cavalries definitely would not hold themselves back to against enemies who dared to invade the Oasis Lookout. They used the two-handed iron staffs and spiked warhammer in their hands directly struck the heads of the enemies.

Although it was a blunt blow, it was a fatal blow that could cracked the skull.

There were also captives behind the heavy cavalry.

It was the desert bandits. They were escorting about 300 captives. However, compared to the dirty-haired Jackalans, these well-groomed Jackalans were obviously different.

Even the linen robe they wore was clean and tidy.

These were the high-level Jackalan captives, the pirate advance team from the Kingdom of Grey Mane that arrived here first.

But now they were no different from their lowly low-level Jackalan comrades.

If any Jackalan pirates walked too slow, the desert bandits who were riding on their horses would swung their scimitars and used the back of their scimitars to chop the heads or shoulders of these guys, fiercely letting them continue to walk forward.

There were also some rebellious and disobedient Jackalan pirates, glaring angrily at the desert bandits who were beating them up.

However, their angry glare did not earned praises for their boldness.

Instead, they were hit by the scabbard over again!

The light cavalries came closer and found the Jackalans who dared to glare at them angrily. They raised their scabbard and fiercely slapped them on the cheeks. After a few slaps, they did not let them go until their lips cracked, their mouths and nasal cavities were bleeding, and even half of their teeth had been knocked off.



These desert bandits were not good people.

Some of Jackalan pirates dared to resist and wanted to break free from the ropes that bound their hands. In response to these brave pirates, the desert bandits turned their scimitars around. It was no longer the scabbards and the back of the scimitars, but the sharp blades.

From top to bottom, the scimitars cut them in half.

Their heads fell to the ground and rolled a few times before their bodies fell to the ground. Their bodies convulsed and spat out blood from their necks. Their eyes were still open.

Then, it was stomped by the desert horse's powerful hooves and exploded like a watermelon.

For the Jackalans who had surrendered, such a cruel method did not provoked any resistance. Instead, it made the frightened captives even more careful and completely abandoned their courage, they became a walking corpse without a soul and only knew how to obey. They basically became qualified captives.

In the council hall.

Kant was sitting in his seat with an annoyed expression on his face.

His fingers were tapping rapidly on the table. His mood was even worse. Even though Kant had completed the mission, Kant was still in a depressed mood. He did not have any happy thoughts.

[ Ding... After your bloody battle, you have finally completed the mission. ]

[ Side quest: The undercurrent ]

[ Reward: 10,000 denars ]

[ Introduction: First of all, Congratulations on winning this battle. You are like a solid reef that has blocked the surging undercurrent. But do you think this is the end? No, please pay attention, this is the beginning! Respected Lord, this is only the first wave. There are even more terrifying waves behind it! Don't be proud of this victory. Please be careful! ]

The system dialog box floated on his retina.

Kant frowned slightly.

10,000 denars was no longer a huge amount to the him now.

It could be considered a small amount.

However, even these denars were unable to make up for the anger in his heart.

When he thought of how he had cleared out the entire Oasis Lookout in order to deal with the expedition army of the Kingdom of Grey Mane. He even cutting down the important date palm jungle. The anxiety in his heart turned into the burning anger in his eyes.

This was the worst decision he had ever made, and it could be said to be a stain on his life.

"Lord Kant."

The guard at the door entered and reported, "Knight Firentis, Mr. Manid requests to meet."

"Let them in," Kant replied.

The guard nodded and walked out.

The wooden door was pushed open again. Firentis, who was wearing cavalry's mail armor, and Manid, who was wearing chain mail armor, walked in at the same time and bowed respectfully to Kant. "Lord, we won this battle."

"I already knew."

Kant's eyes were slightly gloomy. He said faintly, "How was the result of the battle?"

"Still evaluating.", Firentis replied.

Manid shrugged and said calmly, "The captives have all been sent to the fortress, and the corpses of the enemies that were killed are being handled by the peasants. It will take a while for them to collect and evaluate before they can report back."

"That's right.", Kant nodded.

At this moment, the dialog box on his retina suddenly refreshed.

A new dialog box appeared on his retina.

[ Ding... because of this battle, you have won more than you have won. You have achieved an impressive result. ]

[ Evaluation acquired: Epic Victory. ]

[ Reputation obtained × 500 points. ]

[ Reputation obtained × 5 points. ]

Kant narrowed his eyes, this slightly eased his mood.

Epic victory.

This evaluation was indeed worthy of its name.

Before he could take a closer look, the dialog box from the system reappeared on his retina.

[ Ding...Your forces have upgradable units ]

After experiencing a fierce battle, the soldiers had already obtained the experience points they desperately needed.

Perhaps there was some difference in saying this.

It was not a fierce battle.

It was a massacre!

Oasis Lookout's troops had only slaughtered a group of beggars who lacked water and food, and they had already obtained enough experience points to level up. They did not have any casualties, so how could they call this a gruesome battle?

This battle was really very easy.